

is on Sabbath, in white, with a blue sash, and a  
caval of amber was around her throat. Her



large, dressed, light silk gown, with cap of black lace, and fastening yellow ribbons.

Shina's soft dark eyes, full and tender in their Oriental expression, were cast down upon the prayer-book she held in her hands, the long lashes sweeping the cheeks, as a plaintive melody issued from her lips the greeting hymn of the Sabbath, there should be read with such reverential joy. There was supplication in her heart, the humility of a stricken spirit in her attitude. It might have been said of her—

"A thousand and a tender dream,  
"With these long lashes sleep;  
"A gentle poise that seems  
"Too still and sweet to weep."

Such was her habitual expression; but oft, when the bitter waves of suffering rolled all too rudely over that meekly bending spirit, the sweet face became agitated with its intensity of grief and prayer, and she cried aloud to Him who dwells in Peace! An impulse of settled resignation dwelt on her lips, but her coral hue alone relieved the whiteness of that perfectly lovely face. She felt herself an accomplice in the cruel deed of keeping from her father's arms the child he sought. She felt this sin, and its daily recurring retribution; but superstitious dread, fear of her bigoted husband, and love of the child, that was all of earth to her, restrained her from the act of justice, which, had she known where to find Perceval Wayne, would still have bound her in trembling silence. Cosella must never become a Christian; her people would spurn and spit upon her, could she deliver her to the unbelieving father's care. She dared not incur the anger of Manasseh—and to give up Cosella, oh! she could not live without her! Though he were in the same town she dared not, by word or sign, inform him of his daughter's existence; and every time his death was announced, she breathed free, and then accused herself of sin.

Shina was repeating the Sabbath hymn, and by her side stood Cosella, her dark eyes riveted upon her mother's pensive face, her lips reverentially following the words. There was a bending forward of her slight figure, a drooping of the head, as if with her, too, the attitude of supplication was not unusual. There was a strange mingling of timidity and boldness, affection and restraint, in her manner. At eight of a glorious sunset, or picturesque view, her eye kindled with enthusiasm, her cheek glowed, her heart throbbled wildly. When Shina spoke over so tenderly, tearfully even, she remained cold and unmoved. When Manasseh threatened her with punishment her eye flashed defiance, her slight figure towered with pride, and anger quivered in every lineament. The next moment she would fling herself upon the neck of the sorry terror, and weep great tears amid his shaggy coat, and call him her "friend," her "love and dear!"

Shina read, in a low, musical voice, the Hebrew words of greeting to the Sabbath, whose rest and presence is lavished as the coming of a bride; she translated the words into English, for the better understanding of her child:

"Come, my beloved! to meet the bride; the presence of the Sabbath let us receive. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride!"

"To meet the Sabbath, come let us go, for it is the fountain of blessing; in the beginning of olden times was it appointed; for, though lost in sin, yet was it first in the thought of God."

"The thought of God!" repeated Cosella; "God's thoughts must be all good, mother! He is never angry, is he, like father?"

"Hush, darling!" said Shina, reprovingly; "you interrupt the prayer, and that is a sin; and you compare man to God, and that is a great sin, dear!"

Cosella looked wonderingly in Shina's face. "You told me we are all God's children," she replied; "one time you told me God is all good, then you and father say God is angry. Yesterday you told me it was wicked to be angry; then God is wicked sometimes, and father, too!"

Shina trembled with agitation; those clear questioning eyes, the dreadful infidelity of her searching queries! She felt her utter incompetency to reply to the childish monitor. But Lydia came to the rescue.

"Miss Cosy, it is sinfully wicked to go on in that way; it is against the Bible and the law, and the holy prophets of Moses; it is against the Sabbath, and the feast and fast days; it is disobedient and immoralizing, and just like the Christians—as bad as eating pork and ham, and meat and butter, and forbidden things, all together in a mangle. You must not be sinful, Miss Cosy, or you won't go to heaven with your parents, but have to live to all eternity in a place of darkness, and fire, and brimstone, and hobgoblins."

She paused for breath, and Cosella burst into a loud laugh, that, to the startled Shina, seemed the mocking glee of a lost soul. Without replying, she turned toward the book from which she was reading, and said:

"Go on, mother."

"Oh, thou sanctuary of the King! Oh, royal city! arise, come forth from thy subversion; thou hast dwelt long enough in the vale of tears; for he will now pity thee with kindness."

"Rouse thyself! rouse thyself! arise, and shine, for thy light is come. Awake! awake! utter a song, for the glory of the Lord is revealed upon thee."

The countenance of Shina glowed with enthusiasm with momentary faith and deep religious joy. The promises of the Most High to the mourning city seemed applied to herself; her eye glistened with tears; Cosella shared the faith and the enthusiasm, unknowing why, conscious only of prayer unto the good and loving God!

Shina rose from her chair, and bowing reverently to the right and left, according to usage, spoke the concluding formula:

"Oh, come in peace, thou who art the crown of thy husband; also with joy and gladness in the midst of the faithful of the beloved people. Come, oh bride! Come, oh bride!"

She sat down, and the child bent before her, invoking her blessing; solemnly, most tenderly, she placed both hands on the orphan's head, and blessed her in the name of the four saintly mothers: Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, and Leah; and silently, yet from the depths of her heart, she prayed that Cosella might learn to love her, even as she was beloved.

Far through the dream-like vista of the past, the haunting footsteps of memory glide, along familiar chambers, and in sweet, fragrant resting-places; calling there, perchance, a cypress flower. In after years, Shina often dreamed of the still home retreat and the Sabbath hymn of long ago; and Cosella turned with wild longing to the little flower-room, to the consecrated hymn, and the fair, pensive face of the loved and true. Memory guarded sacredly the sweet home picture, in all its freshness and beauty to the waking heart.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

When people get money without earning it, it's like taking a lot of spirit at one draught. It goes into their heads, and they don't know what they are about. There's a tipiness of the pocket as well as of the stomach.

It is easier to increase our wants, but it ever so much, than to reduce them; but it ever so little.

## THE AWAKENING.

BY HENRY R. CORNWALL.

Out of darkness, out of dire confusion,  
Lo! the light of truth reveals the way;  
And the world, delivered from delusion,  
Ushers in the long-awaked day.

Lo! the haggard tyrant, Superstition,  
Totter headlong from his bloody throne;  
Reason rears its noble mission,  
And, too long an outcast, claims her own!

Not where Mammon rears the proudest steeple,  
Not where form supports a patrician creed;  
But the hearthstones of the common people  
Are the altars of the Christ indeed!

Lo! upon their altar pinions sailing  
From the beauteous realms above;  
Gentle spirits, from the fount unailing,  
Come to cheer our souls with draughts of love!

Lo! the black and sombre veils of sadness  
Vanish back again into the night;  
Let us clothe ourselves in robes of gladness,  
As becoming those who love the light!

Lo! the dawn of a new day weep no longer  
O'er the earthly form obscuring moulding;  
Christ is risen! let your faith grow stronger,  
Look aloft and see the heavens unfolding!

Lo! the morning after disaster in splendor  
Every breeze a freight of blessing holds;  
And the breaking radiance, soft and tender,  
Bathes the earth in glory as it rolls!

This is not a dream of fancy's making,  
Such as on the steep of vision falls;  
We have dreamed, but we are now awaking!  
Sleep no more! for Christ, the master, calls!

New London, Feb. 1860.

## MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY R. D. BRITTON.

### SECOND SERIES.

#### CHAPTER XL.

##### The Psychometric Science.

A variety of curious phenomena contribute to establish the general fact, that both animals and men leave subtle emanations from their bodies in all places which they have previously occupied. Every object they have touched is pervaded by the invisible influence, and every sensitive nature feels its presence. Thus the dog is enabled to pursue the deer for hours without once seeing the game, following all the while by scenting or otherwise perceiving the aroma from his footsteps. In like manner he finds his master in a crowd, or pursues him with unerring certainty when he is far from home. Doubtless the dog discovers traces of other animals and of men by subtle emanations from their bodies, which pervade the earth and air. These aroma-like essences appear to reach the animal sensorium through the olfactory surfaces, though this is by no means certain, inasmuch as the instincts of some animals likewise enable them to perceive danger, when the causes are but indirectly, and, perhaps, very remotely related to living men and beasts. The dog has been known to exhibit great uneasiness when his master was exposed to accident from secret snares and pitfalls. In places where bloody deeds were long since perpetrated, animals have been known to manifest signs of extreme fear. In these respects it is alleged that the instinct of the horse is scarcely less mysterious and reliable than that of the dog. From the Scriptural account of Job's peculiar experience, it would appear that even the stupid beast, on which he rode, was endowed with clearer perceptions than many men; and that he was a far better discoverer of spiritual things than the false prophet himself.

If we reflect that a single grain of musk, or other diffusible aromatic, may completely permeate an immense volume of common air—so as to be perceived through an outward arena of sensation—we shall scarcely attempt to determine how far the invisible emanations from men and angels may extend; nor shall we presume to fix limits to their subtle influence on the faculties of the human mind or the functions of animal existence. The atmosphere is a principal vehicle whereby not only the purest incense of the flowers, but also the grossest exhalations from diseased bodies and unhealthy locations, are widely diffused. The impregnation of the vital air, by unwholesome emanations from corrupt forms and miasmatic districts, renders this great fountain of life and health the most efficient agent in spreading contagion and death. The invisible agents of infection are carried in every direction by the atmospheric currents. Thus certain malarial become epidemic, and great cities are devastated by the pestilence. In like manner every human being who has a sound constitution and unimpaired health, contributes to energize the springs of life in all who approach him. Sensitive persons immediately feel the sustaining magnetism of his presence. This is sometimes sufficient to relieve severe pain; to make the weak man suddenly strong; and not unfrequently has this normal magnetic power equalized the vital forces, and thus harmonized the organic functions of persons who were completely prostrated by disease. It is recorded that a surprising cure was effected from Jesus of Nazareth, and restored a woman who merely "touched the hem of his garment." We have witnessed cures that were scarcely less remarkable, and it is time for us to attempt something like a rational estimate of the importance of these subtle principles in the present economy, and the ultimate issue of human existence. The subject is not only interesting to the metaphysical philosopher, but viewed in its moral and practical relations and aspects, it is one of vast importance. The man who passes along the highway, changes the vital elements of the very air we breathe by the emanations from his body and mind; the persons who prepare your food or share your couch, modify all the conditions of being; while the friends at the table and the friends on the earth exert a power for good or ill that remains long after the guests have departed.

The capacity of certain impressible persons to perceive, by an exquisite power of cognition, or semi-spiritual sensation, the general and particular characteristics of distant and unknown persons, by merely holding their autographs in the hand, or against the forehead, has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of numerous experimental observers. It was about the year 1812, that JOSEPH R. BUCHANAN, M. D.—widely known as a free, fearless, and philosophical investigator—commenced his public lectures on Psychometry and other subjects embraced in his neurological system of Anthropology. He was unquestionably, the first really scientific man who attempted to commend the revelations of the psychometric sense to the schools and the several learned professions. But in his intelligent and noble efforts to enlighten all the learned and the ignorant, he derived but little encouragement from the former. Professional pride often stands in the way of honest convictions, and rarely permits a generous operation. Even the members of the Medical Profession—among whom Dr. Buchanan is a conspicuous light—were little disposed to treat the subject with the respect it deserved, and the endeavor that will be found to characterize every disinterested seer after truth. But in the late Dr. Samuel Ficker of New York, Dr. Caldwell of Louisville, Ky., and the Faculty of the Uni-

versity of Indiana, Dr. Buchanan met with honorable exceptions. While many independent minds became interested in his psychometric experiments, our recognized authorities in science, with rare exceptions, thought too much of reputation and ease, and too little of the truth, to venture into new fields of investigation. Among those who manifested at that early period a becoming interest in the subject, were several literary and scientific gentlemen in the city of New York, who served on a committee of investigation, and reported through their chairman, Dr. Ficker, that "they had sufficient evidence to satisfy them that Dr. Buchanan's views have a rational experimental foundation, and that the subject opens a field of investigation second to no other in immediate interest, and in promise of important future results to science and humanity."

While Dr. Buchanan's observations and experiments constitute the more important elements in the early history of Psychometry, it must be conceded that the fundamental facts and laws which the subject involves were discovered some time before the commencement of his investigations. The early experimenters in Animal Magnetism did not fail to observe that persons of acute sensibility were enabled to establish a sympathetic rapport with others at a distance, by holding a lock of hair, an article of clothing, or a finger-ring, which the absent party had worn, or, indeed, by taking in the hand any small article of personal property that had been in contact with the body. While the impressions made on the mind of the sensitive investigator, in such cases, were perhaps mainly derived from the organic, physiological and pathological conditions of the person under examination, still it cannot be denied that a mysterious *subliminal faculty* was frequently displayed. This diagnosis sometimes comprehended the mental and moral, as well as the physical conditions of the subject. Crimes and criminals were occasionally discovered in this way. The smallest fragment of a cravat, worn by a thief, would hold him fast; a shirt was a better means of detection than a sheriff; and an old shoe would suffice to put the sensitive explorer on the track of those who were either concealed, absent or lost. When the search resulted in finding the object, not only physical conditions and specific localities could be described and pointed out, but the memory became an open book, that could be read in the darkness of midnight; the unspoken thoughts of men were mysteriously revealed; and the most secret purposes were disclosed before time had afforded an opportunity for their actual accomplishment. This capacity to discover the measure and to define the limits of the mental and moral powers, did not necessarily depend on information derived from autography. Similar information was otherwise conveyed to the mind through the channels of psychometric perceptions; and thus the organic combinations, the peculiar moods, and the superficial aspects of the human faculties, affections and passions, were clearly revealed.

The fact that accurate pathological information was conveyed through the processes already described, was quite sufficient to warrant the presumption that a knowledge of the mental exercises and moral qualities of the individual might be obtained in a similar manner. If the ordinary emanations from the body indicated the existing states of the several organs, it was reasonable to infer that a thought, expressed through the nerves of voluntary motion, would possibly carry along with it to the paper a subtle principle which might serve as an index to the whole character, or a key to all the treasures of the mind. And this amazing suggestion has been literally verified by numerous experiments! Dr. Buchanan claims to have demonstrated the fact that a subtle aura, in some respects distinct and peculiar, proceeds from every separate organ of the brain, and records, in invisible but ineffaceable lines, the essential nature and precise measure of each mental manifestation. Having placed one end of a metallic conductor in the hand of a very sensitive subject, he proceeded to touch the different organs of the brain of another person with the opposite end of the conductor, through which the influence, proceeding from the organic action of the separate faculties, was transmitted with such force and distinctness as to be clearly perceived by the psychometer, though he was not allowed to see what portions of the brain were touched.

When the multitudes are divided between unreasoning skepticism on one side and blind credulity on the other, the friends of a recently discovered truth are fortunate if they have a representative qualified by nature and education, to conduct a scientific investigation of a new subject with candor and discrimination. Dr. Buchanan did not fail to exhibit the requisite qualification—neither rejecting facts when they were new and strange, nor yet rashly accepting results because they are specious, while there remains a chance to prove that they may have been chimerical.

The ability to discern the real character of persons, by merely holding a letter against the forehead, certainly reveals a faculty that may be frequently employed with great practical advantage. Language is often used to conceal the essential character and real intentions of the speaker or writer; but the psychometric power penetrates the frail disguise. With the aid of a simple autograph the soul-measurer lifts the mirror veil, strikes down the glittering shield, and reveals the naked falsehood that lurked behind it.

