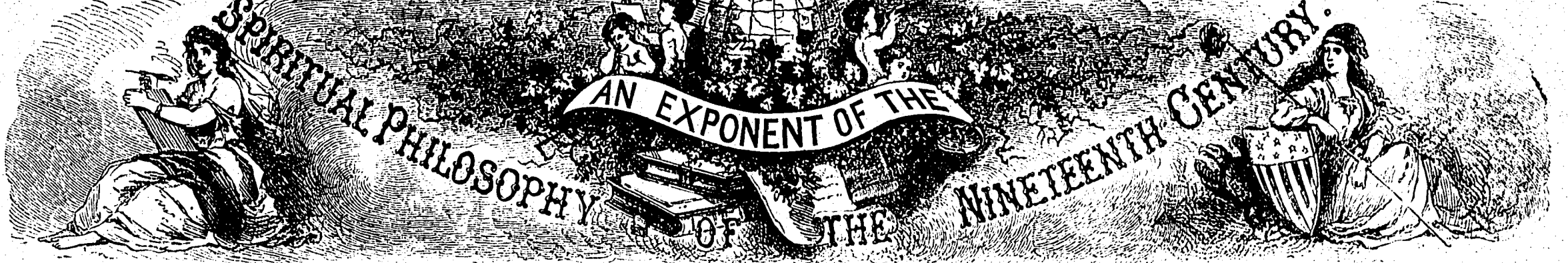


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.
MY LITTLE BOY.

BY JULIA M. FRIEND.

There's a dear little boy with flaxen hair,
Who plays about my door;
Such a darling little winsome thing—
Sure never lived before!
He prettily lisp his mamma's name,
As he sits on the steps at play—
Of tiny toys his little hands
Are full all the livelong day!
And I watch him, as he sits at play,
With a mother's love and pride;
But I sigh when I think of the years to come,
The future all untold!
And I pray that angels may guard my boy
In the years to come, as now,
That no trace of guilt be written on
That fair, unsullied brow.
At early dawn, ere the distant east
Is tinged with streaks of red,
A dear little form, all clothed in white,
Comes softly to my bed!
And the dimpled arms steal 'round my neck,
And the lips to mine are pressed,
And he nestles down, like a petted dove,
So closely to my breast.
When the shades of night draw darkly 'round,
He climbs upon my knee,
And says, in his winning baby voice,
"Please, mamma, sing to me!"
And I sing to my darling little boy,
The songs that he loves best,
While the white light drops o'er the dark, bright eyes,
And he gently sinks to rest.
He stirs—and a color soft and warm
Drifts into his rounded cheek;
He smiles in his sleep, and I think, perchance,
He hears the angels speak!
And I sometimes think, should they hear him away,
My heart would be at and dear,
And I pray that my Father will give him to me
While I am a pilgrim here!

Written for the Banner of Light.

LEIDA'S TRIAL.

BY ELIZA M. HICKOK.

CHAPTER VI.

Six months have passed since Lillian Davis went out so trustfully from her parents' guiding love to the unseen world of mysteries and shadows to mortals, but real and bright with living beauty to her.

The snows of winter have been piled high upon that little mound in the graveyard; but now the shrubs and flowers are taking root and budding into life, and the sun shines warm and bright upon the little spot, so often visited, so tastefully arranged. Time has softened the grief of the mourning parents. They no longer regard their darling Lilly as far off, but lingering lovingly near, and, their faith tells them, bright, beautiful and happy, even beyond the form so precious in earth-life.

Willard Norman has visited their home frequently during the winter. Ever welcome, his presence seems to cheer and lighten their hearts; and they have learned the value of his friendship. Soon he will come again, this time not to return alone, for Leida Stenway has promised to go with him as his bride. At his last visit he told her that when the sunny month of May came, bringing joy and beauty to earth, he would come to claim his chosen one, to walk henceforth by his side. And Leida had given the promise which was all of earthly happiness to him.

There will be a quiet wedding at the home which has so long been freely hers. Then she will go trustfully forth with him, away from friends and well-remembered scenes, to the distant city, to new scenes and stranger faces, yet never feeling alone or lonely with him she loves so fervently.

The morning of Leida's bridal dawned bright and clear. Willard had come down the day before; and with the glorious sunlight flooding earth, and bidding all Nature rejoice, together they passed out of the house for a morning walk. Only a little way on and they entered the village churchyard and stood by Lillian's grave. In silence they looked upon the spot where the dear little form had been laid, for some time, when Leida, raising her eyes, felt a strange and sudden thrill of pain at the expression of Willard's face. His brows were contracted, and sadness, oh, such deep, regretful sadness, spoke in every noble feature. His breath came short and quick, as though he struggled with himself to master some powerful emotion.

Leida laid a hand gently upon his arm, and standing close beside him, looked with earnest, questioning affection into his face. As his eyes met hers, they spoke a pleading love, a strong and deathless affection; and every lineament of his face softened as he clasped her closely, for an instant, with a passionate love which almost startled her. But a moment more and he was calm and lofty again, and retaining her hand in his, he said, in a low, sad tone:

"Forgive me, darling, for such abstraction in your dear presence. I have my somber moods, like every one, I suppose; but, Leida, when you are wholly mine, you will drive them all away, I know. You do not doubt my entire, undying love for you, Leida?"

"Never, Willard," she replied. "I have all confidence in your truth and goodness, as well as your affection for me."

And the strange shadow, which might have terribly darkened these two lives, was for the time banished from the rare happiness of the present. Then they spoke of Lilly, her pleasing, loving ways, and the lonely void her going had left, of the glorious home to which she had gone, where, some day, they would see her again.

Then, as the sun rose higher, and its brightness

grew more intense, they returned to the house, and the remainder of the day glided by like a happy dream.

At seven o'clock, the few invited friends assembled; the old minister, whom Leida had always loved and revered, came to give legal sanction to the love which had already so firmly united two hearts. He spoke to them, solemnly and impressively, of the duties of wedded life, though he realized, he said, that their own affection would be the best guide; and then offered a fervent petition to the Father of all, in their behalf.

Then friends congratulated, and saluted bride and groom, as usual on such occasions, and the evening passed happily to all.

The early morning train bore them on their way toward the city, where Willard Norman's business required his presence, and where Leida would be surrounded by every comfort which his wealth and affection could procure for her. She parted from the kind friends, who seemed like parents to her, with their heartfelt wishes for her happiness, and with a promise to visit them soon and often, for they would sadly miss her presence, now that they would be so entirely alone. But it was only right that she should go with the chosen of her young heart, whom they hoped and trusted would cherish her tenderly ever as now. They were not going directly home, however, for they would pass through the city where Willard's friend Clifton resided, and it was their intention to make a brief stop at his house.

Willard had met with him about four months previous, when Clifton had called at his place of business, and in their conversation, speaking of their last meeting, of Willard's being left, &c., the latter frankly told his friend of the singular consequence of his being a few moments "too late." He spoke of Leida with such tenderness and reverence, that warm-hearted, whole-souled Edward Clifton grasped his hand impulsively, saying:

"Thank God! Willard, you have at last found a noble woman worthy of you, for such she must be or you would not have loved her. I had feared you would never be so fortunate with your peculiar ideas of female goodness."

"Well, Ned, in truth I never thought to find a being of such lofty mind, such grand, truthful ideas, withal so gentle, so affectionate, and who would bestow on me this love beyond all price. I believe Fate or some good angel directed me to her side, for I am sure in society I should never have found, and won to myself, her equal."

And when the two friends parted, Clifton had obtained the other's promise to visit him when he should return from Leida's home with his bride. They had corresponded since, and Clifton was informed of his friend's marriage at the appointed time. So they would be expected.

They reached the city about noon, and after taking refreshment and rest, Willard procured a carriage to take them to Clifton's residence.

It was a very neat brick house, in a quiet part of the city, so far from the noise and bustle of business that one could rest and enjoy the quiet, which seemed almost like a country village.

A most cordial welcome awaited them from Clifton, who greeted Leida with such frank courtesy that she understood his kind heart, at once, then introduced his pretty, ladylike wife, whose welcome was just as kind and cordial as his own.

A fairly little creature, about three years old, soon entered the room. Leida thought at once of Lilly, and looked sadly and earnestly at the child, who slowly advanced till she stood by the lady's side, and raised a pair of dark blue eyes to her face with such an innocent, confiding look, that Leida passed an arm about her tiny waist, and drawing her nearer, kissed her sweet, rosy lips again and again.

The mother's heart was won by this little act, which was not of custom, but of affection; and from that moment Leida Norman had no warmer friend than Carrie Clifton. They would never more be strangers, for who loved "little Ella" would be kindly thought of by her fond parents. Mrs. Clifton had seen tears start in the eyes of the stately lady, whom she thought, at first sight, too cold and dignified, and knew that she possessed a kind, sympathetic heart. And as they became better acquainted by conversation, between these two a lasting friendship was formed, for each had found a congenial companion.

The stay of the newly-wedded pair was necessarily brief; and after a few hours spent in most agreeable conversation, they all sat down to a tea-table which certainly justified Edward Clifton's praises of his "Carrie"; and his guests agreed that she was an excellent housekeeper, as well as a most agreeable companion.

It was but a short walk to the steamer which would convey them to the city where Leida was to find her new home; and as the evening was fine, they all walked together to the boat. There the friends parted, mutually pleased, and promising a frequent exchange of visits.

As Edward Clifton and his wife walked homeward, they spoke of the singular manner of Willard's acquaintance with his bride, and agreed that it must have been a good fate which directed these two, so evidently adapted to each other; and, with friendly, unselfish hearts, predicted a happy, cloudless future for them. But here, at the threshold of their own home, we must leave them, to follow yet a little further the fortunes of Willard and Leida Norman.

A dull, cloudy morning heralded their arrival in the great, busy city; but the cheerful and comfortable apartments to which Willard conducted his young bride, would have seemed proof against discontent or homesickness, aside from the more important fact that, to her, Willard's presence alone would brighten and make home of any spot on earth. The rooms were at once tasteful and elegant. Every article bespoke his great love for her—his thoughtful tenderness and regard for her comfort. And as he stood silently regarding her enjoyment of the beauties which wealth and art united can bestow, he turned from costly book and elegant picture to the noble-looking husband

whom her heart worshiped, and read in his soulful eyes such a deep, earnest love, that she advanced quickly to his side and whispered, "Willard, dearest, may God help me to be worthy of your devotion." Then, while his heart seemed too full for speech, he held her in a close embrace, and thought, though she knew it not then, that a life's devotion could not compensate for the precious gift she had bestowed upon him. And in that hour of silent sympathy of soul, the pure joy attributed to heaven was theirs. No matter that they stood on earth, with everything material about them, with the knowledge of all earth's misery and discord, they asked no higher happiness, no other heaven. And here we might gladly leave them, while everything promises earthly bliss for them. But who that knows of life's joys and sorrows could imagine their future to be unclouded sunshine?

Leida Norman is happy in the present. She is content to live for him she loves; but not far in the future a mighty test of her love will rouse every dormant thought and power, and startle into being grand, eloquent ideas, now slumbering in her soul. And as it is with this we have to do, a trial which some may understand, we pass lightly over those summer weeks of such complete and perfect happiness, and again in the early autumn we visit Leida Norman.

By the open window of her pleasant, airy room, she sits looking out upon the beautiful scenery which surrounds her on the morning of one of September's loveliest days. The place is a quiet country residence, a few miles out of the city; for Willard, ever mindful of her comfort, had proposed her boarding, for a few weeks of the summer season, with a widow lady of his acquaintance, where she could enjoy the pure country air. No shadow rests on her brow this morning, as she thinks of her kind, devoted husband, who has just left her to go into the city—only an hour's ride, and he comes out every evening. And Willard is just as loving, as noble and good as ever. The morning is so clear and bright, Leida thinks she will walk down to the post-office. Perhaps a letter from some distant friend may await her there; and with happy thoughts, bringing sunshine to her face, she was soon arrayed for the walk.

The pleasant-looking gentleman behind the counter looked up at the sound of the voice, and immediately sought for the name she gave.

"No letter, madam, for Mrs. Willard Norman; but here is one for Mr. Willard Norman. All the same, perhaps," he continued, smiling.

And Leida took that letter with the strangest feeling she had ever experienced, and passed out of the office. That letter! She seemed to feel a dim foreboding of the great woe, the sudden anguish it would bring her, in the dull weight of gloom which seemed to fall upon her when she first looked upon it, in the strange pain at her heart which she could not understand. It had been first addressed to a gentleman in a distant part of the State; he never receiving it, it had been remailed to the writer, who was none other than Willard Norman. Leida, feeling like one in a dream, soon reached her boarding-place; and, gaining, unobserved, her own room, sat down to look again at the superscription. Should she read its contents? It seemed as though she could not resist the power which bade her do so—as though she paused at the brink of an unknown woe and felt that something terrible was just before her, from which her own hand could not drive the veil or leave it yet a little longer. But above all was the feeling that she must know; and with these strange, conflicting emotions, she broke the seal. It would almost seem that her destiny lay in these silent little messengers of good or evil.

CHAPTER VII.

The letter was brief, but, as Leida read, a change sad to behold came over her. A deathly whiteness came to lip and cheek; a strange wildness gathered in her eyes. It seemed as if she were changing to stone or ice, so motionless she sat, so cold she looked, with her gaze fixed upon the sheet before her. What has caused such a dumb agony to take possession of her? That dear, familiar hand-writing, which cannot be mistaken—what can be its import, that Leida clasps a hand upon her heart and looks upward with a gasping breath, but sheds no tear? Only that stricken look to tell that the arrow has gone deep.

That letter, so brief but startling, had been written by Willard Norman to a very intimate friend, who knew his early history, and from if she learned what seemed impossible to believe—that another had claimed the position she now occupied; another had stood by Willard's side as his bride; another had received the love and devotion he had given her? No; even then, in the tumultuous feelings which came surging over her soul, she could not think that, for the letter, spoke in language almost fierce in its bitterness, of that being who had made his life so dark till now; of that reckless folly of that hasty marriage of his youth, so soon and bitterly repented of. It seemed to have been written in a moment of despondency, almost of despair, and not long before his marriage with Leida. It said, "True, I know that I am free from those hateful bonds by law, but what her intentions may be I know not. Oh, Henry, dare I hope that life has somewhere in the future a little brightness for me or am I doomed to banishment from all earthly happiness?"

And this letter had never been answered, because it had never been received. And if he thus feared and doubted, how had he dared to marry her? If he had been certain of his entire freedom why had he written this questioning letter? Perhaps—oh, heaven, the thought would madden her, with her proud, sensitive nature! but it seemed possible then—that she had no rightful claim to the name she had so gladly, proudly accepted. Oh, could such terrible deception exist, and heaven still smile on earth? And amid the chaos of her mind, one thought seemed to take possession

of Leida—that she had no right to him; that suddenly between them a terrible barrier had arisen, and that she must see him immediately.

Then she rose and walked the floor, striving for a calmness sufficient to go down and, excuse her sudden departure to the kind old lady with whom she boarded. And it was wonderful to see the self-control she brought to her aid. It was sad to see the sternness settle around the firm mouth, the unspoken sadness deepen in the dark, tearless eyes. And when she had gained outward composure enough to take a hurried leave, she slowly descended the broad stairway, so changed from the happy Leida who ran lightly down but two hours ago! and how thankful she felt that no one had noticed her coming in, or known of her receiving a letter, for she would bear a grief like this wholly and entirely alone.

Mrs. Ray started at seeing Leida dressed and veiled for going out, and was urgent in her invitation to wait for a "cup of tea and piece of pie, if nothing more, it was so near the dinner hour." But Leida forced herself to smile, even, and to speak in her accustomed pleasant tone; and so, telling her that she "really wished for nothing," "wanted to be in time for the train," "would dine in the city," &c., bade the kind lady good-by and soon reached the station.

Veiled and silent, she looked from the window as the rushing train bore her swiftly onward, that faithful letter securely locked in her reticule, her heart beating painfully with the tumultuous thoughts raging there. How the sunlight seemed to mock her! How bright all Nature looked, how peaceful in the glowing tints and calm repose of autumn. And how she wished a tempest raged on earth instead, so much better it would accord with her own feelings!

Leaving the train, as it stopped, she went directly to Willard's place of business, and requested to see him. He quickly answered the summons, smiling as he recognized his best loved one, and advanced to meet her, but stopped at sight of the changed Leida who stood before him, and started back at a look in her eyes such as he had never seen, and which he might well pray never to see again. She only said, "I must see you alone, Willard," and silently, feeling that a terrible shadow had fallen on them, he took his hat, and, passing from the store, conducted her to a hotel near by, where he called for a room, and, having reached it, closed the door and then stood silently regarding Leida with a pale, anxious face, whose deep sadness made her heart ache.

She handed him the letter with a beseeching look and tone, saying, "Only tell me that you did not write it, Willard," for this thought among others had come to her, and she caught at it eagerly, even while her own impressions told her it was an illusion. Then she seated herself upon a sofa and covered her pallid face with her hands, for she could not look at him.

The silence of the room seemed like death—the death of all her hopes, her happiness on earth. But she could not sit quietly there, with her torturing thoughts, and when she raised her eyes Willard sat with bowed head, his face partially hidden. But the swollen veins in his forehead told something of his mental suffering. Had any other grief so bowed that proud, handsome head and shook that strong frame, how gladly, quickly she would have stood by his side with gentle words and tender caresses, striving to banish it from his presence. But now there seemed a gulf between them, over which she could not pass. At length, as he looked up at her, standing erect and cold, nothing like the gentle bride he had won, she spoke:

"Tell me, Willard, why did you deceive me?"

"God only knows!" was the reply. "Leida, had I told you all, would you then have been my wife?"

"Never!" she exclaimed, with stern, flashing eyes, all her proud soul aroused; "never would I have consented to take the place another had occupied—to be second in any heart's affections where I had given my first, best love; though my heart had broken in twain at the separation, I would not have been your wife!"

"Oh God!" he groaned, "have I sinned so deeply that I merit this? But stay! Leida, think what you will of me; but know this: that you are not second in my affections. Believe this: you must! Before heaven, I swear it! I spoke truly when I said I never loved her; you are first, you shall be last and only in my heart!"

She did not speak, and he continued: "I will not ask you to forgive—you feel outraged and injured, I know; but when I have told you all, I think your kind heart will pity. Oh Leida! why did I not tell you? Why did I ever come to disturb your quiet life? How many times I tried, determined that I would tell you all my life; but something ever sealed my lips. A power, not of myself, forbade the utterance of those words which would have separated us forever. How many times I called myself a miserable coward—that I did not tell you this! Oh! I thought I could not give you up; you inspired me with such a love as comes but once to mortals. And alas for your happiness, I knew you were not indifferent to me! Could I only bear the double anguish, and spare you! But I cannot—I could not! Had I but told you, in the first hour of meeting! A power we know not of led us on to this meeting, which neither dreamed of when those first letters were written! Then what could I do? I knew not, so allowed myself to be borne along by the tide of events. When you are ready to hear, I will tell you of that one false step in early life."

