

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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For the Banner of Light. LIFE'S TRUE RELIGION.

BY N. FRANK WHITE.

[The following beautiful poem, composed in spirit-life, and given through the mediumship of a friend, N. Frank White, was delivered at Mercantile Hall, Boston, Sunday, May 30, being at my house during the following week he was entranced, and, at my request, the poem was repeated, that I might transcribe it for publication. Bro. White considers the poem thus delivered by him not inspirational in the strict sense of that term, but rather as verbally impressed upon his mind by the spirit author.—H. B. Sponsa, 56 Pleasant street.]

An ancient hermit—so the legend runs—
A stern recluse, within a desert wild,
Wrinkled with age and browned with many suns,
Chained in his wanderings on a little child.
The resting caravan from which it strayed,
The kneeling camels and the sheltering tent,
Were all forgotten, as it careless played,
Like gleam from Paradise to Hades' lent.

With mute surprise the hermit watched the child,
Then made the holy sign and stood in fear,
For memory, by the magic scene beguiled,
From the deep trance of many a vanished year,
Brought up afresh bright visions of the past,
And much he feared—what his stern creed had taught—
That for his soul some subtle snare was cast,
To hold it from the purity it sought.

But self-rebuke and holy sign were vain—
The memorized past came thickly crowding round,
Until the treeless wild, the desert plain,
Changed to the old familiar childhood ground;
And he, that stern recluse, with fastings worn,
Ridged with the scars that his own hands had made,
Bowed down by age and penance he had borne,
Now once again, in fancy, laughing played.

Once more he leaned upon a mother's knee,
And listened to her gentle counsels given;
Counted the winged ships of his native sea,
And wondered if through them he reached his heaven.

Once more, a youth, he read from loving eyes
More tender words than lips have ever spoken;
And that wild desert heard regretful sighs
Forcherished joys and treasured promise broken.

Again the busy world before him rose,
Again he moved within the city's crowd;
The midnight wrestlings and the penance throes,
Which more than age his manly form had bowed.

The sackcloth robe, the cheerless hermit cell,
Were like dim visions of a troubled dream,
Or like the flitting phantom thoughts that dwell,
Wild, weird shadows, by oblivion's stream.

But still the child played on—each shout of glee,
To that old man, a memory of the past—
Till eastward grew the shade of shrub and tree,
And noonday's sacred hour of prayer was past.
But suddenly he roused him from his trance,
For in its sports the child his form had spied,
And now with shy, and now with bold advance,
Came fearlessly and fondly to his side.

With oft repeated holy sign and word,
He started shrinking from its gentle touch—
With laugh as clear as ringing note of bird,
The child passed on the hermit wondered much;

For well he knew the potency of sign
To lay the tempter with his subtle snare,
He knew the power of the Word divine—
But all in vain were word, and sign, and prayer.

And this, he murmured, pondering to himself,
This then the fruit of my long desert life—
The fleshless skull upon the rocky shelf,
That hourly witness of my earthly strife,
The lifeless rock wall of the secret cell,
Which nightly echoes to my dismal moans,
Is not more worthless than the sacred spell,
Price of my manhood, offering of my groans.

The fearful penance and the rigid fast,
The sackcloth robes, the twisted ropes that gail,
Are all in vain—for memories of the past,
Like master fingers on my heart-strings fall;
The sportive gambols of a thoughtless child,
In one short hour undo the work of years,
In one short hour by tempter's art beguiled—
My soul submits even while it shrinks and fears.

"One effort more!"—with earnest, firm demand,
As though the great arch stood before him
stood,
With eye averted and with gesturing hand,
"Avaunt!" he cried, "by all the pure and good,

The martyred saints above, the holy tree,
The passion, agony, and the death of shame,
I curse thee hence, abhorred! I bid thee flee
Back to thy seething, scorching hell of flame!"

With much surprise, the child its little hand
Upon the shrinking hermit gently laid—
"There is no thing to curse in all the land,
"This is very beautiful and good," it said.
"Why dost thou fear, old man? Our God is here,
And he is surely strong—all life, they say,
To him is precious; to him very dear,
In town or desert in His care alway.

And so I know him where the little flowers
Peep smiling up, the tiny buds between;
I feel his presence in the night's dark hours,
In desert wild, or by the oasis green.
What'er he makes—and he makes all—is good,
No thing to curse in all the land is there,
No lurking fiend, in town or lonely wood,
But all is, very beautiful and fair."

The hermit's eyes were open, and he knew
At once the worse than folly of the past;
Close to his heart the blest evangel drew,
While sackcloth robes and rope aside were cast.
Taught by the prattling lips of that dear child,
Life's true religion, he with joy forsook
Fast, penance, vow and desert wild,
And to the world again his way he took.

The Lecture Boom.

The Religious Status of Spiritualism. A LECTURE BY WARREN CHASE.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

On Sunday evening, May 10th, Hon. Warren Chase addressed the First Spiritualist Association, at Mercantile Hall, Boston, on the above subject. His remarks were attentively listened to by the audience. We give below a synoptical report of the lecture:

He (the speaker) had said in his afternoon discourse that man was by nature a religious being, just as he was by nature a thinking being, or an active being. It was not difficult to arouse in him the emotional element in youth. It was easy to train the devotion of the child to the worship of a visible object, an image representing the power beyond. From this fact, Paganism, the first stage of religious thought in the world, derived its power. Then came Judaism—the next step in advance—appealing to the more matured ideas of the race, and showing a new religion, introduced by Moses, in which he presented a different God from those worshiped by the Egyptians, in that he was called a living God, while those they adored were not living entities, but only symbolic representations. In the trial for the mastery the Egyptian priests wrought miracles, so did Moses, and the Jews said that the God of Moses transcended the Gods of Egypt; but their experiments failed to convince the Egyptians. This state of affairs was, however, sufficient for Moses and the Jews—who proceeded to engrave on their Jehovah the ceremonies borrowed from the Pagan, and many of the attributes heretofore held sacred to the Egyptian deities, and to copy from the worship of those deities many rites and mysteries. Yet in this new religion there was progress. The God of the Jew was higher than the God of the Pagan; in his rule there was an established moral code for the recognition of mankind. But the commandments were given as a religion—not to be lived by. They were certainly not given to govern the Jewish people, who, so far from obeying the decrees, "Thou shalt not kill!" so far from loving their neighbors, were often commanded by their God to "come upon a nation who were at quiet, and secure," "smite them with the edge of the sword," and "burn their cities with fire!"

The superiority of the Jewish religion consisted in its having a living God in contradistinction to the symbols of the Pagan world. This God was put above the level of the populace; only the favored few were allowed to receive direct influence from him; only the priests could commune with him, and present his demands to the people, who were bound by their orders. Yet such a state was fitted to the condition of the Jewish nation, and was intended to ripen them to the fulfillment of the highest standard of their Jehovah. They arrogated to themselves that they were the chosen people of God, but they had chosen a God. It was not that the God of the universe had chosen them, but that they had selected one who to them represented him, and whom they represented.

Then came forth from obscurity another phase of religious thought, needed for a higher advance—Christianity; and the phenomena attending it were believed by many who saw them to be superior to those of the God then worshiped by the Jews. It was the system which declared a God living among men—in a human form; to be made a finishing up of the whole system of Jewish sacrifices, by that one sole sacrifice which ended all necessity of further offerings. Those who in the light of this new truth came out from the Jewish Church, were superior to that Church in so far as they attained to the highest attributes which it was then possible for the human mind to receive. And for centuries this faith broadened and deepened in the hearts of men; its chief power being in its appeal to the brotherly sentiments evoked by the story of a God incarnated and suffering in the human form. The ideas of this faith were symbolized in the Roman Catholic Church by the most beautiful pictures of perfected manhood and womanhood, in the persons of Jesus and Mary his mother, and these pictures served to enchain the minds of her worshippers, while the preacher presented to their conceptions the perfection of the Godhead; these preachers were constantly bringing down God to the human embodiment before them, and thus they appealed to the heart of man. The Jewish religion never appealed to the heart; it addressed itself to arrogance, pride, hatred and revenge, but never touched the deep fountain of human love; whilst Christianity strove to bring its God to the intellectual capacities of those who could receive the descriptions of the priests, so that they might feel the religion in the heart.

The priests of Paganism strove to frighten the people, and those of the Jewish Church did much the same; in both of these religious systems the fears of the Gods were awakened, but Christianity drew out the tenderest sensibilities of the heart. It was the religion of the heart and feelings. True it presented terrors and allurement in the future, but its deepest efforts to "reach the sinner," were devoted to the cultivation of love for Christ by the assertion, "He first loved you!" Its preachers sought to bring their deity to the gates of human love. Could any one love the God of the Jews? he might be feared, but never loved; but it was not difficult for a warm heart to love Jesus. Thus the Christian religion came to the hearts of mankind, and they were drawn out to Jesus of Nazareth.

True there were some, rather of the rationalistic school, who differed from the mass, but the great body of Christianity tried to present Jesus as the embodiment of God on earth, and called on us to venerate and love him; he was declared our brother because he had taken on humanity; we were called on to ask pardon of the Jewish God, for

Christ's sake; we could not reach the stony heart of Jehovah unless we presented Jesus, the sin-offering and sinner's friend.

Let no one say he (the lecturer) condemned Christianity. It was a good religion; it had its mission, and that mission was to arouse the better feelings of the heart—to awaken and develop the human affectional nature beyond and above the demands of mere animal appetites and passions. Previous to its advent these higher capabilities could not be called out—there was nothing for the world to love religiously.

Christianity, in its embodiment, was essentially Catholic. The Protestants were only those who had rendered their protest against the arbitrary construction placed by the Roman Church upon certain religious authorities. But when Michael Servetus, and others, protested against Calvin and his teachings, then the Protestants were ready to put them to death for protesting. While the Protestants disclaimed Catholicism, they yet claimed to be within the pale of the Christian Church, and were working for the same ends; though they set aside the pictures on canvas, by which the Catholic sought to reach the heart of the people, yet their preachers presented pictures in sermons, used words instead of the painter's brush, and strove by the powers of description to appeal to their hearers' hearts. Who could look on the beautiful paintings of the Mother and Child that adorn the cathedrals of the Roman faith, and not love them? Who could listen to the sermonized story of the character and sufferings of the incarnate God among men, without a similar awakening of the affectional element within? If the beholder, or hearer, in either case, did not love the character represented, it was because the love principle was dormant in the soul.