As the subject does not appear to call for a statement of illustrative facts and experiments, recorded at length, the circumstantial details may be omitted. A brief reference to the following examples will suffice to show that, not only the general character and habits of thought are revealed by the psychometric process, but the temporary moods of the mind, the existing thoughts and the present action are liable to cast their shadows over the sensitive soul. While Mrs. Nettler was holding a sealed letter from Dr. Buchanan—who was at that time editing the

"The Eclectic Anticipation that any great truth would be revealed at once, merely because they had been logically and practically demonstrated, is speedily annihilated by experience and observation. Under our unphilosophical systems of education, pure reason is but little cultivated; and in the daily course of life there is so little disinterested reasoning compared with the great number of acts proceeding from habit and the impulses of feeling, guided only by simple perceptions, that the most accurate and well-informed man is a very inefficient mode of guiding or convincing mankind. Prejudice, association, example, and a misdirected self-interest will lead the most intelligent man to believe in the truth of a doctrine, and to act upon it, long before he has been able to perceive the truth of it. The facts of Animal Magnetism, and especially clairvoyance after being demonstrated before scientific medical committees, in Paris and before tens of thousands, if not millions of intelligent observers, throughout the civilized world, are still comparatively ignored or rejected by the leading medical authorities and writers, without any conclusions being drawn from the reality of such facts. They are simply dismissed, with a sneer, without honest argument or inquiry, with a vehement ascription of human intelligence and human vanity, which might be appropriate in a court of science, but which is inadmissible in the members of a scientific profession, and still more to those who are to be the leaders of human thought. This demoralizing and soul-destroying influence, which treats the human mind as a vast assemblage of knaves and fools, from which no word of truth should be expected, and whose testimony is utterly inadmissible in any court of justice, has long been the curse of the medical profession, that it is vain to expect its abolition in the present generation; and under such a system it is vain to expect, in the authoritative professions, the recognition of any word of truth when their supporting testimony is rejected, and the parties who reject exclusive evidence either totally refuse to make any investigation themselves, or else upon a very narrow and false basis, a party spirit, determined to sustain their own long-continued conclusions.—Introduction to Buchanan's Neurological System of Anthropology.

Journal of Man—she declared that the chief study of the writer was "Man, in his whole nature." When an envelope, enclosing some stanzas written by a poet, was placed in her hand, she observed that the author had a double character—the sphere was unpleasant, but that the person could "write poetry tolerably well." A letter written by Kossuth, immediately after the delivery of a powerful speech in St. Louis, caused her to gesticulate as if she were addressing a multitude, and this was followed by a feeling of extreme exhaustion. The letter of an insane man who had killed his own child, occasioned sympathetic delirium and convulsions. Some irregular pencil lines and scratches, traced by the hand of an infant child, gave no impression. A very delicate picture on silk—painted by Miss Thomas, of Edwardsburg, Mich., and presented to the writer—was handed to Mrs. M., under the cover of a sealed envelope, whereupon she affirmed that the author of the contents of the envelope had painted her, instead of expressing it in words.

Twelve years since the present writer published a number of mental and moral portraits of distinguished persons in the *Unicerebral*. They were living pictures, drawn with remarkable strength, beauty and fidelity, by Miss Parsons, of Boston. When a letter, written at Chelsea, England—by Thomas Carlyle—was handed to Miss P., she said, "The sea is not far off; or a thought of the sea is in his mind." When her hand was unconsciously resting on the autograph of Washington Allston, she pronounced his name. A letter from Ole Bull produced great exaltation of feeling. For some time she appeared to be immersed in a sea of music, as a few lines from her work-picture of the inspired Norwegian will plainly indicate. On clasping the letter in her hand, she at once exclaimed:

"Impetuous and enthusiastic! He seems to me to be all soul, yet all expression. He would be heartless and heartless! I would have perfect silence about me. I cannot bear to hear my own voice, it is so discordant. Language is so stiff, and cold, and harsh! Oh! could you but hear the stars, as they roll to music—the flowers as they grow—the rhythm of the streams and birds! This exquisite music calls up such admiration! This is worth a king! At first he is absorbed in prayer; then he is silent and solemn; and self is lost in the Infinite."

It will be perceived that the historic characters are not the only ones that exert an influence on human affairs, long after the earthly drama of life is over. Every man leaves a record that time cannot obliterate. Every work of the individual heart and hands is an enduring monument of his soul's ideal; and his moral image is indelibly stamped on everything which his thought, affection and passion have prompted him to touch. The conclusion is startling, but inevitable. It is, moreover, full of beautiful suggestions, useful instruction, and solemn warning. Every secret not recorded, and may be openly reviewed by those who shall come after us. It has been proved by experiment that the vital and mental influences which emanated from the actual life and thought of the buried nations, still linger about the enchanted ruins. The psychometer may decipher the hieroglyphics on the ancient tombs and temples, and thus interpret the spirit of bygone ages. In this way we may yet learn respecting the ancients what History did not chronicle. While we are daily preparing the life record, that to-morrow may be submitted to this searching ordeal, it may be profitable to consider that wherever we go, and in all that we do, we either grope in darkness, among the thorns we have planted, or we walk in light, scattering fresh flowers by the wayside, to cheer and bless those who may succeed us in the journey of life.

The idea of the ancients, that certain localities were especially consecrated, was not all fanciful. It is well known that in those places where spiritually-minded persons are accustomed to meet frequently for social and sacred purposes, the invisible powers manifest their presence with far greater freedom and in a more tangible manner. Where two hearts meet and are united in pure affection; where great thoughts shine out from the temples of the mind; where the aspirations of congenial souls mingle and ascend in spiritual worship, then, and there, will kindred natures from the Inner Temple assemble and the place will be consecrated by their presence. Their divine emanations fall on the altar of the heart and quicken the latent powers of the worshiper. Thus, by a law of spiritual attraction, the powers of the immortal world assemble in such places as are consecrated by pure love and devotion, by noble deeds and sacred associations. They walked by the haunted streams; they met the old Druids in the solemn forests, and appeared in the lonely mountains by the altars of the ancient Prophets.

When one is gifted with a keen psychometric sense, he at once perceives the nature of the emanations from his visitors, whether they are visible or invisible. If he enters the haunts of deception and vice, clouds darken the spiritual vision, and he finds the trail of the serpent in his way. Those who are distinguished for their exquisite receptibility, seldom fail to perceive the genial sphere of the houses they enter. Not unfrequently are these psychometric impressions, or intuitive revelations, made as soon as they cross the threshold. Sometimes harsh discords fall on the inner sense, and the nerves vibrate under the painful pressure of domestic and social antagonism. But the mansion of domestic peace and true fidelity of soul, discloses Elysian fields of the affections, where angels walk in light, or recline amid scenes of blissful repose. The senses are all refined and exalted by a pure moral and spiritual atmosphere. Every object seems to be pervaded by a subtle, mysterious power, that gently sweeps the inmost chords of being. We feel that we are in one of the consecrated places. The lively sense that cleaves the radiant footsteps of Angel-visitors and heavenly emanations that make the place holy.

"The pure in heart" meet in heavenly places, always. The Angels stand by them in their transfigured beauty, and surround the loving heart with a sphere that is full of light and melody. They come to lead the weary pilgrim from the rude scenes of outer life and consciousness, to mansions of rest. They leave their pure emanations behind them when they depart. Every object they have touched is made luminous, and continues to scintillate with starlike radiations. To the spiritual eye their very foot-prints are visible in the light on the floor. The glory of their presence dissipates the darkness of the world; their smiles dissolve the frosts of years; they restore the spring time of the affections, and make life's barren wastes bloom like the gardens of Paradise. While I write I am inspired in music, soft and soothing as the gentlest strains from *Æolus*, when the expiring winds whisper their last benison to the trembling chords of the lyre.

### AT PEACE WITH ALL.

How pure at heart and sound in head,  
With what divine affections bold,  
Should be the man whose thought would hold  
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call  
The dead from their peaceful fold,  
Except, like him, thou too dost wait,  
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,  
Imaginations calm and free,  
The memory like a cloudless air,  
The consciousness a sea at rest.  
But when the heart is full of sin,  
And doubts beset the portal wain,  
They can but hover at the gates,  
And hear the household jar within.

## IMMORTALITY AND NON-IMMORTALITY.

NUMBER ONE.

BY PROF. FAYTON SPENCER, M. D.

