

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXII.

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NO. 25.

## For the Banner of Light. "BELLA AND JOHNNIE." BY ISABEL N. JOICE.

Hand in hand, away they wandered  
From the city's crowded streets;  
Seeking for the wild-wood flowers,  
In those shady, cool retreats,  
Where the sunbeams fall so lightly,  
Glimmering through o'er-arching boughs,  
And the brook, meandering softly,  
In the noontide seems to drowse.

There they wandered in the "June-time,"  
But they never more returned—  
All in vain I waited, listened,  
All in vain I sadly yearned  
For their voices in the doorway—  
For their footsteps on the stairs;  
Till the days to months have lengthened  
And the months have passed to years.

Have you seen them in the woodland?  
Have you met them on their way,  
As they wandered from the city,  
On that early summer day?  
Scarcely had bloomed the sweet wild-roses,  
In those dewy woodland bowers,  
And the fresh young oak-leaves glistened,  
Radiant still with spring-time showers.

Saw you not the little maiden,  
Tossing back her sunny hair,  
With a smile that sent the dimples  
Rippling o'er her face so fair?  
Heard you not her joyous laughter,  
Waking silvery echoes round?  
While her fairy feet went dancing  
Gay and light some o'er the ground;

With the blue-eyed boy beside her,  
Caroling some merry lay—  
Flitting gaily hither, thither,  
With the early flowers at play.  
And with voices sweetly chiming—  
Full of wondrous harmony,  
Chanting some sweet childish anthem  
In the pauses of their glee.

Or, when weary of their rambles,  
Seated on the leaf-strewn ground,  
In a strange, prophetic hour  
Bulldozing a mossy mound;  
And with arms each other circling,  
Whispering of the Summer-land—  
Of their angel sister, "Lillie,"  
Passed beyond the pearly strand.

Soon their violet eyes grew dreamy,  
With a sad, mysterious light—  
Then an angel came and veiled them  
Lovingly from earthly sight—  
Softly faded out the sunlight,  
And the summer eve was dim  
When the spirit-band soared heavenward,  
Chanting a triumphant hymn.

Night with solemn shade closed gently  
Round the dim, enchanted wood,  
Where reposed the lovely earth-forms  
Of the beautiful and good.  
Day came with her glorious sunlight  
Smiling on each heaven-turned face,  
Where the spirit, in departing,  
Left its last sweet lingering trace.

Thus the days and thus the nights came,  
Yet no tidings could be heard;  
But I waited and I listened  
For a footfall, or a word;  
Oh, in agony I waited  
Till my soul grew dark with fears,  
And the days that came, and vanished,  
Left an impress as of years.

Only seven the days had numbered,  
But the last sweet hope had fled.  
Oh, I knew my absent darlings  
Must be slumbering with the dead;  
For in dreams I saw their spirits  
Beaming from the star-lit skies,  
With a look of angel pity  
Beaming in their loving eyes.

Soon the tidings came. Oh, Father!  
Why did my crushed heart break,  
Ere from that deep trance of sorrow  
It should e'er to earth awake?  
Wake—to list again in anguish  
For those voices at the door,  
Voices sweet, that may not murmur  
"Mother," sweetly, evermore.

On the hill-side, where the pine trees  
In the breeze their branches wave,  
Through them falls in playful queers  
Shade and sunshine on a grave;  
There's a little grave beside it,  
Where sweet "Lillie's" form was laid—  
She who faded 'neath the home-roof,  
As the early roses fade.

But the wide grave—there, they tell me,  
"Resting sweetly" side by side,  
Are the two who "died" together,  
But whom death cannot divide!  
Ah, it is not there I seek them,  
Though their earth-forms there reposed,  
For they come to me in visions,  
When my weary eyes I close.

Yes, they come with loving whispers,  
Bringing hope and joy to me,  
Banishing my bitter anguish  
With their gentle ministry;  
I can feel their soft hands pressing  
Lightly on my aching brow,  
When, in weariness and sorrow,  
'Neath the care of earth I bow.

Oh! they come in light and beauty,  
Radiant in immortal life,  
And their fragrant breath floats round me,  
With the scent of roses ripe—  
Come, where violets are blooming,  
Come where glittering waters move,  
Singing softly, "Love these, mother,  
They our spirit-life will prove."  
Boston, Feb. 6, 1868.

## Original Essays.

### ANCIENT MYSTERIES AND RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS.

BY LEON HYNNEMAN.

It would be interesting, if not profitable, the investigation which had the precedence in the order of events, the institution of the ancient mysteries or a system of faith and religious rites, because if it could be ascertained which was antecedent in time, it would give a clue to the origin of the other, if indeed they were not originally one and the same.

It is a singular fact that every people from remotest time had their secret associations, the moral teachings of which corresponded to the ethics of their particular religion. It is well known that the Hindoos, Chinese, Egyptians, Persians, and all of the ancient nations, were governed by the priests, who dispensed their religion and their mysteries to those who were accepted as neophytes, and the particular Bible of each contained the precepts of moral conduct of both systems. There can be no doubt that the two institutions were intimately connected, having their origin on the one hand in fear excited by crafty cunning, and on the other in curiosity, a laudable desire to attain knowledge.

Whether one was an outgrowth of the other, or not, it is certain that the two institutions have come down contemporaneously through the ages to the present time, each bearing the same relation to the other through all the advances of progressive intelligence. It is true that in the investigation of the past we are met with difficulties which render it almost impossible to form a correct judgment. Every sincere and earnest investigator meets at almost every page of past history with so many proofs of inconsistency and bias in favor of the particular views and opinions of the writers, that it is difficult for him to discriminate and come to conclusions satisfactory to his own mind. In illustration of this, and pertinent to the subject, there is scarcely a writer, lay or clerical, who has not in writing of the ancients considered them as Heathens, idolaters, and their religions as compounds of fables and falsehoods, and their worship as the grossest superstitions. Again, the Romans always misrepresented and wrote disparagingly of the peoples whom they conquered. They represented the Druids as fire-worshippers, and as sacrificing human beings, for which they bring no proof, and which is inconsistent of a people who taught the highest morality, and whose lives were devoted to elevating and benefiting humanity. The Druids were highly inspirational, a peace-loving people, and cultivated the unfolding of their spiritual natures.

Notwithstanding the unfairness of history in regard to the institutions and peoples of the ancients, and notwithstanding the cry of Heathens, idolaters and Pagans, the peoples of every age in the past were as true to their conceptions of right and justice as are those of the present time. Civilization, knowledge, the highest attainments of science and intelligence of the present, are all the progressive unfoldments of the earliest thoughts of the mind's activities. Every age is linked to its preceding in one continuous chain. The present is ever the future of the past. The beginning of a discovery in science, art, morals, religion, or in any expression of thought, has never yet been traced. The origin of every thought is lost in the mists of the distant past. The thought of to-day is a development of prior thoughts, a natural unfoldment of the mind's activities. There is no lapse in time, as there is no vacuum in space. The voice of the remotest past will ever be heard, and whether Heathen, Pagan or Idolater, if we compare their moral ethics with our advanced enlightenment, we will discover that their conceptions of a divine intelligence and man's responsibilities, the unfoldment of Nature and the uses of life, were germinal of the most progressive thoughts of the present day.

As every system of religion is an outgrowth of a preceding one based upon the primitive thought, no every secret institution is an outgrowth of a prior mystic association based upon the original idea. The moral systems of both religious and secret associations, the principles upon which they are based, have come down the stream of time without fundamental improvement, ever the same intrinsically, with the increase of light and knowledge, as in the undeveloped condition of the race. The Mahometan religion is founded upon the Hebrew and Christian, the Christian upon the Hebrew, the Hebrew upon the Egyptian, and thus we trace the religious systems as we trace the mystic associations all through written and monumental history, the fundamental principles of each being always and ever the same. And as the moral laws of every people embraced the fundamental principles of their particular mystic association, the neophyte at his entrance into the mysteries was obliged orally to acknowledge a belief in the established moral code, as, for instance, the Mahometan in the Koran, the Hebrew in the laws of Moses, and the Christian in the Old and New Testaments in their avowal of a belief in God.

In confirmation of the above, we introduce the following quotations from high authorities in the Church and the Masonic Institution, notwithstanding our aversion to using the "thoughts of other men" in corroboration of our own views:

The Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, Dr. Albert G. Mackey, in speaking of the mysteries as having originated with the "Gymnosophists of India, from whom they passed through Egypt into Greece and Rome, and extended into the Northern part of Europe and Britain" adds: "The most important of these mysteries were those of Mythsra, celebrated in Persia; of Osiris and Isis, celebrated in Egypt; of Eleusis, instituted in Greece; and the Scandi-

navian and Druidical rites, confined to the Gothic and Celtic tribes. In all these various mysteries we find a singular unity of design, clearly indicating a common origin and a purely of doctrine as evidently proving that this common origin was not to be sought for in the popular theology of the Pagan world." "The mysteries arose from a purer source than that which gave birth to the religion of the vulgar. That purer source was the common original of them and Freemasonry." "They both (the mysteries and speculative Freemasonry) emanated from one common source." "Freemasonry was in its origin closely connected with the ancient mysteries."

The Rev. Dr. Oliver, of England, a clergyman of high standing in the church and in the Masonic Order, a man of most extensive reading and great research, who has written more upon what he with the most doubtful propriety terms Freemasonry than any other writer, says: "Masonry originated with God; like that Eternal Being, it existed before time was, and shall exist when time shall be no more." "Masonry was known and practiced under the name of Lux, or its equivalent in all languages used since the creation." "Ancient Masonic traditions say, and I think justly, that our science existed before the creation of this globe, and was diffused amidst the numerous systems with which the grand empyrean of universal space is furnished." "Speculative Masonry is nothing else but a system of ethics founded on the belief of a God, the creator, preserver and redeemer." "The principles of speculative Masonry which had been communicated to Adam in Paradise, were never forsaken even after having tasted the forbidden tree; and as his progeny increased he communicated to them the divine precepts and injunctions which were enfolded in that pure and sublime science."

"The great and prominent truth to be illustrated in these views of ancient Masonry is that religion, or the genuine worship of God, was the chief object of Masonic practice in the primitive ages of the world." "The mysteries were introduced into India by Brahma, into China and Japan by Buddha, into Egypt by Thoth, into Persia by Zoroaster, into Greece by Melampus or Cadmus, into Boeotia by Prometheus, into Crete by Minos, into Samothrace by Eumolpus, or Dardanus, into Messene by Caueon, into Thebes by Mathapsus, into Athens by Erechthus, into Etruria by Philostratus, into the city of Arene by Lycus, into Thracia by Orpheus, into Italy by the Pelagi, into Cyprus by Cinyras, into Gaul and Britain by Gomer or his immediate descendants, into Scandinavia by Sigge or Odinn, Mexico by Vitzliputzli, and into Peru by Manco Capac and his wife. Hence it will follow by a clear induction that all the mysteries throughout the world were the same in substance, being derived from one source and celebrated in honor of the same deities, though acknowledged under different appellations."

We might fill volumes with quotations of the same character, but as the object of the writers appears to be to make a great display of learning, and as the inferences drawn are not consistent with truth nor with the facts of history, but are made in order to make them harmonize with the theories of their own, the above must suffice.

The unbiased and intelligent investigator will not be led astray by the popularity or learning of theologians who disclaim against their particular religion having any relation to a preceding one, nor to those who rank high in the Masonic Order who attempt to show that the ancient mysteries were a "spurious order of Masonry." Neither will he, if he exercises a free judgment, be misled by the theological assumption that the ancient religions, which were taught by symbols expressive of their interior meaning, were the absurd and inconsistent beliefs of perverted and wicked peoples. Nor will he believe the extravagant fancies of those far-fetched interpretations and assumptions that Masonry existed "before" or "was coeval with the creation," and that all the events recorded of Adam and Eve were typical of a redeemer, the sacrifice, innate depravity, atonement, &c., &c.

There is not in the history of the world a greater mystery than that in this age of enlightenment and among the most civilized people a belief should be entertained in those creeds upon which Christianity is founded, as per example, "In Adam's fall men sinned all," that because Adam was tempted to eat an apple, for this great offense he and all mankind throughout the eternal ages must be punished, as decreed by an infinitely wise and just God, whose chief attribute is love; that mankind having been under the ban of the creator some four thousand years, a man was born whom some believe to be God and others the Son of God, who was to suffer death and be a sacrifice for the sins of the world, and after a sojourn in the flesh about thirty-three years was condemned to death, and according to the Roman laws was crucified; that his death was an expiation for the sins of mankind, and that all who believe in him as being the Saviour will enjoy a happy immortality in the presence of God. The simple and brief statement of the plan of salvation projected by an all-wise and loving God is so supremely, ridiculously absurd, that there is not and cannot be anything comparable to it among all the foolish and silly things ever done by man. And to assert that Freemasonry was instituted by God for the purpose of typifying ceremonially the fall of man, the birth of a redeemer, the redemption, resurrection, &c., &c., is a perversion of truth that has no parallel in the world's history, and yet intelligent Freemasons accept, believe and teach such dogmas as illustrative of the principles of the Institution.