Such was Christianity—a religion of the affections. But man did not see with his affections; the eyes are not in the heart. "Love is blind." There was no call in the Christian theology for demonstration as to whether there ever was a real Christ or not; there might be doubts as to whether he ever lived at all; but this was of no earthly consequence to man—the call was addressed to the feelings, not the reason. When the revivalist came down from his desk and walked about among his hearers, he did not ask, "Brother," or "sister, what do you know?" but "How do you feel?" He did not appeal to the reason but to the affections, because they were the seat of his religion. We all know love was blind; often in daily life we could mark its existence, although we could not for a moment conceive the reason of its attachment to some particular object; the reason was to be found in the fact that the intellect was not appealed to.

A Professor in a Western College, giving some parting advice to a medical class, just graduating, on the subject of "Receiving Authority," declared, in effect, "I take no authority; I do not go by the assertion of any man; demonstration and experience are the only bases for my belief!" but suddenly remembering that perhaps he was going too fast, he quickly added, "Except in matters of religion; there I go it blind!" What was required by Christianity, but that man should go it blind? when all its lessons and appeals proved it not a head religion but a heart religion.

We were not, by its precepts, to ask how much action, grown hoary with age, was handed down to us from the past; a God in a man was presented, and we were called to believe in him; we were not to ask if God had not been born of other women than Mary, or if other nations had not had Gods born to them as well as the pompous Jews; we were not to use our reason at all, but to pin our faith blindly upon Jesus of Nazareth as THE God.

Christianity had done much, it was true, toward preparing the ground for the reception of the seeds of progressive truth in its protests against authority, though in many cases unwittingly at first. When the Puritan fathers broke away from the endearments of home and the comforts of civilization, to rear a free temple in these western wilds; when by reason of their scanty numbers and scattered habitations they found it necessary to educate their children, both male and female, more thoroughly, that they might when they became the heads of families be able to fulfill the requirements of their creed, and expound the holy Scriptures to their offspring; when by the establishment of the free school for this purpose, and the acknowledgment of private judgment in the construction and rendering of Bible passages, they opened the doors of free thought, they little dreamed that they were raising the bird which was (so to speak) to pick out their own eyes! that they were presenting the second temptation which should produce the new fall of man—knowledge! But it was a fall up stairs, not down. This intelligence, unwittingly released from the cramping influences of creed, went on and became so universal that it finally demanded a reason for faith, and called for a rational religion fit for the head as well as heart. That influence was still acting; many persons, especially in New England, were outgrowing Christianity entirely, and demanding a rational religion.

What should that religion be? Spiritualism! It had come in good time. When it came it was as distinct from Christianity, as that was from Judaism. Its God was not Christ, no man, no Jehovah, but a God of rationality—an acknowledgment of the existence of God in every human breast, as in that of Jesus; the Deity was not cast out of Jesus; his habitation had only been broadened to the idea that God was born on earth every time a child was born.

If we found God incarnated in the race, was there not a duty to do to him, as there had been declared one to perform for the Christ of Christianity; to love this habitation of the indwelling Divinity—to aid and assist suffering humanity—to join hands with our lowest brothers, that we might thus, become a connecting link between them and the spirit-spheres?

This was the religion of Spiritualism. It did

not ask of us to say over wordy, unmeaning prayers, and yet it did not excuse us from praying; but to have a prayer in this religion was to put it in practice—feed the hungry, give kind deeds in the place of words alone, and to aid in bringing up those of our fellow creatures who needed our prayers. By the divine command of this new dispensation our prayers should go down to those below us, in acts of mercy, not up to those above us who did not need our notice. Here was the central idea of this new religion—this rational appeal to rational minds. While we might give Christianity the credit of being the pioneer, Spiritualism was destined to be the managing and perfecting power in the moral vineyard. No longer were we called upon to present atonement, no longer to seek a foreign God-power to wipe out the stains from our moral garments, but the truth was presented to us that "God helps those who help themselves!"

But it might be said by some, if we took away this Christian religion and Bible, the world would become horribly depraved and reckless. This same argument was urged against Jesus in his day, by the Pharisees and Sadducees, when the selfishness of these leaders of the Jews was so remarkably displayed that the Nazarene declared the harlots in the streets should go into the kingdom of God before them. In our day and in this new dispensation, we were not loosened from moral obligations, but had our religious duties brought nearer home to us. We did not set aside our moral nature by cultivation. Were the noble reformers, represented by Theodore Parker, less religious than the followers of Lyman Beecher? Did a man cease to become moral because he ascended to a superior plane of thought and belief?

The religion of Spiritualism was as far above Christianity, as that was superior to Judaism, and those who sought to bind it down to the level of the Church would signify fail, for it was not of them, and they had no more power to stay its upward flight, than to stop the flood of intelligence that was rolling over our land—to burn the school-houses and bring back our free education to the Roman Catholic standard. Spiritualism could not dwell in the confines of a mere affectional religion, but met the legitimate demand of increased education for a rational belief. It did not come as a bucket of cold water to put out the fires of Christian inspiration, but to unite the head and heart in religious matters. With it a new phase—a new aspect of moral power came to the world of man. There was no more need to praise God, for he had been praised enough in the past; it was time now to recognize God in our brother man, and go to work practically to evince that recognition. The days were gone by when thinking minds could love and adore a Deity whose worshippers praised him when they flocked around the blazing stake and joined their hymns of hellish triumph with the half-stifled groans of expiring martyrs! By the commands of this new religion we did not need the stake, the rack, the dungeon, to convince our brother of his error; but we must reason with him, prove his mistake, and make him feel that we loved him. We were not to pray God to change the hearts of our opponents, but to go to work, and, by demonstrated facts, change them ourselves. We were to conquer in this strife with error, not by proving our superior numbers and consequent crushing power, but by reconciling ourselves to the universal Godhead inherent in all the human race, and carry our prayers and praises in baskets and bundles of necessities and comforts to the needy incarnate Gods in the human forms around us, this being a practical and not a dogmatical or theoretical religion.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.—Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible throughout all of time. That history, each of you shall meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the coming ages of eternity. The thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, prayerful and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality.

The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the seashore when the tide is out, and you form characters, or write words or names in the smooth white sand which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth and error which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor the storms of earth can wash out, nor death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow-moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be in her treatment of her child! How prayerful and how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths which shall be his guide and teacher when his voice shall be silent in "death," and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf, in commending her dear child to her covenant God.—*Phrenological Journal.*

IT SHOULD NOT BE SO.—When a rakish youth goes astray, friends gather around him to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected and esteemed; but there is no peace for the betrayed side of the grave. Society has but few loving, helping hands for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. There are early moralities unknown to heaven. There is a deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.

Oh, this happy watching for every single green leaf, for the opening of every bud. The most beautiful thing in nature is that it never makes haste; it can wait, and our whole work is—to wait for her.

A NEW SCIENCE.

In the New York Independent of the 9th of April it is told that Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews, of that city, claims to have discovered an entirely new science, as exact and profound as logic or mathematics, and even more far-reaching and inclusive than either of them, or any other science. He affirms that there is, in fact, only one science, of the principles of which all the special sciences are merely particular modifications or instances. "Heretofore," he says, "there has not been a single universal principle known in positive science, and hence science is yet in the chaotic or fragmentary stage of its development. The new science is to supply this defect, and to base all the known sciences upon an *a priori* knowledge of exact scientific laws of universal application, whether in the department of matter or that of mind."

Now the above does seem to indicate something similar to a science we, as an investigating circle, have also discovered in our last twelve years' labors—we, five of us, three males and two females, assisted by the (as they called themselves, and proved by their works their claims to be) "Arch-archangels sent." These minds taught our circle, through the organism of David Corliss, as their medium, the science of universal being, embraced in the unfolding and development of universal positive and negative self-existent, eternal principles, which principles are the primary innate properties and qualities of all elementary existence, and will eventually unfold and bring them all into proper and perfect order; that these positive and negative principles of course are in unison with three elements of cause, 1. Predominance, to rise from the first or previous position or condition; 2. Volition—determination; and 3. Power to execute or move them into final divine, which is perfect order.

They have demonstrated to our intellectuality, scientifically and philosophically, that man can never compass the science of being under any conditions other than the unfolding and development of the great elementary system to his intellectual consciousness, by the positive and negative action and reaction, by an organic union of these principles. He must come to know and understand that no mental organism can have a perfect existence by excepting even one principle of the elementary system.

Every planet is a complete elementary system, organized of positive and negative principles; and every organism unfolded and developed from its teeming bosom, partakes of both kinds of its elements, from the tiniest to the largest of all.

Positive principles are the primary innate properties and qualities of the soul, or central elements of organic existence. Negative principles are the primary, etc., etc., of the outer elements of organic existence; and it must be distinctly understood that the extreme outward elements, erroneously termed the body, are not the body proper of the man-organism, for that itself has distinctly a physical mental and metaphysical mental organism united in one principle. Man is male and female in the incorporate unfoldings of the dual principle. He is an innate, self-existent being; and is manifested through the whole universal principle of unfolding life, to carry out the magnificence of all being.

Now we rather surmise that such "a single universal principle" has been known in what we understand to be "positive science"; which is one capable of being demonstrated philosophically, systematically and analogically; and we undertake to say the science we are investigating is most eminently of that character. We have been taken as far back into the primitive condition of the elementary system as it was necessary to go, for the purpose of demonstrating the progressive and organic principles of life's unfolding law; and so far as we have proceeded in our search after truth, we find one universal mode of organizing all elementary existences, so that if we once understand the law that organizes one organism, we are acquainted with all, from the great central polar star—Archetype and Architect of all truth—to the ultimate atom, which is as complete a universe, in its primary innate properties and qualities, as the grand aggregate of similar principles, for every organism in existence commences with a dual unity of principle to unfold and develop itself. So here is clearly exhibited the fact of a "single universal principle" having been known in "positive science." As to our science being positive, we simply defy its abrogation or refutation, from any quarter whatever, not even excepting the redoubtable Herbert Spencer himself.

We find, too, another universal principle in unfolding life—an unflinching constancy of the preparation of the negative elements for organic development. Not one organization in all the great elementary system, whether what is called "natural" or "artificial," can have a possible existence without a due preparation for that object; and whenever a primary organization of these elements is effected in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, these become directly an elaborator for preparing, by refining, purifying and cleansing their own, for still higher organisms; so that these elements are moved on by the principle of progress, from inanimate to animate life, from this to sensate, from which is developed intelligence and intellectuality in man.

It may startle some minds for us to say that every department of the elementary system, or what is commonly termed "Nature," is used in the development of any single one of its organisms; nevertheless, we utter what is capable of scientific and philosophic demonstration. Nay, not so much as the most trivial thought can be organized by any mind in existence, without every department, as above, coming into its elements. But we say these things not to boast of our higher development of intelligence, but to let the public understand that a single and dual universal principle has been known by more than Mr. Andrews, in positive science, and a book, too, will disclose it in due time.

J. B. R.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
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Station D, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see
Our dear friends, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lionel Huxley.)

