

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

No infallible history of this material globe of ours has been written: of its formation, its evolution; of minerals, vegetables and animals. Each age deducing from collected facts the most consistent theory or history it is able, hands it forward to the next, which, in turn, with added knowledge and new facts, detects errors, limitations; these it discards, building up the most complete history it is able, passing it forward to the next generation. Thus the history of our earth is being perfected.

Is there not also a natural history of the spirit-world, which we may learn? Is not the spirit-world subject to the same law of formation and evolution as the material one? We can but believe so.

Within the material body of the earth is the spirit, the working force or power, of which the outward material is but the manifestation or phenomenon. If, therefore, while we study the history of the material earth; we are but learning of the manifestation of the spirit-world, this may we also learn the natural history of this spirit-world?

God has given us an unquenchable desire for knowledge of the spirit-world; will he not feed and satisfy that desire? We can but believe that when we have emancipated ourselves from the bondage of old Church theologies and dogmas—which has made him accursed who sought knowledge outside of Church or Bible—we shall discover sources and faculties through which we may learn the history of the spirit-world, that it will become as real to us as the rocks, trees, and men around us are now.

We propose to state here, as simply as we can, some thoughts of the spirit-world, awakened by consideration of the formation and evolution of this material earth, which is but the sensible appearance of the more real spirit-world.

We hear the term spirit-body much used. We shall use it often, though preferring another which better conveys the idea. Use has half taught people of the idea or substance poorly expressed by the term spirit-body, so we will employ it, defining it as well as we can. All bodies are of the spirit; from the grossest, most tangible, to the most refined and subtle, all are but sensible manifestations of the within spirit. The outermost body of things, animals and men, which we feel and see, we call the earthly, material one. Within these bodies are others, invisible to our physical eyes, just as real and perfect in form. This is popularly called the spirit-body. What we know as death, is simply the dropping off of this outer body, the grosser manifestation of the spirit, leaving the spirit-body the outermost manifestation of the spirit. Just as if an individual's clothes were his earthly body, his skin his spirit-body. In this life he lives clogged with clothes. Death comes stripping off his clothes, leaving him naked, free.

Such is the spirit-body. Within the spirit-body is another, more perfect still. This comes outermost, when in the spirit-world we drop off rather eliminate the spirit-body, passing to a higher sphere.

Touch, taste, smell, hearing and seeing, are senses belonging to this material world of ours. They are experiences of our active relationship to others still dwelling in like material bodies. These same senses, more perfect in kind, belong to spirit-bodies. In the spirit-world, touch, taste, &c., are the experiences of individuals in active relationship in spirit-bodies. Sickness, sleep, narcotics, death, eliminate more or less our material bodies, permitting us to come into active relation, through our spirit-bodies, with others in spirit-bodies. This is an entrance into the spirit-world. From this condition come many dreams, visions, &c. Some men and women, through constitution, or use, cast off partially their material bodies—thus, even in this life, developing the spiritual senses, or experience the senses of the spirit-body in this life.

Such people live in the two worlds, communing with spirits and mortals, affected by the sounds and sights of the spirit-world, as well as this. Rosenkrantz, Swedenborg and Blake, are representatives of this class. There is no infatuation in all this.

In the physical body, hands, feet, ears, eyes, every organ, is an outward instrument, or manifestation, representing some inward want or desire of the spirit, just as, more exteriorly, a man's house, constructed after his own idea, represents his idea of fitness, of beauty, and his bodily needs. Our bodies are but instruments, houses through which and in which we work. Our hands are organs constructed by our spirits to satisfy some want, through which to manifest some love. The little rock crystal of the primitive earth had desires, and prayed for better things, even as man does. The spirit poorly manifesting itself as crystal was unsatisfied, longed to put forth a more perfect form. This was the God spirit seeking to evolve the perfect form. A half million years of desiring and striving, at length the spirit of the crystal has prayed and worked itself up to the body or manifestation of a vegetable, just as the pioneer settler builds first a log hut—this is the best he can do under the circumstances—yet longing all the time for a more convenient, comfortable and beautiful home. Twenty years of desiring and striving, and he prays himself out of his log hut into a beautiful two-story house. So the God-spirit within all forms, is continually praying and working itself from lower forms into higher.

The creeping saurian of the carboniferous period, dragging himself through the mud and slime, vaguely felt his body to be imperfect, not quite answering his spirit's desires. As he looked upward from the tepid pool, perceiving he saw a pterodactyl in awkward flight above, and his saurian prayer was, Give me a better body, lift me from this filthy life, give me the power of

flight. God answered the saurian's prayer by giving his children more perfect bodies, with new desires, new manifestations of power. They, too, prayed for better bodies, to answer new wants. A hundred thousand years this praying and striving run through the generations descending from our primitive saurian. The result is, some of these later children are sporting in the woods today, climbing the mountain sides in the form of squirrels and wild deer.

A hundred thousand years ago an earth worm desired and worked for better things. That desire and working continued through half a million generations of our worrier's descendants, results today in evolving the bodies of frogs and lizards. This seems to be the method of the Infinite Spirit evolving the perfect form.

Human bodies are the latest, most perfect manifestation of our earth-spirit in individual forms. In the spirit-world, the manifestation is more complete in spirit-bodies; still our earth-spirit, (as an individual of the universal spirit) prays and works on, in every rock, tree, insect, animal and man, of this earth.

A thousand centuries hence there will be a people on this earth having bodies, compared with which, ours are but as dogs, or monkeys. These finer perfect bodies the evolution of the earth-spirit during succeeding centuries.

As spiritual desires (in the individual), or races, unfold, the spirit evolves an organ, or organism, to answer these new desires or wants. This appears to be natural in the physical world. Does not the same law obtain in the "spiritual world" of bodies? So also in the realm of thoughts, ideas. Do we crave more truth, more knowledge, gladly God answers our praying, giving us more and better than we ask.

Does a people pray for a new revelation, to answer new spiritual needs, straightway comes God's prophet and seer, to proclaim and reveal that which the people hungered for? Does a people or school hunger and thirst for more knowledge of the starry worlds, which course far above each moment of time, unseen by day, revealed in all their glory by night, to such a people, a Galileo, a Newton, a Herschel, is born. These men are organs, instruments, which the united spirit of the people put forth, to lay hold of the planets and stars. Does a people seek and pray for the more perfect in painting and music, an Angelo, a Beethoven, is born to them; each a new prophet of art to feed their hungry people.

The individuals, Angelo and Beethoven, are only organs which the world's spirit develops, to give form and voice to the great beauty and song, which has been welling up within, unexpressed, until such men were evolved through which to manifest it.

A Judas, a Nero, an Arnold, a Jeff Davis, are organs which our earth spirit developed to express some desire, feed some want. Why should we curse our hands because they cannot grasp the stars which the eye beholds? Both organs are from the same spirit. Why should we curse such men as Judas or Nero? The same earth spirit evolved them, and Jesus and Paul.

Man has ever prayed and to-day is praying for knowledge of, for a vision of the spirit-world. This universal prayer for mankind has evolved, in almost every age, an organ to minister to this want. Rosenkrantz, Behmen, Swedenborg and Blake, were such organs—sort of spiritual eyes and ears to see, and hear, the spirit-world, for the rest of mankind. Through such our visions of spirit-life have mainly come.

Such visions and revelations come to people in the measure they desire, and work for them. For the earnest desire for vision, knowledge of the spirit-world, absorbing all other desires, in the man or woman, is the culminating of the desire of mankind, dedicating them to vision and prophecy. Few of us are, in the eyes and ears of the earth, individual; for there are hands, feet, a thousand as needful organs as the eye, to make up the organism. Those composing the eye can alone see direct the vibrations of the spirit-world. Others must receive second hand. Though the vision of the earth-spirit may not have control enough in us to locate us in the eye, yet desire may have fitted us to stand in the membranes, or bordering the optic nerve, so that the vision vibration which affects those first circumstances in the earth eye, thrills also through us in a lesser degree. Standing thus in the earth's body, we must speak of the spirit-world as thinkers, rather than seers.

Whence came the spirit-world? What is its formation and relation to our earth? What the life there? What was the primitive earth of ours? We will confine ourselves here to the revelations of geology. This earth was once a revolving globe, of a liquid, lava-like substance; or the earth-spirit manifested itself in one apparently homogeneous, liquid globe. No atmosphere then, no trees, no insects, or men; yet all that appears on this earth to-day, all the forms in which the earth-spirit manifests itself, were implicit in the primitive lava globe. We were there. Our spirits a part of the (world-spirit); our bodies manifestations of it. To-day the earth-spirit manifests itself in our human bodies—in the beautiful body which we call nature. Once it was but a molten sea, rolling and seething, where now are our homes, beautiful fields and meadows. We, then, spirit and body, were in this sea. Then this great earth-spirit longed and prayed for a more perfect body; worked to manifest herself in a complete body than a lava globe. A million years of desire and work has evolved the present form of our earth. How much more perfect the body of today, than that of a million years ago. The history of this evolution is written in all forms around; in hieroglyphics acrostic from him who prays not to know her growth, simple to him who finds her key.

The evolutions of the earth forms we will divide into three periods for simplicity: mineral, vegetable and animal, and then the human.

On the surface of the primitive molten globe, by evaporation and condensation, a thin, rocky crust

began to form, in places rising and falling, cracking and dissolving, as it floated on this molten sea. A formation like steam, evolved in this process of condensation, rising, floating above this mass, surrounding it with an impenetrable cloud, through which a single ray of sunlight could hardly pierce. Here and there, rock basins, are formed. The overcharged, sparse atmosphere, lets fall the vapor in the form of water, which, pouring through the ravines, collecting in basins, form rivers and lakes. At times the rock crust rending beneath the waters with seething and roaring, are swallowed up; condensation going on, the earth crust becomes more continuous and firm, the atmosphere less dense, increasing in bulk. Still the heaving mass beneath bursts forth in the form of volcanoes. This was the earth-spirit struggling to evolve a more perfect form.

All men, all God's creatures and things, of this present earth, in this globe, at such a period, working, even as now, for better things, more perfect conditions. We talked in the roar of the volcanoes. We laughed in the howling of the earthquakes. We sang in the seethings of the boiling seas. Our individual spirits might have met then a moment in the crater of a volcano; the next moment the swelling mass fell below upheaved us, caking us out upon the rocky surface, to meet next again in human forms. Not one has the remembrance of such days. 'Tis lost or locked up as the memory of our babyhood; yet like that, is treasured somewhere, at least it has entered into our life-experiences of joy and sorrow, making up the sum total of the evolution of life.

Where was the spirit-world then? Slowly forming, even as the earth-sphere. Our atmosphere is the substantial stratum, of the upper and outer surface of which is the locality which we name the spirit-world. Just as this stratum of earth crust is the locality of our material life, the sphere of the spirit-world was formed from the spirit, or inner body, of our earth-sphere. In other words, our earth crust, passing through that stage we call dying, evolved a spirit and body which, ascending, formed the sphere of the spirit-world.

The earth-spirit, at this period, manifested itself in rocky forms; no higher had it evolved. Heat, cold, which are states of evolution, dissolved these rock bodies. The spirit within the individualizing spirit—clothed in a finer, more perfect form, as gases, forming atmospheres. The spirits in rocks eliminating their rock bodies, took form as gases. Such an atmosphere is the stratum of the spirit-world, whereon, and in, plants and animals should dwell in spirit-forms, just as first they live on the earth crust, or stratum.

Such was the mineral period of the material and spiritual world; the rocky crust, the earth-stratum on its surface; the highest, material, mineral life around, above it; the atmosphere, the spirit-stratum on its surface, the highest, spiritual, mineral life. No higher than this had the earth-spirit evolved. But she paused not here.

Still the earth-spirit prayed and worked for higher forms, more perfect manifestations than rocks. Ten thousand years pass. Through all these centuries the earth-spirit has been evolving new forms. This higher was the vegetable kingdom; the seas are covered with varieties of algae and floating sea-weeds; by the river-slides grow the dense, impenetrable reeds; on the plains of older ground spring up the rank grasses; in the lowlands gigantic ferns and conifers; everywhere an abundant vegetation. The grosser part of these vegetable forms is drawn from the earth-mould; the finer from the atmosphere. This is the material plane of vegetal life. What of the spiritual plane or world just above?

Change, growth and decay are constant in this material plane of vegetal life. This growth and decay is the earth-spirit eliminating old forms, seeking to evolve new and better. When the individualized spirit in the tree casts off the grosser form at the change we call death, coming forth in finer form, does it remain here? By no means. In its more perfect form it ascends to the surface of the spirit-sphere, which is the outer surface of our atmosphere, there to live on, evolving a still higher form.

The spirit in the body of sea-weeds, reeds, grasses and trees, through elimination of the earthly body, (which state we call decay, resulting in death,) is freed and fitted to ascend, in spiritual body, to the spirit-world, already evolved from the material plane. Just as the material plane progresses, so does the spiritual.

This, then, was the condition of the earth during the early vegetal period of evolution—an earth-crust and an atmosphere—the earth-crust, the material world; the atmosphere, the spirit-world; on the material plane, springing from it, nourished therein, the kingdom of vegetables, sea-weeds, grasses, trees, &c.; above, on the outer surface of the atmosphere, the plane of the spirit-world, weeds, grasses, trees, &c., in spirit-bodies which, once having appeared in material bodies on the plain below, through death having cast them off, ascended to the spirit-plane of life, in spirit-bodies nourished and grown on the spirit-plane; just as in material bodies they once appeared on the material plane of ours.

Only one step higher has the earth-spirit evolved forms: the animal kingdom, her highest, latest evolution; the human body, the most complete of all. Our spirits manifest themselves, work through these human organisms not forever. Our spirits struggle for higher manifestations through evolution. Dissolution comes to our bodies, and our individual spirits, freed from them, ascend to the spirit-world, in spirit-bodies finding their own home; finding there grasses, trees, insects, birds and animals gone before us, even as we found they had come before us to this earth-plane, when our spirits took form in human, material bodies.

First is evolved, in material forms, the mineral; next, the vegetable; last, the animal. The like order obtains in the spirit-world; each lower a foundation for the next higher. Slowly the earth-spirit, having form now in this material, visible kingdom of life, is being translated to the spirit-

world, leaving the old body behind. This great resurrection, or evolution of spirit from the material sphere to the spirit-world, is going on all around us night and day, and we hardly heed it. If, like old Elijah's servant, we could have our spiritual eyes opened one day, even one hour, we should behold a living world, where now is only night and death.

Suppose with spiritual eyes we beheld this resurrection going on around us, in the streets, houses and fields. Beneath the earth-crust whereon we live, the molten matter is slowly being evolved into crystal rock bodies by the ludwelling spirit, new additions to the under surface of the earth material stratum making good the waste from the upper surface. On this outer surface, rains, heat, frosts, &c., are slowly dissolving the rocks. We see ascending from each decaying rock, from the crumbling body of the dead tree and grass, sublimated forms passing upward in atmosphere. From the dying trees, grasses, flowers, as individuals, we see ascending their individual spirits, clothed in the spirit-form, journeying to the spirit-sphere just overhead.

One day we behold the million of insects sporting in the sunshine. Night comes with its frosts; in the morning their little dead bodies in myriads cover the ground. The little spirits, in new forms, in joyous forms, passed to the spirit-world while no man watched. Next day man awakes; but the hum of insects which filled his ears yesterday, is heard no more; to-day they sport and sing in the spirit-world. One day the bird sings on earth; next day in the spirit-world, his earth-form cast off, laying dead and cold in the woods.

We see the farmer gathering his grain and vegetables. He fills his barn and cellar only with dead bodies; the individualizing spirits have flown to the spirit-world. We see the bodies of animals with our material eyes. Death comes to them; with spiritual eyes we see the individual spirit ascending in spirit-form from each one.

The old house dog is found dead and cold some morning. The dog is not dead; he has only cast off the old organism, evolving a new. With spirit-eyes, while the household slept, we saw his spirit ascending in the new form. Some day death comes to the master of the house. His spirit, too, ascends to the spirit-world. What joy is his when he feels there the great old world, the dear old home, all so near, beautiful and perfect. Old trees which in sorrow he saw die while on earth, now wave their unbranched branches for him in the spirit-world, whispering their welcome. Birds he heard with joy below, now sing sweet welcome for him in the spirit-home. The old house dog whose death he mourned below, now comes bounding to meet him; long he waited and watched for the coming of his master. Man, passing to the spirit-world, finds the same dear old world gone before him, for his joy and his labor. Such is the evolution going on all around us.