"I cannot bear it now," Leida said, while her eyelids drooped wearily on her pale cheeks. "I must think alone. Only tell me why you wrote that letter, if you felt assured of your freedom."

"I wrote on a mad, hasty impulse, when I was nearly distracted by thinking of my dreary past—of the future, and feeling that I ought to tell you, yet could not. It was a useless letter. I have since learned that she of whom I spoke has been for nearly three years married, and resides

in a far distant State. But I will go away now," he continued sadly. "Oh, Leida! Must I leave you, when you are suffering so much, feeling that my presence is so hateful, that it must be banished?"

"You cannot be hateful to me, Willard; but I must endure this conflict alone, while I endeavor to decide aright."

Then he went out, and Leida threw herself upon a lounge; all her strange calmness gave way, and, moaning in her anguish, she pressed her hands hard upon her aching brow, but could not weep, though her head seemed bound by torturing bands, which tightened every moment.

And as she lay thus, striving to think, fearing that her senses were leaving her, she felt a tiny hand rest softly and lightly upon her throbbing brow—a voice she heard—low, but distinct, say, gently, "Dear Leida!"

"Oh Lilly! darling Lilly! Have you, indeed, come to me?" And then a flood of tears relieved her overcharged heart. "Oh, I have always hoped this blessed faith was true, yet feared and doubted. Now I know. And my mother—are you, too, looking upon your suffering child? Oh, tell me! Can this trial ever prove aught but a bitter remembrance, a lifelong sorrow to me—to him, from whom I cannot tear my heart, even now?"

Then such a soothing, calming influence came all about her, that earthly passions and discord seemed far below. Invisible hands brushed away the pain, and cleared the mists from her brow. Unseen forms were all about her. She did not see them then, but no more doubted their presence than she would doubt that the bright sun shone when she felt its rays.

And this was Willard's faith—this sublime teaching which had reached down, and brought light and comfort in the midst of her bitter woe. Oh! but in that hour of agony and conflict Leida Norman sounded unknown depths in her own soul, and gained glorious heights never dreamed of in fancy's wildest flight. From that fierce struggle to conquer self, and every selfish thought, arose a noble woman, stronger for the suffering, wiser for the experience, with a grand power of thought, and a mind ready to receive the divine teachings of the immortals.

But do not think this victory was gained at once. Very far from it. There were more dark, sad hours, known only to herself, and the unseen ones who guided her. There were many conflicts yet, there were fearful, sleepless nights, and lonely, weary days; there were bitter pangs to overcome, and rebellious thoughts to subdue, and deep and long the shadow rested on her soul.

Her husband intruded not his presence, till a little note reached him, saying, simply, "Come, Willard." Then he came, and Leida saw in his changed looks what the suspense had been to him. And by the sorrowful pang this caused her, by the sudden joy that thrilled her as his hand clasped hers, she knew that her love for him was deathless—was a mightier power than pride or selfishness—for it had conquered all.

And Willard told her all the past—of that wrong and hasty marriage (nearly ten years before, for he was scarce twenty-one at the time), proposed and urged on by a managing mother, sanctioned by no higher power than law of man and prayer of priest—a wretched mockery in Heaven's sight—a farce which made husband and wife only in name. "I never loved her," he said, "but had she loved me, as I was made to believe, I would have borne with her uncultivated nature; I would have tried to be patient with the many ways which annoyed me. But taunts, and slights, and careless jealousy, I would not bear. It was only a little while this miserable way of living continued, for I left her, and she gladly accepted her freedom. As time passed on, a divorce was granted, and I was free again; but I never thought to marry. I traveled much, and engaged extensively in business. None know my history here, and my friends often wondered why I did not marry. But oh, Leida! you were such a glorious contrast! I could not help loving you with my whole heart and soul. And, dearest one, there may come a time when we shall understand why a power ever sealed my lips upon that subject!"

Then he recounted every time when he had resolved to tell her, and trust all to her love; and Leida remembered many instances, little thought of then, but all accounted for now. Once he had written that when he came he had something of importance to tell her, but in the joy of his presence she had forgotten it.

But words fail to tell all the varied emotions and conflicting feelings which Leida experienced. Some hearts may understand, and some may know the nature of the trial so severe to her.

We only know that as she advanced in the new light which gladdened her daily life, her trial faded like a dream, till its remembrance brought no bitter pang. With both, it was a buried subject.

And when Leida Norman stood before the friends of her youth, the inspired speaker, whose rare eloquence enchaind the attention and thrilled the hearts of her hearers, none ever guessed what had awakened and called forth those grand powers, before dormant and unknown.

Good Mr. and Mrs. Davis, who so loved Willard Norman, and blessed the hour when his coming had brought light to their darkness, and shown them a glimpse of a better faith to alleviate their sorrow—never knew of Leida's trial, but rejoiced that she was happy and blessed with a noble, devoted husband, who fully appreciated her worth.

Between these two hearts, so firmly united, so perfectly one in thought and feeling, it rests a silent secret, its presence never disturbing the calmness of their lives. But if perfect harmony of thought, if mutual love, tried and purified, can give to mortals earthly bliss, then Willard and Leida Norman are happy.

The Lecture Room.

"There is a Natural Body and there is a Spiritual Body."

PAUL'S DECLARATION HARMONIZED WITH THE
ARTS OF SCIENCE AND THE FACTS OF
SPIRITUALISM.

A LECTURE BY THOMAS GALES FORSTER,
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Jan. 30th, 1870.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

One of the most advanced seers of the present century has truthfully said that there is no division between science, philosophy, metaphysics and religion; for the first is the rudiment and basis of the second; the second illustrates the first, and typifies the third; the third unites with the second and flows spontaneously into the fourth; the fourth pervades and comprehends them all, and flows as spontaneously to a still higher degree of knowledge and perfection.

In the latter clause of the forty-fourth verse of the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, Paul has declared: "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." Mark: not that there *will be*, at some future day, but that there *is* a spiritual body. Spiritualism affirms that its phenomena have demonstrated the actual existence of a spiritual body; not a mere gauzy, dreamy child of poetic imagery, but an absolute, positive, individualized, objective reality. My object this afternoon is to harmonize this declaration of Paul, and this affirmation of Spiritualism, with the truths of science. And permit me, my friends, to ask from your courtesy a kind and close attention, because from the very nature of the line of my argument, it will be necessary that you should become somewhat interested in my premises, in order that you may reach the conclusion at which I aim.

It is a self-evident proposition, that all the objects by which you are surrounded in nature, and all the various changes which are observable therein, whether visible to the naked eye, or perceived through the aid of the telescope, are attributable to the two principles, matter and force. By matter, of course, is understood the substratum of that which affects the senses. By force is understood the power which produces the various changes that you observe in the former. It is equally self-evident that you cannot imagine a force, without at the same time conceiving of some substance against which it is exerted. Hence the two ideas, matter and force, are co-existent in the mind; and learned men tell you that upon a clear and definite conception of them depends that precise relation of the phenomena denominated science. It is true that the essence of force and matter is unknown to science, yet learned men, by studying the laws by which they are governed, have adopted a constitution of matter which has enabled them to generalize many important facts among the most important of which is the Atomic Theory.

According to this theory, in its widest conception, the whole universe, you are told, is occupied by atoms inconceivably minute, hard and unchangeable, which are separated from each other by the laws of attraction and repulsion. These atoms constitute the matter of the material universe; and their attractions and repulsions constitute the forces by which they are actuated, and to which is referable all the power and energy that you observe in the changes to which matter is subjected.

Science tells you further that these atoms form a plenum throughout all space, constituting what is called the ethereal medium, in which, at wide distances from each other, are large isolated bodies of grosser matter, such as compose the earth on which you live, the planets, the sun and the stars. The larger bodies are composed of atoms of another order, or groups of atoms, with spaces between them, wide in comparison to the size of the atoms; the space between being pervaded by the finer atoms of the ethereal medium. According to this theory, these isolated bodies of grosser matter act upon each other by means of the force of gravitation, and also by tremors and vibrations in the ethereal medium, radiating in every direction from each body as a centre.

Scientific men ascribe to the ethereal medium the same constitution as that possessed by grosser matter, to wit: that it consists of inert atoms at great distances from each other, relative to their own size, and each kept in position by attracting and repelling forces. Through this ethereal medium science tells you also, impulses or minute vibrations are transmitted from planet to planet, from system to system; and that these vibrations or agitations constitute light, heat and other emanations you receive from the sun. Or, in other words, the solar emanations are not, matter, but motion communicated from atom to atom, beginning at the luminous body and diffused in widening spherical surfaces, enlarging in size and diminishing in intensity, to the furthest portion of conceivable space.

From these facts, and others, which need not now be adverted to, Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, announces it as the general conclusion of science, that all the different physical energies, whether that which is called chemical action, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, muscular motion or mechanical power, are all referable to the disturbance of the equilibrium of the atoms of this ethereal medium; and that its subsequent restoration is due to their attractions and repulsions; and further, that all these varied energies are, in one sense, convertible—one into the other; or, in other words, the force generated in the restoration of the equilibrium in one case is sufficient to disturb it, though in different form, perhaps, in another.

Based upon this generalization of Prof. Henry, Prof. Loomis, of the District of Columbia, in 1862, announced that this ethereal medium not only penetrated and permeated all the interior spaces of the grosser atoms of matter, but that it should be regarded as a constituent element of all ponderable bodies, and subject to the same laws that are commonly restricted to gross matter. If this assumption of Prof. Loomis be true, (and it evidently is,) do you not perceive that what you have been accustomed to call analyses are only such in part? and that, as he says, the entire formulæ of chemistry will have to be re-cast? Bear this point in mind, for I shall return to it again before I conclude.

Spiritualism, you are aware, has long since affirmed that the matter composing this universe, of which your world constitutes a part, has ever had an existence in some form or other; and that it would be as absurd to speak of a God without a world as it is to speak of a world without a God. In confirmation of this declaration of the spiritual school, the distinguished Prof. Joseph Le Conte, in 1859, said, in effect, that matter, though constantly changing its form, is still, in and of itself, indestructible; and that the same amount of matter has ever had an existence in the universe. And so also with force: that it is incapable of increase or diminution, and that the same absolute

amount of force exists in the universe at all times and forever. The mutual convertibility of the various forms of force, science terms "conservation of forces," and the invariability of the absolute amount of force, amid constant change, is called "conservation of force." This principle of the correlation and conservation of force is decided to be one of the grandest generalizations of science, looked upon as almost axiomatic, and a legitimate basis for a rational deduction.

The same distinguished authority enumerates four planes of material existence, which are regarded as being raised one above the other. The first and lowest is termed the plane of elementary existence; the second the plane of chemical compounds, or mineral kingdom; the third the plane of vegetable existence; and the fourth the plane of animal existence. He states further, that it is impossible for any known force in nature to raise matter through all these grades at once; but that, on the contrary, there is a special force for the elevation of matter from each plane to the plane above. That it is the special function, for instance, of chemical affinity to raise matter from plane No. 1 to plane No. 2; and that all the changes which take place upon plane No. 2, by the mutual reaction of bodies situated on that plane, are under the guidance and control of this force. And that thus, after matter is raised from the elementary to the mineral condition, it requires an additional force of another and peculiar kind, to raise it into the vegetable kingdom; and, again, another accession of force to raise it into the animal kingdom—a greater and greater expenditure of force being required to maintain matter upon each successive plane. Hence it is the declaration of science that "any amount of matter, returning to a lower plane by decomposition, must set free or develop a force which may, under favorable circumstances, raise other matter from a lower to a higher condition."

Le Conte also says that, in the same manner as matter may be arranged in several distinct and gradual kingdoms, so the forces of Nature may also be divided into distinct groups, arranged in a similar manner, one above another. These are the physical, the chemical and the vital forces. And as in the case of matter, so also in the case of force; it is impossible to pass directly from the lowest to the highest group without passing through the intermediate group.

As I proceed in the line of my argument, let it be remembered that science declares, as I have quoted, that any amount of matter returning from a higher to a lower plane, through what is called death and decomposition, *liberates or develops a force* capable of raising other matter from a lower to a higher condition. Probably my entire audience is aware that the spiritual idea of a universally operative law of progress, in the realm of matter as well as of mind, has been more or less promulgated for a quarter of a century; that, in lieu of the special creation of the song of Moses, attached to Genesis, the Spiritual Philosophy, in association with the divine science of geology, has long since declared the formation of the earth to have been after the order of sub-position—first, the non-stratified rock; secondly, the non-fossiliferous stratified rock; and thirdly, the fossiliferous stratified rock; that man was the ultimate in the design of earthly formations, and that the earth and all intermediate existences upon it were wrought into being, because necessary to that end; and hence, that each general change wrought upon the original condition of the earth, must have been for the better, and forward in the direction of the ultimate design.

Spiritualism in this connection has inculcated the continuous progress of the *Primitives*—the sixty-four elements, which science assumes constitute the primary bases of all matter; and that upon their development and organic association depends the relative degree of progress which attaches to all the different forms that make up the various kingdoms which constitute the splendid macrocosm of the universe; that, through the agency of life, death, decay and decomposition, these primaries have been continuously progressing from lower to higher forms throughout unappreciable ages—each successive manifestation of growth, decay and death, projecting them forward into higher capabilities of organic life; or as science asserts, setting free a force capable of raising the constituent properties from a lower to a higher plane. Thus, as science succeeds in the scale of material conformation, we find not only an increased degree of organic development, but likewise an increased number of the primaries aggregated together, as one of the primal causes of this advanced growth. After the elevation of matter above the plane of mineral compounds, when these elements are all found in a relatively undeveloped state, analysis shows that consecutive conditions of growth and decay have progressed some fourteen of the number to a more elevated plane, which in their aggregation constitutes the higher forms of vegetable life. These in their turn, with others, under the influences of higher forces, impelled by the same great law of organic progress, eventually evolve still higher forms of life, as seen in the lower degrees of animal structure—and these, by the same law, succeeded by still higher forms, culminating in the association of some thirty-five of the original primaries, in a still more advanced condition than they are found to be in the kingdom below. Finally the organism of the human succeeds, containing fifty-seven of the original sixty-four primaries, in a still more advanced condition, as the result of the same great law, existing as the harmonious methods through which the forces of Nature act—the forces of Nature themselves acting—as is evinced in the continuous evidences of adaptation and design—as the exponents of the will of some Almighty Architect.

Man, then, as a physical being, both science and philosophy agree in designating as the ultimate of matter in the sphere of conformation—an organism, in the production of which, through the operation of the law of progress, the entire realm of matter has been brought into exercise; and for the sustenance and well being of which all Nature yields up uncomplainingly the resources of her inexhaustible storehouse. Standing thus, upon the apex of the outer world, as the creature of the law of progress—the inference is legitimate, reasoning by analogy, that if there is aught within this form that appropriately connects itself with a still higher plane of existence than belongs to the more animal man, that principle, whatever it may be, must likewise continue the creature of the same great law of progress that has thus far been shaping his surroundings and his destiny. Thus, Spiritualism, in addition to the testimony of its phenomena, is warranted in deducing the hypothesis that the law of progress extends across the grave; and that, if man lives at all in the future, he must still continue the creature of this law, along the brightening pathway of still increasing beatitudes.

But again, in connection with the idea of science that the decomposition of matter generates a force capable of raising the same from a lower to a higher plane, or—as Spiritualism expresses it—the progress of the *Primitives*—Isomerism has, thus far, presented almost if not entirely insuperable

difficulties to the scientist. Isomeric compounds consist of the same elements in precisely the same proportions, but with different properties or qualities! Chemistry fails to account for this difference in compounds, which contain the same ingredients in like proportions.

Your good brother, Prof. Mapes, some years before his departure for his garrison in the skies, aided, I believe, by that beautifully and logically attuned instrument of brighter minds above you, (CORA L. V. TAPPAN,) threw considerable light upon this subject, in an article which he gave to the world. He truthfully states that, "the fresh debris of the rock at the mountain-side is incapable of producing the higher class of vegetable growth. The double rose cannot be sustained in such a soil, while the single rose, taken from a primitive soil and carried to the older soil of the garden, may be gradually improved to the double rose; and simply because the inorganic constituents of the garden soil have been in organic life many times, and have thus been rendered fit paladium for the new comer." Another fact given by Prof. Mapes, in this connection, is exceedingly striking, and clearly illustrative of my proposition as to the growth of the *Primitives*. For more than a century, (he states,) a medicine has been manufactured in London, known as "James's Powders." For a long time its composition was a secret. The medicine, however, was in general use, and large quantities were annually sent to the East Indies by the East India Company, for the use of its medical department. It was very effective in the treatment of fever, and its action always found to be uniform. The Messrs. James, the original discoverers of this medicine, died, and their successors of the same name, from philanthropic motives, made known the composition; and the recipe for its manufacture found its way into the Pharmacopoeia. It was said to be composed of phosphate of lime and oxyd of antimony, in certain relative proportions, which were stated. James's Powders were soon manufactured by others, as well as by the immediate successors of the original discoverers. The East India Company advertised for proposals to furnish them with medicines, among which was a large quantity of James's Powders. Another manufacturer named a lower price for this article than that named by the Messrs. James. It was furnished and sent out; but the medical department reported that it failed entirely to produce the usual results. The company refused to pay the bill, and a suit ensued. Many of the first chemists, including one of the Messrs. James, made analyses of this article, and gave evidence that it was the same composition as that made by the Messrs. James. It appeared, however, in evidence that the new manufacturers had calcined the phosphate of lime rock, and then combined it with the antimony as directed; whilst the Messrs. James made their medicine by calcining the bones of oxen, and mixing the phosphate so obtained with oxyd of antimony. Every chemist, Mr. James included, stated there could be no difference in the effect of these two medicines. The company, however, sent out a new quantity manufactured by the Messrs. James, and unlike that made from the rock, it was found to be efficient. Thus, adds the Professor, it is clear that men, like plants, can only assimilate, during the process of digestion, *such primaries as are sufficiently progressed* for their use.