(Original.)

UNCLE OLIVER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

NUMBER NINE.

"Uncle Oliver, we are in difficulty again," said Mary, with trouble on her thoughtful face.
"Now, Mary," said Reuben, "if you go to telling about the matter you'll make it a great deal worse than it is. You girls always make mountains of molehills."

"We want to bring the thing right out, and show it just as it is, and you want to cover it up. That's the difference. We can't any of us make it any smaller or larger."

"Well, let me put the question," said Reuben, "and I'll put it strong. Is it right over to tell a thing different from what it is, to save some trouble?"

"Of course you know that I shall answer no," said Uncle Oliver, without hesitation.

"Well, we were going on an excursion—a dozen of us—to see Farmer Dolt make maple sugar. We calculated to have a first rate time. We had our plans all made and everything satisfactorily arranged. Now you know that there's a boy that always makes trouble for us if he goes with us; we don't like him, and our parents don't want he should go with us. He found out that we talked of going. Some of the girls told—"

"There now," said Sue, "you're too bad. I didn't tell anything about it. I was only talking it over with Mary in the school-room, and we thought we were alone, and Mary was hidden behind one of the seats. You needn't be always saying 'girls can't keep anything.'"

"I most humbly beg your pardon," said Reuben, with comic politeness. "Anyway, Caleb—you can't deny that you have told his name, that we all agreed not to mention—"

"That was only a slip of the tongue," said Mary. "What difference does it make when we all knew who it was?"

"Well, then, Caleb found out that we were going, or that we talked of it, and he meant to go. So he came to me and said, 'You are going sugaring.' 'Mum,' said I. 'Now ain't you?' said he. 'Don't know,' said I. And of course I didn't really know, because it might storm, or I might get sick. Then he said, 'Going to Farmer Dolt's?'

"Don't know," "Going to-day?" "Don't know," "If you go I suppose you'll go over the hill." "No we shan't," said I, and turned away from him. Now we went, and we went that day, and we went over the hill. We went on the sly, and Caleb didn't find it out till afterwards. Then he was terribly angry, and he went over to Farmer Dolt's and told him I lied. We had a splendid time over there, and they did everything for us that they could. They had the sugaring-off and a supper, and then their man brought us home on the sled. Now, you see, I am in Mr. Dolt's class in the Sunday-school, and he couldn't bear to think I'd tell a lie, so he came and asked me what I said, and I told him. He took it all in serious earnest, and turned away from me as if I had struck him. Now, we don't any of us think that I have done wrong except Mary. She says it was a kind of lie, and I say it was not. How could I know if I was going?"

Uncle Oliver looked very serious, and folded his hands thoughtfully.

"This is a question of so much importance that I hope you will be willing to have it thoroughly discussed. There are a great many men and women in the world who don't hesitate to do just as you have done every day; but that does not make it right. You know very well that if I had asked you if you were going you would have said 'Yes'; you would have known all about it. You were right in not telling Caleb if you did not wish to, and he was very rude in questioning you, but there was a better way to silence him than by an untruth."

There is a kind of lie called *white lies*, and yours were of that kind; but I could never see how anything could be called white that is black. There are many people who would scorn to tell a lie, and yet who will tell an untruth. Some fashionable ladies will send word to the door that they are not in, when they do not wish to receive a call. Some men will say they are sick when they wish to put off some business engagement, or find an excuse for some neglect. I call all such methods by their right name. The truth is the truth; an untruth is a lie."

"Then you think I ought to have spoiled our visit by telling the whole thing. I thought I was doing a real smart thing."

"I do not think you ought to have told that you were going; that was not necessary. If you had said, 'Caleb, I will give you all the information you desire of our excursion to-morrow'; or, if you had left him saying, 'I hope you will excuse me, but I have no information to give; call again, you would have saved yourself all responsibility, and have left yourself free from the effects of deception.'"

"And he would have followed us," said Reuben, "and spoiled all our fun."

"There is no better motto for one's government than this: 'Do right and leave the consequences.' I do not believe that Mr. Dolt would have let Caleb disturb your peace, and perhaps the boy who has so little to make him good would have been improved by the pleasure he would have received. It is impossible to tell what an influence your deception may have on him. Very likely he thinks that now he has an excuse for any kind of lie he may choose to tell."

"I did not think of that," said Reuben.

"Very few people do think of the consequences of their acts. Let me tell you of an instance that I recollect, that will illustrate the effect of the kind of deception that many people call right, and I think you will say that there is but little difference in lies, and that none of them can ever be excusable."

There was a dear little tender-faced, gentle girl, whose father died and whose mother was ill, so she went to live with a lady of wealth, who promised to take good care of her. And so she did, and Mame grew so fond of her adopted mother that she tolled for her pleasure and ease without a sigh.

Mrs. McIntyre had a son Will, who had been away from home for some time, but who returned when Mame had fairly won the love of her new mother and of all who were members of the family.

Will was not a bad boy, but he was selfish and wanted all the love and all the attention of those about him; so he began to dislike Mame, notwithstanding her efforts to please him, simply because everybody else liked her. He did not

wish her any real harm, for she really ministered in many ways to his ease and comfort; being always ready to run for his fishing tackle, to hunt up his caps, and to keep track of his books.

A lady came to visit Mrs. McIntyre, and after a few days she lost a valuable ring. No one suspected Mame, and a great search was instituted, in which Will and Mame took part. After the unavailing search was over, Will was in Mrs. Green's room.

"I suppose you know who was in the garden after we had finished our game of ball that day you lost your ring?"

"No, I don't remember; who was it?"

"Why, Mame, to be sure."

A little while after Will says:

"Have you noticed how shy Mame is lately? She doesn't come in here at all."

Mrs. Green looked Will in the face.

"Do you know any harm of Mame?"

"No, only I lost my ball the other day, and I found it in Mame's room."

Now, Will knew very well that Mame hunted an hour for his ball, and after she found it, she put it in her room for safety, telling him where it was. A shadow came over Mrs. Green's face, but she did not say a word.

"Where is Mame?" said Mrs. McIntyre, the next morning.

"I guess you won't see her very soon again," said Will, "she's gone home."

"How do you know?" said his mother impatiently. "She said nothing to me; she always asks my leave."

"Of course she did n't; she's good reasons for going home, no doubt; and Will put on a very wise look."

"I command you to tell me immediately what you know."

"Oh I know but little. You can ask Mrs. Green what she knows."

Now Mame's mother had been taken suddenly ill, and had sent for her. It was early in the morning, before any one was up but the children. So Mame, fearing her mother would suffer, left a message for Mrs. McIntyre with Will, and ran home as fast as possible. The morning was lovely. The grass was glistening with dew-drops, the flowers were sending out their sweetest perfume; everything to Mame seemed full of love and beauty.

She had a long walk, but she paused not a moment, for she longed to carry some of the love and beauty that she felt in her spirit to her mother. She found her mother so ill that she thought only what she could do to comfort and aid her, and the day wore quickly away without her returning to Mrs. McIntyre, and she had no opportunity of sending any word back to her.

In the meantime Mrs. Green had allowed suspicion of Mame to follow Will's hints, and her disappearance confirmed that suspicion. As the day wore on and Mame did not return, she hesitated no longer to tell Mrs. McIntyre that she believed that Mame had taken her ring, and being afraid of detection had left. They talked over the hints of Will, and both concluded that they had good reason for suspecting that something was wrong.

Mrs. McIntyre waited until the next morning, when she sent word to Mame that she need not return to her again.

When Mame received this message, she was just holding before her mother a bunch of wild roses that she had gathered, and saying, "Now that will keep you well, I know, till I get back, for I must go and tell my other mother all about you, and beg her to let me stay with you a week. Oh she is so good, so kind, and I know she loves me so."

The flowers fell from her hands, her face grew deathly pale, then flushed crimson. She wilted like the roses, and before night she could not sit up. She laid down beside her mother and moaned herself into unconsciousness. A sort of stupor settled upon her, and nothing could arouse her.

The good doctor who tended her mother without money or price, wondered at this new and strange case, for he had seen Mame well the day before. He called in to see Will, who was not well, and said to Mrs. McIntyre:

"There's a dear little girl under my care that I wish you knew, for she seems sadly to want friends, and I can't tell what ails her. She just lies and moans and sighs, and nothing helps her. Come to think of it, you know her; she used to be here."

"Is Mame as sick as I?" said Will.

"A whole month of your illness would not be so dangerous as one day's of that girl's."

Mrs. Green just then came in.

"Only see what a piece of good luck! the gardener has found my ring. It was behind the seat in the summer house. It must have dropped off when I tried to get the ball."

"And Mame is innocent," said Mrs. McIntyre; "it is we all who are guilty. But you, Will, what did you mean by telling me she stole your ball?"

"I didn't tell you anything," whined Will; "I only said that I found it in her room. Come to think of it, she told me it was there!"

"And come to think of it," said his mother, "I suppose you can remember some other lies you have told."

"Oh mother, mother! I never told a lie. I never will!"

"Anything that gives a false idea to another, is the same as a lie. You made us think wrong of Mame."

"I did n't lie, mother; do n't say I did."

"Oh my son, do you not know that a misrepresentation is just as bad as a lie? Did you not make us believe that Mame went home because she feared we should suspect she had taken the ring?"

"I did not say anything why she went home."

"Then your silence was a lie; for your silence led us to suspect her. The dear child! she has suffered for we may all learn the great lesson of truth. I have allowed myself to become a liar by my suspicions—a liar to myself. But let me hasten to atone to the dear child! As for you, Will, nothing will serve you so well as a diet of bread and water in your room for a week, where I trust you will find a plenty of time to reflect on the wrong you have done. I depend upon you, doctor, to prescribe the wholesome medicine of seclusion, and we will begin to administer it immediately."

It was but a short time before Mame received the caresses of her adopted mother. The first touch of the familiar hand seemed to bring her back to a kind of consciousness, and in a few days she was so far recovered that she was carried back to her home to receive the love and attention that seemed so necessary to her.

She pleaded to see Will, before the time of his punishment was passed. She begged to have him forgiven, and she carried to his room the first token of reconciliation—a beautiful bouquet—arranged by his mother's hands.

This lesson cured Will forever of the sin of misrepresentation, for he really hated a lie, and could not be induced to tell one.

Now this story ends well; but let us suppose for a moment that there had been no good doctor to speak for Mame, and that the ring had not been found. Do you not see that an innocent

child must forever have suffered? and there was no lie told outright?"

"But," said Reuben, "Will meant harm to Mame, and I didn't to Caleb, that's the difference."

"You can never judge of the influence of what you do. A wrong act can never be justified, because it does not do harm. And, as I told you, you do not know how much harm your deception has done Caleb. There is no doubt he will find a readier excuse for any falsehood he may wish to tell."