As I tread upon the grass in the fields, I wonder whether next year my foot will press the same growing in the spirit-world. As I pass beneath the branches of the elms and pines and giant oaks, I wonder whether they will pass to the spirit-world before me, and I find them there when I go hence. As the crows fly over the fields, visible from my window this summer day, I wonder whether they or I shall pass to the spirit-world ere spring comes again. This is no dream. The old, barbarous theology and philosophy have so darkened our vision that we see only night and death where is day and life. We grope, buried beneath our Bibles and superstitions, half hoping, feebly believing that we shall live somewhere, somehow, again, when death dissolves these bodies; but this great world of vegetables and animals we look upon, through our theology and science, as spiritless. "Death comes; this is the end." Light comes little by little; through the gray dawn we begin to see all forms as but manifestations of the Infinite spirit; all death but evolutions of new forms.

What of life in this spirit-world? Every individual spirit in the spirit-world of tree, flower, animal or man is clothed with a body just as here. This spiritual body holds precisely the same relation to the spirit-sphere as does the material body to the material sphere.

Our bodies are grown and supported through these vegetable and animal bodies around. We eat and drink that we may preserve our hands and feet, our physical organism, which would otherwise dissolve. The same method obtains in the spirit-world. In the spirit-world vegetables consume the spirit forms of rocks, of crystals. Animals grow and sustain their bodies from the spirit forms of vegetables, just as here. Man's primary work, then, in the spirit-world, is to support his body. Food is needed, shelter is needed, for in the spirit-world there are atmospheric changes which affect spirit bodies just as our atmospheric changes affect material bodies. Rest is needed, for the spirit body gets exhausted even as the material one, and needs rest for the restoration of spirit forces. Labor men must in the spirit-world—less than here, however—to provide for the needs of our spirit bodies, so that it becomes a joy and blessing, not a drudgery, as too often here, but a work of thanksgiving.

All the senses and faculties we have here are of the spirit, and are carried to the spirit-world to be perfected there. The sense of touch is as distinct in the spirit body as in the material; so of taste, smell. The ear catches the vibrations of the spirit-world atmosphere as clearly as our ears this atmosphere of earth. The eye is as sensible to the impressions of spirit forms as ours to material ones. The farmer may cultivate his field and garden there as here, finding added joy in his labors. The mechanic is at home in his work there, as here. The painter discovers there new forms of beauty to trace, new visions, new powers to work. The astronomer still beholds, in more perfect vision, through more powerful telescopes, the starry worlds above, and seeks knowledge thereof. The geologist finds there rocks, alluvium, rivers and seas, wherein to learn of the workings of

the earth spirit, and through her of the Infinite. The musician discovers harmonies of sound there only dreamed of here—instruments so perfect, that could mortals hear them their spirits would in ecstasy rend off the mortal form, and rise to dwell in such a world of harmony. The scholar finds new fields of thought, and hungry men and women eager to receive his highest revelation; so that each spirit, when it passes to the spirit-world, finds new powers, new opportunities to pursue its favorite work, so imperfectly wrought here.

As the spirit-world is to our earth sphere, so is spirit life to our earth life. Suppose we embody our idea after the manner of Swedenborg, revising his descriptions of the spirit-life, making him our mouthpiece. Says Swedenborg to us, "One day I laid myself upon my couch in a sort of dreamy mood, when suddenly it seemed as if I was crawling out of my body, putting it off as I would my clothes. I soon found myself floating above it. There it lay below me, an old shell out of which I had just crawled. Upward I arose, how far, I could not tell. At length I came to the surface of a new country. Like Paul, who once was caught up to the spirit-world, I, too, saw things unutterable by human tongue. I found all my senses more perfect. Soon gathered around me dear old friends, who had passed from earth life before. The atmosphere was like earth's, only with an intoxication strangely floating above it. I stood upon real ground. Overhead floated real clouds. It was like old Mother Earth, only inexpressibly more beautiful. I stood gazing around, as a child full of wonder, speechless with delight. On all sides extended the undulating plains and fields, beautiful with waving grains, with grasses, trees and flowers. On the one side, a river whirling through the valley, its surface dotted with white sails. I could just hear the strains of distant music, as it came trembling across the waters and fields. Just before us a little village. Thither we went. The houses were cottages, with gardens around, fields extending back. I saw people in the gardens; some gathering fruit, others training vines over the doors and windows. These people smilingly greeted us as we passed. What filled me with wonder was, that I saw no old men and women; all appeared young. I questioned a spirit as to where the old folks were. He, smiling, said, 'People are young or old here, according to the measure of their wisdom and love.' He pointed to a spirit, and said, 'There is one of our oldest women'; and I saw, as appeared to me, a beautiful maiden, her countenance radiant with love, earnest in truth. This, then, was old age; no silvered locks, no bowed forms, no wrinkled brow, only youth and beauty. Strange old age! Old in truth and love—not in body, only in spirit growth. We entered some of the cottages. In one room we found a table spread with flowers, fruits and vegetables—the spirit's simple repast. In some rooms we found the inmates reading, or practicing music; in others, writing, painting, &c. Everywhere appeared joyous life and beauty. Each labored in that which gave his spirit delight, and his body vigor.

We passed from this village over into another; birds sang in the trees; insects sported in the air around us; animals were in the fields and on the hillsides. Soon we came to a village, which seemed more like earth. The atmosphere was denser; the sunlight dimmer; the people looked unhappy; as they worked in the fields they seemed wearied. We heard little music; many harsh words. The animals were cross, and quarrelling. Their gardens grew rank with weeds. I questioned concerning these, and learned that they were the thieves, the selfish and drunkards, the ignorant and vile, who had come up from earth, here dwelling together, like seeking life. From the other village came each day the wisest, the most loving, to teach these of truth and purity, step by step guiding them upward to the better life."

Thus Swedenborg describes the spirit life—not as a dream, but as a reality. Our spirit-eyes are certainly now with these organs of flesh; we see not the spirit-world and life. Could we but drop off these bodies, put away these curtains before our spirit-eyes, the spirit-world would be seen all around us. In our atmosphere we should behold forms of grace and beauty now unseen, yet not less real than our material world of things.

What is earth-life, then, but a stage of the spirit's evolution. We, men, women and children, have evolved our present bodies, answering as sort of spirit-houses while on this earth. We labor to feed and clothe them, that we may preserve them sound, useful. What is death? How the Christian world has trembled and hid its face before the awful Church death—only darkness, doubt and woe! To-day dawns a new death—not death more, only birth transition. We lay aside these bodies, shut up the windows, close the doors of these bodies which have been our earth-homes, and in spirit-bodies pass to spirit-life, finding there the world of minerals, of grasses, flowers, trees; of clouds and rivers; of insects, animals, and man gone before us, they first having evolved the spirit-body.

W. A. C.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says: "If you have a boat that leaks badly, and it is in a strong current, or if you are towing it up stream, all you have to do to keep it dry is this: Bore a hole through the bottom and insert a piece of tin or iron half round through the hole, letting it extend a few inches below the bottom of the boat, and all the water will run out without any labor. I think a ship at sea could be kept afloat if you could keep her going four miles per hour."

A report of a most remarkable discovery comes to us from Italy. An Italian savant is said to have discovered a process by which sounds may be transmitted by an electrical process any distance, so that two persons—one in Rome and the other in Paris—may converse together, recognizing the sound of each other's voices.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES.

DEDICATED TO CHARLES A. HAYDEN.

BY E. C. OGDON.

Truth's youthful champion in the cause of Progress,
Go upward, ever upward on thy way;
Exult in thy motto; take the banner,
And bear it bravely toward the glorious day
When man, arising from lethargic slumber,
Shall learn his true relations unto God;
And striving with the shackles that enslave him,
Press on the path thou hast in firmness trod.

Oh! may thy power ne'er fail, thy faith ne'er falter,
For aye we need pure spirits, tried and true,
To offer up, upon Progress's altar,
Prayers, ever uttered unto God anew.

Then ne'er despair, for if the task be weary,
Bright angels shall inspire thee to proceed;
And if thy heart with care is sad and dreary,
Turn unto them when in thy greatest need.

The task is arduous, but the cause is glorious;
A noble work, to raise thy fellow-man,
To emulate the angels, and victorious
Thou shalt be, though the work has scarce begun.

For aye! Progression soon, with magic brightness,
Shall burst the clouds that most conceal it now,
And the whole world be flooded with the light-ness;
Humanity before it then shall bow.

Press on! press on! for much lies yet before thee,
Oh! earnest laborer in Progress's field;
And with heaven's inspiration hovering o'er thee,
Surrounding thee, as with a glowing shield,
Firm in thy cause of right, thou shalt be aided
In all thy aspirations pure and free;
A name thou hast more great than earthly honor,
Thou champion of poor humanity.

Philadelphia, 1865.

Children's Department.

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

"We think that the day is
About our brother, angels that are to be,
Or may be they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LITTLE HEART.)

VIRGINIA PERKINS.

CHAPTER VI.

The Two Influences.

No one but Milly called Virginia by her pet name, for she was twelve years old and had grown tall, and on her face came the lights and shadows of many thoughts. Hugh was sixteen, and as tall as a man, and he felt very wise, and as if he never need learn anything more. Through the years since Thiny first knew him, he had governed her as if she belonged to him, and she had let her own sweet will follow his, in trusting love. He had led her to many pleasures and sorrows. Sometimes he cared for her gently, and thought only of beautiful things for her; at other times he was determined and willful, and led her where she was unwilling to go. Hugh's dark eyes seemed to have a power over her, and the very touch of his hand seemed to draw her as he wished. And yet there was within her a voice, that spoke gently but powerfully to her, and often told her not to yield to Hugh's will. She remembered those words of her mother, "do not forget that I will sometimes be the voice to speak to you and tell you what you need to hear," and she often listened to a bird's note, or the whispering wind, hoping it would have words for her.

But there came to Virginia only an interior prompting, and that often led her in an opposite direction to Hugh's wishes. It seemed much easier to her to follow Hugh's wish than this interior prompting. He was so resolute that she was easily led by him; but when the question of her own spirit came to her, "have I done right?" she was often greatly distressed.

"Hugh," said she one day, "we will not go any more to the woods for flowers, for Estelle is very unhappy, because we do not ask her to go with us, and you will not have her, so we will not go."
"Will not go?" We will see," said Hugh; "Estelle is a goosey, and cries at nothing, and I wish she was where she came from; I hate Estelle, and I love you, and I will not have her, and you shall do just as I wish."

"Oh," said Virginia, sadly, "you always say that; but I can't do just as you say, when I know you wish me to do wrong."

"But, Thiny, darling," said Hugh, as if she were a child, "we will go and gather flowers and have a fine time, and gather blackberries and put them in leaf baskets, and we will not ask any one's leave, and Estelle may do just the same, only keeping away from us."

And so Virginia went when Hugh wished, and spent whole days with him in the woods and fields, neglecting all her duties at home, and making Milly anxious and Estelle very unhappy.

Virginia felt that she had no life of her own apart from Hugh, and he was never content without her. He was ordering her to do this and that. She, at last, quite refused to listen to the voices that tried to lead her in a path of usefulness and quiet peace.

There had been a long autumnal storm, and the little streams were swollen, and seemed almost like rivers and rushed toward the sea, carrying with them a vast amount of red soil, so that they looked almost like rivers of blood. Hugh insisted that Virginia should go with him to a distant forest, to see the crows that had congregated in great numbers there. Virginia was timid except when she looked in Hugh's eyes; and she did not wish to cross the stream and walk a distance on the damp earth. Besides, Estelle had sent her word that she would come and spend the day with her, and Virginia had promised to remain at home.

The night before had been stormy, and Virginia had listened to the wild winds and tried to hear a voice speaking to her. Sometimes she thought that when the storm lulled a soft whisper said, "I am here, darling, here, here; do not be afraid." And then, again, it seemed as if the louder winds whispered, "do not go with Hugh." Once, after she had slept, she was awakened, and the sighing branches asked, "Will Thiny forget her mamma?"

So Virginia felt strong to say to Hugh, "I shall not go. I wish to stay at home."

But he came in the early morning and brought her some golden persimmons, and said, "You are ready now, Virginia; we must hurry, for we have a long way before us."

"Oh, Hugh, you stay here and we will read and sing, and Estelle and I will act that dialogue, and you shall be our teacher."

Hugh knew it would not do to command Virginia in her present mood, so he tried persuasion.

"Thiny is a darling," he sang, "and she will go with me. Oh, Virginia, we will have so nice a time, and be back so soon. I can't go alone, and I must go, for I am determined to see the night; why, did you know the crows have a regular caucus, and make speeches and reason, and then the leaders see which can get the most members to vote for them. It's real fun, better than the British Parliament. Why, old Gus told me that the crows always settled all the affairs of the nation, first; and if we only understood them, we could know just how things would turn out. Come, Virginia, or we shall be late to the assembly."

Virginia hesitated. She saw she had better not go, yet still she looked at Hugh and wanted to follow him. Thus the two powers lead us all. The voice of the inward speaks softly, but well; the voice of the outward is strong, and often counsels ill.

Milly shook her head sadly, as Virginia took her tip-tilt and bound it about her head, and prepared herself for a walk.

"Honey, darling," said she softly, "it's very cold; will you have a fire in the front room, and be a gettin' it ready for de Christmas day."

Virginia knew that Milly was pleading for her to stay at home, but she answered:

"Yes, Milly; and when I get back I will ask Hugh and he will help me, and we will bring home cedar boughs with us."

And so Virginia quieted the voice within her that would protect her from evil, and went with Hugh. Over the damp, yellow grass, through the beds of wet leaves, over the high fences and beside the swollen streams, they went, talking merrily of many things. Hugh told Virginia about the great trouble in the nation, that was beginning to be talked about; but he bade her be very quiet about it, and not tell any one what he had heard his father say about trying to make another great government, when there would be a plenty of money and no more hard work. And the Yankees would all be obliged to go to the North, and the South would rule the whole world. Virginia listened attentively, and thought Hugh understood everything.

"To tell you the real truth, Virginia, I am going to-day to see if I can't tell something about the way things will turn, by the way the crows fly; for Gus says it's a great sign, and father said to Esquire Elly, that the sons should be presidents and the daughters ruler's wives; so you see perhaps I shall be President, or a great man."

"But Hugh," said Virginia doubtfully, "I don't believe there's any sign in crows flying. I am sorry we came, and I wish to go home."

"That's what you can't do, Miss," said Hugh, with a cruel look in his eye. "You could not find your way home alone. Now come along; we've got to cross the stream here, and you mustn't be afraid."

"But I am afraid," said Virginia, "and I wish I had stayed at home with Estelle. I can never cross that water on that log; and besides, it's not safe."

"Oh, fudge!" said Hugh. "See me; and he stepped boldly on to the fallen tree, and went readily over."

"Now come," said he, returning. "I will help you, and then we will be back soon. Hark! hear the crows. They've begun their caucus. Hurry."

Virginia, as if obliged to yield her will, let herself be led over to the opposite bank, and soon they had ascended the slope, and had entered the forest. Here was indeed something to interest Virginia, as well as Hugh. Hundreds of crows had assembled, and formed themselves into two parties, and had covered the branches of the trees until they looked dark with their black bodies. One party occupied a huge chestnut and the trees about it, while the others had cast their dark bodies, in groups as thick as leaves, on a massive oak. Every few moments one or more would fly from one party to another, and then there would be great excitement and commotion, and the caw, caw, from each party, made the woods seem full of tumultuous sound.

Hugh had led Virginia to a high eminence, where they could watch every movement of the ominous birds.

"That party on the chestnut is our side," said Hugh; "we'll beat you, I'll see."

"But," said Virginia, "I like the others the best. They gather closer together, and don't make such a fuss and fluster."

"Well, the others are our side," said Hugh. "See how they spread themselves into the forest; and now look at that one flying proudly, right into the face of the enemy, and the others follow. What cowards the other party are. See how they flap their wings, but never stir. Isn't it fun to watch those brave Chestnuters and see them advance; but what a commotion there is among them!"