Again, Leibig states that the essential oils of Juniper, Rosemary, Turpentine, Copaliba, and the essence of Lemon, are the same in elements and proportions; and yet they differ widely in taste, odor, medicinal qualities, boiling point and specific gravity! Chemistry falls satisfactorily to account for this anomalous condition. True, it is said that "these remarkable facts can only be accounted for by the different groupings of the atoms." But this declaration does not rest upon any known facts that there is such a peculiarity of groupings, or upon any analogies elsewhere in chemistry; for the best informed chemists say the analogies are uniformly against it. In this connection, Prof. Loomis, noting that "boiling-point" is one of the specific differences instanced as existing between the oils referred to, decides that this fact is to be referred to some essential constitutional difference in the amount of *etheria*, as a constituent element of each. And upon this hypothesis Le rightly bases the assumption, that science will be necessitated to choose between these two conclusions—to set aside a well-established law of chemical condition, and adopt a hypothesis without warrant of fact and against analogy—or, to adopt his peculiar view before adverted to, of making "the Atomic Theory" universal over the imponderable alike with the ponderable material—thus affording a full and satisfactory exposition of Isomerism, restoring the law of chemical condition, and making science harmonious." Thus, if it be true, as declared by science, that whenever any amount of matter returns to a lower plane through decomposition, a force is inevitably set free, capable of raising matter from a lower to a higher condition—then, the conclusion is unavoidable, that the inculcations of Spiritualism, so unwarrantably assailed by both the pulpit and the press, in regard to the progress of the atoms, and likewise in regard to the agency of death and decomposition in the process, are measurably sustained, at least! The declaration of science is, that the physical energies by which all the changes of matter are effected, are referable to the agitation or vibration of the atoms of the ethereal medium—that this ethereal medium is a constituent element of all grosser matter—and that, by the decomposition of grosser matter, the force necessary to higher development is engendered. In harmony with which, Spiritualism has long since declared death and decomposition to be the agencies, under the Divine Will, for the progress of the *Primitives*, and consequent successive degrees of development throughout the entire realm of matter—from the earliest and lowest organisms in the sphere of conformation, to the last and highest earthly development—the beautiful and wonderful organism of man!

But, as before intimated, Spiritualism extends this thought of the effective agency of death in the Divine economy still further. Ay, sustained by its phenomena, its assumptions reach beyond the conditions of time, and reasoning from analogy, opens up a glorious truth for humanity. As death has been the agent of growth and development amid these lower conditions—so, when the scenes of time shall end, and man through what is termed death shall be called to leave earth's chilling winds and gloomy tides, as an immortal entity he is still to continue the child of progress. Hence, death is not the enemy of mankind it has been represented to be. The ills and errors, the sorrow, pain and sickness of time, terminating in the death of the body, are but incidental conditions under the law of continuous progress—means to an end! To the philosophic Spiritualist, death stands no longer, as Theology represents, a cold, unsympathizing monster, upon the threshold of Eternity ready to enfold in his bony arms the children of time; but is the rather to be esteemed as the pale messenger of a common Father's love, hovering above the parterres of earth, seeking to gather the violets therefrom

that he may transplant them amid the flowerets of heaven.

Death, so long thought to be cold and so dark,
Is but the bright harbor where enters the bark
Of humanity's soul as it seeks for repose,
When the voyage of life has come to a close.

Ay! to the honest and earnest Spiritualist, truly, "death is but a kind and welcome servant, who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door, to show us those we love."

Again, this fact of the existence of the a-etherial atoms as elemental constituents of every ponderable body, underlies a great truth in physical science—not yet wholly recognized, however—from which I seek to draw an important conclusion. This conclusion is the point toward which my remarks are tending, as confirmatory of my assumption in the commencement, that the truths of science are in harmony with the declaration of Paul, that "there is a spiritual body." It is well known that the existence of "animal heat" in the human system has given rise to numerous theories and speculations as to its origin. No one of these theories, however, it is alleged, has proven entirely satisfactory. The most generally received opinion is, that the greater portion of material consumed by man (about a ton and a half each year) becomes oxygenized or burnt; and that during this process, which takes place in every portion of the system, heat is evolved—hidden or latent heat becomes tangible heat. Upon this point, the distinguished Professor of Chemistry to whom I am so much indebted for conceptions in regard to this matter, pronounces this assumed explanation as far from definite; in fact, as containing no idea of the process it claims to elucidate. This indefiniteness, however, he declares, disappears the moment a-etheria is introduced as a constituent element, rendering the process decidedly more clear to the mind. As before shown, all grosser matter becomes refined and elevated in the general scale of existence by each accession of the more refined element as a constituent property—thus passing, under the operation of forces engendered as before explained, from the mineral kingdom to the vegetable, from the vegetable to the animal, and from the animal through successive stages to the highest and most refined organism of the human. Heat, it will be recollected, is simply a-etheria in a state of intense vibration. The moment these atoms combine with any other substance their vibrations are said to cease, and of course, the heat engendered for the time, likewise ceases. Thus, upon this fact, that when any amount of material is broken up from any cause, a-etheria is liberated in an intensely vibrating condition, or, as heat, Prof. Loomis bases the declaration that "we receive a-etheria into the system in the food, in a quiescent, combined state, as an elemental constituent of the food; but as assimilation or nutrition takes place this food is broken up, a small part being used to build up the system, but by far the larger portion is eliminated in its more stable form, as carbonic acid, water, &c., thus liberating a-etheria in every point of the system in its intensely vibrating condition; or in other words producing animal heat."

This assumption being entirely legitimate, based, as it is, upon the scientific facts before enumerated, the question naturally arises, What becomes of the liberated atoms of a-etheria which engender the heat of the body, as the quantity is being constantly increased by the additional portions of food daily introduced into the system? As additional supplies of material are being constantly broken up by the processes referred to, what prevents a too great accumulation of a-etheria, or an undue amount of animal heat? The particles of grosser matter, we are told, are disposed of by assimilation, nutrition and digestion, and through these processes in healthy operation, the physical body is built up and sustained. In addition to the production of the successive quantities of animal heat incidental to their liberation from the grosser particles, what are the assigned duties of these more refined elements, which have been, of course, advancing in the ratio of the grosser particles with which they have thus far been associated? Is there any law, through the operation of which we may be enabled to satisfactorily answer these interrogatories? Let us see.

As repeatedly stated, heat is simply the particles of a-etheria in a state of intense vibration. The heat diminishes as the vibration ceases. But what becomes of these particles in the human body, as their heat-engendering activity departs? The law that gives the solution to all established chemical changes, if applied, will likewise give the solution in this case. Science tells you that oxygen, when brought into contact with certain substances, disappears—becomes latent; and you are informed that it has *combined to form a new substance*. In this case, successive quantities of heat disappear, and the spiritual phenomena clearly prove that there is *another substance*, besides that composing the material form! Why not carry out the analogy of its having entered into combination, as well as oxygen! And this is literally the fact; the a-etherial particles, according to the law of affinity applicable to all matter, combine with their kindred atoms in building and fashioning the a-etherial or spiritual body, as do the atoms of grosser matter, under the same law, in the manufacture and preservation of the outer form; and thus the spiritual or a-etherial form is as essentially the result of the organic law of growth, by the supply of material from kindred elements, as is the outer, or material form! And thus, too, I think, is fully sustained the declaration with which I set out; that the truths of science harmonize with the facts of Spiritualism, as well as with the assumption of Paul, that "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."

Hence, it becomes an exceedingly important consideration as to the quantity and quality of the materials introduced into the system. If circumstances superinduce gluttony or inebriation as a habit, and that habit be persisted in, the deleterious effects upon the outer covering, the material body, will necessarily tell upon the conditions of the inner casket, and, as a sequence, upon the experiences of the divine principle within. For this intelligent principle, in the worlds that are to come, must act out the organic conditions of the a-etherial form, as in this world its outward manifestations are more or less determined by the inherited peculiarities of the material body! So that, even in the realm of thought and feeling, in the conditions immediately following the close of the experiences of time, man's joy or sorrow will be directly or indirectly effected by the use or the abuse of the material body here! Hence this glorious philosophy is admirably calculated to improve the condition and enhance the happiness of both the man and the angel—in time and in eternity!

Again, it is evident that throughout Christendom, and even among some professed Christians themselves, there is manifested more or less of discontent at the workings of Providence amid the relations and conditions of time. Hard by every hearthstone is closeted a skeleton—every page of life's history, well nigh, is blotted with a

tear, even among those deemed the materially prosperous! Hence the smothered or open exclamation, What are the purposes of my being—forced into the world, forced through the world, and forced out of the world, independent of my own volition—with inherited propensities, leading to unavoidable misdirections; resulting in a life of disappointment here, and an existence of misery hereafter—oh, why should I have been born! Indeed, under the theological teachings of the day, existence is so essentially a disappointment, that the conclusion is unavoidable on the part of the philosophic mind of the age, that *if the incalculations of Ecclesiasticism be true, that death fires the fate of the race forever, either in a monotone of heaven or a burning hell—then, indeed, is man a miserable failure!* (Applause.)

But—thank God—by the agency of the brighter light now dawning above the hill-tops of superstition and fanaticism, through the instrumentality of the phenomena and the philosophy of Spiritualism, the hopes of man are brightening, and his joys enhancing. Man can now perceive the purposes of a physical existence with all its experiences, whether characterized by joy or sadness! He can realize the organic necessity for a material mold for the shaping of the a-etherial casket, in which the intelligent principle gathers the experiences of time, preparatory for the duties and the beatitudes of the future—how an earthly impersonalization is necessary to the elimination of a celestial individuality! And, as a sequence, the appreciative Spiritualist is no murmurer at the events of life! Let the hand of misfortune fall ever so heavily—let the many-mouthed press, the mathematizing pulpit or social ostracism do their worst; let envy, and malice, and hate assail; let sorrow, disease and death prevail—he knows from this beautiful philosophy of a nobler manhood and womanhood, that these are all but the incidental conditions of the universally-operative law of progress, under which he is building up a beautiful a-etherial encasement, in which that divine emanation from the Almighty Crestrance of the universe, the individual soul, is destined to outwork the unimaginable destinies of a blissful immortality!

Upon entering the studio of an earthly artist, you behold before you a clay statue. You gaze upon it with interest, thinking perhaps you recognize the features of some personal friend, or some distinguished citizen, whom your country has chosen to honor. While you are thus contemplating it, the artist quietly approaches with hammer in hand, and strikes it a violent blow. You are startled, and ready to remonstrate with him for the act, when you are arrested in your exclamation, by the falling clay disclosing a beautiful figure of gold. Then the artist explains that the clay statue was only used as a mold for the production of the beautiful image before you. And so in the work-shop of time. The outer covering of clay, the body, is but the mold, serving the purposes of Divine Will in time, in the production of a more beautiful and a-etherial organism adapted to higher relations when time shall be immersed into eternity. At length, through organic law the hammer of death descends—this outer covering falls away and mingles again with its kindred elements, whilst the celestial encasement of interior thought and feeling is borne into the realm of more enlarged activities and diviner possibilities. Ay, it is at once removed from the earthly studio to the frescoed galleries of the Divine Artificer, where, renewed in the very essence of its being, its loftiest hopes and brightest anticipations will be more than realized in the glorious realities of the beautiful hereafter.

In conclusion, my friends, if I have succeeded in my effort to represent the truth of your professions—if the ideas which I have advanced are sustained as I have claimed, have you not just grounds for congratulation in the possession of so glorious a faith—if faith it may be called! Do you not feel that your cause is well founded—the truths of science harmonizing with your philosophy, and agreeing with the convictions legitimately enforced by your facts; and can you not safely proclaim the subject of Spiritualism, so sadly misunderstood, as worthy the investigation of all classes of mind, and as imminently calculated to benefit the race in every stage of life! And, thus contemplating its beauties and reveling in its consolations, I know you can but unite with me in exclaiming—

How brightly breaks the morning light

Of Truth's effulgent ray—

As banishing all of former night,

Is seen the brighter day—

Of man's redemption from the past,

So long by error's dark o'ercast.

God's loving angels, firm and true,

Are whispering to men—

Bright lessons that shall mind renew—

With clearer thoughts again—

Of the slender truths of purity

That fell from Ilm of Galilee.

Of the many mansions pure and bright,

Prepared by loving friends—

Of a home of joy, a home of light,

That unto all extends—

Who seek for Truth with honest soul,

And list the music of control.

The banishment of earthly fears,

The promises of bliss—

When dried are all of sorrow's tears,

By the magic of love's kiss—

The kiss of love, the angels give,

To all who, trusting, truly live.

Earth's bursting bud and blooming flower,

Just springing into life,

But picture forth the heavenly dower,

That beams beyond all strife—

In that land of beauty, home of joy,

Where mingles naught of earth's alloy.

Angels, bright angels, by their love

Would guide your footsteps free,

To that home of joy, that home above,

Of pure felicity—

Where bliss awaits on every hand

God's children in the SUMMER-LAND.

A Peculiar Work.

So peculiar, that, after reading a chapter in it, you feel annoyed and vexed at being interrupted. I purchased this book simply to get rid of the person who was acting as agent for its sale. I thought it would be a dead loss to "shelve it" without glancing at it, and accordingly read the first chapter: it was then that I became so interested as (above expressed) to feel annoyed and vexed at being interrupted. The work in question is "Alice Vale," by Lois Walbrook, and is not only one of the most interesting books on Spiritualism for a Spiritualist to read, but is one of the best digested arguments on the Spiritual Philosophy for Orthodox readers extant. The advertisement of it in the Banner speaks of it as destined to become as popular as "Gates Ajar." Of the abstract merits of the two, "Alice Vale" is so incomparably superior to "Gates Ajar" that a comparison between them can hardly be instituted. "Gates Ajar," while it is very warm and wool is Spiritualism, is a huge Orthodox plagiarism; or, in other words, it is a Spiritualistic pill, sugar-coated over with an Orthodox coating, so as not to nauseate the theological palate. It copies its heaven from the spiritual "negative," and, lest the picture be not too ravishing—lest it seduce not its readers into too bewitching a maze of celestial beauties, it interlards at every other line the reassuring "hallelujah" of "Bible," "Bible," which, when asked if it sanctions all these fine things, modestly replies "No," but it does not "contradict" them. Any Spiritualist who has an Orthodox friend who is wavering in faith, and whom they cannot reach so effectually by personal argument, will find "Alice Vale" a book—made to order—to hit just such cases.

V. C. TAYLOR.

Des Moines, Iowa, Feb. 4th, 1870.

MY BIRD.

BY EMILY C. JUDSON.

Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A brilliant sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh! so lovingly,
Its tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest,
Oh God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest.

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This coming from the East, Heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me—no, Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine,
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room—
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and eternity are here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, oh my God! our earnest prayer,
Room for my bird in paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

Spiritual Phenomena.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS—THE LETTER OF DR. FRANKLIN.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—The discussion of physical manifestations, as a part of the phenomena of Spiritualism, seems to have moved our friend Willets of Jersey City to seek light from our spirit-brother, Benjamin Franklin. His letter to the philosopher, and the answer, appears in the last number of the *Banner*. Reading it, I am prompted to write, for this discussion is most opportune, and has come at the right time. I see in it the harbinger of good, for there was a great need of a better understanding of Spiritualism, its sphere and scope, its phases, its multitudinous laws operative on a thousand far-reaching lines.

It is true that many, far too many, have no idea of Spiritualism, beyond a visible manifestation. They desire constantly to see some physical demonstration, or to sit in circles to receive communications; these things are their Alpha and Omega, the *summa bonum*, or the great end of their idea of Spiritualism. This is altogether too circumscribed a view, too narrow a basis to stand upon; and hence I believe this recent discussion, the late "exposés" and their subsequent excitement, are all destined to stir up thought, lead to wider and deeper investigation, develop more of a scientific interest in the matter, and lead us up to a higher plane. One obstacle to our success and a hindrance to greater activity, is that so many have dwelt so long in the sphere of the phenomenal, that they do not and cannot appreciate the scientific and more spiritualized phases of Spiritualism; and hence are less interested than they otherwise would be in sustaining meetings and lecturers, and organizations designed to spread our belief and faith broadcast throughout the community. They need something to stir them up, to lead them to doubt even, that they might go down to the rock bottom and there plant themselves. There is much more in Spiritualism than merely having a communication from the other side, whether verbal through a medium, or by those various modes on a physical plane.

The grand basis of everything is Spiritualism; in the last analysis of matter and force all is resolved, I apprehend, into a spiritual essence. We exist, surrounded by an infinite network of spiritual laws, and to learn these, or as much of them as is possible, is our duty. For the clearer we apprehend our relations to one another, and the vast universe of which we are an infinitesimal part, we have opening grander sources of happiness and take on more self-satisfaction. We can live better, work better for ourselves and each other; we shall better prepare ourselves to live in that unending progressive future we shall be projected into when our mortal forms shall step from our spirits and leave them free to journey on divested of the clogs, hindrances and obstructions we find in our mortal life. A comprehensive view of Spiritualism broadens one amazingly; it clears the vision and enables us to pierce what else would be a dense, dark cloud, and discover a shining way up to the Summer-land. Thus much as preliminary to a review of the communication of Dr. Franklin.

The reader will pardon a slight digression. I do not suppose that when we shall have shuffled off this mortal coil we shall know much more than we did here. We shall go to the land of spirits as we leave the land of fleshly bodies. We shall go with our proclivities, whatever they may be. If one inclined to poetry, the same will be the tendency on the other side; the philosopher will be a philosopher still; the philanthropist will not change; and whatever may have been the tendency here, it will continue there. There will be progress; the good, the pure and the true will brighten; the evil, the impure, the untrue, in time, after struggle and purgation, will also turn upward, and the spirit, redeemed from its thrallhold of earth and flesh, shall also mount the spiral staircase and ascend toward the Infinite.

These things being true to me, I accept no *ipse dixit* of a spirit as infallible. Whatever it may say, I must submit to the same tests I would submit anything else. Some imagine that a spirit at once ascends into the sphere of the absolute and comes into rapport with all truth. A mistake; all truth is infinite, and the finite cannot take it in. So we are not to look for perfect teachings even from the spirit-world. What, the reader may say, are we to understand that spirit teachings are not to be accepted? Most certainly; not to be accepted only after they have been weighed, sifted and submitted to the same crucial tests we subject teachings, say, from Professor Huxley. He enunciated some time ago the doctrine of protoplasm. He stands high as a scientist, head and shoulders above the average of his fellows, and far above common men. But we are not to take his dictum, merely because it is the teachings of Professor Huxley. By no means. In like manner we are not to accept the teachings from the spirit-world, only as in the case supposed, after careful scrutiny, sharp analysis and comparison by reason. With this premise, let us pass to the consideration of the letter of our friend Franklin.

