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NO. 3.

A PATRIOTIC POEM.

The following noble poem was delivered by Miss Little Doten, at the close of an address given in this city Feb. 12th, 1865, on the passage by Congress of the amendment to the Constitution, and was published in the Banner at the time. There was quite a demand for copies of the paper containing it, and being unable to supply the numerous calls, and in compliance with the request of correspondents from all parts of the country, we republish it.

THE TRIUMPH OF FREEDOM.

Rejoice! O blood-stained Nation in darkness wandering long,
For Freedom is triumphant, and Right hath conquered Wrong.
To-day, the glorious birth-right the patriot Fathers gave,
Makes, through Eternal Justice, a freeman of the slave.

And swift the glorious tidings, rolling majestic on,
Thrills from old Massachusetts to the shores of Oregon.
The gray old mountain-echoes shout it loudly to the sea,
And the wild winds join the chorus in the "anthem of the free."

For this, the God of nations sealed this land as sacred soil,
And thenceforth made it holy, with blood, and sweat, and toil.
For this, the lonely May-Flower spread her white wings to the breeze,
And bore the Pilgrim Fathers across the stormy seas.

For this, the blood of patriots baptized old Bunker Hill,
And Lexington and Concord made known the people's will.
For this, both Saratoga and Yorktown's fields were won,
And Fame's unfading laurels wreathed the brow of WASHINGTON.

For this, your glorious CHANNING plead on the "weaker side,"
And PARKER, brave and fearless, sought to stem Oppression's tide.
For this, the lips of PHILLIPS burned with Athenian fire,
Till every flaming sentence leapt forth in righteous ire.

And GARRISON, the dauntless, declared: "I will be heard!"
O thou sturdy, war-worn veteran! well hast thou kept thy word!
Thou hast sent the foul Hyena howling fiercely to his den,
And thy battle-cry was "Freedom!" till the cannon said "AMEN!"

For this, the noble Caesar, within the Senate Hall,
On the noble head of SUMNER did the blows of Slavery fall;
And for this, that band of heroes, with their Spartan chief, JOHN BROWN,
As a sacrifice to Freedom, their precious lives laid down.

And for this you bore and suffered, "till forbearance ceased to be
A virtue," and High Heaven called on you to be free.
Then, once more, the blood of heroes leapt like fire within each vein,
And the long-slumbering Lion rose, and, wrathful, shook his mane.

O! the page of future history, shall, with truthful record, tell
How you met the fearful issue, how bravely and how well!
How you gave uncounted treasure from out your toil-won hoard,
And how, as free as water, heroic blood was poured.

How GRANT, with stern persistence, smote the foemen day by day;
How SHERIDAN and SHERMAN urged their victorious way;
How FARQUHAR and PORTER swept triumphant o'er the sea,
And how the gallant WINSLOW won his glorious victory.

And alas! how noble ELLSWORTH fell in his youthful pride,
And WINTHROP, BAKER, LYON, for Freedom bled and died.
And true, brave hearts unnumbered, before the cannon's breath,
On the wild, red sea of slaughter, swept down the tide of death.

And how, amid the tumult, in every battle pause,
Was heard the cry for "Justice to the bondman and his cause."
O! your fathers' slumbering ashes cried "Amen!" from out each grave,
When your grand old Constitution gave freedom to the slave.

And, as the glorious tidings upon the nation fell,
Satan, with all his legions, went howling down to Hell.
Of crime and blood no longer, could he freely drink his fill,
For the cursed demon, Slavery, had best performed his will.

Let words of deep thanksgiving, blend with the tears you shed,
For the hosts of noble martyrs, who in Freedom's cause have bled.
Though they fell before the sickle which reaps the battle-plain,
Yet, to-day, they know in heaven, that they perished not in vain.

Your nation's glorious Eagle, with an unfaltering flight,
Hath perched at length in triumph, on Freedom's loftiest height;
The stars upon your banner, burn with a fairer flame,
And the radiant stripes no longer are emblem of your shame.

The slave, made, like his master, "in the image of his God,"
Shall have his back no longer to the oppressor's rod;
His night of pain and anguish, of want and we have past,
And Freedom's radiant morning has dawned on him at last.

O thou Recording Angel! turn to that page, whereon
Is traced in undimmed brightness, the name of WASHINGTON,
And, with thy pen immortal, in characters of flame,
To stand henceforth and ever, write also LINCOLN's name!

The first, hurled back the tyrant, in the country's hour of need,
The last, divinely guided, hath made her free indeed.
Let a nation's grateful tribute, to each, alike, be given,
While the kingdom, power, and glory are ascribed alone to Heaven.
"Thou shalt no longer stretch forth her hands" in vain;
On the demon of Rebellion she hath left her servile chain.
Then swell the shout of triumph, till the nations hear afar:
Three cheers—three cheers for Freedom! Huzzah! Huzzah!

The Lecture Boom.

THE CORRELATION OF FORCES.

A Lecture delivered in Harmony Hall, Troy, N. Y., Feb. 11th, 1866, by Seiden J. Finney.

[Reported for the Banner of Light by Mr. John Ritchie.]

The progress of the human intellect is always from the outward to the inward in its historic manifestations; always from the inward to the outward in the exact order of its career.

The grossest interpretations of modern phenomena were the first developed. The greater and more profound the purposes, the more ethereal; I may say, the more spiritual they are. As an instance or proof of this fact, let me say, that the first explanation of the planetary motions were that the universe was a vast system of wheelwork, and stars were only in the periphery of the wheels. This was succeeded by the doctrine of the crystalline spheres, or a more refined doctrine than the first; and this in its turn gave way to the doctrine of the universe—Descartes' doctrine of the universe—that suns and systems whirled in the vast regions of space governed directly by the guiding hand of Providence. This was superseded by the laws of gravitation, which are now generally accepted as the ruling governing power of the universe. But the progress of science is onward; and I will venture to say that ere the lapse of ten years a new theory in regard to the universe will be developed, and be believed as firmly as that of gravitation is now.

Let me instance the progress of the science of man's approach to this: The science of man began with the study of the structure; and you know very well that the original explanations of the science of man were very crude. You know very well they were mere speculations—mere suppositions, based upon a partial examination of the structure of man.

Now notice: The science of man advances from the study of the structure to that of function; from the study of the nervous system, as a structure, to the study of the dynamics of that nervous system. And now notice again: Dr. Draper, Professor of Chemistry in the University of New York, has already indicated the fact that the structure of the nervous system, with its series of nerve cells, indicated the existence of the soul lying within the boundaries of the nervous system. "As its power of exercising its function, he draws an inference from the very structure of each nerve and that of the whole system, which he says is a perfect fac simile of the repulsive art; and yet he laughs at Spiritualism, though he himself is helping to lay the foundation of the structure."

Every other science pursues the same course; but chemistry, for illustration, has passed from alchemy—spiritually and mentally—to analysis; and the consequence has been that the science has already advanced to a point where it destroys every succeeding obstacle, and reduces the whole empirical universe to force. Every branch of science has always pursued the same onward march.

What is the significance of these facts? What do they mean? Can science go on thus? forever advancing from the gross, physical and tangible, to the refined and intangible? From the measurable to the immeasurable? Where will it lead? It strikes me that it can lead nowhere else but to Spiritualism. I take it that the only force in the universe is spiritual, and not material. It is already a fact that heat is regarded as a mode of motion; it is already demonstrated that it is not only a substance, but that it is nothing but molecular motion. Did science ever discover that light is a mode of motion? Now, we supposed that light was not a substance. God's truth and divine reflection open a wider field of knowledge than science. Light, heat, electricity, magnetism and vapor, these are all now demonstrated and admitted to be simply modes of motion.

Now, notice: You may take the most solid block of granite and translate it into music by a chemical process. Thus this and every other human science come up the steps to the verge of spiritual power.

The whole temple of Spiritual Philosophy rests upon investigation. Now let me say that all science is arranged in its course, in all its branches, converging to one great focus, and that focus is the idea that there is but one simple, homogeneous substance in the universe, and that substance is spirit and not matter. We know this from the report of those who are under the direct influence of the spirit-world. And now we have seen that substance is but the declaration of force; as, for instance, in this rock: When I put it through that chemical process, electricity and magnetism manifest themselves, and produce that higher language—music. It is a force now. It is made all in order, and has become a law—it has become a power; and power is spirit.

Let us see: what you have made is the correlation of this rock, which is spirit, and also a physical force made manifest to us. All that the senses can see or perceive in the world, and around it; all that we can know of forms and shapes, and of force, come directly through the

influence of spirit. For instance, I make the assertion that this (putting his hand on the desk) is a table. How do I know that there is a table there? By virtue of the resistance it makes to my muscular force. I know that table, then, by the fact of force; force is the agent by which I know that this is a table; and I know through force that we know anything of the different forms of matter. Whatever you know, whatever you feel, whatever you hear, whatever you see, is conveyed to you by the agency of force. What, then, does science presuppose? Why, the spirituality and the eternality of force.

Well, now, suppose we commence the search for the original, providential force. My object is to show that the original interpretation is spirit—is intelligence—is God; that his influence is exerted in terms of force. We take it that light is a force; through light we perceive, through the eye, the external forms of things. When you lift things with your muscular power, you see them, and form your opinion of force; but all these forces are translatable or transformable into each other. Every force is transformable into every other force. Man, for instance, is translatable into heat, and he is also translatable into electricity; he is transformable into magnetism through a mechanical agency, and is as much an element of force as these qualities themselves, and they are all convertible into each other.

We see a flowerstalk, bare, stripped of vegetation; it is exposed to the genial sunbeams, and, first, we see the opening evidences of vegetation. A bud is thrown out and nourished week after week, and month after month, until the glorious consummation of this long state of probation is at hand, and a beautiful flower is seen, in all its blooming radiance, on what, when we first saw it, was but a barren stalk. What power was at work to produce this miracle? It was simply the transformation of the genial sunbeams—nothing else. All these known modes of force in the universe are transformable into each other. This is the thesis of modern science. The whole vegetable world is built up of sunbeams—inhaled, or transformed sunbeams; sunbeams are the force of the vegetable world.

In connection with this: Force cannot arise out of nothing. All these forms of force must have sprung out of some other force, anterior to this; and this anterior force must have sprung from a force bearing to it the same relation, and all force can be traced back to the grand primordial force, or spirit; and motion is eternal.

The whole vegetable world is built up of sunbeams. Under their influence—the influence of transformed sunbeams—the grape-seed is transformed into the spreading vine, with its clusters of luxuriant fruit; the diminutive bud is developed into the full-blown, fragrant flower; the diminutive twig becomes the sturdy tree, that withstands the storms of centuries. The whole vegetable world is built up of sunbeams; sunbeams are the force of the vegetable world.

The animal world exists in the vegetable world, but there is an advance in the animal over the vegetable world. In the vegetable, as well as in the animal world, there is life; but in the animal world there is also sensation, or sensational life. Where did that come from? It is an advance upon the sensitiveness that alone exists in the vegetable world. Where did it come from? Is it not the transformation of the liberated forces originally embodied in motion—spiritual motion—which, by virtue of having self-cognition in the primordial force, exists in the human intellect? In the human kingdom there is not only vegetable life, but there is sensation; there is self-cognition; there is intelligence; there is reason which proves force, correlates force; which gives intelligence and forms the mind of man.

Either this force called mind arises out of the immense force called cognition, or out of that form of force called material force, which arises from light and heat.

There is an intricate relation between vital power in the body and the mind-power, in mankind, which sinks just in proportion as the animal nature transgresses. There is a vital relation, then, between physical force and spiritual force. What do the masters say? They say that sunlight, falling down on the surface, develops the capacity of human life; and we find that the angel and the man are correlative. It is true, they tell us, that God can be translated into the soul. And it must be so. Here are the facts: The mind, derived from the great primordial force—the spirit, God—translates itself down through the body into physical force, and physical force can be translated upward through the body into the mind. It is the conclusion, therefore, that there is nothing but physical force in the universe.

The highest form of power known, or knowable, to man, is mind. Now grant all the law of art; grant all that science demonstrates, and that proves nothing against the spiritual idea; nothing against the idea that power is spirit, spirit is soul, and soul is God!

Mind exists as the highest form of manifested force. It is power. It is not merely power, like the sunbeams, like vegetation, like the vital existence of man, it is a self-cognizant power. It is a self-enduring power. It is a conscious power; it is not a mere force. You can translate intelligence into physical force; you can translate conscious life, without spirit, into the mere condition of the sunbeam; you can translate sunbeams upward to intelligence; but, as yet, this is only the sunbeam, or the consciousness. Its primordial, then, is what the world calls physical force, but what the Spiritual Philosophy calls intelligence, as well as spirit. It is the highest power of the universe; in fact, no higher power is known to us. I say that no higher form of power, or force, is knowable to us, or can ever be knowable to us; and therefore whatever we may know in the future, we must know in our consciousness; must know by our intelligence; must know by that intelligence that is above everything that science can demonstrate.

What follows? That the highest possible form of force is in consciousness—that is, consciousness which rests itself on the name of spiritual circumstances, consciousness of ideas; in other words, the consciousness of spirit, or intelligence. And this is not only true, but it is also equally true that we must necessarily, on this basis, return again and re-interpret the significance of forces. We have arrived, by a series of arguments, at the belief that before sunbeams existed soul existed; that is, spirit-power—that is, God. That is, that he so gives the manifestations of intelligence, that it is plainly seen by his working around the foundation of force that intelligence must have preceded sunbeams in the actual order of the universe; just as God resides in the order of human thought. The consequence is, that all thought resolves itself into existence; that all existence is founded in universal force; that higher form of force is spirit; the intelligence, therefore, is spirit. The original power is in this form of spirit—not in the material; just as in the human intellect: one man shows simply the grossest form of being, while in others the ethereal, or spiritual power predominates; the gross forms have been translated, like the granite rock, from the coarse and primitive to the ethereal motions of the immortal spirit.

Hitherto it has been supposed that spirit and matter were separated by distinct degrees, just as though the external manifestations of divine intelligence were absolutely separated from the divine intelligence itself. There is no matter but the divine and original substance; no force but the divine and original spirit; that is the basis of the Spiritual Philosophy. What, then, is the conclusion? This earth and all its creatures—this universe composed of its millions of revolving spheres, is only a vast symbol of the contents of the brain—reason.

A phenomenon paints on the retina of our eyes very wonderful forms, that come and go, appear and disappear in their sublime order. This phenomenon is the translation of all matter before our senses are susceptible to its influence. This is a vast idea, and one which has gained ground as one of the laws that regulate the phenomena of the universe. For instance, I touch this table. Did I know the table directly? No. There is a sensation produced—a wave of nerve-vital force runs to my brain, from my brain to my system of consciousness, and that sensation has informed me that this is a table.

All forms are translatable into force, and all force proceeds in waves. There is not a motion in Nature that is not in waves. Watch the pennant on the mast of a vessel laying becalmed at sea. When the wind rises, the pennant of that vessel waves; as the storm increases the sails flap against the mast, and the yards wave; and as it plunges through the seas, which, also, roll in waves against its prow, it dashes them aside, also, in waves. You may watch the sunlight as it exhales from the river's breast, little, almost imperceptible waves of vapor, which, reaching the cold, chilly air, condense and fall also in waves. What is the philosophy of organic life? It proceeds in waves. First, the sunlight waves down upon the world; waves out into the vegetation; up still higher into the sensation; and still higher unfolding human intelligence.

Every motion in Nature is in waves, and the interstices between these are rhythmical—musical. Music is produced by motion in waves; therefore all motion is musical. Is not the granite rock translated into music? All motion is music. You do not always hear it, for your senses are material, and are not always attuned to hear the harmonious blending of Nature and rhythm; but then it is a fact that all motion is in waves—that all waves are rhythmical and musical. And here occurs one of the most astonishing facts in the history of man: Pythagoras, the great sage, discovered the music of the universe long centuries before science demonstrated it. Walking two thousand years before his time, this great open-hearted seer heard, as it were, the music of revolving spheres. Pythagoras heard the vibration of music with force, which is perfect power. The great philosopher heard the rhythm of whirling suns, and stars, and planets, translated into his own consciousness, within the confines of his own physical body.

When we stand here and look out upon this universe, its immensity, its infinite greatness and its perfect harmony, we are lost in admiration. We see the innumerable spheres of the universe whirling in the dim vast of immensity, and we feel our littleness.

Man stands between the lower orders of creation and the divine. His soul is correlative with the vastness and immensity of creation, and in this capacity discovers and comprehends the universe below him. Shall we tremble? Shall this power which thus interprets the world tremble at the world it interprets? Grant that the world is vast; the power that comprehends it must be vaster. He dislodges the furthest star, and brings it down to his mathematical tablets, and in his soul studies the nature of his celestial acquaintance. He can fathom the eternal forces of these worlds; he can take them to pieces, can calculate their distances and their densities and their revolutions; he can bring them down to his tablet, for his own analysis; he can solve the logarithms, the sines and co-sines of the vast problem of God's eternal geometry. And can you doubt the vastness of that mind which embraces all the physical force and manifestations of the universe, and explains the glowing panorama spread on the mighty scroll of heaven?

Shall we tremble, then, at the power of universal force which we ourselves can chain, and which at the touch of a finger obeys our command? What shall we say, then, when we admit that this vast intelligence, this spirit, this power that comprehends this universe, is only this universe become conscious of itself? Put the external universe into one scale, with all its infinitudes of these vast systems sweeping through stellar space

—ay, putting in all those vast stellar solitudes which have been revealed since the telescope has snatched away the veil of blindness, and shown us the prodigious fruitage of universal force—what shall we say to that form of force which embraces all this gigantic mass of knowledge—put the whole external universe and all those vast systems in one scale, and then put the skull of Newton in another, and down would go the one with this simple skull, and up would go the other. Can these components of the universe be greater than the genius which can calculate their latitude and longitude, and predict, a thousand years hence, the precise position of any or all of these spheres? Which will weigh the most? These whirling suns, burning by the eternal fires, or this skull—the casing of the eternal soul—the product of eternal force, which has arisen in self-cognition, displacing the furthest star, bringing it down to his companionship and placing himself in rapport with the vast physical forces that swarm through the immense fields of blue infinity? He stands above them—his knowledge is as boundless as the universe. He must march on, therefore, accumulating knowledge, and translating suns and systems into spiritual force, and that he will do. Of this nature is the intellect. It has descended from the fountain of spiritual life downward and outward, further and further, until, reaching the periphery of being, we tremble for mankind. There begins its translation, through the body of man, through the intellect of man, through the thought of man, through endless spiritual spheres toward the throne of God again. Hence the spirit of mortal man is but a complement of the physical external world. Where there is an external and visible manifestation of intellect—divine force—there must be its concurrent and correlative manifestation of spiritual force; and man is the precise point where the material universe commences to remount toward its native condition in the eternal ideas of vitalized reason, and translates everything into everything. Suns and stars are far below him. So he must rise endlessly forever. Spirit is the ultimate and highest order of the universe. Man translates bodies into power—vital power—vital power into thought, and thought into the finer and more ethereal elements of the spiritual nature itself; but while the soul is doing this, it is using up the body. Now note the moral of this practical lesson. Every process combines just such a certain amount of power; it is not capable of attaining any greater amount than the product of its own innate power.