Freemasonry is established upon the principle of a Universal Brotherhood. It recognizes that man is a dependent being, and is so constituted that he needs the friendship, sympathies and assistance of his fellow man. It is a grand, exalted, divine idea. We have reference, of course, to Freemasonry in its simple purity. No institution

of any kind in the world ever was founded upon such noble, comprehensive and just principles for man's improvement, elevation and perfection in the earth-life, and fitting him for companionship with the good and true in the land of light. But the Freemasonry of to-day, as taught and understood, imperfectly represents the ancient order. Its esoteric teachings are scarcely comprehended, not in their spiritual significance, whilst the exoteric are universally accepted according to the letter, and the principles which they illustrate are almost entirely ignored. "Since the year 1736 innovations have been multiplied, degrees have been cumulated, religious dogmas have been interpolated, the true interpretation of its symbolisms perverted, its ancient teachings corrupted, until only a semblance now remains of the most beautiful system and most beneficent ever constructed by man, a system which satisfied the divine nature of the accepted neophyte, and brought him, by living in accordance with its benign precepts, into close communion with the divine architect of the universe and the angel-world."

### THE SPIRITUAL WORLD AND SPIRITUAL THINGS.

BY A. C. NICHOLS.

Ever since my acquaintance commenced with that particular class of facts underlying Spiritualism, so-called, I have, in spite of the general inferences drawn from them, been compelled to adopt a different class. I will try and set them forth with proper brevity and distinctness.

It will be necessary at first to define as nearly as possible what has been and is now the prevailing idea or ideas respecting the spiritual world or spiritual things.

In conversation in or outside the denominational churches of to-day, it is common to hear the thing or things spiritual spoken of as all those reflections or thoughts which do not bear upon matters temporal, temporal thoughts or things being all matters of worldly import, such as the accumulation of food, of fuel, of clothing, and so forth.

This, so far as it goes, seems healthful, and will, I think, bear the strictest analysis. The next step in reflection upon the above definition of the spiritual in life, would result in seeing that every department of mind, such as the affections, as distinguished from intellect and thence through the whole mind, has two estimates or planes of manifestation, to wit: the temporal, as pertaining to all that broad realm, the means of life, and the spiritual or ultimate. To be brief, the phenomenologists say every organ of the mind is thus double, having a temporal and spiritual action.

To this extent has Christian culture marked an advance, or thus far in the right direction has Christian civilization come. But now, if we push for exhaustive definitions the best ecclesiastical culture of the day, what will we find? Will it not be something as follows—that the spiritual world is another and entire world from this? that the only passage to it is through death, taken in its literal sense? that thus we enter it, inhabit it, and are spirits with and among that vast crowd, the dead of all time? that death being a laying off the body, therefore nature to that person is void? This idea or notion is not the product or outcome of the to-day church. Ecclesiastical culture has not risen above it yet, except only in mere sensibility or sentiment. It is probably older than history, entertaining alike all classes and races of men, the saint and sinner, the ignorant and educated, the wise and foolish, the enlightened nation, the savage tribe.

Is it not, then, the instinctive estimate, and therefore springing from mere personal concern or interest—the personal welfare as its root, the child idea? It so seems to me, and that nothing but prompt, full manhood can call it to account—that manhood of the race the world is just now springing to meet.

Now, from what other notion of the spiritual world or realm than this came the inferred fact of spiritual communication over these mediatic deliveries among Spiritualists or otherwheres, as observed in upwards of thirty differing manifests, though of but one as class? None other than precisely this old and now prevailing idea would, I think, have said over these interesting facts, "This is a message from our dead, and therefore a communication from the spirit or spiritual world."

That these wonderful facts do manifest the presence of our dead as being as much with us as our visible neighbors—only to converse with them we have to use other means than those of voice and ear—may well be conceded, certainly, till otherwise proved; but that the unseen communicants are spirits, or their habitation the spiritual world, is by no means a necessary inference; rather it is very like rank absurdity.

But now for the affirmation. That I be not misapprehended I will say that in setting forth the prevailing ideas respecting the spiritual and its world, I would not for a moment be thought to assert that no one of the human family has had different ideas in this matter of spirit-definition.

One can note faint indications (faint, I mean, as compared with the ever-at-hand noise of the generally-accepted,) along the historic page of a different and healthier idea, but again and again has it been submerged, as have most other divine or Christian ideas.

I use the term Christian not in any strict regard to what has been manifested under its name, but rather to make it serve as its real meaning tends in its now general use—a term which, as a banner, is borne over all thoughts or ideas which go toward enfranchising the race.

I will mention but one man who, more explicitly than any, has given us the key in this matter—who, it would seem, once for all, has delivered us from this senseless or Pagan estimate, Emanuel Swedenborg. I do not state this from my own reading of him, for I must confess I cannot, as yet,

read him, but I mention his name upon strength of second-hand, from those who seem to digest him, not Swedenborgians in the "New Church" sense, but his disciples among the world's men, or the Gentiles. I would refer the reader to the last (July) number of the North American Review, containing an article entitled "Swedenborg's Ontology."

It is to the proposition without further delay. But that both spirit and nature be considered as elements entering, or in fact, jointly forming the human consciousness. Not that they ever part company anywhere, but to the human mind comes the necessity and is given the power to consider each for the analysis of life. Then, in some sense, these elements may be said to be the two equal halves of life, or consciousness; but in other respects it is assumed that the Nature element subserves—as even as the projected shadow of spirit, the spiritual being the goal, the object or aim as magisterial, while nature is as means or ministerial.

A diagram may help to show the fact of Nature as element, and spirit as element, together forming life. Make a large letter A, with the cross line nearer the top than usual; write down one bar, "Spirit," and on the other bar, "Nature"; then above the cross line, MAN, or life, or human consciousness.

A numerical one may also be used. Suppose the reader with pencil put the figure 2 down on the right hand margin of a sheet of paper; also repeat same figure at left hand margin. Now to join them in the sense of addition, we find the product four, which, as product, may be set above and between the two figures, the figure four standing for human consciousness, owing its very beauty to the united twos.

The proposition continues, and states that either element, nature or spirit, taken by itself, amounts to nothing for human life, while it may be justly said on the spiritual side we know the All-Father, it still would not result for as life, until we see and admit Nature the inherent All-Mother. The father giveth life, the mother existence; the mother being the letter, the father, spirit. To only know element Nature is to be but conscious, as the animals. To dwell but with the spiritual will bring to view—not persons, but principles. "Principles and powers" characterize that realm. But, again, in all this we cannot know either element in its life realizing worth without the other. Nature is qualified by spirit, spirit pronounced by instrumental nature. This formula, if just, must and will place in our hands the key to life's every door. To suggest as best I can its force for life's analysis:

If, then, the central meaning of Nature be that it is relative or subserving, ministerial, then all matters or things or relations in life, which are as means, must fall to her side. Just here, regarding the term life, or human life, it must be seen to have two meanings, to wit: life, as society and its relations and varied activities, and, also, in a sense to mean the outcome of all these, or the ultimate—the life of life, as we say the heart of hearts.

Now, regarding the social relations in life as man, woman, husband, wife, brother, sister, parent, child, self, the neighbor, &c., are they not all posited on the nature side as helps or means to life—life consummate, life as ultimate on spirit?

Is it that we shall simply be man or woman, as by sex considered, that we live? Is it that we shall be parents, as father or mother, that we live? Is it simply to pass into all these relations? Do not these relationships play distinctly, either as separate or in sum, the part of means to life, and not ends? Does even the human personality do else than introduce us to life—life consummate—which is not to be distinguished as person or defined by sex, but is MAN—MAN which is manhood in manhood, womanhood in womanhood, is the beauty and innocence of childhood, and so on, for I can only suggest; but to complete the emphasis of this analytic out or in look of life, I dare to distinctly state that the human person, with its self-consciousness, is so far from being the spirit and life as that it is mortal, as is always the means—mortal, that is, changing.

That it may be distinctly understood what is here meant by self-consciousness, I simply mean that particular consciousness which will always decompose when present with any high action or speech. It is one of our early lessons to put it off, as its presence marks the want or absence of power, that power which is every man's or woman's, not in the sense of a property personal, but in flow to us as its instrument.

A flute, by its construction, which is its organization, is fitted as an instrument of music; but can you point to it and say, "There is music"? No more than can a person be termed a spirit.

We may say by license poetical that such a person is a brilliant spirit, such another is a dark or mean spirit, and so forth, on that line, and be in no danger of being misunderstood, for any one knows we intend representing the quality of and person, as exhibited by the sum of his speech and acts.

But enough, lest the reader think I have lost sight of the declared object of this article, as put at its opening. That different inference I am compelled to draw from these mediatic deliveries can be set forth in a few words, as likely the reader feels quite advised by all the foregoing.

Then why should I not regard these messages as definitely from human persons as they seem? Are they one whit less substantial in this showing of personality than our letters from our U. S. mail? Surely, unbelieving Thomas is not here. Then the half of these fast falling facts is but that of Nature in extension, not nature alone, but as here it is with social converse—combined with spirit—or the spiritual. Therefore, no more are these facts specifically spiritual than specifically natural. Both elements with these late found neighbors are conjoined as will us, necessarily so.

Then half this newly discovered continent, with its not altogether stranger inhabitants. Half this extended field for the play of science, laden with its rich burden of temporal informations, as also necessarily must come its spiritual side. So exceedingly rich is the prospect as to be well nigh blinding, yes, so laden has this world-whole prospect always been to the open eye.



Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS, Address of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39, Station D, New York City.

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

(Original.)

THE ROSE-TINTED DRESS.

PART II.

As passed the first month of Mrs. Goodell's hopeful effort, so passed the second. Hester Prince had worn herself out in the care of her boy and in trying to do something to gain a support, and another dollar and a half went from the good widow's store to provide her some comfort. Old Mrs. Tuft did not gain very fast, and needed a little tea and sugar, some crackers and rice, and for these, and the paying of the milk for Ellen-two dollars was necessary. There remained only a dollar and a half.

Mrs. Goodell took it in her hand, one evening, and looked at it with a plying tenderness, as if it could speak to her and chide her for the wrong she had done. She turned it over and over in a hopeful way, half-dreaming that she might see the one change to a five; but there only stared at her the same insignificant number. She thought of all she had done and tried to blame herself, and she got very angry for a moment while accusing herself of base wrong to the dear little one whose quiet breathing she could hear from the little room close by.

"The Festival is next week," she said to herself. "Margy told me that to-night, and I have told everybody that she was to go, and that she should appear as the attendant of morning, and wear a rose-tinted dress. Now there will be twenty promises broken, and a broken promise is as bad as a lie. What can I do? What can I do? To disappoint that little one is as bad as going hungry a month. Oh Rachel Goodell, you are only a poor stick that it's no place. If I were very, very poor, then nobody would want me to do for them, and if I were very, very rich, then I could do for everybody and not wrong any one."

The good woman could sit in her easy chair no longer, and went to look upon her heart's darling, hoping to find some comfort in the quiet beauty of her sleeping form. She was indeed lovely. Her fair hair fell in curls on the white pillow, and her cheeks with their rose-tint made Mrs. Goodell think of the June roses that climbed by her window. She was smiling and moving her lips in her sleep. "Good child," said her mother, "she has never done anything wrong, not in all her life; how shall I tell her that she can't go to the Festival?"

She knelt down beside the bed to take one of the warm hands in hers, and suddenly the loving eyes opened and rested on her.

"Oh mother, I'm so glad that you are here, for I've had such a nice dream, and perhaps I should forget a part of it if you were not here, so that I could tell you at once. You know I dreamed that I went to the Festival. What are you crying for, mother?"

"Don't tell me about that; if you do I shan't have any courage to tell you what I ought."

"What is it, mamma? I want to know."

"Why, you see, darling, I'm afraid you can't go to the Festival, because—because I've broken my promise," said the widow.