There is an apparent disparagement of manifestations and mediumship, but a careful scrutiny will disclose that it is more apparent than real. Though he says "Our [the spirits'] object is now, as we learn more and more in regard to our relative positions, to do away with destructive mediumship, and especially with all forms of mechanical phenomena," it is evident that he asserts this qualifiedly. He does not mean to assert that all spirit-influences are to be withdrawn so far as they possess tangibility. The connection, further on, to me, implies that it is only as an ultimate that he or the spirits desire to set "distinctive mediumship" and "mechanical phenomena" aside. What follows is a key to the meaning and construction; the illustration, referring to the "little girl," the daughters of Mr. Willets, whom he

mentions as once connected with the Franklin circle, is indicative that he is speaking with a limitation. These children were young; if they had been used as mediums, apparently as much as is to be supposed, they would be, as connected with such wonderful phenomena, their education would have been neglected and they would not have been fitted for even the earth life, to say nothing of the spiritual. They would have been dwarfed in mind and soul, unfitted for this or the life to come. The spirit needs culture; earth is the preliminary sphere where it is to receive it and be prepared for its future development. Anything which stands in the way of this must be cast aside as harmful, even if it be mediumship. Hence the girls were thrown under proper influences of school and training, as was meet should be done.

And here I would say, in reference to the remark of Dr. Franklin, that "a low class of spirits would be kept constantly at work about every medium," it would not be necessarily so, because the medium was on the phenomenal plane. If such was the fact it would arise from other causes. It would follow from the spirit of those who were about the medium, using him or her as an agency. A mere spirit of curiosity, an aimless dalliance with spirit-power, an objectless communion with the unseen, certainly cannot conduce to profit. I can well conceive that, under such circumstances, the "low class of spirits"—understanding by the phrase undeveloped spirits—might and probably would be attracted. They might come and play their freaks of fancy, possibly deceive, for the spirit-world is, to a certain extent, a reflex of this. Like attracts like everywhere. The frivolous call the frivolous around them, and the filly curious will have their company; whether in the body or out. Hence the aberrations we witness sometimes, and the seeming incongruities, also. Those who are in the sphere of the phenomenal merely, can never "rise to the dignity of true spiritual communion." This is the inculcation of the letter, nothing more.

Mr. Willets, as the tenor of his letter indicates, desired to secure something absolutely certain, about which there could be no cavil, purely connected with the spirit-world alone. Well did Dr. Franklin remark, that whatever the mode of communicating, it would be difficult to "guard our electrical or magnetic mechanism from the currents ever ebbing and flowing." Spiritual law is universal; spiritual forces are ever operative. Especially do these forces radiate from the human organism and stretch out in all directions. Herein is the difficulty alluded to, followed by the necessity of using reason and bringing everything to its test.

The answer of the Doctor alludes to Planchette, and declares that its actions were unsatisfactory. True, they were and are, in a certain sense, but the extent depends upon the conditions under which it is used. It may be true, as he says, that the simple act of this instrument in writing may not have convinced any person "of the truth of spirit-life and immortality," still he says that it "was the indirect means to securing to many doubting hearts such a faith and belief. There are but few things which affect the mind and shape opinion directly. The chief effect in this direction is by 'indirect means.' Many acts, simply as such, will not move mind only transiently, but when reason comes in and their relations are discovered then the effect is produced and a change effected. But still the act was the mainpring, as it must be admitted Planchette is, in the case supposed. Nothing is said disparaging to Planchette, or which militates against it as a spiritual agency. Rather the contrary, for the remarks we have quoted acknowledge its potency, though indirectly. What follows is only the expression of the general idea that a perfect mode of spirit-communication, especially through gross, material substances, may not be expected; if so, then there would be an absolute spiritual authority, leaving nothing for man to do. This would be contrary to the order of nature, rendering this life not a sphere of experiences to develop ourselves and prepare for the next. Such a state of things would leave us to float along on a dead sea, without aim or object. Life would be shorn of all that gives it piquancy; there would be no inspiration, no stimuli, no growth.

Further, says the Doctor: "Each sphere is sufficient unto itself, and yours is the material sphere." True; and being the material sphere, there must be more or less of material forms or modes to reach us who are living in it. Inevitably follows therefore, the necessity of physical manifestations and phenomena, as well as distinctive mediumship. The purely spiritual cannot make itself universally felt on beings organized and situated as we are, in its silent and unseen forms. He suggests that the time may come when "we [spirits] shall be able to communicate without mortal contact." This is a virtual admission that until that time arrives, we must receive our communications by "mortal contact," or through physical means.

The illustration of a library and its use is entirely current with the view I have taken. It is pertinent entirely; it shows us that physical manifestations and all our modes of spirit-communication are in due order and necessary; that they fulfill an important office which cannot be filled by other means. We are children in spiritual law and science. We have the alphabet, as he calls the phenomena, which we are and have been familiar with the past twenty years; and by means of this alphabet only can we go up higher.

In this letter which I have been commenting upon, I find an acknowledgment of the legitimacy of physical phenomena. He cautions us to use them as means to an end, not as the end. This is a fact which cannot be too strongly impressed upon us all; we need to appreciate the teaching and lay it to heart.

So in the closing paragraph, where he says "that in the future, the best work of Spiritualism is not to be done by its regular and professed media, but by the general uplifting, unfolding and spiritual growth of our people," he only asserts a general truth, acknowledging at the same time the potentiality of those agencies which have made it possible. This grand result, this garnering of much grain, could come only after the sowing of the seed. The seed must still be sown. The "painted blocks" will need to be used yet longer. Children are being born continually, and millions will be trained and indoctrinated in the old forms of false theology and philosophy. They will need the "alphabet," the "painted blocks," the elements of spiritual truth. For this reason, the manifestations will be continued into an indefinite future. They will remain so as long as there is a need for them. When they are no longer needed they will disappear.

WM. FOSTER, JR.

Providence, R. I., Feb. 16th, 1870.

An old lady gave this as her idea of a great man: "One who is keener of his clothes, do not drink spirits, kin read the Bible without spollin' the words, and eat a cold dinner on a wash day without grumbling."

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THE WORLD'S OLD SONG OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

BY JOHN J. GLOVER.

When man first trod the face of earth,
And brutal force the mark of conquest—
Ere reason's voice had had its birth,
Or words of love had e'er been told—
The rude world sang the wild-like song,
Of "I am right, and you are wrong."

When tribe 'gainst tribe the force combined,
And plans to subjugate were laid;
When nations fought to gather strength,
And armies in the field arrayed—
The world still sang the cheerless song,
Of "I am right, and you are wrong."

When Christ, with meekness of a child,
The Golden Rule to life applied,
By Jewish priests he was reviled,
Betrayed, mocked, scourged and crucified—
Then sang the world the bigot's song,
"Yes! I am right, and you are wrong."

Paul, Stephen, Peter, Justin, James;
And other martyrs to their faith,
Have left behind immortal names,
But paid the forfeit by their death,
Because the world sang the song,
Of "I am right, and you are wrong."

When Huss and Luther dared oppose
The edicts of the Papal See;
When Murray from the Partisians
In public dared to disagree,
Loud rang abroad the hateful song,
"Oh! he is right, and you are wrong."

Seeds have increased and multiplied,
As Father Time strode on apace;
Yet ever still claims excellence,
With more intolerance than grace,
And sings unto the gathering throng,
"Come! I am right—the rest are wrong."

Though Jesus bade him without fault,
To be the first to cast the stone,
And taught the rule of charity—
For none are sinless—no, not one—
The world sings now as then the song,
"Yes! we are right, and you are wrong."

When first some tender hearts were moved
In pity for poor Africa's slaves,
Though all now claim a friendly truth,
Division marked those noble braves;
They heard that self-complacent song
Of "I am right, and you are wrong."

When Galilee proved the truth,
That grand old earth itself turned round,
By dint of force did it retract,
And, silenced, yield his vantage ground.
The world sang unto him the song,
"Oh, I am right, and you are wrong."

Albeit many now have learned
That news may flash across the sea,
Just hint that souls may send us back
A message from eternity,
The world sings loud the same old song,
"Oh, I am right, and you are wrong."

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1870.

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to whom letters and communications must be addressed.

The Great Work Progressing.

Were we asked to express a deliberate opinion of the present state of our holy cause, we should unhesitatingly aver that never in the history of the human race was there such widespread and profoundly anxious inquiry made respecting the multiplied proofs of communion between spirits and mortals, and the substantial truth of immortality. The very air is filled with questioning from mortals and answers from the invisibles. What is pertinent above all things in proof, is the notorious fact that there is vastly more discussion indulged in by speakers, lecturers, preachers, and the public press than at any time before, all on the subject that is especially dear to the Spiritualist's heart. If the cause is attacked with an energy that betrays at times an inextinguishable passion, even to the extent of virulence, it is far better for it, inasmuch as it is founded on eternal truth and cannot therefore be shaken, than if it were passed by without comment or interrogatory. It shows that the right spirit has been awakened everywhere, and that converts are making and the cause gaining strength and momentum.

We should not care to rest our dearest hopes, however, on the spirit of opposition that is manifested. It is to be trusted that far better grounds exist for the growth and progress of the cause we advocate. The general stir is to be accepted but as a proof of an awakened interest, and even opposition helps create and spread the same. The slang and slurs of a certain class of papers are just as effective for good as such papers probably could become in any way they might think of. And the attacks of pseudo scientific men answer very well in their place, too. So do the supercilious allusions to Spiritualism from some of the pulpits, in which the preachers invariably know nothing—because they are allowed to know nothing—beyond the limits of their chosen creed. They simply measure these creeds with the broad belief of Spiritualism, which includes the most advanced science and philosophies. And the discussions that are proposed from time to time between competent speakers, pro and con, provoke serious reflection in the minds of listeners, even in the face of the harshest prejudices. And when a person begins to look around to find a reason for his faith, he has begun to examine, though no doubt unconsciously, the character and foundations of that faith in his own mind.

Running our eyes over our exchanges almost at random, from week to week, we are continually accosted with proofs of this universal commotion in thought and belief. We see, for instance, an account of a public discussion in Bordentown, N. J., between Mrs. Waters and Mr. Jacob Ford, in the columns of the *Bordentown Register*, the question being whether the Bible is divinely inspired, and hence the only rule and standard of faith and practice. It is a review, in effect, of a discussion that has been had in other localities, developing nothing that is strikingly new, unless it is the earnestness with which so trite a question is discussed and read. Mrs. Waters advances strong reasons, but the clergyman opposed dodges at the start, which certifies that he cannot make answer.

In the *Cleveland (Ohio) Herald*, we fall upon an apt communication on the subject of "Prayer." A county convention of Christians was met for discussing the relation of prayer to the success of the gospel. A clergyman present proclaimed that "prayer is a royal patent in the hands of good men," and that "none but Christians can succeed in prayer." The writer who traverses this statement wants to know why this important statement has been so long withheld, especially as this royal patent is in the hands of good men. Has all the praying done in the past centuries been of no account? Two of the denominations that are shut out from praying privileges are such as notoriously make prayer a prominent portion of their religious exercises; and the writer—who, we need hardly add, is our friend, D. A. Eddy—declares that it would have been no more than an act of justice to have informed them that all their devotions avail them nothing. And then he proceeds to investigate the nature and efficacy of prayer, which brings out ideas not hitherto made popular by pulpit preaching or congregational practice. This is one of the ways in which the spiritualistic influences are actually working.

We discover in the *New Orleans Times* a thoughtful editorial article discussing the "Seat of Mind," based on a lecture previously delivered in one of the city churches. It betrays the undeniable tendencies of the times. We are not called on to go through an analysis of the discussion, but content ourselves with remarking the significant fact of such discussion, and its appearance in the columns of a leading daily journal of the largest city of the South. The seat of consciousness is no doubt an intensely interesting point to be informed upon, but the fact that abstract and spiritual questions are popularly discussed in the daily papers is of far more importance practically and at present.

In the columns of the *Madison State Journal*, published at the capital of Wisconsin, we meet with a pulpit discussion by Rev. Mr. Clarke, of the Baptist Church, on the subject of Spiritualism, his text being from Deuteronomy, and referring to "wizards." Though the whole effort was inspired by superstition, and based on total ignorance of the actual facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, it is certain to do good by bringing the subject more prominently before the minds of the people, and is also a confession that the state of the popular belief on Spiritualism compels this public investigation of its merits. There may be neither sense nor science in the investigation itself, but the clergymen who rally to such persistent attacks are unconsciously doing good service to the extent of their prejudiced abilities for the very cause which they deride. There would be no use in reporting what this Baptist preacher said, for no part of it is new or original, and it does not proceed from his personal knowledge and conviction. We allude to it only to show

how Spiritualism and its related themes are being earnestly discussed by press and pulpit all over the country.

In the *Louisville Courier-Journal* of February 14th, we find a whole column of a reported interview with a medium, given in small type. The account begins by saying that "there is a lady medium in Jeffersonville who is said to possess the mysterious inspiration to an extraordinary extent. She belongs to one of the most respectable families of that place, and has always refused to accept money for her spiritualistic performances. A well-known and highly respected gentleman of this city recently visited this lady, having heard often of her surprising manifestations, and gives an account of his interview in this wise." After which the result of the sitting is given in colloquial form. And the report closes with the admission which conviction itself extorted, that "while much of this writing was going on, the medium's hands were outside of the shawl, while the slate and pencil were under both shawl and table. It was impossible the medium could have done the writing, or uttered a voice which we all distinctly heard, and which was represented to be the voice of her deceased brother. As to the source of these communications, I need not now express an opinion, but only say that I am satisfied that they are not produced by flesh-and-blood human beings." This is admitted into the leading journal of Louisville, which of course proves that such things possess a living interest for its extended circle of readers. The manifestations themselves, to which we only allude in this way, were indeed remarkable.

Taking up the *San Jose (California) Mercury* of February 2d, we come upon a more than column criticism of a sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Alexander in the Presbyterian Church of that place, on immortality and its evidences. There we confront plain evidence again that men of all grades and occupations in life are far more anxious for their future than condemning creed-preachers are uncharitably willing to allow. We have nothing at present to do with the merits or demerits of the preacher's arguments and positions, our purpose being simply to bring out the great fact, so full of significance, that the spiritual, which is the only existence and being known, is rapidly engrossing popular thought and taking precedence of other discussions. The writer in the *Mercury* closes his review of the sermon by remarking as follows:

"He then briefly alluded to the proof Spiritualism affords to furnish, but did not admit its claims. I (the writer) neither deny nor assent to the claims of Spiritualists; the latter because I cannot believe without greater proof than has yet come to me, the former because I do not think it just to say that others have no evidence, simply because I have none. I will say this much, however, that whenever science demonstrates spiritual manifestations (so called) to be in accordance with nature, and worthy of acceptance, there will be found in that class of evidence the most convincing proof and perhaps the only possible positive proof of the assumed life hereafter; and let me say to those Christian ministers who put aside such proofs with a wave of the hand, that if they could destroy the present belief in the reality of spirit communion, they would, in doing so, destroy the only hope of millions in a life hereafter. If that is a desirable end to attain, why, perhaps they are right in persistently denying such proofs of immortality, but to me their course appears, to say the least, grossly inconsistent."

Casting our eyes off in the direction of Australia, we note in the *Orange Witness* the report of a lecture on Spiritualism at Port Chalmers, by Mr. R. Wilson. The lecturer went over cursorily the entire field, sketching the history of our faith in its terms, developing its progress from State to State and country to country, and giving lucid explanations of the phenomena which have a profound and a present meaning to such as seek it earnestly and sincerely. The lecture was a production of thoroughness and comprehensive treatment, and must have created an abiding impression on the minds of those who were present to hear it. Between Australia and America stretch many thousand miles of water, yet this beautiful and elevating faith has found its way across seas as well as continents, to enlighten and bless a far-flung world.

What remains to be said to such a collation of excerpts, taken at random from points so wide apart? What, but that Spiritualism and the questions it raises are rapidly growing in importance in the eyes of men, and that they will shortly engross the thought of the whole civilized world. Mankind will assuredly take a new start when these things are familiarly apprehended and woven as cardinal points of belief into the daily life and character. We inquire, then, if such a state of things betrays any falling off of popular interest in a subject which we are repeatedly told from the pulpit and a mercenary press is dying out from lack of sustenance. We might multiply extracts and reports such as we have noted above almost indefinitely, but it avails no more. Thousands of such citations would furnish no more substantial proof than these do, that Spiritualism is growing stronger and greater as a faith where the soul of man is recognized as the whole that survives the material wreck. If Spiritualism is as dead as its enemies would have it, why this hubbub of discussion and investigation in all parts of the world at the same moment?

Subscribe! Subscribe!

The present volume of the *BANNER OF LIGHT* is near its close, admonishing our old patrons to renew their subscriptions, that we may be enabled with renewed strength to battle for the Right in the mighty field of Modern Spiritualism. The secular press is opposing us; the religious press is opposing us; the infidel press is opposing us; priestcraft is opposing us; selfishness is opposing us; envy is opposing us; malice is opposing us; yet hosts of friends, both visible and invisible, who have enlisted in the Army of Progress, are we have faith to believe—ready and willing to sustain us, both materially and spiritually. "Truth is mighty and will prevail." But effort is necessary to the successful development of means to ends. Hence we call upon all those interested in the success of the most natural, most liberal, most truthful religion ever vouchsafed to man—SPIRITUALISM—to rally to our standard and see if they cannot run up our *BANNER* to at least a circulation of fifty thousand ere the expiration of the present year.

Great Excitement in Winsted, Conn.

A correspondent informs us, under date of Feb. 14th, that Moses Hull, the well-known Spiritualist lecturer, and Elder Miles Grant, the noted Second Advent preacher, have just closed a discussion in Winsted, Conn., which lasted four evenings. The question was in the form of a resolve "that the phenomena of modern Spiritualism proceed from demons and not from departed human spirits." The Elder labored hard to establish his non-immortality for mortals theory, but he could make no headway, for Mr. Hull demolished his sophistry at every point. The excitement among the people was very great during the discussion, and the hall, though a large one, could not hold all who came, and many were obliged to go away disappointed. Mr. Hull has done a good work there, to say the least, for he has set people to thinking for themselves.

Emma Hardinge and her New Work.

It is gratifying to know that Emma Hardinge's great work, "MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM," is receiving the patronage and hearty commendations of the people in all parts of the country. The immense mental labor she has undergone of late so affected her physical strength as to bring on a severe fit of sickness, during her late visit at Philadelphia, but we are happy to announce that she is now convalescent, and will no doubt soon resume her labors in the Western field. So able an expounder of the spiritual philosophy, whom the people everywhere are anxious to hear, cannot well be spared one week from the rostrum. After her engagement in Boston in April, she will make a brief lecturing tour West, previous to her return to Europe.