Now let us attempt to journey over the royal road to knowledge. In Nature our own world was translated into the inner universe of God. You can do it if you will use the process for it; but are you ready to do it. I don't believe there is one here who is ready to undertake the exercise of this illumination. What would be this exercise? It would be the control—the command—of every physical force of the body, until, instead of pouring out its energies to make you the animal, physical form, it would pour them in through the comprehension into the spirit. And notice: only the physical power has been used in mere physical exercises; it was never made to be used in spiritual exercises. It is not in physical exercises that the loftiest spiritual attitudes are produced. The noblest inspirations of thought can only be reached by the soul, pressing higher by the aid of existing spiritual force in the world of universal existence.

Go ask the great seers of antiquity what is the secret of your illumination? They will tell you: "We have seen the translation of the strength of our physical natures, our bodies, our minds, all our forms of physical force into the spiritual force. We have seen nature translate itself out of nourishment into blood, out of blood into nerve power, out of nerve power into vital electricity and into force of soul." This is the entire process of translation from matter to spirit. The body must be got rid of—it is translated into that form of life which is the grandest possible, and which makes man an angel or an archangel, exalted and perfect. Proof of this are numerous. The granite rock in the crucible of the chemist can be no more easily translated into force, heat, magnetism, motion and music than your bodies can be translated into spiritual inspiration. There is a world of exercises, mysterious and invisible, that plays backward and forward between the body and the soul, between the mind and the body, and the world around this body.

How many are there in society who have any adequate control—such a control over their own passions and habits as to enable them to set down and fix the mind on a train of problems so closely that no noise around them should be heard or noticed? What percentage of a community? Is there one in a hundred? Is there one in a thousand? Is there one in ten thousand? And yet that is the state of spiritual illumination—it is self-concentration. The power that makes every throb of your heart, every beat of your pulse, every tremor of your nervous system, every vital corpuscle of your blood throbs and vibrates in order, is the self-concentration of spiritual force.

I don't wonder that the ancients were charmed with the idea of blending their spirits with the suns and stars of immensity. They supposed it was the crucifixion of the body that eliminated the soul. That was their blunder. It is only the transformed body that can illuminate the soul. We have seen that all the grandest intellects, the fairest geniuses, the great seers of centuries have been quoted on this subject, and we find that the world is translated into physical force, and that all the other forms of force are translated into the one simple form of spiritual power. Now, as Spiritualists, do not let us forget this infinite process here before us. Can we not get brave enough to scale the rugged heights of moral and physical truth? He who would have this inspiration in its loftiest attitude, in its deepest, grandest aspect, must reverse the process of Nature. He must crucify his prejudices, exercise his doubts; and, in doing that, he will have revealed

unto him the relation between the physical and spiritual worlds.

We have seen that sunbeams are the agents of physical force; we have seen that they are the agents of vegetation, the agents of animal sensation, the agents of physical life. The sun is the source of physical power, which, ascending through the media of mind, intelligence, soul, becomes the eternal law—Divine reason; it is all power; and the soul, again, is the power that transforms the world. It approximates the divine existence. It rules in its sphere as God does in his sphere.

Do we wish to ascertain what are the original forms of existence and power? We have but to analyze the sunbeams as they fall upon our hearts, and we find, by the analysis of light, that it possesses all the elements of universal force within itself; and we find that each ray is an agent of force; and that they must exist in the focal sphere of eternal force. And so we complete the analysis as far as we can; and, as we turn toward the sunbeams of infinite intelligences that have fallen into our own consciousness and existence, all that divine power which exists in revolving worlds, and all the transformed and correlative forces are manifested to us. God, therefore, or Intelligence, or Spirit is the force, the correlative; and the visible, material universe—all the external and physical universe—is but the complement of the spiritual universe.

This leads us so to unfold mortal man and study the great alphabet of infinite intelligence. Stars and suns are only coast marks in its grand march, marking the different chapters of its revelation.

Let us, then, know no obstruction in our progress to the point where we shall discover all the forces and all their concomitants, the incarnation of all the energies of the universe.

Original Essays.

MAN ONE WITH GOD AS AN OBJECT OF WORSHIP.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Worship may be viewed in two lights: i. e., as a feeling and as an act. As an experience of the heart, it comprises three ingredients: Love, Trust and Respect. These are essential to its existence as a sentiment. Where either is wanting toward the object, there can be no worship.

As an act, worship includes all duties to ourselves and our fellow-beings in all relations. It means not an observance, but practical obedience to the fixed laws of life and health, to body and soul. Those who best understand and most truly obey these laws—who most perfectly know the demands of their nature, and most healthfully supply them, most truly worship God. To know and healthfully to supply these demands is to worship God practically in the highest sense; for this includes fidelity to ourselves, and to our fellow-beings in all our relations with them. No man can worship God intelligently and acceptably and persevere in known disregard of any of the laws of his physical, intellectual, social, or spiritual nature. Those who are unjust, dishonest, untruthful, impure, and immoral in their relations with human beings, cannot practically worship a God of justice, truth, honesty and purity. Only a true man can be a true worshiper. Only the God-man can be a God-worshiper. To associate the human with the divine as an object of worship, is the only way to secure human beings from wrong and outrage in all their relations.

In marriage, man is one with God as an object of worship. The human heart is not capable of a holier and higher worship than that which, in a true conjugal relation, the husband and wife pay each to the other. As a sentiment, or experience of the heart, no worship can be more concentrated, transforming and ennobling than the devotion which the heart of a husband pays to his wife, and the heart of a wife to her husband. No devotion can so vitalize and call into intense activity all the powers of the soul. Each lays reason, conscience, will, judgment, and every power on the altar of the other's happiness; and each consecrates all that intellectually, socially, and spiritually makes the one a husband and the other a wife, to the health and life of the other. By the heart-worship which each of necessity pays to the other, the very life of the soul of each is absorbed into that of the other. This is human nature.

It is right, because it is natural. This entire and exclusive devotion of heart constitutes the essence of the conjugal relation. It is the nature of that love which makes a man and a woman husband and wife, and which sanctifies and renders pure and ennobling the personal intimacies that belong exclusively to that relation, and which cannot be held in any other without conscious desecration and degradation. The husband sees in his wife God made manifest, as he does in no other being. Without one thought or feeling that he is doing any wrong or insult to God, or to any human being, his heart offers its supreme worship to her as to his personal God, revealed to him to dwell with him as a wife, to shield him from danger, to soothe his sorrows, to guard him from temptation, to comfort him in affliction, to solve the great mystery of his manhood, to be his light and his glory in the hours of his darkness and despondency, to lead him lovingly and tenderly along his pathway into the future, and to be to him forever an embodiment of the Divine, and an object of his heart's purest worship. Such heart-worship he pays to her, and she to him, by a necessity of their existence as husband and wife; and the thought that in thus worshipping each the other as a personal God, they are insulting and outraging the feelings of some ideal, abstract, outside God, or that they are doing a wrong to any other human being, never enters their mind, nor for one moment disturbs the harmony of their blended lives. The heart of each is satisfied with the pure and exclusive worship of the other, while the interior and exterior life of each becomes richer, nobler, more self-forgetting, more heroic and divine by what it gives and receives.

Would that men and women might never enter into the conjugal relation and its sacred intimacies, except on this basis of supreme, mutual heart-worship. Built on such a foundation, what power would home have over the character and destiny of individuals and States? A home built on the mutual heart-worship of the husband and wife, each regarding the other as a personal God, would be a fitting birthplace for children of God and heirs of eternity. Can any other be? Especially a home based on mere passion, or on indifference, contempt or antagonism? Has not the child a right to demand of its parents the advantages which an existence derived from a relation of mutual worship between its parents would give to it? The wife and the mother of his child, to the husband and father, his personal God, as no other being can be. In his heart he worships her, and that without a thought or feeling of self-condemnation for any disrespect to God as existing outside of her. He feels that in giving the supreme, exclusive worship of his heart as a husband to his wife, and to the mother of his

child, he gives it to God in the truest and highest possible sense. So to the wife, her husband and the father of her child is her personal God, in a truer sense than it is possible for any other being to be. In giving to him the supreme worship of her heart, she feels that she gives it to God in the holiest and highest sense of which her womanly and wifely nature is capable.

Worship as an act. See how this heart-worship of the husband and wife, bestowed by each on the other, flows out in all gentle and helpful acts in the sanctuary of home; each living in and for the other in all the cares and anxieties of domestic life; each ever growing rich and noble in the estimation of the other, by giving rather than by receiving, yet each feeling that they give nothing, but receive everything! How tenderly, how joyously the husband, whose heart is ever full of this worship, gives his manly strength to his wife to help to lighten her burdens as the ruler of his home—the mother of his children, and the "angel of his house." He feels that all he does for her comfort, to lighten her cares and sustain her in her efforts to make for him and his little ones a sweet and happy home, he does for God. So the heart-worship of the wife flows out to her husband in all loving and helpful deeds.

This is true family worship. Reading a chapter on oral prayer, asking a blessing, and returning thanks at meals, singing psalms and hymns, are but vain and useless observances, except as they prepare the husband and wife and stimulate them to practice toward each other self-forgetfulness, patience, forbearance, a tender and loving watchfulness for the health and comfort of each other, and to urge each practically, in all the cares, anxieties and labors of the family, to "live, move, and have their being" in the other. The only true family worship consists in the thousand acts of daily and hourly devotion of each of the members to the health, and true development and happiness of the others; each assisting the other in the constantly recurring cares and labors of the family, and each finding their own happiness in promoting the happiness of the others. This is Divine worship as an external life—a worship that ever blesses those who worship, and those who are worshipped. This heart-worship, joyfully given by the husband and wife, each to the other, is true, practical God-worship.

A husband talks of worshipping God by performing a chapter, a psalm, a hymn, and an oral prayer morning and evening; by asking a blessing and returning thanks at his meals; by keeping a Sabbath; by sacrificing to God of the products of his labor; by supporting a church and priesthood, and in other ceremonies; while to gratify himself, he destroys the health and self-respect of his wife, by imposing on her the most terrible of all sufferings, and the most overwhelming of all responsibilities, when he knows she is not able joyfully to welcome them; and in various ways, by his coldness, his indifference, his neglect, and his frequent and studied outrages in look, word and deed, he crushes the life of God all out of her, and brings upon her that desolation of heart from which the grave is her only refuge! It is all a mockery! It is an insult to humanity, and blasphemy against God! He worships an outside God by senseless and useless rites and ceremonies, while he pours out his contempt upon God as made incarnate in his wife, by destroying her self-respect, and outraging all her womanly, wifely, and motherly instincts and aspirations. How can he worship God as an ideal, and despise him as a reality? How can he honor God as an impersonal presence, while he practically dishonors and despises him as a personal presence made manifest in his wife? He prays and sings to God as an abstraction, and calls it divine worship, while he ignores his existence as made concrete in his wife. Instead of praying and singing to the praise of an abstract God, he had better sing and pray to and for his concrete God, as made manifest in his wife. To the true husband, the wife is one with God as an object of worship; to the wife, the husband is thus divinely associated. The heart and life-worship given by each to the other is given to God!

Thus saith the Lord to husbands and wives: "Your morning and evening chapters, psalms, hymns and prayers; your asking a blessing and giving thanks over your meals; your Sabbaths, your meeting-going, and your support of the church and priesthood; your solemn prayer-meetings, my soul hateth, and I am weary to bear them; while by your frettings and scoldings, by your mutual reproaches and recriminations, by your impatience and want of kindly and loving forbearance toward each other's faults, and by your evil passions and ill-temper, you make your home a hell to each other, and to all that are in it. Go wash you, make you clean, and put away the evil of your doings, and cease to do evil and learn to do well in your relations as husbands and wives. Thus shall ye worship me in looks, words and deeds of love, tenderness, and forbearance toward each other. This life of conjugal fidelity and purity is the only worship which God requires at your hands as husbands and wives."

Thus let the husband and wife worship God by leading pure and blameless lives in all their conjugal relations. Let each associate the other with God in all their devotions. Let them consider the deep, pure, concentrated heart-worship which each gives to the other, as given to God. Then will the heart of each be to the other the shrine of God, the Holy of Holies, where each pays the heart's supreme worship to its chosen and cherished object.

ARE THERE EVIL SPIRITS?

I see an allusion in your paper of the 10th of March, to the subject of Evil Spirits, from E. C. Dunn, of Rockford, Ill.—a subject less understood than almost any other that can possibly be named, perhaps, from the fact that we take our ideas upon this topic from impression, and what spirits are of themselves. I insist that there is a source from which to derive evidence far in advance of any such testimony. Do you ask where? I answer, through the medium of our feelings. The spirit to whom Mr. Dunn replies, proposes "to make it his duty to promulgate an entirely different doctrine." Really, suppose he does? nobody cares; for it could never settle the question. But it is put to rest in quite a different way.

Spirits, to us, are like air, but to themselves, tangible and substantial; and those discords that we feel within our immediate spheres, and realize in every way unexplained, are positively the result of spirit contact, an arbitrary and mean invasion of our personal rights within the territorial limits of our individual being, and by that very class of spirits who undertake, psychologically, to lay us out of this evidence, that every man should deem as conclusive the instant he realizes the unwelcome nature of the feeling; for the man would rid himself of it if he could. And none but a knave would persistently intrude himself where he was not wanted. The spirit, by inducing us to attribute these feelings to other causes, adroitly keeps himself in the shade.

Man, in his organic and constitutional being, is the highest possible condition of harmony in the

wide universe; for the angel is but the good man out of the body; and a devil is but a bad one, in a condition that cuts him off from reaching his old habits, except through a borrowed form. While the one enlightens the soul of sweets in spirit-life, the other lives to the animal side of a nature he prostituted while in this mode of being; and hence more easily impresses us, and ever holds this positive roughness over us, which we never can like until we abandon ourselves to its level. There is a foolish notion entertained that if bad spirits are about us, it is to be accepted as an evidence that we are like them; while the very fact of our realizing them, demonstrates our unlikeness to them. Do you ask, "If man is an organic completeness, where evil spirits originate?" In the misuse of this completeness of being. Evil is not in malformation, but an inversion of the good; a simple misuse of the right; a voluntary abandonment of a necessarily beautiful and harmonious condition of being.

Good has no other warrant or safeguard than its essential harmonies, and evil is no way fenced about save by its necessary discords. And each will eternally appeal to inevitable results for their respective rewards or penalties. There can be no such thing as constitutional and organic wrong, or inharmonious. For whatever is constitutional in Nature cannot be wrong; and no being has any right to expect of me to act in nonconformity with my nature. If I am organically and constitutionally crooked, feelings and acts to meet these necessities of my being would be my highest harmony; and I should not be wrong. And it would be mine forever to insist upon the right of living out my nature. But I recognize no natural depravities. If so, feelings and acts that conform to these can never be wrong, since they are both truthful and harmonious. For whatever represents itself is truthful, and whatever conforms to its best nature, is harmonious.

The fact that wrong, in both acts and feelings, are distasteful, is proof of the natural completeness of the human soul. And he who would not be satisfied with the evidence derived through his consciousness in regard to this point, would be hard to please, for he could never be convinced.

Man is everywhere a completeness, and discards an intrusion upon his soul, by some substance precisely like itself in personal war upon it. For anything which is the legitimate result of my natural taste, wishes, inclination, etc., could never be inharmonious with myself. It would be equivalent to saying that which is agreeable to me is quite disagreeable. No matter how others may regard my feelings and acts, if in conformity with myself there can be no discord. For these discords are what we personally feel, and are conclusive evidence of evil spirits—spirits who have misused all good in themselves and now seek to prostitute humanity to their low purposes, since they have no other method of reaching a gratification for themselves.

There is no use of lugging in the idea of a theological packhorse to shoulder the blame of an act. Nobody cares for the blame, it is the effect that hurts.

New York, March 12, 1866.

From California.

Having been a resident of this State a little over a year, and having taken some pains to ascertain the needs of the people spiritually, I am prepared to give a very correct account of the demands of the people of this coast. I find (and Mrs. Stowe's lecturing tour gives me the desired information,) that the people are all awake and ready to receive the Spiritual Gospel. Everywhere that Mrs. Stowe goes she has crowded houses and ample compensation, and the cry is for test mediums and more lectures.

It is strange that more do not come here, or that so many will remain in New England. I see by the Banner of Jan. 20th, that there are forty-eight lecturers whose addresses are in New England, twenty-seven of whom are in Massachusetts. And I judge from the late Mass. State Convention, that so great is the excess of speakers in that State that they have inaugurated a sort of proselyting and begging institution in order to give all the speakers employment. But I notice that the Convention manifested their wisdom in appointing for general agent or missionary, a Northwestern man—a man who has done much hard pioneer work, run a big breaking plow, and turned many of the errors of Old Theology under the sod in its onward march.

Would it not have been better and more in accordance with this progressive age, for that Convention, instead of appointing one person to travel the State, to have let those places who desire lecturers and are not able to pay a sufficient remuneration therefor, to write the Corresponding Secretary of their needs, and elect the speaker they want out of those who reside in or are engaged to speak in Massachusetts, or contiguous to it? In this way each place might be supplied, and each have that variety which is such a beautiful feature in the spiritual itinerary. There are a hundred places on this coast that are in great need of lectures, and I venture to say, there is not one of them but what will sustain a lecturer equally as well as the best in Massachusetts, and that, too, by voluntary contribution.

There are but two (and I might say but one, for Mrs. Cuppy has a *dear* sure thing in this city, and will not leave it), pioneers on this coast: Mrs. Cuppy and Mrs. Stowe. Mrs. Cuppy being constantly engaged here Sundays, Mrs. Stowe is the only pioneer lecturer on this coast, and, from the demands upon her services, I am sure that a half dozen could find employment. Why will not some few come out here and supply the great demand? I fancy that not half the speakers in New England get much more pay for their services than a fifth-rate Methodist preacher would on a backwood's circuit in old Virginia. Bro. Todd, who has accepted the agency, I see, hat in hand, walking up to the spiritual synod of Massachusetts to receive his commission to visit the poor and destitute, (noble mission!) not the free man he used to be in the Northwest, but hampered, for he must please the power that appointed him. Good-by, Todd, not as a man and a friend; but as a free man; you are no longer your own, but belong to the "State Convention of Spiritualists of Massachusetts." If you get sick of the hampers come out to the mountains of California and breathe a little free air; it will be good for your spiritual lungs after you have scrubbed in Massachusetts one year.

Just say, Mr. Editor, to these New England lecturers, that if they want to do a good thing, and reap a rich harvest, materially and spiritually, the Pacific coast is the place for them. None need come but number one speakers, those who can call out and interest an audience; there is room for half a dozen such. Yours for spiritual truth and progress,

A. C. STOWE.

POLITE.—At a meeting a few days since, when the minister made personal application of that awful question, "Will you take this man whom you hold by the hand?" &c., the bride, with a graceful inclination of her head, "midst a profusion of blushes, ejaculated, "If you please!"

