

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XIX.

{ \$5.00 PER YEAR. }

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1866.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }

NO. 8.

INSPIRATIONAL POEM, DELIVERED IN EBBITT HALL, NEW YORK, BY D. HOLMES.

Rejoice, oh mortals in the form!
Lift up your hearts at early dawn;
Let sunshine from above inspire
Your inmost souls with pure desire;
Pour out your themes in lays divine—
Rejoice! rejoice! in every clime!

Rejoice! oh mortals in the form,
For truths that shelter from the storm,
That sink in your benighted hearts,
And kindle up the smoldering sparks,
That bid the innerman revive—
Rejoice, and yield the sacrifice.

Rejoice! oh mortals in the form,
That you have felt despair and scorn;
That you have suffered life's unfeared,
And from your pathway sin is cleared;
May every morn and every eve
See you rejoice, and joy receive.

Rejoice! rejoice! forevermore,
And God, the Father, still adore;
Give Him the praise for spirit power,
That came to you in sorrow's hour,
That cast out sin, and healed your wound—
Rejoice! rejoice! that good you've found!

Rejoice! rejoice! with all your soul!
Spread this great truth from pole to pole:
Let every nation, far and wide,
Be washed by the almighty tide
Of spirit power, strong and tried;
Let every soul, with inner light,
Rejoice! rejoice! with spirits bright!

Rejoice! oh mortals in the form,
That you've outdone the soul's dark storm;
That you have tasted joys divine,
Such joys as sorrow doth refine;
While you have pulse, and life, and voice,
My friends, rejoice! rejoice!

The Lecture Boom.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

A Discourse by Hiram F. Crozier, of Huntington, N. Y., delivered in Ebbitt Hall, New York, April 22, 1866, before the "First Society of Spiritualists."

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Among the thousand and one voices of the Church, and the dissenting parties of Christendom touching the great and vital duty of man's religious welfare and education, there are, at the bottom, but two radical ideas, or sentiments, pitching the voices, causing all the jargons and the harmonies. One idea presumes "the fall of man," the other assumes his mental, moral and spiritual integrity. One system demands redemption; the other, education. One asks for the Church, with all its appliances of creed, priest, bishop, minister, ordinance, holy time, infallible Pope, or "infallible Bible." The other asks the lecture room, the closet of prayer, the spiritual, white-winged messengers of thought and truth, the direct communion of our heart and soul with the infinite heart and soul. This accepts, literature, sacred and profane, the daily press, teeming with man's best and worst burdened thoughts, and all the routine of life, as allies of man's true growth into a sublime spiritual liberty. Time, and Eternity, are one, in the chronicle and the consummation of this ideal of education.

The system of church education, founded upon the theological "fall of man," presuming upon his disease and inability, yea, asserting his "total depravity," his moral liking of all that is evil, and his moral aversion to all that is good, educates man backwards, not forwards, downwards, not upwards. It enslaves, it does not liberate. The unity of church belief and church method, for thirteen hundred years, from the third to the sixteenth century, was the midnight of the world—the midnight of science, art, literature, politics and religion. This unity of church belief and church method, based upon man's total disease of mind, and heart, and conscience, and soul, has enslaved the Christian world in the name of the Master who came to preach deliverance to the captive. It has bound man in prisons, in the name of him who came to open prison doors; it has whipped and scourged mankind with its cords and whips of terrible "hell fire" dogmas, in the name of Christ, whose first and highest truth was the Fatherhood of God. It has broken the brotherhood of mankind, by building men sectarian pens, so small, a great soul like Theodore Parker could not get into one of them, in the very name of him who said, "If ye love me keep my commandments." It has framed together curious metaphysical devices, called "catechisms," and "confessions," and pushed these upon the unwelcome assent of children, women and half-grown men, under penalty of the fear and hate of God, and the dread of the Devil's hell, in the name of the great apostle to the infidel world, who said, "The end of the commandment is charity, out of a pure heart, a true conscience, and an unfeigned faith."

This church, built upon such ghostly pieties, has walled itself off from the world, and called itself sacred! The great thinking, struggling, suffering, achieving world outside, full of the inspiration of angels and of God, thrilled with the blood of heroes and martyrs, sacred with devotions to truth, and duty, and the law of self-sacrifice, leading the forlorn hope of the world in scientific discovery, moral reform, social, physical and religious progress. This great Gentile world of ours, its mammoth feet treading in the paths of the old ages, saints, martyrs and heroes of the past, of whom the world was not worthy! Its great heart, beating with the tidal waves of God, flooding all the centuries of time; this great, honest Gentile

world of ours, pouring a million of men out in war for liberty, and buying twenty millions at home, with kind thoughts and nursing charities for the absent soldier, the Church has dared to call profane!—called upon it to "repent" of its natural Pagan goodness, and to accept the supernatural goodness of the instituted Christianity of the land!

The Church has enslaved mankind in its Messianic doctrine of the destruction of the world by fire, which corrupted the very apostles of its faith, by engendering idle fears, and ruinous contempt of business and of labor.

It has enslaved mankind by its false classifications of the sacred and the secular, which obtained in the Post-Apostolic Church, and which have been rank poison at the very heart and source of true religion ever since.

When once you make a day holy above another, you do it by profaning all other days.

When once you make the altar holy above all other places, you do it by profaning all other places.

When you make an ordinance holy, you do it by profaning God's ordinance of labor, which is the fulcrum and lever that upholds and moves the world.

When you make a priest holy, you profane humanity, and belittle God into a capricious Pagan Deity, who gets mad, and can be toned by making the priestly function necessary.

When you make the priests' work holy above the work of any honest man, you do it by profaning the work of the toiling millions, who, as the fabled Atlas carried the world upon his back, carry all our art, science, literature, civilization, religion, priest included, in their brawny and sinewy arms.

When God has commissioned man to subdue the earth and to have dominion over it, which is the holier man—the priest, who declines labor altogether, calling it profane and secular, or the man who takes his axe, plow and spade, to clear the forest, and make his track blossom with grain, and fruit, and flowers?

Which is the holier person—the priest, with his gold pen, who writes smooth periods against the lust for money, or the honest pioneer miner, who leaves Eastern civilization, braves savage perils, seeks the mountain, sleeps under the open sky, and digs under the dirty rocks by day, that we may have gold, for beauty and for use?

Which is the holier person—the ghostly pietist, who warns the good housewife of the "care of this world," or that good housewife superintending her kitchen with God's bounty, God's chemistry, and man's skill, and woman's art, to cook a good dinner? "The Son of Man came, eating and drinking."

You see the pietism of which we complain, as an encroachment upon man's rational religious liberty, in the Monasticism, which from the fourth to the fourteenth century overran all Europe, and became the leading, popular and controlling religious sentiment. The very exclusion from the world which the early persecutions of the Christians made necessary for personal safety, soon became a voluntary neglect and contempt of the world, and the excluded monk or pietist came to be regarded as preeminently religious! He had retired from the world to give himself wholly to God. Virginity, celibacy and almsgiving became potent virtues with which to purchase future bliss. St. Ambrose cried in the streets, with holy fervor, "Heaven for sale for a penny." That penny went to feed religious indolence, inside of gloomy walls, when God has driven man from out the walls of Eden, and told him to subdue the world. It went to feed religious laziness, when Paul says, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat," and who illustrated his own precept by working at tent-making while exercising the apostolic function, that he might have money to help brethren weaker and poorer than himself.

Human nature, balked of its right and privilege, denied sociality, marriage and active industry, became a prey unto itself. Men and women took infinite credit to themselves in battling down the tormenting fires of passion; not knowing that the good God has created passion in every human breast, as the bond of social and domestic union, the inspiration to work, and the spring of endurance. A passionless man or woman is as cold as a marble statue and as valueless. They may faintly serve the aesthetic and the beautiful, but feeble still the useful and the good.

Think, my friends, of a state of religion, for a thousand years, where indolence, solitude and celibacy are the true tests of piety! where, by making these vices sacred, you profane the opposite virtues of labor, marriage and sociality. The monks became profligate epicureans; too lazy even to study, they became illiterate. Their ideas of life and duty were confined to opulence, idleness and pleasure. Woolsey, in the time of Henry the VIII, found them the greatest obstacles to popular learning. Learning will unseat priestcraft as well as slavery. Cranmer found them opposed to the Reformation. The priestly class never yet did favor a reformation, and still it is through the young blood of the reformers that God rejuvenates and saves the world.

The number of these monastic institutions, including their colleges, hospitals, charities and free chapels, suppressed by Henry, in England alone, was over three thousand. Fifty thousand monks, idle and unproductive, were here quartered upon the industry of the people, and, in return for their honest labor, chanted hymns and said prayers for mass for the souls of the donors.

Men who lived in daily and hourly violation of all the laws of life and health, were the ministers to the spiritual health of others. The idle, profitless monk, inside the monastery, was a holy person. The working, profitable man outside was profane, although the profane labor of the one kept alive the holy languor of the other.

We speak of this error and fatuity of the historical Christianity of the past, because it is the seed of the error and fatuity of the religious instruction

tion, tradition and method of our own day, by and through which man is still held in vassalage to the church and priesthood.

The power of the Great Reformation did not cast out the spirit of monasticism, nor lift us above the false classification of the sacred and the secular which this pietism has bequeathed us. In Christ's time and Paul's it was permissible for a religious teacher to earn a living by labor, and not to degrade his calling by dependence and complacency. Now, among even the liberal sects, such labor is an anomaly, and excites surprise and criticism. The Friends are the only religious body, except the Spiritualists, that believe in the duty and, therefore, propriety of a speaker or minister laboring at handicraft or trade. All other religious people still feel a little tinge of surprise when told that a preacher is a business man. It grates a little upon the sense of propriety and the law of association, and the assumed sanctity of the ministerial class, because all our notions of sanctity have been warped and corrupted by this false standard of the sacred and the secular, bequeathed us by the corrupt Church of the Dark Ages.

But the most appalling effort of this false theory of the sacred and the secular, has been, and still is, to wall off the Church and the Pulpit from the domain of the world; to insist that the Church shall confine itself entirely to the Sunday, and its ecclesiastical routine, while the world moves on, without being touched with the regenerating breath of God, the mighty axes of its trade, its commerce, its social industry, its law, its politics grating with cunning, injustice, sin and crime.

Whole classes and races of men are passed by, to grind in the prison-house of despair, of utter helplessness, sorrow, want, suffering, death, while the Church knows nothing of this, all keeps holy time, and punishes hereby with all the penalties at its command. To demand justice in the earth—that is "mingling religion and politics," according to this ghostly pietism.

To ask freedom of right and privilege for all men, as the children of one Father in Heaven, that is "agitation," disturbing the peace of the country and the unity of the Church. As though any peace were worth having without justice! as though any unity of any Church were worth a straw, if maintained at the sacrifice of the smallest right of human nature, which is greater than any Church, Lord of all days, all institutions, all creeds, all Bibles! To demand that the institutions of the State shall be reared upon the sublime ideas of justice and law, that is to become a "political rant." To preach Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, that, we are told, is to forsake the "Gospel of Christ, and him crucified," and to preach the Gospel of the Jacobins, of Jean Jacques Rousseau and the French Infidels who, half a century ago, promised deliverance to France; a Gospel whose baptism was blood, whose sacrament was crime.

In one word, any earnest, well-directed effort at putting the heaven of Truth into the selfishness and sin of the world; such selfishness and sin as have become chronic, organic and respectable, that is resisted by this false spirituality, for the best and the worst of all reasons: that it draws its pecuniary support from the richest patrons of the worst and most popular crimes. To attack these crimes would be like a general ordering a foraging expedition upon his own supply-trains, instead of the commissary of the enemy.

It is this false spirituality, this religion of "sublimated pietism," this ecclesiastical Christianity—that imprisons, starves and misdirects the moral sense and the worshipful needs of mankind—that puts a great gulf between sacred and secular things. It is this false religion that is responsible, before God and the world, for the sins and crimes of human slavery upon American soil; and so responsible for the anarchy and war and rapine and blood that have so lately desolated this country. Priests and politicians charge all this upon the reformers and the abolitionists. As well charge the angels with creating the tides; or charge Christ with the sack and woe of Jerusalem, because he, the only radical of his day, told the Jews what a false conservatism would bring upon them!

Under the moral and spiritual delusion of this madmillin pietism, men, North and South, have observed all the forms of religion, without having its substance. Their entire politics and religion had become rotten at the core, and when they dared evoke the fires of revolution, and the waves of delayed justice, borne upon the ho' passions of war, swept against them, they were quarrelsome and consumed.

Never, in the fall of Jerusalem the overthrow of the Western Empire, or any vicissitude of Civilization, do we remember so swift and summary a judgment as God in his providence has pronounced, in the last four years, upon the Orthodox and Conservative corruptors of our nation's faith and our nation's politics; a judgment executed with the iron hand and fiery doom of war, before the eyes of all nations. Surely "the waters shall overflow the hiding places." The hall shall sweep away the refuge of lies. They shall call upon the mountains and rocks to fall upon them, and to cover them from the wrath of him that sitteth upon the throne!

This thrallism of the false classification of sacred and secular; making the Church holy, the world profane; making an ordinance holy, making labor profane; making a priest holy, profaning humanity thereby; intersecting the tears of the Second Advent every now and then, with the setting time for the visible destruction of the world by fire, and the annihilation of the wicked (all but the Adventists); keeping the fires of eternal hell torments kindled all the time, and ranking out in jets of sulphur flame, in the white heat of so-called "revivals of religion;" feeding hungry human nature with the husks and rind of doctrine, instead of the eternal word of God in every quickening truth; this appalling cheapness of the soul, of all grace, in the name of the very and only grace of God,

* Vide sermon of Rev. John Estlin, D. D., Buffalo, in defense of slavery and the fugitive slave law of 1850.

the Church and priesthood have bound upon mankind, through the awful writhe and thong of faith in an "infallible Bible."

Yield this point, that "a book," good, bad and indifferent, composed in known and unknown periods of time, by known and unknown authors, a real book, is the "only Revelation of God," and the "only infallible rule of faith and practice"—yield this point and your citadel of liberty is gone. You are stormed, taken captive, and doomed to prison. You are captive to Moses, David, Isaiah, in the Old Testament, to the historic and ideal Christ of the New Testament, and to all the sacred writers of the New Testament canon! The jailer is the Pope, the established Church, the creed, or the innocent dissenting parson, who piles his art with a "thus saith the Lord," to drive home into the solemn sanctuary of the reason and the holy seat of the soul, an interpretation, or a text, or a dogma, that your better nature scorned, and that had its inspiration from devils and bad men, instead of angels and God.

Admit an "infallible book," and you are a "child," "erring," "fallible" "worm"; at the mercy of any keen-witted interpreter of that "infallible book" who, for a low-living, or a higher, traditional misguiding honesty, can make you believe he knows more of the "book," and more of the mind of "the Lord" than you know yourself, with all the faculties God has given you, and in giving, has ordered sanctified by use!

You are in turn Romanist and Protestant; High Church and Low; Conservative and Liberal; Unitarian and Unitarian; Destructive and Universalist; Liberalist and Spiritualist, as the pipes of your magnificent Being become stopped by sin, sorrow, discouragement, the drudgery of care and labor, or as these grand pipes are opened to the oratorio of creation, and the highest tides of God flood the receptive soul!

This doctrine of an "infallible book," Post-Apostolic, of which the Christ never wrote one word; which had no canonical existence in the Apostolic Church, which is a most monstrous assumption of priestcraft and Churchcraft; which is disproved by history, ethics and science; yea, which disproves itself by its own fallibility, by its own endorsement of lying, deception, fraud, aggressive war, slavery and polygamy, and opposed to natural religion; this monstrous assumption that a "book," written from eighteen hundred to four thousand years ago, has exhausted God and measured the limits of human knowledge in spiritual things, is the height of credulity, and therefore the depth of man's spiritual bondage. This is the unmeasured audacity of the priesthood, and therefore the unmeasured degradation of religious vassalage. This is the climax of man's prison-house, and is therefore the first capstone of the sepulchre of human nature, to be rolled away by the angel of the resurrection when the cry of liberty is sent forth, "He is not here, he is risen."

So much of this brief hour for the negative statement.

What is the positive statement? What is religious liberty?

Religious liberty is recognition of, and obedience to, all religious truth. Truth is the only and final authority; and of truth, man is the only and final arbiter and judge. The Bible and the Pope, and the Church and the Creed, must all abide this test of the individual reason, conscience and soul. What in the everlasting nature of things is fitting to be pronounced true and reasonable? What in the everlasting nature of man is fitting to be pronounced venerable, holy and right? What in the divine harmonies of the soul is fitting to be pronounced sacred, beautiful and good?

These are the tests which all that is worth saving in the religious progress of the race must abide. What cannot abide these tests must go to "the moles and the bats," companions of darkness and death. Whatever there is in the Bible which can abide these tests—the moral law firmly seated in the divine constitution of man; the prophetic heroism of Jewish history, wherein you see the play and battle of Radical and Conservative, Prophet and Priest, Statesman and Politician, anointed King and haggard Usurper; the gleams of the transcendent truth, dignity and glory of man, as child of God; the marvelous life of "the man, Christ Jesus"; the light and love of his beatitude; the Sermon on the Mount; the transfiguration, where we gaze into the true spiritual world and behold the possibilities of man becoming immortal; the wonderful life of Paul, who, eighteen hundred years ago, fought the good fight against Jewish priestcraft and Pagan idolatry, and whose life was a grand epic of heroism and self-sacrifice, illuminating the ages of darkness and error, between the first and the nineteenth century—all this, and all in harmony with the truth of the Eternal Word, inspiring and informing the Living and Eternal Reason, Conscience and Soul of Man—this will abide. "The thing that cannot be shaken will remain forever."