The press generally treat her book with commendable fairness. Below we copy the comments of the *New York Herald and Home* concerning it. Coming as they do from a skeptical standpoint, they will be read with interest. That paper says:

"In her dedication, Mrs. Hardinge makes the deliberate statement that the curious volume it precedes was undertaken at the command of the spirits, and executed under their supervision. In judging, therefore, of its theological or literary merits, we are to remember that responsibility rests not solely with the putative author, but lies in an important degree upon the spirits who, in her preface, Mrs. Hardinge says: 'Faithfully to render such well-attested proofs of spiritual intercourse as the multitude of riches with which the author's stores are over-loaded can permit her to select from, is all her hope or aim, and the other can never be related, and much that is not unaided may be said to be of far more worth, however, than what is here preserved.' The implication is, undoubtedly, so far as we can judge, corroborated by the ensuing text, but that such should be the case seems inconsistent with the hypothesis of a supervisory power to which judgments selection might be supposed comparatively easy. We need not enter upon a critical examination of the question thus raised, which readers can determine for themselves. Mrs. Hardinge's work is so large, so full of extraordinary narratives and experiences, and is, moreover, so amply paralleled with personal reminiscences of distinguished persons, living and dead, that we should say it was sure to be widely read, even among skeptics. It is certainly what will be generally called an important contribution to spiritual literature. We do not think it expedient to enter into any discussion of probabilities as related to the phenomena recorded in the volume. The number of conscientious, truthful, and good people who are truly persuaded of the reality of such manifestations is large; and we do not reckon it a part of our duty, even were we so disposed, to impugn notions or hurt feelings connected with any form of religious belief. We refer to this book as one of the most notable of the day, a work which, with a little more literary skill, and greater knowledge of the art of condensation and brevity, might have made a considerable impression. It is illustrated by many portraits, some of which are very good."

The Bible in the Schools.

A Superior Court Judge in Cincinnati has removed the injunction obtained by the Board of Education in that city, restraining teachers from reading or having read the Bible in the public schools. The ground taken, though professedly unsectarian, is in fact right in the sectarian spirit and interest. It is simply held by the Judge that the reading of the Scriptures was not an act of worship, and therefore could not be offensive to Jews or Catholics or any other recognized sect. Then it is not worship to read the Bible, why has not the Board of Education plenary authority over the Bible as a reading book for the public schools? And, if it has, how can the Court interfere with their authority? But the Judge is flagrantly inconsistent in his decision. While he denies that the Bible is more than a text-book, like the others, he defends its use in the schools on the ground that it is sanctioned by the Legislature, which provides court clerks, prisoners in jails, and sundry others with free copies at the public expense. They do it in the spirit of Protestant worship, and the interest of Protestant creeds, not in order to teach clerks and prisoners how to read. The Judge is too openly inconsistent in his decision to claim the highest respect from it, and indeed it was dissented from by another Judge on the same bench. The question is to be carried up to the Supreme Court of the State, when it will no doubt be argued with the full power of the finest minds in the legal profession.

Spiritualism in New Zealand.

The great truths of Spiritualism are spreading rapidly all over the civilized globe. We are in receipt of information from New Zealand, which is accumulative evidence of the fact that the spirit-world is in earnest in regard to intercourse between the two spheres of life. A worthy brother, writing from Dunedin, under date of Nov. 25, says: "We are spreading information here upon the subject of Spiritualism. We desire a good lecturer in this part of the world to awaken the people to the importance of the subject." Our friend and co-laborer has issued a tract for general circulation, viz: "The Defence of Hiram A. Stiles, who was excommunicated from the Congregational Church in Middleton, Mass., for being a Spiritualist, copied from the *Banner of Light* of July 17, 1868. Mr. Stiles' Defence was highly commended by our readers for its lucid exposition of the Spiritual Philosophy, and caused a tremendous fluttering in the ranks of Orthodoxy at the time of its publication.

If any of our friends desire this able defence of their cause issued in pamphlet form for general circulation, we should be most happy to accommodate them, receiving in return only enough to cover the cost of publication.

Mrs. Maria M. King's New Book.

This volume, as its title indicates, "REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-LAND," is an illustration of spirit-life, such as can only be given through the experiences of individuals who have tried its realities. Its aim is to call attention to the modes of discipline and instruction practiced in the life awaiting mortals, and in this way illustrate important principles of the Spiritual Philosophy. If it is of any importance for men to understand the relation the present life has to the future, or anything of the realities of the life to come, it is surely necessary that such experiences be given and be studied.

In this work spirit-life is pictured with a naturalness that renders it truly attractive. Death, according to the spirit-author, ushers man into a state where no facilities are wanting for improving the whole nature; where the true object of life is to be attained by every individual, according to the capabilities of the nature, without the numerous hindrances that beset earth-life. The book is worthy the attention of all who are interested in spiritual literature. No Spiritualist or Lyceum library should be without this work.

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Thomas Gales Foster gave his fourth lecture in Music Hall, Boston, Sunday afternoon, Feb. 13th, to an increased audience. The subject was "The Unity of God," based on the Scripture text, "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Spirit, and these three are one." We shall print a report of the lecture soon. It was very able, and commanded the earnest attention of the large audience to its close.

Next Sunday, Mr. Foster will give his last lecture here this season. Of course all who can will be present on that occasion.

Prof. Wm. Denton will follow Mr. Foster, and lecture during March.

For the Heartache.

Since we read the unfeeling slurs at the work-women of Boston, in the *Springfield Republican*, we have fallen in with the following moving statements in the columns of the *New York Times*, which must make every human reader's heart ache in the perusal:

"Mrs. A. makes vests at eighteen cents apiece for a wholesale house. She can earn eight dollars a month by working fourteen hours a day, including Sundays; she pays three dollars a month for her attic, and has two small children to support; she has eaten meat once only—and then it was given her—since Thanksgiving Day. Another case: Kate A., a finisher of fine shirts, makes about two dollars a week, working hard for it. She has a grandmother to support, and has often lived for weeks on bread and water, in order to afford the old woman a little broth every day. The Star, which is enabled to describe these cases from the diary of a lady who has visited them, gives a still more painful instance of the hardships caused by scarcity of employment or inadequate wages. And yet we have heard asserted that in this city there is no necessity to organize societies for the relief of distress, while well-meaning ladies are at a loss to know how to do any good in the world."

Now here is real suffering and real sacrifice. No greater heroism than that displayed by these brave women, in silence and unknown, ever helped swell the records of the proudest battlefield! Are not women, who can stand up in the face of social fate, and brave uncomplainingly such sacrifices as these, worthy to be honored by their more fortunate sisters? Is the love of heroism utterly dead in the breast of our modern society, that it turns away from such shining exhibitions of devotion and endurance with a sneer at the "ignorance" of those who are their authors? Is it not about time that the extremes of society were brought together?

"Spirit Memory."

We print in another column an ably written article from the pen of Allen Putnam, Esq., (whose address is 426 Dudley street, Boston—that part formerly Roxbury,) upon the subject of "Spirit Memory," which our readers will find of general interest. From twelve to fifteen years ago, Mr. P. was a very frequent contributor to the *New England Spiritualist*, and sent several articles to the *Boston Journal*, and the *Courier*, upon Spiritualism. But for the last ten years his business and circumstances have been such that he has seldom used his pen to write anything for publication. At long intervals, however, he has sent us articles on topics generally suggested by something that appeared in the *Banner* which needed further elucidation. He thus shows that his faith and interest in our belief remains unabated. His experience and wisdom peculiarly fit him for a public instructor, and we trust he will hereafter be oftener heard from through our columns.

An Impositor.

George White, Vice President of the Progressive Spiritualists, of Washington, D. C., writes: It becomes my duty to warn the public, and Spiritualists in particular, against the pretensions of a man calling himself Wood, who claims to be from New Jersey, and on the way to Frederickburg, and who has wronged various Spiritualists of this city out of money, by asserting that he has been robbed, and that he and his wife are mediums, or their way to friends in Virginia, and that he will, immediately upon his arrival among them, remit the money loaned. His course has been to ascertain who takes the *Banner*, or *Journal*, and tell to them his hypocritical tale, thus imposing upon the charitable dispositions of our people. There is no doubt now of his unprincipled character, and against such swindlers our people should be on their guard.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

This is, undoubtedly, the same person who has been imposing upon people in New York State, under the name of McDougal, whom we have before had occasion to caution the public to beware of.

A New Book by Rev. Wm. Mountford.

Our readers have no doubt been edited and instructed by the extracts we have given from time to time for the past six months from the writings of the eminent spiritualistic author whose name stands at the head of this paragraph. We allude to the essays published in the *Catteman Monthly*, entitled "MIRACLES, PAST AND PRESENT," which will soon be issued in book-form, and for sale at this office. The work is one that every Spiritualist in the land should purchase. We have not the least doubt but that it will have a tremendous sale.

S. J. Finney.

This able advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy, who some time since took up his abode in California, recently made the most eloquent speech in the State Legislature (of which he is a member) that was ever heard on the Pacific slope. It was given during the discussion on the question of the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment to the U. S. Constitution. The papers there are proud of their representative, as well they may be, for a more talented or worthy man they could not have elected to office.

Chicago Lyceum.

This Lyceum, we learn from a note of Dr. H. S. Hayward (at present located in Chicago), is in a very thriving condition, and is probably one of the very best Children's Lyceums in the country. They have two full Lyceums in one. The officers are all efficient and prompt. Dr. Avery, who has charge of the Lyceum and meetings, possesses a large share of executive ability and is very popular. He is negotiating with Mrs. Emma Hardinge to lecture there during June and July.

Troy, N. Y.

The *Troy Daily Whig*, of Feb. 14th, says Mr. E. V. Wilson is "creating quite a sensation there by his lectures and description of spirits, Sunday evening, the hall was densely packed and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. Space forbids a report of the lecture, but in the way of illustrative testimony and powerful eloquence, the lecturer is one of the best exponents of the so-called spiritual philosophy that has ever been in our midst."

Vermont Marble.

It is said that the longest shaft of sound marble, and the tallest marble monument in the world, was erected on the public Common at Weybridge, Vt., to the memory of the late Governor Silas Wright. It is of obelisk form, beautiful in proportions, and standing thirty-eight feet in height, projected and raised by Solomon W. Jewett. The marble was quarried by R. M. Underhill, of Dorset.

Spiritualism in Worcester.

The Spiritualists of Worcester have hired Lincoln Hall, and started regular meetings, the same being guaranteed for one year. The first lectures of the course were delivered Sunday afternoon and evening, Feb. 13th, by Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston. The meetings were well attended. The Doctor will speak there again Sunday, Feb. 27th.

Spiritualism Gaining in Texas.

Our friend, G. B. Dutton, in forwarding us a list of ten subscribers, accompanied with thirty dollars, assures us that Spiritualism is now gaining many friends in Texas. Before the war it was not quite safe to let it be known publicly that one entertained views favoring our philosophy; but the world is fast learning to be its own saviour.

The Physical Manifestations.

While some people are discrediting phenomenal Spiritualism, and through the press are hurling their acrimonious missiles at the poor media who have been elected by Jehovah to do his bidding at this day and hour of the world's history, the manifestations are on the increase in various parts of the country. As will be apparent on examining this present issue, accounts come crowding in upon us from every direction, of newly developed media, or new demonstrations of spirit-power through those already well known to the adherents of our faith.

On our third page can be found an account of remarkable physical manifestations occurring in the presence of Dr. Roundy, Mr. S. Helen Matthews and her daughter Ella, in Quincy, Mass., also an article from Mrs. C. F. Tabor, bearing witness to the reliability of the mediums just mentioned, based upon the evidences of spirit-power given at one of her seances in Boston. Our able correspondent, W. Foster, Jr., in another column gives his views with regard to the so-called "exposers" of the spirit manifestations. We give below an account which was recently furnished us by Mr. J. L. Cambridge, of Lowell, of some wonderful performances occurring in the presence of Harry Emerson in that city. Many seances, both public and private, have been given by this medium—who has been developed about one year, but who has not until now come prominently before the public—all of which resemble each other as to general results, although now and then the details differ. The account below represents the usual order of exercises.

The seance in question was a private one, held at the residence of Mr. James Foster, on the Lawrence Corporation, on Saturday evening, Feb. 12th. At the commencement of the meeting, Mr. Brooks, leader of the Lowell Brass Band, and Mr. Albert Abbott, both skeptics, were chosen to act as a committee to tie the medium and examine his fastenings and surroundings during the exercises. The medium was then thoroughly tied, and the lights extinguished; upon light being produced he was found untied. He was then fastened firmly with ropes and a pair of burglar's handcuffs (obtained of the police department) put outside the ropes. He was then examined to prove that he had no keys to the cuffs upon his person. On the table, some two or three feet from the medium, were three large iron rings, one silver ring, a tea-bell and a tumbler of water. The lights were put out, and in the course of five minutes the gas was turned on, discovering the fact that two of the iron rings were placed on his left arm, the handcuffs and ropes still remaining as before the extinguishing of the light. The light was then turned off, upon which the bells were rung and the tumbler brought to the mouth of the medium; he drank part of the water, after which, on the reappearance of light, the half-filled tumbler was found on his head.

The medium then requested two persons in the room to come forward and sit beside him, which request was complied with. In the meantime the handcuffs were unlocked by invisible power and thrown upon the floor, while the key was in the pocket of one of the committee. The medium all the time remained tied, his hands fastened to his knees and the rope carried to the chair and there secured.

The committee were then requested to examine the medium's hands to ascertain if they were still tied. While the examination was going on, spirit hands were felt upon the head of Mr. Brooks, as palpably, he attested to the audience, as though composed of flesh and blood. Several other persons, also sketched, went through the same test and expressed themselves fully satisfied that no imposition had been practiced upon them. Mr. Abbott, of the committee, wore spectacles, and distinctly felt them removed from his eyes by some power invisible to him. When the light was produced the glasses were found upon the eyes of the medium.

The most remarkable part of the seance remains to be told. After several times had been performed in an artistic manner upon the piano, the light being again lighted, the medium requested to be gagged; accordingly his mouth was filled with one handkerchief and another tied over it. The light was put out, and the audience were requested to sing. After the singing (which was accompanied by the invisible performer on the piano) the most beautiful singing was heard from a female voice. The audience contained some professional musicians among its members, and all were unanimous in their praises of the unseen vocalist—every one agreeing as to the certainty of the voice being that of a lady. Some two or three pieces were thus sung, when the light was turned on and the medium found as before—gagged and tied.

On the light being again extinguished, a male voice, evidently not that of the medium, sang a song very beautifully, after which the controlling intelligence announced that a cornet solo would be played, which was done in a manner exciting the admiration of those present, the piano accompanying all the while. The influence performing gave his name as Seales, an old musician of Lowell, and said the singing had also been done by himself and sister. Mr. Brooks announced that he had known Mr. Seales when living, as a good musician. All those attending this seance—while generally rejecting the spiritual hypothesis, by reason of the strength of early education—were certain that no deception had been practiced, but that everything had been really done, but now? It was the expressed opinion of Mr. Brooks and other musicians who heard the cornet solo and singing, that if Mr. Emerson could do that himself he had better abandon the field of spiritual mediumship and take to music as a profession—they assuring him of the greatest success if he did.

As a seance given by Mr. Emerson in Wells's Hall, Lowell, Saturday afternoon, Feb. 12th, a skeptic requested that the medium might be tied to a cross, with a view to testing his honesty. The exercises occurred in daylight, as far as the audience was concerned. The medium was tied with ropes firmly to a cross, and stood up in the corner of a cabinet similar to that of the Davenport. In three minutes he was released and the cross thrown out of the cabinet door by invisible hands. The effect of this upon those in attendance was astounding.

We call the attention of those skeptics who are ready to rule out this whole matter, without examining the evidence, to occurrences like these.

New Publications.

The New England News Company have a timely and very handy little work, called "HOW TO COOK POTATOES, APPLES, EGGS AND FISH, in four hundred different ways." There is a variety of reasonable and well-seasoned information in this little compilation, which the price of it brings very cheaply to the home of every one who would live well and economically, with or without sauce.

Dick & Fitzgerald, of New York, publish Howard's Book of CONJURERS AND RIDDLES, an entertaining mélange of fourteen hundred brain puzzles, many of which will be good stimulus when the mind is weary over other things.

The same publishing firm put forth "HOW TO AMUSE AN EVENING PARTY," which those who are called on to provide temporary pleasure for such a company will be grateful to possess and make ready and free use of.

There is not a more worthy charitable institution in Boston than the Home for Aged Men, in Springfield street, whose NINTH ANNUAL REPORT lies before us. It supplies much need that will enlist the sympathies of all who respect helpless age and would themselves practice kindness which they may in due time need.

Washburn & Co. publish with the first month of the year their "AMATEUR CULTIVATOR'S GUIDE TO THE FLOWER AND KITCHEN GARDEN," embellished liberally with fine illustrations. It is not necessary to praise an annual like this, which is the successful rival of the most brilliant annuals whose culture it is designed, with other plants and flowers, to promote. The "Guide" is a success, and has become a permanent feature of Washburn & Co.'s fine city establishment.

New Music.

Howe's Musical Monthly, No. 5, is a good number. It contains eleven songs with piano accompaniment, and eleven instrumental pieces for the piano, from some of the best composers—and this excellent selection is sold for the astonishing low price of thirty-five cents.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have issued the following new musical compositions: "Whitlock Schottisch," by Alfred W. Holtbrook; "How gently fall those simple words, 'God bless you,'" a ballad, by J. R. Thomas; "The Whippoorwill Schottisch," by C. R. Hovey; "The Beautiful Ballet Glee," by G. W. Hunt; "What our girls are coming to," by Mrs. Howard Paul, arranged by Chas. E. Pratt.

The *London Spiritual Monthlies*, *Human Nature* and the *Spiritual Magazine*, for February, have been received at this office. Their pages are filled with choice spiritualistic literature. Sent to any address on receipt of price. See advertisement in another column.

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.

These Messages are held at No. 125 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at three o'clock; after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations accepted.

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

Donations of flowers for our Circle Room are solicited.

Invocation.

Our Father, we bring thee the thoughts of the hour, and laying these upon thy altar, shall ask thee to bless them. And we shall ask that an especial blessing may fall into the conscious lives of each one of thy children who have gathered here. We ask that they may know of thy nearness to them, and of thy loving kindness toward them; we ask for the mother that they may see thy smile in the shadow and the cloud; we ask that those who are cheerful may remember those who are sad; we ask, Oh Spirit of Life, that thy divine influence may be shed abroad in every heart, and that just as such as it meets with thee, may find a dwelling-place in every home. Oh Life, beautiful Life, we seek to understand thee; we would follow thee; we would be like thee; we would pass thy greatness. Oh Life, beautiful Life, teach us how we may understand thee. Lead us face to face with thee, and talk to us, Oh Life, so that we may understand thee perfectly. Grant, our Father, that our day may be so plain to us that we cannot mistake it, and that having understood what our duty is, Oh give us strength to faithfully perform it; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, today, as it ever has been, and ever will be. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to answer.