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

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

TO MY YOUNG READERS.

DEAR CHILDREN—I am going to tell you a story, quite short, and not very interesting, I fear; but I want you to read it, for much of it is about myself. I have been living in this great city of New York almost three years, and I have become used to its noise and bustle and its strange sights and sounds, and now I am going to leave it, and I feel as I think some little plants will feel this spring when the gardener transplants them. We all take root where we live if we have any love in our hearts. We send out little fibres here and there, and wind them about some object. A poor miserable life we should have of it if we did not thus find something to love everywhere.

There have been dear little children that with their smiles and loving deeds have made me sure that New York had, at least, one gate opening to the celestial world—through the hearts of little children. I have heard dear voices speaking sweet words that I shall never forget; and I know of many eyes that, looking into mine, have spoken that which we all love best to hear—I love you, and I trust you.

You all know that there is no place in all this country where one can see more elegancies, and greater displays of beautiful things. Some of them I have seen, and it was pleasant to behold them; but now that I am going away, which do you suppose I love to remember best?—any, or all of these fine things, or those pleasant smiles and loving looks? I know I need not ask you; I had rather remember that some little child loves me, or some friend will never forget me, than to think of all the splendid things I have seen. I had rather remember the sweet voices of the little ones that have prattled by my side, than the music of all the operas that I have heard. I heard the fair Miss Kellogg sing "The Last Rose of Summer" so sweetly that I held my breath, and felt almost as if she had caught the strains from some spirit in her dreams. But I had rather remember some dear little voices singing, "Little Sallie Waters Sitting in the Sun," while a dear little baby crooned and laughed, than Miss Kellogg's sweetest strains.

And now do you not all understand what power you have to make the sweetest of music when you have kind wishes and thoughts in your hearts? And when you are wishing that you could see some of the beautiful or elegant things to be seen in this great city, will you not think that you have power to make sights more beautiful through the glances of your eyes, when they tell of the goodness and kindness in your hearts?

I have had the Allanthus a long farewell, and the little leafless peach tree, and the plants in the schoolmaster's window, and all my neighbors, the canary bird and the window where Robbie used to stand, and as I did so I wondered why I must go to other places, and find other neighbors. And then it seemed as if some one said to me:

"Is it not very good to be taken from one garden and put into another, so that you can see about you more of the beautiful sunshine and flowers, and learn how the dear Father in heaven is shut up in no particular places, but is found everywhere, and sheds his love abroad through all the hearts in all the world?"

I suppose the time will come when we shall rejoice over every fresh scene that we have looked upon, and be thankful for every face that has looked into ours. And now I am going to tell you what I am looking at now. The throngs of people that are passing up and down Broadway. It seems as if thousands every hour went up and down, and there are all classes to be seen. Gay young ladies come out to show their new dresses, and to let you know that they think it the best thing in the world to trail a silk, that cost four dollars a yard, up and down the dirty sidewalks. They never stop to look at those poor, tired shop girls, that can hardly pay for a room and their bread by toiling all day long. They never think that some of these have on far more beautiful garments than theirs, that cannot be soiled, and that glow brighter than the sunshine; for some of these toil for the dear ones at home, and deny themselves almost every comfort that they may give comfort to others. I knew one poor girl who supported her sister's four little children with her own hands, and never complained.

"We never have met except Sundays," said she, "and I work from five in the morning till twelve at night; but I am strong, and their mother, up in heaven, looks down and smiles on all I do."

Well! these gay young ladies and quite as gay young gentlemen pass on, and never heed anything that is less genteel than themselves, and doubtless they think the world a much better place than those poor working girls; but by-and-by when they can no longer wear silk and camels' hair, perhaps they will long for those better garments that only love and goodness can wear.

Just over the way there is a news-stand, and a rude, rough looking boy sells papers to them that will buy. Last winter, in the coldest of the weather, when the ice and snow were in the streets and the stone pavements chilled the feet even through thick soled boots, this little boy brought a little girl out with him. A wee bit of a thing she was, not more than five years old, but as quick in her movements as a little bird. She had on shoes when her brother brought her to his stand, but he took them off and hid them, and sent her barefooted and with only a ragged dress over her and no hood or hat, to beg of the passers by. She thrust out her little hand, red with cold, for a penny of the passers by. Sometimes she got a few, for she looked so pinched and frozen that every one who had a heart that was warm at all under their thick cloaks and warm furs, must have wished to comfort her at least a penny's worth.

At last a policeman desired to look into her case, and tried to catch her; but he might as well have tried to catch a little bird in his hand. She dodged and ran, and hid herself like a flash of light. No matter how carefully he came along, she always had eyes to see him, and some place to hide herself. Her little bare feet would seem to fly over the frozen walk, and when she had succeeded in escaping she would return to her begging again.

At last some kind-hearted ladies asked her to take them to her home. She most willingly led them; and they found her mother living in a very comfortable place, and with a plenty to keep her warm, and food enough to eat. This was the cruel way that that mother had of getting money. Only think of it! A mother could send out a little girl, and order her feet stripped bare, and her little hands and head to be exposed to the cold winds

of winter, for the sake of a little money, which, most likely, she was too indolent to earn herself. The ladies thought the best way to help the child was to let the mother know how wicked was her practice; and so they gave her what would be called about as severe a scolding as one woman can give to another, and the little girl has never begged on Broadway since.

But sometimes, when you who have tender, loving mothers, and dear brothers to care for you, and amuse you, and you think it very hard that you cannot always have your own way, and complain because you have not quite so nice a dress, or quite so fresh looking boots, or perhaps think bread and butter not quite good food enough, will you think of that poor little child, whose mother's heart was so cruel, and of that brother who could help make his little sister a beggar?

We often wonder that men and women are so wicked; but if that little girl grows up to live and steal, and do all sorts of bad things, can we wonder, when she has no one to help her be good, and never knows what love means, not even a mother's love?

This little true story made me wish that we had ever so many missionaries, or good people, that would go about and gather together all such little children, and help them to a better life. We all of us think that the angels ought to do a great deal for us, but I do not think we ought to expect them to do what we are not willing to help them do. I wish that we might all be like this spring sunshine, and make some beautiful little shoots of love spring up in the places that are cold, like that little girl's home.

I hope to be able to watch the little buds and blossoms that, feeling the warmth of the sunshine, spring up to make the world beautiful again; and, seeing them, I hope to forget some of the sad things I have known, and to gain a stronger faith in the dear Father's love. I should like to become a little child again, and have as much trust and hope. I have not forgotten what Jesus told his friends, that if they wished to find heaven they must become like little children.

I am very anxious to find heaven. I wish to enter it before I die; and so I am going to try and have as much love for the dear Father in heaven, as a good, loving child has for its mother, and then I shall think everything is just right.

I have seen a little girl that loves her mother very much, very quiet through all the disagreeable changes of moving. She never doubted but everything was just right when she saw all the things that her eyes had loved to look at packed away from sight. She never doubted when she was whirled away in stages and cars, and saw strange faces, and heard harsh sounds. She never doubted when she came to a new home, but kept trusting still; and this was because she felt such love for her mother, and was sure that she would take care of her. So I think if I become like a little loving child, I shall be sure that there is some one taking care of me, and so nothing can happen wrong.

Are there not some children, too, that wish to find heaven? I have seen little children that took me a great way from heaven by their frettings and complainings. If they could not have the very best of everything, they seemed to think that they could snarl and whine, and make everybody uncomfortable, and yet be loved just the same. Now I am quite sure that such children will never show the way to heaven.

I sometimes think I get a glimpse of heaven, and what I see clearest is light, and flowers, and little children. And so, as the beautiful spring light comes to us, warming and blessing us, and the fair flowers are springing up in every meadow and on every hillside, let us all try to bring a little more of heaven to earth by the love and goodness of our hearts.

Your true friend,

LOVE M. WILLIS.

(Original.)

MAY FLOWER.

Sitting by the fire with my little boy in my lap, he said, "Mamma, tell Merrill a story." And this is the story I told him:

Away out in a field close by a piece of woods, lived a flower called Trailing Arbutus, or in New England, May Flower. One bright spring morning, when the birds were singing in the trees overhead, little May Flower opened its eyes and thought, "Oh, how bright and blue the sky is! How the birds sing! And the brook at the foot of the hill laughs and bubbles over the stones, making everything seem so happy. I'll see if I can't put forth some little blossoms, to smell sweetly and make the bright-eyed boys and girls feel happy, too."

So it began to put out bright green leaves on its little branches, with brown hair like nerves to catch the magnetism of the sun and rain, and soon at the ends of the branches you could have seen the little buds, which were to open and bring to light the beautiful pink and white blossoms. May Flower loved the rain and sunshine, which came so bright and soft upon it, and so it grew just as bright and green as it could, in return for what it were blessings. The tall trees sheltered it from the cold northern winds, and below was the brook, saying ever in its glee, "Come after me! come after me!" in the most musical voice. And May Flower felt ever so glad and happy.

One day some little boys and girls came with their baskets to search for the red wintergreen berries, which hid so lovingly under their bright shining leaves, and one of them—little Josey—exclaimed, "I have some May Flowers!" And sure enough there they were; and she picked them and put them in her basket, saying, "Oh, how sweet they smell!" Then little May Flower felt so happy that everything looked brighter, and the brook laughed and sang more merrily than ever. By-and-by the sun grew very warm, and dried the dust in the road way down at the foot of the hill, and then the wind blew it all over the field, and some of it on May Flower. Then it wished, oh so much, for rain. And the brook heard it, and the great sea heard it, and all the waters heard, and the still voices of the trees and flowers for rain, and sent up from their bosoms a soft, damp vapor, which formed into clouds, and then came down, and washed the leaves and flowers of all their dust, and how sweet and good little May Flower looked!

The season for its blossoming was over, but still it grew; and grew, putting forth more branches and leaves, thinking to make the children happy again in the spring. At last it grew cold, and the leaves began to fade, and then May Flower thought, "I am so glad, for I want rest; I begin to grow sleepy." So it nestled down under the leaves, as they kindly fell over it, and waited patiently for the snow to come again. All the while its pretty brook kept bubbling on, telling its pretty stories to the stones, until the snow and ice came, and the snow covered little May Flower with a soft, downy blanket all over, and the ice formed in the brook and stopped its musical voice awhile, while away up its winding way, in the school-house, were Josey, and Sarah, and Ernest, and Eddie, and Rodolphus, learning lessons from their books, and at recess sliding down the hills,

or building snow-houses and gathering from the same brook ice for their furniture, thinking very little of sweet May Flower resting in its bed of snow.

But soon the sun came up higher, and the snow began to melt away, and the little birds came again one by one, and May Flower awoke feeling how good it was to be all rested, and it wished to begin again to grow for the children. So when the snow melted from it, there were already some little buds, which gave promise of the pretty flowers, and it heard the brook bubbling again, and seemed happier than ever as it sang to the stones and grass upon its banks. And as the sun came warmer and warmer upon May Flower, its petals unfolded again in sweet beauty, and the children came again to pluck the flowers and weave them into garlands and carry them home.

In this way May Flower lived, trying to bless others by its beauty, and feeling how glad it was to do, and how good it is to be in this bright world for the good we may do. **BLUSH ROSE.**
Ridgewood, 1866.

Charade.

At early dawn young Bridget wakes,
Refreshed by slumber, up she springs,
Dresses, does up her hair, and takes
The lamp and sundry other things,
To the low basement she descends,
And daily duty she attends.

My first, she first proceeds to do,
Taking my second up to do it;
And when this business she gets through—
It never takes long to get through it—
She bathes her rosy face and hands,
And fresh and fair as morning stands.

But turning round with sudden twirl,
Against my whole she hits her pate,
Setting her brain in such a whirl,
She wishes now—but all too late—
That she more moderate had been,
Or had my total better seen. **SOPHIA.**

HEART LEAVES.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Sanctification.

Some people seem to have imbibed the idea that children and young folks have but few serious thoughts. This I consider a great mistake. I do not believe that I am so different from others; but in looking back upon my early years, I sometimes laugh, and sometimes feel indignant, as the retrospection brings to mind the world of anxiety, the absolute mental torture that a false theology inflicted upon me. When I was some four-and-a-half years of age, a minister told me of Jesus who died on a tree for little children like myself, and said I ought to love him. "I do love him," I replied, in the simplicity of my heart, for the story of his goodness won me at once. The following summer, if I remember right, I learned to read in the Testament, and there it said that Jesus died on the cross. Now here was a puzzle. The preacher said a tree, the book said the cross; how to reconcile the two I knew not, for I had not the most distant idea that it was possible for *big folks* or books to be mistaken, or tell stories; only careless, bad girls like myself could be guilty of either. What did it mean? I dared not ask, for I never heard these things spoken of only by the preacher, and the book, both so commanding my reverence that I feared to question; and how my little brain used to ache in trying to solve the problem! From this time forth I was in constant trouble. The wonderful stories told in the book made a vivid impression upon my susceptible mind, and what the preacher said of the certainty of death for all, and of hell for those who did not love and serve God, drove me nearly wild at times.

But it is only the old story, only what thousands have experienced, and I will not dwell upon it; suffice it to say that when a little past fourteen, I fell in with a protracted meeting, and was counted with the converts. Yes, I thought I had got religion; but my mind being progressive, I had no idea of standing still, I must go ahead. The command, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," and the like, were not in the Bible; and being there, were God's word; and, as he would not command what we could not obey, it was plainly my duty to make the above practical. In a word, sanctification was possible; it was for me, and I must obtain it, or fall short of my duty as a Christian. Honest confusion, but how should I reach the desired ultimate? To be consistent, or not to be; that was the question. Some three-fourths of a mile away from my home lay Lake Erie, to be reached by crossing meadow after meadow belonging to the rich man on whose farm we were but poor tenants; and close along the bank of the rock-bound shore grew a few whortleberry bushes.

One day, as I went in search of this, my favorite fruit, my mind was particularly exercised on this same subject, sanctification. Several months had passed since I had professed religion. I had become weary of the sinning and repenting, and my heart longed for rest; if I could only get the blessing I sought, of course all would be peace. At length, after a strange process of reasoning, resolving, and faith, I psychologized myself into the belief that I had actually obtained it. True, I did not feel the rapture I had expected, but I had done what I could—I had given up all, and as His promises were "yea, and amen," it were sin to doubt, and so there was peace, and I tried to exult in that peace, but it was only *trying*. Whortleberries were scarce, so I made up my mind that I must take them all home, and that it would be wrong for me to eat even one; but after awhile I found my hand going to my mouth with a very large one between my fingers. I checked myself in time, however; soon the process was repeated, again, and yet again, till finally the tempting berry slipped down my throat, and away went my sanctification.

From that day to this, I have never been able to find it again; but sometimes my mind goes back to that long strip of meadow, to the blue waves beating against forty feet of perpendicular rock, and to the struggle between sanctification and the big whortleberry, in which the latter came off triumphant.

Spiritualism, viewed from the Harmonical standpoint, is the last, and therefore the best, development of the sublime relations between mankind and the next higher sphere of existence. To the opponent its outward manifestations are only incomprehensible rappings on a piece of furniture, signifying nothing—to us, those sounds are the musical beatings of the tides of an infinite sea against the forms that cover the shores of a material world. The social and familiar tokens and signs of mediums, when they write, or personate, or heal the sick, or speak the words of friendship, are "trivial" or "saturnine" to the Orthodox skeptic; to us they are freighted with the mystic love-fulness of deathless guardians who inhabit the fundamental spheres; and with uplifted hearts we hail the voices of our loved ones, departed, whom the ignorant mourn as "dead," for we behold in them the absolute certainty that whatever is human is immortal.—A. J. Davis.

CHRIST AND THE PEOPLE—BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

[A REVIEW FROM ADVANCED SHEETS.]

It may be supposed when a man sits down to write a book, especially in these days, when of the making of books there is no end, that he has some particular thing to say, or, if he has an old story, that he has got a new method of telling, or, in other words, that he has got something new to say in thought or style. And it may be well asked in advance: what is there new to be said in religion? and none the less so that we have been to school to Spiritualism for twenty years.

It is to this question that the author addresses himself in this book.

Dr. Child is well known among Spiritualists, and has been supposed to write and speak in the interest of Spiritualism; but in this book there is little or nothing said about spirits or Spiritualism; indeed, the word Spiritualism is not even mentioned. But this cannot arise from any fear or unwillingness to connect himself with an unpopular sect, nor is there anything in the nature of the subjects chosen for discussion, that this marked omission need to happen; and we must look for the reason of this in a reactionary tendency, in the so-called Spiritualistic movement, toward Christianity.

Perhaps it is not just to say that this book is Spiritualism interpreting Christianity, since the book nowhere fairly commits the author to that, but it is just to say that, in some respects at least, its interpretation of Christianity is entirely new; for no book before this, that I am aware of, ever set out to show that sin and Christianity were friends, cooperating in man to the same end. It has, however, nothing to do with a dogmatic Christianity; it has no special Bible, no Church, no priest and no altar; it prescribes no forms, imposes no beliefs and exacts no duties; it tolerates the right of dissent and the right of revolution; it pleads legitimacy for all things, and imposes restraint upon nothing; and, while affording to everything a universal license, it brings everything at last under the law of retribution.

Christ, in the view of our author, came into the world not to satisfy "Theological Justice" or to suffer in man's stead, but to develop and exemplify in his own person the law of progression and the method of salvation. He sees no approach through intellectual belief or ceremonial faith, nor in the constraint of passion and appetite, to external law, but rather in indulgence and correction, whereby the soul gains experience and an acquaintance with the Divine Principle manifested in him. He hears Christ saying to the world, "I come not to deliver you from sorrow and suffering, but to deliver you through them; and, if you would have everlasting blessedness, you must follow me, do as I did in the flesh, and take the pains for it. But this result—the rising and falling in sin, the purgation of the soul through suffering—is not doubtful, and hangs upon no contingency. It is not whether men will or not—who would choose to suffer?—but the ultimate liberation of the soul from the bonds of the flesh is a part of the constitution and law of things, and is, to all intents and purposes, the work of the overshadowing Divinity.

From this it would seem that man need not concern himself about himself. But not so the doctrine of this book; the less concern the more suffering. The man who wraps himself up in his selfishness and awaits the motion of his Divinity, will find the gentle Christ, when he comes, armed with whips and thongs, to bind up his selfish loves and ambitions in bundles to burn them, to drive him away from the altar of self-elevation and self-sacrifice, and scourge him into the temple of truth and brotherhood. A foolish man may read this book and say, "Well, I will do as I please, and it will all come out right in the end." And so it will, as if to nurse his sickness would not give him the more pain. The author does not say there are no thorns to pierce us, and when there is an angel to spread flowers at our feet, there is not a serpent to bite us at the heel.