These simple propositions, that truth is the only authority; that of truth, man is the only judge; that there can be no common ground between God and man, unless man himself is possessed of this faculty of reason to determine the true against the false; that only through the reason, conscience and soul of the individual man, can we know any truth, any rectitude, any good; yea, only through the exercise of these divine human faculties can we know there is any Bible at all, or any God worthy to be worshipped; these simple propositions, self-evident as axioms, would never have been called in question in Ecclesiastical courts had it not been for Ecclesiastical cunning, demagogism, spiritual cheating, to enslave mankind by a false religious education.

The awful power that early education and sacred traditions and holy associations have, to pervert the unconscious assimilation to its mental, moral and spiritual surroundings, this, and this alone, explains the marvelous tenacity of religious error, the slow growth of religious liberty, and the

terrible bondage of the brightening present to the decaying past.

This above explains the sectarian zeal and drill of the "Orthodox" Sunday-School. Close those hot-beds of Sectarianism one generation, and your false ecclesiasticalism would be an argosy ashore, with no tide to float it, no breath of God to give it life. This alone explains why the Priesthood and the Church inveigh so much against Science and Reason; and why the established Church of England—the first Church in the world—prefers the error of tradition, and the power of its false control over the conscience, to the Truth of Colenso, and the inspirations of God in the heat of the day.

This alone should explain to us the immediate and urgent necessity of providing for the religious welfare and education of our children in a way and manner that shall liberate, and not enslave them; that shall enlarge their best nature, and not stunt and stunt them with shallow conceits and false doctrines.

Thomas Starr King said to me, "Looking upon my infant son, asleep in his cradle, (a fresh gift of heaven), I involuntarily cried to God, Let him rather be an 'Atheist,' than have him fall into the popular belief. Let him believe in Nature and its beautiful order, rather than believe in an infinite devil and an endless hell!" "So say I; so say we all."

Oh, to see a young soul, fresh from the hands of God and angels, spoiled by complacency, or corrupted by a false and fearful religion—made smaller and meaner by the redemptive theology of all Christendom than the natural instincts of the common human heart—that is the worst of all forms of prostitution. That prostitutes the last and final agency, the pure white hand of which would lead us along the shining pathway of Truth and Peace. That clips the only wings of the spirit that would bear us aloft to God and heaven, that forestalls all honest inquiry, all impartial search after truth; all intellectual, moral and spiritual progress that tends to uproot the evil system of faith planted in the heart of childhood, and makes doubt, danger, skepticism, sin, unbelief, damnation.

"If," says Malbranche, "I held Truth captive in my hand, I should open my hand and let it fly, in order that I might again pursue and capture it." "Did the Almighty," says Lessing, "holding in his right hand Truth, and in his left search after Truth, to deny to tender me the one I might prefer, in all humility, but without hesitation, I should request, 'Search after Truth.'" "Truth," says Von Miller, "is the property of God; the pursuit of Truth is what belongs to man." And Jean Paul says, "It is not the goal, but the race which makes us happy."

This beautiful, divine passion of the soul in pursuit of Truth, so happily stated by these eminent men; this divine passion for the Truth—freer and purer than any young lover felt for his first and only mistress;—this holy fire which feeds the flame of Genius, gives poetry, art, science, history, literature, their inspirations—gives pure religion its only creative and renewing power—this delivering, invisible angel of God, is "crucified afresh" in every creed, tradition, dogma, faith and Church of Christendom that attempts to live upon the past.

I know of no difference between Liberal and Puritan; Low Church and High; Broad Church and Narrow; Heterodox and Orthodox, if they shall attempt to stop, to stand still, and, to quote an eloquent liberal divine of my own Unitarian faith, "Stop conquering, and go forth to garrison what is already won."

"Let the dead bury their dead." It is a misnomer to call any body of men and women the Church of the Living God, which is afraid of God's own living Truth in the hearts and minds and souls of his own living and dutiful children. The Church has got to be "the pillar and ground of the Truth," or become the contempt of the world. She has got to stop garrison duty, break camp and hospital, and nobly serve on picket, on the forlorn hope, and in the great Liberating Army of Mankind. She must be the vanguard of that army, or sink out of sight with Paganism, Mahometanism and Romanism.

God has put man into this world to grow in all noble directions. Baulk man's growth you cannot, nor more than you can baulk the growth of coral reefs toward the "Queen of the Antilles," or the bursting of new suns and stars into life, to glorify the infinitude of space. Man's mission is to subdue the world, and to have dominion over it. That mission is to be fulfilled. If the Church cannot help its fulfillment, yea, lead in its consummation, then, as a dead and withered arm, it must be buried out of sight.

All cry for rest, for the lull of "agitation," for garrison duty, for organization, in a cry and signal of death. Call it increased zeal, increased activity, increased prosperity, if you will; that will not I. The truth of one genial, gifted, spiritual, free soul like Channing, has more meaning and more salvation for the race than all your instituted religion for eighteen hundred years. The burning forth of one such century man as Theodore Parker, lifting religion above the sphere of the transient and accidental, into God's sphere of the absolute and eternal, is the undying prophecy of the spiritual world that the race is not exhausted; that religion is not to be organized, but discovered; not to be chanted and spoken in street, and solemn and fitting words of olden times alone, but lived in the conflicting issues, and spoken in the sturdy Saxon speech of to day; that inspiration is now, and in the future, as well as yesterday, and in the past; that God is Real, as well as Historic; and that man's life may now glow with this life, and his pathway shine with the footprints of angels.

Voltaire says, "A physician is an unfortunate gentleman, who is every day called upon to perform a miracle—to reconcile health with intemperance."

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,

ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

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

THE JEWEL-WORD;
OR,

PATIENCE PETTIGREW'S ROOT-BEER.

Out in the fresh green fields, through the green meadows, over the lily pastures Will had been trudging, full of glad, happy life. Nothing could seem better to him. The pure air made his cheeks red and his lungs vigorous, and he climbed fences and jumped from hillock to hillock, as if exercise were as necessary to him as to the lambs that frisked in the pastures.

Miss Patience Pettigrew prided herself on her puddings, her crullers, and her root beer; and she had sent Will off for the various kinds of plants and roots that she most esteemed. The Sarasaparilla grew on a shaded slope, in one direction. The Pipsissava, with its rich green leaves, was found in a pine grove in another direction; and then there was Wintergreen and Spruce boughs, and a little Ginseng, that rare plant that the Chinese value so much, and that carries so much vital force in its fragrant roots. Besides this, the Yellow Dock and Dandelion had to be added from the home stock.

Miss Pettigrew had asked Solomon Reeves to meet Will by the old Moose Creek Mill, to show him where the Ginseng grew; and so a fine holiday Will expected, and his labor of digging and gathering seemed pleasure to him, and already his basket was nearly full of the fragrant plants that his aunt assured him would keep him from yellow jaundice and bilious fever for the whole summer.

But little Will cared for the ills that might come to his flesh; he liked the fresh air, and the scent of the forests, and the green of the meadows; and of all he liked to hear Solomon talk. The taste of his aunt's beer was good, but the virtue of it was of little account to him. He thought that a day far away from the sound of her voice and the thought of her active eye, would be the greatest treat he could have. And so merrily over the hills he went until he came in sight of the little old mill, now silent, beside the pretty stream where a little later the bright violet blossoms of the Cardinals would spring up, and the Elder hang out its delicate flags of true, as if saying again these words, so full of pure white blossoming truth, "Peace on earth."

Will was too early, for Solomon had not arrived; and when he had looked all over the old mill wheel and tried to turn it, and found out where the water used to run, and had thrown stones into the deep pool below where the old dam used to stand, he felt himself a little tired and began to think. Perhaps it was because he was a little hungry that he thought of his aunt, and he sat down on the edge of the water and his thought went back to his life with Patience, and he said to himself:

"How good it is to be here, away from Aunt Patience. Would it be good to run away and leave her? Just to see her sit there this morning reading out of her hymn book and old Bible made me sick, and I said I was a fool to stay with her. Somehow when Solomon is there I can seem to bear it; but to hear her groan and sigh and to hate her so, is just like living in a prison. I've been thinking I would run away, and I shouldn't wonder if I did. I could live in the woods for awhile. I've been eating Checker-berry leaves this morning, and they are first-rate. I'll ask Solomon about it this very day. I won't tell him I'm going away, because he'd say I was a coward to run; but I'll tell him about living in the woods. But why don't he come? Anyway I'm glad to be away from Aunt Patience and her 'I wish you to remember' for one day."

Will's meditation was interrupted by the sound of wheels down the road, and what was his surprise to see a farmer's wagon, with Solomon and his aunt in it, driven by a boy. He had so longed for this day away from her, that he was more disappointed and vexed than he had been for a long time. His first expression of his vexation was to throw his basket of gathered herbs into the stream. Fortunately they floated unharmed against a rock, only a few stray sprigs going down in the strong current, like adventurers seeking new shores.

Will had not long to indulge his fit of vexation, for Solomon, seeing at a glance Will's disappointment, hastened toward him. On his face was a look of peace and contentment that reminded one of the summer-time coming after a glad and sunny spring-time. And yet Will knew that Solomon had had no spring-time to his life, but only a long stormy winter.

"I persuaded your aunt to take a day's recreation with us," said Solomon, as if apologizing to Will. "I thought it would do her good; and what does one good, benefits everybody in all the world."

Will was put at once in good humor by Solomon's remarks, and smiled as if he thought Solomon in fun.

"I am not in fun, as I will explain to you. Supposing your aunt gets good, then you and I feel it, and all those we meet, and so on, and on, till at last, perhaps some Chinaman will be blessed because Miss Pettigrew's heart took a little airing. But we must see to it that he has a real good one, and that only soft airs blow upon it."

This was an appeal to Will, and at once he forgot about running away from his aunt, and was absorbed in trying to have her have a good time. Into the deep fragrant forest they went, and upon the high hill, and stood where they could look over reaches of country sprinkled with homes and clusters of homes, as the sky carries its stars. Patience had not seen the like since she was a little girl, and it seemed to warm up her heart as the exercise warmed up her stagnant blood. Her cheeks looked quite fresh and rosy, and her eye gleamed with a lustre Will had never seen before. Already he was ashamed of the selfishness that had wished to keep her at home.

When their plants were all gathered and they knew it was past noon, they sat down for a little lunch that Patience had prepared and Solomon had taken charge of in his basket. Will regathered his stock, and with what had been added, it was well laden with the best culled roots and plants of the forest and hill. They spread the small cloth, that Patience had insisted as necessary, on a rock, and the fresh butter, and hard boiled eggs, and newly baked biscuit, and gingerbread, and crullers, with the delicate slices of cold tongue, seemed to Will like the best prepared feast he had ever been called on to partake of.

"This I call my entertainment," said Solomon, "although Miss Pettigrew prepared it. And so, if you please, we will pray."

Will turned away his head as if in disgust. He was surprised at Solomon, and thought him as great a hypocrite as his aunt. But Solomon, with a calm, earnest voice said:

"May we have grateful hearts for all this beauty which feeds our spirits, and for this food prepared for our bodies?"

This was so different from his aunt's drawing manner, and Solomon's face looked so really blessed as he turned it upward, that Will felt pleased rather than disturbed, as he often was at what he called his aunt's piety. Patience, too, sitting under the green old trees, and with the sunlight flickering on her cap, felt a grateful contentment quite strange to her. It really seemed as if Solomon's simple petition had been answered, and grateful eyes looked up to the clear heavens and down to the laden rock from the tri-ther. A little tear gathered in Patience's eye and flowed down her cheek, as if some sort of heart trouble were thus departing.

After their dinner—and Will thought he never ate such a dinner—as they sat there in the cool shaded forest, Solomon began his usual talk, for talking seemed to him as natural as the singing of the birds.

"I have been thinking about the beer that you were to make, Miss Pettigrew," said he.

"Oh, Mr. Reeves, you compliment me too much; but really I shall try to have it just to suit you, not too many hops, nor a sprig too much of Spruce," replied Patience, with a pleased shake of her cap.

"But I was thinking," said Solomon, "how very strange it was that beer worked by a certain law, and that it had always worked just so, and you could not make it work differently."

"Pshaw!" said Patience, a little out of sorts.

"But what do you mean, Uncle Sol?" said Will. "I mean just this: beer when it works sends its little particles in motion in one direction, and they will take no other. They move around in circles as the sun moves, and if you put your beer in a round vessel it will work better than in a square one. And now I propose to tell a story that suits that text."

"Oh dreadful, Mr. Reeves! How can you call working beer a text?" said Patience.

"I did not say a text from the Bible," said Solomon, "although perhaps if I tried, I could find one not more grave; but I will say subject, if you like. My story is to fit into the beer. There are beautiful and holy laws that govern all things, and if we want to live very happy and blessed lives, we must live in harmony with those laws. That is the sermon after the text; now for the story, Will, as I see you are fidgeting already, and looking toward that bird's nest up there."

I was once travelling in a very desolate country. It might be called a desert. There was nothing beautiful there, nothing to be seen but sand, and stubble, and rocks; a dreary, dreary way I found it. But day after day I went on, and I hit myself against the stones and made myself foot-sore on the sand. But I kept on and on. Such a desolate place as I found myself in, I think you never could think of unless you had seen it. And I met no one that I spoke to, and so no one spoke to me.

At last one day I got so tired, that I sat down and I fell asleep, and I saw myself in a green pasture and beside the most clear and beautiful water, and a little child was leading me. And she picked flowers for me and dipped up the fresh water for me, and led me in the cool shadow of the trees. I thought I had never been in so lovely a place. Little Annet I called the child, and I thought I was in heaven, and she carried in her hand a little box and said, 'I will give you this, and you can make your desert just like this green pasture. In this box is a little jewel; look in it, and see what it has written on it.' I read, and took the jewel and put it on my forehead and fastened it there with its golden chain. When I woke up I thought I could feel something on my forehead, but I put my hand up and there was nothing there; but I had not forgotten the word in the jewel, and I thought perhaps it was that that could change my desert into a fresh green pasture. So I wrote it over everything I saw. First of all over my garments, and then on the rocks and sand and desolate places, and soon they all began to change. My desert was blooming like the verdant pasture. I never found it fall to bring up blossoms where there was nothing but stubble."

"Oh Uncle Sol," said Will, "you are fooling us, or else you are giving us a puzzle."

"Well, if puzzle it is, you guess what that jewel was that I bound on my forehead."

"Well," said Will, "I think most likely it was a yellow Topaz, like Aunt Patience, and the word was 'beer' on it, was it? you said that was your text."

"Now Will, you shall go directly home," said Patience, "if you talk so. Of course Solomon means—" But Patience was not quite sure what he did mean, so she paused.

"Well, that jewel was love, and that desert was selfishness, and the beer made me think how everything operated through beautiful laws, and that the law that could bless us all or make us live in heaven while on earth was Love. But there is a little more to my story. There was one way that I did not like to use my jewel-word. I hated to say that I had done wrong, and often that is the very best test of love that can be given. I had a quarrel with a man about some wood. He said I had cheated in my measure, and I said I had not, for I prided myself on accuracy. He used hard words and I answered him back. He called me a liar and I called him a fool. After a few days I found I was mistaken and he was right, but I was ashamed to say I was wrong, so I thought I'd try my panacea of love on him by doing something to serve him, but I would not tell him that I was in the wrong. So I went into the woods and worked a whole day in his timber lot, and left my axe there with my name on it, that he might know who did it. But it did no good, he was as surly as ever. I sent over some of my best apples to him, he sent them back. At last I got so out of patience with him that I grew very surly myself and lost the use of my jewel-word entirely. At last I saw that there was a beautiful law by which love would operate, and it would not in any other way, and that was by justice. I had done that man injustice, and all my apples and labor would not help him at all."

So one morning I called on him and said, 'Neighbor, I was in the wrong about that wood and you were in the right; come, let us be friends.' Those few words that it took less than a minute to speak made us friends for life. Now you see there is a right and beautiful way that makes everything pleasant, and it is an easy way too. Just as your beer, Miss Pettigrew, finds its way to become excellent beer when you let the law of it operate. Now I fear I've preached a homely sermon on a silly text, but I'm a man that sees a thing just as it happens, and sometimes I feel as if some one else was talking besides myself."

Solomon walked off toward the little path that led toward the stream, and Patience and Will sat there together.

"Will," said she, "somehow Solomon's story makes me remember a great many things. I think, Will, that I was wrong about the bluebird's nest, and the cat's jumping in at the window was not your fault. I remember afterwards opening the window myself, and the soft light of the old forest fell on Patience's face, making it look almost beautiful, and Will went up to her and laid his hands in hers."

"It's no matter, Aunt Patience. I guess I'm trouble enough anyhow. I've liked to tease and fret you all I could. I think, though, that it do not pay."

That was all they said, and some little birds flew down and picked up the crumbs from their cloth, and they kept very still, and as they looked and sat there, Will's hand in hers, it seemed as if a little thread of love, a very delicate one it was, but one bright and golden, was wound about them, and that they would hereafter try a little the use of the jewel-word, and perhaps Patience's desert would bloom a little, and Will seek to find the beautiful flower path of a loving life.