"Enter ye in at the straight gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leads to destruction; and many there be that go in thereat; because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—MATTHEW 7, verses 13, 14.

The views which will be presented in this and the following articles, were penned in the fall of 1855, while the writer was residing in Peru, Illinois. They were read, at that time, to a couple of friends whose minds had already become interested in the questions as to what constitutes immortality, and who are immortal and who are not. To one of them, Mrs. McC., a lady of a remarkably spiritual and intuitive nature, my conclusions seemed correct, and they brought to her mind the passage of the New Testament above quoted, which appeared to us to confirm the opinions which I had expressed. Such is the history of my text, which I do not expect to comment upon, or any another word about, but will simply let it stand where it is; and if others think with us, that it does confirm the views expressed in these articles, well and good; if any think that it has quite another meaning, and does not confirm the opinions herein contained, it is unimportant, as in either event they must stand or fall upon their own truthfulness or falsity.

The doctrine of the non-immortality of some human beings is said to be cold, heartless, unfeeling, inhuman; and those who pronounce such sentences upon the doctrine, make their judgment sufficiently broad and comprehensive to cover, not only the doctrine, but also its advocates, and hence they, too, are regarded as cold, heartless, unfeeling, inhuman. Thus a question of fact is tested by their feelings and sentiments instead of their reason and judgment; and if it grates upon their tender emotions and sympathetic natures, they at once conclude that it cannot be so, that nature would never thus violate their conceptions of what is kind and merciful. Yet the least reflection must satisfy them that nature does often violate our limited conceptions of things, and that if man's feelings and emotions were permitted to rule and to reconstruct the machinery of nature, the millions of sad scenes and heart-rending facts which mark her processes with disease and suffering, death and desolation, would never occur. A fact is a fact, however much we may shudder at the announcement of it; and neither a knowledge, nor a belief of that fact, can rob us of any benevolent element of our nature; and even if we believe it to be a fact, when in reality it is not, our generous and philanthropic feelings are not therefore diminished. If, for example, it is true that one-third of the whole number of children born die in infancy, is it cold, heartless, unfeeling, or inhuman to announce the fact? If it is not, neither is it cruel or inhuman in any one to announce his simple belief, and give his reasons for that belief that two-thirds die in infancy, when, in reality, only one-third die thus prematurely. In fact, if I have discovered something which, at first sight, seems unpleasant to be known, or if I only believe that I have discovered such a thing, and if it bears any relation to humanitarian interests, benevolence would at once say, disclose the discovery as a positive truth, if it is such, or announce it as a subject open for investigation and worthy of investigation, if, to me, it is not yet clearly established. It is highly important for us to know that one-third of the number of children that are born die in infancy; because a knowledge of the fact will awaken us to the necessity of ascertaining and removing the causes of premature death. Still more important is it for us to know, if it is so, that many germs of immortal life are blighted—that many a promise of an immortal soul is never redeemed; for, be assured that such knowledge will not chill the stout hearted, but will rouse them to a deeper interest in humanity than they ever realized before; it will stimulate their sentiments and their benevolent feelings to an energetic action in the right direction—not to an usurpation of the province of reason and judgment, to sit in their places and pronounce upon questions of fact and science, but to an action in accordance with the dictates of reason and judgment—in accordance with what reason and judgment have pronounced to be truth; and it will furthermore stimulate them to pursue the investigation a little further, and inquire into the causes of soul annihilation, and into the means of removing those causes.

The world is full of stereotyped notions, and among these we may truly class the world's opinions as to what the soul is, and how and why it is immortal. Certain it is, that, during all the past, we have had the expression, substantially, of but one opinion upon those subjects by those who have believed in the soul's immortality. Surely, then, the opinion is well stereotyped; and, judging from the fixed and settled form which it has assumed, I know of no error more likely to become eternalized than it, if it were possible, in the great interchange of universal thought and intelligence, for any error to become eternalized. A very brief formula will express all the regular routine of traditional thought upon this subject. It is this: "The soul is a donation from God, or nature, and it is immortal because it is a soul." This is a truthful concentration of all that the past has given us, and upon these simple assumptions humanity seems willing to rest. It is so simple, so positive, and has taken such deep root in our affectional nature, and has become so interwoven into our every day thoughts, that both our affections and our philosophy spontaneously rebel, without knowing why, against anything that throws a doubt over the formula, or is at all calculated to take from us our positive errors, and substitute in their stead the uncertainties necessarily attendant upon all primary investigations of any department of nature. Yet there are many deeply penetrating questions in relation to the soul and immortality, to which religion and science give us no answer, and to which the above formula furnishes no response but blank nothingness. What is the soul? At what stage in the course of man's development does it really become a soul? Is the soul a slow formation, which is immortal only when it has aggregated to itself elements which are superior to all the destroying forces of nature? Or is it a sudden creation, immortal simply because it exists? With these questions we approach the warm-hearted Spiritualists and the deeply emotional religiousists of every stamp, and they answer us according to their desires, and not according to their reason; they tell us how they would like to have things, provided the powers of nature were in their hands, and the destinies of humanity under their control.

I know of nothing in nature which is a sudden manufacture, moulded into full form and perfect type, at one run, as it were, like the casting of a piece of statuary, or the moulding of a brick or a bullet. On the contrary, all the works of nature are the results of a growth—a gradual aggregation of elements. The diamond is an aggregation of atoms of carbon; the iron attracts to itself particles with which its nature affinitizes, until the cak is formed; and, judging from the manifestations which the soul makes of itself, we conclude that it also grows; and,

reasoning from the analogies of nature, we feel assured that it grows by an aggregation of elements similar to its own.

Furthermore, we know that everything that grows begins as a germ, which germ, though possessing within itself the power, or the possibility of being developed into the full form of its type, is yet a very different thing, anatomically and potentially, from the matured form which it is capable of producing. Thus, the acorn is not an oak, neither does it contain the oak in miniature, as is often supposed. The germ of a human body is not a human body, nor the miniature of a human body; but it is simply a dynamic centre of force, which, if supplied with the proper elements under the right conditions, will, eventually, build up a human body. So, the germ of a human soul is not a human soul, but is simply a centre of force—a possibility, which may grow until it is a soul. Then the question arises, "When is the soul-germ sufficiently developed to be an immortal soul?" Before taking up this question, however, let us illustrate both the question and its answer by a comparison taken from that department of our nature which is more easily observed and analyzed than the soul.

When is the germ of man's body sufficiently developed to be called a man? and when is the physical man sufficiently developed to be self-sustaining and self-preserving in the midst of elements which, at the same time that they are elements of life, are yet elements of decomposition, destruction and death? Not every child that is born—not every child that reaches the adult form, passes safely through those destroying elements, and ripens with old age into the grave. The chemistry of nature is constantly struggling to restore all crystalline and all organic forms back again into the general stock of inorganic matter and simple elemental existence; and if those forms have not sufficient powers of resistance to that destroying chemistry, they must be dissolved—they must return their elements to the general stock—there is no escaping their destiny—there is no God of miracles to save them; and as nature knows not what she does, as she knows no difference between life and death, as death is as much her life as life itself, as she is so well pleased with a work of destruction and decomposition as with a work of repair and of aggregation and organization, she cannot stretch forth her hand to save anything; for to her all things are saved, the dead as well as the living. If she fails in making a rose to-day, the elements with which she failed drop into her own lap, and with them she may make a rose, or something better, to-morrow, or next year, or next century, perhaps. What is it to nature whether this oak of mine is immortal or not? If it lives, it is hers; if it perishes, its elements are still hers; and though I shall never be again, yet other souls shall come and build themselves up into an immortality out of the same elements which I had not the power to retain; and with their immortality nature will be as well pleased as she would have been with mine. In our circumscribed littleness we love our blood relations, and our particular friends, and our special affinities; and, if they are taken from us, we roll upon the ground in agony, and curse the power that could be so cruel as to take our loved ones from us. But nature has no blood relations; nature has no particular friends; nature has no special affinities. The form that now is, is no dearer to her than the form that is to be. See! the sun shines forth, and gilds and glorifies nature's universal rejoicings, but, in the midst of all, she strangles the babe at the mother's breast; yet we do not see that nature's gilded glories are therefore dropped in mourning, nor are her rejoicings muffled into silence, or changed into lamentations; the sun still throws a robe of light over the broad, green earth, while the herbs, the grasses and the flowers, feed upon that strangled babe, and its elements are thus transported far away down the track of time, revolving upon the axis of life and death, of destruction and reproduction, until, lo! they reappear again; oh, come and see! a living, laughing babe at another mother's breast. Which mother and which babe shall nature love the best—the first or the last?