So far from denying the existence of sin and the legitimacy of punishment, he sees that these things are, and that they are by Divine right. He sees the counterfeit follow the banker, the forger the merchant; he sees slavery follow liberty, speculation industry, and anarchy democracy, and recognizes in them a necessary antagonism out of whose blast and counterblast comes forth development and divinity.

It is not wrong to sin, nor is it wrong to feel remorse; but these are edged tools to give us experience in their cutting, and to be flung down when they have done their office. He sees the changeability of religious form, and the permanency of religious principle, and recognizes in Christ a moral force of Divinity, as permanent and unchangeable as gravitation in material substance, and finds in him the will and action of Deity.

He sees in all things earthly, change, revolution, progress; and in all things heavenly, permanency and purity.

He does not believe the IDEA Christ capable of improvement or superseding, though he does not concern himself with the question whether he is an exhaustive representation of the Deity to higher intelligences.

He sees in the disorderly influx of spirit forces into the world, the reappearing of Christ, who comes with a rod to break up the selfish institutionalism of society, and make the faiths and hopes of prophets, seers and saints practical among men.

He sees in this movement the torch-bearer and the builder, and sees, also, that the necessity to tear down is only equalled by the necessity to build up; and, recognizing the unity and divinity of Christianity, pushes by the self-instructed builders of air-castles in philosophy, and for the new temple of truth relays the foundation in Christ.

It is difficult to tell exactly in what class of religious literature this book belongs, and there may be a question whether it is not entirely unique and unexampled, both in its matter and method. The author is not exactly a mystic; he seems everywhere intent upon grappling with facts, and his drift seems to be not to retire within himself and philosophize, but to go out among men and Christianize. He is ideal without being mystical, and real without being formal. He is bold, and yet subtle. He takes up the great questions of theology without appearing to distrust his ability to handle them, and gives his exposition as if no other existed. Look at his exposition of sin.

It has been generally supposed that man got himself into difficulty by way of sinning, and that Christianity is a divine way of getting him out; but Dr. Child informs us that the Divinity which gets him out, got him in; and though this is a plain, blunt way of saying it, it is little else than Calvinism, or what is better, Paulinism, for says that great apostle, "The creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected him in hope."

Of course no account is made of the freedom of the will, but if the doctrine of this book be looked into carefully, it will be seen that human responsibility, in the sense of suffering for sin, is maintained with unerring certainty.

This book teaches us that God is the sole author

of actions, and of course he cannot blame man for acting agreeably to his own will, though he can, justly enough, make him criminate himself, and feel remorse for his conduct, as a means to discipline and ultimate happiness.

Nor does this fatalism overthrow the conscience, for his rebuke is as certain and severe; his eye is as vigilant and active; and his sting is as keen as if the will were sovereign of its action.

But we gladly turn from what seems a cold and heartless fate, to the arms of a warm and sympathizing Providence. If it must needs be that we sin, it must needs be that we have a deliverance from it; and if we are broken by the unmerciful Moses, we are made whole by the merciful Christ.

Happily, Christ starts with us on the title page, and goes with us all the way through the book, not as a "medium," or a "development," or a mere idealism, but as a veritable Divinity, living, and loving, and working in the great heart of the world.

Doctor Child sees no Church, State or Society organized on Christian principles. He sees the State built up upon force, the Church supporting the State, and society supporting both, and the Golden Rule put by among the impracticable sentimentalists; while in the new force which Spiritualism has introduced into the world, he sees heaven descending to earth, and Christ making himself practical among men.

The positions taken by our author, some of them, are new and startling; and the reader is surprised, if not stunned, at the sudden and bold terms he meets with at every step.

When he is told that human law is the cause of sin; that justice is a usurpation of courts, and judges and juries unauthorized executioners, he is shocked, and thinks the writer an alder and abettor of criminals; nor is he much relieved when he sees the criminal turned over to the "spontaneous justice of nature," for nature is too slack and long suffering for his notion of justice.

But it is no objection to our author's theory that a state of nature is a state of barbarism, for he believes the artificial contrivances of society are so many necessary steps, disciplinary and progressive, to the ultimate end—experience; and that through the failures and successes of these contrivances, men will learn better than to condemn and punish, and turn over offenders to the "spontaneous justice of nature;" and here the retributive forces are ample, and the treatment men give to nature, she will give back into their own bosom.

Nature knows nothing of forgiveness, has no mercy in her soul, and never falls into the "melting mood," but is booted and armed for a kick and a thrust at whoever gives her an insult.

Of course, on the part of men, here is the doctrine of non-resistance; and Doctor Child has fallen into the grave mistake of taking Christ at his word—"Resist not evil." But in this Christ is the germ of all power—the gentlest of beings, yet the most powerful. Good will is mightier than wrath, as the granite monument defies the blast, and yields to the sunbeam.

But what! the Golden Rule in the courts of justice? Not the golden rule but the courts of justice! If each man were to his fellow as to himself, the judge would put by his ermine; the lawyer his writs and pleas; bankers would invest the surplus funds of the people for the people's good; speculators would conserve the public industry against want; and there would be just weight, and measure, and price, in the market-place. "A consummation devoutly to be wished."

It is true sin comes by the law, and political offenses by the statute, but independently of these actions, are in themselves unworthy or meritorious, as they are agreeable to nature, or offensive to her; that is to say, actions have, in themselves, essential qualities, apart from any external rule, and the law is but the recognition of this obvious fact; and hence with Doctor Child it is not a question of punishment or suffering, in the abstract, who shall inflict it.

Turn over the offender to the "spontaneous justice of nature," says he; but society replies: Nature has committed that trust to me in the instinct of self-preservation, but if she will take up my quarrel, and make me whole, I will make her hangman and jailor, and wash my hands of condemnation.

But who art thou, oh man, that judgest of justice? Is it God that sends the swine into your vineyard? the goat into your harvest? the worm into your fruit-bud? the hawk to take your chicks? the crow to pull up your corn? the eagle to steal your child? And who shall say that he has not made men to gather when they have not strown, and pluck when they have not planted?

But there is no doubt, should society attempt to realize the theory of Doctor Child, there would be at first, until values were better arranged, a good arrears due to legal theft, should they fall on this generation, and be paid in full, would wrest industry from capital, unthroned the king, and unbank the banker. The priest has had his government and is dead, the merchant has had his government and is dying, and the next man to catch the falling mantle of his master is the laborer, and when the seal of office is in his hands, the artist, the scholar and the Christian shall be his secretaries.

Nor can this come without blood, this costly sacrifice must lay upon the altar of all success, and he that would serve must first suffer. Our author speaks of a coming "terrible struggle," and intimates that this "struggle" will be between capital and labor; nor has he left us to guess on which side of this controversy he throws the influence of his book. No man oppressed and poor can read it and understand it without hope, and no capitalist and grinder of the face of the poor can read it without alarm; for as soon as any considerable number of the people come to believe its doctrines they will come to act upon them, and hence its tendency, until the day of reckoning be overpast, is to the insecurity of property. And yet without reason, for as soon as a man transfers himself to the sphere of this book, he is contented with poverty, and pities the man unfortunate enough to be rich.

But acting men take the letter, and not the spirit, and there is this danger, that this book will be badly understood and well abused.

Rousseau told the people of France that Society is a contract, which they had a right to dissolve. Doctor Child tells the people of America that Society is a usurpation, which they have a right to overthrow; and yet he is everywhere an advocate for peace. Nor are these two things inconsistent, for a good peace man is a good fighter. Christ himself was a peace man who came to send a sword, and to-day with the sword of peace he stands against the world.

But Doctor Child is not talking to incendiaries and thieves, for they will believe nothing but that this book is from the devil; his believers and sympathizers will be mainly of that class who have lost their property and the good opinion of their neighbors, who have been crucified in their affections, forsworn allegiance to the earth, and are looking for a friend in heaven.

Nobody thinks of holding the discoverer of photography responsible for the counterfeits of the

bank bill, and why should a man be blamed for telling the truth, because fools and rogues will turn it into error.

He simply says there is so much coiled labor in State street, and so many human rights in Endicott street, and if these two streets in consequence fall into a quarrel, wherein rights and dollars become equitably adjusted, why is he to blame. Did Christ, when he told the Scribes and Pharisees they were thieves and devourers of widows' houses, authorize or instigate the rabble to plunder them? Not at all; nor to avoid this result would he have withheld the truth.

The knowledge he gave the world was the sword he came to send, and the new heart he promised was the law of peace.

If we would have peace and progress, and not stand in jeopardy every hour of revolution, let us have no institution or law among us that will not bear it to be spoken of just as it is, and abandon forever the vicious principle that the people must be deceived to be taxed, and cheated to be governed.

We admire his plain bluntness which leaves us nothing to guess as to what he means, but when he tells us that "Every sin is an edict of God," we would like to see this sentiment a little embellished with the concealments of speech; and a little of the poetry of suffering might have hallowed his discourse on Sacrifice.

But after all what is a gift the better that it comes in fine clothes, or how is the truth more truthful that it is gilt-edged and ruled. We care not so much for the feather in a man's cap as for the battle-scar in which he won it.

No man could utter himself as this author has done, and sigh out in sympathy for poverty and distress, who has not himself taken disappointment by the hand, and looked affliction in the face.

But great truths never come gilt-edged, and under the public seal, they have no credit at court or office, and come only as heretics until they have joined our Church.

But if a man shall think something that I have not thought of, why should I not rather suspect myself of ignorance than accuse him of heresy?

The Church will see nothing in this book but Satan, and albeit, with honest eyes, for how can a man be thought better than an infidel, who has a religion without a Church, and a Christ without a theology, and conservative Church keepers will put it by as a thing not to be touched, while the radical will find material in it for his next speech.

If the conflict of opinion, and the struggle for the mastery, which is so common to hear predicted by the "mediums," is to come, then, as between the Spiritualists and the Church and its friends, the issue is fairly made up in the position taken by Dr. Child; for the majority of Spiritualists think as he does, and the real question will be, not the existence of sin, but the sinfulness of sin.

It is maintained by Dr. Child and his friends, that there is nothing in the world that ought not to be; and yet when 'sin is expelled from the world, they will be ready to say it was because it deserved to be; but it will not be executed as a criminal who has forfeited his life, but dismissed as a servant who has done his work.

The American section of the Church can rally upon the freedom of the will, and easily prove the sinfulness of sin; but how the Calvinists can make head against the doctrine of necessity, as advocated and illustrated in this book, is not clear, for it is only their cat let out of the bag.

This theory of Dr. Child, in essence, rests upon the sovereignty of God, and upon the responsibility, but not the freedom, of the human will; and he puts the question plainly, whether, on the ground of the most respectable theology, men, inheriting a propensity to sin in a sinning nature, are not, perforce, compelled to sin; and whether it is not wise to make a virtue of necessity, and find out the uses of sinning.

"And vindicate the ways of God to man."

It is certainly not more absurd to say that a man's actions are right, and he is responsible for them, than to say that his will is free and his acts are ordained, which, in effect, is what high Calvinism does say; and, as between the two, Optimism and Calvinism, if I must choose, I had rather, as in the moral aspect of the thing, be the author of a plan to save blasphemers, than of one to damn infants. I had rather have it said of me that in the fullness of faith and good will, that I forgave murderers, thieves and adulterers, and carried harlots into the kingdom of heaven, than that I built a jail, and thrust my brother into prison, and hoped in the mercy of God.

Metaphysically, in this theory, sin is but that resistance which spirit offers to matter; and, theologically, but the responsibility of the human will in conflict with the Divine will. It is not a disease, but rather a medicine, and sometimes more violent kinds of sinning are necessary to break up the uniformity of the habit of small sinning, and by agitating the faculties to prepare the soul for the implanting of new germs of thought, and new motives to progression.

It is not that cunning thing that stole into Eden with wisdom in its brain and seduction in its heart, cheated the woman of her birthright, put the man in chains, and forecast the bloody bondage of the world. No, it is ignorance; and but a ghost at that, which vanishes at the sight of knowledge.

On the whole, we may say of this book that it does not show a designing spirit. The writer of this book doubtless finds as much difficulty in attempting to reason upon his propositions as anybody else will; he came to his convictions not through the reasoning intellect, but through the intuitive and unreasoning. His propositions are not badly reasoned—they are not reasoned at all, but stated in detail. He tells us what he sees and feels, and not what he reasons and remembers; and he is informing us always of what is, and never of what OUGHT to be.

When he says he awoke from his dream and found all other men asleep, he says nothing whether these men ought to be asleep or awake, but takes it for granted that they will awake, not when they ought, but when they will.

There is no sentence in this book that appeals to depravity, and no justification of sin that would weigh a feather with a man who believed himself a sinner.

If to induce men to leave themselves and follow Christ, if to give them the reward of suffering, and lay on them the penalty of disobedience—if this is not good philosophy and good religion, what is it? And this is exactly what this book does; and if there are any among Spiritualists who see too much of Christianity in it, it will be an excellent fault.

It is meant to give no rest to sects, creeds and conventicles, day nor night, but to insist that Christ is in the Christian, not that he be believed to be God, but that his doctrines be accepted and practiced, and such a doctrine, in the long run, may be safely left to its own vindication.

H. S. C.

Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question whether he was still in the land of the living: "No, but I am almost there."

Correspondence.

Spiritual Matters in Quincy, Etc.

The granite rocks of Quincy are not more firmly fixed in the marble beds of mother earth, than are the superstitions of old Orthodox forms and fables planted in the minds of many of its inhabitants. Money-serving, priestly brawls are still proving themselves to be only "blind leaders of the blind;" but, as the continual dropping rain will wear away even the hardest stone, so we find that spiritual elements are constantly working down deeper into the "hard and stony hearts" of many who have long tried to repel the truth, and they are now beginning to discover, through their dimmed vision, that "truth crushed to earth will rise again."

The Children's Lyceum has become one of the established institutions of Quincy, having been in operation for nearly a year past, and with continually increasing interest. The late exhibition added some sixty dollars to this library-fund.

Mrs. S. Helen Matthews, of New Hampshire has been engaged here for three months; meetings are held every Sunday, and the audiences are unusually large, while circles meet nearly every evening. Mediums are being developed, and the best of tests and communications are furnished through the powers of this highly unfolded and unassuming spiritual teacher.

At one of these circles the writer tested her powers, and was told that in the future he must give still more of his attention to the spread of spiritual truth; that success would only attend his efforts in an organized promulgation of spiritual light and knowledge; that his way had been hedged up by heavenly wisdom; that the long years of angelic schooling which have been granted him have been for a purpose, and his life-line must be turned into a channel of still more usefulness.

My own convictions, together with these communications, have convinced me that in no other way can my time be more profitably employed; hence I am now prepared to speak on spiritual reconstruction, the philosophy of healing, or any of the practical reform questions of the day. Sundays or on week evenings I shall be able to visit spiritual societies or temperance associations, and proclaim the truth for whatever compensation the hearers may be pleased to give. My business of selling reform books will enable me to travel at my own expense, to a great extent, and visit different places and people. I wish to go where there is a work for me; among those who are struggling to keep up meetings; where my most remarkable spiritual experiences may be of service to others, and also where the heavenly gift of healing, combined with the Swedish movements and other hygienic agencies—as taught and practiced at Lexington, Mass., by Dr. Dio Lewis—may be made to do the most for those who are sick of mind and body.

Mr. Spear's spirit (the late healing medium of this place), controlled the speaker at Rogers's Chapel last Sunday, and gave the reason why he acted so strangely last spring before he passed on. He asked the forgiveness of those of his true friends whom he had wronged, and gave some advice, which moved the audience to tears. Under the control of Howard, the philanthropist, who gave a fine discourse. The appeals to the wealthy to combine their means and work with a will for the poor and the outcast, were uttered with a thrilling power that could not fail to reach the heart of every hearer. When the daily lives of reformers are made to correspond with such divine sentiments as these angel-teachers so eloquently express, surely all opposition to the spread of Spiritualism must disappear from those who have the welfare of humanity at heart.

Calls for my services may be addressed care of the Banner of Light. Hoping henceforth to have on the whole arm to battle for reform in spirit and in truth, Lam truly yours,

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.

Quincy Point, Mass., March 20, 1866.

Physical Manifestations, Etc.

I greet you again from the Great City of the West. I am happy to say that Spiritualism is flourishing here, despite of the sneers of the secular press. Dr. Slade, of Jackson, Michigan, has been here for a few days, giving such overwhelming proofs of spirit-existence and power as to disarm the veriest skeptic. I had the satisfaction of attending one of his circles. In a gas-lighted room, we heard the raps, loud and frequent, under the table, and on the back of the medium's chair. Then, a tiny piece of slate pencil, so small that no mortal writer could make use of it, was placed on a slate, and the medium held it under the table with one hand, his other hand resting on the table, where all our hands were also placed. We heard the scratching of the pencil over the slate, and three little taps announced that the writing was completed. The name of H. Martin was written, son of Mr. Warwick Martin of Waukegan. And the name of B. Whipple, being that of a relative of a gentleman present, was also written. Then Dr. Slade held it up under the table with one hand, holding the instrument at the bottom, and our immortal friends discoursed sweetest harmony upon it, playing the tunes of "Home, Sweet Home," and "Gentle Annie," with an accuracy and feeling that brought tears to my eyes, and I hope the joyous certainty of eternal life and happiness to other hearts.

Dr. Slade has in his possession a pastel painting in colors, a beautiful and lifelike portrait of his departed wife. It was drawn by his own hand, under the control of a Scotch artist, in the short space of one hour, in the presence of ten to fifteen persons. This labor of love was performed in the evening by gas-light, at his office in Jackson, Mich. Several artists of high standing in this city have pronounced it the best production of art of that kind that they have ever met with.

Blessed be such evidences of the immortal life! such heart-reaching proofs of the nearness and love of spirit-friends. Such mellowness is above and beyond the reach of the shadows of suspicion and doubt.

I had the pleasure of meeting our zealous co-laborer, S. S. Jones, at the reception room of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, and to meet with Mrs. Robinson, the good medium who brings weekly tidings from the summer-land to the Message Department of the Journal.

I have also clasped friendly hands with Dr. J. P. Bryant, the healer, whose genial manners and developed spirituality render him a competent physician for the cure of souls, as well as bodies.

I am informed by Charles Hayden that he is a native of the State whither I am journeying; that the voices of the sea upon the picturesque shores of Maine, the soul-encouragements of the true hearts there, have aided the expression of the heaven-sent inspirations wherewith he now blesses the world.

I have met again with Mrs. J. S. Fuller, that efficient laborer for humanity; and with Sister Daniels, formerly editor of the Rising Tide. I am indebted to her for many kindnesses that leave indelible memories of gratitude.

CHICAGO, ILL. CORA WILBURN.

Correspondence in Brief.

The Day of Revivals not Passed.

While the Holy Ghost, or some other ghost, has been active during the long evenings of the past winter in reviving old saints and making new ones, our goodly city has not been overlooked in the general outpouring.

It was stated that two were dead; that last autumn's leaves covered our grave, and the chilly winds of winter were to sing our sad requiem. But how mistaken! We have had a revival, bringing us more harmoniously together, and inspiring us with new life and zeal, and are to-day, perhaps, in as flourishing a condition as at any period of our history.