"That's just what I dreamed you said, for you had given all the money to Hester Prince, and to Mrs. Tuft, and to the poor man; and just as you said that, some one came and showed me a picture. Oh, it was so pretty. It was the angels bringing in all the sick and poor and tired, and comforting them; and then a beautiful angel brought the other angels each a rosy dress. Oh, they were so pretty; and I thought, 'Oh, how I should like one. How I wish the angel would give me one.' Then some one said to me, 'Your mother has a plenty of just such dresses.' So I wanted to ask you if you had, but then I remembered every dress you had. There was your old brown silk, and that pretty white one trimmed with pink that you had before I was a baby, and the black ones you wear, and those are all. So I thought if my mother has them they are not in this house; and then I was just ready to cry, for thinking that I couldn't go to the Festival. And then I saw another picture; and with her dress that looks just like light, it's so snowy and shiny; and there was I in a white dress trimmed with pink, and it looked just like your dress, only the white was whiter. Wasn't that a funny dream?"

"Some angel has been whispering to you, it must be, and now I know just what to do. That dollar and a half will buy a plenty of white tulle, and I bought a bottle of dye of a poor old man that came along, and it will color all that pretty trimming on my dress to look just like new. I'll have it done to-morrow, and the dress shall be made next day. Oh, Margy, I'm so glad. Now go to sleep, darling."

"But, mamma, I didn't tell you that just as I was going to sleep I kept thinking about the dress, and I knew you couldn't get it, because I knew I carried some of the money to Hester Prince, and some to Mrs. Tuft, and I cried a little, and then I made up my mind that I was glad you sent it, and I thought of giving old Mrs. Tuft's Ellen my silver dollar to get her some shoes."

"Did you truly, darling?" said Mrs. Goodell with a triumphant smile. "Then you do not blame me?"

"Why no, mamma. I was just trying to think when I went to sleep if I should tell you in the morning that I didn't care if you didn't get me the dress. I'm sure I didn't want you to save the money from poor old Mrs. Tuft for me."

"No wonder," said Mrs. Goodell, kissing her, "that the angel came and talked to you so good a child, and showed her pictures in her dreams. Go to sleep now, darling, and in the morning we shall see what we shall see."

It was a quiet refreshing time that Mrs. Goodell had as she sat in her chair thinking of what Margy had told her. The room seemed filled with sweet harmonies, and rose-tinted glory seemed to light up every object about her. She wondered if indeed it were true, or all a fancy, that she seemed to see the delicate, blushing folds of garments waving about her. She almost fancied that the fair garments were indeed hers that Margy had seen in her dream. But she was a woman of such practical good sense that she feared to indulge herself in fancies, and so she rose, rubbed her eyes, and took her candle and went into the cold, closed spare-room.

This was a very sacred place in Mrs. Goodell's house. Here hung the portrait of her late husband, in stiff, high collared coat, and with eyes that had a terrible glare, little Margy thought, for she could just remember the tender, loving look of her father's face. But Mrs. Goodell was proud of her portrait; and of the little pictures in frames that hung on the wall, and she was proud of the

nice rugs woven by her own hand, and the tall secretary, to one of whose drawers she had now come.

She drew forth the dress that Margy had seen in her dream. It had been her great admiration, and was made soon after she was married, for the express purpose of being worn to the great Mrs. Turnbull's party. It had once been spotless white, but was now a creamy yellow, and the pink trimming was rich in material, but like a faded June rose-leaf in color. As Mrs. Goodell remembered its loveliness in the days when she was a happy, merry, young woman, her eyes brightened, for she saw the faded color restored, and her darling fresh and beautiful in it as she longed to see her.

She shook out its folds, smiled happily as it revealed itself by the light of her candle, and carried it into the sitting-room. She was not long in removing the faded trimming, and took down from her cupboard the bottle of dye and calculated precisely the proportions necessary. This was a very trifling thing to do, but it was of greater moment to her than the election of the Governor, for in it her heart was learning a lesson of trust in Providence.

"Do right and leave the rest to God," she repeated to herself over and over again as she worked.

The next morning everything prospered, and the silk trimming did full credit to the dye, and appeared as lovely a pink as ever was seen. Mrs. Goodell went to the store for the tarlatan, fearing she should not keep the money beyond the close of the day. But the good shopkeeper's daughter had received some kindness from Margy, and insisted on sending her the dress. In the fullness of her gratitude Mrs. Goodell stopped on her way home and gave Hester a half dollar, and sent Margy with another to Mrs. Tuft, and with the remaining one she felt rich indeed.

So Margy went to the Festival, and her costume was lovely. No one looked more beautiful or felt more happy, and Mrs. Goodell's joy knew no bounds. As she looked at the beautiful tableaux in which her good child took part, it seemed like a glimpse of heaven, and—was it fancy?—the good woman saw the rose-tint on everything, and she said to herself:

"Those must be the garments woven for me in heaven. I bless the Lord and will never fear to do right."

(Original.)

THE LITTLE ONE'S CALL.

'T was a starry evening, clear and cold, The moon shone bright like burnished gold, And the earth, all silent, had sunk to rest With snow-drifts sleeping upon her breast.

The tall trees waved in the frosty air Their branches lately so brown and bare, But sheltered now from winter's frown By a snow white covering soft as down.

Afar o'er field and hill and dale, The moonlight shone with radiance pale, And the earth was seen in the misty light All dressed in garments of purest white.

In a little cottage 'neath a hill, In sight of the graveyard, lone and still, A child was sobbing at every breath For one who was sleeping the sleep of death.

"Lie still, my darling," the sister said, "For you know that our dear mamma is dead; Be still and quiet, and do not weep, And sister will sing till you go to sleep."

"Oh mamma, mamma," was the plaintive cry, "I did not want dear mamma to die. What made them let her sleep so sound, And put her away in the cold, cold ground?"

I wish I could go and call her home— And if she heard me I know she'd come. I want her to sing me a pretty song; What makes her stay in the ground so long?"

The sister's tears were falling fast, But she sung the child to sleep at last, And then by her side in the lonely bed She lay and pillowed her weary head.

The mourning ones forgot to weep, And the household was sunk in silent sleep, When the child awoke, and in sudden pain Remembered her bitter loss again.

"Oh mamma, mamma," she sadly cried, Then the starry eyes flew open wide, And the child sat softly from her bed, And in frightened, whispering tone she said:

"I am going to find my dear mamma, I know where she is—it isn't far. I'll go and wake her and bring her home, For she's sleeping now and cannot come."

So she pattered softly across the floor, And softly she opened the outer door, With uncovered feet and garments light, The child went out in the chilly night.

Toward the graveyard dim her steps she bent, Cold, shivering, frightened—on she went, Till she saw where the moon's pale beams were thrown

O'er a new made grave and a marble stone.

Then down by that grave in a snowy bank The weary child in a moment sank, Calling, in faint but eager tone, "Mamma, mamma, come and take me home."

Oh, mamma, I'm cold, and I'm weary too, I want to go home and sleep with you. Why don't you wake from your sleep so sound? What makes you stay in the dark, cold ground?"

From her home in the beautiful realms of light Came a lovely angel, robed in white; And as she drew near to the weary child, The little one reached out her hands and smiled.

"Oh, dear mamma, I knew you'd come. I'm cold and tired—please take me home." Then the sweet blue eyes in slumber closed, And in death's last sleep the child reposed.

The mother went back to her home of rest With her darling babe to her bosom pressed; And the child unclosed her starry eyes In the beautiful realms of paradise.

When the morning came, its form was found All cold and stiff on the snowy ground, Close to the grave so newly made, Where its mother's lifeless form was laid.

And side by side in the graveyard lone Are two new graves with a marble stone; And in heaven above, all free from pain, The mother her child is tending again. O. W.

A clergyman was so averse to a certain creed, that he would not read it. His ecclesiastical superior having heard of his refusal, sent to ask him his reason. "I do not believe it," said the metropolitan dean. "It may be so, and he can well afford it. He believes at the rate of seven thousand a year, and I only at that of fifty."—*Albion.*

The Lecture Room.

Music Hall Meetings.

On Sunday afternoon, February 16th, Mrs. Alameda Wilhelmsen closed her engagement at Music Hall, in this city, with a lecture on the mission of Spiritualism, as applied to the question of marriage. A large audience was in attendance. We give below some of the principal ideas advanced.

She announced her subject to be: "The Ministry of Spiritualism to the Physically, Mentally and Morally Diseased." Truth had no sex, and needed no apology. All reforms that had ever brought good to the race were the product of gradual development; there never was one which was the result of a mere accident—a sudden outbreak of activity.

The healing ministry of Spiritualism came to all—the high and the lowly—because all needed it alike. In the palace of the millionaire as well as in the hut of poverty, disease reigned through out the land. We found victims bound by chains of suffering everywhere; vast numbers going down to the grave, and old men and women struggling and praying through years for health and breath; none of us were perfectly well, but were held down by bodily conditions in the forming of which we had no voice. Our bodies were rather prison-holds than habitations to the spirit. These derangements were showing themselves, and coming up from ante-natal circumstances, and in many cases we had been "more sinned against than sinners." The houses of sinners, in the prison of the body, spent years in combating its evil propensities, but owing to inherited appetites and passions continued to "resolve and re-resolve, but died the same."

There were plenty of asylums in our land for the physically diseased, crippled and malformed; we had plenty of asylums for the morally diseased—those crowding churches whose spires reached toward heaven; but where could be found the resting-places for the mentally misshapen and misdirected, and the really morally diseased? The penitentiary and the jail were declared by man to be fit places for their abode. These misguided ones still held their place in the body of humanity, generation after generation, in spite of the host of M. D.s on the one side and D. D.s on the other—one with their Latin named medications and the other with the outward application of the atoning blood of the Nazarene—who professed their assistance to heal the sick soul.

Spiritualism came not only to bring us into closer communion with the Author of our being—to impress a knowledge of divine law—to remove the terrors of the grave—but to deal with tangible, physical, living facts, and while it pointed out the errors of our social and religious life, to unfold also the remedy; it demonstrated that regeneration was not the result of any outward application, but from an inner, re-creating power.

There were those in the land who provided the streets at midnight, ready to destroy human life for paltry gain; those bound by the chains of inherited appetites and desires; those down in the valley of bigotry, with great heaps of useless knowledge piled up around them—those whose creeds repelled the little children instead of attracting them; those who would, if they could, bring back the Inquisition, the rack, the thumbscrew, and the guillotine.

Some had roamed the natural world in search of the lost Eden, and some had put the time of longed for in the past—that which was gone by—rather than in the future which was to come; that he believed constantly that he had fallen from a good estate, rather than that he was to inherit one in the future; that he should refuse to see in himself the bud which had all the possibilities of flower and fruit within, to be unfolded in the lapse of time.

Many were ever looking for evidences of his eternal happiness, and observing things around him was led to investigate the causes which produced these results; and in so doing he had been the author of many systems in the past, the object of which was to bring the race back to the position from whence it was believed to have fallen. Thinking that he had offended the gods—feeling the record made by the soul on his sensitive nature, which he himself had endeavored to prostitute them by giving them some advantage to return—some part of the spoil, as in the days of the early patriarchs. Here was a conviction of wrong; here was a necessity for man to make a settlement with some outside intelligence; here was the feeling that all accusation came from outside, not from the monitor within. On this ground stood the Christian Church of to-day, proclaiming the fact that the consciousness of sin was not an end, but a means to a higher end; that the inner powers of man but from God; and that every effort must be put forth to appease his wrath.

This idea of the ancients that the gods were offended and must be propitiated, had been handed down from age to age, but had proved a failure in them all. Man had not succeeded by it in reaching more harmonious conditions or more perfect happiness, so other courses were adopted; philosophy had been made use of, but though it came to the end of its tether, it did not wholly meet the requirement; the unfoldment of the intellect, the nature produced mental giants who might be moral pigules, when the needs of man required that the one should be the blossom, the other the fruit.

The Stoical Philosophy declared that the imaginations of the soul brought all his troubles to man; that if he would imagine himself well he would be so, and the reverse. This was true to a certain extent, and applicable to certain natures, but as it did not cure it, it was a failure. The Epicurean philosophy taught that the satisfaction of the bodily wants and desires was all that was necessary to render perfect the happiness of man; but Solomon, the fittest type of this class, had, after tasting all, declared them to be worse than "vanity and vexation of spirit." The Religionists taught the presenting of bodies "holy and acceptable, in the sight of the Lord," and the singing of hymns of praise to God, and on these conditions offered perfect happiness to man—but had they succeeded? For eighteen hundred years they had worked in vain! If the people of New England should see an experiment tried, in any other department than that of morals, for ten years, and all that time failure constantly attending it, they would say it was worthless, and call for something better; but here was an experiment which had been going on for eighteen hundred years, and yet, by the acknowledgment of its highest disciples, not one out of every ten had been raised above the level of total depravity!