"But, Uncle Oliver," said Reuben, "there are lots of men that put their best apples and potatoes on the top of their barrels."

"Yes, and they act a lie when they do it. As I told you, any misrepresentation is virtually a lie."

"I believe you are right," said Reuben, "and I'll make up the matter with Caleb. Supposing we ask him to our sugaring-off, for we mean to have one, we boys."

"Yes, let's," said Frank.

And so said all.

(Original.)

OUR LITTLE DAISY.

BY G. P. R.

She came to us in summer time,
When fragrance filled the air,
And all the birds were jubilant—
What wonder she was fair?
What wonder, when her earliest breath
Its inspiration drew
From odor-breathing buds and flowers
All jeweled with the dew?

What happy visions then were ours;
How many hopes and fears
Came thronging to us as we thought
Of all the coming years.
In fancy, time with rapid flight
Had tinged our locks with grey;
Our little blossom, fairer grown,
Still cheered our weary way.

She was so bright and fair and frail,
We watched her every hour;
We feared the winter's chilling winds
Would blight our little flower.
But winter came and passed away,
The spring returned again
With all its wealth of buds and flowers,
Its genial sun and rain.

The birds again were jubilant
In every leafy glade,
And seemed to sing as ne'er before
The season's serenade;
And in and out, the noisy brook,
Through shaded lawn and lea,
Went babbling on its way to join
The river and the sea.

Our little flower, as winter waned,
Grew stronger day by day,
And when the roses came in June,
She seemed as fair as they.
And thus it is that He who rules
The lightning's livid stroke,
Guardeth alike the weak and strong—
The daisy and the oak.

A FEW EXPERIENCES.

BY HENRY LACROIX, OF MONTREAL, CANADA.

A few years ago, upon retiring to bed one night, the following objective vision appeared to me, before I had closed my eyes. It seemed to me that the roof of the house was gone, and in the sky I could see my eldest daughter Harriet, then aged about twelve. The first thought, or surmise, that struck me was, that she had departed from this world. She was then a boarder in a nunnery school, seven miles from Montreal, and having been without any news from her for about a week, she might, I thought, at that moment have left the world. But I at once mentally asked her: "What are you doing there?" And the telegraphic reply was: "Oh, I have left! I am sick; fear not! I will return." And I took no more notice of the occurrence, but went to sleep.

Next morning I related the vision to my wife and mother-in-law—the latter having had a dream of the same thing. Another member of the family had also the same dream during that night. The grandmother was not long in getting ready to go and see about her pet, and she found her seriously ill, and brought her home. That kind of premonition was called "extraordinary," but it went no more than skin deep in the minds of those who said so.

Some years before that event, I had one of those vivid dreams that stamp themselves on the memory, in the skull, in the very marrow, and that take an outside existence and become forever present until they are realized.

I was in a large city of Ireland, returning seemingly to my rooms, during the night, and I became all at once aware that I was pursued by a furious and yelling mob, among whom were many soldiers, all vociferating violent threats against my life. I took to my heels and flew rather than run over space. After a while I instinctively knocked at a door, which was immediately opened by a lady, who seemed to know that she was proposed to act a part in what was taking place. In a hurried and excited tone she bid me pass into the front room. The next minute the street door was furiously attacked, a great number of angry voices calling, "Open the door, or we will break in." "How dare you come to your captain's house and act in that manner?" I heard the lady answer. But the hammering at the door increased, and it became evident that some kind of rammage machine was being used to break it in; but above the noise I heard again the lady, who exclaimed, "The first one who dares come in, I'll shoot him." At the same moment the door was partly broken to pieces, and a rush inwards seemed to take place, when I heard the loud report of a musket shot. Had the lady acted to her word? I thought so.

I looked up and inquired from my spirit-friends, "Who are these men?" "They are ribbon-men," was the answer, and the same voice then said, "Step out through that side window that opens on the garden, and stand close alongside of it; there's no fear; they won't look for you there." I did so, and I could hear a roaring, rumbling noise in the house. During the whole time I felt self-possessed, as if nothing unusual was taking place, and I felt confident that no harm could result from that act of violence. There ended the dream; but during the whole sleep I was repeating and pondering over the words "ribbon-men." What could that mean? I awoke with the impression that the whole scene would happen to me, to the letter, at some future time—in consequence of some words delivered by me in public, that would clash with ignorance and prejudice, and elicit as a consequence that very act.

Upon inquiring, next morning, from my Irish help maid, Julia, what "ribbon-men" meant, I was told that it signified the Roman Catholic party. There are dreams and dreams; some are truthful and are bound to happen. Time will tell as to this one.

From the (N. Y.) Round Table, May 16.

SPIRITUALISM.

MR. EDITOR.—Inferred, from the fact of the appearance in your columns of articles, editorial and other, relating to the subject designated in my heading, that the subject is not an entirely forbidden one with you, I venture to address you a letter touching upon the same.

Among the persons who have witnessed many of the wonderful manifestations which forced me finally to a belief in the spiritual theory, I will mention the author, Adolphus Trollope, a gentleman, a brother of the late Lord Trollope, a skeptical, clear-headed, clear-sighted, absolutely veracious, and in the highest degree intelligent; a M. Kirico, whose family and self have been long attached to the Russian Embassy at Constantinople; a Madame Dumala, the cultivated wife of the richest merchant in the place where I was at the time; M. De Hahn, Austrian Consul, and author of a work on Albania; a Madame Kouschinkoff and her husband, she of Spanish extraction, born in Mexico; De Castro, a great artist, a great amateur, etc.; and Khalil Bey, one of the most distinguished men in Turkey, and late, or still, Turkish Ambassador at St. Petersburg. I am not going to speak in detail of those manifestations; and my object in referring to them at all has been to open the way for offering the individuals named as my vouchers.

Not long after my conversion, I married. My husband was highly scientific—a total disbeliever, of course, in Spiritualism. I was no medium, could give him no evidences, nor by any means possess him with what I had witnessed was not imaginary. I am still at a loss to conceive how the minds of scientific men are constituted. So long as the veracity or the sagacity of a witness can be questioned, doubt on second-hand testimony is conceivable; but here was a case where both were out of the question. My truth and absolute conviction he knew; and of my intelligence he had the highest opinion. Neither were the facts of a nature in the least within the compass of imagination. Yet all was vain. I might talk to him forever on this point. His eyes and ears were closed. It was our only disagreement. I took the most supreme interest in the subject, and could not get him to assist me in pursuing it. (I believe my supreme appreciation of the great revelation to have been one of the causes why so much illumination has been vouchsafed to me. The night when full conviction descended on my soul, I shall never forget my feelings. Had all the earth's continents dropped into my lap, it would not have brought such intense raptures. I beheld the heavens opening before me, and immortality awaiting me. Nothing that I ever experienced equalled my emotions that night, except on that other no less memorable one when I first communicated with my husband from beyond the grave; but I must come to this.)

My husband left me in perfect health, a man of forty-five, who looked like thirty, six feet high, had never been ill, and, I must here add, the most noble being and the most perfect specimen of an English gentleman, with all England's virtues and none of her faults. I did not even know that he was ill, till the news arrived that he was dead. Such a bleak despair never fell on human heart. I would far rather have been dead with him than alive without him. I thought it was all over with me in this world, and decided on going to join some friends of his and mine in the Canary Islands, there to wait for death in obscurity and quiet. I had only one hope, a faint one, still a hope—that of communicating with him. I had told him, if he died before me, to remember that I should cry him and to come. I knew he would remember; but I was no medium, and too miserable and, I deemed, too ill-fated to become one. Nevertheless, I was resolved not to be wanting to him or myself. For three years, in deference to his wishes, I had not spoken on Spiritualism to any one. A few days previously, I had been suddenly impelled to tell my story in detail to two gentlemen, an enlightened English clergyman and a Matinee professor. That same night, when the fatal news arrived, I wrote them to come to me and help me. Next evening they came. Another gentleman, a Maltese nobleman, a medium, was inspired to ask to join us—no doubt to assist. He was an old man, and grave; and I let him come.

For four nights, we sat two hours at a time, with no results. The fifth night I perceived a slight motion. The sixth, the little table, under our fingers, moved all round the large one, and this began perceptibly to rotate. I was certain that spirits were present; but was my husband among them? and how should I communicate with him without calling in strangers—a miserable condition at best? That night, as we were watching the table, one of the company called out, "Do you hear?" We listened. On a table, at the other end of the room, stood a bronze cierge. It was distinctly ticking in the bronze—a clear, metallic sound, at the regular intervals of a minute. We all reckoned up to the letter S. One of the gentlemen arose, and, when the ticking stopped, he said, "I have just heard the ticking." He immediately commenced again on another bronze on another table; and subsequently it recommenced on the china of the tea things—now sounding like a nail on porcelain. I was completely satisfied that it was my husband; for, with his practical lucidity and mechanical ingenuity (characteristics of his mind), he had resorted to an evidence wholly unquestionable, since no one was touching the ticking articles or was near them. I was left alone. The ticking ceased. I lay on the sofa, with a drawing-board on my knees, and a sheet of paper on that, with a pencil through a smaller board, hoping it would write or move. In about half an hour two very loud scratches sounded under the larger board. The room was very still, all shut up, no living thing in it but myself. There could be no question of the fact, though I could hardly believe my ears. I exclaimed, "My God! is that you? If so, scratch twice again." Immediately two more loud scratches replied. Then silence for a moment. I went to the door, and I heard the ticking all round the room; then a loud shuffling of feet on the floor, as I had heard before in Constantinople.

Next morning I was in my study writing letters, expecting nothing till night, when the ticking commenced on a porcelain jar. (By the way, I must observe, for skeptics, that the ticking, which has constantly been repeated since, and which was heard by all my servants, is quite distinct from that of a watch, which is *irregular* and *intermittent*, whereas this is *regular*, *continuous*, *loud*, and *always slow and interrupted* by intervals of a minute; moreover, it varies in sound with different spirits; uses sometimes to be so loud that it could hear it three rooms off, sometimes so faint as to require the ear quite close to distinguish it; also it would grow louder and louder, as if gathering strength, when commencing, and would diminish and fade away, when about to cease.) I went to my bed. Immediately the scratching was heard underneath. Then the curtain curtain was violently jerked. I looked up and saw the string vibrating violently with a spiral motion, such as could only have been given to it by an energetic twitch between a finger and thumb. Then the board and pencil began to move rapidly; and I felt it impelled, as if by electric shocks, under my hand. I implored him to write intelligibly, and presently I saw the pencil endeavoring to trace letters. At the third attempt, he wrote distinctly "Love." Seeing the difficulty he had in forming letters, I then made a diagram of the right hand, and he copied it immediately. I then asked if I should take the pencil in my hand. He replied affirmatively, and that I should write in half an hour. Two minutes before its expiration, I felt my hand beginning to move, of itself, and to form great school-boy letters an inch long. By degrees, and rapidly, these grew smaller. Then I wrote a round hand, and in a few days a running hand (not mine) which goes with great velocity. The first communications were domestic, and altogether dissimilar from anything I should have thought of. Three or four days after he announced to me that I was not to go to Palma, but, he thought, to America, which was as far removed from my projects as Kamachetka; because, he said, I was not destined to bury myself, but to pursue a great and brilliant career, and to become a great writer and a great instrument in the spiritual cause, for which, he said, God had long ago ordered and prepared me (you see, Mr. Editor, that for the sake of relating the facts just as they came, I am laying myself open to be charged with egotism). Nothing could have been further from my thoughts. Ambition was dead within me. I was indifferent to all earthly things, except peace, quiet, comfort and spiritual light.