TALKS WITH MY YOUNG FRIENDS.

NUMBER FOUR.

There is on exhibition in a jeweler's window on Washington street, some specimens of silk drawn from the bodies of spiders found by some of our soldiers in the South. They look like spun gold and silver. The thread is as delicate as that which you see in the spiders' webs about here, but it is so strong that it can be reeled, and will hold several grains in weight. I think I never saw anything that looked so much like the texture that I imagine spiritual garments are made of. The silver thread has a gleam like moonlight on the waters, and the gold is like sunshine.

Strange as it may seem, I thought, as I saw it, of those delicate threads of affection that our hearts weave about those we love. Bright and golden they are, and so strong that nothing but unkindness and distrust will break them. And I thought, too, that perhaps we should sometime wear garments or ribbons made from the threads that this generous spider can spin, instead of silk from the silk-worm. Did you ever think how everything on this earth was just fitted for man, and that as soon as one comfort, either for food or apparel, was almost exhausted, another was discovered to take its place, of greater use? Thus, when our whales were becoming scarce, petroleum was discovered; and now what should we think of an old-fashioned oil lamp? So it was with wool; when the want became greater than the supply, then great beds of coal were discovered.

Have you heard of the poplar tree which was manufactured from the wood into fine paper in the course of an hour? Does it not show a wonderful power in man that can thus make the commonest things supply luxuries to the world, and all because the spirit in man is so superior to matter that he makes it serve him as he will?

Now little boys and girls are in this world to learn; not to enjoy alone, but to be able to do something to make the world a better and nobler place to live in. If you can invent some better way of doing the simplest thing, you will not only make your fortune but do a great deal of good. I am acquainted with the inventor of one of the most useful machines of the day, the type-setting machine. It will do the work of many men, and do it so well that you would almost say it had a mind and could think. But the mind was working in the brain of the inventor. He has given twenty-five years of toil to the perfection of the idea. Some of them were spent in getting money to carry out the idea, but there was only one purpose in all those years of labor. Instead of giving time and money to enjoyment and pleasure, he gave it all to this machine, which he felt sure was to be a great blessing to the world.

How much better it is to have some purpose worth living for than to spend one's life and accomplish nothing. Often wish that I could invent some better way of doing the work I have to do. Besides the useful sewing machine, we need machines to cut knives, better than any I have ever seen for that purpose; something better for cleaning than an old-fashioned mop and scrubbing brush. But, unfortunately, girls were not taught, when I was young, to think that they could invent anything except a new stitch for crochet or knitting. I wish that every school had a class called the thinking class, composed of boys and girls. And this class I would have study all the best methods of doing useful things; the principle of inventions; how machines operate, &c., &c. Suppose that you form yourselves into a thinking class, and begin at once to learn everything you can about everything you see and use.

I think the soldier that persevered until he captured a spider that could spin such a beautiful material from his body deserves a commission as much as the conquering captain; for if he had not had his thinking cap on he would probably have said, "What a pretty web that ugly creature spins!" and we should not have heard of the golden thread that everybody is looking at in the window, for many years to come.

I remember once hearing a composition written by a deaf and dumb boy, and he said something about a mouse's ears that I had never noticed, showing that he had been more observing than I, who was more than three times as old as he. Practice quickens all our faculties. If you practice thinking, you will grow wise as you grow in years.

I DREAM.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

My love, my love, when falls the summer rain
With soothing music on the midnight air,
I dream a dream of mingled bliss and pain;
Deep in our heart-fields do I rove again,
And hither with thee the bright and shining
shades.

Oh! Land of Joy, the purple mountains fling
Rich bars of shade across our sunny ease,
The spirey blooms, the grove and bird-note ring—
And sweet through all the world a carol sing
Of fairer morn to rise o'er rosy seas.

Love's harvest time, ah! is ours no more!
For other hearts are heaped the golden grain!
We may not glean where glad we reaped before,
Nor sing the song nor wear the smiles we wore,
Nor hear the wind blow sweet across the plains.

Yet still, my love, when falls the summer shower,
With soothing music on the midnight air,
I dream a dream that all my life o'erpowers;
Blithe in our heart-fields do I pluck the flowers,
And hither with thee the bright and shining
shades.

"Why does a razor cut better for being dipped
In hot water?" The edges of all tools, instead
of being perfectly smooth, are really toothed like a
saw, and when the razor is dipped in hot water
it causes these little teeth to expand, thus render-
ing the distance between them smaller, and con-
sequently giving the razor a smoother edge.

The vessel that no woman objects to embark in.
A Courtship.

"IS SPIRITUALISM DYING OUT?"

BY EDNA HARDINGE.

I don't know who they are that ask this question, but I am obliged to believe that their name is legion, since I hear so many persons ready with an affirmative answer, sometimes volunteered in the assurance that "the end will soon come," still often that it has been consummated. For the information of any of those eager investigators in search of falsehood who may even descend to the depths of this "little dreary sheet" to find some truth to pervert, some act to traduce, or name to vilify, I venture to suggest a consideration of the following propositions, as portions of the basis principles upon which this crying philosophy of ours is founded. In a spiritual sense, the world is a manifestation of the science of mind. Its two great motive powers are magnetism and psychology. Its two clearly defined propositions are that the attributes of magnetism and psychology belong to the human soul, whether embodied or disembodied, and that in both conditions, spirit, by aid of magnetism, can and does act on matter, and, by aid of psychology, controls mind. Its central truths are the demonstration of a spirit-world, and the immortality (or at least the continued existence) of the human soul after the change called death. These are many other manifestations of what we as Spiritualists believe to be fundamental principles developed by modern Spiritualism, but the above propositions are all that I wish to point to in the present article.

My opening affirmation is that Spiritualism is the "Science of Mind," and, as a science, the whole question concerning its possible decay, or its probable growth and ultimate development into a well understood and practically applied system, is at once answered.

We are informed, upon the authority of popular essayists and acknowledged leaders of public opinion, that many of the arts once known to and practiced by the ancients are now lost. Our ignorance of the mechanical contrivances by which the huge blocks of stone composing some of the Egyptian, Hindu, Syrian, and other antique remains, were upheaved to their places, is cited as evidence of a lost art. The enduring tints of many of the paintings of antiquity, the composition of certain cements, and other tokens of mechanical and chemical knowledge now passed away, are frequently appealed to by those who have favored their theories to uphold on these subjects; and I refer to them here to ask any savants learned in such matters whether, in all the evidences of change that have overtaken the arts, any similar decadence can be shown in the departments of science? Confessing that my definition of the difference between the two words, art and science, is rather a matter of my own opinion than strict derivation from the lexicon, I again ask whether the sciences, which I claim to be derived from the fundamental principles inherent in creation, ever can perish, or be forgotten, whilst the arts, which are but modes in which scientific systems are applied, may change their form so utterly as to be completely lost. Thus the science of mechanics, whose grandest known model is to be found in the system of the universe, together with every form that it includes, but chiefest and noblest of all, in the anatomy of man, can never be lost, never decay, or perish out of human knowledge; though the various forms in which the principles of mechanics can be exhibited, may be constantly alternating between ignorance and knowledge. The science of mechanics, as a science, once discovered by man, will live in his understanding forever. The art of applying that science will change with other incidents of the age, hence a branch of the science, in the form of an art, may be lost, but the root is as immortal as its source, and in the ever-changing mind of man, will be constantly sending forth fresh leaves in the eternal tree of knowledge. The same line of argument applies to chemistry, astronomy, geology, physics generally, and last, not least, to metaphysics.

The basic principles which underlie the phenomena of creation are written in the illimitable laws of the universe; the discovery of these principles, when reduced to a system, is a science; when applied in practice, is an art. Now I, who for many years have carefully and industriously investigated the phenomena of life, death, animal magnetism, psychology, and modern Spiritualism, affirm that which the testimony of millions of wisest mortals than myself will confirm, namely, that all the phenomena of modern Spiritualism exhibit the action of magnetism and psychology; that all the phenomena of magnetism reveal the presence of unknown imponderable but universal fluids, both in the human form and in invisible influences about us; that the evidence of psychology, or the action of mind upon mind, is not only constantly manifest in human society, but is as constantly displayed as proceeding from invisible sources in the phenomena of modern Spiritualism.

The existence of the life fluids vaguely called "vital forces," "nerve aura," or "magnetism," can now only be denied by an ignorance too unworthy to quote. The fact that scientific men in their egotistic pride or intolerance, have not as yet seen fit to investigate the nature of these fluids with sufficient accuracy and industry, and reduce their action to an understood scientific system, is no more evidence that the force does not exist than if we assumed there was no electricity until Franklin's experiments demonstrated it. The absence of modern Franklins does not deprive creation of its life-lightnings—only stereotypes the schools with ignorance, conceit and idleness. The fact that some millions of persons have witnessed the action of magnetic influences and magnetic phenomena is not the less true because some other millions have not witnessed them.

The universal action of mind upon mind, and the despised, much abused, but still unexplained, powers of electro-biology, are facts in the world, though poor "science" has not condescended to explain them, perhaps because it cannot, perhaps because she dares not; but certainly not because she may not, if she would study and investigate the principles upon which they operate; nor does the witness of the millions who have not witnessed the influence of invisible and supra-mundane psychologies, acting upon humanity, in one single jot invalidate the testimony of the millions who have witnessed it; hence scoffers, revilers and skeptics are in no position to pronounce judgment, whilst every person who has fully, fully, and exhaustively investigated the subject of modern Spiritualism as a corollary of animal magnetism, human psychology, life, death, somnambulism, &c., is in a position to say with me, I have neither had the opportunity nor experience, as yet, to reduce the phenomena of Spiritualism to a system, but I know it is based upon eternal and fundamental principles, and results from the action of imperishable forces which imbue the constitution of the universe, interpenetrate all the phenomena of life, and being, and continue to act in invisible intelligence, identical with the minds that have passed from the visible plane of earth; and hence I claim that modern Spiritualism is the dawning of the science of mind, and when I can find evidence in human history that the clue of science once gained is ever lost; when I can perceive that the principles of creation, once discovered, are ever quenched in oblivion, or their perception withdrawn from man; when I can be shown that any science (however changed its form of artistic exhibition may become), ever ceases to widen and deepen in its hold on the human intellect through all time then, and then only, shall I admit that Spiritualism, the science of mind, (though as yet but in its dawning), will ever die out, or perish from the roll of immortal sciences. Fully aware that when large and powerful journals are called upon to prove that which the accepted leaders of science do not know, nobody else ought to know; and destitute of all other means to defend this notable proposition, they greedily clutch at the ever-ready, because undying problem of Spiritualism, as just the sort of food which a very ignorant multitude will the most readily swallow, perfectly conscious that when the great ground is on the scent, and opens his mighty jaws to bark, all the petty curs of the neighborhood yelp and snap in feeble chorus. Conscious that the sturdy life of Spiritualism is still an offence to the self-righteous, and a stumbling-block to the self-wise, I am fully prepared to find all the aforesaid little curs, for the aforesaid reasons, snapping and yelping around this alleged science of the soul, as feeble intellects, all the while the noble power, and still feebler intellects, but because Spiritualism is founded upon the eternal rock of immortal principles, I who have humbly and reverently beheld in even this mere-

ly dawning daybeam, a new and glorious era of scientific and religious revelations for man, can afford to hearken to the growl of the Daily Thunder, the fierce efforts of his chattering satellites, and like flies on the chariot wheels of progress, that sit wonder at the dust they make, and say, "Do your worst." The world still moves; Spiritualism still lives, and will march on to its perfect development as the long sought for science of mind.

Should leisure and opportunity serve me, I propose, in some future articles, to speak more in detail of the manifestations which, even in its present rudimentary state, modern Spiritualism affords of the nature of this science.—*London Spiritual Times.*

"Revelations, Instructions, Prayers
and Prophecies,"

Dictated by the Celestial Spirits, and Spirits in Expiration, to the Circle of Christian Spiritualists of —
Extracts from the Register of their Sciences.

This interesting though curious pamphlet of communications could only have emanated from French Catholics, or rather those who were formerly so; for receiving and believing these new revelations from the Holy Mother, the Apostles, especially Peter, they are certainly expounded from Rome; yet it would be well if the Pope would listen to some of these instructions from the saint whose chair he occupies, who counsels him "to do as Jesus did—to go out in the streets and highways, to seek and administer to the lost and the poor; but he travels in state, with heralds to prepare his way—Jesus seeks out his own through dirty and obscure places, where the infirm and wicked congregate. The Pope is gorged with gold—Jesus gives away all he possesses. The Pope burns his brothers who will not believe—Jesus dies to save." And his teachings of the confessional are somewhat different. He says, "My Brothers, Jesus confessed to St. John, and other apostles. But what call you confession? I will tell you. You are in trouble; you think one of your friends can help you—you have full confidence in him; go and tell him your grief; he will help you. Before revenging yourself on one who has injured you, consult such a friend; tell him all, and naturally no evil will happen. All men can be such confessors, if they have wisdom to solace and advise. I was such a confessor; my name was Peter."

John, the beloved disciple, comes with his lessons of love to this circle; the doubting Thomas; and Matthew, who says, "Call me not Saint Matthew, but your brother." The spirits in purgatory come to be helped, and the "guide" prays for them, sometimes to the Father, but often to Mary and her Divine Son, and most of the prayers are earnest and beautiful. They do not teach the divinity of Christ, say nothing of the immaculate conception, but call him "Our Brother."

St. Peter wishes them to read portions of the Bible at their sciences, and he and others will give their explanations of its teachings. They accordingly read all the book of Job, and the spirit gives his views of its meaning; but we do not think it any improvement on the now generally received rendering of that beautiful poem. In the first chapter, where Satan presents himself amongst the sons of God, he says that Satan was a man jealous of Job, and he does not give Job much credit for wisdom or patience, but prefers the spirit manifested by his friends and counsellors, and when the poor patriarch vindicates himself, that it is not because he is a sinner beyond all others that he is punished, he calls it his pride and ignorance, comparing his conduct with the patient suffering of Jesus, in which, of course, the afflicted old man appears to disadvantage, not giving him any credit for the faith he preserved through all that God would finally help and save him, restoring to him more than he had lost.

They are then requested to read the pastoral letter of the Bishop of Montreal, warning and forbidding his flock to have anything to do with Spiritualism. The remarks made upon that singular document are very good, and to the point. The Bishop believes in the fact of table turning, and says it is owing to some natural law, saying, whether this fluid which causes the movement escapes from the body or is from another invisible cause, it is none the less true that it is something natural. This fluid may either be near or distant, outside or inside the body, cause a physical action, according to the laws of nature, traced by the Creator himself; but if one pretends to make use of this fluid to obtain results which are not in the order of creation, and which are even condemned by the Creator, then there will be abuse, disorder, and consequently sin. Then he says, "We will, by the grace of God, prove, let that table turning has been thus abused; 3d, that this abuse is superstitious; 3d, that its effects are deplorable." After remarks upon each of these heads, he says, "One of the most disastrous facts is that they make a religion of Spiritualism, or of the science of conversing with spirits. One named Swedenborg, a Swede, has been the first author of this. He became such a fanatic that one day he believed himself raised up into heaven, and believed himself called to be a restorer of Christianity." (Our friends of the New Church would like the classing of their great master with Spiritualism.) So he goes on, but he is pretty well answered by the presiding spirits of this circle.

There is a communication purporting to come from John Brown, which may be interesting to some. It is rather peculiar: "I come, brothers, to thank you for the regrets you have expressed for my death upon the gallows. In leaving an ungrateful world I experienced a great joy. In seeing the poor slaves who were praying as mothers for me, I felt transported to the clouds, and surrounded by the angels and the blest. In fine dear brothers, my happiness is so great, that I God were to send me back to the world I would defend the same cause. By the help of prayers I have been pardoned, and notwithstanding my little follies and errors, the sight of God has been already promised me, because 'our Brother' (Christ) has done me the honor of counting me as one of his companions. Yes, brothers, this cause is beautiful! God, who created all, makes no distinction in his love. I mounted the scaffold with joy, because I saw the angels who attended me. When the cord was drawn, I gave God my soul and the cause of my poor brothers in slavery. I know all that these brothers have done for my honor, and I thank them; also for their kindness to my family. Farewell; serve the good cause and be happy."

There are communications from the old Father of the Church, amongst which those from Origen are the most frequent. They are very good, showing he has forgotten all polemic disputation, and patterns his teachings more after the simplicity of the Great Master. On the whole, allowing for Catholic habit of intercession to the Virgin and the Saints, (which Spiritualism, assuring them of their continued interest in all the sinning and suffering on earth, encourages), its James and John like style of instruction cannot but induce to a truly spiritual and practical Christianity, its great objection being that it may lead to a dependence upon certain teachings and prayers; forgetting that each soul must seek its own inspiration from the one great source which flows into all seeking and open souls.