Q.—By what standard are we to judge our fellow-men?

A.—If we judge them at all righteously, we can only judge them by their own needs and capacities for being, for living.

Q.—Were Planchettes invented or introduced by spirit influence?

A.—Every invention comes by spirit influence; this is no exception.

Q.—Have spirits ignored them?

A.—Not that I am aware of.

Q.—Are they auxiliaries to spirits, or mediums, in the transmission of messages?

A.—Yes, as everything else.

Q.—Within the range of your knowledge, is there any instrument or method for measuring or distinguishing the degrees of magnetic forces, or of determining how much of the positive, and how much of the negative force, any spirit or human intelligence possesses?

A.—Yes; there are such instruments, or machines, but they are as yet confined to the spirit-world proper. In other words, you have no knowledge of their existence, who dwell here in the flesh.

Q.—Is it gratifying to those spirit intelligences that are interested in the welfare of their earth friends, especially those that return, to have said earth relatives contribute liberally to the support of the spirit world?

A.—Spirits are gratified, and more than that, are assisted, by whatever means you may inaugurate to spread the spiritual philosophy here amongst you who dwell in the shadow of death. The press, or the pen, is said to be mightier than the sword, and so it is. Spirits, then, are more than anxious—are doubly anxious, that all their organs should be cared for. It is for their interest no less than yours.

Q.—Why do not spirits avail themselves of our system of telegraphing to send us despatches from the spirit-world? If they have the power to move chairs, tables, &c., they certainly ought to be able to operate the telegraphic batteries.

A.—It is not always so easy to do a thing as to talk about doing it. If a perfect system of communication between the two worlds had ever been in existence amongst you, the spirit-world would doubtless have availed itself of it without being invited so to do. Every means known to the inhabitants of the spirit-world, or to those spirits that have cast off their earthly bodies, every means known to them as a method of communication between you and themselves, they do not hesitate to make use of without being requested to do so.

John Clemence.

I have a brother in or near Boston, and I wish to communicate with him. His name is James C. Clemence. Mine is John Clemence. He doesn't know I am dead. I have been gone now about two days and a half. I want to tell him that it will not be necessary for him to go home when he hears of my death. I died in Liverpool. Everything will be done by William, and done right, and he need not go unless he wishes to. I suppose the friends would like to have him come, but I don't think it is necessary. Tell him I was not sick at all. I died by accident. I want him to pay no attention to what he may hear about my death. It was purely accidental. And I am getting on very well in this spirit world. I don't know much about it, to be sure, but I am getting on very well. [Do you wish to tell how the accident happened?] No, I do not. [Give your age?] Yes, I am 18 years old. [Yes.] Then I am forty-three years old.

Is there any way by which such as I am can go to their friends, can reach them and know where they are, and influence them? [I think you can reach your friends, to-day, after you leave here, if you wish to.] I do; I have not been able to. I wish to go to my brother here. [I think you can.] Good day.

James Downey.

I wish to communicate with my wife, Margaret Downey. My own name was James Downey, and I lived in South Boston. I want to tell her how happy I am here, and I want it should be known that I can come back, and that I am happy, and if it is a purgatory that I am in, it is all very good. [You are satisfied with the purgatory you are in?] Yes, sir; very well, entirely; for I have good comfortable quarters, enough of what I want, and that's all anybody can ask. I have my friends around me, and if I separated from them I got to be out of the purgatory, then I'll stay where I am, and I don't care at all to have any more prayers offered for me. I am very well off, and can pray for myself all right. I have the help of a great many friends here, who have been a long time. They've been very kind to me, and do a great deal for me. I know I wasn't all right when I was here. I was always getting into some kind of trouble, and finding a hard way to get out. But I'm better off where I am. I don't see the trouble to get into at all here.

I come because Margaret thinks I am pretty bad off, because I didn't always do according to the church. [What did you do?] Oh, I would take a drop too much, and then I would—well, I didn't do just right; that's it. Faith there was a good many things that wasn't right. I was no thief and no murderer, nothing of that kind, but—well, when I was drunk, I used to do things I don't do if I was sober, and was always getting into trouble that way. Faith! it's all over now, and I'm in a place where there's no bad rum sold at all, and I'm very well off, indeed. Did I tell you how long I been gone? [No.] Well, it's going on—it's now December, Christmas? [Yes.] Well, it's going on thirteen months. Good day, sir.

Alice Emery.

Three years ago and over, I left my sister to mourn my death; and I told her if it was possible for any spirit to return and communicate with those they had left here, I would do so right away, but I haven't been able to till now. My

sister's name was Emma Stevens Emery. My name, Alice Emery. We were both born in Augusta, Me. After the death of our parents, it became necessary that we should do something to support ourselves. Emma was then fourteen, and I was sixteen.

After waiting for something to turn up in our favor for a little more than a year, we gathered our effects together, turned what we could into money, and went to New York City. There we soon found employment. We were first employed in making lace sets—collars and sleeves. We were employed by Robinson & Co. We got along very well, because we did not aspire very high. Just before my death we got a little acquainted with Spiritualism—not much, but we heard about it, and we read some about it, and tried to find out if it was true, but we didn't make much headway. I said if it was true, I would come back, and come right away; but as I told you before, I was unable to.

I want my sister to know that we have a beautiful home in this new life; that father is very happy here, and says when she has done with earth and comes to us, his heaven will be complete. He was made very sad here by the loss of friends—by dishonest friends, and the loss of property. That caused his death. Tell her it is all right in this new life. I cannot give her a description of the place, because it would take too long; but I know she will be satisfied with it. Tell her to cheer up, and be as happy as she can while she is here; we shall watch over her—particularly mother and I—and do everything we can for her comfort, and I don't ever intend to fear she alone—never, never, never, never. We never leave her alone; some one of us is always with her. After she gets my communication I would like to have her go to some medium—there are plenty in New York—where I can speak to her. I have many things to tell her there, that I would not care to speak of here. Good day, sir.

Col. Joseph Wing.

I have a son who is in poor health, and I wish to benefit him if I can. I think if he will go to see Mr. William White—not yourself—[You refer to William B. White?] Yes; he is under the control of spirit doctors—in this city, they tell me in Jackson Place. [Yes.] If he will go there, I think we can do something for him—something to regulate his circulation. That seems to be the seat of all his physical trouble. It won't do him any harm to let us try. We think we can help him. My son receives your paper. His name—Charles Wing. I was known here as Col. Joseph Wing. Good day. Good-bye you!

Science conducted by William E. Channing; letters answered by L. Judd Pardee.

Invocation.

Our Father, do thou sanctify this hour to us with the consciousness of the presence of thy holy spirit of truth—that which shall lead us away from all error—from all kind of darkness—that which shall clothe us with divine strength, and make us one with thee. Oh Spirit, infinite in goodness, we know that thou dost understand all humanity's needs, and yet the divine command is before us to ask, if we would receive—to seek, if we would find—to knock, if we would have the door opened unto us. Oh, our Father, in behalf of humanity we do knock, in behalf of humanity we do knock, and we do ask, Oh Lord, that the doors of the Temple of Truth and Wisdom be opened unto us, and unto them. Thy goodness is boundless, we know, and thine infinite love holds all in its keeping; yet we would not be drones in the great hive of being; we would work earnestly and faithfully—for not for ourselves specially, for those by whom we are surrounded—for humanity, that is dear to thee and to us. Oh, grant that a revival of religion—that pure and unadulterated religion that makes men and women better—may come to this people; grant that they who sit in high places may feel the fire of truth, and wisdom, and love, descending into their souls and burning up the chaff; Oh, grant, our Father, that the President of this Republic may be strong in the way of right. May his hands receive new strength daily and hourly to do deeds of righteousness, and mercy, and love; and may he ever be weak to do wrong; may guardian angels who are strong in wisdom and love ever be high unto him. Our Father, for ourselves we pray. Give us strength; give us, Lord, to be so strongly, so truly, so heartily, so lovingly, that the children who will dwell in the shadow, that in the hereafter we may hear the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant," spoken in our behalf. Hear us, our Father, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—Spirits generally tell us that in Summer-Land what a person wants comes by wishing for it. Please explain this. You say, for instance, if a spirit wants to go from one place to another he merely wishes to go, and is there. From a material plane this is incomprehensible. How can we make it understood by any plane of thought? Do spirits never have to struggle, to bear burdens, to suffer defeat, to enjoy conquest? Do they never have to plan out their work, to contrive how to do this and that? Is spirit-life merely wishing, and no working? If so, then I think it not much of a life, after all.

A.—To wish for a thing in the spirit-world, is to act in conjunction with the law that will bring it to the soul wishing for it. In soul-life the soul never wishes for anything without putting forth all its powers to obtain it. The world of mind is the world of causes; the world of matter is the world of effects. You here see through a glass darkly; we here see with clear vision. The law is more clearly understood to the spirit who has passed beyond the shadow called death; he has done with using the organs physical, therefore, knowing the law better, he can make better use of it. To you, in most instances, the law is beyond your vision; you feel, you believe it exists, because you have evidence that it does; but you do not know—you cannot grasp it as you can after death. After death, should the soul wish for a certain thing, that proves that the soul has need of it. And more than that; the wish cannot be born in the soul, without the soul's putting forth all its powers to obtain it. And by putting forth all its powers, I mean that it places itself in harmony with the law—acts in harmony with it; consequently the result must be favorable.

Q.—In observing the phenomenon of death, generally it is much alike in both men and animals. Now, in both cases, it is more like the extinction of life than the birth of a soul. Why, if a soul goes out at death, cannot we get at it in some tangible way, and demonstrate it not only to Spiritualists, but everybody?

A.—Simply because you do not go the right way to work to do it; because, in your ignorance, you set up a way by which you desire to obtain it, and it is not the right way. Human sense cannot, by any possibility, be thoroughly cognizant of spirit. You see it in its manifestations, and in that sense, when this senses, you have no more proof that it exists. But there is a power outside of physical sense, which you may make use of, if you will. You have spiritual senses which, even here, in this life, you can use to great advantage. These spiritual senses can follow the soul beyond death, and learn what its condition is; but you fear to exercise this spiritual sense, because your religion has taught you to do otherwise. It is high time you had a religion that belonged more especially to the soul.

Q.—Is it not possible for human beings to be in spiritual things like the spirits in the spirit-world—to realize spiritual conditions while here?

A.—You certainly may. It is a privilege which belongs to you as a spirit; you can exercise it or not, just as you please.

Q.—It is the impression that man has come up through different gradations of life, through the lower orders, to reach his present plane of intelligence. Am I right?

A.—You are right.

Q.—Then prior to the present state of existence we may suppose the soul was not cognizant of an intelligent existence. Am I correct?

A.—Yes.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have no more questions, I will proceed to consider, in brief, a subject which has been considered many times before, but has not been settled, therefore remains an open question. The subject is this: Has the negro an immortal soul? It is well known to you, Mr. Chairman, that a discussion about that subject has been of late going on between a spirit, giving me the name Hiskenan,

and myself. He contends that the negro has not an immortal soul; that a thorough-blooded African has no immortality whatever. He takes an extreme view, while I take another. But I contend that all conditions of life have an immortality which belongs to them especially; I do not so closely marry immortality and individuality as he seems to. Judging from his article, I am led to suppose that he has so closely wedded the two that one is of no use without the other. Now, to my mind, we are constantly parting with our individuality. As individuals, we have no immortality—not one of us. We cannot claim individually to last us through the change of death; for what we are, as individuals, to-day, we may not be to-morrow. I have said, in a previous article, that I knew the negro possessed an immortal soul. I affirm the same to-day; but, so far as individuality is concerned, as a negro, of course, I know that he can go but a very short distance. Hiskenan declares that no soul possesses immortality except those that have been generated in a white, or Adamic brain. This may be true. Doubtless, to his consciousness it is a truth; but to mine it is not. I do not doubt that those races who are the most highly cultivated, possess the largest share of individualized immortality; for I know they do. The soul that has lived through various ages, each giving him their own proper amount of education, and, consequently, possessing a large share of individuality than those who have but just stepped into an individualized existence. This is according to law.

To me, individuality is one thing, immortality is another thing. We have an individuality which belongs to this life, a result of the circumstances of this life. We have another which is the result of intuitions. They are each distinct in themselves, yet each dependent upon the other. The soul manifests through physical life for its own good, and the good of physical life, and in that sense our spiritual individuality is closely allied to the natural individuality, and yet they are distinctly separate. Now at death we part with a large share of that individuality which belonged to us as mortals. It was produced by the conditions of this life. We retain that which belonged to our spirits, which came to us by intuition, by inspiration. And this spiritual individuality is constantly changing, because, as spirits, we progress, we leave past things and press on to future things. The negro passes out of his lower life and enters the higher. He is, to my mind, as much subject to the law of change, of infinite progress, as I am, and no more. The individuality which belongs to him as a negro must speedily pass away before that stronger individuality which is exhibited in all the conditions of spiritual and physical life, that is the result of culture, of education, and, if you please, the result of acts produced by spirits that were generated in white brains, that lived and acted through white skulls. The negro came to perfection the more enduring will be our individuality. The negro was far from perfection, the weaker and shorter-lived it will be. It is not for that that we contend. It is for the immortality of the soul, as a soul. I do not expect that the soul of the negro will always remain as such. Far from it. I believe it is destined to rise in the scale of being, step by step, degree by degree, till it shall stand face to face with wisdom, if the soul marches up through the different gradations of being from the lowest to the highest, are we to single out the manifestations of the soul through the negro and set it aside as non-immortal? Fools we should be if we did so. I accept with thankfulness all the light that our good brother Hiskenan can offer, and if the time ever comes when I am induced to believe in what he believes, I shall not hesitate to avow it. If I am in darkness upon the subject, I pray the infinite God to give me light.

Annie Jones.

I went to the mission school. [Where?] Close by where I lived. [Where was that?] Why, in New York. My father was killed, and my mother used to get drunk, and I lived with my aunt. My aunt said she hoped she should get away from father and mother. She had a lot of money, so she could live here where she wanted to. And I went to the mission school, and I got acquainted with a little girl that lived there, and she told me what her mother told her about folks coming back after they died, and so I learned about it, and I told my aunt, and she said she wished to the Lord it was true. When I got sick, I told her if it was, if I died I'd come back. She was my father's sister. And her name was Marietta Jones. My name was Annie, and my mother's name was Lucy Ann, and she gets a awful drunk—awful drunk. I don't know what I shall do for her, but I want to do something. [Perhaps you will get strength to go to her, by coming here to-day.] Do you wish to? I'd yes, I would like to go to her all since I died. I would like to see her. My aunt didn't want me to go where she was. She was afraid she would steal me, but I did sometimes, but I haven't since I died. Father says he is glad I am here. She could not help getting drunk. He said she could not. [Perhaps you can reform her.] I wish I could. Since I been dead, I got acquainted with a little girl that reformed her mother, and after she reformed she died and came to her, and she is real well off here. She is nice here, and I wish my mother was. But she was drunk most all the time. [Will you try to help her?] Why, yes, I want to. My father don't drink. He was a temperance man. But mother did.

Q.—How old were you when I died? [Yes.] A little more than nine years old. I wasn't too. My mother fell down the steps with the baby and killed it, and it's here. It don't live with me, but there's a nice lady has it. She was drunk, and she went down the steps with it and killed it. Don't you suppose if my mother knew that I came to her, and that father could come, she would try hard not to drink? [I think so.] Oh, dear—oh, I'll tell you—[Will your aunt take this message?] Yes, oh, if she would take it to her and tell her I come, and I feel awfully about her drinking, and how happy she will be if she tries not to drink, and how I will help her, and father will help her, and we will all help her. My aunt was afraid to tell her. She won't hurt her. She was always afraid she would hurt her, because she thought she was a awful girl with her for keeping me, but she isn't. She knows what the reason was, and if aunt would only go to her and just watch when she gets a little sober, so as to tell her when she is sober—she does sometimes get sober—and go to Mr. Perry. He is such a good man. [Perhaps he doesn't believe in these things.] Don't suppose he does, but he is such a dear good man, he ought to believe. He is always doing good. He is in the school, and he ought to believe. [Your aunt might tell him, and see what he thinks.] She needn't be afraid to go to him. I'll take it all on myself. Tell him I told her to come, and if he believes anybody it must be me. I haven't forgot what he said to me then—oh dear, we got into a fuss, four of us children, and I thought the best way to get out of it was to go and tell him all about it, and he said: "No, little one, you done just the best you could do, and I forgive you with all my heart. I forgive you, and I want you to try not to do it again, and tell the rest of the children to come to me, just as you have." Now I know he won't be cross to her, because he never is cross. I was dreadful sick before I died. I had a fever and was very bad. I don't have any sickness now. [Do you remember when you passed away?] Do I? Why, yes, I haven't been gone but just one New Year. That's all. I don't remember as I have. [There is another New Year just at hand.] Is there? I wish I could carry out something, and I think you will be able to rest her. Oh, I don't know. Would it be grand? [Come and tell me if you do.] You won't forget me? [Oh, no.] Good-bye.

Harriet Sheldon.

I have been deeply interested in the question, "Has the negro an immortal soul?" Not that I do not know I have not the company of some of my faithful friends here in the spirit-world. I know I have—but of course I do not know how long their immortality is to continue. I cannot tell whether it is an eternal thing or not. We do not any of us know that we shall continue to be throughout all eternity. We believe it, but we do not know it. I am Harriet Sheldon, from Alabama. I often had sweet companionship with those friends of mine that manifested through black skins, when I was on the earth—here in this beautiful spirit-life I meet them, so I know they have survived death. It is not speculation with me, I know it. I hold sweet communion with them now, those who were my

friends, my servants, these good faithful friends as I ever found under white skins. I would say to Israel Sheldon, that which he is seeking to obtain, he will find in due season. He need not fear. He is here in this life, and receives your paper. Farewell.

Charles C. Bowen.

Well, stranger, it's a queer world anyway, read it whichever way you will. And I think it's queer because we don't understand it, stranger. When I was here I used to think when I got to heaven I'd know everything. By heaven, I mean after death. Of course nobody expects to go to hell. I don't think anybody ever believes in a hell for themselves. It is always for somebody else. But I find since I got into this other life, I don't know much more than I did here. For I have to work my way along, and I get perplexed, and get in doubt, and don't know sometimes which way to turn, any more than I did here. I used to think we would know right from wrong, positively, surely, after death; if we found any place of existence after death, we would know right from wrong, always. But we don't always. We are led this way and that, by circumstances, just as we are here.