Only a few words more. I am much struck with the singularly accurate parallel presented by the progress of Spiritualism to that of Christianity. Precisely in the same way it is

filtering imperceptibly through all lands and all classes, *unfashionable*, ignored by the Orthodox, the rich and the powerful, rising from below, spreading right and left with marvelous vitality and velocity through those humbler working and money-making classes of artisans and traders whom one would deem the least accessible to spiritual aspirations and influences, and filtering up meanwhile among hundreds and thousands who are secretly converted, and are ashamed or afraid to avow their belief in what Mrs. Girdley pooh-poohs, and what the clergy reprobate. So it was with Christianity up to the time of Constantine, when hundreds and thousands amidst the high and influential were found to be Christians whom no one had ever suspected; and so it will be, for no doubt the parallel will be carried out to the end, except that, as all things advance in keeping with their epoch, most likely the progress will be in a geometrical ratio.

I must say that I am altogether revolted at the pantheism which seems to reign in America, and amounts to nothing else than atheism, disguised it as you will. I know no instance more striking of the aberration of which the human intellect is susceptible than the arrival, through the grandest evidence of Providence ever afforded to humanity, at the negation of the Supreme Being. Such is not the doctrine the spirits teach me. Nothing can be more sublime than their descriptions of God, the origin and fountain of all things; whose perfection all spirits are forever approaching, through interminable phases of progressive existence, but never attaining it. I am told that everything spiritual is infinite; that matter is infinitely expandable or etherizable, and infinitely divisible; that there are no ultimate atoms; that every world passes through the same phases, and, having attained to the *ne plus ultra* of physical perfection, is then sublimated by fire for the habit of spiritual beings. Very respectfully,
May 1, 1868. H. B. W.

THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

MY TRIP TO TENNESSEE

"Didn't amount to much but money out of pocket, did it?"

Not if you count only the present; but:

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow;"

and if we devote nothing to seed time, when shall we reap the harvest? Ah, there is too much of this asking, "Will it pay?" or, rather, too little appreciation of the compensation that is far more precious than dollars and cents. But my object now is not so much to speak of myself as of the resources of that State, and the inducements offered to settlers. So far as securing homes for the poor is concerned, it is far in advance of any place I know of. For a few hundred dollars one can secure a good farm, one that with Northern enterprise and cultivation would double its value three or four times over in a few years. From Tullahoma north on the McMinnville route there is a railroad now in operation, that in two or three years, at the most, will extend on to Danville, Ky., thus connecting that whole country directly with Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, and all Northern fruit markets, and forty acres of ground that can now be bought for from two to fifteen dollars per acre, anywhere within from one-half to six miles of the railroad, would in a few years become a fortune to one who would turn his attention to fruit culture. The railroad I have named starts from Tullahoma, north, and it is proposed to cross the Chattanooga road at this point, and extend it south and southwest till it reaches the Mississippi or the Gulf; thus making this region accessible to the best markets, both North and South. It is thirty-four miles from Tullahoma to McMinnville, with Manchester, Morrison, and some more stopping places between; and a hundred families might settle within less than five miles of either place, and then not begin to take up all the land for sale, that is, unless they purchased largely. Indeed, the people are impoverished by the curse of slavery and its natural result, war, and the whole country, so to speak, is for sale. Northern immigration is the only chance for its redemption, and the people know it; and though it frets them, mortifies their pride, and makes them generally mad inside, still they accept the fact—that is, the most of them—and invite Northern men to come amongst them.

I know that it is hard for liberal minds to stand alone, but the churches are busy sending their representatives South; they are seizing hold of the avenues for reaching the colored man's mind and controlling the education of his children, and—well—what shall I say to make Spiritualists see the importance of occupying this field—to make them see that unless they are up and doing, the theology that is crasier than the devil they talk so much about—this same Judas theology that betrays with a kiss—will yet use the element to which political liberty has been given to enslave us religiously?

I know that this is looked upon as an idle fear, but let me give you an item of my own experience. At one point on my trip South I learned of two Northern ladies who were teaching the colored school in the place, and was told of the abuse, the foul falsehoods that had been heaped upon them because of this work. Well, I knew what it was to be persecuted for a work like this; I had taught colored schools at the North when they were anything but popular, and with a feeling of sympathy I called on them at their boarding place, and received—what? Why, cooler treatment than from even the ultra Southerner. I had intended calling on their school, also, but was so coolly received that I abandoned the idea, for I knew that I should not be permitted to speak to the children if I did. Now why was this? Simply religious prejudice, a prejudice so much stronger than political prejudice, that the treatment I received from the Southern lady was cordial compared with the deportment of these Northern girls. "But what can we do?" asks one. Why, put a missionary in the field at the South, a strong man who is able as well as willing to do and dare; and having put him there, sustain him, and so sustain him that his hands may be strong. And still another plan: Let liberal minds rally to the portion of Tennessee I have named. I speak of this portion of the country because I know something of it. Let such rally here in large numbers, so that even one Society can be formed and a Lyceum established; and one of these addressed to the eye of the colored man's child would undo more than twenty Orthodox teachers could do by addressing the ear.

But there must be some concert of action in this matter in order to ensure success. And to this end I propose that such Spiritualists as would like to take advantage of the facilities offered in this pleasant, healthy climate to secure good homes for themselves and children—I propose that such send their names to the *Banner of Light*. I don't know as the editors would publish them, but if not, they can say so. But I rather guess they would—that is, if the name and object only were sent, without a long rignarole attached. In this manner such as desired to emigrate thither could come into correspondence with each other, and decide upon a locality and mode of action. I do not mean a community, a common stock sort of movement, but a neighborhood.

There are other subjects I wished to speak of, but I am tired, and so, Messrs. Editors, please excuse me for this time.

MEDIUMSHIP AND MEDIUMS.

NUMBER ONE.

BY FRED. L. H. WILLIS, M. D.

It is about twenty years since these terms, mediumship and mediums, began to be used in their present accepted sense, and it would seem as if we ought by this time to be able to define their significance and give to the world some practical ideas concerning the office of mediums and the conditions that produce the state called mediumistic. But unfortunately, we have had too few close investigators of this condition, for however proud we may be of the many brilliant names that rank high among men of science and of letters, who have given attention to the subject of Spiritualism, yet we cannot make a long list of those who have patiently investigated it and given to the world the results in clearly demonstrated facts.

In the January number of the *Galaxy* appeared an article entitled, "My Spiritualistic Experience," by Richard Frothingham. It is worth reading for two reasons: It shows the necessity of a close observation of all the phenomena, and that it is the easiest thing in the world for a careful observer to be deceived. At the close of the article is this conclusion: "Spiritualism is a great fact, not a philosophy; it should be made a science, not a religion."

Whether this be true or not, it is certain that we need the keen, scrutinizing eye of science to observe facts, and the analytical power of scientific minds to search into the wonderful laws that govern mental conditions; for we all know that there are conditions purely mental that produce phenomena quite as wonderful and quite as inexplicable as any termed mediumistic.

I do not know as I am able to help in this matter at all, for I am far enough from wishing to constitute myself an expounder of mental science; but having been brought into contact with mediums in all the various manifestations, and having experienced many of the conditions of mediumship in myself, I propose to give a series of facts in relation to some of the mediums who represent publicly the different manifestations of the spiritualistic power.

Of course I do not intend to go into any general statement of the peculiarities or special conditions of public mediums. I am absorbed in the duties of my profession, and have no time to search out what might be new or wonderful, but can merely note what has come under my observation.

But first we do well to remember that mediumship is a general gift to humanity, and not a special favor bestowed upon a few. The office of mediumship constitutes the great link between all natural and spiritual things; between the external and internal; between man and God—the human and the divine—and therefore it is a universal law, or rather its expression is by a universal law.

The natural and beautiful expression of this law is an inflow of light, typified by the shining of the sun. It descends a continual benediction to humanity. But as men would hardly heed the sunshine but for the shadows of the day and the darkness of the night, so they will not recognize the perpetual blessing of spiritual life without some special and marked expression of it.

Every aspiration of the spirit after a higher and holier condition, is a blending together of the natural and the spiritual; the creation of the condition of mediumship. But the moment any expression of this universal law appears that is peculiar, or shows itself in what may properly be called an abnormal manifestation, then the wonder and the credulity of many are excited.

Mediumship is so entirely a part of spiritual development, that we can see no way of progress to higher conceptions of spiritual things than through the mediumistic condition. But in making this assertion, I do not mean the common definition of mediumship which often has nothing to do with progress or light, but signifies a state of brain or of nervous sensation which reveals peculiarities of mental condition neither enviable nor desirable.

We know well from the investigations of the past, that there is a tendency in the human organism to repeat or re-represent what is seen or heard. It is no doubt by the law of psychology. The mind is impressed with an idea or a motion, and the brain immediately compels the idea to utterance or the form to motion. This is illustrated by the Dancing Dervishes, the Barking and Mewing Manias, &c.

Only a short time since I listened to an account of a revival excitement in a colored church. The contagious mania spread from one to another until the whole assembly was infected by it, resulting in each case in a motion of the body up and down with a steady unvarying jump like the motion of the handle of an old-fashioned churn. Through the entire crowd the contagious affluence spread, until heads went up and down, and the whole assembly looked like machinery set in motion for powerful results.

This seemed like the veriest folly to my friend who witnessed it; but it was the revelation of a purely spiritual state—a psychologic condition produced by the few leaders on the platform. This excessive expression shows itself to the reason as just what it is; but the same results in a more moderate expression are marveled at as something quite astonishing, yet both are simply natural.

For instance, in a circle of sensitives, if one begins any special form of expression, the rest all feel an impulse to do the same thing. It is not folly or nonsense, but simply the action of a law of the mind. Much of mediumship, I am satisfied, is this purely psychologic state of condition of the mind. For this reason we should not be over hasty in our judgment of conditions, but as far as possible let the reason and understanding discriminate between sympathetic action and real spiritual gifts.