E. M.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MUSINGS.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

Through the material veil of flesh
The soul, half-cleaned of earthly leaven,
Looks out on scenes forever fresh
With the bloom and light of Heaven;
The doors of clay are left ajar,
An unseen hand the curtain rendeth,
And the spirit, like a mounting star,
To the throne of God ascendeth;
And a bright, brief glimpse by the bard is caught,
Of bliss exceeding mortal thought;
But gross mortality, like lead,
Will drag at last the spirit down,
And the poet wears on his aching head
A dark and thorny crown.
But who can tell the joy beyond
All that prophetic lips have told,
When Death bestows a magic wand
That openeth gates of gold,
And the gardens of God, before us spread,
Are thronged with loved ones mourned as dead?
Despair not, poet, in your task,
Though darkening frowns and sorrows sting,
For thy spirit, when it taketh wing,
In the smile of God will bask,
And the light of eternal spring.
Then mourn not in your closet lonely,
For woe and want on earth can only
Afflict thee for a day,
A fleeting, dying day!
I will be with thee in sorrow and gloom,
I will be with thee when opens the tomb;
I will be with thee, and beckon thee on,
To meet the crowned bards who before thee have
gone.
There Shelley will wake in his myrtle-wreathed
bower,
And welcome thy coming with song,
And Keats—in the hush a poor hoof-trampled
flower—
Forgetful of sorrow and wrong,
Will meet thee, and greet thee in love, face to face,
Caress thee and press thee in holy embrace,
My spirit was scarred by the lightning of sin,
And deafened mine ear by a wicked world's din;
But now is washed white in the pure, holy waters
That gush from the throne with the music of
healing,
And the doom once pronounced on Earth's lost
sons and daughters,
No longer the black fount of guilt is unsealing.
Fear not, and look upward with lofty endeavor,
And know that Earth's Night will not darken
forever;
The day-star will dawn, and the Morning will
break—
Keep watch without ceasing—wake, Minstrel
awake!

Correspondence.

Glad Tidings from Detroit—Spiritualism in the Ascendant.

I am most happy in being the bearer of good tidings to the readers of the Banner and the friends everywhere, concerning the progress of our holy cause in Detroit. I wrote you a couple of months ago of our organization for business purposes, and that the prospect was good for the continuance of meetings, and the resumption of interest in the subject of Spiritualism. The actual realization has exceeded my expectations, though perhaps not gone beyond my hopes; for I always hope for the utmost, though always prepared for disappointment—for human experience shows that hope seldom meets full fruition.

Prof. Leo Miller spoke for us during March, and our meetings were reasonably large, considering that the Sundays were all very unfavorable. But that noble soul and honored apostle of our blessed religion sowed seed which is bringing forth precious fruit. The eloquent Mrs. A. A. Currier came hither from the close of her engagement at St. Louis, where she drew overflowing houses, and won the emphatic encomiums of the secular press of that city; and we are, during this month, enjoying angelic ministrations through her excellent mediumship, while our audiences have been constantly augmenting in size, and an earnestness of interest is manifested which has been most gratifying. We have had crowded houses at our Sunday evening meetings, while the day meetings are constantly increasing, showing that our people are becoming somewhat liberalized, and indicating an abatement of their proverbial loyalty to the demure and conservative Madame Grady.

And now it has come about that a great commotion has broken out in the camp of Old Theology. While we were pursuing the even tenor of our way, satisfied with creating no undue excitement, and certainly not seeking to create an uproar, along cometh "Prof. J. Stanley Grimes," of unenviable fame. The clergy had given us the benefit of occasional learned discourses upon the "baleful delusion" of Spiritualism, but the growing infidelity was not dampened. Mr. Grimes was seized upon as a heaven-sent agent by the bigoted clergy, introduced first to the public by one or two temperance (?) lectures and several "puffs" in the papers, and then by a card signed by a formidable array of divines and a number of Church and society-worshipping citizens, "invited" to give a course of lectures on the "specially named subjects" of "Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and all abnormal conditions of the brain and nervous system." His career opened on Friday and Saturday evenings last, and now witness the desperate resorts of a doomed theological despotism. The largest public hall in the city was secured, and said Grimes was advertised to speak on Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, (about the same hour as our meeting at Merrill Hall), for the purpose, as was stated by the leading Methodist Episcopal preacher from his desk on Sunday morning, "expressly to counteract the progress of a dangerous heresy, which was fastening itself upon our community, and already working its way into the Church!"

So you may imagine what a time we are having. Old Theology is fairly quailing, and crowds flock nightly to have their conviction that Spiritualism is "all a humbug," or, if not a humbug, "Mesmerism," or, "some abnormal condition of the brain or nervous system," confirmed! And nightly these poor souls assemble for edification and entertainment in hearing our cherished faith ridiculed and traduced, our mediums and speakers belied and scoffed at, and the evidences upon which we have accepted our religion misrepresented in the most shameful and cowardly manner. How surprising is it that men and women claiming for themselves intelligence and decency, can thus trifle with the holiest sentiments and feelings of the human soul. It fully illustrates the strength of the fetters held by the priesthood upon the minds and hearts of our people. Let us arise in our might, and resolve that this dreadful servitude shall be ended! God and angels speed the day!

I send you some extracts from daily papers to show how the tide is setting. The press here, by virtue of some earnest exhortation and other in-

fluences, are rendering us as reasonable a show of justice as we can well expect for the present. The most of the people buy only newspapers, which report their own opinions. As the writer remarked to the managing editor of one of our papers, "If they do not mistake facts in respect to Spiritualism more than nine times in ten, we are disposed to be satisfied." But we should begin to demand something more than this. Let Spiritualists make their power known, and demand simple justice and fairness. Let them write to those publishers who offend, and tell them that these attacks and slurs upon Spiritualism and Spiritualists must cease—that they cannot permit our holy religion to be so reviled and our feelings so trifled with. The Spiritualists are paying out vast sums of money for the support of newspapers that avail themselves of every opportunity of abusing us. Let this be stopped, and publishers will soon commence a strategic change of base.

You can imagine the shock to the sensitive feelings of Mrs. Currier, truly accomplished and dignified lady that she is, in being sandwiched in the local reports of the papers with so utterly worthless and disreputable a man as Grimes. We sympathize with her. Any pure soul would shrink from such base contact. Meanwhile the Orthodox are daily sickening of Grimes. They have from such base contact. Meanwhile the Orthodox are daily sickening of Grimes. They have from such base contact. Meanwhile the Orthodox are daily sickening of Grimes. They have from such base contact.

We shall issue an invitation in due time to the backers of Grimes, for a full and free examination of the merits, etc., of Spiritualism. Do you think they will dare come into the arena?

Apologies, let me say that I heartily subscribe to the sentiments of your editorial in your last issue, just at hand, under the head, "Shall we Compromise?" That is sound, and I am right glad that you are disposed to check summarily this compromising tendency indicated by some in our ranks.

H. N. F. LEWIS.

Detroit, Mich., April 23, 1866.

Below will be found a synopsis of the lectures alluded to by our Detroit correspondent, which we copy from the Detroit Advertiser and Tribune of April 23d:

THE SPIRITUALIST CONTROVERSY.

Sunday Afternoon Lectures of Prof. Grimes and Mrs. Currier.

PROF. GRIMES AT YOUNG MEN'S HALL.

According to announcement, Prof. J. S. Grimes lectured at Young Men's Hall Sunday afternoon, April 22, on the subject of Spiritualism, taking the ground of its being a fraud and imposture. He said that ignorance has been the cause of the laws of nature being the ancient Greeks to attribute all natural phenomena to supernatural causes, or, in other words, to the operation of spirits. Thus thunder was produced by Jupiter, and volcanic eruptions were the work of Pluto, both spirits, and no more satisfactory explanation could be given. Modern Spiritualism had its origin in ignorance, and was a fraud and imposture. The speaker knew from personal acquaintance with the facts. In 1841 he was lecturing in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., upon Mesmerism. Among his audiences was a young man named Andrew Jackson Davis, a lad of less than ordinary information and intelligence, who was at that time serving an apprenticeship to a shoemaker of Poughkeepsie. The lad became interested, and in conversation with a tailor of the village began experimenting. He soon found himself susceptible to mesmeric influences, and was readily thrown into a trance state. He was then made a tool of by designing men, two Universalist ministers, who made money by revivings, and he was made a tool of by designing men, two Universalist ministers, who made money by revivings, and he was made a tool of by designing men, two Universalist ministers, who made money by revivings.

discourses at Merrill Hall, Sunday, to full houses. In the afternoon, the subject was "Mediumship, the Laws of Spiritual Sympathy," and other kindred topics of interest to the spiritualist and thoughtful Spiritualist. The speaker referred to the attempt that had been made by a self-styled Professor to explain away the stubborn facts of Spiritualism. He thought it strange that those who held to the idea that a communication proceeded from evil spirits, were so blind as not to see that in admitting that they were virtually admitting the whole ground. "Granted that only evil spirits could return to communicate, is it a question whether the oracles set forth by scientific men to explain the peculiar phenomena. The oracles, discovered by the learned Baron Reichenbach, was adopted by an American professor, but the spirits stubbornly refused on being called by their real names. Dr. Doid, the great mesmerist and psychologist, wrote a book developing a "back brain" theory, holding that some involuntary action of these organs was the occasion of the strange phenomena; but while he was engaged in this, the spirits were at work in getting possession of his front brain, and they succeeded well, for he is now one of the most zealous advocates of the faith. Those who hold spiritual manifestations to be of recent date, are very much in error, for they date back to the beginning of man, the prophets of old Jewry, the Magi of Egypt, and the oracles of Greece were all channels of spiritual communion, such in the mode peculiar to their day. Every nation under the sun has its stock of legendary lore, from whose archives can be drawn the proof that there has been constant communication between the world of mortals and the world of spirits. The Old Testament is full of records of manifestations of this kind; matter whether they come through seers, apostles or sorcerers, it is enough that they were spiritual gifts of some kind. The identity of these manifestations with the phenomena of to-day, is clear and uncontroverted, and all down through the centuries the chain is perfect—a single link missing. Ahn has five bodily senses, but he has not been taught that he has interior senses corresponding to the interior life, as the external causes correspond to the external life. St. Paul, who was a seer, as well as philosopher, and understood what he wrote, discovered that there was a spiritual body and spiritual senses; that modern divines fail to comprehend what he meant, and thus he is not taught that he has interior senses corresponding to the interior life, as the external causes correspond to the external life. St. Paul, who was a seer, as well as philosopher, and understood what he wrote, discovered that there was a spiritual body and spiritual senses; that modern divines fail to comprehend what he meant, and thus he is not taught that he has interior senses corresponding to the interior life, as the external causes correspond to the external life.

In the evening the discourse was "The Conflict between the Church and the Pure Gospel of Christ." The life and sublime teachings of Jesus were portrayed in the most eloquent terms. He said he made no war against the pure principles taught by him, but against the perverted and corrupted by the Church. The church is now divided against itself, not two denominations agreeing, and on some questions almost at sword's points. The only salvation of the Church is a return to the holy religion taught by the despised Nazarene. The discourse was a historical review of the crimes perpetrated by the Church in the name of Christ, and the Saviour were always crucified, and then their dust was canonized. The Church had always opposed free thought, and resisted the advancement of new ideas, whether in science or religion, and now Spiritualism was experiencing the same persecution that every truth has been subject to in the past. The character of Thomas Paine was vilified from the alleged blasphemy of his doctrine, and the same was done to him as one of the purest patriots and statesmen that ever drew the breath of life. The discourse was frequently interrupted by applause.

Dr. Fitzgibbon and Miss Vanwie in Baltimore.

Our heretofore pleasant progress in the good work of unfolding the Spiritualistic Philosophy to the denizens of the Monumental City was somewhat disturbed by an unpleasant incident which occurred at a dark circle, under direction of Dr. Fitzgibbon, with Miss Vanwie as medium, on the 24 inst.

It was claimed that when the medium was placed in a sack which was nailed to the floor, spirits materialized forms and walked about the room, touching various members of the circle, ringing bells, speaking with audible voices, &c., &c. Some gentlemen, suspecting that all was not as represented by the doctor, struck a light and found the medium outside the sack, making the demonstrations which purported to proceed from the spirits. This, of course, caused much excitement. Some newspaper articles and the departure of the doctor and his family from Baltimore created, also, a very unfavorable impression on the minds of both Spiritualists and skeptics in regard to the parties implicated.

Not having been present at the circle referred to, I was not capable of forming an opinion in regard to the justness of the charges brought against them. To the skeptical mind there could be but one conclusion; but all well informed Spiritualists know that it is possible for a medium, when in the trance state, to become an unconscious and irresponsible instrument in the hands of the controlling spirit. I have known instances when unenlightened spirits exercised such controlling power, in which media have been placed in situations of great embarrassment and annoyance. I therefore deemed it only just to Miss Vanwie to offer her the opportunity to vindicate herself.

I proposed to her to accept the protection of my home and family until the excitement of her nervous system had abated, and favorable conditions were restored, and then we would investigate her claims to mediumship, under circumstances that would not destroy the conditions necessary for the spirits, while, at the same time, they would render unmistakable the character of the manifestations. This proposal was gratefully accepted, and since then Miss Vanwie has been some sixteen days a guest in my house. We have thoroughly tested her powers, both in private and in public circles, and have no hesitation in pronouncing her a medium possessing extraordinary gifts, who, under the guidance and care of one who is kind in manner and faithful in principle, will become an instrument of great power in the hands of our angel friends who work so diligently and lovingly for the good of humanity.

Yours truly, WASH. A. DANSEIN,
Pres't First Spiritual Cong. of Baltimore.
Baltimore, April 24, 1866.

Shall we have a State Organization in Ohio?

The subject of Organization appears to engage the minds of many Spiritualists at the present time. If organizations can be based upon inherent principles, there can be little doubt of their importance and utility. The present is pregnant with portentous events, which may require all the strength of unity. The elements are still festered. Tradition is the present condition of elements and of minds. Few foresee what a day, month, or year may introduce. Many feel the uncertainty of the future of present or existing conditions, and the

struggles growing out of a change. Old things are passing away, and they feel the necessity of something to lean upon.

Organization and cooperation are suggested and advocated by many as the great need of Spiritualists at the present time. Then why should not Ohio have a State Organization, as well as her sister States? Time was when Ohio was in the van in spiritual matters. Must she fall behind now? What say the Spiritualists of Ohio, to holding a State Mass Convention some time in June or July, at some convenient location? What say you to the nominating of Judge Carter, of Cincinnati; Dr. Cooper, of Bellefontaine; Hudson and Emma Tuttle, of Berlin; Mr. D. A. Eddy and Mrs. B. M. Thompson, of Cleveland; Mr. Barnum, of Richfield, and Dr. Wm. Hanes, of Carlington, or a majority of them, as a committee to call and decide upon a time and place for holding such Convention? Without desiring to control said committee in their decisions, it seems to me that as convenient a time as could be decided upon for holding such Convention would be between the 15th and 30th of June—perhaps the 23d; and, inasmuch as Cleveland was the first place a spiritual convention was held in the United States, it would not be out of place to hold the first State Convention for organization there, also.

If we are to sustain a National Organization and Annual Meeting, why should it not be constituted of delegates from State organizations? Then a State Organization would doubtless stimulate to local organizations, which would by their delegates compose the State Conventions. I conceive of no plan so well calculated to arouse and stimulate to local organizations as that of State organization.

Perhaps Ohio might feel like putting an Agent in the field to aid the objects demanding organized cooperation. The committee should invite speakers, if deemed necessary; still, Ohio can furnish them. Every Spiritualist should feel invited. "Now's the day, and now's the hour."

Respectfully, A. USHERHILL,
Cuyahoga Falls, O., 1866.

Notings—A Test Poem.

One would think, from the statement of the Massillon correspondent, that I was coming up minus in the field of labor. I think it strange that letters should be waiting me there, when I have written again, and yet again to that place for letters, and have received no answer.

I did not labor much publicly in March, it was so stormy; but spoke on the 30th to a full house in the Universalist Church, at Aurora, N. Y. Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell, of Lockport, N. Y., spoke there the week previous to a crowded house; and, I am told, she held the audience spellbound for two hours. She has been in the field but a short time, and the friends would do well to encourage her by keeping her employed.

On Sunday, April 1st, I spoke at East Hamburg, N. Y.; a full house; and the Presbyterian Deacon, who had refused me the church, in the audience; and when I learned it, I felt like saying, "And Satan came also."

Sunday, April 8th, I spoke in the Methodist Church in Harbor Creek, Erie Co., Pa., to a good house. Bros. Bryant, Cowden, and others there who have stood the storm of persecution in the past, are now rejoicing in the sunshine. This is the second time I have occupied the "sacred desk" in that place. Surely, the Methodist friends there are growing into the true spirit of Christian liberty. Several years since Bro. Cowden lost a son, a twin, named Columbus; last October, his mate, Columbus, went to join him. Often since, when the bereaved parents were sitting together at eventide, they would say if they could only know of her true condition and enjoyments in the spirit-world, what a comfort it would be to them.

The following poem, given through a stranger, Mrs. Pardee, of Ellington, N. Y., has been the greatest test to the people of Harbor Creek of anything that has yet been given there. The allusion to the feelings of her parents in the first verse, the reference to her brother, to the unconscious condition in which she passed away, and to those immortals who had so often been welcomed beneath her father's roof, who bore her over the rolling tide to the summer-land, together with the intrinsic loveliness of her character while here, has touched the hearts of those who knew her, as naught has ever done before, and there are many who would be glad to see the poem in your columns, for which purpose I enclose it.

Life, dearest parents, you ask me of life,
What my enjoyments in heaven can be,
Since, released from the struggle of death, pain
and strife,
You have laid my young form in the cold grave
away.