I've got some good friends here in this earth life that are expecting to meet with a certain kind of heaven. They will be mistaken, and they may as well give up that notion now as to hold on to it, and get terribly disappointed. I have a half-brother. He is a traveling preacher, and he is as hard a shell as you ever see. He don't believe in anything only what's in his creed. Now he is going to get awfully mistaken. He is taking too much truck with him to this spirit-world; he will find he will have to dispose of it to great disadvantage when he gets here. I cannot help thinking it's right for me to come back and tell them so. I don't know as I've been here long enough to learn much about this kind of life, but I think I might learn something in four years; don't you think so? I think you might, if you were an old scholar. Well, I never was very bright, but I knew enough to keep out of a good many scrapes that the brighter ones got into. This half-brother of mine, he got into a little scrape about two or three years before I died, and he got the worst of it, and I told him that he did not conduct his law business according to his creed, and that's the reason he got tripped up. Well, he said he didn't suppose that law and religious creed would go together at all. Well, said I, if they don't, then you've no business with the law. You've no business at all with law that won't harmonize with your religion. No wonder you got the worst of it. Got licked, and glad of it. Well, he said he thought I was about right, and it was a good lesson to him. But I see he did not profit much by it, for he has been in another scrape since I died, and has got licked again. Now I take it his religion isn't much good to him any way, because it don't keep him out of these unlawful, unholly places. He fancied he was wronged, and I suppose he was, but according to his religion, if he lived up to the spirit of it, he had no business to go to law, to take advantage of a wrong to make another wrong right. Can't do it, any way, and he no business to undertake it. I should like to have a good old fashioned talk with him, for I think if I could get him interested in the right kind of a gospel, he would be a good worker. He is good where he is. He labors hard for something that will never pay him well at all; and I think he could put his talents and his breath to better use. I do think so. His name is Elijah Bowen; mine is Charles C. Bowen. We had one other scrape since I died, and I do mean to say anything against him. It is only against his idea of religion, that's all. If I can only get him enlisted in the better way, he will turn all the crowd of our folks. [Have they faith in him?] Yes; because they think he is sound on religious matters, and that he would not espouse a faith unless it was all right. Good day, captain.

Invocation.

Our Father, Wisdom, and our Mother Love, we ask blessings on that dear humanity who seeks for truth. We ask a blessing on the efforts of this age. We ask a blessing on thy children everywhere; and, our Father, though there be darkness north and south, east and west, we ask that thy light may penetrate the darkness and give cheer to the desolate soul; we ask that every solitary heart may receive thy blessing, may see thy smile, and understand thy presence; we ask a blessing on woman, who is not obliged to wait for the slow process of logic to unfold the future, but by intuition arrive at it more quickly than man. Our Father, thy spirit, whose wisdom proceeds from all our needs. We are weak, give us strength; we are ignorant, give us wisdom; we lack the fullness of thy divine truth; lead us, our Father, where we shall see clearer and understand better, so that thy kingdom may come here in the midst of the valley and the shadow of death, so that tears may pass away and the shadow that has been flung at the feet of death may be removed or changed to sunlight. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—In the Banner of Light of July 7, 1869, the intelligence says, "There may be ten thousand times ten thousand different intelligences, all living in different spheres of mind, in your midst this very hour, here within the precincts of this small circle room." I infer from this, that the spirit does not occupy space in the sense that so-called gross matter does. Will you explain this point?

A.—Spirit and its body does indeed occupy a certain quantity of space, but it is by no means equivalent to that which the body physical would occupy.

Q.—Modern scientific discoveries go to prove that the impenetrable agents, such as heat, light, electricity and magnetism, which were formerly considered as separate fluids, are simple modes of motion; and inasmuch as all we know of anything we know through motion, has suggested the idea that all so-called matter, all the different objects which constitute the external world, are simply so many different modes of action of one and the same all-pervading element; that all matter is so many different forces acting and reacting upon and with each other, and producing all the phenomena of the physical universe; that these forces being spiritual or intelligent in their origin, material things are simply thought forces becoming fixed and congealed, as it were, so as to be palpable to the external senses. What are your views upon this subject?

A.—Precisely the same as your correspondent's. Q.—Is the continent of America more magnetic than Europe, and are mountainous regions, such as Switzerland, Scotland and the Lebanon in Syria, more magnetic than level regions?

A.—In a certain sense high localities are more magnetic than low lands. The atmosphere of high places is generally well adapted to inspiration, to bringing the spirit that dwells in the physical form into nearer rapport or communion with spirit that dwells out of the physical form. This, we have been told, is a consequence of the rarefied condition of the atmosphere of high places. I do not perceive that America is any more magnetic than Europe. Certain localities on this continent are more magnetic than certain localities in Europe, and vice versa.

Q.—Are the white races that now occupy the territory of America in any way influenced by its previous occupants, the real Indians? Does the race of the present, either past or existing, really affect the white man?

A.—You are affected by the magnetic life that the Indian has left on the earth—largely affected by it, and in turn he, as a spirit, is largely affected by the magnetic life that he draws from you as spirits in body human.

Q.—Are our friends that have passed from this life hindered by the extreme grief of their friends?

A.—They are. Your grief for those who have passed beyond your sight holds them—sometimes, not always—but generally it holds within the sphere of your own melancholy thoughts, and they cannot pass from this till you rise out of that melancholy condition.

George Peabody.

I have been spiritually pained on learning, as I have since I parted from my body, that my motives had been misrepresented by some of my friends, and some whom I would not be willing to class among my friends, both in England and America, particularly in America, with regard to my gift as a southern educational fund. It has been said that I was known to have exercised an

unlawful sympathy toward the South during the war. That I did sympathize with the South, as a portion of my country, is true. I pitied her for her ignorance, and deplored the condition of those who had had nothing, surely nothing, directly to do with bringing on the war.

To me America was very dear—north and south, east and west—and I knew of no division. I could not think of ignoring the needs of the South, because the South had made a mistake and had risen up in arms against the Government. It was enough for me to know that there was good to be done there. It was not for me to question who was right or who was wrong. I believed—and still believe—had the poor whites of the South received a proper education, the rebellion would never have been. I gave, that it might not occur again. Ignorance, to my mind, is parent of nearly all the evils that flesh is heir to. We cannot be too wise. I have also been pained to know that it has been privately whispered—not publicly, but privately whispered—that I had much to do with the non-settlement of the Alabama claims, that the influence which I exerted in the wrong direction, in England, is like so many seeds of evil against America. It is wholly untrue. I have, during my mortal life, on several occasions, spoken with reference to the Alabama, and I said that I could not see that it was clear justice to blame a Government for what her subjects would do unknown to the head. Perhaps my words have been misunderstood and misapplied. Wrong may have been made out of that, but I certainly meant no wrong. My Heavenly Father's vineyard of human life was and is dear to me. I loved England because I had received kindly sympathy there. I had learned to love many of England's institutions, but I loved America none the less. It was my privilege to believe, when here in the body, and is still my privilege to believe, that every single soul has the right to exercise its faculties for good as it sees best. For good, mark you, not for evil. Now I believe that by establishing a system of education at the South, such as exists at the North, we should do away with that terrible war. I could not but have always existed between the two sections of the country, North and South. I know of no other way to get it out of existence. The rebellion had not done it. My conversations with Southern men proved that. The spirit of the rebellion was not crushed. It was only the outward form, and the spirit was just as liable to take upon itself another form more hideous than the first. I believed then, and I still believe, that education, culture, is the only remedy for this evil. I gave what I did in view to do away with the evil, and I pray my God that my hopes may be realized. I should be very glad to change the tenor of thought with regard to myself and my motives in that matter. I shall labor hard to do so, and I believe if I labor earnestly enough and long enough I shall succeed, for I believe that God's ways are in the end every good effort. Good day, sir. George Peabody.

Robert Newman.

I have been gone thirty-three years. I left my body thirty-three years ago in Greenland, N. H. My name was Robert Newman, and I come here with the hope that I may be able to communicate with my sons. I have one son, Nicholas, and another David. I wish to communicate with them if I can. I have been told that this was the only open channel—public—that I could reach my sons through. I told them, when I was away, to be Christian men and meet me in heaven. Well, heaven seems to be anywhere where the soul finds peace, happiness; so they may as well meet me and commune with me before they die as at any other time. I can tell them something about the heaven or place they are coming to that will be worth more than all this world's wealth to them. I have been told that my son Nicholas has expressed a wish to know whether spirits could return or not, and I hope it is true, because that will make the road easier for me, I think. I was fifty-four years of age at the time of my death. Nicholas was ten—in his eleventh year, I think, and David was fourteen when I passed away. Now, what I wish is, if there is any way known to them that they can make use of to come in communication with me, to let them embrace it. That is what I want. I hope to get more strength to come into communion with them by coming here. Good day.

William N. Barker.

I have been trying to get round for these five years, but it's a hill work to those that don't understand it. Now I suppose it is lawful that I go over to the other side of my old history, in order to make myself known. To begin with, then, the name I had here was William N. Barker. [Ab.] No, you don't know me. Did you think you did? [I knew one William Barker.] Perhaps you did, but I don't remember you. I lived in Brooklyn, N. Y. I was very patriotic at the breaking out of the rebellion, and determined to go to war. My mother wasn't a Quakeress, but she came from the Quakers, and believed war to be a monstrous evil, and whoever indulged in it to be doing a monstrous wrong. She opposed my going, and labored earnestly with me to persuade me out of the notion. But go I would; went to New York and enlisted; went and got killed. And now I come back to assure her that I am not among the damned. Beg your pardon, Mr. Barker, but I was brought up to speak the truth and to speak plainly. I am not among the damned. I don't know that any soul is ever damned by God. If there is any, I don't know of them—I don't live with them. I think war is a terrible evil, and if I was here on the earth I would do my best to enlighten people so they wouldn't want to go to war, so there would be no need of war. But so long as people are as ignorant as they are, so long wars will exist, and somebody will participate in them.

I know that my mother prayed earnestly for me. I know she did up to the last hour of my life, for I felt the influence of her prayers. I sensed them. I could sense to feel them a tangible presence with me, making me better. Now I suppose she thinks that my prayers were no avail, but I do believe, that she does, that her prayers were like so many beautiful hands lifting me up and protecting me. I cannot tell how it was that I felt the influence of her prayers, but I did. Perhaps it was them that saved me and brought me into the pleasant condition I enjoy now. I don't know about that; but I think we are all destined to fill just the place we do.

Since I have been here I have met my mother's grandfather, and have

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Banner of Light.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. LOUIS, MO., FEBRUARY 26, 1870.
 CENTRAL CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

Some people already know, and more will when they read this, that there is a good sized and good-looking paper with the above name, printed in St. Louis, and devoted to two objects: first, making money; and second, propagating sectarian Christianity. We should have left it to shine in its own glory, unmolested, but its editor throws a veil of its shadow on the *Banner of Light*, and a vain hope to eclipse its light, or to keep its delinquent subscribers, of which it bitterly complains, from taking our paper instead of the *Advocate*, that we have reason to believe they will do as they outgrow its narrow creed. The article is a novelty in itself, much of it a sort of scolding about the "ten cents," which the editor says several times he paid for it, and he thinks he cannot get his money's worth out of it. Poor fellow, we pitied him, for he accuses us, evidently with envy, of being successful in making and selling the *Banner*, and says: "The object of the paper is to make money; hence it plucks its geese without mercy, and feathers its nest with great spiritual union." That is a large amount to learn from one number of our paper, more than its subscribers have ever found out in its thirteen years' service, and more than its proprietors have ever realized or ever expected. But strangely enough, this editor also says: "We have looked through the *Banner* for a new thought, but thoughts are not the forte of Spiritualists," and yet he gives this and several other new thoughts that he could not have got elsewhere, nor anybody else could have found them. Our appeals for material had seem to worry him most; but we must refer him to his own paper which contains the article. Its leader is on its subscribers, to whom it says, "It is an unquestionable fact that those members of our church who do not take a church paper, are of very little value to the church. Our troubles are chiefly with that class of persons." There is much more of this sort of whining, fault-finding complaint, which is certainly more evidence than he ever saw in the *Banner* that money making is his object, more than saving souls. In summing up those who do not take his paper, he pays an undesigned compliment to the class of Christians he represents, when he says of the second class of non-subscribers, "Those who cannot read. This class is far more numerous than many would suspect. One preacher informs us that this is the chief difficulty, where he labors—and the people are not colored people, either." Who ever thought of scolding a man that could not read for not taking a paper? It is bad enough for such to take the sermons. But not only is the whole leader devoted to this, but elsewhere we read:

"A brother writes: 'One man objects to the *Central* and religious papers, saying: They are too high, and then asks, How much does that man care for the Church?' Echo answers, How much?"

Another says: "The editor is getting rich, and I won't take the paper." We are sorry the charge is not true.

The preacher who writes, adds: "You have none of that man's money—neither have I. That is a good hit. You are not likely to get anything from such men."

No wonder he envies a paper that succeeds without scolding as he never can with it.

Notwithstanding this editor says he could not get a new thought, and gave several which he evidently designed to have great weight with his church members that could read, he sees great importance in the testimony of *some one* who says in the *Banner* he (or she) should be still a Spiritualist. If several named mediums were proved impostors, it seems strange to him that a person could realize and understand a philosophy or religion without "miracles," as he calls all these phenomena, and supposes we do, not having read far enough to see that Spiritualists believe in no miracles, old or new, but in the eternal truths of Nature and God. We will not follow him, for he is evidently so perverted by bad theology, that natural truth would nauseate him. He is like a man who has tasted tobacco till it is palatable. A perverted taste rejects even the beautiful inventions of our Free Circle and the NATURAL messages from the spirits who are free from their earthly bodies. To him they seem ridiculous, as his ceremonies do and ever have to us, and we can well afford to wait for the truth to set him free and open his eyes to a light he cannot now bear, as is evident from the way his is bewildered by the sight of one *Banner*. We are much obliged to him for the notice, and for the top cents, and hope he will have better luck next time, and not lose as much money in the investment, since that seems to grieve him most. If we are not very much mistaken, we saw a couple of fine poems in two late numbers of the *Advocate*, written by one of our lecturers on Spiritualism, and probably they were well received by the readers, who did not know they came out of this Nazareth. We would advise him to copy from the *Banner* some of the prayers given in our circles, and let his readers contrast and judge for themselves.

WEAK SPOTS.

Most persons are supposed to have some weakness, and we have found it so in many cases of mediums whose qualities enable them to do much good if they were strong of nerve and head and true of heart, which many truly are, and for which there are crowns of glory waiting; but the broken wreaths that hang over the heads of others, who through weakness of head or nerve, or false-hearted pretensions, break down, are not to be coveted or desired. We are aware that many who turn to the Orthodox fleshpots, or, to use the vulgar Scripture, "like the sow to her wallowing in the mire," are often partially excusable from the weakness of moral or intellectual organs of the brain; but the poor pay they get for doing the dirty work assigned them by the churches and the community, who expect them to expose Spiritualism by exposing their own weakness, and often wickedness also, as in the case of Leland and Fay, and two of the Eddys, and several others, is worse than the husks on which the fugitive fed of old. There is another class, more excusable still, who, often young and weak, are pressed back by relatives and the society that surrounds them, and from which they would be for a time partially excluded if they openly exhibit or defend mediumship. We ever pity and excuse such; but when persons fully grown to man or womanhood voluntarily break under pressure, and show the weakness they, with a little bracing, might strengthen, and escape the degrading fall, we cannot find excuses that leave them in good standing in our estimation. Backsliders from the church, when reconverted, are never considered as valuable as new converts, and after two or three slidings backward and pulling up again, are

of very little account in the church, and their souls are so slippery as to be as likely to be lost as saved, even if retained in the church till death, after the last pulling up.

Some people think it strange that Spiritualism should have backsliders, but there certainly are as strong, or stronger, inducements for persons to give up the unpopular truth and go over to a popular side, and to a church that could cover their weakness and sin both by a popular endorsement, than there could be to leave a church and go back to outsiders. We do not believe any person, once possessed of the truths of Spiritualism, ever does lose that knowledge, or really backslide; but it is an easy thing for a person with a weak and pliable conscience to do as Peter did when pressed by the woman after Jesus was arrested, and not all are as honest, and ready to repent and return, as Peter was. A few years, and all of us will be spirits, and all the garbs and pretences of hypocrisy and deception will slip off and leave us spirits without masks, and then we shall see and feel who were true and strong here.

NOTES ON THE OWENS.

In John H. Owens' book on American Socialism are some curious features for a Christian author. On page 81 he says of Robert Owen, who is well known as one of the ablest and most distinguished leaders known in the history of great men, "The originality, wisdom and success of his doings at New Lanark were manifestly supernatural." The whole tenor of these comments shows that Mr. Owens considered them from a divine and not a satanic source of supernaturalism. He speaks very candidly and honestly of this noble and truly great man and his great work in both England and America, but we think attributes his failures to entirely wrong causes, and we opine none but religious fanatics will agree with him; and although he accepts Mr. Owens' language, and says "he was under the guidance of the spirit of God," yet he sees his failures in his lack of the Christian religion in his social schemes, notwithstanding he says of a large part of his course "he walked with inspiration and special providence." Thus with true Christian character Mr. Owens gives God the glory for the works of an infidel, so far as he pronounces them good, and adds to the common affairs of life, when ally conducted by a sound and strong mind, the supernatural and special providence which is ever at hand for Christian use, in which the fawning sycophancy of Mr. Owens makes him an adept. It is interesting to see with what self-complaisance such a writer can dispose of such superior minds and the Owens.

A HOPELESS CASE.

We see by the papers that a call is out for a National Convention, to be held soon in Pittsburgh, Penn., to be composed of Christians, to inaugurate measures to secure another amendment to the national Constitution, recognizing God and the Holy Scriptures, and probably Jesus Christ as the Son of God. Whatever else can be said of such fanatics, they are surely not wanting in faith and confidence in their own hopeless cause, to keep up these conventions and send in petitions which have about as much chance to be realized as have their prayers for the universal and final conversion of the world to their belief, in which "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess." A system of religion that has promised peace on earth and good will among men, and carried out the exact opposite, in every department of life, for nearly two thousand years, is not very likely to be incorporated into the most liberal constitution in the world after it has run successfully one century without it, and without the recognition of any heathen God, and especially after the people have found there is no need of such recognition for any good will or any protection to the people that live under it. Certainly we have no objection to these people expending their time and money in such conventions and petitions, but we can assure them they would have a harder fight to get this adoption of their religion into the Constitution, and by it the union of Church and State in this country, than they would to reinstate slavery and secure it in the Constitution.