It is undeniable that there is a large class of mediums among rather delicate women of nervous, sensitive temperaments. But on the other hand we are personally acquainted with many robust, healthy men, who are mental mediums, and reveal the same conditions of mediumship as pertain to the other class. Therefore the condition of mediumship is not necessarily one belonging to ill health and enfeebled nerves. But the condition that induces a psychologic state, does belong either to a delicate condition of health, great susceptibility of nerves, or to a condition of unformed judgment and uncultivated intellect. In my own mediumship, I noted that although it was preceded by a severe illness, its marvelous developments were very nearly destroyed by another severe fit of sickness. I account for this in supposing that the nerves of sensation are thrown out of their ordinary condition by certain states induced by disease. Perhaps certain medicinal remedies may permanently change the magnetic condition of the system.

We know that the ancient soothsayers used to chew certain herbs to create the condition of clairvoyance, and I have known of modern fortune-tellers resorting to the same means to prepare themselves for giving revelations. For these

reasons we should closely scrutinize the condition that develops the powers of mediumship; for unless it be healthy and natural, it cannot long tend to serve mankind. Only that can live and grow in the spiritual world which is in harmony with divine order.

But here permit me as a physician to utter an emphatic protest against sensitive young girls sitting in circles for spiritual development until the whole subject of magnetism and sympathetic clairvoyance is better understood. The tendency is to develop an excited and unnatural condition of the nervous system that surely burns out the vital forces. If we wish to prove our drugs, we test them on healthy subjects. Let us use the same measures with that subtler power of health or disease—magnetism.

The Talmud.

Rev. I. S. Nathans, D. D., a learned Jew who has recently come to the United States, on the evening of May 19th read a lecture on Talmudical matters, in the chapel recently erected by the Christian Unity in Gloucester Place. His audience was not large in point of numbers, but certainly was choice in its quality, for the greater part were evidently men and women of rich and varied culture. We there saw certain of our popular spiritual lecturers, well known literary ladies, lawyers, physicians, theological students, and retired merchants, who after having secured the good things of the world, were seeking food for their spiritual natures. We wish that more ministers had attended. They would have perhaps learned that not all the Pharisees were as hard-hearted and unspiritual as they sometimes in their sermons represent them to have been.

The lecturer remarked that the origin of the Talmud was uncertain. Some writers ascribed it to Abraham, and others thought it was sketched by Moses during his retirement of forty days on Mount Sinai. It was at first used as a prayer book. The editions of it now extant, vary in their contents. Though it lives, yet like other immortal works, it has been at times sadly tampered with, to meet the prejudices of monarchs, and others clothed with a little brief authority. When under the reign of Maximilian, in the fourteenth century, an edition was permitted to be published, Reuchlin, the most eminent Hebraist of his time, ordered that all passages against Jesus, therein, should be omitted. Another reviser ordered that all passages in favor of the gospels should be omitted.

One of its sayings is that holy men have two senses more than other men, inasmuch as they have a sense of knowledge and a sense of inspiration. A spiritual story was related that a traveler who on his journey had retired into a cave to pray, and had there tarried a long time, as he came out to resume his journey encountered the spirit of the ancient prophet Elijah, who gave the traveler three directions for prayer: 1st. Never to go into a cave to pray. 2d. To pray on the way. 3d. To pray a short prayer. What is usually known as the Lord's prayer, is found in substance, and very similar words also, in the Talmud, and is there attributed to Rabbi Jesus, who was a very ardent and active member of the school of Hillel. Hillel flourished about 50 B. C., and is celebrated for his meekness, piety and benevolence. He was opposed by Shammai, the head of another school of the Pharisees. Hillel's school was afterwards known as the School of Redemption, or School of Christ. The conflict was between the traditionalists or conservatives on the one side, and against the radicals or progressives on the other.

It was announced that the next lecture would be given on the evening of June 2d, at the Warren street Chapel.

A. E. G.

From "The American Athenaeum," New York.

Positivism.

We have before referred to the subject of a new religion of Positivism, as being founded by the English followers of Auguste Comte. We now give a short statement of the facts connected with this new belief.

A church, founded on Positivism, has lately been formed in London, whose meetings have for some time been held, sermons preached, and the abstract principles of the French philosopher reduced to a religious formularity. The new faith repudiates the supernatural origin of religion, making man its source and object. Humanity is its deity, and eminent men, who have contributed to the improvement of the race, are objects of worship. Comte is an object of special reverence. The pastor is Richard Congreve, M. A., formerly a clergyman of the Church of England, and late Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, author of several Positivist publications. A Positivist church has for some years existed in Paris, under the direction of M. Pierre Lafitte, actual Chief of the Positive School since the death of Comte, in 1857. There have been at least fifty different works published on Positivism—in France, England, Holland and North America; the principal European writers being Auguste Comte, Pierre Lafitte, Richard Congreve, Dr. G. Robinet, Dr. John H. Bridges, Frederic Harrison, or Dix Hutton, Baron de Constant-Rebecque, Dr. George Audiffrent; and in this country, Henry Edgar of Thompson's Station, Long Island, N. Y., who has just announced his intention to found a Positivist church in the city of New York, where he will expound Comte's "Positive Religion of Humanity."

Mr. Congreve's course of lectures, formally inaugurating the new religion in London, has recently been brought to a close. Among the most constant attenders on the course, which was held in Russell Hall, have been Mr. G. H. Lewis, and his wife, the accomplished authoress of "Adam Bede," "Romola," &c.; whilst such well-known names as Lord and Lady Amberley, Lord Houghton, and others, can be mentioned as those of occasional hearers. Mr. Congreve has announced that a suitable church-edifice will shortly be built, and regular services instituted, for promoting the new faith, which is to regenerate humanity. With them, no other philosophy or explanation of the universe is possible, except that which can be got through science by observation and experiment. Mr. Congreve's doctrine, which was also Comte's own, is, that the Religion of the Future must consist of these scientific truths alone, and the practice of the moral precepts thence derived.

The new religion has for its watchwords: "Love for principle, Order for basis, Progress for end; 'Live for Others' (Family, Country, Humanity)." The hand-book of the system, presented to the English-reading public, is a work of 440 pages, entitled "A General View of Positivism," translated from the French of Auguste Comte, by Dr. J. H. Bridges, late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. This work consists of six elaborate essays, wherein are respectively treated: "Intellectual Character of Positivism;" "Social Aspect of Positivism;" "Action of Positivism upon the Working Classes;" "Influence of Positivism upon Art;" "Relation of Positivism to Art;" and "Religion of Humanity." (Tribner & Co., London, 1865.) To readers of the French language, however, Comte's "Système de Philosophie Positive" in four large volumes, offers by far the most complete knowledge of Positivism extant. There has also recently appeared in Paris, under the joint-editorship of MM. Littré and Weyronhoff, a monthly review entitled "La Philosophie Positive," destined to propagate the fundamental ideas of Auguste Comte and the writers of the Positive School, which seem at the present time to be attracting the marked attention of the educated classes both in Europe and America.

William Lloyd Garrison has received \$31,000 as the national testimonial to his faithful services to freedom.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. LEWIS D. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All letters and communications forwarded to this Office for publication must, in order to receive attention, be addressed to Luther Colby.

Protestantism and Politics.

Father Hecker, of the Order of the Paulists, recently delivered a discourse in Chicago, to show that religion is inseparably connected with political institutions; and assuming that he finally proved what he promised, his final interrogatory is indeed a startling one—"If man is utterly depraved, and Protestantism is true, how can man be capable of self-government?" He would of course argue that total depravity being the accepted principle of Protestantism, such a religion is unfitted for the requirements of a free government; and therefore that Catholicism is the only, and the very form of religious belief that is adapted to the demands of the age in politics. To show that total depravity is the fundamental tenet of the Protestant faith, he quotes Luther as saying that "Sin is not a phenomenon of our nature, it is our nature itself;" and Melancthon as responsible for the expression that "it is sufficient for a Christian to know that all endeavors of man are sins." He further cited Calvin, Wesley and other Protestant Fathers, to the same purpose. And he comes finally to his triumphant question, which we have already quoted, remarking that a condition of utter depravity eliminates the capability of self-government; if one be true, the other must be false.

Father Hecker is a distinguished convert from Protestantism to Catholicism, and is spoken of in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* by Parton, in his article on "Our Roman Catholic Brethren." He is a man of living sympathies, active, earnest and able. He boldly walks up to Protestantism, and in the name of that Reason which he has himself called as a witness on its own behalf. He professes to have come out from it because it is not true to its own name. And in this challenging Protestantism he has certainly touched a vital matter. He has gone to the root of the whole subject. If Protestantism is really responsible for human progress, as it claims so unhesitatingly, then it belies in its practice what it teaches as its distinctive tenets. For if Orthodoxy insists that all men are utterly depraved, it must in the same breath deny their capacity for progress; and we all know that progress is made, and making, and wholly outside of the Church, at that. Logically, the advocates of the Calvinistic creed will have either to abandon their claims or else give up their influence. Father Hecker believes that the Catholic Church would wield the best influence for the Republic. He quotes many Protestants as declaring that the Protestant Church ought to have supreme control, by virtue of a close union of Church and State. And admitting that either one or the other system must prevail, he would make the way clear for the religion which he has finally embraced himself.

This question of the union of Church and State, seemingly tending to a different answer in England, promises to come up with us before long in momentous proportions. We have numerous premonitions of its approach now. On American soil, it is believed by not a few, is to be fought out that stern battle between the two religious systems—Catholicism and Protestantism—which will decide the question of a united religious and political supremacy for the Continent. That Protestantism, by that name, is in a state of decay, it is not possible in strict truth to deny. We see its ranks broken up into innumerable sects, and crumbling away in the pursuit of doctrines not taught by its founders. What it will lead to is just the problem. Were the result to prove no more than the ecclesiastical aggrandizement of either one side or the other, it would be one of the most unfortunate that could occur, knowing as much as we do of the tendencies of such a power. But happily it lies within the reach and influence of Spiritualism, with its millions of believers already, and its ranks all the time increasing, to step in between the contending parties, and save the country to the higher and holier influences of the truth which descends direct from the heavens.

The Religion of Humanity.

We had an article on this subject a few weeks since, based on certain lectures of Mr. Henry Edgar, of New York, on the religious tenets of Comte and his followers; and designed to return to the subject at another time. But we have encountered a statement of the growth of this belief, named "Positivism," in a New York paper, which perhaps contains as condensed a statement of this new "system" as can be prepared, and we therefore republish it in another column. It will not be necessary to do more than simply call the reader's attention to it, without speaking further of the merits of the system of which it treats. All inquiring and growing minds will be eager to possess themselves of what knowledge of the new religion has been made public, and desire to consider and weigh its several elements and characteristics with all the seriousness of which human thought is capable. Comte is not comparatively the founder of a new philosophy, yet his doctrines are now for the first time being proclaimed and explained in this country. And the article elsewhere given will help to a clear understanding of these, and indeed of the whole matter.