'Tis the bright pearly dewdrop that hangs on a
leaf,
To fall on the bosom of a clear water spring;
Its beauties as trembling, its changes as brief—
The earth-life, to mortals, is just such a thing.

But the beauties of heaven in the broad sphere of
life,
That stretch everlastingly blooming away,
Where morning ne'er enters to cloud its sweet
light,
Is a subject too great for beginners to say.

"Columbia! Columbia!" my dear brother said,
As he eagerly clasped me with love's deathless
power;
"Columbus, my brother, I thought you were dead!"
"Oh, no, dearest sister, we live evermore!"

'T was a moment of joy, even angels can't tell,
To awake in such transports of heavenly bliss;
Freed from all sorrow, and Death's dreaded chill,
Was a pleasure too great for words to express.

Each soul is a dewdrop in life's endless tide
From the bowers that o'erhurl Eternity's wave,
Whose intelligence waters the universe wide,
That illies of Truth may bedeck the dark grave.

I came not a stranger to life's angel, thrush;
I learned its first lesson at our home's fireside;
Angels you welcomed so oft 'neath your roof,
Say they bore me, yet senseless, o'er Death's
gloomy tide.

Now we watch o'er the dewdrops that tremble at
home,
On the leaves we have left in Love's gentle
bower,
And know that the breezes of Nature will come,
And bring them all shivering where death is no
more.

Look forth to your loved ones on Life's waiting
breast;
We'll gladder your circle by night and by day;
Change tears into smiles, death's name into rest,
And forget the cold clod that is mouldering
away.

(Signed,) COLUMBIA COWDEN.

I am now speaking in Trumbull Co., O., where
there are many souls who are basking in the
light, and many more ready to listen. I expect
soon to go to Eastern Pennsylvania; but where-
ever I am, you may be sure I am at work.

LOIS WATSONBROOKER,
Vienna, Trumbull Co., O., April 21, 1866.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SONG OF THE RIVER.

BY DAN MITCHELL.

Where mountains crown their heads with snow,
And stunted shrubs are growing,
And white and fierce the sunbeams glow,
My springs are ever flowing.

They babble round the rocks, and turn
And spread a foamy basin,
To daily with the nodding fern
A moment ere they hasten.

Then, gathered in the narrow chink,
They rush and foam and spatter,
Then headlong leap the dizzy brink,
But to renew their chatter.

They eddy round the fir and pine,
And murmur near the willows;
They dive beneath the bradded vine,
And roll o'er sandy pillows;

Till, in the grassy plain below,
Their waters flow together;
Then round the sunny hills they go,
Through blooming groves and heather.

My sheeny waters, wild and free,
Flow with majestic motion;
But, like the fountain lost in me,
Myself am lost in ocean.

Not so with man, who, drinking deep
The springs of all creation:
His selfhood thus will always keep,
Through every transmutation.

Finland, N. J., 1866.

The Cholera and Quarantine.

The following article, from the pen of Prof. Payton Spence, M. D., on the subject of the Cholera, appears in the New York Herald of April 23d. The views of the Professor are at once scientific, comprehensive and entirely original.

THE VALUE OF QUARANTINE.

A settled fact in the history of the cholera is its steady, persistent, irrevocable westward movement. This movement is evidently "planetary," and hence it does not stop at the Quarantine station any more than do the tides of the ocean. An unsettled question in the history of the cholera, is whether nations and large bodies of people lying in the inevitable track of this persistent westward movement of the cholera can be protected wholly or in part from the havoc of the disease. Much of the confusion which prevails in the scientific as well as in the popular mind in regard to the cholera arises from the fact that three very different things are generally confounded, often in conception and nearly always in expression. These are—1st, the disease itself; 2d, the cause of the disease—no matter whether that cause is a miasm, or microscopic vegetable or animal beings, or something else; 3d, the condition which breeds and propagates the cause. The contagionists, as well as the non-contagionists, all admit the fact that there is something about the cholera which moves steadily westward, and at its own pace, it being neither accelerated nor retarded by the winds, nor by human travel, nor by commercial transportation; a something which can neither be carried, nor imparted, nor communicated. It is therefore not a ponderable, portable element. It is neither earth, air, nor water, but is something more ethereal than either. It must be an imperceptible element, therefore, either astral or magnetic; and as it has a "planetary" movement, in the same sense that the movement of the tides is planetary, we will describe it as the revolution of a magnetic meridian—a great magnetic, tidal wave, with a westward flow, which human power can no more hurry, retard or arrest than it can change the polarity of the earth. This magnetic tidal wave forms what we call the cholera condition, the element, within which is generated and propagated what we call the cause of the cholera. The condition is present, therefore, in all localities which are submerged in this magnetic wave, whether on the land or in the track of the emigration, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. But while it is a fact that what we have denominated the condition travels steadily and irresistibly westward, it is also a fact that, associated with the cholera, there is something else which is portable, transferable, ponderable—a something which is borne upon the wings of commerce, and wafted by the sweep of the winds from the quiet of the globe to another. I am aware that there is one class of deny this; but the facts in proof of it are too numerous and too well attested by men of the highest scientific attainments, as well as by practical common sense observers, to admit of a doubt of its truth.

This ponderable, portable, transferable thing, whether it be a movement, a wave, or a microscopic life, constitutes what we have denominated the cause of the cholera. It is the thing which, by either external or internal contact with the human body, gives rise to the disease. In the above view of the subject it is easy to explain the apparent anomalies which have been observed in the progress of the cholera. It is equally easy to explain how it happens that there are some cases of learned, scientific and observing men who strenuously contend that the cholera is not contagious, and another class of equally learned, scientific and observing men who insist that the cholera is contagious. Unconsciously to themselves, the non-contagionists have based their opinion solely upon the facts connected with the movement of the condition—the magnetic wave—while the contagionists, equally unconsciously to themselves, have drawn their conclusions solely from the facts connected with the movements of the cause—the miasm, or the swarm of microscopic life. It is equally obvious that, in the above view of the subject, there is much unnecessary alarm in the public mind about the importation of the cholera from abroad. The condition comes of itself, and cannot be brought. The cause cannot come of itself; it must be brought or imported; but when brought prematurely, that is, in advance of the condition, in advance of the magnetic wave, it does not give rise to the cholera, but is itself blighted and dies for the want of the element necessary to its existence. If forty cases of cholera patients should land in New York City to-morrow, the disease would not spread and become general, because we are not yet under the magnetic wave. When that incubus is upon us we will unmistakably know it.

Let us now return to the question asked in the beginning of this article. Can nations and large bodies of people lying in the inevitable track of the persistent, westward movement of the cholera, be protected wholly or in part from the havoc of the disease? In view of what has already been said, this question is easily answered. There can be no cholera in any locality unless both the condition and the cause are present. The condition, as we have already stated, is beyond human control. It comes and goes in its own time. But, as we have also seen, the cause is ponderable, portable, transferable. It is, therefore, to some extent, under human control. We cannot prevent its travel upon the winds to the full extent that it is capable of being transported in that way. We can, however, by proper quarantine regulations, retard, if not wholly prevent its introduction by human travel and commercial transportation. I do not believe, however, that it is possible wholly to bar out the cause of cholera by this or by any other means; but we can delay its coming; and when we reflect that the cholera always has thousands in a day, and when we remember, also, that the greatest possible length of its stay in any locality is necessarily limited, extending from the time of the arrival to the time of the departure of the condition—the magnetic wave—we see at once that if we delay the importation of the cause into that magnetic wave for a month, a week or a day after it first strikes the shores of our continent, we save the thousands who otherwise must surely fall during that month, week or day, if the cause and the condition both reach us at the same time.

Milk may be kept sweet by having it constantly in the presence of fresh water. In a milk-room provided with tubs, in which the water is changed twice a day, milk will not be soured, even by lighting.

Our Washington Letter—Meetings in April.

The end of the lecturing season is drawing to a close. With the outgoing of the next month, probably, our regular Sunday meetings end. The past course has been but irregularly successful. The organization here, which is a purely voluntary one, lacks pecuniary stamina, as well as other essential requisites, to make it all it ought to be. In a place like Washington, an Association such as ours is, needs to stand on a firm financial basis to make it uniformly successful. This secured, the meetings would prove far more satisfactory, profitable and harmonious. That our meetings have already done great good, have been the means of removing deep-seated prejudices, of spreading light and knowledge in this spiritually darkened region, none who know what really has been done can but so affirm. But that these needed things may continue and be largely augmented; that spiritual freedom may more and more abound, and spiritual truth become more generally diffused throughout this community, it is earnestly hoped that by a combined, systematic and united effort on the part of the friends of the cause here, next season, the spiritual meetings will not languish for the want of pecuniary means to engage the best speakers, and to pay them liberally for their time and the exercise of their gifts.

In keeping with the proverbial character of the weather this month, April has given us an unusual variety in the way of speakers. Great disappointment was felt that our talented and, what is rarer in a woman, our logical friend and sister, Laura De Force Gordon, could not fulfill her engagement; and to disappointment we have the mortification to add that the cause thereof was an empty treasury. Under these circumstances, the committee, while conscious of her fame as a superior speaker, questioned the prudence of having her come all the way from Boston; so we had to forego the pleasure of her presence and her preaching.

The first and second Sunday of this month our desk was occupied by that old line abolitionist and reformer, Giles B. Stebbins, of Rochester, N. Y., who gave us four very thoughtful, suggestive and progressive discourses on the Primal Gospel, or Truths of the Soul; The Divine Laws; Inspiration and Revelation; Civil and Religious Liberty. Without pretensions to oratorical display, Mr. S. embodies much careful reflection, and illustrates by striking and happy examples. What he says, and his unaffected manner of saying it, makes one treasure as something valuable his public utterances. On the morning of the third Sunday, Rev. Mr. Sturm, of West Virginia, related his experience—Church versus Spiritualism. It was a common experience, given in the quaint, rough, provincial style of the country some thirty years ago.

In the evening, Mrs. Anna Denton Griggs lectured upon "Psychometry; its nature, facts, uses and bearings." Mrs. Griggs is favorably known as the sister of Prof. Denton, the eminent geologist and lecturer. Mrs. C. is one of the best public or private psychometrists in the United States, as is evidenced by her experiments recorded in the "Soul of Things," a book of rare interest and great merit. The title to her lecture sufficiently indicates its character, and that she treated it in a lucid, dispassionate and rational manner, none who know her will question, and all who were present will testify.

The fourth and fifth Sundays we were fortunate to hear and become acquainted with one who strikingly combines in form, features and cast of mind, the best qualities of Calhoun and Jackson, Dr. J. B. Ferguson, of Nashville, Tenn. The President of our Society, Hon. J. C. Smith, recently chanced to meet his old friend, Dr. F., in this city, and knowing his power as a speaker, overcame his reluctance and prevailed upon him to address our Society. Though not now in the lecturing field, for reasons satisfactory to himself, Dr. F. naturally belongs on the public rostrum, where he takes princely rank, being one of the readiest, most vigorous and unctuous orators in the country—equalled by few, and surpassed by none. With a commanding presence, voice of marvelous compass, a large and active brain teeming with noble thoughts—critical, logical and extemporaneous without—his audiences irresistibly acknowledge his control and power as that of a mastermind.

For the present this is probably your correspondent's last letter from this city. After nearly three years' intercourse with the Banner and its thousands of readers—would that the number was quadrupled—as its principal Washington correspondent, he resigns a pleasant and lucrative position here, to accept one more so, in the goodly and national city of Boston. Trusting that "good to some and harm to none" has been, and will be the result of this, he respectfully takes his leave.

Truly and fraternally, G. A. B.
Washington, D. C., April 30, 1866.

Mr. Crozier's Address.

I send the Banner herewith the bold, manly discourse delivered by Mr. Crozier before the First Society of Spiritualists, in Dodsworth Hall, last Sunday. [See first page of the Banner.]

It is hopeful to find that this man has outgrown his denominational tenets (Unitarian), and burst from theological bondage and arisen into the plane of reason. Since civil bonds have been at least partially broken, by the terrible war, there remains still the greater work to do, which is to free the human mind from theological bondage. All or nearly all Christians are so thoroughly psychologized and hallucinated by theology, that their reason is rendered impotent in relation to spiritual things. This is demonstrated by their conduct when induced to communicate with their spirit friends. Then they are filled with joy, and are satisfied as to the reality of the communion, and declare they will never doubt again; but when they are again brought under theological influences, they deny the testimony of their own senses, crucify their reason, and sink into their former faith in hypothetical theology.

This hallucination is demonstrated by their acceptance of the misstatements and errors in the Bible as Divine mysteries, and, in deference to these, deny the spiritual things made tangible to their own natural senses. This hallucination is also demonstrated by their own conduct and confessions, viz., that their theology is based on the Bible, and that both are true, notwithstanding science and their own senses demonstrate the contrary.

From this theological hallucination Spiritualists must, if possible, save our people. We must strive to restore reason to its normal activities; and nothing has or can tend so much to this end as spiritual facts, which challenge reason upon spiritual things.

Easy it is hopeful and refreshing to find clergymen are breaking from theological bondage and speaking boldly and rationally of the church and spiritual things. C. PARTRIDGE.
New York, April 23, 1866.

Those who blow the coals of others' strife may chance to have the sparks fly in their own faces.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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-communion and influx: it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to 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.*

Killing the Indians.

Our Government has so long administered its laws in relation to the Indian tribes, and remnants of tribes, in such an arbitrary, tyrannical, and even blood-thirsty manner, that it may fairly be expressed in the single phrase of "killing Indians." That certainly appears to have been its policy, rather than a mode of treatment which may be called paternal. We have seemed to labor to exterminate the red men, instead of protecting and benefiting them. It is too late now to present the fact that we are all of us occupying lands which were once theirs, from which they were driven in as ruthless a manner as civilized man ever was by barbarian. That story has been told too many times already, and always with too little effect. We are in quiet possession of what was once theirs; and it is not the habit of people thus situated to betray too much tenderness over what is past and gone.

We undertake to say that few, if any, of the soldiers of the United States have been of late years ordered to repair to the far western frontier, to look after the Indians, who were not filled with the idea that they were sent out to kill them. Such a thing as just and equitable treatment was probably little thought of. The belief has been published and republished, until it has become ingrained into the popular mind, that an Indian is a natural barbarian, not to be civilized even after the greatest pains taken with him, and always to be killed, like a snake, at sight. On that idea we have practiced as a people, until the red man's old-time barbarities are put to shame by our own. We have now succeeded to that extent in thinning their number, where we are met by the limitations of nature itself, and told that we can go no further. The fact ought to excite the most accusatory reflections, instead of a desire to push on to a worse extreme.

We have before us, at the present writing, a letter from a young soldier now stationed with his company at Fort Wadsworth, Dakota Territory. He admits that his idea was, when ordered out to the frontier, that they were going there for the purpose of "killing Indians." But he declares that since he has been out there among them, and seen what gross injustice and wrong has been practiced on them, he has been forced to change his mind on the whole subject. They are a fearfully abused remnant of a race to-day, he says, whatever they may have done, with or without justification, in the past. Had we been subjected to such treatment as they have been, it is quite likely we should have resisted with equal earnestness and vigor. The soldier referred to has been out on the frontier eight months—long enough to witness the working of our Government system of treating a race from which we have as a nation received such permanent and substantial benefits.

He avers, by way of illustrating his declarations on this score, that about all the trouble in his neighborhood proceeds from a single man, and he the one through whose hands the supplies for the Indians are suffered to pass. As a Commissioner for the tribes in that region, he receives the supplies from the Government in bulk; and instead of dealing them out to every head of a family, and to individuals as needed, he distributes but a stinging fraction of what he is commissioned to do, retaining the rest to peddle out to the very men to whom, under the Government's solemn promise, it already belongs. In consequence of witnessing what he has, he confesses that from an Indian Extremist he has been converted into an Indian Sympathizer. This, too, is only eight months' experience in that country belonging to the red men themselves.

He says the way of it is like this: some seven or eight hundred Dakota Indians are stationed within two miles of Fort Wadsworth, in about half a dozen different camps, some of them being employed regularly as Government Scouts. These camps stretch out from two miles to ninety from the Fort. Very many of them had nothing to do with the massacre of '62, and all profess friendship for the Government. Of that large portion of the rations "in bulk" which are kept back by the Agent in the Indian Store, articles are sold out to the natives on a scale of this sort: twenty-eight pint cupfills of flour have been given in exchange for a buffalo skin; an Indian has to pay half a dollar for a pound of pork; and he pays two dollars for a pair of full of oats, being told that unless his pony is in good condition for scouting, Government will not employ him. Therefore he has to have oats, let them cost what they will. We concur with the writer in his expression of pleasure that a change in the commandment of the military post is certain to bring about a decided reformation in these mean, cheating, and tyrannical practices.

A full exposure of the wrongs, petty and sweeping, which the Indians have experienced at our hands, and unknown to the most of us at that, would go a great ways in dissipating the prejudice and hatred with which the red man is habitually rewarded by us for what he has given up to our enjoyment. Before we can call ourselves even a civilized nation, we must change our course to the Indians right about. Justice does not sleep always. Even the few and feeble are able to command powerful ministers to execute their vengeance somewhere and at some time.