Where then rested the hope of the world? In Spiritualism! This was the gospel on which the world—and the Church, unconsciously—based their hopes of the future! Spiritualism, which looked not back through space to an Adamic state of purity—a state from which man had fallen—but traced through the flight of time, too mighty to be measured by years, the upward path of the race from primitive conditions. The inspiration it brought to us told us that the aspirations of man were but the promises of that which should be realized in the future—told us that we should and our Garden of Eden—our state of happiness—in the future turned us about in our search and bade us look forward to that place from which theology taught us we fell in the past. The failure of past philosophies and religious beliefs had been owing to the idea that there was one attribute of man which it could be cultivated, to the exclusion of all else, would bring him to perfection. Spiritualism taught that man was not composed of one element, as acquisitiveness—a desire to worship the Divinity—a prompting to intellectual effort—but of an harmonious blending of all his faculties.

Spiritualism gathered all the fragmentary teachings of the past, and denied no right to pronounce anything imperfect, unless we understood the laws governing it. A person unacquainted with its mechanism, looking upon the machinery of a clock, and seeing one wheel moving in an entirely opposite direction to another, might say there was inharmonious there, when in reality every part was fulfilling the purpose for which it was made. The individual looking through the lidless eye of science to the heavens and seeing the mazy paths through the stars as they rolled in opposing courses, might declare that there was discord there, and believe that destruction was to be the

sure consequence; on earth the blast of the tornado and the swift stroke of the lightning bolt, seemed to preface the reign of chaos; but to the eye of the scientific man all these things were but the clear working of laws; he saw that though Venus moved in one way and Herschel in another, yet each was a harmony, and the convulsions of Nature were but in accordance with the Divine plan. So Spiritualism taught that no faculty of the soul warred with any other faculty of soul, but that all seeming inharmonies were working together for good.

What was the mission of Spiritualism to the world to-day? It was to bring forth a mightier revelation in the nature of man than had yet been displayed; an unfoldment of his nature so peculiar and subtle in its character that it had hitherto been overlooked. The feeling of sympathy which led the North to pour out its best blood to remove the sufferings of slavery at the South; which was enunciated by Paul, when he said "If one member suffer, all the other members suffer with it"—was the same feeling that drew spirits again to the darkness of earth, that they might minister to weary mortality. People sometimes declared the happiness of their departed friends owing to the fact that they were "you far away," and thought that if they could see the troubles of those on earth they would be very unhappy; but the suffering of those left behind was the very reason why the spirits did not go away! The soul's highest happiness was always to be found in helping its afflicted fellow—in going down into the "valley of the shadow of death," and beating the waves of affliction, and bringing its suffering victim safe to shore. Spiritualism was to fully declare this principle, and bring and keep the mundane and spiritual worlds in rapport. Spiritualism taught us no partial sympathy for those who believed as we did, as did the Christian Church, but an embracing of all in an universal brotherhood; that no abnormal condition was necessary that man might receive its blessings, but that naturally the soul should absorb its benefits. It taught us that its volume of theology was unfolded in that of Nature, where in the heavens we beheld the work of the great Astronomer, and learned more of God from the stars than from Moses; where in the petrified centuries we read the mighty changes of the past—as the crow-bar turned the stony leaves—and learned the eternity of God; that God was in rock, in tree, in flower, volcano, storm—everywhere God! Thus we would find more in this volume than in the records of theology, which man in the past had considered to be the teachings of God.

Man held that he should see God by-and-by. Where? Only in his unfolded self—this was the only God he should ever know. Spiritualism did not come to unfold the mysteries of God to man, but to unfold to him the mysteries of himself, God was infinity—his duration was eternity, his intelligence the sum of all, his power the infinite plane whatever the plane, but man was on a finite plane, possessed of only a portion of the divine intelligence, and must take in one truth after another, as an observer climbing up from the plain to the mountain-top sees a wider expanse before him. He might ascend, but still God was beyond—was the Infinite.

With this beacon light of Spiritualism, this key to unlock the store-house of truth, and unveil the mysteries of the future life, what momentous responsibility rested on its adherents. This light must not go out in darkness, inspiration and revelation must not be lost—it came to explain on natural principles those physical phenomena which were so exciting to the curiosity of mankind—to explain those occurrences which the past had considered as the freaks of a partial Providence, such as the visions of Paul and John, Ezekiel and others. It would do this scientifically. Science never recanted when she made an assertion. The discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo were not overcome by the opposition of the Church. Should Spiritualism be? If the Christian Church could have controlled it fifteen years ago it would have done so. When these phenomena were explained scientifically, then Spiritualism would be safe, and not till then; and it was the duty of all to endeavor to perfect the utterances of this prophetic singer which should carol on till the time came and the laws were explained, it would come, and man clamored for it, but when the infinite Father saw that his children were prepared to receive it. When man would walk by the light of revealed philosophy instead of the terrible glare of his own selfish experiences, then should dawn the "good time coming," and roses without thorns would bloom around his pathway.

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Where? Only



heaven which is life—this life, not another; the same powers and faculties, the same laws and affections, the same laws, and the same undying progress—to live and learn, to die and lose nothing. Oh, happiness!

"Art is long, and life is fleeting," but nothing is lost. Still the muffled drums are beating. Faintly march to the grave.

Oh, and if true! but "art is long" and life is short. On past the grave, the soul rises to intoxication in the beautiful, and pictures the house of life with the shadow glories of the illuminated spirit.

A year to a theme, a lifetime to an art, an age to an idea. "Art is long," but nothing is lost. Spiritualism makes your life, and mine, significant. It is the religion of artists, of all sons and daughters of genius. Go to the theatre. Listen to actors who are Spiritualists. The legitimate drama teaches more of truth and life in a week than the pulpit fulminates in a year. Painting, sculpture, music, poetry—we may hope to cultivate all these. Our cultured tastes are to be an eternal possession, only enlarged, expanded, to delight and satisfy more and more; earth-life only the morning session of the primary school of existence; yonder the angels, the artists, the university.

We may "live and learn!" We shall use our learning forever. Even gymnastics and music, growing industry, win for us our way to heaven. We may not ask the "Holy Ghost" to descend on us, while stomach and brain reek with tobacco and whiskey, gross food in our mouths and impurity in every vein. Oh, not to such a single ray, directly sent, of the true ethereal fire, means but combustion, dissolution, from the contact of incompatibles.

All our life here a training, a growth for the to come! Lean, hungry spirits, half-fed of things of earth—souls which half live, scarcely lived at all, come back to pick and pilfer as best they may shreds and threads to clothe the immortal. Let me touch life reverently, but firmly and fully, that I may freely go hence, and so swing clear at last, dying to live. Somewhat must be the means, as an excuse of "our taking off," but that last sickness infests not the soul-elements. "Tis that lifelong nothingness, the "chronic weakness," the "general debility" and sterility, which dwells the life that never has been well. To build the House of Life, the Temple of the Body, in the grandest architecture. "Architecture is frozen music," says the French woman. Poetry is the universal hymn, set to "the anthem of the ages," the world of spirits still repeats.

It may not be in marble, it may not be in bronze, nor yet upon the glowing canvas that we are artists, but in the formation of character, the development of the true and beautiful within ourselves, we may incarnate our dream of æsthetic glory, and picture upon the walls of the house of life the hieroglyphics of the immortal spirit. So Spiritualism reveals itself, the gospel of beauty, the religion of taste, the genius of culture, the inspiration of art, and the force of character. We will begin with the body, and do the useful and the obvious duty—artists, if artists; work and culture climbing with each other. Then on to the innermost, up to the uppermost, making our life an art, our art a life, and both the eloquent discourse of the divine truth revealed to us, in the beauty of order in eternal progress.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### AN EVENING WITH THE SPIRITS.

BY H. L. THOMPSON.

I thought the readers of the Banner of Light might be interested in the following facts. I am not at liberty to mention names of persons or places, as they happened in a private family circle. It came to my mind, last Sunday evening, that I had not visited, for a considerable time, a certain friend of mine who lives in Boston. So off I went, and reached the house about seven P. M. I knocked at the door, which was opened by a lady. I inquired if Miss — was within. She said yes. Presently my friend made her appearance. She hesitated to admit me. I saw that she was a little embarrassed. I said that if it were not convenient for her to admit me that evening I would call again. She replied that there were a few friends with her, but— She then left me for a moment.

In the meantime I heard the sound of cups and glasses making a confused, jingling noise. With a smile on her face she returned, saying I might come in. So I went, and found four ladies, beside my friend, sitting round a table, apparently enjoying the good things of this life. Having been introduced to the company, I unhesitatingly seated myself on the sofa not far from the table. I ventured to ask my friend what had caused the cups and glasses to dance so furiously as I stood outside the door. She said that she had left the decision of whether I was to be admitted that evening to her spirit-friends, who had signified their willingness to have me present by pounding the tea table, which caused the noise to which I had referred.

No sooner was this sentence finished than ten little hammers apparently were set to work on the bottom of the table, that made all the crockery and glass ware dance and hum. It seemed to me a little doubtful whether this demonstration was for or against me. I requested my friend to ask the spirit-friends whether I should not leave, and I would abide by their decision. She put the question; and I expected to receive my answer in the usual way of rapping. But what was my surprise to hear, from under the table apparently, a voice distinctly say, "No!" This startled me a little, for I was sitting close to the spot from whence the voice came. I felt at ease then in the company, having come to the conclusion that I had brought no inharmonious into the circle.

Presently we were sitting comfortably round a good fire and enjoying a friendly chat. In the course of conversation I inquired whether any of the ladies present had read a work entitled, "What-ever is, is Right." They replied they had not read it, although they had heard of it. I said that I had read the book and believed that it was, unquestionably, a good production; that the leading doctrine inculcated in that book, *rightly understood*, was true, and calculated to accomplish much good; that there was no such thing as "evil"; what people call by that name I denominated *undesired good*; in fact, hell was but heaven amaking. I had no sooner finished the sentence when some unseen intelligence, not far from my right hand, distinctly said, "That's so!" It was the voice of none of the ladies present. I knew it was not my own, nor did it come from that quarter of the room where the ladies were sitting, but, as near as I could judge, from behind my chair. Up to this time I had never heard a spirit-voice, although I had often heard that spirits had frequently spoken.

In the course of the evening the ladies requested me to sing a song, which seemed to meet with the approbation of the spirits, for they made the table dance and hop considerably. I excused myself by saying that I really could not sing; but if they would permit me to roar out some old ditty, like "Auld Lang Syne," I would do my best to oblige them, and should succeed in pleasing them by singing. I should do more for them than I had ever done for myself. I commenced. The spirits—some four or five apparently—best performed time on the table to the song. When I reached the second verse a voice at my right hand joined in singing to the end of the song. It was the voice of none of the ladies present; it was certainly not mine. Whose was it? We could only come to one conclusion: It was the voice of some one of the spirit-friends present. It was a manly, base-

voice. The moment the song was ended a perfect shower of raps came upon the table by way of approval.

One of the ladies mentioned the fact that she had recently been reading Burns's poems, and asked me if I was much acquainted with them. I said that I was, and proposed to give them the poet's "Address to the De'il," "Tam O'Shanter," and two or three more. At the end of each performance, especially at the conclusion of the "Address to the De'il," the spirits drummed out their approbation on the table in a most boisterous manner, and finally I thought I heard a voice say, "That's good!" but could not catch the words distinctly. The conversation then turned on Biblical subjects. I said that the Bible should be treated as any other book should be treated: examined carefully and candidly; take the true and leave the false, for I believed that both would be found there. Mrs. Mott spoke the whole truth with respect to the Bible, when she said, in a lecture delivered to the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Church of Boston, laying her hand upon the book, "Here are the words of God, of man and of the devil."

A great knocking then commenced on the table. We inquired what the spirit-friends wanted. They signified, partly by raps and partly by voice, that they wished me to read the eleventh and twelfth verses of the fourth chapter of Mark. The verses ran thus: "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God; but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables: that, seeing, they may see and not perceive; and hearing, they may hear and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted, and their sins should be forgiven them."

The room in which we sat was divided into two parts by curtains. The gas-light, which had been brought up to this moment, was now put down, so as to make, as it were, darkness visible. Two of the ladies pulled the said curtains aside and entered the other apartment. The moment they entered, a bright, phosphorescent light appeared above their heads, which seemed to radiate from a centre. In about five minutes the same phenomenon made its appearance and continued for the space of about a second.