We are agitating the subject of a Children's Lyceum, and probably shall establish one in due time.

My main object, however, in this article is to call the attention of those interested to a speaker who, though an old laborer in other localities, yet is now to us. I refer to Bro. Isaac P. Greenleaf, who has been laboring for some years in the East. It was an experiment with us, as we had never heard him; but it proved a most successful one. We will not say he is the best lecturer we ever had, because having had all the best ones in the field, we do not like to call any one the best. We will say, however, we never have had a speaker who gave more general satisfaction than he. His style is peculiarly his own. As you follow him in his discourse, you wonder the subject was never so clear before; and as you listen to his grand and peculiar illustrations, you forget the feebleness of the speaker, and become charmed, as it were; the world seems to recede from view, and you are carried with him into the bright beyond. He is to be with us again in April, and we anticipate a good time.

Bro. Greenleaf needs no word from me, nor from any one else. His controlling influences will tell their own story. Friends, if you have not heard him, secure him, if you can, to fill your first vacancies, and our word for it, you will not be disappointed. W. H. R.

Tunton, Mass., March 1, 1886.

A Voice from the West.

I cannot refrain from troubling the Banner with a few lines to let it see that the believers in the Spiritual Philosophy (though few in number) in this place, are alive to its beautiful truths and earnest advocates in its behalf. We have just been refreshed by a series of eight lectures, by W. A. D. Hume, of Cleveland, Ohio, an earnest, able and eloquent speaker. I will not infringe upon your time and space by giving the particulars of each, but must say that number six, on "The Nature and Presence of the Spirit," was a perfect gem. No words of mine can do it justice. By request, number seven was an address on the subject of Temperance, and gave universal satisfaction. Number eight was a poetical address, in which we discovered him to be, not only an able speaker on the subjects of Spiritualism and Temperance, but a genuine poet, also. I think if we could have kept him a little longer, he would have shaken Old Theology out of its rusty boots. Notwithstanding the sectarian bigotry of this place, he had large and attentive audiences. Friends of Progress everywhere, encourage this brother by your words, invite him to labor among you, and in due time you will reap a rich reward. Again, I would ask you to sustain him in this great work in which he is devoting his talents, his energies, and his life. May success crown all his efforts, and the hand of friendship be extended to him wherever his lot may be cast.

SARAH A. HARVEY.

Vermont, Fulton Co., Ill., March 20, 1886.

Answers to Questions.

The editor of the Western Department of the Banner propounds five questions, to which we answer:

- 1st. Spirit is the only substance in the universe, Spirit and matter differ in degree, and not in essence, therefore matter may, and does, "through development and refinement," become spirit.
- 2d. A monad may be a quality or plurality in unity, having form, but it may not, as a monad, possess all the primal elements of organization, as related to the whole.
- 3d. I understand the spirit body to possess all the primal elements of the physical organism.
- 4th. All influences are substances. Substances composed of organized forms may be transmitted, intact, through a denser substance without displacing the material particles of that denser substance; for instance, the astral body in water may be filtered through a board, but the higher forms of organized life—like that of a spirit body—cannot be transmitted with the same results.
- 5th. "Natural laws, the effects of which the senses cognize," furnish testimony concerning the powers of spirits, particularly when those "powers" are operating on MATERIAL OBJECTS, like displacing the particles of a door. F. T. LANE.

Signs of Progress.

In an adjoining town in the early part of last summer the citizens resolved on the establishment of a Sunday School for the season. On canvassing the matter over for a superintendent, the district being pretty thoroughly orthodox of different persuasions, with a moderate sprinkling of liberals, there could find upon none other on which they could agree, save Mr. Lucian Clark, who, in early life, for many years had been one of their number; but who, on arriving at more mature years, became disgusted with the whole Church performance; had finally settled into the belief of the great ocean of infinite spirit, but no "identity" of the once mortal in spirit life; instead, of course, to the great body of Bible believers—a fact well-known to all his neighbors; yet he was the man selected, and with his great soul in the work, gave, as we understand, good satisfaction. It was an Orthodox preacher, in good standing, who first proposed our friend Clark for the position. Who shall say the world don't move toward a more rational and consistent philosophy? W. D. HOLBROOK.

Waukesha, Wis., March, 1886.

Message Verified.

In the Banner of March 31, you publish a communication from Mrs. Lizzie Clough (formerly Miss Lizzie Smith). Some ten years ago I frequently sat with her for spirit-identity. She was the instrument of convincing many of my friends of spirits out of the form communicating with those in the form.

Several times I met M. V. Bly, the self-styled "Detective Medium" that she speaks of, at her rooms. The spirits entrancing her gave him valuable lessons, and if he had heeded them he would not have been in his present condition. Mr. Bly was entranced by a spirit who, when on earth, was a professional phrenologist. While he was thus controlled, he was equal to the spirit, when in the form, as a phrenologist; but out of the control he knew nothing of the Science. He stated to those present that it was a uncle who controlled him at such times, and that he was a phrenologist while in the form. Many of Mrs. Clough's friends will readily comprehend the significance of her call on Mr. Bly. I give you the above as corroborative evidence of the truthfulness of the communication. Yours truly,

A. S. HAYWARD.

Connecticut and Rhode Island Spirit-ualist Convention.

By some accident the names of the Executive Committee for the Connecticut and Rhode Island Association were lost, and I was unable to furnish them in my report. Since, however, I have been able to obtain most of the names, which I now give: G. W. Burdham, Norwich, Ct.; S. P. Anderson, Hamburg, Ct.; A. Rogers, Waterbury, Ct.; W. W. Berry, Willimantic, Ct. I think there was one from Providence, but the name I cannot remember. If there is any one of the Committee that can, and will send it to me, or any other name that I have omitted, I will see that it is reported at once. We only appointed a few, leaving the rest to be appointed at some future time. A. E. CARPENTER, Sec'y.

Putnam, Conn., March 28, 1886.

All along the Sound, bowing-places for the summer are mostly taken up already by panic-stricken New Yorkers, who dare not stay at home for fear of the cholera. The hotel-keepers and farmers all along from New Haven to New London are counting upon an unusually profitable season.

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SUCCESSORS TO A. J. Davis & Co., and C. M. Plumb & Co., will continue the book-selling business conducted by the latter at the same place where all books advertised in the Banner can be procured, or any other works published in this country, which are not out of print.

ALL SPIRITUAL WORKS.

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Having thus taken upon ourselves new burdens and greater responsibilities—the duty of enlightening the world—we call upon our friends everywhere to lend us a helping hand. The Spirit-ists of New York especially we hope will redouble their efforts in our behalf.

J. R. LOOMIS, who superintends our New York Branch Office, has long been connected with the business conducted by the latter office, and will promptly and faithfully attend to all orders sent to him.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1886.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

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

Poetic and Practical.

The highest beauty, say some philosophers, is to be found in the highest use. The statement is axiomatic. We turn from the contemplation of what is merely ornamental, if it be nowise related to the object it was intended to set off, to a feeling of weariness amounting, at times, to positive disgust. There is no beauty for our eyes, unless it springs of use, like a flower from the ground. Thus does Nature plant the hint within us, in the form of our own instincts, that it is not only possible but essential that the two conditions be strictly balanced and harmonized; that each shall support and inspire the other, being always its complement and companion.

Persons who are especially fond of calling themselves practical, seek to destroy the naturally intimate relation which it bears to the poetic. They stand off and rail at the latter term, as if it were somehow a stigma, in that it suggests only what belongs to a state of indolence, dreaminess and utter impracticability. None are more dead set against every exhibition of the imagination, the fancy, or the tenderer and finer sentiments, than they. Listening to their tedious, because monotonous, lingo—a formula of shallowness which it required not such a very "practical" mind to invent—you would think that to eat beef and pork was really the "chief end of man"; that there were no higher modes of bringing the faculties into healthy exercise than by following the necessary routine of business; that to eat and drink, to work and sleep, to put off and put on, to pay one's taxes and make money, was about all we were ushered into this state of existence for, and that the throbs and pulsations of the inner life, which is all the real life there is, are no more to be regarded or respected than a fall of rain or a change in the direction of the wind.

It is almost idle to reason with such persons on a subject which can be reached only by the perceptions. Theological faculty utterly fails to grasp that indefinable aura, that something truly divine, which informs, colors, heightens, beautifies and gives life to life itself. We are all of us more or less poetic by nature. We do not of course mean that we were born with a greater or less capacity to speak and write after rhythmical laws, and conformably to the statutes of metre; but we mean that the creative, the imaginative, the really poetic (from the Greek word, *poiesis*, which means a creation,) faculty is in us all, and that it leads us on through the dull and strange experiences of life, now lightening our path with some of the most powerful rays of hope, now taking these very common facts of our earthly being, and mixing and combining them with a bewildering attractiveness, again filling out our plainest duties and most ordinary purposes with its breath, and afterwards making all earth heaven for us, a condition of suffering and opportunity for developing genuine courage, and a seeming misfortune a real blessing. The poetic element in our nature is thus the surest ally for the practical. In fact, the latter becomes nothing but drudgery when it is divorced from its fellow. We could not go along and live, unless life were relieved at every stage by this always ready element of assistance.

We live, in fact, in two worlds at once. Or better, and with stricter truth, we work mechanically, unless we do it with our souls as well as our hands and brains. The spiritual must needs infuse the mechanical with its own life-giving qualities, in order to make our work either natural or complete. The border-line of each sphere is contiguous to the other, so that we are continually stepping over in spite of ourselves. The individual who sneeringly and ignorantly makes a boast of being practical only—as if he scorned to have what is poetical, that is, spiritual, imputed to him as a part of his character or an element in his conduct—does not know that what he does from a strong motive, he does more easily than what he performs mechanically alone. He would not understand you if you were to tell him that he could do easily and quickly for love what he could do only with difficulty, and perhaps even not at all, without the active presence of so powerful a motive. But how does love give strength and skill to his hands, or rapidly and happily to the motives of his brain? Ah! there is the mystery—the very mystery which this "practical" man utterly fails to get at; and none are able to realize it, but as they willingly yield themselves to the inspiration, letting it conduct them almost as it will.

Benj. Todd for California.

Mr. Todd informs us that he has decided to sail for California in the steamer which leaves New York on the 11th of May. He will resign the missionary agency of the Massachusetts Spiritual Association, to take effect after the first Sunday in May. Mr. Todd has received such urgent calls to visit the Pacific coast, that he now deems it his duty to obey the summons. He is just the man to pioneer in that region. His eloquent, bold and earnest dealing with old theology, fits him for the task of furrowing new ground. He has been an able worker in the spiritual ranks for some eight or ten years in New England and the West. He will do a vast amount of good in the gold regions.

A Test Seance in Boston.

Laura V. Ellis, a little girl, just turned her thirteenth year, has recently been developed as a physical medium. The manifestations through her were first given at the residence of her father, in Chicopee, Mass., about a year ago. Since that time she has, in company with her father, visited several cities and towns, and given public exhibitions. The manifestations are similar to those in presence of the Davenport and Eddy, in a cabinet.

On Thursday evening last, Mr. Ellis, with his daughter, gave a test seance in our Circle Room. The medium was more securely tied than we have ever before seen one, with strips of cotton cloth, about an inch and a half wide. Her hands were tied behind her and then secured to a bolt in the back of the cabinet; she was also tied around the waist and neck, and the ends of the cords secured to the cabinet. The committee appointed by the audience for the purpose, critically examined everything and reported that the young lady was securely tied and fastened to the cabinet. The door of the cabinet was then closed, and before Mr. Ellis had time to withdraw his hand from it, a voice from within cried out, "open the door," which was instantly done, and the strip of cloth which was fastened around the girl's neck was found lying in her lap. After an examination by the committee they reported the tying and knots "as they were before"—although it was apparent to all present that it was an utter impossibility for the medium to have slipped her hands from the bands and returned them again in so short a time, particularly when knots made in strips of cotton cloth are more difficult to manage than those made in a rope.

Similar experiments were made with like success. Musical instruments were played upon, keeping accurate time with music outside the cabinet.

A voice was heard talking in the cabinet nearly all the time, which did not sound like the girl's. It purported to be the invisible intelligence which performed the manifestations. To test this point a square block of wood was placed in the medium's mouth, which completely prevented her from articulating a word distinctly; but still the voice was heard talking distinctly, and asking the medium why she did not speak out plain. This test seemed to be quite satisfactory to the audience. We have not room to give in detail all that transpired. The committee—one of whom said he was intensely skeptical before he went upon the platform—reported that they were perfectly satisfied that what they had witnessed was done by some power outside the medium.

The seance was a success, and demonstrated the fact that Miss Ellis is one of the most reliable physical mediums now exhibiting before the public.

Hours of Labor.

Several hearings have been had before the legislative committee by those who favor and advocate a reduction of the number of hours for a full day's work; and although the report of the Commissioners appointed by the last Legislature were adverse to anything like legislation on it, yet the present body do not show symptoms of being so intimidated by their conclusions as not to be perfectly willing to give the subject a fair and patient hearing.

The leading argument for Labor is, that it ought not to be overtasked, but, with other interests, deserves the protection of the State. This object is expected to be secured by the passage of a statute making eight hours a day's limit of labor, so that those who work only that number of hours shall receive the same wages with those who work eleven. It is deemed essential that the State interpose with its authority in the matter, so as to secure the establishment of an uniform rule, which cannot be pleaded against one class or another, but equally in favor of all.

No one denies that Labor fails to have a fair chance, by the side of the capital which employs it. We realize what is meant by the statement that demand and supply will always regulate one another; but there is another than the merely commercial side to the question, which wise legislators will not long wait to take into due consideration. If it be true, as it is often asserted, that labor and capital are in close relationship, then surely the rich should not be permitted to encroach upon the poor.

Spiritual Circles.

Science has much to do with spirit-communication, hence Spiritualism is a scientific religion. The magnetic laws are brought into requisition ere a disembodied spirit can possess itself of a foreign, living, mortal organism. There is no mistaking the evidences we are continually receiving upon this point.

The greater harmony that prevails in a circle, the sooner can a spirit mesmerize the medium, and get full control to speak. Every man and woman is a galvanic battery, and the nerves are the wires through which the electric fluid—nerve aura—is transmitted. This fact we have demonstrated to the satisfaction of ourselves, as well as many others, in our various experiments with people of susceptible physical organizations. Without harmony, nothing of a satisfactory character is given at circles, as a general thing. This fact is illustrated in a choir of music, when in-harmony exists. The same law governs both. Each are in immediate rapport with the spirit-world. We throw out these brief hints for the government of those who are just beginning to hold circles in different sections of the country.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis.

Dr. Willis, as we announced a few weeks since it was his intention, has taken up his abode with us, and will open an office in this city in a few days, for the practice of the healing art. He is a regular physician, and, being a highly gifted clairvoyant, readily sees the complaints and needs of his patients. He will soon, no doubt, have a large practice here. He will not entirely leave the lecturing field, but speak on Sundays in the New England States, at convenient distances from Boston. We are glad of this decision, for we consider him one of the very best in the lecturing field. During the month of April he will speak in Lowell. Having withdrawn his engagement in Troy, N. Y., for May, he is at present disengaged for that month. His permanent address will be in care of this office.

Anniversary Week.

The time for the Annual May Anniversary Meetings is drawing near. Last year the Spiritualists met in Convention, at the call of Dr. Gardner, and freely discussed the subject of suitable Sunday instruction for children. Thos. Hunt, Esq., of Salem, was elected President. The Convention resolved to make itself a permanent institution, and hold sessions at the same time each year; but we do not learn that any of the officers are making arrangements for a session the coming month. Are the Spiritualists to have a meeting? Who can answer?

To those who Weep for their Loved Ones.

As the white snow veils the bosom of the earth, so does sorrow cast a halo of purity around the immortal spirit. As the night winds play on the Aeolian harp, sweeping forth its music until the air is laden with melody, thus does the hand of grief rest on the heart-strings, awaking the angelic within, until its echoes reach the Summer-Land beyond the stars. The wild waves of adversity break the seals to the fountains of the spirit, where the priceless gems of purity lay hidden like a pearl in the shell, waiting to adorn the spirit when it is no longer satisfied with the jewels of earth and their material settings.

Weep not for the flower the angels have culled from the wreath in thy home of love. Mourn not for the loved ones who have gone to dwell 'neath skies that know no shade—where the flowers of life feel no thorns of death—where the loving heart is never crushed. When the sun's bright beams no longer meet your gaze, think not they are gone, for they are only shaded from your view by the storm-clouds that pass between you and them. And thus it is with your spirit friends. When their loving glances no longer meet your fond gaze, think not they have left you, for they are only hidden from your sight by the darkness that robes the spirit in the earth-life.

When the loved ones cast aside the veil of materiality, say not they are gone, for like the unseen winds that sweep through the quiet chamber, whisper on the stairway and murmur in the corridor, thus silently they come. Like the gentle breeze that enters unnoticed, cooling the fevered brow, bringing perfumes from the flowers afar and thoughts from the angel-world, thus do the loved ones return to earth from the Summer-Land, gliding the clouds of sorrow with their bright presence, and wiping away the bitter tears of grief with an angel-hand. And they depart as silently as they came, leaving the sweet influence of their presence on the weary heart, as night leaves her dewdrops on the drooping rose. As the rose unfolds, it absorbs more dew; as the heart expands, it drinks in more love, that great developing power of the universe—the sparkling magnet that measures not distance, but holds kindred spirits in sweet communion, though their homes are found on distant shores.

Then weep no more, but wave the wand of harmony o'er thy spirit, and you will feel their bright presence as the flowers feel the sunshine.

Treaty with the Sioux Indians.

We are pleased to see that the Washington Government is now disposed to deal more justly by the Indians than in times past. This looks well for the progress of humanity. A treaty with the chiefs of the Sioux Indians, (the Lower Butte Band, of Dacotah), has been officially promulgated. These Indians bind themselves to cease hostilities against persons and property of whites, and use their influence, and if necessary, physical force, to prevent other tribes from making hostile demonstrations against the Government of the United States or its people. Also to use their influence to promote peace among all classes, and withdraw from the overland routes. The Government is to pay them six thousand dollars a year for twenty years, and confer other benefits upon them in consequence. If the Government agents are trustworthy, who will faithfully carry out on our part the stipulations of the treaty, we have no doubt these Indians will fulfill their part of the contract. But should they cheat the red men, to enrich themselves, (which has always been the case heretofore), the Indian will resent the wrong, and use his own method of doing it. The red man never betrayed a friend, and will not spare an enemy. It is his nature. This is well understood by the white man, and yet the latter continually—through duplicity and other agencies—seeks quarrel with his red brother. Let us change that policy toward the Indian; make him our friend, instead of our enemy, by dealing justly with him. Then, and not till then, shall we have peace upon our borders. Civilize these sons of the forest. Learn them how to love, instead of how to hate!

Le Messenger Franco-Americain.