We extract the following paragraphs from an excellent article in the last number of the *R. P. Journal*, entitled "Our Cause—The Press—Our Duty." In allusion to us, the writer says:

"The Banner of Light, one of the best newspapers ever published, has stood foremost in the ranks of reform, bravely doing its duty in the cause of Spiritualism for seven or eight years, [ten years] and has yielded support and consolation to hundreds of thousands, who, without its weekly greetings, under the mournful circumstances attending the great rebellion, would have sunk in deep despair for the loved ones who have been snatched from their loving embrace by untimely deaths."

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, in the midst of the terrible carnage, leaped into existence, as it were, by divine command, and the promptings of those who have passed to the other shore, a co-worker with the Banner of Light in the vast work of human emancipation from the thralldom of all phases of slavery."

Correspondence.

We recently published a fine lecture in the columns of the Banner of Light, delivered in Troy, N. Y., by S. J. Finney, from the MS. report forwarded us by Dr. Andrew Stone, of that place. Subsequently we received the following singular letter from Mr. Finney, for publication, which we print verbatim. The two letters which are annexed, from Dr. Stone and Mr. Ritchie, the reporter, explain themselves:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 4th, 1866.

To Editor of Banner of Light:

BRO. COLBY: In the Banner under date of the 7th of April, on the first page, I find a lecture, claiming to be a report of a lecture of mine, delivered in Troy, N. Y., on the 11th of February last, on the "Correlation of Forces." Now I disclaim being the author of this lecture as it appears in the Banner. True, I did deliver a lecture in Troy on the 11th of Feb. last, on the "CORRELATIONS AND EQUIVALENCES OF PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL FORCES." And I did say some of the things reported in the Banner of the 7th inst.; but I actually did not say much that is there attributed to me. Many of the things in this report of my lecture are precisely the opposite of what I really did say; and many other sayings therein attributed to me, are positively self-stultifications. For instance, the report makes me say—"Either this force called mind arises out of the immense force called cognition, etc. Now what is 'cognition'?" It is the act of knowing. See how absurd such a statement is. Do you think I could so abuse all thought and all language? In another passage, the report makes me charge Descartes with the notion that planes are charged directly "by the action of God." I never said a word of the doctrine of "planes," or of "planes," or of "planes," or of "planes." There are many more worse blunders than these I have noticed. Now what I wish the readers of the Banner to understand, is, that I am not the author of this lecture as reported. The report is a tissue of mistakes, almost from beginning to end. I will not consent to go, in such a dress, before the minds of the people. And I wish all reporters, everywhere, hereafter to understand, that I wish to know when I am to be reported—and be reported; and then, that I must see the report before it goes into the pages of any public print whatever. I can't, for the sake of such nonsense as this report contains. I only wonder at your publishing it at all.

Will you please publish this note, and relieve my friends of any fears for my sanity.

I am truly and cordially yours,

SELDEN J. FINNEY.

TROY, N. Y., April 7th, 1866.

MR. LUTHER COLBY: Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your favor of the 6th inst., enclosing a copy of Mr. Finney's letter.

I must say in reply that Mr. Finney's letter did not astonish you more than it does me. That Mr. Finney delivered the lecture verbatim as it is reported in the "Banner," I will vouch for; so will the reporter, and many others of the audience, as near as they can recollect; certainly, as to the meaning, the idea, and the words for the most part as they are rendered.

I cannot understand what Mr. Finney appears to be so dissatisfied about; for, as you do, I call it very able and correct, and seem to lay the greatest stress upon the inconsistency or error in reporting this sentence: "Either this force called mind arises out of that form of force called cognition, or out of that form of force called material force, which arises from light and heat."

Now, I know that this was a verbatim expression of Mr. Finney's, and if you will read, carefully, the preceding paragraphs, you will see that they all converge to this corollary or conclusion: That all truth or knowledge comes from intuition—from the inward to the outward, in contradistinction to the knowledge of induction, or the conclusion of sciences and sciences, or, in other words, a reasoning from the outward to the inward; and this, as you can see, is what his whole lecture aims to demonstrate.

In the next place, Mr. F. denies being the author of this lecture, as reported. Well, I will grant that, in view of Mr. F.'s private assertion to me that all his lectures are inspirational, and not efforts of his own will.

Taking him at his own words, if his lectures are inspirational, he cannot claim to be a proper criterion of the correctness of the substance of his lecture as his dispassionate auditors and the shorthand notes of an experienced and rapid reporter. Does this not follow? My opinion is, that the shoe pinches here: that Mr. F. has studied and eliminated this and other lectures which form a course, and which he delivers in every place where he lectures. Said lectures have been committed to memory, and now that he finds these lectures published, he is simply robbed, as it were, of "his own thought," which he claims to have obtained from Mount Sinai.

My motive for having Mr. F.'s lectures taken down and written out, was for my own special advantage and improvement. I had heard him many times before, but had never had an amannus sufficiently rapid and experienced to report him; and I regretted that so much valuable information as his lectures are calculated to impart should be lost. After my amannus wrote them out, seeing the disadvantage of reading them in manuscript as readily and often as I wished to, I offered them to you for publication, and they might as well have been made to myself, and to the inquirer after progressive knowledge.

Taking Mr. F. on every position on which he may rest—that his lectures are inspirational—they then become public property, and are designed for the good of humanity.

In the second place, were they original with him, and he desired to protect them as his own property for further use, he should copyright them according to law. It is well known, Mr. Editor, that public lectures, if not so protected, are considered public property and publishers and reporters are free to use them.

Therefore, if Mr. F. insists upon your publishing his letter, you will publish this, also.

Yours truly, ANDREW STONE, M. D.

TROY, N. Y., April 7th, 1866.

MR. LUTHER COLBY:—Dear Sir: I learn from Dr. Stone that Mr. Finney calls in question the accuracy of my report of his lecture on Feb. 11. He says, in the first place, that he delivered a lecture on that date, not on the "CORRELATION OF FORCES," but on the "CORRELATIONS AND EQUIVALENCES OF PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL FORCES."

If I heard Mr. Finney right—and I sat almost at his feet at the time—the title of his lecture was "The Correlation of Forces." Both memory and photographic notes testify to this assertion. Possibly Mr. F. had not committed to memory the title as well as the body of the lecture.

Secondly, he says the report makes him father doctrines directly opposed to those he advocates, and charges them under the head of self-stultifications. As an instance, he alleges the paragraph: "Either this force called mind arises out of that form of force called cognition, or out of that form of force called material force, which arises from light and heat."

If that is a self-stultification, then Mr. F.'s position is untenable. He had been endeavoring to prove that all matter is knowledge—in fact, he declares this as an axiom of the Spiritual Philosophy—that all matter is force, all force is spirit, all spirit is mind, all mind is intelligence or knowledge—and what is cognition but knowledge?—and in this manner he traces matter upward to the great primordial force, or mind, or spirit, or cognition, or God.

Now, if all matter is mind, and all mind is knowledge or cognition, is it a self-stultification to affirm that mind is cognition, or proceeds from cognition? But I am defending Mr. F. from himself—a thankless task, probably, but unavoidable under the circumstances.

In the third place, Mr. F. says there were many other worse blunders. Of course Mr. F. is the best judge of his own productions—I beg pardon, his lectures—but it appears that the competent judges have pronounced it an able lecture; and any glaring blunder would undoubtedly have been detected by them.

In regard to the Descartes theory: it was an unintentional omission of the statement that Descartes was instrumental in overturning the previously conceived theories of the universe.

In conclusion: Mr. F. repudiates the idea of being the inspired mouth-piece of the printed lecture, though he claims the authorship of certain portions. I protest against being made the scapegoat for any little innocentencies which appear in my report, and have no reply to him.

Yours respectfully, JOHN BITCHIE.

Spiritualism in Chicago.

The meetings held regularly in Crosby's Music Hall, every Sunday, by the First Society of Spiritualists, are fully attended. The editor of the Chicago Post attended one of the meetings, and gave quite a lengthy account of it. He made the discovery that the audience were composed of common sense people. He says, "A somewhat critical glance over the audience, failed to discover any material difference between it and any other religious assemblage," although he had been led to believe he should see a motley group of "contrary people," "with queer faces, with curiously shaped heads, with long noses; in short, of a multitude of Doctor Faustus, who needed only his opportunity to do as he did."

Of Chas. A. Hayden, the lecturer, he says:

"Mr. Hayden, the 'Boy Preacher,' as he is called, is a young man apparently of twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, with the air and manner of a student fresh from college. Upon any other platform he might easily be taken for a young theologian preaching in vacation, or perhaps on trial for permanent settlement. He is a small man with an intelligent cast of countenance, and gives the impression of a person thoroughly in earnest, and thoroughly in love with the cause he has espoused. He has a not unpleasant voice, a ready command of language, and an easy if not graceful delivery. His address was given without the assistance of notes, or of spirits from the invisible world, of which he did not make any use. His address was satisfactory and sublimated character, which pertains to the effusions of trance speakers. Of the address itself, it is not proposed to speak at length. Suffice it to say that in the view of the speaker, Principle was the only true guide, and Policy was of no consequence except when it harmonizes with Principle. Politics entered largely into the address, and the speaker evidently takes for his guide in that field such men as Phillips and Sumner; while in religion, Parker and Emerson were the models; lacking, however, the greater light which he possessed. But the touchstone in all things was Progress."

The editor comments on the spiritual movement thus:

"To a disinterested and unprejudiced observer, the rise, progress and present status of this new sect, form a not uninteresting study. Most certainly Spiritualism is not in very good odor at present with the mass of people; and is supposed chiefly to find adherents among those who do not claim the highest place in society. As we have before intimated, the appearance of the audience on this occasion was not that of an understratum, and in cases where the adherents in the near and far of that class, the Spiritualists point to the fact that it is among the poor and lowly that all religions have found their earliest adherents, and they make special reference in such a connection to the origin of Christianity. Whatever may be a person's present opinions and feelings on this point, it is scarcely possible not to give at least a passing notice to a creed which, now less than a score of years old, yet numbers within its folds three millions of persons, and has had the countenance and support of such men as Judge Edmonds, Judge N. P. Tallmadge, Dr. Robt. Hare, Rev. J. Pierpont, T. W. Higginson, J. G. Wilkinson, and many other men of standing and education. With the growth of their faith, it is not our province as journalists to meddle; but the future of the new organization is a legitimate subject of inquiry by all, whether believers or unbelievers, sympathizers or scoffers. If we seek information on this point of Spiritualists themselves, we shall find that they take a rosy view of the prospect before them. To the assertion that there is a halt in their progress, and a sensible diminution in the number of their annual converts, they have a ready answer. They assert that every new movement gathers about it all the chaff and scum of the time. They admit that from this has accrued a large portion of their many new adherents, and that in the future the novelty of the thing has worn off; consequently they have lost their enthusiasm, and are upon the lookout for something else. On the other hand, say the Spiritualists, 'We are making converts daily, fewer in number, as I admit, but superior in character, and from the better class of society. Our organization, in the making of itself, form and substance, and already has a power in the law, in the legislature, in the courts, in the army, in the navy, in the police, and we are riding ourselves of thousands of impostors, exorcisers and hangers-on, who have hitherto assisted powerfully to make the movement odious to society.'—It is beginning to be understood that the ravings of false and imbecile mediums are not an integral part of the creed, and that Atheism and Free Love are not its necessary results; nay, that they are not part of it. All the converts that we are now making are of a kind that will remain with us, and give stability to the movement. Those of our earlier adherents who have fallen away, are but a loss, but a positive gain to us in their action. All the exertions of philosophers and scientific men to explain away the wonders of Spiritualism have failed, while we are every day adding to the proof that communication is possible with spirits after death. On the contrary, the power of all the old creeds is falling with each succeeding year; and we cherish the most undoubting faith that the new religion has appeared in obedience to a great human want—that a new belief in place of the old ones which are fading from the earth."

Mr. Hayden has been lecturing in Chicago for nearly three months to large audiences, and is still there, meeting with brilliant success. He has spoken in several other places in the West, St. Louis, Davenport, Geneseo, Waukegan, Belvidere, Decatur, &c. In a private note from him, he says he has everywhere met with large audiences, and such cordial receptions from friends, that the recollection will never be effaced from his memory. He particularly alludes to the pleasant time he had in Cleveland, where he enjoyed the hospitality of the family of D. A. Eddy. He has been steadily at work since he left New England, last October, speaking Sundays and week evenings; and has delivered during that time one hundred lectures, and traveled about five thousand miles. Everywhere, he says, Spiritualism is gaining a foothold, and there is an increasing demand for lecturers and test mediums.

Meetings in the Melodeon.

Miss Lizzie Doten will address the Society of Spiritualists, in the Melodeon, each Sunday afternoon and evening during the month of May. She has just returned from New York, where she lectured during April with marked success; her audiences were as large as the spacious hall would admit. At the close of Miss Doten's engagement here, the meetings will close till the hot season is over, to recommence probably in September.

The treasurer of the society would like to have the subscribers to these free meetings hand him their donations as soon as possible, that he may be able to liquidate all the bills and commence the next season free from debt. He would also like to receive subscriptions for the coming year. Now is the time to begin the work in order to insure success.

The meetings for the past season have been a perfect success, especially as regards attendance, the average not being less than one thousand, at each meeting. The lectures have been of a high order, from some of the best speakers in the spiritual ranks.

National Woman's Rights Convention.

The Eleventh National Woman's Rights Convention will convene in the city of New York, at the church of the Partians, Union Square, on Thursday morning, May 10th, at 10 o'clock. The "Hopedale Modern Age" truly remarks, that "at this hour the nation needs the highest thought and inspiration of a true womanhood infused into every vein and artery of its life—and woman needs a broader, deeper education, such as a pure religion and lofty patriotism alone can give."

Puritanic Propriety.

A committee of the Massachusetts Legislature has for some time past been importuned by certain parties to direct by statute that horse-railroad companies shall no longer run their cars on Sundays. The proposal is the very pink of plety and propriety. The object of it is, not to compel people out of town to stay at home, with their own prosy ministers, who now complain of slim attendance on their Sunday services, but to prevent the overworked population of the city, who never have time for a holiday, from taking a short and pleasant ride for recreation into the suburbs. One individual, a man of wealth in a neighboring town, and a straight-laced Orthodox in his form of faith, openly admitted that he did not want the people from Boston poking about his limits—not exactly trespassing, but looking around and gratifying their tastes.

That is just the way with these characters; they have made money enough themselves, no matter how, to ride around in their carriages wherever they want to go, Sundays as well as week days; and they seem to think it mighty fine to put on airs about extending privileges to those who do not happen to have the means they have themselves. It resolves itself really into a question of power, and a power based on money. Could such men have their way, there would be no enjoyment or recreation known but what they tolerated and allowed. The spirit of Puritanism is nowhere near dead, even here in liberal and enlightened Boston. It is only scotched, not killed.

Hours of Labor.

Various shades and shapes of opinion were elicited in the examination of witnesses before the special committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts, in relation to the proper length of a day's labor, and some even of the most emphatic of those in opposition to the plan of making eight hours a legal working day were marked by a frankness and freedom that entitled them to respectful consideration from all sides. There was one piece of testimony, however, which merits reproduction. It fell from the cold, thin lips of a would-be aristocrat, with a soul too small for human sympathy, and a head not big enough to take in a whole subject with its beginning and end. The name of this diminutive character is Dr. J. B. Jackson—more name than substance. But we will let his own testimony show up his littleness and mean spirit. He says:

"Better let things remain as they are. Ten hours none too much for laborers' shoulders; if the latter do not find time for exercise, it is their own fault. Laborers are not generally tired. The change from ten hours to eight would be better for the grog-shops. They (the laborers) have no inclination for self-culture. When necessary to employ children, the public authorities should instruct them at suitable times."

This is a specimen of a man who is in a position in the medical department of Harvard College. We should think that College ought to prize him. Ben. Butler boasted in the State Senate that we had hung a Professor once; we should like to hear what the hero of Dutch Gap would have to say of this one. Manner or more atrocious sentiments were never uttered.

Bombardment of Valparaiso.

The latest Chilean news brings the particulars of the barbarous bombardment of the city of Valparaiso by the Spanish fleet, on the 31st of March. The first gun was fired at 8 o'clock in the morning, and the bombardment was kept up till after twelve at noon, by the whole Spanish fleet. The town was completely demolished. The destruction of property is estimated at \$200,000. Several women and children, and a number of soldiers, were killed.

The orders from the Spanish Government to the Admiral were to destroy, burn and desolate to the utmost of his power. To this the Admirals of the British and American fleets remonstrated, as well as the representatives of their Governments, and also of France; but when the time arrived for the assault, the British and French fleets withdrew from the harbor, refusing to interfere. The American Commodore, not being sustained by the other fleets, also withdrew, and the bombardment then took place.

Valparaiso is the chief city of the Republic of Chili, and is built on a narrow strip of land at the foot of a cliff at the head of the Bay of Valparaiso. The place was entirely defenseless, without a gun or a vessel to defend it. Much the largest portion of the property destroyed belonged to foreign merchants, British and American.

Spring Preparations.

As the spring opens, of course those who are happy in the possession of homes out of the cities are making preparations for the out-door work that heralds the year's revival. It is high time now the gardens were taken in hand. The beds and walks have been raked clean of litter, and plowing and spading have been done with care. Now drop in the seeds and cover them. Now set out the young and tender plants. Push on the pie-plant. Set out cabbages, tomatoes, and lettuce, tending carefully. It is a sincere delight to fork over and dig up the mould. It is grateful to the nostrils of man. A garden is a never-ending source of pleasure. Only a few fruit trees are a perpetual study, and an inquisitive mind can find all it wants to look into among their interlocking branches and boughs. The very smallest patch of a garden is a most desirable attachment to a home, however compact and diminutive.