"I think," said Virginia, "that the Oaks are the bravest, because they keep quiet. Now look, there's the leader; we'll call him the president. Don't he look wise; hear him caw, caw. He belongs to my party of the oak."

Thus they talked and watched; and a slight worth seeing it was. It seemed indeed as if these two parties of wild birds were discussing some question of great importance to them. One side sent out a champion, who would return with a message, when there would be a great flutter of wings, and a wild, shouting caw from the throat of every listener. After much seeming discussion, the other side would send a messenger to the enemy, when a similar demonstration would take place. Finally the party on the chestnut all raised their wings and went to the further part of the forest; but the inhabitants of the oak remained quiet, only cocking their heads on one side, as if saying, with great pride, "Did we tell you just how it would be? Just see our greatness and our wisdom."

Hugh was so vexed at the retreat of his favorites, that he would not stay a moment longer, and said Gus was a hateful nigger, and he would have him whipped for believing in signs.

Virginia was delighted that her favorites were so quiet, and seemed to have won the day; and she kept calling Hugh's attention to their great numbers, and to their fine appearance, as they sat in majestic silence on the grand old oak.

Hugh became so impatient that his eyes seemed shooting out rays of fire, and he hurried Virginia until she was out of breath. When they reached the stream they found that it had swollen so that the water covered the log, which lay just below the top of the bank.

Hugh had lost all his kindness of manner, and began to force Virginia, against her will, on to the submerged log. He pushed her forward, and himself stepped with strong steps that jarred the whole frail bridge. Virginia grew terrified, and that only made Hugh more careless, because he was angry with her. Suddenly the log gave way, and both were only able to cling to its sides while it floated down the stream. Luckily the current was slow, so that Hugh, with his strong arms, soon was able to seat himself upon it, and draw up Virginia, who was too much frightened to help herself.

But she soon recovered herself and looked about her. Hugh had an arm about her waist, and with the other he was endeavoring to catch at the bushes on the side of the stream. But the cur-

rent was growing every moment stronger, and they began to float quite rapidly downward. If Hugh had been alone, he would have trusted himself in the water; but with Virginia to care for, he felt that he must keep the log.

The stream gave a sudden turn, and as Virginia went around with a dizzy sense of danger, she saw Estelle's bright eyes between the tangled branches of the shrub that bordered the stream. She gave a shout of joy; but Hugh, seeing the cause of it, gave her a sudden twitch, that nearly immersed her in the water.

"Estelle! Estelle!" cried Virginia.

"Hush! hush!" said Hugh.

Estelle evidently wished to help Virginia; but she was in Hugh's arms. She ran rapidly, half the time laughing, and the other half crying: "Oh dear! oh dear! what shall I do!"

Estelle had been watched by a negro at work on the hill, cutting the young pines, and he ran hastily to the foot of the hill, and saw the cause of her excitement. With all possible haste he ran to the help of Hugh and succeeded in helping him from his position. It proved to be Jo, who was exultant when he found he had been the means of rescuing Virginia.

She expressed her thanks most warmly to him; and to Estelle she gave many expressions of love. But Hugh stood on one side, moody and in ill humor. He was impatient that Estelle had seen him in so sad a plight; and that Virginia had any cause to thank any one but himself. Jo cared tenderly for Virginia, wrapping her in Estelle's shawl, and rubbed her cold hands. Finding she was too chilled to walk, he carried her to a little hut not far off, that was deserted, and built a fire in the dilapidated chimney. Hugh all the time stood aloof, and seemed not to care for Virginia's comfort. Estelle was full of tender love for Virginia; but for Hugh she had only a triumphant look, as if rejoicing in his discomfort.

[To be continued in our next.]

To Correspondents.

MARY, SPRINGFIELD, O.—You have a kind heart, I am sure, to write me so loving a letter. I hope all the solar cats and feline kittens return your kindness, by many soft purrs. Of those dreaded competitions, let me say, it will be no more trouble for you to write them, than to think, if you will only write simply and naturally. Most girls and boys think they must say something very different from their thoughts, and so they make a great task of a very easy matter. Your letter would have been a very good composition; for it seemed like some one telling what was pleasant for them to think about. I wish you could lend me your kittens, Lillie and Billie, for my baby Edie to play with.

Your true friend, LOVE M. WILLIS.

Original Essays.

THE WAY OF THE ANCIENT WORD.

NUMBER THREE CONCLUDED.

BY C. B. P.

In the early Egyptian religion was taught, says Poole, "the great doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and future rewards and punishments."

• • • The Egyptian religion, in its reference to man, was a system of responsibility mainly depending upon "pure rewards and punishments. The Jew (Moses), in his reference to man, was a system of responsibility mainly depending on temporal rewards and punishments." Thus the Egyptian wisdom which comprehended the soul-world brought "life and immortality to light" somewhat in advance of the later gospelism. It would appear that however learned in the Egyptian wisdom, the Mosaic Law did not improve it much. "The paintings and sculptures of the monuments indicate a very high degree of personal safety, showing us that the people of all ranks commonly went unarmed, and without military protection. We must, therefore, infer that the laws relating to public order were sufficiently and strictly enforced. The punishments seem to have been lighter than those of the Mosaic Law, and very different in their relation to crime and in their nature. Capital punishment appears to have been almost restricted, in practice, to murder. In domestic life, what most strikes us in their manners is the high position occupied by woman, and the entire absence of the harem system of seclusion. The wife was called 'the lady of the house.' And yet our modern pulpit has the impudence to proclaim that without the civilization of the Bible woman would have no status, as if the Bible had not classed her among the serpentaria, and flanked her by St. Paul. Alas for our deceptive churches in stereotyped fossilism, that the Egyptians should have reached so high a degree of civilization before the Bible had been written with the finger of God! Shame and confusion of face to the hireling who stands in a Biblical pulpit and in the name of the Lord judges the heathen accursed, when his own Biblical civilization has embraced 'the sun of all villanies.' Shame and confusion of face to the priest who so demeans the groundings as to make them receive the ancient fables as the Word of God, and who crushes out woman by colling her in the snakehood of Genesis, while the Egyptian lady of the house was translated a goddess on the skies, and was the right person in the right place among the many mansions.

It must be confessed, however, that there are specimens of the modern woman who seem to delight in trailing their skirts in the dirt and slime of the serpentaria, leaving a zigzag track along the ground, as if writing, in unmistakable character, the very symbol of the serpent. How much Biblical civilization, in the way of parental ignorance and darkness, has had in circumscribing woman in the scope of her faculties, and in the sphere of her employments, and of crushing her in the toil of half paid labor, because fabled with the snake of Eden and the assumptions of St. Paul, may be open to question; but it certainly may be seen and read of all men that woman proclaims much of her status by the trailing skirt upon the ground—the longer the train the lower the descent into hell, the limbo of vanity and of criminal waste, with other false, producing leanness of soul. Even Jeremiah pronounced against "the filthiness in her skirts," and Isaiah against "her round tires," as per "thus saith the Lord; and we find no trailing skirt upon our book of life, but rather that righteousness of the saints in clean white linen, so lovely in the adorning of the Jerusalem bride. Selah.

Says Poole, "That the Egyptians used various periods of time, and made astronomical observations from a remote age, is equally attested by ancient writers and by their monuments"—nor less their wisdom in magic, or mesmerism—spiritual communion with the soul-world, "secretly practiced, not because it was thought to be unlawful, but in order to give it importance." Moses would not suffer a witch to live, and otherwise kept the people at the foot of the hill, lest the Lord break forth upon them. Saul put the witches and wise men out of the land, Isaiah embargoed familiar

spirits who peeped about and mislead, and St. Paul suffered not a woman to teach in the church, lest they should bring in damnable heresies, and bring upon themselves swift destruction by repudiating their covenant with the Lord.

While the old Hebrews would have no "Lady of the house," or Goddess in the heavens, they had their El-Bethel—God of the house of God, to whom Jacob vowed his vow to serve the Lord if God would furnish him with cold pieces, and ransomment to put on, he being sans potage and sans culotte; and Micah Levite showed by Teraphim that "before the Lord is your way wherein you go."

In astronomical significance each sign of the Zodiac was a house of the Sun, or Lord, sometimes divided into three compartments; and on earth, as it was in heaven, there were ladies for mediums, prophets, seers, by whom to inquire of God—nor were the midwives left out in the cold, for "it came to pass, because the midwives feared God, that he made them houses." Sometimes the Lord was in the pit of the winter solstice, and sometimes "he came from Sinai, rose up from Seir, and shined forth from Mount Paran." As a soul, or spirit, he spoke by the seers, or prophets, by "taking possession of them under the terms of hand of the Lord," says Calmet.

When the mesmeric or spiritual process was not harmonious in conditions, the Word was conflicting and confused, and not so sharp as a two-edged sword in separating the joints and the marrow, and soul and spirit—so that Jeremiah was confounded, and exclaimed, "O Lord, thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived." • • • Wilt thou be altogether unto me as a liar?" Nor was Ezekiel any more successful with the two-edged sword, but seems to have borne it in vain at the hands of the Lord. Thus, "If a prophet be deceived, I, the Lord, have deceived that prophet;" while the Lord regrets that his words were stolen. "Behold, I am against the prophets," saith the Lord, "that steal my words every one from his neighbor." It would appear from this that "he which hath the sharp sword with two edges," did not succeed very well with double mouthfuls of the spirit in dividing asunder the joints and marrow. There are so many conditions of the Word, that it is often deflected from a bee line. To surmount the difficulty, when Miriam claimed to be possessed of the genuine original Jacob, the Lord promised the test of making himself known in a vision, and by speaking in a dream, while he would speak mouth to mouth with Moses, and not in dark speeches, and the similitude of the Lord shall be beheld. Thus Moses was to behold the similitude of the Word made flesh, while Miriam was to get it only in dreams and dark speeches; and if the women wanted to know anything more, let them ask of their husbands at home, as per Paul.

Mr. Grove, in Smith's Biblical Diet., shows the diversity of the Word as given in old time through Elijah to Elisha: "Elijah was emphatically a destroyer. His mission was to slay and demolish whatever opposed or interfered with the rights of Jehovah, the Lord of hosts." Elijah, the destroyer—Elisha, the healer. The one prohibits dew and rain—the other makes the barren land fruitful. Both work by miracle, little caring what the conditions of Nature's laws; for could not the God of Israel roll the heavens together as a scroll—put the sun under a bushel, and turn the moon into blood, sea and waves roaring in vapor and smoke? "Baal worship was prevalent in Israel, even after the efforts of Elijah, yet not one act or word in disapproval of it is recorded of Elisha."—though he had a double portion of the spirit—literally "a double mouthful." Thus the medium speaking from "the mouth of the Lord," in addition to his own mouth, we may glimpse the Word in its aspects of cloven tongues and two-edged swords. Elisha "appears in these records chiefly as a worker of prodigies, and predictor of future events, a revealer of secrets, and things happening out of sight, or at a distance." His familiar spirit was also rather partial to music, for "it came to pass when the minstrel played the hand of the Lord came upon him." So, too, the evil spirit from God who sat upon Saul, was charmed by the music of David. As clairvoyant and clairaudient magician, "Elisha, the prophet of Israel, telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bed-chamber;" and "after his death his body prophesied" in the sure Word of the power of God quite as potently as the relic of the great tree in the Trinity.

The old theologies put forth some very precious things for the enlightenment of the churches and their Sunday-schools. An Orthodox arrow, when shot out of a window, was "the arrow of the Lord's deliverance from Syria;" but God could deliver from Syria only as many times as the arrows were smote upon the ground; and when the king of Israel "smote thrice and stayed them, the man of God was with him, and said, Thou shalt have smitten five or six times; then hast thou smitten Syria till thou hast consumed it, whereas now thou shalt smite it but thrice." Thus the Word, by the arrow, was as potent as the witch-hazel, the staff of accomplishment, and the rod of God which Moses carried in his hand.

Says Farrar, "The belief in the power of certain formulae was universal in the ancient world. Thus there were charms to evoke the tutelary Gods of a city, others to devote hostile armies, others to raise the dead, or bind the Gods, and even influence the heavenly bodies. Enchantments were a recognized part of ancient medicine, even among the Jews, who regarded certain sentences of the Law as efficacious in healing. The Greeks used them as one of the five chief resources in pharmacy." The Brazen Serpent was the Healer in Israel, with other means, as in the regions round about, where "the chief sacramenta demoniaca were a rod, a magic circle, dragon's eggs, certain herbs, or insane root, like the henbane," &c., producing a broth very like the Mosaic jealous waters, and doubtless as potent in causing "the belly to swell, and the thigh to rot," as practiced in Africa to this day, as per Ohallu.

One of the damnable heresies which disturbed the early sects was the denying of the Lord, who brought them and sealed them in the sign of the cross, which was the mystical phallus, as in Ezekiel's Mark of the Tau, and the sign of Christ's coming in the flesh, with which St. John's angels "sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads." See Oliver's diagram for the way of building the ancient Word into the cross, as a Masonic mark from immemorial time. John, adhering to the old Hebrew Landmarks, denounced all denial that Jesus Christ was in the flesh as well as in the spirit, as of anti-Christ. The Word made flesh was not only with God, but was God, which is exactly in line with the physiology of all the mysteries—the Father of the only begotten Son, at the same time the Father of all living, the pater omnium viventium of Danglington. It was in this mode of the ancient nature-worship and its metamorphoses that there came forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, with the spirit of the Lord upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding. The son of Jesse bought Michal for wife for some two hundred foreskin scalps of the Philistines, which were considered quite a mighty dowry.

erage in those days, and Calmet informs us that "the Pyramidum, or Tomb of Christ, is worshipped with Latria by the Manichaeans at Calcutta, about twenty miles from Rome." It shows a marvellous difference when it is touched by virgins, and by married women. But though it is still at Calcutta, yet it is carried about at Poddum with great veneration upon the feast of Ascension.

But where is the progress of Christ thus worshipped in the flesh from the status of similar worship in old time? Such being a worship of the Christ made flesh in Calmet's day, some one hundred and fifty years ago, we think that the Pope's Encyclical need not embrace a lower deep of the earlier centuries. What an ultimate of Church and Biblical civilization, when common sense and freedom of soul are thus swaddled in darkness to the putting out of all light. We must learn to take the Bible and Church for what they are, worth, and not as being so peculiarly sacred as the hirelings who make merchandise of them would have us believe. Receiving all light and all good from whatever source, it is a base bowing of the knee to any claims of infallibility, or a "Thus saith the Lord." However much the Godmen, in the Bible and out, were inspired, "It is clear," says Farrar, in Smith's Diet., "that inspiration in no way supercedes the individualities of the divine messenger." This is the exact postulate of the Spiritualists; hence neither in the past nor in the present is the Word infallible, but will always come diversified, according to the individualities through whom it appears. Thus when the minstrel played, and a double mouthful of the Spirit fell upon Elisha, it put him in tune to the melting mood; but when the Spirit flanked Elisha, he called down fire from heaven, and with gun, trumpet, blunderbuss and thunder, engaged that woman Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess, whom John saw in vision seducing his servants to commit fornication. Swedenborg always received the Word in Swedenborgian measure, and in Swedenborgian coloring. Our own inspiration fetches a compass of all the heavens, and is therefore ring-sheathed, speckled and grey, like Jacob's cattle and Joseph's coat.

Fleshed and unfleshed spirits—persons and personifications—walked with God in the old theologies. "In the books of Moses," says Calmet, "the name of God is often given to the angels." • • • Princes, magistrates, and great men, are called Gods. If a slave is desirous to continue with his master, he shall be brought to the Gods. The Lord is seated amidst the Gods and judges with them," as per palamist, and Moses and others were Gods on the same wise. Why, then, should we superstitiously exalt the familiar spirits and the old theologies?

SPIRITUALISM IN SICKNESS, SORROW, AT FUNERALS, IN HOME-CIRCLES.
BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

THEOLOGY, as represented by the Churches and clergy of Christendom, is one of the most formidable obstacles to the freedom and growth of the human intellect. It is also one of the most unnatural and inhuman outrages that was ever perpetrated on the domestic and social sympathies and affection that bind human beings together in their home and social relations. It is so monstrous and inhuman that it is impossible that men and women can accept its teachings as true, as respects themselves and their loved ones. Especially is this so in regard to its teachings respecting God as "a consuming fire," and "a God of hot wrath and vengeance," and in regard to heaven and hell.