Thus ended my evening with both my earth-friends and spirit-friends. I had never before witnessed such manifestations of spirit-power. I have stated the facts just as they occurred, having neither added thereto nor taken therefrom. If you think them worthy of a corner of your Banner, put them in; if not, cast them aside, and I shall be none the less your friend.

22 Congress street, Boston.

### ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS.

We have repeatedly received evidence of the reliability and truthfulness of J. V. Mansfield, the well-known medium for answering sealed letters, and also published what was furnished us by others to the same effect. Below will be found additional testimony, which no doubt our readers will thank us for making public:

COMMUNICATION OF N. P. WILLIS, THROUGH J. V. MANSFIELD.

FRANKLIN, N. H., Nov. 18, 1867.

WARREN CHASE, ESQ.: Dear Sir—A few days since it occurred to me that I would address a few inquiries to the late N. P. Willis, through James V. Mansfield, of your city. Accordingly I penned the following note, with but little premeditation, as will be evident, and sending it very securely, the numerous seals covering a fine network, very carefully arranged, so as to preclude all possible chance to open it without detection. I enclosed it without any supererogation in another envelope addressed to Mr. Mansfield. The note runs as follows:

FRANKLIN, N. H., Nov. 18, 1867.

MY DEAR WILLIS—Many months have passed, and yet I have heard from you but once since you passed into the spirit-life—that once through the Banner of Light. I have been, and still am, much of an admirer of your writings, and have been waiting anxiously to hear from a spirit who had done so much with here to smooth the rough ways and to render harmonious and beautiful the productions of the Great Master, even man, his master work. Canst thou answer, through Mr. Mansfield, the few following questions, for the edification not only of my humble self, but as a proof of future life to thousands of anxious souls longing and waiting in doubt, and also as a token of remembrance and affection to your numerous dear friends yet in this lower sphere?

1. Are you happy?
2. Have you seen your first wife there?
3. Has the child by your first wife, which died at birth, an existence there?
4. Have you seen Lady Blessington, Mrs. Hemans, or Count D'Orsay?
5. Have you seen the lately deceased author of the Irish legend, viz: "Auld Lang Syne" sitting on the stile, Mr. formerly Mrs. Blackwell?
6. Do you give any attention to the Muses now? and if so, can you not control Lizzie Doten and give to the world a real *Willis* poem through her organism?
7. Does that life seem to you to be the real, substantial life, as this does to us?
8. Is it desirable that we should know all we can of the nature of the next life while here?
9. Does the name and fame which you earned here avail you any good where you are?
10. Is that world beautiful past description? Is it a substantial truth that all life is exempt from death? that the horse and dog still live on some higher plane of existence?

Yours, &c., D. GILCHRIST.

On the fifth day from the date of this note I received the sealed envelope back by mail, in precisely the condition in which I sent it, with the nicely prepared network and seals untouched. And at the same time came the following reply from Mr. Mansfield:

DEAR GILCHRIST—How can I sufficiently thank you for this notice of me, now a dweller of spiritual spheres? I was with you, to be sure, on the 10th inst., yet I had no design of impressing you to make this attempt until I found I possessed the power of doing so. The Count was with me at that moment, and with our united control we set you scribbling. Oh my dear Gilchrist, could you but see the *modus operandi* of spirit control, you would move more than ever wonder at the mysterious and yet natural workings of Providence.

For the high compliment you have paid me in your message touching my life and writings, accept my soul-thanks. I ever, while on earth, followed the highest light within me, radical as I might have been on many points, yet I never have regretted my course of life. But to your questions:

1. I am as much so as any one of my sphere.
2. I have met the darling one, and our cherub child; their spheres are in advance of mine, yet they come to me often. Meeting the dear little one was indeed a surprise—a happy one, too.
3. Yes, yes, yes; the darling lives, and now in stature indicates (I am not certain that I read correctly the two last words) what it would have been had it tarried on earth until the present time.
4. Yes, yes, I have; I met her and Mrs. Hemans, Hannah More and Hannah Adams not long since, and passed a pleasant hour (as you measure time) with them. The Count I am with nearly all the time. Noble soul indeed he is!
5. I have not met Mrs. B.—although Lady Blessington informed me she had several times.
6. I do, I do, and will that dear lady, Miss Doten, but place herself receptive to my influence. I will, with the assistance of my friend, E. A. Poe, control her to the people's delight.
7. You have rightly expressed it. This is the substance of that life—the essence of it. If I am allowed the expression, that life is preparatory to this. Without that life never would have existed; this is the result of that.
8. Yes, yes; you cannot now so much of that which awaits you in the life beyond. "Seek and ye shall find."
9. Not a whit. I am known here for just what

I am worth, and no more—I mean morally and spiritually.

10. Indeed it is, past any description of spirits, or even mortals to imagine. All that ever had life, either in the animal or vegetable creation, will live on eternally—nothing lost. Yes, you will see your horse and dog; yes, those pet canaries I find here.

My little white home! and yet I have one more beautiful here.

As ever, N. P. WILLIS.

LOS ANGELES CITY, CAL., July 9, 1867.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

DEAR FRIENDS AND BROTHERS—Feeling prompted by my spirit friends to add my mite to the already voluminous evidence of the reality of an existence beyond the grave, I herewith enclose a copy of a sealed letter to our dear brother and co-laborer in this great and holy truth of spirit communion, together with the answer. If you in your good judgment find it of sufficient merit to admit of a place in the Banner, you can insert it, or such part or parts of it as you deem proper. You will observe that there are but two names in the copy of the sealed letter, viz: "Almyra Freeman" and "Louisa Garey." Now my wife's name is Louisa J. Garey; but in signing the sealed letter the J. was purposely omitted, and in the answer the letter or communication was addressed to Thomas A. and Louisa J. Garey. The names of "Louisa and Wilbur" were the names of our dear children gone on before. Their full names were Louisa Nieves and John Wilbur. The name of A. P. Ringer is correct. He was an uncle of mine on my mother's side. The names Thomas and Mary undoubtedly have reference to myself and a sister of mine residing in Illinois, whose name is Mary Anna. Where "faith in Brewster" is spoken of, has reference to a certain religious leader whose doctrines I once believed, and this A. P. Ringer spoken of in the communication was an able expounder of the Brewsterite faith. Now in reference to the text spoken of, the name is correct while it is written in the eleventh line instead of the thirteenth.

Now, dear Banner, I can truly say I do not know that "my Redeemer" lives, but I do know that "Louisa and Wilbur" live, and surely if they live, I and the whole human family live also, for it is truly written, "The dead shall live again."

Yours truly, THOMAS A. GAREY.

COPY OF SEALED LETTER.

Containing a lock of Almyra Freeman's hair.

LOS ANGELES CITY, APRIL 26, 1867.

MY DEAR AND RESPECTED MOTHER—For many long years of my life I desired to communicate with you, not having the privilege of being with you in this world. I now approach you in your spirit-home. Please answer a few questions through this medium, James V. Mansfield.

1. Dear mother, how many brothers did I have?
2. What were their names?
3. If they are living on earth at present, what is the post-office address of one or both of them?
4. Please give me the names and address of some of my relatives on your or my father's side.

Please tell me whose hair this is enclosed in this letter.

From your affectionate daughter,

LOUISA GAREY.

COPY OF ANSWER TO SEALED LETTER.

MY DEAR MRS. GAREY—Yours of the 26th April has at last reached its destined port, via New York City, the present home of the medium through whom you solicit information touching the whereabouts of your blood relatives. Now, Louisa, as your angel mother is not present, or even within my call, I have thought you would pardon me if I attempted to say a word.

Your dear mother, whose mortal remains are in part enclosed in your sealed package—rather I judge so from the magnetism it contains—she is with me now and then, and so are your darling children, Louisa and Wilbur. But I seldom ever heard her say much about earthly matters. From her long sojourn in spirit-land she has lost many of the landmarks of earth, and would not be very likely to be able to trace the whereabouts of her relatives. She may, through the affection, be able to judge of their conditions spiritually, yet beyond that I feel she could not advise you had she been present. You ask for post-office directions. That would be out of the power of spirits to give you. We do not take into the account the minutiae of earth matters to that extent. I feel most confident that your brothers are living, for I never heard her speak of them as spirit-friends. Therefore the conclusion is they yet tarry in the body. Was it in my power to follow or trace their magnetism, I would have given you their precise location. But it is not in my power. We are with you often, and so is A. P. Ringer, but we cannot bring our minds to believe you at all times recognize our peculiar and particular presence; yet, Thomas and Mary, we are with you. He gave up your father, Brewster, yet now, Thomas and Mary, that was a remarkable personage. He was devout and truthful; no fault or guile could be found in him. We are pleased to know you have so much faith in the soul's immortality, vouchsafed through spirit communion. Be faithful to the light given you, and you will yet both see the desires of your souls.

Now as to what you ask me with you and it is me that talks with you, let me say, look at the thirteenth line of your sealed letter to me of Sept. 5th, 1863. You will find the name of "Margaret Merwin." Look it up; you have it.

Now come the children, and they send love to dear father and mother. Dear Wilbur says, "Tell dear father to write me; let me tell my own story." Your spirit friend, MARGARET MERWIN.

To Thomas A. and Louisa J. Garey.

### DOUBT AND BE DAMNED.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

God bless thee, dear Banner, for the light thou art shedding on souls that are sitting in darkness. Theology, as sustained by the church and clergy of Christendom, insists that to doubt, on certain subjects, exposes us to "the wrath of God and the pains of hell forever!" The following are some of these subjects:

- (1) THE AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE as the only infallible rule of faith and practice for the human race, in all ages and nations.
- (2) That the whole human race is exposed to an eternal hell, because Adam sinned.
- (3) That God ever commanded children to be stoned to death because their fathers stole a wedge of gold.
- (4) That a child was ever born of woman without a human father.
- (5) That man hates God and that God is angry with him for thus hating him.
- (6) That God's "hot wrath" can be appeased by the blood of man or beast.
- (7) That one man can be saved from "the wrath of God and the pains of hell" by the merits of another, i. e., of Christ.
- (8) That Christ is "God manifest in the flesh," in a sense in which others are not.
- (9) That God exists as one God in three persons.
- (10) That our bodies, after we have thrown them aside and they are returned to their original elements, are to be resurrected.
- (11) That after he leaves the body, there is no more progress for man from evil to good.
- (12) That our heaven or hell, in and out of the body, depends on the feelings and actions of another (Christ) rather than on our own.
- (13) That hell is to be eternal to all who take heed to their souls as they live the body.

To doubt any or all of these propositions, is to be damned, as the theology of Christendom counts damnation. There is nothing in the mythology of Heathen Greece and Rome, nor in the Religion of Hindoostan, more utterly absurd and opposed to the facts of human nature, than are all of these dogmas; yet we must swallow them all without choking or nausea, or cast into hell-fire.

To doubt them is to be damned by the Church and Priesthood.

To doubt them is, in my view, the first step toward the kingdom of God, which is made up of the facts of Nature: of Love, of Justice, Truth, Honesty, Good Will, Peace, Self-Abnegation and Good for Evil.

Dear Banner, cry aloud. Spare not. Call all to doubt the above fundamental tenets of the popular theology. Say to all souls that are bound in these adamantine chains, "Come unto me. Take my yoke upon you. Learn of me, and you shall find rest."

## Correspondence in Brief.

E. CRAIG, GIBBARD, MICH., writes favorably of the labors there of Dr. G. R. T. Howes, as a healer and lecturer.

MYSTIC BRIDGE, CONN., FEB. 17.—A correspondent says: Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn has been lecturing here during the past week to crowded audiences, and with wonderful power and success.

J. K. BAILEY, OF ADRIAN, MICH., in a note says: In my preface to the proceedings of our County meeting, published in No. 21, current volume, the types make me say: "You will readily perceive the advantage of a publication of an incentive and mayhap imperfect formula, for the work begun in this State, and, in one form, to be established throughout the country"—whereas it should read "and, in some form, to be established." &c. I very much dislike to appear so ridiculously egotistical as to suppose that a formula, which I might devise is to be adopted by the entire spiritualistic public.