Emblems for Spiritualists and Lyceums.

M. B. Dyott, of Philadelphia, who undertook the task of carrying out the suggestion adopted by the National Convention at Cleveland last fall, of manufacturing a suitable emblem, to be worn by Spiritualists and officers and members of Children's Lyceums, has completed the work and now offers the jewels for sale. They are made of pure silver and sixteen carat gold. The retail price of a pin or a charm is \$1.50; when either is set in glass the price is \$2.25. Read Mr. D's card in another column.

The Newburyport Lyceum.

We learn that the Children's Lyceum in Newburyport is progressing finely. The Society and the Lyceum contemplate consolidating.

A Reasonable Proposal.

The London papers have recently made public a correspondence relative to the scientific investigation of Spiritualism, between the late Professor Faraday and Mr. Home, and Professor Tyndall and the same gentleman; which excites profound interest at this time, and influence a great many persons of influence and repute to express the hope that the original object of the correspondence may be answered. Prof. Faraday's letter is dated June 14th, 1861, and names the specific conditions on which he will consent to attend Mr. Home's seances. Prof. Tyndall caused this note of the late Prof. Faraday to be published, and at the time announced his own willingness to investigate the spiritual manifestations on the same conditions.

In reply to this last note, Mr. Home gives out in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that he is quite ready for Prof. Tyndall's investigation at any time when that gentleman's convenience will be best suited. He says:

"It will give me the same pleasure to meet Professor Tyndall and any two gentlemen he shall designate. On my side I will have at least two gentlemen whose names and position place them above the suspicion of adding or subtracting a fraud. I will meet Professor Tyndall and these gentlemen when and where they please, and under such circumstances as they may decide on. I must only crave their patience if nothing should occur at the first or even the second seance. A patient and candid investigation is all I ask."

This is wholly frank and to the point. The *New York World*—which not long ago had a chronic habit of attempting to bring Spiritualism and its believers into ridicule—says "It is to be hoped that Professor Tyndall will accept Mr. Home's proposition, and investigate the strange phenomena of modern Spiritualism with scientific thoroughness. The extent to which Spiritualism has obtained credence in Great Britain, but more especially in this country, entitles it to such an examination as Mr. Home invites." The *World* has to admit that the number of Spiritualists in the United States "is large and constantly increasing, and embraces very many persons whose opinions upon any subject are worthy of consideration." And it seems fit to add the reflection that if Spiritualism "be a delusion, those who put faith in it cannot be undeceived a moment too soon; if it be what is claimed for it, the world should know that at once." And after a second time expressing, with increased emphasis, the hope that, if not Professor Tyndall, then some other scientist will accept Mr. Home's invitation, it remarks that "if a like investigation were made in this country at the same time, the result could not but be beneficial." But let us have no more of the piddling sort of "scientific investigation" which was insultingly proposed by a knot of conceited Harvard Professors.

"Leave of Absence."

Every now-and-then we see it stated in the daily press that such-and-such "reverend" has received leave of absence from his Society for several months to make a tour through Europe; and in every instance this important sentence is annexed: "His salary will be continued during his absence." Now we are led to question why it is that continuance of pay is allowed to such men when they are not on duty, any more than those employed in secular business. Poor needlewomen and "machine girls" labor for rich firms from early dawn till late at night for a mere pittance, hardly enough to keep soul and body together, until they get sick from excessive toil and are obliged to leave their work, with disease and poverty staring them in the face. In such cases do their wealthy employers "continue their salary during their absence?" Oh no! These poor creatures would be left to starve, were it not for the aid—meagre at that—they receive from their own class, whose hearts are much larger than their purses; while the employer, who has made large profits in his business by keeping the pay of his employees at nearly "starvation prices," votes that "his minister" shall have leave of absence for months, and is willing to pay his proportion of the bill. And this is a fair specimen of the popular Christianity of to-day. Oh! it makes our soul sick contemplating such hypocrisy. Humanity is almost entirely lost sight of, in this age of painted loam and gilded clay—of glittering greed, fashionable churches and external respectability.

California Matters.

The Spiritualists of San Francisco have formed a new Society, with the intention of becoming incorporated, and commencing immediate operations by employing lecturers, the collection of funds for the support of regular meetings, the Lyceum, and other means of interesting the people in the Spiritual Philosophy. The *Banner of Progress* gives the following Board of Trustees, chosen for the first year: Messrs. J. D. Pierson, G. W. G. Morgan, J. W. Mackie, John F. Banfield, and Mrs. Benj. Todd. The Trustees subsequently met, and organized by the choice of J. D. Pierson as President; G. W. G. Morgan, Vice President; J. W. Mackie, Secretary; John F. Banfield, Treasurer; and Mrs. Benj. Todd, Corresponding Secretary. A constitution was adopted, and the name taken is the "San Francisco Association of Spiritualists."

Mrs. Laura Cuppy is still lecturing in Sacramento, Sundays, and in the adjacent towns week-evenings. The *San Francisco Daily Chronicle*, April 17th, has the following item of experience: "Laura Cuppy lectured recently at Mokelumne Hill. The natives were so astonished at the apparition of a female speaker, as to forget to make the necessary preparations in the Hall where she was to lecture, and the lady was reduced to the necessity of lighting up her own church. We are not informed whether she swept it out, but she is quite certain she would have done so had occasion required. Lecturers have some tough experiences to undergo in their journeyings. Many are anxious to hear and see the brave little woman once more among us. She has not suffered by contrast with others, but will be doubly appreciated."

Cretean Victory over the Turks.

According to the latest Cretean accounts just received at Washington, a battle was fought on the 4th of April on the plain of Herakleion, in which three thousand Creteans repulsed a vastly superior number of Turks, who were supported by the regular Circassian cavalry. The English man-of-war *Trinculo* witnessed this battle. On the 6th of April the Creteans achieved another victory at Rhetymus. Other battles took place at Selino and at Velondaki. In the latter the Turks had four hundred men killed and wounded. Sixty thousand Cretean families in Greece were exposed to great misery. The Greek Government has so far spent \$3,000,000 to save them from starvation.

The State Association.

The semi-annual meeting of the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists was held in thirty Anniversary Week. It was well attended, and some very good speeches were made. A renewed interest is awakened in the cause of the Association. We shall give a report of the proceedings in our next issue.

A Chancery Decision.

A more trenchant pen than that of Dickens is yet needed to whip up that hoary institution, known as the English Court of Chancery, to something like the perception of truths not yet crystallized and frozen in the form of precedents. Here is the case of Mr. Home, for example, that strikingly illustrates this very necessity. The suit instituted by the elderly lady, Mrs. Lyon, for the recovery of the legacy which she presented to him in part in advance of her natural decease, has at length been decided by the Court of Chancery in her favor. We have given the readers of the *Banner* an account of the proceedings at length, in the last few numbers of the paper, and are now enabled to state the final decision. Mr. Home is ordered by the Court to restore the sixty thousand pounds which had been fairly settled on him by Mrs. Lyon, and adjudged to pay the costs of the suit. Those journals which from the sheer force of habit treat such matters with an inevitable sneer at Spiritualism as the accompaniment, are found to be quite true to their instincts in the present instance, and not at all inconsistent with their former practices. They of course charge "undue" influence over the lady's mind, and lay the fault at the door of what they conveniently style the "jugglery" of Spiritualism. But truth never fails to shine out at last, bright and clear, through the densest ignorance and prejudices. If it were wholly and candidly spoken in the present case, it would not a little surprise many people who now hastily approve the finding of the Court, to learn that the action of Mrs. Lyon was based on very different considerations than such as that she was improperly influenced in the bestowal of so large a part of her fortune. Mr. Home received the gift on condition that he should adopt the lady's name, she being much more than old enough to be his mother. But it is understood that she was desirous that he should become her husband instead! She is well advanced in years, and he not over thirty! Here is where the trouble arose. Finding him inexorable to entreaties of such sort, she pettishly resolves to break her promises, to turn her back on her professions of esteem and affection, and to sue for the recovery of the sum she had deliberately settled on him, grounding her suit on the plea that her mind had been improperly influenced. The Chancery Court was clear on the score of its prejudices against Spiritualism, if nothing more; and a decision was reached in the old lady's lifetime. But it will require higher authority than an effete and moss-grown English Court of Chancery to undermine the truth of Spiritualism. It will stand in spite of that and old Mrs. Lyon together.

The Trouble in Japan.

The latest advices from Japan report the war between the Mikado and the Tycoon for the political supremacy as over. The Tycoon gracefully submits to his fortune, counsels his adherents to preserve peace, and is mentioned as quite likely to accept the highest office under the Mikado when the new government has been firmly established. Practically the result of the war was decided when the troubles commenced, for the opposition to the Tycoon has been successful in every engagement that has taken place. Inasmuch as both the Tycoon and Mikado have been committed to the support of the anti-exclusive policy which has been introduced into the Government of Japan within the past few years, the issues between them have been mostly matters of local interest and personal ambition. The Tycoon very naturally did not like the idea of being forcibly set aside from his official position, and we cannot blame him for making as vigorous a fight as he could for the recovery of his former official position and dignity.

We cannot forget, however, the partiality which the Tycoon has shown for the United States in sending several parties here to study our institutions and examine our industries, and the inroads which have thus far been made upon the old Japanese policy of isolation are very largely due to his efforts. He has done well for his country and his people, and he certainly deserves to be held in high regard, both in Japan and elsewhere, for his efforts to give life and activity to one of the greatest empires of the world. With a liberal governmental policy and her present commercial advantages, there is certainly a brilliant future in store for Japan.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mr. O. W. Manuel, son of W. Manuel, Esq., of this city, has recently become developed as an unconscious trance medium. For about six months he has been speaking to private audiences of from ten to twenty persons, but very recently he has spoken in public, and has decided to remain in the lecturing field. He is a young man just turned his majority; has a full, clear voice; speaks fluently and agreeably. For one so recently developed, he bids fair for a brilliant career as a lecturer. The gem is in him—the more it is polished the brighter it will appear. His address is 33 Rutland Square, Boston.

A. E. Carpenter will lecture in Provincetown, Sunday, June 7th; North Truro, June 9th; Eastham, June 11th; Chatham, Sunday, June 14th; Brewster, June 17th; Harwichport, Sunday, June 21st; East Dennis, June 24th; Barnstable, Sunday, July 5th; Sandwich, July 7th and 8th; East Wareham, July 9th; Wareham, July 10th.