An Orthodox Doctor of Divinity uttered, in my hearing, a deep and terrible rebuke and condemnation of this doctrine to an association of his Orthodox brother ministers. The association was discussing the doctrine of an endless hell, in connection with the unregenerate state of their own children. In their language, "These children were all out of Christ;" "had never been converted, nor born again;" "and if they died in their present state they must be lost, and consigned to an eternal torment," &c. One of their number, the father of eight children, all "unregenerate and unconverted," sat in deep and silent thought. He looked up, and said, in a tone of deepest solemnity, "Brethren, we preach the doctrine of an eternal hell, but not one of us believe it, so far as we or our wives and children are concerned; for if we did we could never sleep again!" It was the protest of human nature against the inhumanity, injustice, outrage and horror of popular theology in its teachings respecting the disembodied life of man.

Has Spiritualism a more natural, humane, just and attractive view of that life within the veil to present to the world—a view more in accordance with the facts and demands of human nature—one that presents more truthful and ennobling thoughts of God and man, and of our relations to that career of eternal life on which we have all entered? I think it has. The teachings of Spiritualism, in regard to that incorporeal life, are so natural, so just, so ennobling, and so fitted to foster in the human soul longings and aspirations after a truer and nobler life, both in and out of the body, that they seem worthy of all acceptance. Also, of any or every sacrifice consistent with self-fidelity and self-respect, in order to sustain and propagate them. Respecting this matter, please admit the following suggestions, if consistent with your duty and convenience as journalists.

There are local societies, or bands, now existing all over our country, whose object is to sustain and propagate the more truthful, natural, human and ennobling views of Spiritualism respecting the disembodied, or interior life of man. This is done in the usual way: by holding public meetings on Sunday, by Sunday Lyceums, and by public lectures. These are powerful instrumentalities, the same as are used by those who would sustain and propagate the unnatural and inhuman teaching of the popular theology, only they call these instrumentalities by other names. But the misfortune of Spiritualists is, that the truer, nobler or more saving views of God and immortality given on Sunday by the lecturers and Lyceums, are not followed up and carried into the home, social and business circles and relations of life among Spiritualists, as are the views of Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Romanist. There are no stated local teachers or lecturers or ministers to carry these more natural, humane and ennobling views of God and man entertained by Spiritualists, and proclaimed on Sundays, into the kitchens, parlors or nurseries of the people. The lecturers appear on Saturday and disappear on Monday. They do not visit from house to house to carry these good tidings of salvation into family circles.

Visiting the sick! They seldom visit the sick and suffering to offer to them the hopes and consolations which Spiritualism is so peculiarly fitted to give to those who are in deep anguish of mind or in pain of body, and who are about to enter within the veil. There, where our beautiful and sublime views of God and immortality that are peculiarly fitted to chase away all clouds, to scatter all doubts, and to strengthen the soul and ren-

der it loving, calm, forgiving; and heroic as it is leaving the body to enter into the grand realities of the interior life, the transient lecturer is seldom found. Under the present system of lecturing, and of sustaining and propagating Spiritualism, it is not possible that visits to the sick and suffering can be made to any great extent.

Funerals! Here, too, what great advantages Spiritualism has over the popular theology! When the hearts of bereaved friends are tenderly alive to sympathy, and words of hope and cheer respecting the disembodied loved ones, Spiritualism points to the certainty of eternal life and progress, opening to all, even the most ignorant and misdirected, opportunities for growth in knowledge and goodness. For twelve years have I spoken on many, very many such occasions, to show the contrast between the future that is opened by Spiritualism and the popular theology. How much more natural, rational, and ennobling is the prospect held out by the former than is that which is held out by the latter?

Spiritualism has declared a *war of ideas* against the popular theology. Its teachers must enter into the homes of the people, to plant there the seeds of the coming kingdom of love, hope and certainty. We have a truer, wiser, more natural and divine religion—one better adapted to take away hell and give heaven than that which is taught by the Church and clergy. Let our lecturers and teachers be in earnest to convert the world to this truer and nobler faith. Thousands and tens of thousands are waiting and watching eagerly to hear Spiritualism presented as a *spirit and a principle*—as a religion to live by, both in soul and the body. Viewing it, as I do, as a religion peculiarly adapted to purify, ennoble, and perfect man or woman in all living relations, I can only say of it, as one of old said of Christ, "For me to live is Spiritualism; for me to die is Spiritualism."

Whether I live or die, Spiritualism shall be benefited by it.

MEDIUMSHIP.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

Although the clouds of discouragement have at times lowered darkly over spiritual mediums, their intuitions, ever point to future relief and perhaps equitable reward. Through their organizations angels are offering to the starving soul the bread of spiritual life. Their philosophy embraces all facts of the past, present and the future, allowing for the limitless revelations of ages yet to come. Spiritual science is as much amenable to law and conditions as in the physical. Dwarfed as it has been through ages by the mysteries of theology, it is now springing up fresh and new, in spite of growing weeds and uncongenial soils.

Man sees no mystery so great as that within himself, and in his own soul must the solution be found. If his mind has the power to perceive independently of the external organs of the senses, to know it has power to exist separately from the body, and to perceive the presence of other spiritual existences, having a gift to discern things distant, what is to hinder its knowing that spirits and spirit-land are not as far off as is usually imagined? The more unselfish and spiritually-minded, truthful and Christ-like the mediums, the more liberalizing and spiritualizing will their influences—now so powerfully at work everywhere—be found on the outside of eternal progression; and their united efforts will bear humanity onward and upward to a much higher position in the scale of advancement than it has ever yet occupied. Spiritualism is indeed the metempsychosis of nature; in every stage of its development increasing the spirit of divine life in the soul, as it progresses up to a higher state of perfection.

Accordingly as mediumship is used will it elevate or debase mankind; open their minds to a wide field of usefulness, or sink them deeper in their belfer in an ease-bestowing heaven or a remorseful hell. The divine that is in man cannot be lost, and the inspired medium will cast off old forms that have oppressed the soul, and seek the elevation of the race without regard to color or caste.

Mediumship serves to strip the spirit-world of its hitherto inscrutable mysteries, whose prospective realities, without fanaticism, claim our aspirations. Spiritual phenomena belong to the great army of facts against which argument is powerless, and only entire ignorance or imbecility can deny their onward march. Mediumship has the power of expanding and becoming more potent the more it is exercised in harmony with its development.

The healing medium will gain strength by manipulating for the cure of disease; if done in love and kindness, good spirits are ready to supply the meager or fluid necessary to its demands. The clairvoyant will gain more light from practice—as the interior vision will become clearer from being more exercised than the outward; and thus the seer progresses into higher and more glorious visions and ecstasies.

So, with each spiritual gift, truth must go forward. And if mediums will not exert their powers it is not generally forced upon them to do so; others will be found, willing to devote time to its requirements and duties. It is often mentioned that these gifts are bestowed upon the good and the bad alike. So are the blessings of the sun's rays, air and health. Surely God is no respecter of persons. An organization may be fitted for mediumship, and its possessor not live up to the standard we suppose should be requisite for beings chosen by the spirits to propagate the sublime teachings of immortal life. It may be necessary to use such organizations in cases where spirits are yet near our earth, and even for those more progressed.

In daily life we are obliged to transact business with those whom we meet, who have no affinity with us whatever. It is desirable that all mediums should live pure, harmonious lives; for the purer the channels the more spiritual and holy the streams flowing forth to elevate humanity.

In proportion to the developed accuracy of the interior powers of mediums, shall be the richness and the glory of the manifested light, in auroral tones of prophecy, bearing the treasures of by-gone years to lay them at the feet of the new, auspicious age, partaking of Egypt's magic science and of Chaldea's starry wisdom; revelations written by the finger of Deity and incorporated in every instinct of the human mind. The light of Spiritualism will dispel darkness and drive bigotry, superstition and idolatry into oblivion.

Mediumship prepares the mind for an influx of spiritual light, stirs the deep feelings of the souls of men, awakens the latent faculties which lie dormant, to enable them to work for the benefit of their fellow men. A deep and solemn responsibility should be felt by every one who stands as a medium to develop new truths and to fulfill the commands of the great Master Builder.

Spiritualists, above all others, should observe how utterly impotent and futile is all opposition to the progress of their faith; might have been its stride. Fearlessly unrelenting forth into a world of hostile powers, it has not only put bigotry and sensualism with their joined forces, and

feet, and is still sweeping on, scattering blessings over America and Europe. Mediums are multiplying, who fearlessly encounter the frowns and scourgings of unbelievers. And all who raise their hands in defense of the work of the spirits, will be rewarded according to their sincerity, truth and honesty.

THE CONTRAST.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Yesterday, for the first time in many years, I attended the religious services of the Catholic Church. It was the feast of the Immaculate Conception; and in the hour-long and tedious sermon inflicted on the congregation, they were told repeatedly and with marked emphasis, that their eternal salvation depended upon their acceptance of the new church dogma, coined by Papal authority in 1853, namely, that of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, as well as of that of her Divine Son. If the spiritual truth that underlies these misconceptions of a great principle, were understood and explained to the people, what treasures of household harmony, and what fullness of wisdom would be possessed by all! The elevation of woman to a Divine Maternity is, by the Church, reserved as the prerogative of one, when it should be the inheritance of all.

A great writer has said that "every woman becomes a Madonna beside the cradle of her first-born child." And immaculate conceptions, that is, a designed and desired maternity, should be the portion of every child born into the world. Love and Purity should preside as guardian-angels over the unborn, and the true mother ever be the virgin in soul. All pure-minded, aspirational, humanity-loving women can be the mothers of Saviours to the race; and all true and honorable men stand as the representatives of the creative and protective Divinity to their offspring.

The contrast between ever ascending and advancing progress and stagnant conservatism is most evident to those who occasionally take a peep into the strongholds of superstition, the Churches—I mean the Catholic—and those standstill Orthodox places, where the gospel of an all-saving love and a progressive growth is never uttered. Did I not listen yesterday, in silent amusement, to a tirade against the blasphemy of denying the now dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and a eulogy upon the present Pope? Did not the white-robed priest give fervent thanks that the cause of Republican freedom failed in Italy? Was not the old threnodial threat of damnation for unbelief hurled at my head? And how comfortably my progressive friend who was with me, and myself received it all! How great the contrast between the dominion of fear and the religion of love! What a difference in the intellectual developments of the brains between the blindly led and bigoted, and the hopeful, reasoning believers! If the Divine Maternity were an accepted, universal fact, for earthly uses, in place of a religious absurdity and a physiological impossibility, all men would reverence all women, and render unto them not the unmeaning homage of gallantry, but the heart and soul-service of a reverential love. And the different ears of woman's life would be blessed, and home would equal the fabled Paradise.

It behooves us to embody the divine ideals vouchsafed to us, and in accepting truth and rejecting Error, to render ourselves worthy of our holy parentage and God-like mission, as Sons and Daughters of our Father and Mother-Deity.

Lasalle, Ill., Dec. 11, 1885.

The New Year.

Friends and neighbors, all who have arrived to years of discretion: without any preamble of what might be said of the new year, as it is at hand, let us enter it with becoming zeal to make it one of propitious events, a new era in our lives. Let us, as a basis for this purpose, study ourselves. Let us live daily in earnest and prayerful attention to the social and happy interests of humanity as children of a kindred family. Let us lay aside selfishness, prejudice, bigotry and superstition in our different capacities, and whatever tends to create discord amongst friends. Let us follow the example of him who, when on earth, went about doing good; who taught that "the merciful should obtain mercy;" and who said that "the pure in heart should see God;" of him whose sympathy and compassion extended to the ignorant and the erring, the high and the low, of every grade and nation; who taught us to say in our petitions, "Our Father," implying a connecting link of the whole creation, each in its own species, order and degree; of him who took the infirmities of the weak, and who could carry charity even to the cross, cast its mantle over the sins of his executioners and pray for their forgiveness, knowing that a "vail of thick darkness" covered their minds.

Let us not, then, judge the erring harshly, believing that all possess, in common with ourselves, the same propensities, in degree, and all are measurably tempted. Let us remember that we have nothing of which we may boast in refraining from sins that others have committed if we are not tempted like them. Our measure of firmness may be greater than theirs, or they may have been tempted measurably beyond us. Circumstances may have been or may be different. Reverse them, and many times we might have erred sooner than those we too often condemn. "I would not do thus and so," says one. "I would do differently," says another. How do you know, my brother, my sister? Have you ever been placed in like circumstances, with like surroundings? If you have, perhaps your measure of temptation was a little less than that of those whom you condemn. Let us not omit, then, any opportunity to console the downcast and sinful who may come within our sphere of action, pointing them to the high hope of happiness, through the Christ principle of virtue and love. Let us teach them to look abroad on the face of nature, to meditate; for there is, in its grandeur and beauty, inspiration to fill the soul with reverence, beneficence and love. Let us teach them to look on themselves as forming a part of the grand whole, and raise their souls above the sordid influence of vice. Let us each labor in our own sphere, according to its length and breadth, as conditions and circumstances require, that the influence of each may enliven the whole in one harmonious chain. Let us live so that we shall see beauty in every leaf, and inspiration shall enter in through every pore, and let that inspiration cause an outflow to purify the atmosphere around us, that all may imperceptibly drink in its purifying influence.

In teaching, let us not teach in language above the capacity or understanding, but in language that all comprehend, the language of the heart made manifest in the little incidents of life, which speak silently, indeed as well as in vocal accents, of sympathy and love. Let each contribute according to their ability, finding no fault with or condemning one another.

When the all-wise Creator "formed man," he breathed into him the breath of life; thus he became a living soul. Let us, then, look, within ourselves, as the highest expression of himself, and find there that divine spark, and let its vivifying influence do its perfect work.

Augusta, Me.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Once I deemed this lowly earth an Eden—Men and women angels were to me, And the holiest attributes of being Shined in forms that live immortally: Love was crowned and exalted in the greatness Of divinely life, and soul-completeness.

But I grew in the life-sadening knowledge Of the strife and evil in the world; Faith's pure sunlight, dimmed by phantom shadows, From their thrones of state mine idols hurled; Crown and sceptre broken at my feet, Bitter-salt the draught that once was sweet.

Desert sands and burning skies above me, Here and there, a caliginous spot of rest; Oceans heaving with the diapason Of the tempests surging in my breast; Death of Friendship—thorough all the flowers, Cooled by prayerful hands in Springtime bowers.

Then my soul grew in life-cheering knowledge, And Experience wore in angel's guise; And my heart quaffed honey-draughts of sweetness, Recognizing spirits in disguise.

That, commissioned of the One above, Taught my soul the blessedness of love.

From the desert-wastes of life I gathered Treasures that are priceless unto me, Rescued gems from Ocean's stormy bosom, Crowned and sceptred life imperially; Seeming shadow, chilling doubt and fear Nevermore my trusting heart can sear.

Smiled the soul in pity for the folly And the ignorance that, warping good, Cast the clouding veil of gloom and sorrow Over Discipline not understood.

Not in vain reached forth the prayerful hands, For the token-flowers of Better Lands.

In the place of childish, blind believing, Came a truer insight; in the place Of the idols false and frail I worshipped, All the pure ideals of the race, Beckoned from the soul-illumined shrine, Of the Love and Wisdom all divine.

From the past all garnered are the chambers Of the inmost, sunlit sanctuary; Wealth and Power, self-conquering Might obtained, Forever there triumphant victory, Tributary at my resting feet, Good and ill in sacred uses meet.

And the Present, by the gates of Morning, Kept watch in waiting for the dawn; Praying wordlessly, with heart uplifted, That earth's haunting demons be withdrawn, Through the long and wintry dark of night, Watching for the breaking of the light;

For the Millennium Future of the world; For the fulfillment of the promise given; For the descent of Angels visible, The faithful soul's ascension into heaven; Waiting for Time's rich, ripest benison, The hallowed meed of earth's redemption won.

Lasalle, Ill., Nov. 13, 1885.

Kansas.

A few of us have organized a Society in this region, whose aims and principles are embodied in a Constitution, a copy of which we enclose for readers in the Banner. Perhaps some of your readers may be interested in trying to establish a higher order of society. We have selected a beautiful location on Spring River, near the mouth of Centre Creek, in perhaps as fine a country as there is in the West. Land is very cheap, and can be secured in large bodies. It is a great, natural, fruit-growing country, lying contiguous to Missouri, where there is plenty of fruit already growing and can be obtained at low rates. There is timber enough for all practical purposes. There is, also, a good water site on Spring River for turning machinery, close by us.