A. E. TURNER, LA PORTE, IND., FEB. 11th.—Please inform Mr. H. H. Wallace, N. T. H. Wallace, of Westville, Ind., among the list of lecturers, as a trance speaker. It has been my pleasure to listen to several of her lectures at different places the past six or eight months, and I must say they have been highly interesting. Her lectures are of a refined, practical character. She is not only a speaking medium, but one of our true, life spiritualists. She has been lecturing here once in two weeks for the few past months. She first commenced speaking in a private dwelling, where small circles had been kept up for some time by a couple of devoted families, through much opposition. She moved steadily on, until she has aroused the sleeping ones from their lethargy, and the friends have had to engage the largest hall in the place for meetings. Mrs. A. H. Craig has also been doing a good work here the past month. The cause of Spiritualism is truly progressing again in Northern Indiana.

DIVIDE THE LOAF.—A correspondent writing from Oronoco, Minn., says: When people have the bread of life dealt out to them in whole loaves, continually, would it not seem more charitable and Christian-like to give up one slice in twelve to their poor, hungry, starving neighbors, who are only able to pick a few crumbs now and then, from the table of their more favored brethren? This idea suggested itself to me while reading the letter of W. A. Danakin, of Baltimore, in your issue of Jan. 18th, in which he speaks of the wonderful inspirational powers of Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, who has ministered to the spiritual wants of one congregation between three and four years, and now said congregation says unanimously, "We cannot spare her from our rostrum, even for a single month." Why, I should think, after feasting with glorified spirits for the length of time, their souls would be so filled to overflowing with love and gratitude to God and his ministering spirits, and good will to their fellow mortals, that they would want all the world to participate with them, if it were possible or practicable.

S. H. WALLS, GREENVILLE, ILL., writes as follows: I take a great deal of pleasure in being able to inform you that the science of progression and spiritism is fast making its way into Egypt, as well as all other parts of our country. We may be rather late, but we are none the less earnest. We have just received very much pleasure, and I hope permanent benefit, from a course of lectures delivered by Prof. E. Whipple, of Ohio, who has been lecturing at various places in this State and Indiana this winter. Not only is the Professor possessed of a very high order of inspirational power, but he is also a man in his own right, one who has devoted his life to thorough study and close application, and possesses a vast fund of information. He brings the facts of actual science to bear with relentless force upon the vague speculations of the present time. While he causes the advocates of the old theology to tremble for the fate of their religion, he gives to the liberal mind a consistent, rational belief, founded upon the indisputable conclusions of science. He lectures upon geology and its kindred sciences; and with this for the foundation he rears a grand and noble superstructure, its base the earth, its apex reaching far beyond the confines of death. His lectures upon "Development," "The Origin of Life," and "The Origin of Man," I have rarely, if ever, heard excelled. They are very fine efforts. He is a powerful constructor, instead of a destructive. His delivery is in his manner is gentlemanly, not only in the desk but out of it; and the friends throughout the West who wish the services of an able speaker cannot do better than to secure Prof. E. Whipple, of Clyde, Ohio.

H. C. GREENLEAF, YARMOUTH, ME.—Often in perusing the columns of your valuable paper, it has cheered my heart to read of the progress of Spiritualism in places where, in times past, I have been acquainted. Possibly some who formerly lived in Yarmouth, may have caught a gleam of light, and may wish to know if the truth has ever penetrated the fog of theology at home, and if so, what progress it has made. To such, I would say, in returning to Yarmouth, my native place, I found a few scarred veterans, who with their minds' eye had received the sunbeam and were happy; have come up against the current of error, superstition and bigotry, and anchored in the bay of truth. Some have gone home to spirit-life, and although passed from our view, yet they live, for in their day they made efforts to bring these great truths to light, and at that time doubt sowed the good seed which now is springing up and bearing fruit. Those who still live on earth are seeking more interesting scenes around them. Something like one year ago circumstances brought Mrs. Almira V. Smith to Yarmouth—an inspirational speaker, who resides in Portland. She very kindly gave a few lectures on the phenomena of Spiritualism. The influence, doubtless, there was material to work upon susceptible of spirit influence, have kindly allowed her to speak to us two Sundays each month, and as might be expected considerable interest is manifested. I had the pleasure of hearing her lecture last Sunday upon the different states of existence, material, spirit and soul-life. It was a brilliant discourse. Mrs. S. should be brought out into a larger field of usefulness, for the cause of speaking to a few, there should be thousands.

H. L. CRAIG writes from Troy, Portage Co., O., as follows: It has been three years since I appeared before you as a trance speaker, but having become conscious that it is the duty of all those who have the inspiration of the angel-world to go forth and labor for human progress, consequently (as you advise in an article in a late Banner) I have taken my carpet-bag, and ask the protection of my unseen guides to cheer me on the way. The first place I was directed to after entering the field was Thompsons, Genoa Co., O., where I found the cause in a very flourishing condition. The Spiritualists purchased an old church last summer and rebuilt it, and have procured the services of Bro. Kellogg, one-fourth of the time, for one year. Bro. K. is an able speaker and an earnest worker, and I congratulate the society of Thompsons in securing his valuable services. Here, let me say, was the place where I made my first appearance before an audience in a trance speaking. In the early days of my youth, and you may imagine the pleasure it gave me, being greeted by so large an audience, after an absence of more than eight years. The society now numbers over one hundred members. I found the Banner of Light well appreciated in this community, and all speak of it in the highest praise as an able expounder of our glorious cause. My next visit was made at Leroy. There, as in many places, I found the cause had suffered for want of activity on the part of its believers. I spoke twice there to appreciative audiences, and promised to return and hold a two days' meeting in the sunny days of June. Then I passed on to the pleasant village of Kirtland, which formerly acquired so much notoriety as the seat of Mormonism. The temple which they built there over thirty years ago, still stands, a monument of their superstition. I thought, as I gazed upon its massive walls and tall steeples, of the many hearts made to bleed and tears to fall in consequence of the bread taken from families to erect that costly structure. There are but two or three of that faith now residing in Kirtland; Martin Harris, who lives there, still claims that he is the mediator between God and man, and says that Zion will be built in Kirtland. I gave two lectures there February 2d. The Spiritualists occupy the Baptist church in this place; that congregation has gone to naught. I start at once on a lecturing tour through Western Ohio and Michigan. Those wishing my services can address me in care of Mrs. H. N. Hamilton, Port Huron, Mich.

## A LAWYER'S OPINION OF SPIRITUALISM.

MEMPHIS, TENN., DEC. 31, 1867.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—It was my fortune to spend some six or eight months of this and the past year in a beautiful little town in Mississippi, and to dwell in the house of one of the most eminent lawyers of that State. This lawyer and ex-Judge is some fifty years of age, and has practiced his profession some twenty-five years. During my sojourn with him, the subject of Spiritualism was one of frequent conversation. The Judge desired to investigate the matter as he would that of any other subject; and being a profound reader and thinker, he very soon exhausted what little information I had on the subject—then took to books; and being an expert in sifting evidence and other matters that came before him, whether pertaining to law, science or religion, he formed his *Theia*, as he terms it, and has favored me with its outlines, which I take the liberty to copy and send you, as follows:

"When the Pope of Rome imprisoned Galileo for announcing the rotary motion of the earth and compelled him to retract the announcement, he whispered to a friend as he passed from the presence of the Pope, 'Still the earth moves!'"

The uninvestigating portion of humanity may prate as they please against spiritual manifestations, "still" there is a *supra-mundane* intelligence which can and does communicate with material bodies in the flesh. These communications cannot be explained upon any other than a spiritual hypothesis, although it has often been attempted, by referring all to the physiological laws of Nature acting on the mind of the medium, but without any specification as to *modus operandi*.

Among the physiological laws of Nature as a basis and foundation to build upon stands phrenology an admitted science; secondly, biology, the nerve, aura, mesmerism, animal magnetism and clairvoyance, all concomitants and kindred sciences to phrenology, now admitted by the *litterati* of the world; thirdly, polarity, polar currents, odic force, and electricity. All of which physiological laws can be made manifest on the human organism in the flesh; but all these manifestations are inanimate and have no intrinsic intelligence of themselves, and have to supply these physiological agencies with the intelligence and logic of a Lord Bacon, or of a St. Paul, and with the powers of composition that belong to a Webster, with the graphic descriptions of a topographer, all of which are manifest in these spiritual communications, are questions which cannot be answered upon any other than a spiritual hypothesis.

My own hypothesis is this: when the spirit leaves the body in *artificial* *morte*, and enters a new body in the spirit-world, where the spirits can, through the love of God, improve and progress to a final perfection, then the soul, after the death of the body, takes the first step in that final perfection, by the resurrection of the spirit into the spheres; that upon the resurrection of the spirit into the spheres, they are so vastly improved and increased in that final perfection and the attributes of God that they can control, to some extent, the physiological laws above quoted, and through these laws put themselves *en rapport* with the mind of the medium, and thus communicate with material bodies in the flesh; all of which material bodies are more or less subject to these physiological laws.

These views, I think, are sustained by the teachings of the Bible and New Testament, and by acknowledged science. At all events, this hypothesis satisfies me; and although these spirit communications did not formerly take place except under peculiar circumstances, yet I think that in these latter days God has thought proper to reveal to some extent the mysteries of the spirit-world, by permitting departed spirits to communicate with material bodies in the flesh; which, if true, we are bound to believe for wise purposes.

At all events, having been bred a lawyer and accustomed to weighing evidence, I have come to the conclusion that the weight of evidence proves the fact that departed spirits can and do communicate with material bodies in the flesh.

### Spirit Communication on Magnetism.

RECEIVED THROUGH ALFRED CHIDGE, FOR THE "PLATONIC SCHOOL," WASHINGTON, D. C.

Magnetism may be defined as the attractive principle which holds stars and planets in their revolutions around their centres, as the balancing, impendable, harmonizing and uniting agency which blends and harmonizes centripetal and centrifugal forces. There are no worlds, no universes in which this element does not play an equally important part. It is the hinge on which the universe turns; the quintessence of the material or physical world which reaches out to the spiritual, and, as it were, cements the two with a bond as indissoluble as itself.

The age is permeated by the elements of progress no more than is the universe by magnetism. Element of elements, force of forces, power of powers, materially all present, physically pervading, chemically universal, spiritually omnipotent, alike the vehicle of thunder and of thought, of quiet growth and instant destruction, the knowledge of its principles and modes of action, its comprehension and control—the extent to which these are progressed constitutes the degree in which omnipotence is approximated.

Threads of life are traceable by its means, throughout the most embryonic universes. To it is due their gradual formation from an apparent chaos; it shapes contending elements with its purpose, and unhurt glides through convulsions of world-making, as well as removes by its all-healing power the fell influences of disease in worlds decrepit ere they are grown. It evolves from death, life; from corruption, glory; from conservation, progress. Magnetically thought answers to thought, and re-born hearts echo with glad tidings of a world's salvation, not purchased by blood, but developed by science. It forms the link between the seen and the unseen, the worlds of spirit and the worlds of sense. It supplies to the imperfect and disordered present a thread which connects with the completed and harmonious future. Reaching back with its left hand into the uncounted and uncountable ages of the past, it reaches forward with its right and unfolds the scroll of far futurity.

Evolved by science from a few of its numberless combinations, it but begins to be understood by the most arduous and careful experimenters. The results of its limited cultivation, great as they have been, constitute but the commencement of a control of the material by the mental, which will hereafter place the present state of existence on the most intimate footing with the next. From builders men will become by its means (as spirits, in some cases, are now) creators, infusing themselves into all their surroundings. Beneath its potent spells disease will vanish as dew-drops beneath the summer sun, and in the awakening light of its mild but all-penetrating influence there will vanish the theological nightmares of scores of centuries.











## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. M. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. 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. The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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 Banner of Light Free Circles.

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

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

### Invocation.

Oh thou Spirit, in whose infinite love the saint and the sinner alike repose, thou to whom every soul instinctively turns in time of trouble, and in time of joy also; thou to whom the murderer looks for hope; thou to whom the little child lispeth its evening prayers; thou who art at once father and mother and friend—to thee we turn this hour with our mingled prayers and praises. We pray not for blessings, for they are everywhere around us, but we pray that we may understand them, that we may know more concerning thy ways, that we may better appreciate the love with which thou art constantly crowning us. We praise thee for all the favors that we have received throughout all past eternity; we praise thee for all that which we have in the present, for the glory with which thou hast crowned the sphere of mind, the magnificence with which thou hast blessed the sphere of matter; we praise thee, oh our Father and our God, for all the beauty of Nature, for that wondrous power that seems everywhere to speak unto our souls, reminding us of thee. Oh grant that we may not forget that we are all members of thy family, that thou art one God, one Father and one Mother over all, and that wherever there is a mind, there we have a brother or a sister. Oh grant that this may be so engraven upon our souls that we shall seek no longer our own especial happiness, but that we shall seek the happiness of all thy children. Oh grant that our prayers no longer ascend for ourselves alone, but that we may pray for all that thou hast made. Oh grant that we may appreciate more fully thy love, thy wisdom, and the infinite power with which thou art constantly protecting us. Now that we know that our life is a gift from thee and will never be taken from us, now that we fully understand this, oh, grant that we may never rest till we shall spread this Gospel of truth over all the earth; grant that we may be enabled to cause all the desert places of mind to blossom. Oh grant that holy fruits may ming from the tree of life by our endeavors, and when we shall pass on to another sphere of action, may we find cause to say of ourselves, "We have occupied the talents with which our God has crowned us." Oh grant that thy angels may continue to sing the song of peace and good will over all the earth, till thy kingdom shall come in the hearts of all thy children, and thy will be done through holy deeds on earth. Amen. Dec. 16.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Now, Mr. Chairman, if you have propositions for our consideration we will hear them.