The oak may live a thousand years or more. Let us plant an acorn. In the moist, warm earth it germinates; but repeated, overwhelming showers descend upon it, and it perishes; yet the full grown oak, near which it was planted, still lives. Why this difference? Because the oak has an aggregation of power within itself sufficient to resist the effects of the excessive moisture, while the germ had not. I plant another acorn. Its tender leaves soon appear above the sod; but the protracted drought and the parching sunbeam consume it; yet the old oak still lives and flourishes in the full tide of life. The oak has the power of self-preservation under conditions which prove fatal to the tender leaves of the young plant. So it is with all organic forms, whether spiritual or material; the latter live only so long as they can resist the chemistry of nature; the former are immortal only when they have become superior to all elements of destruction and decomposition.

We return to our question. When is the germ of the physical man sufficiently developed to be called a man, and when is it sufficiently developed to sustain and protect itself in the midst of the decomposing and devouring elements that surround it?

Let us begin at the beginning, and what do we find as the dynamic centre of force—the germ from which the human form is ultimately evolved? Imagine a very thin, transparent membrane, a bladder-like sack about one five hundredth part of an inch in diameter, filled with a clear fluid, in which float a number of exceedingly small particles, or granules of matter, and upon the inner surface of which membrane is a distinct spot about the one three thousandth part of an inch in diameter, and you have the germ of a human being. Of course, no one will contend that this little bag of fluid and granular matter is a man; yet, it may, under proper conditions, by the aggregation of suitable elements to itself become a man. Let us suppose it has those conditions, and those elements, and that it begins its development. It very soon shows an appearance of organization; yet, strange as it may seem, the first decided organic type which it assumes is that of a fish; not that it becomes a fish in shape, but its brain, spinal marrow, heart, kidneys, and all its internal organs, and their functional activities, correspond with those of the fish type, and not the human type. No one will contend that this thing with the organization of a fish is a man. By degrees it assumes the organization of a reptile. Of course it is not yet a man. In the course of its further development it assumes, in succession, the typical organization first of the bird, and then of the mammal; and still the man is not yet manifest. All these changes of organization take place before birth, and at birth, the whole organization is human; still there is no man yet; and not until many years after birth do all the organs attain that full degree of unfolding which constitutes true, adult manhood.

Now to the second part of our question: "When is the physical man sufficiently developed to be self-sustaining and self-preserving in the midst of elements which, at the same time that they are elements of life, are yet elements of decomposition, destruction and death?" Nature promises to every germ of a human body a life of three score and ten







Written for the Banner of Light.

# AFTER AIL.

BY JOHN F. ADAMS.

The clouds hang heavily o'er our way,  
Around as drearily the wind and woe,  
Our hopes grow faint with a long delay,  
Our hearts are sad, and worn our feet,  
Slowly we walk our weary path,  
Drooping along mid the daylight dim,  
Hoping to grasp the helping hand  
Of God, and trembling alone in Him,  
Our breath comes low—our feet grow weak!  
Merciful Heaven—shall it be so well?  
"Nearer," we hear a firm voice say—  
"The sunbeam cometh—after all!"  
The hand of Poverty close doth press;  
The skeleton hand stands at the door,  
And she who would with abundance bless,  
Sees famishing children on the floor,  
The fire flies smouldering on the hearth,  
The candle has given its last light burned;  
The mother hath given its last hard crust  
To the child, and her face to the cold wall turned.  
She prays and hopes—"the last faint hope  
That God will lift to the widow's call,  
When a voice be heard at the open door,  
"Enough and to spare cometh—after all!"  
We struggle in life with its bitter cup,  
Each soul its sorrow alone doth know,  
We would pass it by, but we must sup,  
Of what cometh to us a dark, dark woe,  
We question the "good" that will come of it,  
Too often turn with a sad complain,  
And think our Father has closed the door,  
And shut us out in the cold, cold rain;  
But when, from the top of the beautiful hills,  
We see, escaped from the valley's thrall,  
The whole of life, we shall call  
To a wealth of goodness—after all.

## Banner of Light.

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### PRESENT AND TO COME.

The thousands in all parts of the country who have extended their sympathy and lent their cooperation to the establishment of a journal, which, like the BANNER OF LIGHT, proposed to espouse the cause of rational progress and a perfect spiritual freedom with whatever zeal and ability it might command, may well congratulate themselves on their accomplishment to-day. Because they have so willingly, their eyes at this moment rest upon a sheet, with whose external appearance certainly they and we have good reason to feel satisfied, and of whose liberal, catholic and thorough character these modern times stand greatly in need. We cannot say that our feelings at this moment are akin at all to pride, but we can scarcely refrain from giving frank expression to our satisfaction. Nor is it, either, the satisfaction which implies a willingness to fold the hands and review the work already done with placid contentment, but rather that which stimulates the desire to perform many times more than what has hitherto been undertaken.

On an occasion like this, when reader and writer enter upon a new lease of sympathy, as it were, and all are better pleased with the freshness of regard that perfect success secures, the right moment has come for the old acquaintances to take a larger form, such as its present impressive warrants. The parties chiefly interested may sit down and chat in a very friendly and even intimate way, on the score of their common experiences together. This is what we propose to do in the present article; we have selected this particular time as the one most fit for the mutual interchange of sentiments and the search for a still more close and thorough understanding. In a work like this in which we—both reader and writer—are engaged, nothing can be done if it be attempted from only one side; unless both parties sympathize and heartily co-operate, the practical results must needs be few and feeble. And here it is that we have always felt strong, and feel particularly so today; if we had suffered for the aid and comfort of the friends of a genuine rational liberty of spirit, we should have been able to work none of those results, for which, altho' they may be at most, we have too great reason to be grateful now.

What the present position and standing of this paper is, it is hardly necessary for us to attempt to say. If it has come short, at any time, of its prime and original intent, to avow and defend principles which are as broad and deep as humanity, or to throw wide open the doors to the discussion of weighty topics in human life, and the expression of every variety of individual experience, or to proclaim the beauty, the need, and the rich rewards of a charity that is as sweet as the heavens and as wide as God's own creation—then the fault is chargeable to a lack of ability to execute, and in no sense to a want of steadfastness of purpose on the part of its conductors. The immediate past is hung about with a tapestry on which are embroidered recollections and associations which our hearts will love to glance at forever. What little we have done, insignificant as it is by the side of what it is our desire and aim to do, is nevertheless of priceless value to us for its countless suggestions, and the powerful stimulus they offer. But it is much to begin. The French have a pretty proverb, that "it is the first step that costs." Had a paper like the BANNER been started on its circulation not very many years ago, it would soon have reached the sorry end of it. The fact that a paper composed of such strong and liberal elements, however, to-day keeps the popular ear and holds a fixed place in the popular heart, is satisfactory evidence that it is a paper whose characteristics are exactly in demand by the many thousands of souls that are struggling and striving, praying and aspiring to be free.

It is almost an overpowering thought, that one is made, even by circumstantial aid, the exponent of such souls as such an age; yet we must not forget that Heaven selects its own proper instruments to work its own will, and that each should assume his place, and hold it persistently and bravely, whether it be high or low in degree, honored or men or not. We believe that the mission of the BANNER is a peculiar one, as we likewise know it to answer the want of the masses, whose souls secretly testify that hitherto they have been unpreached. Pulpit preaching exerts but a very limited influence in this country, at best; the professionally "religious" newspapers fail to get hold either of the popular mind or heart. Something is wanting to feed hungering souls. Books are powerful, but all cannot and do not buy books. The newspaper is the universal courier of tidings. All men purchase it. It penetrates to every household, however humble, in the land. Upon its pages may be spread just what the great common heart needs. Not contenting—not in homily, though ever so deeply sagacious—not in stiff didacticism of preaching, that is at once offensive to the better instincts of all men, and so closes the mode of progress to the much-needed truth—frankly, freely, as familiar conversation with the sweet spirit of confidence, and therefore earnestly and without selfish reservation. This spirit it is that makes friends at first sight, and, by its conciliatory manners, paves the sure way for all good things and true to come.