Sleep as a Friend.

None of us, who are come to maturity and full days' work, sleep enough. The fault is all in the other direction. With a clear and dry atmosphere that makes, with our rapid manner of doing business, such exhaustive drafts on our stock of nervous energy and strength, we can hope to repair the loss in no way so effectually as by sleep. Sleep is indeed man's best friend. While we lie prone and insensible on our beds, the limbs relaxed, the muscles without the slightest degree of tension, and the circulation of the blood and all the nervous fluids unobstructed—we are insensibly recuperating from the waste of vitality which could in no other way be repaired. Better go with less food than less sleep. Then sleep, too, reduces us all to the state of innocent childhood again. The world is nothing to us while we lie on our pillows at rest.

That talented lady, Miss Lizzie Doten, will lecture in Chelsea in June next. A great interest is already manifested in anticipation of hearing her. It is very probable that the City Hall will be engaged for the occasion, and that a REVIVAL—a good and wholesome one—will come out of it.

The Howard Athenaeum opens this (Monday) evening, May 7th, with a new manager and a new company. The star upon this occasion is the well known, talented comedian, John Brougham.

Mrs. H. B. Gillette, the excellent healing and developing medium, we are pleased to learn, has resumed practice at No. 67 Dover street, Boston.

HOWARD ALLEN FUM

HOWARD ATHENÆUM.
 DR. B. RICH. LEASE AND MANAGER.
 M. WRIGHT. STAGE MANAGER.
SPRING AND SUMMER SEASON.
ENTIRE NEW MANAGEMENT!
MONDAY, MAY 7th, 1866,
 and EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK,
 engagement of the celebrated Artists,
JOHN BROUGHAM!!
 His first appearance in Boston since his return from a
SUCCESSFUL EUROPEAN TOUR.
 He will sustain his
GREAT CHARACTER!!
 or
DR. SAVAGE!!
 in his own GLOAMING COMEDY, in 5 Acts, of
PLAYING WITH FIRE!!!
JOHN BROUGHAM AS DOCTOR SAVAGE!
 His first appearance in Boston for six years.
 HERBERT WAYVELLY. FRANK HOCHIE.
 SCIENCE TIMOTHY. W. H. CURTIS.
 SCOTT. W. P. SHELDON.
 MISS WAYVELLY. MISS CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.
 MISS SAVAGE. MISS LENA PRESTICE.
 MISS CHASTIC. MISS J. HOWARD ROGERS.
 MISS KRINKS. MISS JULIA DAVENPORT.
 conclude with the original Farce by T. E. Wilks, Esq.,
 entitled,
MY WIFE'S DENTIST!
 ROBERT BEAUVILLE. M. M. LOTT.
 JOHN HAZARD. E. H. BRINK.
 HODA, a Lady. EMILY KING.
 First Appearance in Boston.
 Doors open at 7½; curtain rises at 7¾ o'clock.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY ABOUT
MRS. SPENCE'S
POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

The science of the age was ripe for the development of the Positive and Negative system of medicine; the progress of the age demanded it, and the people had long yearned for it; hence it has been received in a spirit of friendship and enthusiasm from one end of the country to the other.

The following expressions are fresh from the people, and are earnest enough, and enthusiastic enough to convince even the medical faculty:

"I have never seen any medicine that would make disease get up and leave for parts unknown with the rapidity that **Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders** do."—(Mrs. Andrew Akin, Cornell Grove, Kansas.)

"They are wonderful."—(E. C. Swafford, Rutland, Vt., Ill.)

"They are very soothing in their effects—bringing instant relief in every case."—(A. L. Rogers, Logan, Mo.)

"They work like a charm."—(S. B. Swan, Northwich, Conn.)

"A wonderful medicine—so silent, and yet so efficacious."—(S. W. Richmond, Chelsea, Ill.)

"Their effect is astonishing."—(F. A. Cheney, Marlinton, W. Va.)

"I never saw such medicine; it is worth five dollars a box."—(H. Tibbott, Northfield, N. H.)

"I cannot do without them."—(Jane Crane, Covington, Ind.)

"The world will yet bow to the great cure **Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders**. They are wonderful. I do not know what to think of them. They charm. They make me well without making you sick."—(See in Banner of Jan. 27th, 1866, E. T. Tilden's report of lady in Watkiss, Mass.)

"My wife thinks they saved her life."—(H. D. Coffey, Plainfield, W. Va.)

"My wife considers them the best medicine she has ever taken."—(Joseph Parke, Littleton, Ill.)

"**Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders** are more powerful than all the high-cure M. D.s ever can; and their cost is not worth mentioning. They are all you recommended them to."—(Mrs. Maria Ingraham, Deerfield, W. Va.)

"They are the best medicine of the age."—(Mr. A. W. Elliot, Sanbornston Bridge, N. H.)

"They are the greatest medicine in the world."—(J. Y. Mitchell, Keithsburg, Ill.)

"My husband gained seventeen pounds in two weeks while using them."—(A. Haskell, Hampden, O.)

"I have used **Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders** in Deafness, Croup, Erysipelas, Fever and Ague and Toothache, with the most instant and gratifying results. They are as near an infallible remedy as it is safe or creditable that depraved humanity should possess."—(Susan D. Mitchell, Keithsburg, Ill.)

"They are the best medicine of the age."—(C. J. Junker, North Auburn, Mo.)

"They relieved me almost immediately."—(Lillie G. Barrett, White Hills, Conn.)

"They have worked like a charm on my wife."—(John A. Day, North Wrentham, Mass.)

See the Banner of March 24th and 31st, Dr. J. Baker's report of the cure of **Paralysis, Black Jaundice and Pulmonary Diseases**, by **Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders**, when he, the Banner of April 7th and 14th, authentic reports of the cure of **Rheumatism, Deafness, Croup, Erysipelas, Fever and Ague and Toothache**, by the **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 fuller lists of diseases, and complete directions for the use of the Powders, are sent free of charge to all who send for them. Those who prefer special directions and wish to know the kind of the Powders to use, and how to use them, will please send us a brief description of their disease when they send for the Powder.

Liberal Terms to Agents, Druggists and Physicians.

Money, postpaid, for \$1.00 a box; \$5.00 for six. Money sent by mail *not* our risk.

Office 571 ST. MARKS PLACE, New York City.
 Address,
Prof. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.,
 Box 5617, New York City.

April 28.

NEW BOOK—JUST ISSUED
CHRIST AND THE PEOPLE.
 BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.
 PRICE, \$1.25. POSTAGE 16 CENTS.

CONTENTS:
 CHAPTER I.—"The Great Moral and Religious Changes of the Nineteenth Century."
 CHAP. II.—"Sacrifices."
 CHAP. III.—"The Laws of Men."
 CHAP. IV.—"Justice and Charity."
 CHAP. V.—"Experiences."
 CHAP. VI.—"The Necessity of Sin and its Cure."
 CHAP. VII.—"A Lecture."

This book should find its way to every family. The views of the book are new and startling, but its position is fundamental, and will doubtless be maintained when assailed, as it must be, by those who yet live in the sphere of selfishness and bigotry.

Its liberality reaches the very shores of Infinity. It is bold in its spiritualism, and reaches for the manhood of Christ. It is the most fearless presentation of the folly of the present moral and religious systems of the land of any book yet written. It is free from fault-finding; but its truthful descriptions of so conceived goodness everywhere, in morals and religion, are withering. Through sacrifice [and sin it shows the open gate of heaven for human being.

For sale at the "Banner of Light Office, 156 Washington Street, Boston, and at the Branch Office, 644 Broadway, New York. Rooms 4.

April 16.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum.
 FOURTH EDITION—JUST ISSUED.
 BY A. B. CHILD, with directions for the Organization and Management of the Lyceum, and a full description of the Lyceum and of the young. By ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.
 Price, per copy, 50 cents, and 8 cents postage, if sent by mail. For 10 copies, \$4.00, and \$4.80 all, per copy, \$1.00. Address, BELLA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

THE APOCRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT
 BEING all the Gospel, Epistles, and other pieces now attributed to the first Disciples, and not placed in this Apocryphal, and their companions, and other pieces in the New Testament by its compilers. Price \$1.00, plus postage. For sale at this office.

Oct.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. 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 precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED IN OUR NEXT.

Tuesday, Feb. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Lieut. Wm. Welch, South, to his father, in Atlanta, Ga.; Sarah Brown, Boston, Mass., to her mother, in Dover, N. H.; Edgar Wilkins, from Franklin, O.; John Haskins to friends; Simon Jones, to his father, in Cincinnati, O.; Thursday, Feb. 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Settling Whittier, to her parents, in Nebraska City, John to Mrs. Moore, Columbus, Ky.; a Frenchman, from Columbus, Ky.; Major Wm. Vail, to his friends.

Invocation.

Oh thou who hath made the heavens and the earth, who sheddeth thy glory upon every atom, and foldeth in thy embrace every soul, thou whose perfect life the soul perceives everywhere, our Father and our Mother, too, we praise thee for the gift of life that comes to us in perfectness and beauty. It is mirrored in the external world and realized in the internal life. Life, oh wondrous Eternal Life! thine altars are everywhere, and thy children are perpetually praising thee. Therefore the incense arises like a perpetual prayer unto thee. The mountains and the valleys, the oceans and the dry lands all praise thee. The fish of the sea, the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and humanity, that most perfect of all thy creations, all, all praise thee. In the midst of sorrow, in the midst of dire distress, in the midst of all those calamities that befall human life, there thy love beams forth resplendent, and the sun of thy mercy never ceases to shine. So the soul knows all these sorrows are for its good; are each stepping-stones in the staircase of Eternal Progress. Every one is of some use; every one leads to some higher unfoldment, to bringing forth the soul's powers one by one, and all, all lend their influence in telling the soul of thy eternal power and thy wondrous love. Oh Soul of the mountains and of the valleys, oh Life of the flowers and of the deserts, oh Father and Mother of our souls, while universes live, while suns and systems exist, while souls hold their individuality, we will ever praise thee as our Father and Mother, and we will ever hope thy kingdom may come, thy will be done, even in this mortal sphere, as in those spheres where the soul understands thee and knows thee more perfectly. Amen. Feb. 15.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have queries we propose to consider them.

Q.—By J. R. of Centerville, Iowa: What is it that operates upon the mind and conscience of an individual, that produces the change called "conversion" among the Orthodox? I have experienced this change myself, and seen it in others in answer to prayer.

ANS.—The cause is very apparent, is not at all concealed, but stands right out prominently to the gaze of all. Your querist asks what it is that produces this so-called change of heart, or conversion. There are some who declare it is produced by the direct interposition of the Holy Ghost or Spirit. In one sense this is true, but not in the sense generally understood. We believe that this psychological force, or power—for such it is—is generated in the minds and of the circumstances in the minds of the people present, and of the circumstances of each individual, but more especially confined to the speaker, the centre from which this psychological influence flows. Every public speaker knows there is always an influence magnetic—if you please you may call it so—that is constantly going forth from themselves to their audience, and the audience is in rapport with the speaker. But if it is not in rapport with the speaker, if there is no harmony between the speaker and his audience, it is like the sowing of seed upon a rock; it does not affect the rock. So the power does not affect the audience under some circumstances. But these sensitive souls who are brought under conviction, from thence under conversion, are always susceptible to all psychological influences. It is the nature of their being. They are so adapted, physically and spiritually, as to drink in such influence, and the change is so perfect, so distinct to them, we do not wonder they almost always declare they have been baptized in the Holy Ghost. It is a very good way of getting rid of that which you do not clearly understand. The best way is to seek to know from whence this power comes; how it is generated; how you are made fit to receive it by prayer on the part of the individual who receives conversion, or puts himself in a state to be psychologized. An earnest desire to be converted, backed up by the prayer, "Lord, shower down thy Holy Spirit upon me!" will do much, under any circumstances, toward bringing about such a change. If the one who prays is in the presence of some religious psychologist, then the change will be electrical, and the conversion, so-called, will be relatively perfect and complete.

Q.—By the same: Do spirits generally advocate the doctrine or idea that this change or "conversion" will better the condition of the individual?

A.—That depends very much upon what the basis of that change is, or in what it consists. If it is an old school Orthodox basis, then we shall say that conversion will be of little use to the individual seeking the change. But if it is liberal, broad, extends beyond the confines of their particular church, is not limited to any one creed, then we believe the individual will be the better for the change. We do not believe in a seven-by-nine heaven, nor in those conversions that are symbols hanging upon church walls. Those that are spontaneous, those influences that are broad and deep, are not bound to any particular creed, but have all incorporated in their creed who believe there is good in the Orthodox, in the Universalist, the Roman Catholic, the Methodist and the Spiritualist. To such, conversion will be of benefit. A conversion that is good to us, that will be of use to individuals, is eclectic in its tendencies, is able to see good everywhere; is ready to worship the God of the black man, the red man, the God of the saint and of the sinner. When one is converted, under these circumstances, then we believe their conversion will be of good to themselves and to the world.

Q.—Which is the best for the people at large in this country, free trade or a protective tariff?

A.—When we consider our political relations—or, we should say, yours—with those of other nations, we should say a protective tariff is best; but when we view the case from your own standpoint, we should say that free trade was under all circumstances. But, inasmuch as you cannot govern other nationalities, can only control your own, perhaps it would be wisest for us to declare that a protective tariff would be the best for years to come, for you, under any circumstances.

Q.—The Hon. E. Lord has written much in favor of a "national currency" without a specie basis, and in favor of a law to prohibit buying or selling gold or greenbacks for more or less than par. Will the spirit explain to us how the matter appears to him in the spirit-world, and give us his opinion on the subject?

A.—As a people, you seem to be bound to traffic in everything, human life and souls not excepted. This is a very hard statement to make of one's own countrymen, but, nevertheless, it is true. For our own part, we believe that an established national currency, with which individual States could not traffic, would be best. Old England has, in many respects, set you a very good example in this thing. But, as Yankees, you are about to ignore Old England, even in her good points as well as bad ones. We shall not blame you in this matter, for England has always tried to put her foot upon your neck, and you feel it is best to stand as clear of her as possible. And yet you should not let your prejudices do you harm. You are able to see much, if not all the good that lies across the water; and where there is good, you should be willing, if you have not the same, to copy from it. It has been said by one writer, and very truthfully, too, that this splitting up of American currency, has done more toward demoralizing people than your civil war; has made more misery than civil war has made. Perhaps there is not one present who can understand this statement; nevertheless, we believe it to be true. If there were laws protecting you against this evil, all these things would pass out of existence. If you issued paper currency, a dollar would be equal to a dollar in gold and silver; would be a dollar; and twenty-five cents would be twenty-five cents. As it is, your dealers in stocks have not the well being of the people at heart, but the well being of their own pockets; and we are sorry to say that Government fosters them in their ambition to rise over the poor; Government sustains them; Government allows these unlawful gamblers, all over the land, to steal the bread out of orphans' mouths every day. But, say you, Government endeavors to stay this evil tide, and will do this in time. Oh, yes; but we believe Government is impotent in this, as in many other things. We believe it rests with the people to determine what they shall have and what they shall not have. The voice of the people is the real Government, but you do not seem to so understand it. The people seem to be willing to live year after year with their necks in the yoke, crying out, to be sure, loudly against it, but never lifting their hands or putting their shoulders to the wheel to change this thing or that. To be sure, there are some few noble exceptions, but they are in the minority. The time is coming when these gamblers will fall into a pit of their own digging; and we pray God, in their behalf, that the soil may be so heavy upon their deeds when they fall, that they shall never rise again, not even at the sound of the fabled Gabriel's trumpet. Feb. 15.

William Van Ness.

William Van Ness, from Schenectady. I have made some few promises which I have a desire to fulfill, and, in pursuance of that desire, I'm here to-day. One was, did I find this thing true I would return. Another, did I find my wishes were not carried out in a certain respect, I would return in vengeance; but the last part I will leave off. Happily, I am very fortunately situated in the spirit-world. I have the company of those that were very dear to me when they were on earth, and that has tended to soften my nature, to make me think better thoughts and strive to perform better deeds.

During the latter part of the first year of the war, I went out to battle; was in several engagements, and at last was taken prisoner, and returned to my friends no more, not in the body.

There were some few things that I took with me to the battlefield that were of value to me, and of value to any friends that are left, partly on account of some of them belonging to those who had gone, and partly of value in another direction, of which I do not care to speak. When I knew I was going to die, I requested the attendants of the place where I was—rebel prison—hospital, they called it, but it was a prison—requested them to send these things to my friends—telling them where to send—when they, as they distinctly affirmed, should be the victorious party; when they should be marching through the streets of New York, and other Eastern cities, bearing the Palmetto flag. I said, "Very well. When that time comes, or when the stars and stripes float over even this shanty, then, if you're on the earth, see to it you send these things to my friends. If you are not able to deliver them personally," they promised, and said they considered their promise sacred, and would do so. I said, "If you do not do it, if there's such a thing as coming back after death, I'll come back to you in vengeance." I leave off the vengeance part, but I come back here to simply say they are a set of liars, and cowards, and miserable miscreants, in every sense of the term.