We have received several numbers of "Le Messenger Franco-Americain," a large double sheet, published weekly in New York, though the heading of March 21st announces as having its office at San Francisco, and an "especial edition for California, Central America, Mexico and the Antillas." It is an able paper, patriotic and progressive, espousing the cause of freedom everywhere; soliciting that our new colored citizens should have the right of suffrage, it deprecates the veto of the President on the extension of the Freedmen's Bureau, yet it is not severe upon him, but has faith, apparently, in the final triumph of true republicanism. Its European news is very full and satisfactory, giving especially the sayings and doings of the French legislature and tribune; speaks of the Fenian movement, of the late fear of their invasion into Canada; it does not believe that the French there are absolutely hostile to them, as one of their organs, "L'Union Nationale," says that "the sympathies of the world are for Ireland, as they were for Poland," and expresses the hope that the United States and Russia will snatch Ireland from out of the yoke of England, and elevate her to the rank of an independent nation.

Quincy, Ill.

Dr. J. K. Bailey, in a note from Quincy, Ill., where he is at present located, as lecturer and physician, under date of March 17th, says: I find here a new life force put in motion in the Spiritual cause, (which is the cause of humanity,) and Mrs. Wilhelm has been largely instrumental in the good work. She delivered a deep and eloquent farewell discourse in the Court House, yesterday afternoon, which won the admiration of all, and the plaudits of an intellectual and large audience. Miss Belle Scougal gave an intensely interesting lecture in the evening, to a full house. The work goes bravely on, and elements have been put in motion which will ultimate in the unfoldment of life-giving fruit.

Dr. J. R. Newton.

We learn that Dr. Newton arrived at New Orleans on the 6th of March, from Havana, (Cuba) where he has been sojourning for the last two months, healing the sick. He was very successful in his humanitarian efforts in the West Indies. He was to remain a few weeks in New Orleans practicing the healing art before coming to Boston. He will, we understand, open rooms here about the 15th of this month.

Gazelle, and other Poems.

The Detroit Western Rural, in speaking of this fine book of Poems, by Emma Tuttle, says: "In following the story of Gazelle, which forms much the larger portion of the book, the reader is introduced to scenes peculiar to American life—its woods, streams and lakes, with the wild life of the untamed West. The measure in which the poem is written changes with the character of the subject, thereby making a pleasing variety without interrupting the unity of the whole."

Spiritualism in the West.

The Spiritualists of St. Louis having gone ahead in such an enterprising and truly exemplary manner, as we have before taken occasion to mention, their timely action suggests to us of the Eastern States the inquiry, if, by a similar concert of plans, we cannot place our philosophy as squarely before the world as our Western brethren have done. There is a difference to be allowed in circumstances, we know; but that need not carry the implication we are to attempt to do absolutely nothing. There is a freedom everywhere in the social atmosphere of the West, which almost takes the shape of a phenomenon; only under such favoring conditions as it seems to inspire can we have such entirely liberal movements and examples as are plentifully furnished by that fortunate section of the country.

New England is called sometimes the breeding-place of ideas; but the Western soil is certainly the soil to sow them in. The formalities have never been allowed time to consolidate their rule out there. Men have been thrown too much on their character to give much thought to creeds and methods, and hence a new and fresh style of life has begun to make its appearance, fuller of meaning and vigor than what we find in any other part of the country, or any other country, and pregnant with all desirable possibilities. No wonder that Spiritualism takes root and flourishes in such a soil; and we are confident that there it will bring forth its noblest fruit. There are fewer trammels there. Men and women are freer, more individualized than anywhere else in the country.

"L'Avenir" of Feb. 15th contains a translation, from the Banner of Light, of Mr. Lacroix's Doctrine of the Re-incarnation in France, in which he says the spirits here teach it differently, not basing it upon *explanation*, and the editor introduces a note saying, "We would have M. Lacroix observe that during three years we have presented to our readers numerous extracts from the Banner of Light, the learned or scholarly direction of which we appreciate." L'Avenir of Feb. 8th contains some translations of communications through Mrs. Conant. There is also notice of a new book entitled, "The Natural Unknown Forces," relating to the phenomena produced by the Davenport and other mediums, by a young astronomer, who writes under the name of *Hermes*. The extracts given from it show it to be an able work.

"L'Union Spirite," (Bordeaux), Nos. 34 and 35, are mostly taken up by a long and able letter "to the editors and publishers of anti-spiritual journals," by A. Greales, a retired officer of the administration. It is scientific and philosophical. He says, "Spiritism cannot be defined by one word, because it is so complex. It is a science, an art, a work, an institution, a doctrine, a religion, a crusade, a revolution, an intellectual, scientific, moral and religious cataclysm! It is incontestable science, perfectly conditioned. All is true, real and positive, as exact as most of the sciences already acquired. It is not more credulous to believe in Spiritism than to believe in physics, chemistry, geometry, astronomy, photography, and the electric telegraph." He then goes on logically to reason the matter out in a very readable and convincing manner. In some things we might not agree with him, yet it is worth translating, as showing the earnestness with which the French savants take up, when convinced, our glorious faith.

Discourse on Martyrdom.

Miss Emma Hardinge, on Monday evening last, at Harley-street Rooms, gave a discourse on "Martyrdom." She spoke of the physical and moral laws, and the results of Martyrdom in the Spirit-World. Her descriptions of the conflagrations of Santiago, and the sinking of a vessel at sea, were told with dramatic effect. The deep pathos of those parts of her discourse which related to the common martyrdoms of life, was felt by the whole audience. No theme could have been more appropriate, and certainly no theme could have been better handled by her. We get into the habit of speaking of these trance discourses in the ordinary language of praise to the medium instead of the spirit. We think there can be no mistaking the fact that Miss Hardinge undergoes some psychological change while delivering these discourses; her manner, and especially her expression, is so different from that which marks her discourses when in the normal condition. We cannot speak too highly of the discourse of Monday evening. It was one of those beautiful things to be remembered.

A vote of thanks was readily accorded to Miss Hardinge, after which a vote of thanks, coupled with a vote of sympathy, was given to Mr. Coleman.—London Spiritual Times, March 17.

Personal.

Mr. A. James, Geological Medium, and discoverer of the Chicago Artesian Well, has been in our city for some days. He goes from here to Providence, R. I., some time the present week, and from thence he will return home, via New York City, Albany, Cleveland, and Toledo—hoping to reach Chicago in about two weeks.

James M. Beebe, one of our "Merchant Princes," has just retired from the dry goods business with a fortune of four millions. His airy palatial residence on the "Gov. Hancock estate," Beacon street, has just been completed. He came to Boston forty years ago a penniless boy.

Prof. J. G. Stearns has just finished a very successful course of lectures in Bangor, Me., on Psychology, and intends to return to the West about the 1st of May.

New York Matters.

A correspondent informs us that the exhibition of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, at Cooper Institute, Tuesday evening, was a perfect success. Rev. Mr. Blanchard, Universalist, spoke in Dodsworth Hall, on Sunday, before the Society of Spiritualists.

Miss Lizzie Doten commenced an engagement at Ebbitt Hall last Sunday, and will speak there each Sabbath during the month.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have sent us the following pieces of new music: "She stood by the door," a ballad, words and music by J. H. McNaughton; "When sorrow sleepeth wake it not," a song by Edward Lamb; "My heart is over the sea," a ballad, sung by Mlle. Parepa, music by Carlbel; "Flag of Columbia," a patriotic song, sung by Miss Maggie Williams, music by W. A. Powell; A Galop, music from Grispina elia Comare; "Leaves and Blossoms," No. 2, arranged for the piano by Fritz Spindler.

Meetings in the Melodeon.

Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook will address the Spiritualists again in the Melodeon next Sunday. The following two Sundays, Rev. A. T. Foss, of New Hampshire, will occupy the desk. The meetings are free to the public.

New Publications.

SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY; A Scientific and Popular Exposition of the fundamental problems in Sociology. By R. T. Trall, M. D. New York: Miller, Wood & Co., Publishers.

Dr. Trall here offers the public the important work on which he has been engaged for a number of years, and for which the public has been eagerly waiting. We can but say of the work in this place, that it meets a want which all intelligent and progressive individuals have long felt. The mawkish delicacy that seeks to conceal knowledge which only generates corruption from its suppression, will be overwhelmed by such a plain and perfectly proper exposition of a vital subject as is to be found in this volume. Everybody, who cares to understand the laws of his being, and the true methods of development and progress, both physical and mental, will desire a perusal of this work. It is illustrated at convenient points, which greatly helps to make the understanding of the true theory of sexual physiology more easy and fixed. We need not commend it for its own sake, much less on account of the conceded ability and skill of its author. The public demand such an exposition, and it will be read and studied as it ought to be. Under the influence of its teachings, and those of books of kindred import, we shall have purer relations established between the sexes, and a far larger sum of happiness in the married and social condition.

DR. CHILD'S NEW BOOK, long awaited, and prepared with so much care—"Christ and the People"—has just made its appearance. In lieu of a review of it ourselves, we call the reader's attention for the present to an elaborate notice of the same by a very capable critic and good writer, on the third page of the present issue of the Banner. We bespeak for this latest production of Dr. Child the attentive perusal of all who are drawn to books of thought, containing hints of progressive modes of life, and abounding in the spirit of genuine benevolence and truth.

THE GRAHAM'S: A Novel. By Mrs. Trafford Whitehead. New York: American News Co. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

Here is certainly an attractive volume externally, and the dress is none too good for the beauty of the story. It is English, a tale of social and domestic life, and full of vivacity and character. Some readers who profess to know, style it a "fashionable" novel, which is enough to insure its pecuniary, if not its literary, success. We can do no more than speak of its general attractiveness, which is beyond question.

The American News Company of New York will, on the 5th inst., issue, as agents for the Publisher, a new fortnightly Magazine, to be called "The Galaxy." It is to be illustrated, and it is promised that it shall contain the best serial stories of the most distinguished foreign novelists, light essays, sketches, poetry, and a lively review and summary of the choicest articles of the leading periodicals of the world. Price 25 cents per copy. We wish the enterprise success.

THE CREOLIAN; or the Forces of Circumstances. By Anne Argyll. New York: American News Co. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

A modern novel, well spoken of by those who have read it, and printed in convenient form for a rapid reader of fiction.

MONTHLIES.—We are in receipt of The Journal of Health, The Illustrated Philologist Journal, Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine, and The American Old Fellow, for the month of April. Excellent periodicals, and well filled with interesting matter.

We shall notice Dr. Clark's new "Clarion of Health," in our next issue.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We call attention to Mr. J. H. Conant's card in another column. Any of our musical friends in want of good instruments, will do well to give him a call.

Notwithstanding Mr. Colchester possesses the precious gift of mediumship, and through his instrumentality thousands have become believers in the Spiritual Philosophy, yet he does not fulfill his obligations to those he has pecuniary dealings with. In nearly every place he visits, he makes enemies by his short-comings. We have pitied him, and have endeavored to bring him to a sense of duty; but it appears to be of no avail. Spiritualists everywhere have also aided him. There are honest and conscientious mediums enough in the land who need aid. Patronize such instead. Our sublime religion, although incalculating the largest charity, does not wholly eschew the rule of justice.

A correspondent, C. A. S., writes an encouraging letter from Haverhill, Mass., in regard to the steady progress which the Spiritual Philosophy has made in that place. We have not the room, or would publish the letter entire.

The young man arrested recently by Constable Barker, at the Post-office—who gave the name of Henry C. Morton—on the alleged charge of obtaining money by false pretences, has been discharged from custody, no person appearing against him.

WARREN WOOLSON.—A correspondent informs us that this gentleman is not a new speaker in the spiritual field, as stated in a recent Banner, but has been laboring in that capacity for the last ten years, and doing a great amount of good; that he is poor in worldly goods, but rich in spiritual gifts. He is a good lecturer, and gives satisfaction to his audiences. His address is Hastings, N. Y.

THE SLACKS DEFENDED BY THE CIRCUIT COURTS OF MISSISSIPPI.—The Vicksburg Herald says that the Probate Court of Carroll county, Miss., appointed a negro without summoning his father to answer as to his right to the custody of his son. Whereupon the father sued out a writ of habeas corpus before Judge Cochran, who declared the proceedings of the Probate Court null and void, and ordered the boy to be returned to his father.

The U. S. Supreme Court has decided in favor of the constitutionality of the Massachusetts Liquor Law.

A correspondent in Havana writes that if he wanted to describe the island of Cuba in a single line, he should call it "the land of the sea and the home of the slave."

The Spiritualists of the city of Monmouth, Ill., have organized a society for the purpose of furnishing knowledge of the life beyond the grave, and practically carrying out the principles of true religion.

Rents are declining in New York and going up in Boston.

The New York Senate has defeated the eight hour labor bill.

The late Imperial disaster in Mexico is confirmed. The French General Douay, with fifteen hundred men, coming up from Saltillo to protect the Imperial garrison at Parras, had his retreat cut off and his whole force captured. The Liberal loss was trifling. In the interior of the State the Liberals had achieved a magnificent triumph, inflicting heavy losses on the Imperialists. The Liberal cause is looking bright.

The amount of milk used in this city per day is 15,733 gallons, costing nearly two millions of dollars a year. It requires ten thousand cows, besides the water introduced into the milk cans, to supply the demand.

According to the census just taken, the population of this city is 192,264.

Air is a dish on which one feeds every minute, therefore it ought always to be fresh.

On a very cold Sunday morning not long since, a gent entered a German barber's shop in this city to be shaved. While waiting his turn, he took a seat near the door, when the barber, who is very polite, but who does not understand the English language thoroughly, requested his customer to "take von seat on de stove"—(meaning nearer the stove). To which the gent replied, "No, I thank you—I'd rather stay where I am."

An ale drinker is always ailing.

A Philadelphia writer says that Mr. Jay Cook's new house "will contain fifty bed-chambers, a chapel, a gymnasium, a library, and all the accessories to the palatial house of a Christian banker." No mention is made of any arrangements for feeding the poor. We hope the "Christian Banker" won't forget that important duty. If he will send a donation to our "Bread Fund," we will distribute it for him, in the shape of bread, to the deserving poor, who are daily receiving aid at our office.

Authenticated accounts of the cure of rheumatism, deafness, croup, erysipelas, fever and ague, and toothache, by Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, will be found in another column.

A young mulatto girl in New York has written a novel said to show "great brilliancy of style and vigor of thought."

South American news is lively. Two Spanish frigates have been beaten off by the defenders of Chilian fortifications at the mouth of a river in which the allied fleet lay. Bolivia has joined the anti-Spanish Alliance, but Columbia has refused to join it.

We call the attention of those who imbibe rather freely, to the following lines:

He sits alone, on a cold, gray stone,
While the sun in the west is sinking;
Why looks he so sad? Cause his head aches bad,
From a little too much S-M-I-L-I-N-G.

Senator Foot, of Vermont, has gone to join the higher Congress.

President Johnson has vetoed the "Civil Rights Bill," recently passed by Congress. Had he allowed it to become a law, it could then be truly said that ours was the land of liberty and equal rights to all—which is the intent of the Constitution, although never carried out.

The robber who stole from R. L. Lord's safe in New York, a few weeks since, one million and a half of bonds, has been arrested and a small portion of the funds recovered.

NONSENSE.—Hoarding nickel cents.

If mothers, as is claimed, mold the human mind, how is it that woman has never had her "rights?"

There is a rumor afloat that butter is infected with some sort of disease. We wish it was free from the disease of fifty-fifty cents per pound. That has been prevalent long enough.

Young Ketchum, the forger, now in Sing-Sing Prison, is to be pardoned by Gov. Fenton, so that he can be used as a witness in several important law-suits growing out of his forgeries.

The Boston Transcript, in speaking of the paragraph going the rounds about a New York clergyman coming home one night all battered and bruised, and declaring that he had been assaulted and robbed, though he had really been on a spree, says "it is quite as applicable to a cage in a town in this vicinity, from whence two colleges, one hundred and fifty churches and a divinity school can be seen."

There is a project on foot to erect in some central locality in this city a building large enough to accommodate the officers of all the public and private charities. It is a good move.

About sixteen hundred divorces have been decreed in Massachusetts in six years. It is known that thirteen hundred and sixteen were decreed in the five years that ended May 1, 1862—and at the same rate during the last eleven months we may assume that the grand total is not far from sixteen hundred. If all who wish to be divorced had been gratified, what would the figures have been?

Some pains make us talkative, but a man with a toothache is apt to hold his jaw.

The continued high price of printing paper seriously affects publishers of books and newspapers. Harper & Brothers, of New York, have ordered a shipload of white paper from Belgium, and Tieknor & Fields, of this city, have ordered five thousand reams from London. At present prices, good book and news paper can be delivered in New York from Europe, all duties and expenses included, at three-quarters the price of American paper of the same grade.

Congress has defeated the Bankrupt Bill.

The work of constructing a new reservoir for the Cochituate Water-works has been commenced, and it will be completed this spring and summer. The reservoir will be in Newton and Brighton, near the line of Brookline, about a mile and a quarter from the Brookline reservoir. The land purchased amounts to one hundred and ninety-two acres, and the area of water will be one hundred and twenty-six acres. The capacity of the reservoir will be seven hundred and thirty millions of gallons, and the estimated expense nine hundred thousand dollars.

The Tribune says Chicago has "fifteen square miles of mud without a green spot of land—two hundred thousand people without a breathing place." The editor has seen Boston Common, and it makes him sigh for one in Chicago.

The Wisconsin House of Representatives has refused to restore the death penalty for murder, by sixteen majority—fifty nays to thirty-four yeas. In Georgia, the Legislature has made burglary and horse-stealing capital offenses.

To the History of Perfumes, published some time ago in England, may be added the appendix that Platon's "Night-Blooming Cereus" has attained a sale that was never reached by any extract for the handkerchief, in any part of the civilized world. Sold everywhere,

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.)

G. R.—We shall print your essay entire, very soon. If our sheet was not there in the present state, we have no doubt we could fill it with interesting original matter sent us for publication. Our well-appreciated correspondents must not think we will neglect them because their essays are delayed. The simple fact of our inability to accommodate all the friends in this respect, annoys us more than anything else. Thanks, friend R., for past favors.

W. B. L., WESTFIELD, N. Y.—We would gladly publish reports of lectures delivered here and elsewhere, always, could we afford to do so. We have been through that mill once, at an expense of many thousand dollars, and at the burnt child dreads the fire, we don't think we shall attempt it again—at least, until our exchequer fully warrants it. We have no doubt you would help us by the extra expense, but the many would not. We have learned wisdom by experience. However, we shall publish verbatim reports, whenever we can afford to.

J. M. A., RUTLAND, VT.—We have all the accepted letters you have symbolized. None of the others.

J. N. W., LITCHFIELD, ILL.—Do not remember seeing the articles. If the questions were received, they have been presented to the circle, and will appear in due course.

W. C., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—\$6.00 received.

Mrs. J. H., EAST PEPPERIDGE, MASS.—Lola Washbrook's address is Massillon, Ohio, box 84.

Business Matters.