We invite all persons who feel an interest in our movement to come and join us, or else settle near us and become our neighbors. If they do not feel disposed to join us after they come, there is plenty of wild land for them to occupy and improve around us. We hope to have quite a number of reformatory minds settle here, in the spring early, and to make this locality famous as a harmonious home. Reformers, come and assist us in this great work. Let us show to the world the superiority of our faith by our works.

The following is the CONSTITUTION OF THE PROGRESSIVE FRATERNITY.

We, the undersigned, believing the present form of society to be imperfect, and to have a tendency to make men selfish; and desiring to establish a more comfortable and harmonious home, where we can set upon the principle of fraternal love; where will be no rich and no poor, but all stand upon the basis of equality; where we can have better advantages for the cultivation of our moral, intellectual and social natures, do hereby agree to establish the following Constitution for our government.

ART. 1. The name of this Society shall be THE PROGRESSIVE FRATERNITY, as expressive of our desire to progress from ignorance to wisdom, and from selfishness to brotherly love.

ART. 2. The fundamental principle of this Society shall be that of fraternity—each for all and all for each, and from each according to their ability, and to each according to their wants.

ART. 3. The laws and regulations of this Society shall be established by the wisdom of the majority of the members of the Fraternity.

ART. 4. No person shall be a voting member of this Society who has not attained the age of eighteen years.

ART. 5. Members of both sexes shall have the same social, political and educational privileges, and shall be equal in every particular.

ART. 6. All members will be expected to labor as many hours each day as the wisdom of the Society may deem necessary, except Sunday, which shall be devoted to rest, recreation and improvement.

ART. 7. All members of this Society having capital and property, must turn it over to the Society, for its use, as soon as practicable.

ART. 8. Married members will deposit their capital separately in their own names, so that if they leave the Society above they can take their capital with them.

ART. 9. Any member of this Society can withdraw at any time, and claim the amount of capital (without interest), furnished by such member, with one-half of the net profits of the Society, in proportion to the number of members and the time said member served the Society.

ART. 10. Each voting member shall be entitled to the sum of three dollars per month for incidental expenses, to take effect the 1st of November, 1885.

ART. 11. The domain, industrial implements, live stock and capital of the Society shall be held as common property, and each member will be expected to care for the property as his own.

ART. 12. A President, Secretary, Treasurer, and a board of Trustees shall be elected annually.

ART. 13. It shall be the duty of the President to make suggestions for the improvement of the Society, to see that all members perform their duties faithfully, to report delinquents, preside at all meetings of the Society, and preserve order.

ART. 14. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to

take care of the Constitution and books of the Society, to record all its proceedings faithfully, and to attend to the business correspondence of the Society.

ART. 15. The Society binds itself to furnish food, shelter, clothing and educational advantages to all, and each person is bound to operate for the general welfare of the Society.

ART. 16. We promise to conduct ourselves in a becoming and appropriate manner; to use no profane or vulgar language; to abstain from the use of intoxicating drink, as a beverage; to live in such a manner as will best conduce to our spiritual development.

ART. 17. We believe that reason and nature are the only true guides to happiness; that happiness consists in the legitimate gratification of all the faculties and elements of our nature; that what is called evil is nothing more than misdirected action; that the world is gradually growing better and wiser; that the time is coming when we will live in a better state of society; when we shall recognize each other as a great family of brothers and sisters, having a common Father and Mother, a common origin and a common destiny; that the dual relation of the sexes accords with the law of nature, and leads to harmony and happiness; and that, at some future time, every man and woman will be saved from ignorance and misdirection, and reap the reward of a righteous and well-ordered life; that it is probable that the spirits of those who once lived on earth can return and impart their wisdom unto us.

ART. 18. This Constitution may be changed or amended by a vote of two-thirds of the Society, at a meeting called for the purpose, after which change or amendment any member can leave the Society upon the terms herein specified.

ART. 19. All families and single persons shall, as soon as practicable, have separate rooms for their exclusive use.

ART. 20. We agree to do all in our power to exalt and perfect the Government in which we live.

ART. 21. The capital of deceased members, dying without will, shall be faithfully transmitted to their legal heirs.

ART. 22. Any vacancy occurring in the offices of this Society shall be filled immediately, by an election held for that purpose, after due notice.

P. P. THOMAS, Secy. W. NICELY, Pres.

Harmonia, Cherokee Co., Kansas, 1885.

Singular Clairvoyant Manifestation.

The Western papers are republishing the following singular narrative, which first appeared in the *Peoria (Ill.) Transcript*, and the editor says the facts in the case can be fully substantiated:

Some time ago, a farmer living near El Paso had a daughter about ten years old. While playing with her cat one day the animal turned and ran on the arm. The cat, acting queerly, was killed. Several days passed, and the wound in the little girl's arm healed. One day, while at the table, she attempted to drink some water, and was seized with convulsions, giving unmistakable signs of the hydrophobia. Her father came to this city and procured some medicine for her from a physician. Returning home, he found his daughter lying on a lounge, evidently in great pain, not having been able to swallow anything since her first convulsion. As soon as she saw her father she climbed into his arms with the exclamation: "Father, I've seen Mary."

Her father, thinking her mind was wandering, attempted to quiet her; but she still insisted that she had seen her little sister, and that Mary had said if she took a teaspoonful of nitric acid and sweet oil she would get well. Her father told her to lie down, and he would fix the medicine that he got from town. She presently got up again, exclaiming:

"Father, Mary says I must take the acid now if I want to get well; do give it to me."

On his refusing, she again lay down on the lounge. Presently she got up a third time, crying:

"Father, I must have it; Mary says I must, and that I must have a tooth pulled. I must be bled in the mouth."

Her father told her to keep still. In a short time she screamed out that her tooth hurt her. After an interval of half a minute she cried out again, and soon after ran up to her father, crying: "Mary says I must have my tooth pulled," at the same moment the tooth—a sound one—dropped out on the floor. The little girl says, "See, father, my tooth!" Mary had said it, now get the acid!"

On this occasion the father found a teaspoonful of the acid, and she drank it without any trouble, and returning to the lounge, lay down, saying she had to do now was to keep still; Mary said she would get well. Her father prepared the medicine he had obtained from the physician, and approaching the lounge, told her that she must also take this. She at first positively refused, saying that Mary said if she did, it would kill her. But on her father urging her, she replied that if he commanded her to drink it, she would do so, but she could never forgive him, for it would kill her. Finally, after much persuasion, she took the medicine. She remained quiet for a few moments, and then standing up, said:

"I am dying, father; Mary says I will soon be with her."

She called the neighbors round her, many of whom were present to witness the extraordinary scene, and bade them all good-bye.

"Kiss me, mother," she says, "I am dying." Turning to her father, she bade him good-bye, and then added, "Mary says I must forgive you, father, before I die. I do forgive you. You did it all for the best."

She then asked to be laid on the lounge, and crossing her arms in front of her, breathed her last in a few minutes.

The truth of this statement is vouched for by many and reliable witnesses. Our informant last week saw and talked with the father, who related the circumstances to him, and said the tears coursed down the old man's face during the recital. It has driven his wife almost distracted, and the sight of the farm and house has become so painful to him that he has now sold out, and is about to remove further West. We believe these facts can be fully substantiated.

Jugglers on Spiritual Manifestations.

I have heard some otherwise sensible people state that the manifestations made through the Davenport and Eddy Boys were perfectly simulated by the prestidigitators. I went to see Robert Heller a few weeks ago, one of the best of them; he brought forward his cabinet, and called for a committee. Having often died the Davenport Boys, I went forward to do the same service for his "boy." At the outset, Mr. Heller gave us to the wit but about ten feet of hard twisted hemp rope, so hard, that a close knot could not be made with it, and that was all the rope he allowed us; being about one-tenth that the Boys furnished, while their rope was pliable. We tied him as well as we could with the rope, closed the doors and then examined the cabinet, which we found as unlike their "cabinet" as any two things can be. The Heller cabinet has but two doors, shutting with spring fasteners, and so loosely, that the exertions of the boy to unloose himself frequently open the doors. It is also made of pasteboard, with wooden frames, and has in its rear a door large enough to let a horse in or out.

It will be remembered of the Davenports that the middle door has two sliding bolts, and you can bind both boys ever so tightly, and the instant the door is shut both bolts are slid from the inside. This, to the investigator, is one of the best tests the boys give, (the cabinet cannot be opened except from the inside), and one that Mr. Heller does not pretend to imitate. However, his boy, after wriggling and squirming some five minutes, could not get undone, and Mr. Heller, quietly remarked to me, that he could get no manifestations from the boy till we untied him, which I did. Now mark how some people investigate. I untied the boy, and threw the rope all loose into the cabinet and closed the doors, while Mr. Heller was telling the audience that I was making the knots tighter.

This was done in plain view of the whole of them, yet they all believed him, and did not see me.

His next performance was still more absurd. He opened the door to show us how the boy could "tie himself up," and such thing! The rope was twisted around his thighs several times, and the light of the rope went over his wrists; all he had to do was to depress them two inches, and the whole hand would come out without fraying the skin. I told Mr. Heller that was "very feeble."

His next trick was worse still. He held up a big black board for the spirits to write on, and while it is thus held, another boy or man gets in the back door, thus four hands and two faces are easily shown through two apertures. Then he puts up the board again and both get out; one goes round the hall, the other to stand on the tressels in the rear, and show his hands through both apertures for a little while, then close the back door and stand there while the first boy, varying around, comes into the back of the hall, very much out of breath with running against time, which closed the séance, as well it might.

From what I had heard, I did suppose that anything genuine could be counterfeited. But as Mr. Heller is the best of his class, I now think that such manifestations as the Davenport Boys give cannot be counterfeited—even into a semblance—except to those people who do not use all their senses—and brains too, while they are about it.

St. Louis, Dec. 15, 1885.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DREAMINGS.

BY SUSIE E. BARNER.

I'm dreaming, as I'm sitting,
Sitting all alone,
'Neath the forest shadows,
On a moss-grown stone;
Dreaming of the dear ones,
Dear ones loved and lost;
Of the mystic river,
River they have crossed;
And I hear the murmur,
Murmur of their flight,
Of those gliding waters,
Waters dark though bright.
See I angel watchers,
Watchers robed in light;
In their hands they're bearing,
Bearing flowers fair,
To place upon my bosom,
And twine within my hair.
And with eager longings,
Longings wild and deep,
I vainly strive to reach them,
And awaken from my sleep.

Wareick, Mass., 1885.

A Trip to Connecticut.

Sunday, Dec. 10th, I lectured to excellent but not large audiences in Newark, N. J., but awakened an interest that calls me back there all the unengaged Sundays I have for December. On the 11th I received notice that the friends at Albany had failed to secure a hall for me on the 17th, and the same day engaged to lecture in Bridgeport, Conn., where I found very intelligent and highly interested audiences in attendance at both lectures; most of them have often been interested and instructed by the lectures of Mrs. Middlebrook, who speaks for them again in February. The greatest lack I saw there was a Lyceum and regular meetings; it seems that they are strong enough for both. Early Monday morning Mr. Beckwith—father of the late and eloquent Mattie Beckwith, now moved out of the field by the road of marriage, as I learn—came for me to attend the funeral of a young man, a Mr. Parker, of New Haven, who, I learned, was a good medium, but deeply "grounded" by fits, from which he died suddenly, and his aged and beloved parents, of whose children he was the sixth one that has left for the summer-land, leaving only one daughter in this sphere with the aged and blessed couple, who stand like oaks in the forest of Spiritualism, and feel the scoffs and ridicule of the ignorant and wicked and are not moved thereby. As the funeral was to be on Wednesday, I took the interim to visit the community and new office of the Circular, at Wallingford, Conn., where I enjoyed a very pleasant and highly interesting visit in kind reception and efforts to show me the advantages of a system of social and religious life that ignores rum, tobacco, tea, coffee, pork, swearing, quarreling, wrangling, gossiping, backbiting, lying, cheating, defrauding, greying and praying, preaching, adopting instead of all these and many other evils a brotherly love and a practical system of trying to make each other happy, and good, and pure, and holy, and by each trying to set the example instead of giving the precept without example, as is usually the case. How far they will succeed, time will tell; but certainly they have a good start of the rest of the world in banking many of the evils of social and domestic life. They are a peculiar people, and if not goodly are certainly sober, candid, intelligent, refined, healthy, and apparently more happy than any class of Christians I have ever become acquainted with in my travels, and it is Christianity I wish all the Christians would adopt it. I am sure "the world would be the better for it," and it would almost or quite persuade all candid and intelligent persons to become Christians; but at present it is only an experiment, in which about fifty persons at Wallingford and about two hundred at Shelton, N. Y., are trying (apparently successfully) to live what they call the religion of Christ in accordance with the precepts and examples. Those who have known me long know it would be a great, if not impossible, change for me to become a Christian after the order of our popular churches, and these people seem to me as far from them as I do, and yet they confess Christ and accept him as a teacher, guide and saviour, and even I am compelled to confess at last that I have found something good which has come out of Nazareth or out of the confused Babel of Christian tongues and creeds. But lest any of my friends should become alarmed at my defection of this Christian heresy, I can assure them I am likely to remain an outsider, and only seeking everywhere all the signs of promise for the future and carefully recording them, boldly speaking well of every unpopular good I find, and denouncing the abused and persecuted who are better than their accusers, even though both are Christians, as has so often been the case. I spent one day with them, greatly pleased with their beautiful location on the hillside, about half a mile from the village and station, where they own about two hundred and twenty-five acres of land, etc.

Wednesday, at the appointed time, the Universalist Church in New Haven was kindly opened and warmed for the funeral of our beloved brother, and Rev. Mr. Ballou, who preaches there, kindly assisted with prayer in the ceremonies of the occasion, and we laid away his body, while his spirit, which was with us on the occasion, went home with the parents, and still stays to comfort and watch over them as another guardian spirit. On Thursday I returned to New York, and lectured in the evening, as I have done several times, at Mr. Goodwin's hall, 313 Broadway, but returned too late to answer and comply with a dispatch from Philadelphia to attend the funeral of our dearly beloved sister, M. J. Dennett, M. D., whose spirit has gone from her consumptive body to its pleasant home in the summer-land. So our ranks are thinning, and still filling with new recruits; soon all of our familiar faces will be gone, and strangers occupy our places. Such is life, death and immortality.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 23, 1885.

Western Department.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.
J. M. NEEDLES, Resident Editor.

Salutatory.

READERS—Grace be with you from the Infinite, peace from the angel-world, blessings from those beauteous spirits commissioned to minister unto mortals, and a conscious fellowship with the good, the beautiful and the true, be yours now and evermore.

The great soul-purpose I have in taking charge of the Western Editorial Department of the BANNER, is to benefit our common humanity by more clearly elucidating the meaning of those ever-recurring phases of phenomena connected with Spiritualism, and more widely disseminating those principles of the Harmonious Philosophy intimately allied to the reform movements of the age, than I could do by Sunday lectures alone.

To one standing upon the Mount of Vision, it is not only plainly discernible that the field is the world, and that inspirations broader capacities, but that a grand baptismal influx is about descending from the spiritual heavens. A crisis is approaching. Angels are pointing to moral vineyards yet untillied by practiced hands, and immortal voices are calling for more consecrated laborers, as well as bidding the older veterans work on with tongue and pen, ever repeating the assurance that bleeding feet are but marching to see the heads that guide them, crowned.

Jamblichus tells us that Sextus contemplated himself; Socrates sought to know himself; and Jesus, that omniscient Judean Spiritualist, testified of himself. The poet Whitman celebrates himself in song, and Emerson in metaphysics affirms himself. But to mine from week to week to write myself, though it exhibit at times a marked individualism not in consonance with conservative comfort. The thought that glows—the inspirational idea that burns for utterance, shall be penned in solid Anglo-Saxon. If it gladden, well; if not, the missioned minstrel must move on to more receptive souls. No truth is lost—no principle dies. Methods diverse, inverse, and converse even, are necessities in this transitional age. Ever preferring the builder to the waster, the constructive to the destructive; nevertheless the truth must be written—must be spoken, at all hazards.