## LITERATURE.

### TRINITARIANISM NOT THE DOCTRINE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

This is the title of two very able, if not somewhat learned lectures, delivered by Henry King, of Boston, in the Hall Street Church. They are partly in review of Rev. Dr. Huntington's Discourse on the Trinity, the latter gentleman having recently left the Unitarian denomination, discarded its fundamental doctrines, and gone over to the Episcopal Church. It is enough to say of these lectures of Mr. King, that they are very eloquently and forcibly written, and will repay thoughtful perusal by those who aspire to larger and more liberal views of God, and our relations to him as children.

Published by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

### FRATERNITY TRACTS.

We have on our table four tracts, published by the well-known "Fraternity Society" of Theodore Parker's congregation, containing selections from some of his abiding and forcible discourses. The topics are—"Natural Religion," "Errors of the Popular Theology," "Man naturally loves God," and "Three Mistakes of the Christian Church."

For sale by Rufus Loughton, Jr.

### THE MATERIAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The above is the title of a handsome pamphlet, a reprint of an article by Theodore Parker in the *Christian Examiner*. We remember the impression made on us by the article on its appearance in magazine pages, and are glad to see it reprinted in so good a form for circulation. The people of the Commonwealth, and people outside its limits, too, will find a great deal in it to stimulate thought about common and most necessary concerns.

For sale by Bela Marsh.

### THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

We have the March No. of this sterling publication, which offers a readable table of contents.

### HOME PASTIMES, OR TABLEAU VIVANTS.

This elegant anecdotal volume directs the members of every household in the land how to extemporize those delightful little family tableaux which everybody desires to witness, but so few know how to get up. Between these covers the whole of the art is made known to the reader, so that he or she may at once set to work and have these pleasant representations at home. Subjects for scenes are furnished, together with minute and tasteful directions how to proceed in executing them. The aim of the author is, in his own words, "to extend the influence of a pure and ornamental art," "to awaken in the minds of many a quicker sense of the grace and elegance which familiar objects are capable of affording, and to encourage all to cherish a taste for the beautiful." The author is Mr. James H. Head.

Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

### ADELA, THE OCTOBER.

The plot of this story is laid on a large plantation, in one of the richest cotton districts of the Mississippi. Though the subject of this novel is slavery, yet it is not of the character of Uncle Tom's Cabin. It makes no appeal to our morbid sensibilities; the characters are all natural, occupying pure, unimproved ground. There is no extension of slavery, no deepening of its dark hue. It is a fairly wrought story, interspersed with beautiful passages, each chapter weaving its own fascinating spell around the mind, until the last paragraph is read.

Although complete as a novel, it is a sort of triangle; it is an epitome of the slave agitation at our National Capitol, the workings and policy of the Southern mind on the subject, and Northern political timidity and treachery; and, as such, is valuable. Not only so; it is a very specious and ingenious plea for Colonization, showing that the black race cannot arrive to the proper condition among the whites; that a wicked, unjust prejudice, existing among the people of the free States, forbids the idea of a political or social equality of condition; that we do the slaves but little good by mere emancipation; that this bettering of their condition is doubtful; that true benevolence requires more, and the principles of eternal justice demand of us, as a people, to colonize them; "that Northern sympathy is morbidly fed, and injudiciously exercised." Thus, while the negro is theoretically free, prejudices and passions, neglected and wrongs, step in, lacinating their feelings, fettering their souls, and cutting them off from all the glorious realities of freedom, rendering them practically slaves, without even the small mercies that slavery bestows on them.

Without endorsing the writer's convictions on this subject, we remark that they are highly suggestive and worthy of thought. The author is H. L. Hooper. Published by Follett, Foster & Co., Columbus, Ohio, and for sale by Brown & Taggart, Boston.

### Thackeray and Macaulay.

Even "Homer" are timid, at times. The greatest orators in history have quivered and trembled like girls, on rising to open a speech, though they afterwards surpassed themselves in what they accomplished. An anecdote is now related of Thackeray, going to show how he quaked and feared in the presence of Macaulay. Upon the occasion of Thackeray's first lecture in London, he saw, on looking over the house, before going forward to the desk, the well-known person of Macaulay on the third bench from the front. Turning to some friends, he said: "A five-pound note to any man who will get Macaulay out of the house." "Egad, sir," said he, in relating the circumstance, "I felt like a fellow with a sixpence in his pocket, in the banking-house of the Bankers." And while on the subject of Macaulay, we may as well add the story of his little known joke. It has but recently come to the light. It is said he met Mrs. Beecher Stowe at Sir Charles Trevelyan's, and recalled her on her admiration of Shakespeare. "Which of his characters do you like best?" said he. "Desdemona," said the lady. "Ah, of course," was the reply, "for she was the only one who ran after a black man!"

### Dr. Hays's Polar Excursion.

The intrepid doctor is determined to set out this spring for the Arctic regions, to verify the discoveries of Dr. Kane. The rush of applications from persons desirous of going along with him, from one motive and another, is beyond all precedent. Among the names are those of artists, physicians and geologists from all parts of the country. Few, if any, of the gallant fellows can be gratified, as the doctor proposes to take only the following force: One astronomer, one surgeon, two mates, one steward, one cook, and six sailors. This party will be all that a schooner of one hundred tons will require, or can accommodate. Such is the size of the vessel and the number of voyagers, that it is said that the doctor has been asked to take away by the 10th of May, though it will not be too late to start by the middle of June. He expects to be absent two years and a half.

### An Endorser.

An exchange informs us—we forget what particular exchange, in the case of our papers—that Lola Montes has come out in a Cincinnati newspaper. In defence of the piety of a reverend gentleman, now preaching against Spiritualism in England. This is thought to be something new for Lola to undertake—defence of the clergy.

### The Realm of Sleep.

A popular writer says, with much force and beauty: "Every year we should become more and more painfully sensible of the desolation made around us by death, if sleep—the ante-chamber of the grave—were not hung by dreams with the busts of those who live in the other world."

### Renew Your Subscription.

This number will be sent to all those whose terms of subscription expired with the last issue, Vol. 6, No. 25. We hope our friends will lose no time in forwarding their subscriptions. Those who wish the BANNER continued, but who do not find it convenient to remit at once, will confer a favor upon us by notifying us of the fact. Those who wish it discontinued, will return the paper with their name and post address upon it, according to law.

### The Pope on This Side.

There was a meeting, some few weeks since, in St. Johns, convened by the Roman Catholic Bishop of that city, to express sympathy with the Pope. The meeting was numerously attended, and Louis Napoleon was denounced as Pontius Pilate, while Emmanuel was called the impotent thief; while Palmerston, Derby, Gladstone and Russell were favored with any amount of abuse.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

### BROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

Wednesday Evening, March 21st.

QUESTION—Do good spirits influence us; and what do we know of their influence?

Dr. CHITTENDEN.—In our past discussions we have hunted for the devil, and, for one, I have failed to find him. We have reached out our hands to grasp the "evil" in the influence of "bad" spirits, and in this reaching I have been as industrious as any one; but I have found in my grasp, nothing. Now we will reach out for the influence of good spirits.

In conformity with past distinctions made between good and bad spirits, I shall speak of the influence of spirits that everybody calls good, though all spirits are too good for such a spirit as mine is to call bad.

How good and how kind is the better side of human life! How generous and noble are its manifestations of goodness! It is the influence of good spirits, out of the body and in the body, that makes these manifestations of goodness.