Q.—When and where did civilization commence?

A.—That is a very hard point to determine. It is very possible it may have commenced in this locality. We cannot tell, however—there have been so many degrees of civilization, so many mountains, so many valleys in this one condition of mind, that it is very hard to determine where the first mountain or valley began. Ancient history—it has been called sacred—has determined, to the satisfaction of some minds, that civilization began a little more than six thousand years ago, that a man and woman were spoken into existence by the power and will of God, and that they were at once civilized and perfect. Many religionists believe that they were created perfect. Now, if we are to understand anything at all by the term, we are to understand that they were perfect in all the departments of mind and matter; that they had attained the highest degree of excellence. But the march of intellect has determined to the contrary. Our Adam and Eve have dwindled away so very far from our sight that it is almost impossible now to distinguish them, even with the most powerful glass of credulity. To give a straightforward, honest answer to the question, we must say we do not know when or where civilization first began.

Q.—Is the New Testament a revealed history from the Supreme Being?

A.—All the revelations of mind and matter are in one sense revelations from the Supreme Being, but not in the distinct and absolute sense that many suppose. There are certain minds which believe that God did inspire certain ancients that they might write for the people, not only of that time, but of all coming time; that an eternal and fixed inspiration was given unto them and withheld from all others. This is a monstrous libel on God, I believe—so monstrous, that I conceive it to be almost a crime. We have been charged with blasphemy, because we ignored a certain portion or nearly all of the books called the New Testament, and we may say also of the Old. Others have been charged with blasphemy before us. But they have lived, nevertheless, and have gone on, marching in their own straight line toward truth, despite of the cry of the people, "Crucify them, crucify them." The Jews crucified only the body of Jesus, while the spirit-Christ went on rejoicing, even through the crucifixion of the body. And so it ever has been: the souls who attempt to question any long-established, holy and religious rite, are sure to bring down upon themselves the anathemas of the ignorant, of the bigoted, of those who have not been fortunate enough to receive the highest. But it matters not. All the censures that any soul can receive, because it eschews error and clings to what it knows to be true, will only serve to lift it higher and bear it out over the turbulent waves of opposition triumphantly. Were they inspired of God? Our answer is, they were as other works were; no more.

Q.—Can different individuals on earth be influenced by the same person or power in the spirit-land at one and the same time?

A.—Yes; for instance, I can, through the power of psychology, psychologize any number of susceptible bodies at the same time. I can psycholo-

gize them upon one special point, or I can vary with them as I see fit.

Q.—In the same way that the mesmerizer operates upon his subjects?

A.—Precisely, only to a larger extent. A disembodied spirit has more power than one in the body; first, because they have a larger understanding of the laws controlling in the case; secondly, they are free from bodily diseases, and through the atmosphere and through the peculiar condition of the sensitive subject, can come in more direct and positive rapport with them than they could by any possibility do through the flesh.

Q.—What constitutes a person a medium?

A.—A medium is simply a body that is sensitive to the od forces in the universe—forces which you do not thoroughly understand—those that have not come within the sphere of human science; those with which human science has not yet dealt. A medium possesses a peculiar quality of magnetism and electricity. The nervous system is generally very finely attuned, and it is constantly receiving from the external world, and as constantly throwing out. There is a peculiar atmosphere, mental and physical, surrounding every well-developed medium, and whose can enter that atmosphere, becomes at once in rapport with the medium, and whose cannot enter it, cannot by any possibility come into rapport, and are shut out as virtually as if there were a wall of fire between them. Mediums are, in other words, sensitive subjects, not only to the action of mind in the body, but to mind out of the body; and particularly sensitive to mind out of the body.

Q.—Is there any natural connection between the butchery of animals for food and the slaughter of human beings in war? Will they not both cease to exist together?

A.—There is a natural connection between the two incidents of life. But while one is endowed with intelligence, the other has only instinct. One has a clear consciousness of itself and its surroundings, the other has a very limited consciousness of itself and its surroundings. One stretches out almost into infinity, the other is bound about by form.

Q.—I think the spirit hardly understands my question. I had reference to the slaughter of animals by man for food. Will not wars probably continue as long as the use of animal food continues?

A.—I believe that there is at present an absolute necessity for animal food. Human bodies, at the present stage of existence, require animal food. But I believe when you have passed beyond that necessity, then you will stand upon a higher human plane. Then I believe you will not war with each other as you do now—not simply because you have done eating animal food, but because the necessity for animal food has ceased and you have gone humanly beyond it; and if humanly, spiritually also. These bodies grow just as fast as Nature will allow them, and all the exhibitions of your animal nature are in perfect consonance with Nature. You go to war because you have not grown beyond that condition. The earth produces poisonous fruits, plants and reptiles, because it has not grown beyond them. By-and-by I believe it will. But I believe that these human bodies will grow no faster than the planet grows. They will pass beyond a condition of warfare, as this planet passes beyond many of its inharmonious conditions. Naturally you are children of the earth, earthly. And throughout all the lower strata of mind we find the same exhibitions upon a mental plane which correspond to certain exhibitions of Nature. There are tempests; the earth opens and belches forth fire, and these wild, erratic manifestations of Nature find a counterpart in humanity. But I do not believe it will always be so. I believe you go to war with each other to-day because you have not grown beyond that condition; but I know you will, or those will that come after you. But thousands of years will doubtless roll away ere this millennium will dawn. Dec. 16.

### Dexter Fields.

We are strangers, but I feel a certain acquaintance with you by reading the Banner. It was my weekly guest, and always welcome. If anything happened to delay it, I missed it as I would the coming of a friend. And what is strange, but very satisfactory to me, is the fact that the Banner finds entrance to the spirit-world, as well as to the homes we had here. [How do you explain that?] I don't know how to explain it, but there seems to be a perfect file kept in the spirit-world, and it is as general there as the alphabet is here. I was surprised. I thought I would have to come back here to know what was going on with the Banner; but no, the Banner is there as here, and sometimes, when you make mistakes, it is most severely criticised. I have seen the severest criticisms passed upon some articles you ever heard upon anything. But it was criticised in love, and those who criticised it set themselves to work to see that nothing like it appeared again. [That is excellent.] Yes, I thought so. It is glorious to be criticised by God's angels, because they always do it in love and for good. Our best friends are those who tell us of our faults and help us to pass beyond them. There is so much of this disposition to shield even when we know we ought not to; so little courage manifested in regard to our divine duties, that it seems to me we ought to pray earnestly, all of us—me, too; I am as much in the dark as anybody—to have more courage to tell our friends, and enemies, too, of all their faults, in love.

It is only a little time since I journeyed heavenward. I have not had much experience in the things of the spirit-world, but what I have had has been glorious. I know now that I live, that I can come back, that this glorious philosophy is true—no vagary, but a divine and blessed reality. That is worth everything. And if I could bring what knowledge I have now attained to my dear family that I left, it seems to me my cup of happiness would be full. But they must seek for themselves—open the door that leads to knowledge themselves. We all have to do it. No one can die for us. No one can be happy or miserable for us. These are things that belong to our own experience. But I want my family and all my friends to know that I am rejoicing in the blessed knowledge that I was not deceived. Although in many things the spirit-world differs from what I had been led to suppose, yet in the main it is all correct; and I am so happy in my freedom, that I want to share it with everybody.

I lived here fifty-five years. Of course I saw many clouds, and a good many sunbeams, too; and now to be free from the body, that has its pains and that needs so much attention, is indeed a glorious freedom, and you will all appreciate it, I know. You will instinctively ignore the old resurrectionist's idea. Why, you would not one of you come back and take the body you have thrown off, if you could, for all the wealth of the world. I judge you all by myself.

Tell my dear family it is well with me. I shall work with them and for them, for their good and the good of all, just as fast as I can. I am from Marlboro', N. H. My name, Dexter Fields. You have my name on your books. God bless you.

Good-day. I have gone on, but I shall take the Banner still. Dec. 16.

### John Hall.

I am here to add one more degree of assurance, if it is possible for me, to what little faith my good old mother has in modern Spiritualism. I told her that was true before I died, but she could not understand it. So she said to me, "John, if you are killed in battle, I shall expect to hear from you very soon, if your faith is what it should be—if there is a reality in it. If your Spiritualism is true, of course you will come back." Well, I have done so, but rather imperfectly, heretofore. But I am here to-day, as I said before, to add a little, if it is possible, to my mother's faith. Her last words to me were these: "John, I don't want to bid you good-by," and she turned away. I felt then that I should never see her again while I was in the body, but I did not tell her so. A great many times before I went away, after it was a settled thing that I was going, mother would say to me, "John, I wish you had some fixed kind of religion. I wish you did not believe as you do. Then if anything happened to you I should feel better about you." My reply always was: "Mother, for God's sake don't send me to any Orthodox heaven or hell. If I believed in your religion I should have to be satisfied with the Orthodox heaven; but I don't, and I never shall. I believe in Spiritualism. It is everything to me. If I die, all right. I shall come back. And if I can't make a heaven it is my own fault. If I happen to go to hell, don't be in despair about me. I shall get out of it. I never was known to stay in a bad place any great length of time, if there was any door to get out. So whenever I go on the other side, be happy about me."

My name is John Hall, and here I am, happy and satisfied, and in the full hope of redeeming some of my friends from the darkness of old theology before they come to me. Don't know as I shall be able to, but I have the full hope that I shall—at any rate I shall work hard for it. I am now where I can work without so many obstacles. There are some, to be sure, but not so many as there were here. Here I found it very hard, because I had to be looking out for the things of the body, for I had n't much of the things of this world, while I was at the same time looking out for the things of the soul. Sometimes one would win and sometimes the other—they were hardly ever both satisfied at the same time. Here it is different; I have got rid of the one, and can pay all attention to the other. I want my dear mother to get along as well as she can with the troubles of this world—they will soon be over—and she will be satisfied with the heaven that awaits her. It will be just what she deserves, and she will be satisfied with it. And if she sees fit to come across on the Orthodox plank, all right; if it suits her better than the one I throw over for her, all right; she can come on that.

I expect my message will reach my mother, in Cambridgeport. Good-day, sir. Dec. 16.

### Nellie Fogg.

I am Nellie Fogg. I was born in Fall River, but I died in Chicago. I am thirteen years old. I was eleven when I died. I did n't know any other way to come back to my mother and father without coming this way. I've tried a great many times to make them go somewhere where I could come, but I never could. I did n't speak at all after the second day I was taken sick. I had inflammation of the lungs, and I lost my voice, and when I came here I wondered if I could speak. I want my father and mother to know that I have met little Nathan. He is my brother. He died when I was a baby, and I have met him, and don't you think! he knew me right away! I did n't know him. He did n't look as he used to, but he knew me. He said he had always been back and forth; he had been dead ever since I was a little bit of a thing. I did n't know him, of course. He is a great big boy. Tell mother so, won't you? [Is he larger than you?] Yes; I am like my mother. I should n't have been large if I had lived here, but he is like my father. My mother says, "It is all delusion; none of my friends ever come! I have lost children; why don't they come? I know they would try, if any children could come."