DR. R. GREENE has for more than twenty years given special attention to the treatment of Cancer, Scrofula, Humor, and all diseases of the blood. His office is at 18 TEMPLE PLACE, 3d door from Washington St., Boston. Pamphlet descriptive of treatment sent free.

TAKE AYER'S SASSAPARILLA to purify the blood, and purge out the humors, pimples, boils, and sores which are merely symptoms of the rottenness within.

PIANOFORTES.—Prices: \$100, \$125, \$150, \$175, \$200, \$250, \$275. 283 Washington street, Boston.

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

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

L. L. FARNSWORTH, Medium for Answering Sealed Letters, Address, Box 1071, Boston, Mass. Terms, \$3.00 and 3 three-cent stamps.

Special Notices.

This Paper is mailed to subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

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

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



TO SORES AND BURNS, APPLY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, OR READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other soap or ley in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, 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. BABBITT, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York. Oct. 14—17

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

Chloasma, or Mothpate, (also Liver spots), and Freckles, are often very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, and the absence of which shows more plainly on the face of a blonde than a brunette; but they greatly mar the beauty of others, and any preparation that will effectually remove them without color, texture or color of the skin, is certainly a desideratum. Dr. B. C. PERRY, who has made discovery of the skin 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 Bond street, New York, and for sale by all druggists. Price 25¢ per bottle. Sold by all Druggists everywhere. 6m—Nov. 11.

Notice to Subscribers.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires. Call the time when you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time has come when you should renew your subscription. Those who desire the paper continued, should renew their subscriptions at least three weeks before the respective figures correspond with those at the left and right of the date.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in *Agate* 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.

J. H. CONANT,

DEALER IN

PIANO FORTES, ORGAN HARMONIONS,

AND MELODEONS

OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY, AND WARRANTED IN EVERY PARTICULAR to be the best made instruments in the country. They are fully endorsed by the Musical Profession. Our Piano Forte and Organ Harmonions are of the latest style, and in all in want of any of the above instruments, are invited to call and examine our stock before purchasing.

N. B.—Spiritual Societies in want of Harmonions and Melodeons for their meetings, are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock before purchasing.

Just out! NOW READY

DR. U. CLARK'S NEW QUARTERLY

CLARION OF HEALTH.

SINGLE COPY per year, 50 cents. In advance. Five copies to one address, 25¢. Specimen numbers mailed free on receipt of 15 cents in stamps or postal currency.

Patented by Dr. U. Clark, City of New York, from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., at the City of New York, at the office of the Commissioner of Patents, at the old Beinecke house, Salem street, Boston, Mass.

Send for CLARION OF HEALTH, and you will get details. Address all orders and letters of inquiry at his risk, DR. U. CLARK, 18 CHANCERY STREET, BOSTON, MASS. 1W—April 7.

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

FITS—A Sure Cure for these distressing complaints is now made known in a Treatise on Foreign and Native Remedies, published by DR. O. PHELPS.

FITS—A prescription was furnished him in a single case, and he is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia, and the ingredients may be obtained from any

FITS—Send free to each on receipt of five cents in stamps, or 10¢ in money. Address, DR. O. PHELPS, 100 N. 10th St., No. 19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J. April 7—1W

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

I AM anxious to furnish women who are willing to preserve in an honorable occupation, with means of making a splendid income. One wanted in every town and country in the United States. Address, for particulars, J. O. ALKIST, Hartford, Conn. 1W—April 7.

CHRISTIANITY.

ITS INFLUENCE ON CIVILIZATION, and its Relation to Nature's Religion; the "Harmonical," or Universal Philosophy. A Lecture delivered at Exhibit Hall, New York, on Sunday, April 8, 1866, by Dr. U. Clark, at 18 Chancery street, Boston, and at our Branch Office, 274 Canal street, New York. Address, for particulars, J. O. ALKIST, Hartford, Conn. 1W—April 7.

MORE GREAT CURES

BY

MRS. SPENCE'S

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS.

Grafton, N. H., Feb. 4, 1866.

DR. SPENCE—Dear Sir: Your Positive Powders have been a great benefit to my mother, and we are willing that you should make public use of the following statement of her case:

My mother, Mrs. Betsy Adams, is now sixty-four years old. Previous to using your Powders, she had been troubled with the Rheumatism for about twenty years. She was unable to find any relief, and grew worse from year to year, until she became almost helpless, so much so that she could neither lie down nor get up alone; and it was not safe to leave her alone any length of time, as she was liable to fall down, if she attempted to walk.

My mother commenced taking your Positive Powders last September, and has rapidly improved under their use; so that she is now able to sit up all day, and do considerable work, and before the cold weather and the snow prevented it, she could walk quite a distance. I know it is not faith that has made the cure; for she had no faith that your Powders, or anything else, would do her any good.

Yours truly,
MRS. M. E. CHANDLER.

Kelthaburg, Mercer Co., Ill., Feb. 13, 1866.

DR. SPENCE—Dear Sir: It gives me real pleasure to send mine to the highly favorable testimonials which you have already received respecting the great work which your Powders are doing.

I have used your Positive and Negative Powders in Diphtheria, Croup, Erysipelas, Fever and Ague, and Toothache with the most astonishing and gratifying results.

I firmly believe that your Positive and Negative Powders are as near an infallible remedy as it is, and so desirable that it depraved humanity should possess.

My husband never lets pass an opportunity to expatiate on the merits of the Powders, which he calls "The greatest medicine in the world."

Very respectfully,
SUSAN D. MITCHELL.

See in the Banner of last week (March 31st), and also of week before last (March 24th), fifth page, Dr. L. Hakes's report of cases of Paralysis, Black Jaundice, and Pulmonary Diseases, which he cured by means of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders.

Diseases of all kinds rapidly yield to the magic influence of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. See advertisement in another column.

Circulars with full lists of diseases, and complete explanations and directions, sent free postpaid. Those who prefer special directions as to how to use the Powders, to use, and how to use them, will please send us a few lines describing their disease when they send for the Powders.

Liberal Terms to Agents, Druggists and Physicians.

Mailed, postpaid, for \$1.00 a box; \$5.00 for six. Money sent by mail at our risk.

Office 97 ST. MARKS PLACE, New York City.

Address,
Prof. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., Box 5617, New York City.

April 1—2W

NEURAPATHIC BALSAM.

THE Proprietors of this newly discovered and truly valuable NEURAPATHIC BALSAM, offer it to the public, in the full confidence that it will prove a blessing to suffering humanity. One of the proprietors has himself been cured by it of a terrible skin disease, called by physicians *Tetter*, *Salt Rheum*, &c., which baffled all their skill, and which threatened his life; but it has troubled him for more than twenty years, and at times it was so annoying that he could hardly endure it, and he had given up all hopes of being cured, when he was impressed to rub some of the Balsam which he had procured in another purpose, on his skin, and a few days afterwards, to his surprise and delight, he found the spot which he had applied it perfectly clear of disease, and the skin bright and healthy. He immediately applied it to all parts of his body that were affected, and at the same time took a little of it every day internally, and after a few applications, the eruptions on the skin entirely disappeared, leaving a new skin, soft and clean as an infant's; at the same time, his general health was greatly improved, and he was enabled to do his usual work in many cases of cutaneous and other diseases with great success, until they have become satisfied that it properly used it will cure almost every kind of humor, or disease of the cuticle, such as:

TEITERS, SCURVY, LEPROSY, SCROFULA, SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS, ARMY ITCH, &c.

IT WILL ALSO BE FOUND AN EXCELLENT REMEDY IN ALL Diseases of the Throat and Bronchial Tubes;

AND FOR

CANKER, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,

Muscular Contractions, Piles, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Chilblains, Sores,

And in all cases of INFLAMMATION, and in fact it will be found that in almost all cases of disease the patient will be greatly benefited by taking from five to ten drops of the Balsam three or four times a day. It is also the best

HAIR OIL.

OR EMOLLIENT OF THE SCALP AND HAIR, yet discovered; a very delicate and pleasant smelling oil, which it is said to grow, strengthen the roots, and give to it a beautiful lustre. This Balsam is found by analysis to contain many of the important elements of life, such as Nitrogen, Oxygen, Sulphur, Phosphorus, Soda, Ammonia, Carbon, Potassium, and Uregein, and is highly charged with Electricity and Magnetism. It is a simple and safe preparation, and is perfectly harmless, and may be taken by any person without the least fear of injury.

MALDEN, March 2, 1866.

MRS. E. HAYNES & CO.—Gentlemen: I have suffered for three or four years, as much as could be with the Piles, and found nothing that would give me any relief, until last winter I began to use of your Balsam in my case, and once thinking it a remedy for my complaint, I continued to use of it several times a day, when to my great delight I found I was getting well, and now I would not be without your Balsam for anything. I am now enjoying better health than I have for the last six years. You are at liberty to do with this as you think best, hoping you may be much good to the suffering. Yours truly, J. P. H. CROSBY.

E. HAYNES & CO.—Gentlemen: On my arrival in New York last December, from Melbourne, in the ship *Atlantic*, Captain Page, owing to the poor food on board, I found myself afflicted with the Piles, and after using your Balsam, I was cured in a few days, and I am now enjoying better health than I have for the last six years. You are at liberty to do with this as you think best. Yours truly, HUGH W. BROWN.

Boston, March 12, 1866.

E. HAYNES & CO.—Gentlemen: My wife having been troubled with the Piles, and after using your Balsam, I was cured in a few days, and I am now enjoying better health than I have for the last six years. You are at liberty to do with this as you think best. Yours truly, CHARLES W. BROWN.

Witness—J. S. T. CROSBY, Mark Friend St. Court.

Full directions accompany each bottle. Price in retail, 50 cents and \$1.00.

For sale at OCTAVIAN KING'S DRUG STORE, No. 61 Washington street, Boston.

E. HAYNES & CO., Proprietors, No. 7 Doane street, Boston.

APRIL 7.

GEDAR CAMPHOR

FOR MOUTH. Use it early, and you save by killing worms now in embryo. Hold by every Druggist. HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Boston. 1W—April 7.

THE GREAT REMEDY!

DR. DUNN'S

COMPOUND ROOT AND HERB DROPS!

DR. DUNN, the well-known CHIROPRACT, whose success in the treatment of chronic disease is unparalleled, has offered his Remedy to the public, knowing that humanity is in need of a remedy that will remove chronic disease, and that the compound is purely vegetable, acting upon ALL the organs at the same time, thus promoting a healthy action of the entire system.

The Root and Herb Drops positively cure Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Weak Lungs, Disease of the Blood, &c. They prevent, cure, and remove Chronic Rheumatism, Fever, Headache, Skin Diseases, Fever and Ague, and Cholera. In fact, a general preventative of all diseases, as well as the special friend of females, whose sufferings are best known to themselves.

Liberal Agents to Agents, Druggists and Physicians. Price, 50¢ per bottle, and \$1.00 per dozen.

All letters addressed to DR. E. C. DUNN, Rockford, Illinois, Box 1000.

ADAMS & CO'S GOLDEN PENS.

BEAUTIFUL IN STYLE, Superior in Finish, Anti-Corrosive, and Unusually of Quality. No. 1—Extra Fine Point for Ladies, Schools, and Choice Penmanship. No. 2—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 3—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 4—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 5—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 6—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 7—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 8—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 9—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 10—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 11—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 12—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 13—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 14—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 15—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 16—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 17—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 18—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 19—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 20—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 21—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 22—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 23—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 24—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 25—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 26—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 27—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 28—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 29—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 30—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 31—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 32—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 33—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 34—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 35—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 36—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 37—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 38—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 39—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 40—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 41—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 42—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 43—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 44—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 45—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 46—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 47—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing. No. 48—Extra Fine Point for Business and General Writing.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by the Spirit who spoke the name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Constant.

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 Circles are 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 three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED IN OUR NEXT.

Tuesday, Jan. 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Christopher Kendra, of Cheshire, London, to the Editor who visited him; Oliver Guizer, of Richmond, to friends in New York City; James Flynn, of 231 New Jersey, to Cornelius O'Brien; Ada Corry, to her father, Wm. Corry, of Cheshire, Tenn.

Monday, Jan. 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Kate Connolly, to her mother, in New York City; William Leighton, of the 5th New Hampshire, to friends in Concord, N. H.; Charles K. Watkins, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, to Geo. L. Vance; Willie M. Denmore, to his father, at 11 King street, New York.

Invocation.

Soul of the ages, beautiful, perfect, and all holy, teach us to pray. The glory of this handsome day, like thousands that have preceded it, inspires us with praise, but does not teach us to pray. Oh Spirit of Truth, we can only know how to pray as we know what we need. We can only be baptized with the true spirit of prayer, as we come into conscious relation with thee. Oh God, we love thee, for all thy works, all thy manifestations in the outer world, teach us to love thee. As we come step by step up the ages, as night after night rolls away, and the soul views the sunshine of thy perfectness, so it learns to love thee, to praise thee. But the spirit of prayer must come from thine own Infinite heart. Oh God, baptize us with that spirit this hour. Let us rest in thy loving embrace. Let us pray, oh God, understandingly? Let us not ask for those things we do not need, but only for what shall benefit the soul. Oh God, teach us to so love humanity, as to pray for their needs, to forget ourselves, and remember only the needs of thy children on the earth. Our Father, some there be who sorrow because their loved ones are removed from mortal sight. Oh teach us to lead them gently into ways of knowledge, that they may know their friends have not left them. Some there be who think thou art only as a Father in some far-off land. Let us teach them that thou art as near as the pulsations of their own being, that they cannot be without thee. Some there are who mourn because of physical ills. Teach them the law by which these ills are overcome. Oh teach them that in human life every sorrow comes because of necessity; that thou art dealing in love with all thy children; that thou wilt never fail them, even in their sorrow. Oh, our Father, we lay upon the altar of Life all the buds, the blossoms, and the fruits of our own experiences. Though some are faded and withered, some are bright and beautiful; some are shrouded with morning hope, and some are shrouded with the midnight of sorrow—all the varying experiences that make up our lives. Yet we know they will be acceptable unto thee. Father, unto thee be all honor and praise, and the deepest reverence of our souls, forever. Amen. Jan. 18.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—In accordance with your custom, we will now give an opinion, concerning whatever questions you have to propound.

Ques.—By T. P. Judd, of Canada: What had Paul reference to, or what did he mean, in his first Epistle to Timothy, 4th chapter, 1st verse, when he says, "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils?"

Ans.—The communion with spirits of the departed, was a recognized fact among the ancients. It formed a part of their religion. They believed they were guided, influenced to a very great extent, by the souls of the departed. This same Law-Giver, Teacher, so-called, was well read in the particular religious beliefs of the times. It is a well known fact, that he carried out into his new sphere of action much of the old fables of the Church from which he had come. The priests were always laboring to impress this idea upon the people, that they should give heed only to those spirits, or to those intelligences that communed with them, from time to time, through the priests; that should anything come to them from the shadowy land outside of priestly rule, it was of the devil, or from a class of unrecognized intelligences, with which they should have nothing to do. The Church held within her embrace, as it does to-day, a certain part of humanity, and excluded a part. Priestly rule was then as it is to-day. You all well know that the Romish leaders believe in the communion of departed spirits. What does not come through them, they say, is of the devil, and warn the people to have nothing to do with it; but all that comes through priestly dictation, is good, or of God.

Those ancient preachers predicted that from time to time persons would arise, who would strive to enforce their power upon human life; that persons of low estate would come forth, and pretend to be endowed with the gift of priesthood, and pretend to hold communion with the spirits of the departed; that if they did so, it was only with those who were of the devil.

This has a definite meaning. It was meant to be used as a priestly shield, and was also a fact of itself, for these same outsiders were possessed of the same power the priests were possessed of, and the priests being in communion with spirits themselves, by their own prophetic clairvoyant powers, knew that those few could exert a great influence over the people. Therefore they said, "Give no heed to that that comes outside of the Church." It will come to you, pay no attention to it.

The same spirit is proclaiming its rule in your midst to-day. Paul carried it out with him into his new belief, and many thousands are carrying it out into theirs to-day.

Q.—Our lecturers and others, in speaking of matrimony, tell us that nine-tenths of all the married lead miserable lives. There is much truth in the assertion, but they offer no remedy for this state of things. Will the intelligences controlling favor us with one, or give us their opinion?

A.—Seeds that are planted in the ground, require a certain amount of time ere they will germinate, and come forth in newer and more beautiful form. The remedy lies with the heart of humanity; and as that heart enlarges, unfolds, or opens to receive this new light, this remedy will come. By-and-bye, the time will come, when you will be old enough, perfect enough, to comprehend your needs; therefore, you will comprehend its use. To-day, the masses have need of the arbitrary laws by which they are governed. This may seem strange talk to some, but we believe it to be true. There are but few who are able to be laws unto themselves. There are few so wise as to be able to govern themselves. This is apparent in all things, in all your outward demonstrations to each other. But you are fast growing out of it, because you are beginning to see there is need of reform in this, as in many other departments of human life. That tells us it is at hand. The perception of the need is the foreshadowing of the reality. It must come, because you feel the need of it. But it will not come, like the tornado, sweeping all things before it; but it will come peacefully, like the parting of day, like the rising sun; slowly and steadily, as humanity marches on toward its need. So it will be unfolded, so it will grow into your condition, and you will grow into its use. At present, be satisfied with the cold marble laws under which you exist, for the masses need them.

Q.—Is the spirit our thought? Are our deeds the body of the spirit, and bodies our surroundings?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Please enlighten us upon the disease called heart complaint, by which so many suddenly pass away at the present day?

A.—The heart is called upon to perform more actual labor than any other organ in the human system. Do the lungs give out, the heart works all the harder. If the liver fails to perform its work, the heart must do double work. If the circulation be imperfect, the heart labors all the harder to perfect it. Is disease in the system, the heart strives faithfully to expel it. The heart may be called the great lever of physical life, and yet, when it becomes functionally or organically diseased, there is not one physician in ten who knows how to treat the disease. The heart, to us, holds within itself all those finer magnetic forces of which the physical form is always in need. When it becomes deficient in any of its functions, then what is the proper remedy? Medicine? Perhaps so. But the most direct remedy comes through the magnetic forces. The most proper most effectual one, the heart calls for loudly, comes through the magnetic forces. But you understand so little of the magnetic laws, by which you live, and are performing all the acts of your outer lives, that you fail to apply the proper remedy. When the heart ceases to act, the spirit can no longer play upon the machine, and it is what you call "dead." The lungs may temporarily suspend their functions, one lung may be wholly gone, and the other half gone, and yet you live in the outer world. The liver may be entirely extinct—there have been cases where the liver has been gone for years, and yet human life continued.

Not so with the heart. This tells you plainly that the heart is the great lever of physical life, or the apex upon which human physical life turns. The physician tells you he understands your case; but the power behind distinctly declares he does not, because he cannot understand the law that holds the cause within it, for the cause lies, oftentimes, beyond the reach of crude remedial agents. The time is coming, is even now upon the threshold of your existence, when you will learn that all true remedial agents lie in the imponderable forces, and these alone are the agents of human life. Destroy the equilibrium of those forces in the system, and the heart will cease to act, and then what? Why, death ensues, for the spirit must retire from the machine it can no longer keep in operation.