THE WORLD'S CRISIS.

It is so rarely that the readers of the *Banner* see any part of the silly nonsense that is weekly sent out by this herald of an old religion, and a near era expected but never to come, that we are inclined to give them the following slip as a specimen:

"At the different places in Canada, where we held meetings, we found the people increasingly anxious to hear about the coming of our Saviour, and the necessary preparations for the event. We met Bro. J. Porter, pastor of the Danville Church, who informed us that the meetings there had been more interesting and better attended than usual. The people seem to be well convinced that some great event is at hand; and they are anxious to have an understanding of the matter. We met Bro. and Sister W. Cooper, from England, who are deeply interested in a pure Christianity. He is a preacher of the gospel, and spoke freely of the coming of Christ. In all places we find those who truly love Jesus, are interested in his coming, and expect him soon. The evidences keep increasing which show that the last days have truly come. Those who intend to be at the marriage supper of the Lamb, should now keep unspotted from the world."

We suppose the great expected event is the "marriage supper of the Lamb." If this is not silly and nonsense, we do not know what is. In other places, they talk of the Lamb slain for the sins of the world. A Lamb married, or a Lamb slain, for a sacrifice to God, and all such nonsense, may impose upon the credulity of ignorant people, of which the Adventists certainly have a full share; but all who know that the Lamb they talk so much about is none other, in its historic origin, than the sign of the Ram in the Zodiac, will only laugh at them; and those who know their Christ, for whom they are looking for so earnestly, is none other than the eight times incarnated Christna of India, whom they have again incarnated in Jesus, will only laugh at their ignorance and folly in looking for him again so soon.

A CONTRAST.

The Central Baptist of St. Louis protests against the organization of more Baptist churches in Missouri. There are in that State 800 churches, with 60,000 members, an average, if all were discoverable, of 75 each. Half of them have less than 40. Not one church in 20 is supporting a pastor, and many are doing absolutely nothing outside of themselves. That paper says that "if the 60,000 Baptists aforesaid were consolidated into 200 churches of 300 members each, it would be easy to raise \$50,000 annually for State evangelization. As it is, we have a name to live and are dead."

There are, no doubt, over 60,000 Spiritualists in the State of Missouri, and so far as we know, not one church, and only a very few delicately feeble organizations, and we have a name to be dead, and are alive—quite the reverse of the church above described. How long we shall be without churches (or halls) we do not know, but probably

will have good efficient organizations, and then we can purchase some of the useless churches of the "dead" societies, if there remains life enough to sell them to us and receive the pay. "State evangelization" must indeed be important in Missouri, and we shall watch anxiously the result if the money is raised and missionaries sent out. Of one thing we can assure our Eastern friends, viz: that Missouri is an excellent State for Spiritualists and liberal minded persons to settle in, and a poor place for bigots and superstitious persons. The liberal class of citizens are rapidly increasing in the State, both by conversion and immigration, and it will not be long before they will have the best society and societies in the State, as they already have a stronger representation than any church except the Catholic.

Spirit Memory.

In Questions and Answers published in the *Banner* of Feb. 12th, some apparent help is given toward explaining one of the difficulties we meet with when giving assent to the general fact that our departed friends communicate with us.

The questioner asks, "How do you explain the fact that a spirit will give a message through one medium, and afterwards, in controlling another, will have no recollection of having spoken through the first medium?"

Many investigators have found the fact which is assumed as the basis of this question; and it has been as hard to reconcile with faith in the conscious advent of a particular spirit friend as any one we have encountered.

The controlling spirit replies to the above question thus:

"Allow me to illustrate. I am here speaking to you through a certain special organism, and if I remember what I say at all, I remember it through the power of that organism, and no other. I am dependent so far as my thoughts and words are concerned while in control upon that organism; but when I come forth from it, I do not carry memory with me concerning that which has transpired in that organism. I can only fully call up the events that have transpired through that organism in relation to myself by coming in rapport with it again. I can do it through no other, because the law opposes me. As a spirit, I shall remember, but I cannot project that memory through another organism than the one through which the events transpired."

The above is modified a little thus:

"Q.—Are there not cases where it may be projected, to some extent, through a second medium?"

"A.—Oh, yes; but fragmentary, therefore in an unreliable manner."

Such is the account we get from the other side of the curtain; and upon presentation, at first, it seems to indicate a great dwarfing of the important faculty of memory in those who have gone to that other side. Is it thus? While meditating upon these *Banner* statements, we remembered indistinctly that we had read something from Swedenborg in reference to memory, which might possibly be instructive. Taking the "Compendium" of his works and turning to Part IV., page 162, we found some interesting statements pertinent to memory.

We shall copy below, and we ask for a very careful reading of the extracts. Swedenborg must be read with care, or he will not be understood. The very literal rendering of his Latin, which the conscientiousness of his translator enjoined, makes the style of the English version very stiff and often seemingly obscure. Yet close attention will generally discover that his statements are very definite. We are indebted to this eminent seer for very much light upon many things pertaining to spirits and spirit-life; and this without calling him master, without receiving anything as true solely because he said it. In amount of vision combined with qualification to describe with definiteness and accuracy what he saw, Swedenborg stands preëminent among all moderns, if not among all who have ever lived on earth. The highly philosophical cast of his great mind, and the long and thorough training it had in connection with many physical sciences, schooled him as no other seer has been schooled for minute and accurate description. Whenever he is dealing with either physical or metaphysical subjects we feel that his utterances are worthy of very careful consideration. What he said in reference to memory, seems to get some testimony to its accuracy in the above words used in the *Banner* by another who speaks back from the other world after years of residence there. We quote from Swedenborg as follows, asking for so careful a reading of him as that he shall be understood and remembered:

"Every man has two memories—the exterior and interior. The first is proper to his body, the second to his spirit. Man, while he lives in the body, can scarcely know that he has an interior memory, because the interior memory almost always is one with the exterior. For the ideas of thought, which pertain to the interior memory, flow into the things which are of the exterior memory, as into their vessels, and are there conjoined with man; the ideas, by which they converse with each other, flow into the expressions of man's language, and so conjoin themselves with these, that they know no otherwise than that they themselves speak in man's mother tongue, when yet the ideas alone are theirs, while the expressions into which they flow are man's. These two memories are altogether distinct from each other. To the exterior memory, which is proper to man when he lives in the world, pertain all expressions of languages, also all objects of the external things of the senses, and likewise the scientific which are of this world. To the interior memory pertain the ideas of the speech of spirits, which are of the interior sight, and all rational things, from the ideas whereof thought itself exists."

Man, while he lives in the body, cannot speak with each other but by languages distinguished into articulate sounds or expressions, and cannot understand each other unless they are acquainted with those languages. Spirits speak with each other by a universal language distinguished into ideas, such as are the ideas of thought itself, and thus can converse with every spirit of whatever language or nation he had been in the world. Every man, immediately after death, comes into this universal language, because he comes into interior memory, which is proper to his spirit. The interior memory vastly exceeds the exterior."

Man, after death, does not lose the least of those things which have been in his memories, as well in the exterior as in the interior, so that no circumstance can be conceived so small or trifling that it is not reserved with him. He leaves nothing at all behind him at death but bones and flesh. But with his exterior memory, the case is this, that he has with him all and single the things of it, yet it is not permitted him to use that memory, but only the interior."

The exterior memory, therefore, according to Swedenborg, must be of flesh or perishable, so far as its faculties of holding memories of languages and other things of use only in this world, are concerned, for he says, "that a man, after death, cannot use his exterior memory." He says, also, that "to that memory pertain all expressions of languages, also all objects of the external things of the senses, and likewise the scientific which are of this world." He seems to teach that the keeping of all our convictions is transferred to or inherently belongs to the interior memory; but the interior memory, though holding them, can only make use of the "ideas" of these things; or, as we will say, though perhaps not with perfect accuracy, can only make use of the spirit-memory or general idea of those things which pertain to the exterior memory. The interior or spirit-

memory seemingly takes with it the whole of the exterior or physical memory, in much the same sense and to the same extent as the spirit-world takes the whole man when he goes out of the body. Human languages, therefore, and also what we call earth, sky, water, external objects, also such "scientifics" (whatever they may be) are for use in this world only—all these are held in the interior memory; but only as "ideas"; that is, the spirit or general conviction of them only is preserved. Therefore our departed brother has no memory of the outer form, that is, no memory of the words, phrases and sentences of his mother tongue; no remembrance of human outer forms or of the outer forms of houses, animals, mountains, or any of the objects that are cognized by the external senses. That memory was of the earth, earthly, and it died; but his spirit, and the spirit of its treasures, live in the interior memory. Such is our interpretation of Swedenborg; but we are not sure that we understand him thoroughly; nor are we without fear that we fail to make our own thoughts intelligible.

Such views, if their correctness be admitted, cut deep and pare off from the spirit the very faculty by which alone our departed ones can embody in words their remembrances of such things as we long to have them speak about. Direct speaking to us, as mortals, is denied them by the very conditions of their being; not only the organs for speech like ours, but also the memory of man's language, is lost by them.

But there seems to be an indirect process by which they can sometimes be "re clothed upon" with mortality, and get a partial use of an exterior memory and the powers belonging to it. For this they are dependent upon living human organisms; sometimes perhaps emanations from such organisms may be sufficient, but generally the power to speak in human language seems not to come back until the spirit enters into and controls a living form. When he has done this, sometimes words flow forth; but whose are they? Do they belong to the spirit controlling, or to the medium? Theodore Parker says, in the *Banner of Light*, that he is dependent on the medium for thoughts and words, and for memory of them. Swedenborg says that when spirits talk with men their (spirits') ideas flow into the expressions of man's language, and this so naturally that the spirits do not know but that the language is their own; and yet the expressions are man's.

There is needed here some better definition of the term *idea*, and a more precise distinction between the meaning of thought and idea, than we are able to give. The first signification of *idea* is, "that which is seen," and no matter whether seen by the material, mental or spiritual eye. "In philosophical use it does not signify that act of the mind which we call thought or perception, but some object of thought."—*Reid*. Swedenborg seems to express by it an instantaneous and simultaneous seeing of each and every minute particular making up the whole knowledge which one has of any being or any subject. And it is by such comprehensive *seesings* that spirits converse with each other. These he calls *ideas*. The whole of such a *seesing* is sensed by the spirit seeing it, and it can all be read instantly by any other spirit who beholds his countenance. All, literally all that a spirit knows about anything, he can so show on his face that another spirit may see and learn it all at a single glance. So Swedenborg seems to teach. If so, knowledge may be acquired very rapidly in the other world.

The first meaning of *thought* is, "that which the mind thinks." Also it is the idea consequent to thinking. We cannot define briefly the difference between idea and thought, but will say that idea is much broader and more comprehensive than thought. We may suppose that the New World was to Columbus, at first, an *idea*. As such it was the nucleus around which ten thousand acts of thinking or separate thoughts gathered, while he was struggling to get the means to cross the ocean and ascertain a fact. And, in Swedenborg's use of the term, the present *idea* Columbus has of America is one summary of all the convictions produced in his spirit by all that he thought, said, did, suffered, learned, saw, heard or knows about the New World. A *particular thought* is not a millionth part of Columbus's *idea* of this continent.

Returning now to Parker's statement that he is dependent on his medium for memory, not only of words but of *thoughts*, what interpretation can we give? Perhaps he must come into connection with a physical organism for power to pull some little distinct thought suited to our comprehension, out of a vast bundle which form in his spirit an *idea*. In the spirit-world and in converse with spirits he may and perhaps must keep them bundled up—but to show to us the whole bundle, were that possible, would be idle, for we could learn nothing from it. As a spirit he has with him all the convictions he ever received, and his idea of you or me or any other man whom he ever knew is one bundle of convictions. These, as a spirit, he remembers and sees as a whole and in all their minutiae. So, as a spirit and in a spirit's mode, he may remember that he took possession of and spoke through Mrs. Conant; that is, such a conviction may be in his spirit memory, and yet it may be needful for him to return to the same organism for power to recall so as to reproject what he then said, because the record of his thoughts and words, while in control, and the needful means to put them forth again, may be there and there only.

We repeat our question: whose memory can give back the words? Parker says he is dependent on the medium for them; but what part of the medium—her spirit or her bodily organism? She—for we trust her and hundreds of others similarly used—has had no consciousness of letting forth, when under another's control, either a thought or word as her own; moreover there are among us scores of conscious mediums who are listeners to words and sentences which flow out through their own lips, which they do not bring forth by any act of will, and which are as new to themselves as to any other persons. The appearance is that the spirit depends upon the physical organism of the medium for thoughts and words, and for memory of thoughts and words. If so, there are strange capabilities in our mortal brains, tongues and memories. If so, this outer form can be borrowed or stolen by an emigrant returning from above or below, and be used as an instrument by which to recall old memories, re-experience and re-act external or earth-life, and deposit in the borrowed brain, or its temporary offspring, new memories, and yet may abandon the loan or the theft, leaving it in such condition that the owner thereof shall not perceive that harm or abiding change has taken place in it.

Parker does not state that he uses only such "thoughts and words" as the medium's memory contains. He does not state that the medium herself, as an intelligent or acting person, furnishes him with thoughts and words, but only that he is dependent on her for them and for memory of them. And now in what manner and to what extent thus dependent?

Let us here recall a few facts of very general observation. In countless instances, when returning spirits enter into and take possession of

the medium's form, they, and the body too, are at once distressed by just such pains as the spirits in their own bodies endured in the last days or hours of earth-life; and in very many cases these pains are indicative of such disease as the medium never experienced, such as that particular organism has no predisposition to, and such as will subside as soon as the spirit leaves, if not before. Thus much of this life's experience the spirit brings back to itself and lives over again by simply entering into a human body—any human body—strong or weak, healthy or diseased. Thoughts and words, with power to remember and project them, seem to come back to the spirit in the same way that such pains do, that is, through the mere fact of a re-blending of a spirit with a living organism. This seems to be a natural, necessary result of such a blending. It simply comes—comes, as we may say, of itself, as much so as effluence and a new compound do from the blending of the contents of the two papers of Seidlitz powders in water. The quality of the result, that is, the extent and excellence of the spirit's power to re-project his ideas in human thoughts and words, will depend on the mutual fitness of the particular spirit controlling and the organism controlled to be thus brought together.

At the instant of taking control, something like a spirit alkali and a human acid, or *vice versa*, seem to come together, and, from necessity, make a commotion. Neither party wills it; but the commotion results in revealing a former condition of the spirit, and not one of the medium. Such facts point to momentous latent and unsuspected capabilities in the human organism, even when the will and the intellect that belong to it are kept in abeyance. Each body, we generally suppose, has been fitted for and appropriated to the use of one individual mind, soul or spirit; and yet it seems that its elements and composition are such that when a disembodied spirit enters another's body, he is at once more or less re-born a mortal man, and finds that the physical organs, joined in fellowship with his corresponding spiritual ones, bring back, more or less definitely, his memories of earth, his power to use his earth language, and to say and act many things like his former self. The physical of the medium seems to be all that helps the spirit.

It is by no means an unusual occurrence for some of our mediums to speak fluently in French, Spanish, Italian, German, Latin and other foreign languages, though they have never studied such languages and know scarcely a word of them when in their normal state. The communicating spirit surely cannot find such languages stored away in the memories of such mediums. He may be dependent on the medium for words and thoughts—but not for words and thoughts which the medium has previously stored up and possesses—but only, perhaps, for a *brain apparatus* of some kind, which, automatically, perhaps, re-habituates the spirit more or less fully in his own old memories, thoughts and physical powers, and causes him to project forth, in thoughts and words, the fragments of ideas which belong to him as a spirit, and which prompt him to revisit the outer world.

We may well suppose, assuming such to be the facts, that there must be in use among us a vast amount of very poor thinking and speaking apparatus, formed, as in every control it must be, by the conjunction of a spirit and a body that were not designed to go together as parts of the same machine. Rickety concerns are abundant, and yet they all point to possibilities of better ones. We shall receive, more patiently than heretofore, the frequent assertion of spirit-friends that they cannot say much here and now because conditions are not right; or because this or that medium is not well suited to their use. Good fitness is possible only in rare instances.

Resuscitated drowning or dying persons often report that they have seen at a glance the whole experiences of their previous lives. Such a glimpse, according to Swedenborg, was a spirit *idea*. At the moment of such sight the exterior memory was so far absorbed by the interior that the persons became essentially disembodied so far as the physical organs of memory are concerned, and the interior memory came into full action; yet upon full resuscitation the exterior memory resumed its functions, and the interior went into abeyance.

Our article is becoming too long. We must leave many of our thoughts unexpressed, and stop the pen soon.

Backed and explained by Swedenborg, Parker appears to be justified in his statement that he was dependent upon his medium, while in control, for his thoughts and words, and memory of them. According to Swedenborg, every spirit is dependent upon some living organism for thoughts and words, because he possesses none of these as a spirit. These are designed for and belong to man only as an embodied inhabitant of earth; but, though thus dependent for these, it does not follow that the thoughts and words, given out as Parker's, were Mrs. Conant's. Upon his coming into rapport with her form, his interior memory conjoined with her organs of exterior memory, and thus evoked for him a temporary exterior memory, by which he recalled and enunciated thoughts and words, and in which those thoughts and words would be preserved.

When any of our mediums speak in a tongue unknown to themselves, they do not furnish such language out of their own memories—they cannot, because it is not there. Yet the speaking spirit is dependent on them for the language, since it is only in connection with and by the use of the medium's organs of memory—not the stores, but the organs—that the controlling spirit gets an exterior memory, which memory is an essential to the utterance of any human language.

Memory of names, dates, languages, and a thousand other things which man will have no use for in spirit-life, he is obliged to leave behind substantially, while yet the spirit of them, or the convictions they produced on his interior memory survive, and still adhere to, or inhere to the spirit.

Taught by Swedenborg, then, we may say that Parker can, resting upon the medium, get access to some of his own old memories, and can enunciate thoughts, both old and new, by words. The memory which preserves his words when he controls among us is a temporary one, apparently pertaining neither to him nor to the medium after he leaves her form. It seems to go and be we know not where or whose; and yet, as soon as he re-enters that form, that same exterior memory is there, and on its pages, and nowhere else, he says, can he recall so as to re-project what he said while in control there, because "the law opposes him."

Such, up to this time, is our reading of Swedenborg and Parker upon "Spirit-Memory." More light is needed; many other dark points need illumination. We are not satisfied with our own presentation of what they seem to teach, but we let it go into print, hoping it may induce some more intuitive brain and abler pen than ours to furnish a better elucidation of this interesting subject. A. P.