I reckon they won't say so any more, because I've come now. And I've seen somebody else here, too—she never told me about him. What do you suppose his name is? [I do n't know.] His name is Wilbur. He was my mother's husband before she married my father, and I did n't know it. And he says for me to tell my mother he would like to talk, too. He is real good; I like him. He was killed on the railroad. Was n't it funny mother never said anything about him? I never knew she ever had any other husband. Was n't it queer? And I could n't think who he was. I asked him if he was my uncle, and he said, "No;" and then I asked him who he was, and he says, "Well, my dear, before your father married your mother, she was to me what she is to your father." And I said my mother never had another husband, and then he told me all about it. And I've just been dying to come back here and tell my mother. I wonder if father knows it? I do n't believe he does. [I rather think he does.] Perhaps he does, but mother never told me, and I never heard anybody say anything about it. Was n't it queer? Well, I reckon I've found out quick here. He says for me to tell my mother, from him, that if she pleases he will meet her when the first train comes in. She will know what it means. He hopes she will be to the depot. I will be there, too, to see what mother says. I tell you that will be fun, won't it? Mother used to say she never could keep anything from me. That she kept from me, but I've got it all now. Tell her I'm real glad I found him here, because I've got a father on the earth and a father here. That's nice, ain't it? He has been very kind to me. He is laughing like fun at me now, and I do n't see what for.

I am going now. [Come again sometime.] Yes, if I do n't go to my mother another way, I will. [Will she get this message?] Oh yes, he has looked out for that; got the rails all laid, he says. Oh dear me, it's nice to come back, isn't it? But I should n't want to stay. Good-day. Dec. 16.

### Henry Pevere.

Monsieur, I want my son to send a letter to Mr. Mansfield, and I will answer him there. My son says in his heart, if it be true, this Spiritualism, let my father come back and say how he shall come to me—what I shall do. I wish my son, Henry Pevere—that was my name, too—I want him to go, or send through Mr. Mansfield, to me. I will answer him. That is it. Dec. 16.

Séance opened by Theodore Parker; letters answered by Henry Wright.

### Invocation.

Infinite presence; father and mother; thou spirit who changeest not because of the prayers of men or nations; thou whose eternal love keepeth watch over all thy children; thou whose power and wisdom calleth worlds into life and holdeth

them in their proper places; thou who art ever the same, yesterday, to-day and forever—to thee we pray, sending out our prayers from the deep valleys of human life, pouring out our souls' aspirations through the dark mantle of mortality. We know thou wilt hear our prayers, and we know that wherever we are, there thou art also. Though we dwell in shadows, thou art with us. Though darkness encompasseth us around, though all about us there may be clouds, yet thou art with us, and thy presence shall sustain us and bring us nearer and still nearer unto a comprehension of thee, and of our relations unto thee. Oh spirit of infinite love, we do not pray that thou wilt baptize us with love, for that we have already. We do not pray for the outpouring of thy holy spirit, for thy holy spirit is continually outpoured upon all thy children. We do not ask that thou wilt remove from our pathway the crosses and disturbances of life, for these are the powers in things infinite hand that shall lift us nearer to thee. We do not ask that sin and sorrow may be driven from the earth, for we know as the earth marches on toward perfection they will disappear. We do not ask that all men and all women may understand these things. No, for thou hast fashioned each according to thy desire, and thou wilt lead each and every one through a different channel unto thy heaven and to an understanding of thee. Thou wilt draw all souls unto the kingdom of heaven, each in their own way. We thank thee that thou hast blessed the earth with variety, that everywhere we meet with something which differs from what we have already seen; whether we wander through the spheres of glory in the upper life, or whether we wander over the shores of mortality, still thou art constantly changing forms, bringing out new beauties, saying unto the old, "Pass away!" and unto the new, "Come forth!" Oh our Father, we thank thee that thy wisdom is displayed above our ignorance; that thy light shineth above our darkness; that thy truth will finally overcome all our errors; that the hearts of thy children everywhere are being opened to receive thy glory; that men and women are beginning to understand that they are all thy children, and that thou art their father, the one God over all. Oh Spirit divine, we thank thee for all thy blessings, and we know that thy kingdom will come, and thy will surely be done, on earth even as it is in heaven. Amen. Dec. 17.

### Questions and Answers.

Q.—Man, after making many mistakes, and reaching the point of self-distrust, becomes inclined to apply to spirits for advice. To what extent, if any, is it proper to indulge this feeling? May not spirits, though honestly, be as apt to direct us astray as mortals?

A.—No returning spirit that I ever heard of claims perfection. On the contrary, they all claim to be students in the great school of life, learners at the great fountain of wisdom. Now, this being true, they are quite as liable to make mistakes as they were when here. You should not expect that they are endowed with all wisdom; you should not expect that they will return always giving you the highest wisdom. Each one is capable of giving just so much, and no more. One may give a certain part of truth; somebody else may finish it. One may give what they deem to be true, and to somebody else it may be error. Every soul has its own legitimate conception of truth. One sees it in one way, another in another—all differing, yet all tending to the same end. Some are ever prone, in times of trouble, to look to those beings they deem superior to themselves for aid. It matters not whether it be God or the angel Gabriel or their spirit-friends. In time of trouble they feel their weakness, their dependence, and they call upon those whom they deem to be stronger than themselves for strength, whom they deem wiser than themselves for wisdom, for guidance. This is very natural. They all turn to God for aid. We all feel our dependence upon God. This is well. If it were otherwise, we should not be the worshipful beings that we are; we should not appreciate good, or understand the reverse. We have ever sought to impress this idea upon your minds, namely, that you should receive all that seems to bear upon its face the record of truth to you, and no more. If for any spirit comes to you, telling you that which you cannot receive as truth, by all means reject it. You can reject in love, you can lay aside till the time shall come when you will understand better. God does not demand that you shall swallow everything, either from the world of Nature or the world of Mind. Each one should do enough to strengthen and aid the soul, but no more.

Q.—If the spirit of the mortal dwells outside of the body, why do not clairvoyants perceive the spirit or double of man before death as well as after?

A.—Certain phases or degrees of clairvoyance have reached that point in science. Certain clairvoyants are able to perceive the spirit as well as the natural body.

Q.—Do you mean to say the spirit is outside of the body?

A.—No; I did not say so.

Q.—That was the question.

A.—A short time since I answered a question relative to spirit-control. I was questioned as to whether I entered the body of the medium, or whether I controlled by psychology. My answer was that, in my case, there was what I saw fit to term an overshadowing. I overshadowed the subject and act upon it, instead of acting through it. This is not always the case. The spirit that belongs by nature to the body acts through it always; but the foreign spirit, who comes to use the body as a borrowed instrument, acts quite as often upon it as through it. You may call it psychology, or distinguish it by any other term you please; it is an acting upon the instrument, giving forth my ideas from the external to the external. I overshadow and act upon the subject to those who may constitute my audience. The control is quite as perfect, sometimes more so—indeed, I think I am better able to control in this way than by absorption. I could control in that way, but I do not think I could do as well. Do not understand me to declare that all spirits act in the same way, for they certainly do not.

Q.—Does the spirit of the medium still remain in the body, in the case of this overshadowing?

A.—Sometimes, not generally. The spirit had generally rather retire, for there is an instinctive consciousness on the part of the indwelling spirit that there will be more or less jarring between my spirit and her own, and in order to avoid that, she retires, taking that as the better course.

Q.—It was said, at a late séance in this hall, that aged people require less sleep than the younger, because of a loss of magnetic force or life. Will the intelligence inform us whether there is any remedy for this loss, or any means by which an increased magnetic force can be had? If so, what is it—how and where is it to be found?

A.—No, there is no remedy, except such as would go counter to Nature. Nature has marked out her course for human life, and it is a very exact and wise course. As the body grows old or becomes burdened by years, it parts with its magnetic life that it may the easier pass through death.

Now suppose it retained all its magnetic vitality to the last moment of its earthly life, what would be the result? Why, the most terrible struggle between the magnetic and electric forces, consequently a very hard death. See how wise and humane Nature is to make the body part gradually with its magnetic force, that it may pass easily through the change called death. And in your ignorance you ask to retain it. It would be the greatest of curses if you could. Dec. 17.

### Jennie L. Judd.

I was born in Bellair, Maryland. I was sixteen years old, four months and about three days at the time of my death. I was a passenger on board the "Evening Star." I don't know whether it was an ill fate or a good fortune that caused me to think of going that journey at that time and in that way, but I certainly am very glad of the change, for the world here, at best, is very rough. My mother died in my infancy. My father married again, and removed from Maryland to Virginia, where his wife belonged. I found it very difficult to live with the woman he had selected for his wife, and so when I was thirteen years of age I left my home and those who should have been my friends. I went to New York, to St. Louis, to Chicago, and once to New Orleans, and I was going to New Orleans again.

I came here to-day because I felt a strange drawing to some friends I have left. They request, if it be possible for spirits to return—and they think they can—that I should come and give directions with regard to what I left. It seems they are in trouble about the disposition of the few effects I left. I carried with me from home some valuable jewelry belonging to my mother, and I suppose it is to that they refer more than to anything else. They wish to know what they shall do with it. They say they should be sorry to dispose of it and have me feel in my spirit-home that I would rather it had been disposed of in some different way. My wish in the matter is this: that the three who have talked the matter over and have wished I would come and speak with regard to the subject here of elsewhere—my wish is that all I left shall be equally divided between the three; then I shall be satisfied. They have need of it; there are many hard places for them to pass through here in earth-life. I wish to do all I can to assist them, and all I ask in return is that they will, from time to time, seek out some good medium through whom I can come to them. I will give them all the good advice I have received in this new home of mine, and will aid them all it is possible for me to. I can do much for them, and they can do much for me.

I am satisfied with this new home—have no desire to return. I have met my mother, and have now what I always longed for, a mother's love. I had it, to be sure, for she watched over me tenderly and carefully, she said; but I did not know of it, and felt lost because I thought I did not have it. Now I have it, I am satisfied, I am happy, and shall do all in my power to aid those I have left. And to my father, should this reach him, I want to say, "Turn your heart from the things of this world once in a while; look beyond it. There is another world, and by-and-by you will reach it. Be satisfied with yourself and with your own doing, and do not—in the name of God and your own soul, do not bow down to the opinions of others, simply because you feel that they are stronger than you are. Rest in your own strength; try what little you have, and do justice to all. It matters not who cries to you, 'Do justice to only a few.' I do not know as this will reach my father, nor do I care. I come only for those I loved while here. I am Jennie L. Judd. Farewell, sir. Dec. 17.

### Lemuel Foster.

I come back, sir, to reach my mother, if I can. I died in the hospital at Washington. I was in the army with my father. He was killed, and I was wounded, and died of my wounds. I was carried into Washington to the hospital; my arm was taken off; I lived some days, and died. My mother and sister are alone—everything is very much changed, and mother is very unhappy. I have tried very hard to come to her. I was in my fourteenth year. My mother thinks I had no care, and if I had not been taken prisoner, if I had felt into our own lives, I should have lived. But I should n't have lived. I had everything done for me. One day there was some one coming through the wards—it was the morning after I was brought in—and I noticed there was a great stir about it, and then I heard a Union soldier in the cot next me say it was Mr. Lincoln. When he came to me he stopped and talked with me, and he told the nurse to do everything for me, to see that I had everything I needed. He talked with me some minutes, and then he spoke of having a little son that might have been as bad off as I was if he had been spared to live long enough. He said I was a brave little fellow, if I was in the rebel army, and he hoped I should live to return to my mother. So I do n't like to have my mother think so hard of him and the people of the North, because they did very well for me.

My father, Major Alexander Foster, is here with me, and he wishes my mother to know he can return; thinks she had better accept the propositions that have been made to her with regard to leaving her old home. It is no longer what it was, and she can never be happy there. He wishes to talk with her, and so do I. So, if you please, say that I am Lemuel Foster, and all that I want to make me happy here, is the privilege of talking with my mother and Hattie. That is all.

I have the promise of having two arms next time I come, and of suffering less. I think it is worse than it was when I was here. I know you will publish for me, just as for others, so I shan't give myself any uneasiness. It was Mr. Lincoln's son who showed me the way here. [Ah! little Willie? He has often been here.] Yes, sir. Good-day. I thank you. Dec. 17.

### Polly Flint.

I want to go to my children, if I can. I want you to tell them Polly Flint has come. I am from Manchester, N. H. I did n't know anything about these things before I came here. I trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. [Did you come short?] No, no, oh no! His grace was sufficient for me, as for everybody else. There is something very strange about this coming back. I don't know—I don't know about it. But I want my children to know that I have come. I know very well what they will say: "Mother has got a hand in that, as in most every other new thing." I used to talk a good deal about the anti-slavery movement, years ago, and then I was interested in the temperance movement; I used to have a good deal to say about that. Well, my children got to saying that every new "ism" that turned up, I wanted to have a hand in. I had n't much to do with this Spiritualism, but it is n't too late. [Did n't you know about it before you died?] Yes, I heard about it, but I was lame and sick, and my children were not inclined that way, and I had n't the privilege of knowing much about it. I wanted to, but I had n't the chance.

Well, I ought to be a good deal further ad-



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