I shall employ old material or new; quote from all Bibles; draw upon the past or present; the events of history; the incidents of to-day; the phenomena of past times; the deductions of reason; the results of critical analysis, and even flights of fancy, just as they may best subserve the purpose of mental freedom and permanent soul-growth.

Earnest in the advocacy of what I deem right, true and reformatory, I shall be tolerant of differences of opinion; holding the olive-branch of peace; exercising that charity which thinketh no evil; encouraging all mediatorial persons whose aims are high purposed, and glorying even in that freedom of discussion so natural to Western life and enterprise—yet insisting that it be conducted in the spirit of sincerity, kindness and brotherly love; considering myself responsible for such articles only as I may furnish.

Spiritualism.

This term signifies infinitely more than Spiritualism. The latter may refer only to a fact—a passing wave upon the ocean of Time; while the former, recognizing the divine in man, carries with it the significance of a moral quality—that MORAL QUALITY which inheres and lies rooted in the religious and spiritual constitution of man, awaiting harmonious unfoldment. An ancient Apostle said, "To be spiritually minded is life," and "the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith." Words are symbols—signs of ideas; accordingly underlying Unitarianism is the Unity of God; Universalism; universal salvation; while Spiritualism, in contradistinction from Materialism or Secularism, implies a present intercourse with the spirit-world, thus demonstrating immortality and individuality, with wisely directed efforts toward the highest spiritual culture of the mortal nature. Conscious of God in man, and God manifest through all history, it acknowledges the reformatory pulse-beats of the world as but the mighty heart-throbs of the Eternal, blending as echoing waves with those Divine principles that perpetually summon in the soul, and prophesy, too, of more blessed ages in the future. God comes to the soul not so much through the senses as plodding inductionists often insist. He rather comes to the senses through the soul. The soul being of God, and connected therewith as drop and fountain, is more in direct rapport with Infinite causation than the physical senses. Spirit is infinite substance; or, "life uncreated," ever taking on, interpenetrating and molding forms; while matter, though coeternal with spirit, is more changing, unreal and shadowy; and Spiritualism, in the highest sense of the term, spans the whole realm of spirit and matter. With reference to the "manifestations," it gives knowledge for tremulous faith, and shows the perfect naturalness of converse with the spirit-world. It is a present baptism from on high—a continual regeneration—a succession of higher births and endless privileges—the initial dispensation—the kingdom of heaven commenced—the consolation of the dying—the comfort of the mourner, and the sweetest answer to prayer. Those who accept and live its higher teachings, have part in the "first resurrection." Its influences are reformatory; its work apostolic; its aims constructive; its design to unite all liberal and reformatory elements that can be used for redemptive purposes; and it seeks by moral power to lift men and women from those lower conditions that permeate vicious tendencies, angularities and inharmonies, fitting them for this life, and an endless progressive existence hereafter. Though utterly inimical to creeds, sectarisms, and the theologies of all ages it blends beautifully with the Christianity of the Nazarene—the Neo-Platonic philosophy, and those eternal principles of life, love and wisdom that pertain to the Infinite.

To be a Spiritualist, then, is to believe in communion with spirits, making that communion a help to spiritual-mindedness—to holy life and living on earth, preparatory to diviner conditions and more celestial homes in the heavens. The promise was and is to "him that overcometh." All the beauties that gild and glories that glitter along the sun-bright shores of Eternity, shall be ours when we are "worthy." Such I see with starry crowns, white robes, and waving palms; and I hear them shouting, "Victory, victory!"

The Eddys Westward.

Let the secular press fustigate; grapes ought not to be expected from thorns. Let Churchmen misrepresent; it was a cardinal doctrine of theirs in the medieval ages to "lie for the glory of God." The infection still lingers. Let the dear public feed and fatten on the filth of its liking; God is over all; angels are brightening, with golden beams, the highways between earth and heaven.

Evangelical dogmas admit but two gradations in society, "sheep and goats," or saints and sinners, with a prospective separation that shall be eternal. The Spiritual Philosophy recognizes many conditions, and from the practical side specifies three classes: *thinkers, sayers and doers*. Emerson, the sage of Concord and Plato of today, is America's thinker. George Francis Train is a sayer—saying so much that people listen quite as heedlessly as to rattling rain on rusty roofs. Great talkers are never deep, systematic thinkers. They may shine and glitter for the moment; so do decaying mackerel by moonlight. Theodore Parker was a worker. Full and glorious was the life-record he bore across the crystal stream of Death to that City Immortal. It is the dashing cascade that mingles the flowers with silvery mist. It is the stormy ocean that makes the skillful mariner—the rubbed steel that shines, and the worker that wins. The angel of adjudication that stands over the river welcoming landing hosts, does not ask, "What did you believe?"—"What did you say?" but what did you DO in earth-life?

My brother, when unfleshed, where will that fixed spiritual law, which sent Judas to "his own place," place you? What are you doing—doing now for the truth you profess to cherish and love? Are you among the "doers of the word?" Where do you class yourself?

And spirits, to my certain knowledge, produce startling manifestations through the Eddy mediums. I have no words of palliation for imposture. Immortality is a subject too sacred for trifling. The law of compensation should preclude even the thought of deception. I have seen this family in public circles and private séances—have sat with them in evening time and by daylight, witnessing the most astonishing proofs of spirit-presence and power. They are entitled to the most perfect confidence. Will they not come West? They shall receive a most cordial welcome in Cincinnati. What say you, Dr. Raudall?

Where?

Evangelical dogmas admit but two gradations in society, "sheep and goats," or saints and sinners, with a prospective separation that shall be eternal. The Spiritual Philosophy recognizes many conditions, and from the practical side specifies three classes: *thinkers, sayers and doers*. Emerson, the sage of Concord and Plato of today, is America's thinker. George Francis Train is a sayer—saying so much that people listen quite as heedlessly as to rattling rain on rusty roofs. Great talkers are never deep, systematic thinkers. They may shine and glitter for the moment; so do decaying mackerel by moonlight. Theodore Parker was a worker. Full and glorious was the life-record he bore across the crystal stream of Death to that City Immortal. It is the dashing cascade that mingles the flowers with silvery mist. It is the stormy ocean that makes the skillful mariner—the rubbed steel that shines, and the worker that wins. The angel of adjudication that stands over the river welcoming landing hosts, does not ask, "What did you believe?"—"What did you say?" but what did you DO in earth-life?

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New Publications.

BRANCHES OF PALM. By Mrs. J. S. Adams. Boston: Adams & Co., 21 Bromfield street.

The advertisement of this beautiful volume in another column of the Banner declares to the reader what is the character of its contents. Alike in prose utterances and in verse, Mrs. Adams has given forth those profound sentiments which are the product only of illuminated moments. They will be found to answer to every one of the multiplied needs of the soul. Are you weary? These pages abound with refreshment for the human spirit. Are you perplexed and given to irritation of thought? Here are to be found those genuine tranquilizing influences, begotten of a truly tranquil and self-poised soul, which will speedily restore to strength again. Are you slack of faith, feeling as if the brighter world had gone into an eternal eclipse? Read this book trustfully and devoutly, and the stars will all shine out thickly over the sky of life again. On these pages are recorded something for the heart of mortal in every mood, under every trial. None can have descended so deeply into the abyss of wretchedness that these sayings cannot bring them safely up into the bright day of hope again; none can have been borne to such a height of ecstasy, either, that among these beautiful utterances—beautiful because true to life and human experience everywhere—they cannot discover a spirit which is ready and glad to accompany them, doubling their delights on the soul-exalting way.

What gives such a book of the heart additional and peculiar value to the reader is, its sentences and sayings are capable of such ready quotation. By reading one of them in the morning, and taking a little pains to stamp its meaning and spirit upon the thoughts, it may be made a present friend and blessed counsellor through all the trying hours of the day. Some of them will sing all day long in the heart, like a bee in a flower. Others will furnish that pleasant and wholesome biter which is exactly needed for a tonic to the nature. All of them are remarkable—are in fact inspired, because they are the real outpourings from a nature whose experience every day is of the profoundest character. Hence their wholly spiritual aroma. They will favor, any one of them, a person's life for a long time. The little allegories and fables which are sprinkled over the pages, looking like fresh drops of dew on the green grass in the early morning, are of a compacted meaning, touching life at various points, and carrying home for every reader their own silent but priceless lesson.

A book like this would be one of the most serviceable as well as elegant presents to a friend. It is just what ought to be handy on the table, with so many rich consolations for the soul shut in between its green covers. No closer friend could be sought for among printed volumes. Mrs. Adams is widely known and appreciated by the few choice productions of her thought in the past, and will be welcomed in this volume with a fresh warmth of friendship by all who have hitherto come within the influence of her beautiful spirit. No more elevated and ennobling literature is produced in the advancement of genuine Spiritualism.

GAZELLE: A True Tale of the Great Rebellion, and Other Poems. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a delightful, if not delicious, rhymed story of the war, full of romance, spiced with wit, juicy with humor, happy even to occasional grotesqueness in its rhymes, with a dash and rattle that wins the reader at the start, and keeps his attention to the last page. The title deserves no pretty mechanical treatment by the publishers. They have done themselves great credit with their blue covers and gold top. There is much variety in this pretty tale in verse, and some of the parts are done very daintily. We urge its purchase and perusal on all who look closely after the new things in poetry. The other poems which supplement the main one, show versatility and skill, with equal poetic inspiration, in the gifted author. A no more appropriate Christmas or New Year's gift can grace the centers tables of our citizens.

FIGHTING JOE; or The Fortunes of a Staff Officer. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

If Oliver—our Oliver—has taken hold of the story of "Fighting Joe," the boys may be sure they have something to excite their curiosity. He tells all his stories well, but this one is a rouser. It is full of battle smoke and cannon roar, the romance of rough camp life, the bivouac, the struggle, and the victory. Mr. Optic grows steadily as the present generation of boys and girls, and we only wish for him that he may live to write his pleasant and profitable stories for their healthy and happy grandchildren.

A. Williams & Co. have Harper's Monthly for the New Year. It is a rare number, with contents as varied and readable as one could desire. The illustrations of a British Route for a Pacific Railroad are profuse, and tell a true tale by themselves. The descriptive and fictitious literature in this number is large, and the essays, poems, compounds, and chit-chat combine to make it as attractive and entertaining as any publishing house might reasonably have an ambition to publish.

THE HISTORY OF MOSES AND THE ISRAELITES, is the title of a book which has just been re-written by its author, Mr. Morritt Munson, and published in very neat form by the Religious-Philosophical Publishing Association of Chicago. It is an exhaustive analysis of the theme to which its author has addressed his powers. The Mosiac Record he believes to stand directly in the way of all proper and consistent views of the Christian Religion, and he has therefore taken hold of it with the purpose of making plain what so many suffer to obstruct their view and hinder their growth. We should judge from the cursory manner in which we have so far examined the book, that it had successfully accomplished its purpose, and therefore that it will find readers and students in large numbers. It is certainly in consonance with the spirit of the present age, which demands that all things in history, whether "sacred" or "profane," shall be subjected to the most searching processes of intelligent and impartial criticism. We are indebted to Tallmadge & Co., Chicago, for a copy of this work.

We have the National Quarterly Review for December from A. Williams & Co. on our table. It maintains its place in our esteem as a favorite. While holding up its truly scholarly characteristics, it still loses none of that freshness and vigor with which it took front rank among popular reviews at the start. The December number contains articles with the subjoined titles: Authenticity of Ossian's Poems; Daniel Webster and his Influence; The Symbolism of the Edges; Character and Destiny of the Negro; Epidemics and their Causes—Cholera; Lord Palmerston; Museums and Botanical Gardens; The President's Message; Notices and Criticisms.

HOURS AT HOME, published by Scribner, of New York, is also on Williams's counter, containing a liberal supply of religious and useful literature. The first number for 1886 offers articles from the pens of Prof. Draper, W. Gilmore Simms, G. M. Towle, H. T. Tuckerman, the author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family," and others of repute. This is a finely prepared monthly in point of paper and type, as well as in the character of what it offers the reader.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"The Reaction of Spiritualism," an able article from the pen of our Washington correspondent, G. A. B., did not reach us in season for this week's issue. It will appear in our next.

A New Year's Story for the Children, written by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., will appear in the forthcoming number of the Banner. It was not received in season for this issue.

Lu Judd Pardee informs us that he will be in Boston during January, and will be happy to answer calls to lecture during the month. In February he returns to Buffalo, where he is engaged to speak another month, making the third there this season.

Mrs. N. T. Brigham speaks in Brighton, Union Square Hall, next Sunday, Jan. 7th.

The spirit of Frederic S. Hill, an old and favorite actor, whom of this city, in a communication from the spirit-land to a friend of his on earth, gave this beautiful and truthful sentiment: "Everything that makes man innocently happy, is well."

"THE GAZELLE."—Our readers will notice in the advertisement of this beautiful poem, that the price is one dollar and twenty-five cents, instead of one dollar and fifty cents, as printed in our last issue.

Some weeks since, Gen. B. M. Prentiss and son, of Quincy, Ill., were fined for horsewhipping a young man who was visiting the General's widowed daughter. On the 12th inst. this daughter drowned herself in her father's cistern. A sad finale to a father's too severe parental authority.

Maine has 30,000 sailors, and only one Mariner's Church, which is in Portland. The independent sailor do not like the teachings of old theology.

Bierstadt, the artist, has made \$120,000 with his brush in three years. He is now building a princely mansion at Irvington, on the Hudson, and drives the most stylish team in the Central Park.

Over 6000 persons had died from cholera in Paris up to November 23. Lately a milder form, called cholera, has been almost universal in the city, but rarely fatal.

APPLE SPECULATION.—One of the largest apple dealers in the country, a Mr. Marshall, of New York, has failed, and numerous persons in Western New York, farmers and agents, have lost heavily in consequence. The Rochester papers report that one of Marshall's agents, who was worth \$30,000, has lost all, while many farmers have lost the price of their entire crops. Some of the banks are said to have an unpleasant amount of apple paper. The apple speculation was overdone.

At a late public ball in Vienna, an officer became entangled by the crinoline of his partner, and, falling, broke one of his legs; the lady, rolling over him in her turn, fell on the other leg and fractured it likewise.

PROSPEROUS TIMES.—It is stated that every concert and exhibition room in New York is engaged from the present time till late in the Spring.

The Richmond Republic says it is an authentic historical fact, that no case of Asiatic cholera has ever occurred in the basin of country embracing the mineral springs of Virginia.

A FACT HERETOFORE UNADVERTISED.—The daily sales of Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus" exceed by more than one hundred per cent. those of any ten other perfumes for the handkerchiefs that figure in the list of choice extracts, whether original or imitations of French and English articles. Sold everywhere.

Business Matters.

AUSTIN KENT TO HIS FRIENDS.—I have 600 copies of my small work on "Conjugal Love." I know many to have highly prized it. I have not stopped upon my feet for eight years, nor fed myself over three. I may live some years, but shall never do either again. I cannot attend to the advertising and sale of the book. I am poor. If any person or persons will prepay and get them in small or large numbers, for sale or gratuitous circulation, I will sell them for half what it will now cost to print them, and for less, if I must. Whoever writes will send stamp for return postpaid.

JAMES V. MANFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

Ada L. Hoyt, writing and rapping test medium, San Francisco, Cal.

A SUBSTANTIAL HOLIDAY GIFT.—The best gift are those that have a permanent value, that do not deteriorate with use, or lose their interest and importance with the lapse of time. Diamonds and India shawls are valued on this account; but unfortunately they cost enormous sums of money, and are only adapted to persons occupying a certain social position.

There are very few purchasable articles which retain their value, and all the time yield a splendid interest in the investment. But among them we must put down first, a GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine. This modern miracle, this magic seamstress with the exact eye and tireless fingers, not only repays over and over again in a very short time the money spent in its purchase, but is capable of becoming a small fortune, a lump of Aladdin, to its possessor.

It is the most valuable gift that a husband can make to his wife, a father to his daughter, a friend to the young lady who is about to become a bride, the benevolent to the poor soldier's widow, or a congregation to their minister's wife.

It is not only a household assistant, worth the labor of three or four pairs of ordinary hands, but it is a life annuity, a perpetual security against absolute want. A clever operator on a GROVER & BAKER machine can always find remunerative employment, all the more, because it accomplishes so wide a range of work.