Watch the influence of a mother's spirit, setting upon her child, from its infancy to its mature manhood. What an unmeasured volume of goodness is poured out to influence her child through all the stages of its early growth, to feed and nurture its material existence for usefulness and beauty! It is the spirit of the mother that sends forth these emanations of goodness, and it is the spirits of departed men and women that pour into her soul the streams of goodness that she sends out upon her child. You may ask me how I know that the spirits of departed men pour streams of love into the mother's bosom? I see them do it. This is enough for me. I do not ask any one to believe this. I seek myself if you desire to know, and see it. Every one must see for himself and for herself.

To see spirits is only to have the desire. But do not ever expect to see them with sensory vision. Behold them in thoughts, in feelings, in desires—in the imagination, which is more real and more enduring than all the evidences of the material world; in far less scientific than the facts of arithmetic, or the reality of a granite rock. The soul's desire to see a spirit, is the spiritual consciousness of the reality. Desire is spiritual vision. Thought and imagination is the reality of spiritual existence.

Do good spirits influence us? They do—in every effort of goodness, kindness and love, the influence of good spirits directs us. And what a volume of the manifestations of human goodness every one of us may read in the practical details of our past lives! Humanity goes for goodness, always. There is a fountain of goodness in every human heart, which, when touched, will allow forth manifold deeds of goodness that would almost make mania sweep with joy. And it is always the influence of disembodied spirits that call out these streams of goodness that flow through mortals, to make the beautiful manifestations of human life. I know it. And it is a privilege that I have to know this without being under the necessity of proving it to every man I meet, by the science of a plate and a riddle, or the plummet of a judicial court-room—or the creed of a pulpit where one man stands up to tell a thousand other men, who know as well as he does, what they must do. In spiritual parlance, what I know, I do know, and that is for me; and what you know, you do know, and that is for you. For one man to instruct another man by telling him something, belongs to material things, not to spiritual things. Spiritual knowledge comes to the soul as air does to the lungs—each one breathes for himself. Spiritual knowledge is not cold philosophy—it is *feeling, desire*; it is spontaneous thought—it is imagination, if you please to call it that; it is a consciousness that grows out of the longing soul.

The soul-desire and the soul-longings of men and women are for goodness, and these desires and longings grow forth unseen to sweeten and to beautify human life. Every heart is a channel of goodness sending off emanations of love in darkness, and like the dew of heaven that fall unseen, they water the tender buds of spiritual existence on earth. All the springs of earth have an unseen fountain that feeds them. In every living soul is a spiritual spring of goodness, and every spring of goodness has a fountain of goodness unseen, that feeds it. There is a fountain of spiritual goodness that flows its waters through human souls. Angels' bosoms are the channels, God's love is the fountain. Through every human soul comes the influence of good spirits which we see in every good and generous deed of life.

Everybody desires to do good; and everybody does deeds of goodness to good end of naughtiness.

What do we know of the influence of good spirits? Let the answer to this question be another question—viz., What do we know of the kindness and love exhibited every day and every hour of life in our intercourse with one another? How kind and good our father and our mother have been to us! How innumerable are the deeds of love that they have done for us from our helpless infancy to the present time! How our hearts swell with gratitude when we recount, even but a few of the many deeds of a father's and mother's love written in the book of our past lives! How many anxious tears has a good mother dropped for each of us? Good spirits have influenced our fathers and our mothers to do for us what they have done. How many deeds of kindness have our brothers and our sisters done for us in the home of our childhood? Angels made them do these deeds—and angels are messengers of God's love.

How kind our friends and acquaintances are! how multiplied are the influences of goodness we have received from them! Angels do this. How good, how civil, how respectful, are the manifestations of society all around us! How good-hearted and kind is all humanity! How beautiful is life! What makes it so? It is the love of God, borne to us on the wings of his angels and spirits. What makes Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Pope, Mrs. May, Mrs. Barrett, and a hundred other good women, that I know, and a million that I don't know, go in silence and carry no leaves of bread to the hungry, and new, warm clothes to the naked? It is less than the immediate influence of angels that makes good women do such deeds? No, I know it is not. What influence is it that makes all the Patriarchs, the Michaels, and the Peters, the Maggies, the Marys, and Kates, willingly and faithfully do *off the hard work for us*, and sublimely live an earthly life of toil and drudgery? It is less than the influence of the highest angels? If heaven has a dowry bed for each when this wearisome life of toil is over, such things are small find rest upon it. I tell you angels guard them now, and influence them to do the noble deeds of life they do.

What influence is it that makes ten thousand obscure people relieve human suffering, and tell it *not to be told*? It is the angels of God that do this.

What makes Charles Spear, John Augustus, and every other prisoner's friend, industriously labor, day and night, to bind and bind up the bleeding wounds of crime, and mitigate the intensest suffering that humanity knows? What influence does this, if it is not the influence of good spirits and the angels of God?

There is not a deed of life that is done independent of the immediate influence of spirits and angels; and human volition is for happiness; and efforts for happiness are efforts in goodness always.

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Mr. CONANT.—Life, what and where it is, and whether it tends, is a momentous question, and none are so wise that they can answer it. Dr. Gardner truly said, last week, that every man must be his own judge—each wrong belief brings its own punishment; each good its own reward.

Mr. EDWARDS.—Dr. Child seems to look at the question from the natural, or normal position, which I like, and I might relate one or two instances of the control of good spirits, to influence me to good deeds. Years ago, before I became a Spiritualist, I used to be troubled with the blues. I was one day on the Common, walking around in a fit of despondency, and I was made to turn out of my way and buy some fruit of an Irish apple-woman. I didn't want the apples—had no appetite for them; but in another moment along came a few poorly dressed, hungry-looking, Irish girls. I was induced to give the apples to these girls; and as I did so their gratitude made the cloud of melancholy fall away, and left me happy. The deed was nothing, but the result was worth worlds to me. The fruit seemed to me "apples of gold in pictures of silver." [Mr. E. told other instances of a like nature, which had equally harmonizing results.] I believe in each of these cases I was normally induced by good spirits to do as I did. It is not absolutely necessary for us to know much, to be very wise men; I depend upon what we make of what we do know. I believe we dwell in three phases; we act in the external and natural; we live in the spiritual, and we aspire in the celestial and divine.

Mr. THAYER.—There have been times when I should have thought such things absurd; but now I am fully persuaded that good spirits do influence us to acts of kindness and deeds of charity. [Mr. T. related instances which had come under his own observation; he told these present of a professional gentleman of Boston, who had been compelled to leave off the habits of drinking and smoking, by spirit control.]

Mr. RUFUS EDWARDS.—At first thought this seems hardly to be a question, and the argument is all on one side. The question is whether spirits do influence us in a normal or abnormal condition. We do not know of any good spirits. Christ was probably as good as any that ever lived; but he said, "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is, God." Relatively, however, some are good and some are bad. This is what is called human depravity. It grows out of human weakness by misusing the means of being happy. [He related incidents of the influence of spirits on men, to do things whose results were of course evil.] Christianity is not to produce in man religious emotions, but to put our souls in harmony with heaven, and in sympathy with the influence of the good. We can so tune our lives that we can catch from heaven a gleam of glory, and spread it in our deeds. Let us do this, and we shall be happier, more beautiful, and less apt to kill the world by our attempts to correct it, by finding fault with it.

Mr. VON YX.—The majority of people here on the earth are neither exceedingly good nor extremely bad; as regards morals, they are about "mildling;" and I do not believe that so-called death is an event that will essentially change their characters. When they go into the other world they will doubtless seek to communicate with those they leave behind them; and it would be folly to suppose that the means any one of them might use to effect a communication with their mortal bodies will be all available to all of them. We are as really spirits now as we ever will be, and by means of the law of sympathy, we can spiritually commune with one another without any physical or external manifestation. In like manner do departed spirits commune with each other, and with us.