But if you can only restore an equilibrium among those forces, the heart will, nine times out of ten, restore the system to health, and prolong the mortal life of the individual. You may ask, Give us the key to this mystery. No, we answer, we cannot. You yourselves must go into the temple of science, else it will be of no value to you. Of what use is it that we come here, telling you that your remedial agents lie in the imponderable forces, when we cannot teach you how to use them? You must grow into a knowledge of their use yourselves. We cannot make you men and women in intelligence, in one day. There are many steps to be taken in this temple, and you must solve them by slow degrees and hard labor—then they will be of use to you. Jan. 18.

Richard Powers.

I am here to extend the hand of forgiveness to those who feel that they have committed a great sin against me.

At the beginning of the spirit of rebellion at the South, I was doing business at Galveston, Texas. My name, Richard Powers.

Having been born in Massachusetts, I inherited somewhat of the old Puritanic ideas, and was willing to defend them at all hazards.

Being, by the progress of rebellion, thrown out of business, and having no idea that it would be long-lived, I went down to Charleston, with the hope of settling a business matter with some parties residing there. I happened to get there just as the fever was raging very high; just when every man who dared to think a Northern thought was held as a traitor, and often, I may say almost always, roughly used. I had no idea of the true state of things when I went there, and moreover I knew I was to deal, in a business point of view, with my friends—supposed so—relatives, some of them, by marriage. I supposed that they had a right to express their opinions, and would treat courteously those of others. But I found it was otherwise. I found that the Spirit of War was running riot there, and instead of being willing to allow every man to think as he pleased upon all subjects, it was "think secession, and talk secession, or you cannot live with us. We are determined to become free"—as they understood it—"and all minds that are not going with us, are certainly against us. It has come to this." That was the talk, that was the feeling.

I soon learned that I was in a very bad place, and learned, also, that it would be exceedingly hard to get out of it unhurt; but I made up my mind to be true to myself, and my own honest convictions. I had no disposition to come North, for I knew very well it would do no good; and I made up my mind, from what I saw at that time, that the struggle was to be very hard, but it would end in the destruction of negro slavery. I not only thought so, but I so expressed myself. After expressing myself in that way, I was called upon by three of my friends—one who had been a partner of mine in business—who said, "Powers, we do not want to hurt you, but we want you to recant your miserable expressions. We want you to publicly take them back, and come into a recognition of the rights of the South."

Said I, "My dear man, you are talking to the wrong person. I can never publicly take back my words; no, not if ten thousand lives depended upon it. I'll not sell my honest convictions of right, to please any man. I'll not go forth and deny that which I believe to be true, to be right. No," said I, "you're mistaken in your man." Said he, "Powers, if you don't take back your words, you'll be hanged within twenty-four hours." Said I, "I don't care if I'm hanged within twenty-four minutes; I'll not renounce my opinions." Said he, "I beg of you to do it. Do it for my sake." "No," said I, "not for the sake of the Holy Nazarene." He never would ask me to sell my soul in that way, and if he did, I do not think I should feel obliged to accede to his request.

As high as I can remember, my friend remained with me, and urged me over four hours, and left me, I believe, with a sad heart; for, said he, "Powers, you're insane; you don't know what you're talking about." Said I, "My dear fellow, you're more insane than I am." Said he, "Do you know the spirit of rebellion will hang you? Oh, say that you've changed your mind; do anything; only recant your past words." "My friend," said I, "every word you utter to me, only makes me more determined in this matter." Said he, "Is there nothing that will induce you?" "No, my dear man," said I, "nothing. I value my life, as every other man values his. But if I must die, or give up my body because of my opinions, then die it is. I may as well be a martyr to truth as any one else."

After he left me—this particular friend—I was called upon by two or three others. They, too, begged me, and at last got exceedingly wrathful, because I would not recant.

I was forcibly reminded of the time when it was not safe for a man to express his religious views. I was carried back, in my spirit, to that time; and I saw standing before me, in calm and holy resignation, those martyrs that had sold their lives for truth's sake. And so I felt strong. I felt I could lay down my life willingly, if it came to that.

Sure enough, in spite of all their interference—for I supposed my friends interfered; I do not know; I speak of them as I wish them to speak of me; I think I should have tried to save them, and I would not have them think that they would not do all in their power to save one of God's creatures; so I suppose they did all they could to save me; but it was in vain—I was publicly hanged, simply because I had an opinion of my own, and dared to express it.

Now, those friends feel they have done me a great wrong; feel that they might have done something more than they did do, to have saved me. Now, they begin to see the thing in a truer, and, I hope, diviner light; they begin to feel they have done me a great wrong. One says, "The world henceforth will look dark and miserably unpleasant to me." He seems, as he says, to see me constantly before him; and so says he is continually haunted by the thought of the wrong he has done me.

He is very unhappy, and I have come to extend the hand of forgiveness to him—to all others. I would not, if I have an understanding of myself—and I fancy I have—do ought to add one feather's weight to his grief. If those friends feel now that they were doing me a great wrong, I feel now I can forgive them.

My religion was not of the Church. I had a faith of my own. I was led to extract all the good I could from all things, and appropriate it to my own use. I ever found it true, that we never elevated ourselves by making others miserable. My observations, as we journeyed through life, made me believe that we made a heaven for ourselves, by doing kind acts to others. Whenever I had done a good deed, I always felt I had bettered myself by it. I always felt, when I gave any one ten dollars, that I had given myself twenty dollars; I never felt I was taking anything from me, but that I was adding to me; always felt that I was the gainer, and not the loser.

I feel just the same as I did that day they hung me up, and called upon me at the last moment to recant, and I said, "Gentlemen, never! I believe you are wrong, and I will say so. I am willing to die for truth's sake."

I forgive them. I don't want them to feel that I am around them like an avenging spirit. No, I am not coming here to haunt them with my presence. I only want to make them feel that they are in the hands of a Great and Good Intelligence. By-and-bye, sorrow will pass away, and instead of remembering the wrong they have done me, they will remember I have forgiven them; have no ill feeling against them. It was never hard for me to exercise forgiveness when here. No thanks to me, however. I suppose I was differently organized from them, so could forgive others more readily than they could.

To Mr. Henry Stantels I would say, you've done yourself more wrong than you have me. Stantels, look at this in the right light. You sorrow daily because that you have done me such a wrong, as you think. The only remedy I see, is doing good to others, to everybody that comes in your way. By all means, don't forget the black man; for remember, your foot has been upon his neck years enough, and it is but right to give him your hand. If you'll do this, I'll guarantee to you the reward of exemption from suffering during the rest of your earthly life. Then you will see the fruits of your labors for the next five years to come.

(To the Chairman).—I've talked longer, sir, than I anticipated. I hope you'll pardon me. Good-day. Jan. 18.

Merritt Parker.

How do you do, Mr. White? I never met you in person, but I know your spirit. I am Merritt Parker, of New Haven, Connecticut. I am very glad to be able to come and send a word of consolation to my parents. Tell them I am happy, that I realize all I expected to, and a great deal more, and so long as they are permitted to remain on earth, I expect to be able to minister to their needs. I can't tell in what way now, but I shall take advantage of all the ways that are open. I am happy, very happy. I now enjoy the rest I sighed so much for here. These things are true. I promised to come back, if they were true. They ARE true, gloriously true! Good-day, sir. Jan. 18.

Ben Carlton.

I'd like to have you say, sir, that Ben Carlton, who served on the staff of General Lander, has reported. Offer my very best respects to Dr. Robinson—I believe his name was—the surgeon of our Division, and tell him I should like to have a talk with him. Maybe I could teach him something, unless he's too old to learn. The most of them are. They're the most egotistical set you have on the earth. They know everything, and you don't know anything. But they'll bear being taught, and, if I mistake not, they will be compelled to be taught.

I've an especial appointment to fulfill by coming here, and, as I have discharged my part of the contract, I should like to have other parties concerned discharge theirs. They'll understand, if you do not, Mr. Moderator. Jan. 18.

Mary Teresa Hills.

The spirit-land is peopled with thousands who did not believe, when on earth, that they could return and communicate with friends they were leaving. It is true that, here and there amidst the throng, there are found a few who understand they can return, who know this before death; but the majority do not understand it. I did not believe they could return. I could not understand your beautiful Philosophy; to me it was a delusion. But I find myself to-day feeling so intensely anxious to return to my friends, that all I may have said I will strive to unsay. Whatever doubts I have have laid in the hearts of my friends that remain on earth, I will try to remove.

I died of typhus fever in Pittston, Pennsylvania. It is only about eighteen months since. There are many reasons now why I should be anxious to return. But one that is paramount to all others is, that he who was my husband has returned from the battle-field, where he was when I died. I would speak with him. I have friends who professed to have had some knowledge of these things. Upon them I rely for success in meeting and communing personally with those I love. I have many things to talk about, but this is not the place.

I was Mary Teresa Hills. Oh, that I could go and speak with those I know and love, as I can here. [Did we understand you to say that there are thousands in the spirit-land who have no knowledge that they can return?] They came to the spirit-land without it, and so are in doubt. They did not inform themselves on that point here, and many of them stand trembling upon the bridge that spans the two worlds and doubting their ability to return. Yes, I think I speak truly when I say the majority are in doubt and ignorance concerning this return. [But they learn, do they not?] Oh, they learn; yes, they learn; and they are always in the way of knowledge. But they learn through these poor human subjects, and you know they are few. You should pray for more, and pray that even these may be perfected, may be made more holy and fit for use.

But oh, they—many of them—do not realize how gifted they are. They do not realize that they stand between the two worlds, and are, to a certain extent, responsible for the messages that come through them. Oh, you should elevate them! Always place them far, far above all that can drag them down. You should make these channels of spirit-communication holy in their lives. Many of them, I see as I go round, are living, oh, where they themselves do not wish to live—in poverty, and morally low. They stand where the angels fain would reach them if they could, but they cannot. Yes, these subjects are few, in comparison with the many, many thousands who are striving to come back to their friends. You should pray for more. Jan. 18.

The circle was closed by General Lander.

Invocation.

Holy Spirit, ever-perfect Life, around whose wondrous centre all thy children are ever revolving; thou who art turning the leaves of Eternity's volume for us, one by one, thou who art, step by step, guiding all thy children up to thee, thou who art blessing us through sunshine and shade, thou who art writing Eternal Life, even amid the gloom of the tomb, thou who art constantly saying to all thy children, "Lo! I am everywhere!" oh God, we praise thee for all thy gifts. We look outward, toward thee, asking thee for blessings; but when we look inward, into the holy of holies, then we behold thou art perpetually blessing us; then we see thou art ever living with us; then we know thou art our life and we are with thee. Oh, God, while nations war with each other, while intelligence seems to be at a low standard, still thou art with us, thou art guiding us over the rough waves of Time, thou art our Father and our Mother. Oh God, amid the stormy waves of Time, some of thy children are struggling; and ever and anon they send forth the cry of distress. Some, oh God, fear thou hast withdrawn thyself from them, that thou art not guiding them as thou art others, that thy hand of love is not with them as with their fellows. Oh God, to all such let thy ministering angels come more perfectly, soothing their sorrows, strengthening their weak points and giving them wisdom. In their sorrow, in all their darkness, in all that seems to be human woe, there thou art. Our Father, in beholding this handsome day we praise thee. It comes, as many thousands have before it, like a gem of beauty strung upon the belt of creation, to remind thy children thou art a God of Beauty as of Justice. Oh Father, Spirit, may thy children feel, each one of them, that thou art as near to them as is the sunshine; that thou art warming their inner lives as the sunshine warms the earth; that thou art guiding all the inner chambers of their souls as the sun glids the earth and makes translucent all its atoms. Our Father, we know thou wilt give ear, and answer the petitions; come though they may through the channel of ignorance, come though they may through sorrow and despair, yet they are precious in thy sight. All the aspirations of thy children are like gems of a precious nature, and go to make up thy great life. Father, our Father, who art in Heaven and on earth, receive our praises to-day and forever. Amen. Jan. 22.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—By I. B. Garland, of Washington, D. C.: What became of the "lost tribes of Israel?" and have they any representatives or descendants now upon the globe? If so, where?

A.—It is claimed by some that these intelligences have no longer an individualized existence on the earth. It is not our purpose to declare that they really have an individualized existence, nor shall we declare that they are an entirely extinct race. It is a well known historical fact that these persons, these intelligences, after having been driven from their native land, found it absolutely necessary to scatter themselves. They could by no possibility remain together, for their conquerors would not admit of this. And so they were scattered, not because it was their wish, but because they were obliged to do so by those who had gained the ascendancy over them. Now it is not to be supposed their identity was extinguished, like a candle, in an instant; nor is it to be supposed that these persons, who were so exclusive in their habits, who held that to intermingle with those who were not of their special religious faith, who could not claim a birthright to Judea have been lost in Gentile life. With all such as were outside, the Jews had very little to do. They kept themselves to themselves. Their religion demanded this, and the peculiarities, also, of their physical natures demanded it. Therefore they had an existence, therefore it is that these people remain on the earth, or the representatives of this people remain on the earth in the minority. They are not extinct; that distinctive intelligence exists with you to-day, but in the minority. It has been kept to a very great extent, exclusive, because of their religion and the peculiarities of their organization, but it has not been entirely, absolutely exclusive. There have been diverging points, and from these many in the Gentile realm have received Jewish

inspiration. This intelligence has flowed out toward you, and you have drank it in unknowingly. It has not improved you, it has not influenced you, it seems, in their favor. No. Still it is with you, and the distinctive intelligence remains on the earth with you to-day. The forms have passed away—that is a matter of material necessity—but the intelligence remains.

Q.—Please explain to us why it is that false statements are so often made by spirits. We are repeatedly told, in our private circles, by spirits claiming to be our dearest and truest friends, things that are utterly untrue.

A.—Probably not one in ten who are charged with falsehood are guilty of the charge. A falsehood becomes such by virtue of the motive, not by its external appearance. You have yet to learn this truth. Many of you Spiritualists have yet to learn, or unlearn, some of the absurdities that have become incorporated in your belief. Some of these absurdities it may be well for us to speak of. Many of you are possessed of the idea that those who have passed on to the immortal world, so-called, must be endowed with superhuman wisdom. This, nine-tenths of you believe to be true. Here you are mistaken. The chemical change of death does not add to the intellect of man or woman. He is no wiser after he has passed through the change. Your friend is no better able to advise you, certainly, after he has passed the boundaries of physical life than he was before that. True, you have been educated, have been taught to look to the spirit-world for counsel. Therefore it is that many of you place very great confidence in the say-so of those you call spirit-friends. If this is not carried to excess, it is well. If it is, it is not well. And again, many of you are led to doubt the assertions of those coming from the spirit-world. One returns and tells you that he finds things a certain way; another comes telling you they are not so to him. So you get confused, forgetting that each one of these spirits is differently constituted. No one sees for another, understands for another. No two can see alike, no two can hear alike, no two are true to each other in all things. All are true to themselves, but untrue in some things to everybody else. You are all endowed, you that live on earth, with reason. It is a sense that is common to humanity, and rest assured if you at any time wrap that up in a napkin, rendering it useless, you will regret it. It is given you by the God of your nature for your use, not that you may bury it, but that you may use it. The God of your own being declares to you that you must use your own distinctive powers, and never those of another. It is well to exchange intelligence, but it is never well to beg it. An exchange of thought always results in good to both parties; but an arbitrary rule every soul ignores. I have no right to enforce any particular truth upon you, because it is so, because it is a truth to me. Why, something in the nature of every one of you will rise in rebellion. This that ever rises is the ever-watchful sentinel that the great God has placed within your being, placed there to guard you, to warn you of danger. Therefore let us advise you to weigh carefully in the scale of your own reason all that comes to you. At the same time accept nothing that you cannot understand, accept nothing, not even if it comes from a Jesus of Nazareth. Though you may be sure it comes from that source, accept it not, unless there is something within you that tells you it is true. And then do not suppose you cannot teach the inhabitants of that unknown world, for I tell you you can. Do not suppose they stand altogether in the attitude of teachers, for I tell you they do not. Many thousands come constantly into your mental sphere, to bow down at the feet of your intelligence, to learn of you. Remember this. When you once feel this to be a truth, you will feel that a responsibility rests upon you. Now many of you seek to cast it upon the shoulders of the angel-world, but a very great portion rests upon you. Oh, ye mortals, see to it that you are good and faithful teachers to your spirit friends; then you will come into a better understanding, not only with yourselves, but with them; and instead of perpetually charging them with untruth to you, you will be able to perceive the real truth, and also the right road to heaven. This you all are earnestly seeking for, but you are seeking the wrong way. You are seeking to go to heaven by a foreign light, that belongs to some other person. Turn within; there is a light there, called reason, that will guide you unto a heaven of wisdom. Trust it, for it will ever be true to you. You may suffer sometimes by trusting it, but even by suffering you will gain those experiences of which you perhaps have vast need.

Q.—By W. R. Hill, of Detroit: Why are some persons natural thieves, others natural liars, etc., who have apparently had the best training by pious parents?

A.—These physical bodies, these human organizations, are but machines, upon which spirit is perpetually playing, and through which, so far as this sphere is concerned, it manifests itself. Now the manifestation depends upon the organization of the machine. The spirit, the internal part of all, is harmonious, perfect. You would not think of asserting that there is no such thing as harmony, because the machine through which it appeals to your external lives is imperfect. Oh no; you would not think of ignoring music because the instrument from which it is produced is imperfect. But when these human instruments are out of tune, you call the real man or woman the thief, the prostitute, or the liar. This is wrong. The real man, the real woman, is perfect in the eyes of the Great All-Father, always. The machine is an outgrowth of the earth, therefore must be correspondingly imperfect—must correspond to the conditions of earth. Therefore it is that in earth-life some happen to be liars and thieves, and that others happen to be, fortunately, truthful, honest, harmonious. These external bodies are the result of externalities, are the aggregated result of human circumstances. As you learn your duties to these machines, you will turn your attention to their cultivation, as you turn it now to the beasts of burden, to the fruits. The florist can give you the most glorious specimens of his art; the architect can give you the most beautiful results of his creative brain in stone and wood. Nature is always ready to assist her children in any and all her departments. The painter can give you, we may say, a divine portraiture of the inner life of an individual. And to all these various externalities you have turned your attention, leaving Nature, as you have said, and God, to take care of these bodies of yours, when it is your business to make them what you would have them be. Is it harder to organize in harmony one of these glorious machines than to give color and shape to the flower, and flavor to the fruit? We must answer our own question. No, certainly not. You have mistaken your duty. You have failed to see the God of your own nature, although he has been rapping at the door of your hearts for so long a time. Strive to harmonize yourselves. Do this, and there will be fewer liars, either here or in the spirit-world. It is true there are such in spirit-life. For instance,

[illegible]