Any first-class Sewing Machine is good for a gift, and possesses a certain value; but we recommend the GROVER & BAKER, because it is the best; because it accomplishes the most and the best work with the least trouble; because the peculiar stitch is the most durable, as well as the most beautiful, because it is the only one adapted to all kinds of work, and every variety of material; it is more simple, more easily understood than others, and requires no delay in re-winding, fastening, and the like.

There are many other reasons which we could give, but these will suffice with the crowning one: that it never fails to give the most entire and perfect satisfaction. Santa Claus bearing such a gift would be worthy, indeed, a hearty welcome.—New York Independent.

HEALING AND DEVELOPING MEDIUM.—Mrs. H. B. Gillette, Healing and Developing Medium, can be found at the Banner of Light Building, Room No. 3, 158 Washington street, every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M.

COPPER TIPS protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

A. F. DUNKER, Wis.—\$2.00 received.

Special Notices.

FRESH, NATURAL FLOWERS.

Put up to bear sending 300 or 400 miles, perfectly. Telegraph or write us, or instruct your expressman.

HARRIS & CHAPMAN, 130 Tremont street.

DR. URIAH CLARK'S

HEALTH INSTITUTE.

CURES WITHOUT MEDICINE!

18 Chauncy street, Boston, Mass.

Dec. 6.

The Lungs are the Great Laboratory of the Human System.—When once destroyed they never can be again. It is a fearful disease, the first cause which tends to the destruction of the human system. It is indicated by a cough, or pain in the chest, or difficulty of breathing. Now Allen's Lung Balm will check these symptoms at once, if it is used in time, and prevent fatal Consumption.

For sale by M. S. BURR & CO., Boston.

27-Jan-67. Also by the dealers in Family Medicine generally.

Perry Davis's Vegetable Pain Killer.—Voluntarily, conscientiously, and with much pleasure, we recommend to our readers the above-named medicine. We speak from our own observation and experience when we say that it removes pain, as if by magic, from all parts of the body, and is one of the best medicines in use for checking diarrhea, and removing the premonitory symptoms of cholera. It is applied both internally and externally, with the best effects, and none who have once used the Pain Killer would willingly be without it constantly in their houses.—Cincinnati Nonpareil.

Dec. 30.—(K)—2w

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. T. HARRIS'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, OR READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common soap, and superior to any other saponifier or ley in market. Put up in cans of one, two, three, four, six, eight, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No time is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

B. T. HARRIS, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York.

Oct. 14—ly

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

Cholera, or Mottled, (also Liverpot), and Lentigo, or Freckles, are often very annoying, particularly to ladies. But a few drops of Perry's Mottled and Freckle Lotion, applied to the face of a blonde or a brunette, but they greatly mar the beauty of either, and any preparation that will effectively remove them, and leave the skin as pure as a child's, is certainly a desideratum. Dr. C. C. Perry, who has made diseases of the skin a specialty, has discovered a remedy for these blemishes, which is at once prompt, infallible and harmless.

Prepared only by B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49 Broadway, New York, and for sale by all druggists. Price \$2.00 per bottle.

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

Sold by all Druggists everywhere. 6m—Nov. 11.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

YE WHO ARE SOON TO START

—OR—

LIFE'S ACTIVE JOURNEY.

AND who would have two beautiful characters as examples, read the story of HERMAN and CONSTANCE, in a book soon to be published by

LEE & SHEPARD,

BOSTON.

ENTITLED

HERMAN;

—OR—

YOUNG KNIGHTHOOD,

And there learn what constitutes noble MANHOOD and WOMANHOOD; see what can be borne and forborne for principle, and the triumphant results of duty nobly done.

It will be ready JANUARY 6th, 1886.

In two handsome volumes. Price \$2.50. Copies sent by mail on receipt of price.

THEATRE ESTIMATE

—OR—

HERMAN;

—OR—

YOUNG KNIGHTHOOD,

Is not overdrawn, we publish here the opinion of "GAIL HAMILTON." Her indorsement is full, complete, emphatic:

"But a story or a poem may comprehend the whole duty of man. I have read such a one. I recollect 'Herman; or, Young Knighthood,' which contained not only more wit, but more wisdom; not only more beauty, but more grandeur; not only more play of fancy, more power of imagination, more directness of purpose, more felicity of expression, and more elegance of diction, more knowledge of human nature, more soundness of judgment, grander conceptions of human aspirations and human capacity to love and to suffer, to enjoy, to act, to die, and to rise again; a vaster sweep of thought; broader generalization; more comprehensive views; more logical and accurate reasoning; nicer analysis, and a higher standard of Christian manhood, than you will find in a column of your 'sold reading' that would reach from Maine to Georgia."—Gail Hamilton's "Country Living and Country Thinking."

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, BOSTON, MASS.

Jan. 6.

THE ARMY SALVE

WILL HEAL UP YOUR

MORE, CHAPPED HANDS, &c.

QUICKER than anything you ever tried, sold everywhere at 25 cents. Made by WILSON & FORTER, JOHN WILSON & CO., and at the Manicure, No. 10, Washington street, Boston, Mass.

H. G. STEVENS, Mineralogist and Alchemist,

can locate and trace out, in the earth, or in the air, or in the water, all the elements of the earth. P. O. Box 305, NEWTON, MASS.

MRS. A. J. KENISON, Test, Medium and

Healing Medium. Hours from 2 A. M. to 10 P. M. Rooms No. 15 Hudson street, Boston, Mass. 2m—June 6.

MRS. COTTON, Successful Healing Medium,

by the laying on of hands. (No medicines given.) No. 111 East 34th street, near 3d Avenue, N. Y. 2m—Jan. 6.

A GRAND HOLIDAY PRESENT!

NOW READY,

The Great Lyrical Epic of the War!

GAZELLE.

A TALE OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

A Purely American Poem.

It is an Autobiography.

Its Characters are from Life.

Its Scenes are the Great Lakes,

NIAGARA FALLS, THE ST. LAWRENCE, MONTREAL,

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, and the sanguinary BATTLE

FIELDS OF THE NORTH. It epitomizes the wild legends which cluster about these places. Its measure changes with the subject, joyful or sad, and by its originality and airy lightness, awakens at once the interest of the reader, and chains it to the end. It has all the beauties of a poem, the interest of a romance, and the truthfulness of real life.

Price \$1.25. For sale at our Boston and New York Offices.

Dec. 31.

THE GIFT BOOK OF THE SEASON

FOR

EVERY SPIRITUALIST

AND

Friend of Truth and Progress,

IS NOW READY,

BRANCHES OF PALM,

BY MRS. J. S. ADAMS.

To those who are acquainted with the writings of Mrs. Adams, nothing need be said to commend this new volume to their attention. The thoughts it contains bear evidence of a rich spiritual growth and a maturity resulting from acquaintance with the spirit-world, and cannot fail to be read and treasured by all lovers of "The Good, the Beautiful, and the True."

Every one who possesses this book will realize the truthfulness of a remark made by one who had the privilege of looking over its pages while in proof. "While I read it seems as though an angel stood by my side and talked to me as a gift to a friend."

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages, with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the 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 these 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.

Mrs. CONANT gives no private sittings, and receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M.

Invocation.

Thy will be done, Oh, Eternal Power, Soul of the Soul world, by which all souls see their way to heaven, vouchsafe this hour that we may be able to show these mortals that thy will and way are best; that under all circumstances, thy wisdom and thy love are sufficient for thy children. The Power that can call worlds into being, and unfold suns and universes, is sufficient for the soul. Oh, there are some, whose souls are so filled with sorrow that they cannot say thy will be done, Oh, Eternal Spirit of Mercy, for such we pray. Send to their assistance thy ministering messengers of love, who shall give them strength, who shall bind about their brows the fatherless flowers of trust in thee. Oh, our Father, give them strength, take away their weakness. Oh, let them see the dawning light of thy power in their own being. Let them know the light of thy love is with them, that thou art their strength, that to have been born of thee is to be divine as well as human, and through thy ministering angels thou canst comfort, assist and bless them; and we know thou wilt save them, each and all, in thine own time. Oh, Father, while the sun sheds its bright beams upon all things, and the earth drinks in its warmth, so may thy children's hearts drink in thy love and understand thee. Oh, bless the mourning ones of earth. Wipe away their tears with the hands of thine angels. Take away their sorrows. Give them joys. Do away with the green graves in their hearts, and substitute in their stead the bright flowers of immortal truth. Father, we know thou wilt answer our prayers, for thine ears are ever open, and thy fountain of love is flowing full and free. Unto thee, Oh Spirit, who hast guided us, who art guiding us, and who wilt guide us forever, be all honor, glory and praise. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now consider the propositions of correspondents, or the audience.

Ques.—The "land and point" for boring for the great Artesian Well, at Chicago, is claimed to have been made known through spiritual mediumship. So far from being necessarily procured at that one point, it is not probable, from the vast flow of water, that it would be found by sinking wells in any portion of the city and neighboring country?

Ans.—We have something better to do than pointing out localities where water may be found.

Q.—B. F. S., of Shelbyville, Ky., writes: "I would be pleased if you would have some of your spirit-friends tell me why it is that mortals will conceive a dislike to persons, without being able to give any reason for that preconceived opinion?"

A.—The law of attraction and repulsion is active, everywhere, and quite as active in mortals individually, as it is in the rolling worlds. Science informs you that all these various bodies, called heavenly bodies, are kept in their proper orbits by this law. They are repelled to a certain distance, and again are attracted. Thus they are held in their proper sphere, by the laws of attraction and repulsion. Now, you should not think it strange if you are attracted to some material bodies or souls, and are repelled from some others. If there was no difference in your likes and dislikes, it would seem that you were exempt from this law, that is, in its effect upon universal life. You cannot escape its influence, any more than you can the influence of the sun. The sun sheds its rays upon the earth, not only upon the earth, but upon every living thing. Every stone, every blade of grass, every flower, every living thing, everything down in the centre of the earth, feels its influence. You cannot escape it. You are ever subject to it. Sometimes it acts in one way, sometimes in another, but it is always true to itself and to you.

Spirit.—If the audience have such questions to ask as would interest a reading public, they are at liberty to ask them.

Q.—Is it possible for Spiritualists to present to the world any form of faith by which they will be known as a religious sect?

A.—The faith that is a faith with Spiritualists, is as diversified as are the opinions concerning the so-called new religion. No two think alike. All have different ideas concerning this philosophy, and so every faith differs from every other faith. Now, then, this being true, you can hardly present to the world any form that may be used as a religious standard. It may be such to you, to the one that presents it, but cannot be such to the masses.

Q.—How shall we be known?

A.—By your works. As Spiritualists, you all believe in the return of the spirit after death. You believe that your friends come back and talk with you. This is the foundation of your philosophy. It is a platform upon which all Spiritualists stand. This one fundamental truth is sufficient to hold you all in your proper places. You all believe it. That is enough. The world recognizes that you do. But when you undertake to establish any form of faith, you will fail. You may present it, but you can never force the world to accept it.

Q.—Then our works will make us known better than any profession of faith?

A.—Surely, by the works of each individual, the faith of that individual may be known. St. Paul says, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for." Now, considered in this sense, it is but the raiment of your hope, therefore is subject to change.

Q.—In spirit-life are we not judged by the motives that govern us, rather than by acts?

A.—Certainly; for sometimes you are compelled to perform certain acts by virtue of external surroundings, while the heart, in its deep sincerity for truth, would turn the other way. And again

in the spirit-world soul looks into soul, and knows wherefore each act was committed, knows the cause of every effect. Therefore you receive your just dues.

Q.—Is it not better to judge spirits in the flesh by the motives of our own hearts, than by acts?

A.—You cannot always judge of another by what you would do yourselves. Perhaps if you could, you might not even then be able to pass correct judgment. In passing sentence upon your fellow-creatures, always keep the golden rule in view. We know of no better way. Do precisely to them as you would be willing they should do to you, under similar circumstances.

Q.—That was the only way I knew of.

A.—That, surely, is one way. It may be a perfect way for some, but it is not the way by which all souls can come into fellowship with the golden rule. Some are compelled to obey the golden rule against their own inclinations. In some instances, the soul must rise triumphant in its power and dignity, and compel itself to obey the golden rule. Where the soul is strong enough to project its own powers through the flesh, it may be done. Sometimes, however, the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. You should all pray earnestly, oh how earnestly, to be able to be guided by the golden rule, to be able to do to your fellows as you would wish them to do by you.

Q.—My motive in asking the question, was to get at the true philosophy of charity.

A.—We know of no better charity than that exhibited in the golden rule, so called. If you are weak, you would like some one to lend you of their strength. Then do even likewise to all who have need. This is true charity. It is only weakness, either of the intellectual, moral, or physical, that causes you to fall in the way of life. It is not the soul that errs. All souls are perfect and true and good in the sight of their Maker. Oh, that you could all only feel this to be true, as we know it.

Wallace Wood.

I have sought, by every means, to reach my friends at a nearer point than this; but I failed, and so was compelled to come to this place.

I served an apprenticeship, in the body, about twenty-two years; short, when compared with your three score years and ten, I know. But even in that short time, I learned many things, perhaps, that some others, of more years, had never thought of looking into. But, like all the world, I strained my vision in one direction, and could only see what came within the range of sight, never turning to the right or left to know what was there.

I was much interested in the science of geology, but to me it seemed to prove that we were all material; that as soon as the body died that was the last of us—we were just as dead as if we had never lived.

But like too many who investigate these things, I had dealt with the body, and had never stopped to ask that body whether it had a soul? I never thought of questioning the soul with regard to its life. I only questioned it concerning its body, that I could see and feel.

I knew by certain laws that the stone was a stone. I knew by certain other laws that it could be dissolved to earth. Then, again, the earth could sustain the tree, bring forth the flower, the fruits and grains. But I never thought all these things had a soul in them; it only proved to me that all things were material.

But the first intelligence that greeted me, upon entering the spirit-world, was my father, who said, "My son, you have been careful about many things, but some of those that were most essential to the soul's welfare you have overlooked. Now, you see you are alive, that you live after death. You see that bodies have souls, and that those souls live beyond time."

And so this dear, kind parent took me on, from one thing to another, showing me the beauties and wonders of the spirit-world, until I was almost inclined to curse myself, that I had so overlooked the most beautiful portion of the science of geology. But then I could see no further, could understand no further.

I was not a Christian when here. I ignored all religions, and many a time I have adduced the hearts of my friends by my utter disregard of all religious forms. Now I see I was wrong, and I am here willing to ask their pardon from over Jordan, that river that I thought drowned out all human life.

My name was Wallace Wood. I was born in London, England. At an early age my parents died, and I was entrusted to the care of an uncle who was a lover of geology. It was to him the very gate of heaven; and there was something of his love for that science in me, for it was heaven to me. I never was happier than when analyzing some rare specimen. It was my life. So, you see, I lived in the material, and when my friends used to suggest the idea of a future life for the spirit, I said that my philosophy taught me it was not so; that we lived only in the body; that we were machines; like the watch, we had been wound up by Nature to run for a time, and when Nature was worn out that was the last of us; like the insects, we had but one life.

Those dear friends who were religionists, who had faith in the soul's future existence, I know have sorrowed much on account of my infidelity. I suppose I moved in the orbit that was marked out for me when here. If I did, I was true to Nature. Ignored in accordance with the natural principles of my being. Because I did not believe as my friends did, I was not to blame; I could not see their faith was a truth. I could not see beyond material things. I said: Here is the earth blooming in beauty, but I see that its beauty fades. I see these bright flowers; I crush these things under my feet; they are no more to me. I looked upon the dead faces of my friends and I said: They are as though they never had been; and twice during my short life, I felt as though, if I had been master in the universe, I should never have created human sympathy, human love, human affection, for since these forms must die, since these human forms must live only for a time and then be blotted out forever, it were better that love had never been.