Your Palmetto flag is dead and buried, I suppose, and ours has waved over even the little shanty where my life went out, or from whence I passed on. You boasted too large, stood upon too high ground, never thinking that it might be possible that your wings would get clipped and you'd come down rather suddenly. But you vaunted of your superior strength, of your ability to whip us Yankees. But where's the whipping? I ask. On whose side—yours, or ours? I do not want to punish a fallen foe. I only want to tell you some things about yourselves that I doubt very much if you know.

Some of these persons are sons of influential men at the South, and I believe the most of them remain on the earth; for, to their shame be it said, they were too great cowards to go into the front ranks, but kept in the rear, so they were not shot. I had made up my mind to return in vengeance, if they did not keep their promise. But I've told them what I think of them. Now I'm satisfied. I won't go a step further to injure them; but I do hope they will learn to wear lower-crowned hats, and in future carry their heads lower, just a trifle lower, then they won't be likely to get such a severe bump the next time.

And now to those who are this way inclined, to whom I promised to return if this thing was true, I'd say, I am here; that proves it's true, to me, at any rate. With regard to all this in and out of the case, I know very little. It's enough for me to know that the bridge is strong enough to bear me, and if it bears me, it's fair to infer that it's able to bear some one else to earth.

This much I know—I am here; and I think I have said enough to prove I am here. If I have not, let them come near enough to shake hands with me materially, and I'll give them proof that will be strong as the rock of Gibraltar; they can't get around it, can't go under it, and I doubt very much if they can see high enough to go above it. I am obliged to you, sir, for opening your highway to me, as to all others. Farewell. Feb. 15.

Lucy Belmont.

There are heavens, no doubt, where the soul finds rest, but they are not for the mother who knows her little ones are on earth, battling with the wild waves of human sorrow and human coldness. When I look back to the time when our home was a peaceful one, and we were surrounded by all we needed to bring comfort and contentment, I can but wonder that so short a time would have wrought so great a change.

When the first gun was fired at Sumter, we were living at Lockhart, a few miles from Richmond. That is not the name of any town, but simply the name of an estate. But as the war progressed, all the male members of my family decided to go forth to battle. Our slaves, those of them who wished to remain, were provided for. Those who did not, were sent away with what we could afford them. Myself and my two little children repaired to New York, for that was the home of my childhood. But reverse after reverse came. It seemed as though every day brought upon its wings some bad tidings. I could not take up a journal without seeing something that would make my heart so sad, and at last I heard of the death of all my husband included—that had gone forth to war. All gone, I knew not what to do—whether to go back again, or stay where I then was. But I learned in the course of a few months, through the New York Herald, that our place had been taken for the troops, or rather for a sort of a hospital. Therefore it could be no home for me; so it would be useless for me to think of returning.

For a time my funds held out; but there came a time when they grew very small, and I was obliged to turn my attention to something that would bring support to my children and myself. By overwork, anxiety, and the most terrible sorrow, I fell a victim to consumption, and died, leaving my children homeless and friendless in New York. By the force of attraction, I followed them, and learned that immediately after my death they had been placed in a foundling hospital, or charitable place—they were both sick—where they could be temporarily cared for, and from that place they went to some institution, charitable institution for such poor, homeless, friendless young. And there they remain, surrounded by all the coldness that generally pervades such institutions. Day after day they sigh for their home, that they will never again see, perhaps. And they have learned in their infant hearts to say that God could not be good and just, for if he had been, he would have spared their father, and their mother, and their home. But when it so happens—if it ever does—that I can go to them, telling them this truth, I shall show them that all these sorrows will make them all the brighter hereafter.

I accidentally learned that some persons connected with the institution where my children are, were spiritually inclined, or Spiritualists. I have a vague, undefined hope that I may reach those children through their liberality, that I may be able to do something for them still. All that belonged to their father has passed into other hands. We have no control over it, and they cannot have. So those who may be interested in them must not think they can aid them in this way, for they never can. My two children bear the names of Cecil and Lucy Belmont. Lucy was my own name.

If my poor thoughts reach any friends I may have living at the South, I hope they will do something toward seeking out these children, and allow me and their father to still be their protectors. They are children of George K. and Lucy Belmont. Farewell, sir. [Do you know what institution they are in?] I know the place, can easily seek it out, but the name I cannot give. [What were the ages of your children?] Six, and between seven and eight. Feb. 15.

Michael Devlin.

By the blessing of God and the guidance of the holy saints, I'm here. And me name, sir, is Michael Devlin; and I am from McCabe's Court, New York, and that's where I left me family. I was killed in the war, and I take it I've a right to come here and speak.

"Oh, it was doing me heart good all the time that poor leddy was talking about her children; it made me think of me own little ones. Oh, there are hearts all over the land, and they're sometimes soft—where's the heart that would not be?—and when I was down South I was very likely to see nothing of the kind. [You were apt to think a little hard of them?] Oh yes, sir, because they were hard upon me. Oh yes, it does very well to sometimes get where you can see some of your enemies what have soft hearts, after all.

Well, sir, the leddy had two children; I had three. I want to see how I can do for them; how I can go to them speaking for myself. Yes, sir; that's what I want. I had a very good faculty for going through with anything I undertook to do when here. Now I have come here to-day, and I'm going home; yes I am. There's no use saying to me, "Michael Devlin, you can't go there and talk," for I'm determined to go. I'm going to talk to them as I do here. [Won't the Church object to your doing so?] What do I care for that? The Church is very good, and I respect it; yes, sir, I do; but what's in the Church that says, "Michael Devlin, you've no right to go home now?" I'll not heed that at all. All the saints give me the right, and them's higher than the prates there; yes, sir.

The first thing I want to have me wife Catherine know is, I have come, and that I'm coming; want her to know I'm coming right home to her this way. I know that's saying considerable, but I'm going there to speak; yes, sir, I am. I come here, and I've got the cue. I know just how to do the thing. There's plenty of folks what read your paper here, that say they do not believe, plenty that read it either in a sly way or in a way that's not so sly, that'll send the paper to me wife. Yes, sir; when this thing gets to Catherine, she'll know I'm coming. I shall push the thing through some way, and if I can't reach her through one of these folks, I can come through herself, for she's one of them—yes, sir, that's where I have the thing—but she don't know it. But I'll send me telegram ahead; then she'll be expecting me. I'll not frighten her to death, for I'd not like to take her away from the children. No, Catherine takes good care of them, and I don't want to take her away from them, and I'm not going to, either. And what I'm bound to do is just this thing, sir. Catherine is one of the kind that makes the pounds (raps). Yes, sir; she can't read the writing, you know, but the letters I can make through her, and when I can tell her what the pounds mane, then she can spell out what I say to her; and

what the devil is the reason I can't take care of her in that way? Yes, sir, I will.

"The country had need of me services, and I gave them, and lost me body by it. Now the country has got to take care of me wife and children. It owes me that much. I'm inclined to be honest to every one, to deal with others honestly, and they must do so with me. That's what I once said to a man I worked for. He'd only pay his men one in a month, and he'd always nig off all the way from sixty to seventy cents; whereas, if he pay once in a week, we'd get that ourselves, because we poor Irishmen would know just how to count our pay by the week. He knew that very well. I says, "Here, boys, I will not stand being cheated in this way, if you will." Oh, the old rat! Says I, "Mr. Corliss, (that's his name), you can do that to the rest of the boys, but you can't to me. If you want to do without me, just say so. If you don't want me to go, and you know very well I'm the best workman you've got, then pay me by the week." Oh Michael Devlin, you won't leave me, anyway. You'll not get a better man to work for than me." Oh, I'll try it." "Very well, then," he says, "I suppose you can have it yourself, but mind you don't say anything to the rest of the boys." "I'll do no such thing, for they all know that the chate is in you, and I'll not keep quiet." Said he, "you mean, miserable Irish scamp, do you call me a chate to me face? Go to your work, said he." "Oh, I will," said I, and I did go to me work.

Now, I say, I'm going to say, I'm going to have me own way in this respect too. I went away to serve me country, and lost me body by it. Now, I'm going to make the country take care of me family; that's what every man should do when he has that that's dependent upon him. If he comes, it proves there's a God somewhere; proves that one has got a heart to come; proves that it is right. Yes, sir, I am right.

Good-day, sir. I am much obliged to you, and I will do all I can to make it right for all you do for me. Feb. 15.

Circle closed by Luther V. Bell, M. D.

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, Holy Spirit, whose life filleth even this day of shadows, whose perfect love is abiding, eternal, and extended to all thy children; thou who art Father and Mother, and all unto us; thou who hast ages in thy keeping; thou who causest suns to shine and twilights to fall; thou, oh Spirit of Eternal Truth, thou who art the Soul of prayer and of praise, to-day we praise thee as we have ever praised thee for the gift of life. Though it is mingled with Calvaries and Edens, though sorrows and joys, heavens and hells are everywhere, yet we praise thee for life, perfect and holy life. In thy wisdom thou hast pronounced it good, and in our ignorance we call it evil. In thy wisdom and love thou dost sometimes chasten thy children; thy children in their weakness murmur at it. Yet, oh God, we praise thee for all kinds of life, for everything that is manifested upon the great scroll of creation. It has been unrolled, and never can be again rolled up. It is open, free. Oh God, thereon are written the perfections of thy holy mind, O Teacher and Friend; oh Former of all things men call death, our praises are simple maybe, yet are the spontaneous offerings of our soul lives. Thou we know wilt accept them. In the hour of war, then thy children look constantly toward that something, that Eternal something that shall stand by them and protect them from danger. But when peace and prosperity attend them, oh then they do not so often call upon that power. Yet they do not forget thee, and upon those sacred altars fresh flowers are forever blooming; and the holy incense of a sacred recognition of thee is ever ascending. Father, our praises go out to thee, and the return comes to us in the form of blessings everywhere, in the form of holy thoughts and kind looks, in the form of brilliant skies of truth, in the form of the arts and sciences represented in the outer world, in the form of the same as represented in your inner lives. For all forms everywhere, we praise thee. But summing them all up into life, for life we honor thee forever. Amen. Feb. 15.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—By E. M. B. of Albion, Mich. Paul says in Galatians 1:8:

"Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel than we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

How is this verse to be harmonized with Spiritualism?

ANS.—There are many external expressions that in the external are irreconcilable, while in the internal there is harmony. Paul carried with him into his Christianity many of the crudities and absurdities of his former religion. Now, it is a well known fact that he was very zealous, as far at least as his religion was concerned. He did not only seek to force his views upon a few, but upon all. He felt no doubt within himself that he was right, that he had found the true religion, had attained perfection in that respect. And so he says, or the record so affirms, if any one come to you preaching any other religion than mine—he might as well have said this—let him be accursed, 'tis not the true religion, 'tis not the voice of God. Now he clearly displays the dictatorial spirit, that was ever alive in the religion from whence he had come, that he had not entirely outgrown, nor did he ever outgrow it during all his natural life; for if you follow him, you will perceive that he was constantly making reference to the past, constantly dragging these old absurdities into his new religion. Well, surely you will not blame Paul for what you are doing yourselves. You that have come out from the old Orthodox faith, have you no tinge of that in your new faith? Verily you have. You may not suppose this to be the case, but you have carried more or less of the things that belong to your old into your new religion. Your correspondent desires to know how this verse is to be harmonized with Spiritualism? Externally you cannot reconcile it. The two are at variance, because Paul had direct reference to that old spirit of religion, or the spirit of the religion of older times, from whence he had been born. That and the new cannot dwell together. 'Tis like putting new wine into old bottles. And yet if you take pains to go beyond the surface, to seek out the inner-lives of all these incongruities, you will find there is not so much internal inharmonious as the external represents.

Q.—By Mrs. L. Putnam, of Brattleboro, Vermont: Does the new mode of using the electrical machines without giving shocks cure more diseases than medicine?

A.—Those diseases that belong to the electrical forces of the human body are more readily reached, and more speedily and effectually cured, by this than any other method.

Q.—By C. E. of Oswego, N. Y.: Do spirits in passing from one sphere to another have the same fear or dread as we do of death?

A.—Yes, they do, and yet I should not say the same; but they do have a fear corresponding to

it. And that fear arises from the fact that they do not know what lies in the future. The present is all that human life can absolutely claim, and it is the undefined, the uncertainty of the future that causes them to dread it. If that uncertainty was defined, the fear would not exist. But it is that uncertainty which attends the future that begets the fear.

When the first steamship crossed the Atlantic—allow us to illustrate—there was not one who embarked upon it that did not have a certain vague fear that the voyage might not be prosperous. They did not know what was beyond them. It was an experiment, and no one said, was like taking a leap into the unknown.

A similar class of fear pervades the spirit when it knows it is about to change spheres of action. It knows what there is in the present, but what the future holds it knows not. The sundering of all ties, whether material, spiritual or physical, brings a certain kind of distress. The sundering of physical ties brings pain, physical misery. The sundering of material ties brings inharmonious confusion. The sundering of spiritual ties brings sorrow, sadness. All these are natural, and true to their causes. If this, or these various states did not have existence, then your ties to the present, in any or all its relations would be worthless, absolutely worthless, for they would be so weak and impotent they would not be of use; would not serve you. If there was no fear, no sorrow, you would have very little claim upon the present, or conscious life at all.

Q.—By "Frank," a correspondent of "the Banner," who says he has read several replies from the controlling spirit in regard to the life of Jesus, by "A. Smyth." The sermons are very beautiful, and are better fitted to do good than those given in the Ancient Record. But what troubles him most, is the account given of Saul and Judas. Did they enact the part they are represented to have done?

A.—We are not perfectly sure that they did enact the parts that are there laid down, in every particular. Yet judging from themselves and their present particular surroundings, we are led to believe that they followed in that direction to a certain extent.

Q.—By B. F. O., New York: It was affirmed that within the next five years a threefold war would break out in this country—a war of races, of parties, and of religions. The result would be the separate nationalization, in the end, of the blacks, the dissolution of the Government, the formation of a Theocratic Democracy, and the enfranchisement of women. Spiritualists and reformers would, in this new crisis, be compelled to take up arms in self-defence, and Catholicism would then fiercely indicate what it was now secretly planning to accomplish. Does the controlling spirit think the above to be a correct prophecy, and will he inform us what our duty is in relation to the colored people, politics, and religion above referred to?

A.—It is the belief of your speaker that these prophecies in the main are correct. Some of the details may not be so correct, but in the main they are correct, we believe. Now as to individual duty, that is best known to each individual. You all want freedom. There is an innate love of it in every one of you, we trust. We do not believe there is one son or daughter who has received intelligence for an endowment upon this hemisphere, who does not love freedom, does not feel freedom is an absolute necessity of their being, that they cannot live without it. Now if you feel this desire yourselves, is it not just to extend that freedom to the black race? If you desire to go to the polls and cast your vote for a man you believe to be true, and will serve you well, have you any right to deny the same privilege to the blacks? Are they not sons and daughters of intelligence, as you are? When you can prove that they are not, then you can prove even to your own consciences that you have a right to refuse them suffrage. They have a right to the same privileges as the white man—no more. You demand taxes of them. You claim that they shall adhere to your laws. Then your laws must extend the same privilege to them, that is extended to the white man. If they do not, then there is no justice in your laws, not even the common justice of human life, to say nothing of that that belongs to God. We believe that your duty to them is simply what you would have them do for you; nothing more, nothing less. The plan is very simple; the way is very straight, very plain. You need not err therein. Feb. 19.

William, a Slave.

Ladies and gentlemen, when this war broke out I was a slave, owned by one Colonel William Thomas, living near Beaufort. My master was ignorant; could not read, could not write. When his own name was written and shown to him, he did not know what it was.

My former master, Mr. Benjamin Algiers, from Kentucky, educated me, although it was against I believe, the laws of the State. Yet for purposes best known to himself, he gave me a very fair education, allowing me to be taught by the same tutor that he employed for his sons. At his death, he always told me, I should be free, never should be sold again. The reason he did not give me my freedom, was because he wished to retain me himself; because he did not like to part with me; nor did I wish to leave him. But at his death, I was to be free.

But unfortunately my master died suddenly in his bed. He went to bed at night as well as ever, and was found dead in the morning.

It was soon found that he had many debts to be paid; and, as a natural consequence, his slaves were sold. I well remember the day I was placed upon the block, and knocked down for sixty-four hundred dollars. Ladies and gentlemen, I will not say I cursed God that day, but I thought it very unjust.

I was bought by a trader, and again sold to the master who claimed me at the beginning of the war. At first I did not dare to let him know that I had any education; but by-and-by he caught me reading, and as time moved on, he made me his clerk. I was trusty, he said, and he could let me take charge of his business, which I did. And when the war came, I was taken with him as army clerk, although ostensibly I was a servant. He owned me, was my master.

Now I ask, who has the better right to suffrage—he or I? He knew how to buy and sell slaves; knew how to carry on his special business; but he was one of the most ignorant men you'd meet in a day's journey in everything else except his business.

That man went into the field as an officer. I was with him as servant. I was shot, and he remained. No doubt, his voice will be heard against negro suffrage. Has he a right to speak against those who are superior to him in intelligence? I contend he has none.

He believes in the return of spirits. So far he has some wisdom. Tell him, his man William comes back, and asks what right he has to speak as I heard him speak four days ago? Who gives him the right? His own intelligence? No; his ignorance. I think the day has come when in-