J. M. Peebles will lecture to the Society of Spiritualists in Brooklyn, N. Y., the first Sunday in June.

Prof. I. G. Stearns, who has been lecturing in Pennsylvania recently, on psychology, mesmerism and clairvoyance, is now in Springfield, Mass. J. G. Giles, of Princeton, Mo., appointed by the Society of Spiritualists as lecturer at large, has been attending to that duty for several months past with good success.

Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd will speak in Fall River, Mass., June 7th.

Dr. H. H. Crandall will answer calls to lecture. Address box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

Charles Holt speaks in Fitchburg, Mass., June 7th and 14th.

Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

It can't be doubted that the Societies for this purpose, organized by Mr. Bergh, a noble hearted citizen of New York city, are calculated to do much good in protecting useful and unoffending animals from heartless and barbarous cruelties. Mr. Bergh, in a recent address to a New York agricultural Society, stated that he lately caused the arrest of a master butcher—a councilman of New York city—for having chopped off the hind legs of a pair of steers which were unruly, and allowing them to lie in the scorching sun for hours before putting them out of misery. When required to write his name he made a cross, not having acquired the art. Indeed, it is an accomplishment not deemed necessary for the legislators of the largest city in the country.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which numbers over fifteen hundred members and patrons, has procured the enactment of a law which will enable the officers to carry out their views.

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. H. 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. 124 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for sittings at two o'clock, and 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.

Circle Room—Reserved Seats.

It has become necessary, owing to the increasing interest manifested by people far and near to learn what disembodied spirits have to say through our medium, that we shall hereafter reserve three seats in our Circle Room, for the accommodation of strangers, up to the five minutes of closing the door. It is often the case that people visit us from a distance for the express purpose of attending our Free Public Circles. They arrive at the office just too late to procure a seat, and are obliged to retire, wondering why they cannot be accommodated. So numerous have been these cases of late, that we have determined to accommodate such visitors, if possible, especially those who notify us in advance by letter.

Invocation.

Leave us not in temptation, and when the shades of ignorance grow dark around us, come near unto us, oh ye whose light is greater than our own, and tell us in the sunshine of thy wisdom, that we may thereby lose our ignorance, even as night loses its shades in the glowing arms of day. Oh Holy Spirit, whose life is a part of our lives, whose presence is ever near unto us, and whose benediction rests ever upon us, whose love reacheth us through ether, through ether, that thou who art at once our Father and our Mother too; thou who givest life to the blossoms, to worlds and systems, and to our souls; thou who art all of life and being, we kneel in thy presence to receive thy blessing. Thou hast taught us in Nature that we should ask that we may receive. Thou hast opened the volume of thy being for us, that we may learn of thee, to talk with thee, to praise thee, to worship thee, to understand thee and our relations to thee. And because thou hast thus blessed us, it is, oh Lord, that we day after day lift up our souls in prayer and in praise unto him that was, and is, and ever shall be. In the midst of the confusion and darkness that is sweeping over this nation like a great tornado, oh we thank thee that we are enabled to behold thy light; and the hand of wisdom writing upon the walls of this nationality, oh Lord, we see, and in part understand. Oh grant that thy servant who sits at the head of this organ, who presides over the political interests of the country, oh grant that this prayer may constantly find expression by him: "Leave us not in temptation, but deliver us from evil." We pray that his soul may be strong in right, and that his feet may learn to walk in wisdom's ways. May his thoughts be akin to angels' thoughts, and his deeds, oh may they be fashioned by holy thoughts. Oh grant that the angels that surround him may be strong and mighty, leading him in the way of right, leading him in the way of truth, and unfolding his spirit to the commands of the higher life. Oh grant that he may successfully perform his duty, whatever it may be. If it be to go down in material darkness, oh grant that he may go asking strength of thee. If it be to rise and shine brighter and still brighter, oh grant that he may go upward with humility and wisdom. And whatever, oh Lord, his destiny may be, oh grant that the people may understand his mission, and that he may lead them to a more perfect, more in accordance with truth and justice and love than they have ever known. Oh we receive thy blessing, our Father and Mother, and we offer thee therefore our most devout thanks. Amen. Feb. 24.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready to answer your proposition, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—Do male and female spirits mate in marriage, as on earth, or analogous to it?

ANS.—Yes, notwithstanding it is said in the holy Scriptures that "in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage." It is true that there is not that kind of marriage that is current here, and I thank God for it. But there is a kind which is in itself so divine and so perfect, that two souls are merged in one, and the harmony is complete.

Q.—One man passes from earth well developed in his moral and spiritual organs. Another passes away in an undeveloped condition. The first returns to earth full of joy, and tells us that he moves in an atmosphere of light. The other likewise returns, but complains that he dwells in darkness. Is the light and darkness spoken of an actual local condition of the atmosphere, applicable alike to all soul existences, or does it grow out of the individual character of the spirit?

A.—It is a mental condition, not an atmospheric condition. You have thousands, millions of souls on the earth who are in darkness, just the same kind of darkness—notwithstanding the sun may shine ever so brightly—that exists with souls after death. It is precisely the same. They do not understand themselves; they do not seem to know what they had better do to gain happiness. They desire it, but they do not know how to reach it. That is the very worst kind of darkness.

Q.—Will you explain the difference between trance and inspirational control?

A.—The difference is in degree. If I wish to control a subject inspirationally, I do not obsess that subject, either from the external or the internal, but I simply come in rapport with the subject, and through that magnetic rapport I give the subject my ideas, and they are given out by the subject in their own clothing after the capacity of their own intellect. Do you understand?

Q.—Yes; but it is only a half question.

A.—There are also different degrees of what is called trance control. Sometimes the spirit controls by overshadowing or surrounding the subject, as I do to-day. Sometimes they are absorbed by the subject, and express themselves from the internal to the external. Sometimes one organ, or two, or more, as the case may be, is controlled, while others are left in an entirely normal state. Sometimes all the organs are controlled thoroughly. I do so to-day, although I surround the subject, and control through the external, as the musician controls the instrument. He does not enter it in the external; he controls it, and it answers his purpose, becomes his agent.

Q.—When you enter or obsess the medium, is the spiritual part of the medium externalized from the form?

A.—Yes, it is very often the case. The animal magnetism never absent from the body. It is a part of the body, and it is the medium for producing the chemical change called death. But the intelligent magnetic part, with its organic structure, that which belongs to it as a spirit, can absent itself from the body, and very often does, particularly when the body is under the control of a foreign spirit.

A.—I say so too.

Q.—Do you spirits all agree on that point?

A.—No, I presume not. I should be very sorry if we all did, because I myself am very fond of variety. As much as I love roses, I would not want roses altogether.

Q.—When the medium is possessed by the spirit, is the spirit of the medium always dispossessed?

A.—Not always.

Q.—Then two spirits can occupy the same magnetism at once?

A.—Yes; one is in a subdued, subordinate state, the other is in activity. It takes the control for the time being. There is an understanding between the two occupants. One does not know the other. The indwelling spirit agrees to the external expression. But it is always best, if it is possible, to render the subject unconscious, to shut out their own mentality, to build a high wall between their mentality and the mentality desiring to control—and for this reason: It is almost always to be expected that something may be said that would clash very rudely with the ideas of the spirit who owns the machine, therefore under such conditions there would be interference, produced at once, and one or the other would be obliged to relinquish control.

Q.—Am I to understand that in cases where you enter the body of the medium, the spirit of the medium may still be within?

A.—Yes; the organ, the brain, is generally thrown into a negative state, under such circumstances, by the indwelling spirit, and the foreign spirit who desires to control takes advantage of that negative state, and thereby uses it with greater facility than if it was left in its positive state. This may be called a partly abnormal state, not entirely abnormal, as many degrees of spirit control, many different phases, each one differing to suit the needs of the spirit who controls and the body which is controlled. Feb. 24.

Victoria Thomas.

Since it is your custom to receive the names, the earthly names, of the parties who visit here, in proof of their presence, I presume it is expected that I shall follow that custom, that I may be identified. (Certainly.) I have been told that in some of these cases it is almost impossible for me to be able to give what may be considered my true name. Perhaps it may be well for me to relate a few of the incidents of my earthly life, that I may by them be recognized. During that earthly life—which numbered only twenty-four years—I was called by four different surnames, for I was a slave, and on four different occasions I took the name of my master. I was born, so I have been told, in Tennessee. The name of my first master was Bennett—and I have been told that I was sold I bore his name. (Do you wish to give his first name?) Matthew. The name of my second master was Sparrowhawk. He was from Virginia. Silas was his first name. Again I changed my name. The name of my third master was Brown. He was from Maryland—Samuel C. Brown. The name of my fourth master was Thomas—William H. Thomas. Through my whole life I was suffered to retain my first name, which was Victoria. So you see it is hard enough to be able to decide what to call myself, ought to choose. Perhaps it should be the latter. I was a favorite with my last master. I was very strongly attached to his daughter, and she to me; and during her sickness—a very severe sickness which she had—there seemed to spring up between us a very strong sisterly love. She was very kind to me, but she was always telling me that I was very kind to her. And when she recovered, she insisted that her father should educate me, which he did. And she insisted that I should be free. I have been told that my freedom papers were all made out, but I know I never received them.

I was treated with great consideration till about the time that that great convention was held at Charleston. (You mean before the war, do you not?) I do. (The Democratic Convention.) Yes; where so many seeds of rebellion were sown—where many of our politicians declare the rebellion was hatched. I seemed impelled—though I knew my interests were involved in another direction—I seemed impelled to speak against it. My master was in the convention. He was one of the number; at any rate, he was largely interested in it. But I spoke against it, and when war was declared I prayed in my soul that the North might conquer. I thought it was right. I pitied those who had had masters and mistresses. I did not need freedom; I had all I wanted. I did not need that an Emancipation Proclamation should be issued, no, but I needed to be free. And therefore I felt in harmony with the war movement, because I thought that by it my people would be free. I have not been mistaken.

Well, I omitted to say that my master had a second wife, who was not the mother of this daughter I speak of. And when my master engaged in the war, and I foolishly expressed my opinion with regard to it, I was at once persecuted, and sold—sold for a field hand. I had never been one, was—well, I would meet America, but I did not. I was as white as the subject I now control. I had been liberally educated; I had received every kindness at the hands of my master, but his daughter was powerless to aid me after her father had entered the army. I was secretly sold, taken away, and a speedy death followed. It matters not now; I am not here to speak of that, but I am here to seek out Amelia, if I can, and manifest to her. She is still very dear to me, and I know her spirit calls loudly for me. I know she would hear from me, I know I should be welcome. I feel it, but I cannot get near her. 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