But now I see that the Great Power, Lord, God or Jehovah—it matters not what you call it, for names amount to nothing—that Power understands itself, is perfect in wisdom, and gave us human affection, human love, our sympathies for one another, for good, for a purpose, for use, although I could not see the use when here. I could not see that bright glory stretched beyond the river Jordan. Now I see that my friends had more spiritual senses than me. They are blest because of their great faith. You Spiritualists ought to be the happiest of all God's children, for you have spiritual light. You profess to know whether you are going after death. If your profession is a reality, you should be securely happy. But to those dear friends who still remain on the earth, I would say: Although you mourned over me here, pray do not let me find myself shut out from the doors of your hearts now I have returned. Now I do live, let me come back and talk with you and show you what I've seen and

teach you what I have learned. Let me bring your faith out into a clear reality. You have faith that you will live after death; now I can demonstrate that to you. I can come back and speak to you. I can show you that your faith is a reality. This is better than your faith, your belief, for I can bring you knowledge. Do away with all your prejudices, do away with all your skepticism for a moment, and come and talk with me, and see if you regret it.

During the last hours of my life it was said I was unconscious. That was a mistake. I was not. I was fully conscious, but I had not the power to speak. To the friends who would know whether I am satisfied with what has been done with what I left, I would say: I am satisfied. Good-day.

Nov. 9.

Ozias Gillett.

I suppose you'll give a body the chance of speaking more than once, if he's got anything to say? [Certainly.] How do you do? [How do you do?] I'm pretty well—pretty well, happy as a lark—happy as a lark. Don't you wish you was where I am? [Sometimes I do.] Don't you want to know who I am? [Certainly.] I'm Ozias Gillett—yes, I'm old Ozias Gillett, cigar-maker, dealer in tobacco, stage-driver, rum-seller—all three. A man might as well own up to what he is, as to be ashamed of himself.

What draws me back here to-day is this: You know I came here some time ago, and I said, in answer to the question "what I was doing?" that I was selling cigars in the spirit-world. It seems to me as if some folks could n't take a joke, for some persons here have taken up the remark, and are reporting around that old Gillett is keeping a cigar store on the other side. You give my compliments to them, and say that I'm terrible sorry they could n't take a joke, but they never could. I did n't mean that I was in reality selling cigars on the other side, for we do n't smoke there, don't chew, don't drink rum. But suppose I'm round the old stand in spirit, why, perhaps through my son I'm keeping a cigar store, don't I? But the fools did n't know it; that's it, exactly. I'm no saint in the spirit-world; no, never was one when I was on earth. I'm just the same. I thank God I am. We do n't grow to be perfect in a day nor a year.

It so happens I'm round where I used to be. Well, I was in the store of Steele, Burrill & Co., where I used to be once, and there isn't a single atom in that whole building but what is so impregnated with my magnetism that I can see what they are doing, hear what they say, just as well as if I was there in the body. Now when I was there last, one of them had your paper; and he said: See, old Gillett's come back! what do you think of his nonsense? You tell these folks that they may think my talk about Spiritualism is all nonsense, but I know their's is. That's just it—they haven't traveled. What's the use of spoiling a joke; never did believe in it when here.

Some folks like to swell on nothing. They're the kind. Those folks I speak of are going to make such a big spread, that, because they do n't know anything, either of spiritual things or business matters, they'll come flat to the ground. I'm no prophet, no Jeremiah of olden times, but I predict that all their sixteen thousand dollars, and sixteen thousand more on to the end of that to back 'em up, won't save 'em. Now you mind that, will you?

It's no use for them, to say: "Spiritualism is a humbug, and we'll put it down." Why, my good man, they can't do it. Do you suppose we are afraid? We've traveled some, you tell those chaps, and we know what we're about. Just a few weeks ago I was around their quarters, and overheard a conversation about my son which they would n't like to have him know; not because they'd be afraid of him, but because they might lose their reputation by it. They would n't want him to know that they would be so infernally mean, mind that. As I said before, I overheard their conversation, yes, old Gillett heard it.

I do n't pretend to say that my son is a bit better than they are. No, I do n't come here to hold my son up and to put them down. I only want to show them that I can hear, do know what is going on, just as well as if I were here bodily. I want them to know that because I can, I come here and give these facts as evidence that I do live.

Now if any of the members of the firm of Steele, Burrill & Co., or their foreman, Gus—he used to be with my son—will give me a good medium to speak to them through, I'll just tell them every word he said; when he and they, too, could swear that nobody else heard. If they want to know whether Spiritualism is true, here's their chance. I'll drive them right over the road and land them safely on the shores of Spiritualism without upsetting the team, for I can hold the reins as well now as I ever could. Good-bye. You tell them for me that old Gillett ain't dead. Give my respects to them.

Nov. 9.

Emily Strafford.

I'm Emily Strafford. I was seven years old. That old gentleman who was here just now, patted me on the head and said, "It's your turn, little girl, now."

My mother lives in Orange, New Jersey. My father was killed in the war. I do n't live with him in the spirit-land, but he's dead. And my mother now is left with little Jimmie. I thought I should like to come and talk and tell her how nice we live in the spirit-land, and what good times we have. I ain't sick any now, never. I like, and I would n't come back here to stay. I'm so happy there I do n't want to come back.

I've got a great many things to tell her when I can see her, and to tell her about my father. He says she heard that before he died he lost a leg. He did n't. He was wounded in the leg, but it wasn't taken off. My father's name is Elijah; my mother's name, Ann Elizabeth. If you'll let me go I should like to go now. [Not and take this medium. There are some probably in New York.] Is there? [If not, there are plenty in New York.] My mother ain't got much money to go far with. She ain't got her pension yet—no, sir. [What part of Orange does your mother live in?] She lives in Orange, New Jersey. [What part of the town do you remember?] Oh, yes, pretty near the middle. Can't I go? won't stay long. [Not and take this medium. You go to see your mother, don't you?] No, I can't. [Perhaps your spirit-friends will take you to her.] I went once. She was so sad, sick—she ain't happy—that I do n't want to go there, and I thought I'd come here; thought you'd let me go there. May I come here, if my mother gets my letter and wants me to? [Come when you please.] Good-bye. Nov. 9.

Invocation.

Father, the brightening influence of thy beneficence meets us even here; here upon these shores; here in the midst of decaying forms; here where Death is a monster; here where souls stand trembling in fear of God, we hear thy voice, and it says unto us, "Go on; perform my work; for thou art my child!" Oh Spirit of Eternal Truth, we recognize thy love. In every form, in every place, un-

der all circumstances, thy love is apparent; thy wisdom is guiding us into all truth, turning life's leaves for us, one by one, and pointing out to us all those ways by which the soul may become good and perfect. Oh Eternal Spirit, there are some here who sorrow, who are in doubt. There are some, around whose soul skepticism has gathered like night. Oh, dispel those clouds of skepticism, and give them light and faith. Father, let all our utterances be baptized with truth; let that shall appeal to their inner lives; truth that shall come unto them a bridge over which they shall walk into the Promised Land. Let us take away all their fear of Death. Let us substitute the radiant forms, the smiling faces of their departed ones, for the tombs and new-made graves over which they mourn. Oh, let us take away their faith and give them what is still better—knowledge. Let us teach them that the soul is born of thee, and so loves its Mother. Then our mission shall be indeed holy, and the fruits of our labor shall be revealed to us. Our Father, we bring thee praises. We bring thee, Oh God, the bright blossoms of Time. It may be they will wither, because they are of Time; but they are bright to-day, are full of grace, and seem to be talking to us. Hear us, answer us, and not only us, but all, all thy family everywhere.

Nov. 13.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now answer the inquiries, either of correspondents or those the audience may have.

Ques.—Will the controlling spirit at the "Free Circle Room" express his opinion—or what would be still more acceptable—will he consult his associates, and express at the next meeting their joint opinion of the propriety or impropriety of the following methods of honoring and perpetuating the memory of soldiers and their services in the late war? 1st method. To erect monuments to the honor and memory of the dead, as is usually the custom. 2d method. To erect enduring structures of some kind, divested of sepulchral notions and emblems, in honor of all who served in the war as soldiers, inscribing their names, and noting deaths where they occurred. Such monuments to be erected in every township and city, and to include only the names of the men belonging thereto. So that in the result, if the first plan be adopted, all the men whose lives were taken during the war will be handed down in an enduring form to the future. And if the second plan be adopted—which is a new one—then, not only the dead, but also all who offered their lives for their country, will have a perpetual remembrance.

JAS. S. DRAPER.
Wayland, Mass., Oct. 15, 1885.

Note.—Plans like the above have been presented to the citizens of the above town.

Ans.—As far as we are individually concerned, we could answer the question as well now as ever. We have little reverence for forms, for monuments bearing inscriptions. We would rather see their memory perpetuated by the friends they have left here on the earth, by kindly deeds toward all mankind; by remembering that they have laid down their lives upon the battle-field for a principle, for the perpetuation of a great good, for the abolition of a great evil. Rear to them eternal monuments of fame, monuments that will not crumble and decay. Rear these in your souls, every one of you. Be determined that upon their memory you will build a new structure in which to worship the one Great God, or Spirit of Eternal Good. If you worship this God in spirit and truth, in the new structure you have reared to him, then you will know peace; then you will have no more wars; then no more human lives will be sacrificed upon the battle-field. We know monuments have been erected to heroes in all ages. They have told, to be sure, their own story. But one kind thought, one holy wish for good, is a far better monument, both for those who have gone and for yourselves.

Q.—By S. E. Palmer: How are we enabled to hear, seemingly, in our natural bodily condition, the voices of our friends yet inhabiting the form, through a distance of perhaps hundreds of miles? and what would be the condition of those friends thus seeming to speak from the distance? Can we, at will, by fixing our minds steadily upon a friend thus at a distance, call to him through space in such a manner as to force him to hear and reply?

A.—The spirit is not absolutely bound to the laws of the body. It yields, to be sure, a certain obedience to the law governing physical life; but it is itself superior to those laws, and under certain circumstances, every human spirit leaves its body and roams at will through the earth and spirit-spheres. And sometimes the circumstances are so far material, and they are so far materialized themselves, as to be able to speak, and be heard by human ears; to understand and know of the presence of friends with human senses.

CHAIRMAN.—A. W. Benton, M. D., of Fulton, Ill., sends three questions to the circle:

1st Q.—If consistent with other circumstances, please ask the controlling intelligence at your circles whether they view light to be a separate element of imponderable matter—*sub genera*—or only a peculiar motion of common rarified matter?

A.—Light is as much material as is the table before us. The difference is only in degree. If it were not material, it could not appeal to material senses; you would not see it, could not understand it, could not analyze it. It is a part and portion of all things existing in the universe. All things contain more or less light. The sun contains within itself no more light than the earth. Because this is so, the sun is able to reflect its powers upon the earth. If the earth did not contain light, then the sun could have no effect upon the earth, for it is only by the law of correspondences that the sun can reflect its powers upon the earth. Light is everywhere. Even in the darkest places light is there.

2d Q.—I would like to know the spirit's view of the following predicate, viz., all matter has inherent force—all force has inherent intelligence.

A.—Yes; because all matter is capable of being unfolded, of growing, of changing form. Matter has form always, and forms are constantly changing, changing by force that is inherent within themselves, and outside themselves, also. Matter and force develop intelligence, or its means of expression.

3d Q.—Is there more than one original, or primary element of matter?

A.—No, not absolutely. It has been said there are sixty-four, but we cannot so determine. To us the primaries of all things are alike; therefore they are one.

Q.—Explain the passage of Scripture, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days?"

A.—It was a custom with certain ancients, at certain seasons of the year, to cast certain fruits and certain grains upon the waters contiguous to their dwellings. It was said by those who indulged in this practice, that an angel, at that time, passed over the waters—all waters; and that whatever of vegetable life was found floating upon the surface of the waters, the angel would bless, and the blessing would return to the one who had cast the

fruit or grain upon the waters. This has been incorporated into your modern Christianity; but there are as many different opinions concerning the meaning of the passage, as there are ideas to enlarge upon. Some say that it means simply that you shall have faith in God, that because you have faith in God you will perform his work, trusting to the great God to reward you. This is a very good definition. If you all would outlive, or live out this definition, it would be far better for you and the world.

Q.—Explain also the passage, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me?"

A.—The spirit of truth is ever knocking at the doors of all our conscious lives; ever making loud appeals to you; ever presenting the highest truths to you; ever urging you on and tempting you to take further steps in the way of life. If you understand this spirit of truth, it will enter into your lives, and you will receive a conscious blessing therefrom.

Q.—Will one wrong act trouble the conscience through life?

A.—This is apt to be the case. If you violate that which is the highest law of right known to you at any time, believe us, you must pay the penalty of that violation, even to the uttermost farthing.

Q.—Is there any other book but the Bible that has any more rational account of the creation of the world? If so, what is it?

A.—The world never had any special creation. It always has existed; is as eternal in its composition as are your souls. Therefore all records of the creation of the world are founded upon speculative fancy.

Q.—Should the last direction of parents be hearkened to and obeyed more than at any other time?

A.—That depends very much upon what it is. If it appeals to your highest ideas of right, then it is right to pay heed to it; if not, it is worth very little to you.

Nov. 13.

Dr. Charles Cheever.

My attention has been called to and my sympathies interested in the case of one Charles Frost, who died a few months ago at the institution for the insane, at South Boston.

Shortly after his arrival into this spirit-world I made his acquaintance. I was attracted to him, doubtless, partly from the fact that I was somewhat acquainted with his relatives, and through them got acquainted with him. And since that time he has given me no peace, until he at last exacted a promise from me that I would either assist him to come back and state his case here, for the benefit of those left behind, or do so myself. Finding him not exactly in a fit state to return, giving just the description of his case himself that he desired to give, I concluded to present it myself.

I was a physician, and practiced for many years in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. My name, Charles Cheever.

It seems this young man was taken to the institution, at South Boston, by his friends, for what was called insanity. But what, in reality, was nothing but a temporary suspension of the forces upon the brain; in other words, the vital forces did not flow sufficiently strong and harmonious. But the obstruction was not wholly in the brain.

If those having charge of him had gone to work and strengthened the entire system, then this insane man would have been as sane as themselves. Physical force, in my opinion, never yet cured insanity. Sometimes the exercise of will upon the patient results in good. That is often the case. But physical force always results in evil to the insane one, at least so far as my experience goes. I have been largely interested in behalf of the insane since I passed to the spirit-world, and I have found that such treatment was only an injury.

It seems that the first night the young man was taken to the institution—as he himself asserts—by his friends, in order that his insanity might be properly treated, was furnished with little food, and was washed upon his bed—a very hard bed at that—that he was confined at the ankles and wrists and around the body, and compelled to lay in that position all night.

Now animal life would resist any such treatment, allowing there had been no spirit to suffer. If spirituality had been entirely destroyed, animal life itself would have resisted such treatment, because it was entirely inimical to even the law of animal life. This perpetual warfare was kept up day after day, and the spirit, together with the body, grew weaker and weaker, until at last tired Nature sank under the treatment, and death ensued. Now I intend this was a case of absolute manslaughter upon the part of the officers of that institution, quite as much so as if they had taken a knife and cut the throat of that individual; and more so, for it would have been a mercy to him if they had done so.

It seems after the young man found that their course had been sufficient to take away his life on the earth, he requested that his wife and children might be sent for, that his parents, whom he loved so tenderly, might be allowed to visit him. But this was refused. They turned a deaf ear to his calls.

Now who is to blame? Why, my God! such an institution ought to be sunk into the lowest hell. Where's the fault? Oh men and women of the city of Boston, it is for you to decide! You have intelligence. You are blest with sympathetic natures. You live under the ban of civilization. You are not wild beasts. If you allow these things to be done in your midst, you will surely suffer for it in the future, because all these poor wretches who are thus hurried to the spirit-world are sending out their magnetic life upon the inhabitants of earth. You are blue to-day and over-jovious to-morrow, and so you ask your physician in vain as to the cause of your changeable feelings. Why, the very air is impregnated with inharmonious. You breathe it in, like some poisonous malarial air, and every breath.

Now in justice to those who are still living on the earth, you should go yourselves in person, and be determined that the law of right shall rule, not the law of might. The time has arrived when your institutions should give birth to reform. Physical force has been used long enough, and what has been the result? It has turned out its scores of lunatics, while there is only now and then one or two cured by their own natures, by that best Physician in all the world—Nature. I do not know of one insane person who ever spoke in favor of one of your insane asylums, but all are willing to bring in their testimony against them. The whole system is bad. They say it is rotten from centre to circumference; and because it is so, you should seek to reform it.

Why don't you send men into your Council Chambers who will appoint men to take charge of your public institutions that have souls in their bodies? Why don't you stop to question what a man is spiritually, when you appoint him to these places of trust?

Why, men and women of Boston, if you could