The mortals or spirits who would do us harm, have no sympathy with or for us, and therefore cannot commune with us, in the strict sense of the term. They may annoy us by some physical manifestations of a disagreeable character; but they cannot invade the sanctuary of our souls; that is a place that must be peacefully entered, or not at all. Human sympathy will prevail over time and space and every condition of sensible being. There are none but feel it in a greater or less degree. It is the source of our greatest joy, and the only means of communication between man and man. I should rather say it is the communication itself. A person may talk to us ever so fluently, but the extent of the communication of thought depends entirely upon our sympathetic relations. What I thought further than it has to do with our feelings? I might converse with some people several hours, and yet there be no loss of a communication between us than there is between my wife and myself, when she sits in the corner sewing, while I sit affectionately gazing upon her, without a word being uttered by either. Some people understand each other without much talking; while others, with a great deal of talking, never come to an understanding.

I have many dear friends in the spirit-world, and they almost constantly commune with me. To-day I was feeling very much depressed by material circumstances, and might have rashly done myself an injury, had not good spirits come to my aid with words of encouragement and a sustaining love.

I can reason clearly, and am able to justly judge with reference to anything, then I am prepared to positively affirm that good spirits do commune with mortals, or at least one mortal, and that is me.

As direct spirit communion is dependent on sympathy, all spirits who would do us harm are debarred from intercourse with us unless it be through the medium of a spirit in the flesh. We cannot afford spirit communion. As social beings, we are dependent upon it. If there was no other communication between human beings than mere talk, every one would be extremely selfish, and even a stranger to his fellows. There would then be no sociability. The relation of man to man would be strictly a business one. But such a repulse to feel, is not the case. By the mysterious law of sympathy, we are compensated for all incongruities or discordance. Strong currents of good feeling are continually passing between all human spirits. It is thus, and only thus, that the soul grows. Of what is called mediumship, the highest phase is impossibility, that is, the power to feel.

What are called evils, are the accidents of life, which every one would rather avoid. They are, however, inevitable, and enable us to better enjoy the incidents of life.

There is no such thing as separating lovers or friends, unless it be in a strictly material sense. Therefore our loved ones who have left the earth, and are of course good in our estimation, are constantly with us in spirit, and over us exert an influence. In a local sense, too, we are accessible to them; both of which statements none but outright infidels can doubt.

Mr. WALCOTT.—The friend who has just spoken seems to think that death dissipates or strengthens spirit power. It seems to me that the spirit, disencumbered of the body, has a greater power—has greater nervous energy, and, therefore, power to accomplish any and it may have in view, with less obstructions in the way. I have been saved from suicide by the interposition of my spirit guides. All great artists and architects acknowledge the influence of a power in their productions vastly beyond themselves. It is nothing but the work of spirits through their hands.

Mr. LAURA DEFORE.—I can only substantiate what has already been said of the influence of good spirits, by similar instances. There are good spirits both in and out of the body. I think a great many Spiritualists and mediums have a habit of attributing to the influence of spirits what in reality belongs to themselves. If they are doing wrong, they give bad spirits the credit of it, and if good, the angels have the praise. Brother Edison's good deeds were not the doing of good spirits, but the outpourings of his own warm heart. [Miss D. related to the audience an account of the manner of her development as a medium, as a proof of the influence of good spirits.]

Dr. WELLINGTON.—It is hard to separate evil and good spirits, in the body or out. The soul of man is an outgrowth of his own divine being. Read the laws that govern society, and there is the condition requisite to God heaven or hell. There is no principle of

malice; I have tried so faithfully to solve, as that which underlies the philosophy of spirit-life and action. It is as much a science as geometry, and as capable of demonstration. You may get some susceptible persons on the floor above, and I will stand here, and by my spirit's action I will transfer to their minds any words which you may write on paper here. I have exerted this power for miles' distance, and I pressed my will upon the minds of others. I remember the first fact which called my attention to Spiritualism. A lady was a somnambulist. I memorized her a few times, and rendered her susceptible to observation, or infatuation. Becoming negative, she was possessed, and was beyond the control of any person in the house. If confined, she would pull off the door-lock, and wrench the window from its frame. The family were frightened, and she was brought home. I asked the controlling power what it required. The answer was, to be memorized three times by the spirit's former minister. [Dr. W. related several other interesting tests, pronouncements, forewarnings, etc., coming through this lady, who was shortly afterwards developed into one of the best clairvoyant mediums.]

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH.—The man who, in these times, affirms that good spirits do not communicate with, and influence us, is not posted in the remarkable achievements of this remarkable age. The era of common sense is fast superseding that of transcendentalism, philosophical triviale and hyperbolic moonshine. God is at work, and perfectly understands his business. Spirits are his agents, self-preservation their motive; they wish to render themselves happier by bringing man nearer to truth, goodness and beauty. They cannot be perfectly blessed till they are free from mortal stains. To this great end they labor. Beyond all doubt good spirits do influence us, and we feel their secret, silent power in the hour of our greatest need. When earthly friends drop off, and all things else shall fail us, God, through ministering spirits, draws near, saying to the troubled waves that roll over us, "Peace, be still," for which let praises sound from all human tongues, upreaching from all true human hearts to his holy name. The universe, below and above man is a vast telegraphic system; the sympathetic chords or wires extend to all beneath, and through the bending heavens to the Eternal God above, and whatever goes wrong is felt through the great expanse. We should, therefore, be good, and do good, for God's sake; and, because we do so, all the heavens rejoice. Spiritual intercourse is a sacred and holy truth; when properly understood, and its teachings followed out, it will lead our souls to a true religion—one that will warm the heart, cheer the spirit, and illumine the soul, heal the body, bring us near to God and one another, and make a happy family of all the nations of the earth. So long as one man is bad on earth, just so long will the line of heaven be darkened with a drop of poison gall, for our happiness is reflected back to us from those whom we have rejected on the other side of time. Spirits are engaged in the work of self-preservation, conserving their own happiness by preserving us from sin. Let us labor for the true spiritual Christianity.

Mr. LYON.—From my own experience I have not a doubt but good spirits do communicate. I had the evidence seven years ago. I was at that time gloomy and sad, and had a vision of Washington. He gave me advice; I followed it and won the victory. When I enter heaven shall never rest content till I see that noble spirit again. I have seen spirits standing around those with whom I came in contact, and I know that good spirits come to every child of earth.

Mr. HARRISON.—I virtually endorse much that has been said. I am ready to answer the question for myself in the affirmative. I have been influenced by bad spirits who would take my life, were it not for good spirits who have interfered. I can see spirits as clearly as I can see the audience here. Were it not for the influence of good spirits, I should not be here to night. Since I have been under spirit influence, I never have felt alone in the world; and I am now willing to stay and work out my little work, if I have one to do.

The same subject will be continued on next Wednesday evening.

### LOCAL BREVITIES.

#### Melodion Lectures.

Miss Maria Davis will lecture in the Melodion, on Sunday, April 1, 1880, at 2 and 7:30 o'clock. p. m. Miss Davis is the young lady who some four years since was entranced for the term of forty-five consecutive days, during which time she did not partake of food or purchase of any kind, and finally was restored to comparative health by spirit agency. She at that time resided with her grandparents in Lansingburg, near Troy, N. Y. This is one of the most remarkable cases on record, either in ancient or modern times.

#### Rev. T. H. Harris.

We call attention to William Howitt's letter in reference to Mr. Harris's celebrated sermon. We also take occasion to note the reception from George L. Lenz, Secretary of the New Church Park Association, of extracts from a letter written by Mr. Harris to him, explanatory of the same, which is in type for our next issue.

#### "Glimpses in England."

Mr. Egbert, our junior partner, has commenced writing a series of letters, with the above caption, from Europe, number one of which is on the next page of this issue. They will be found extremely interesting.

#### Meetings in Cambridgeport.

Are held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7:30 o'clock, at the City Hall, Main street. Seats free to all. The following speakers are engaged—April 1st, Mr. L. R. Munroe; April 8th and 10th, Mrs. Fannie Burdett; April 22nd and 24th, Miss Lizzie Allen; May 6th, Rev. John Pierpont; May 20th and 27th, Miss L. E. A. DeFore; June 3rd and 10th, Mrs. Amanda Spencer; June 17th and 24th, Mrs. M. S. Townsend; July 1st and 8th, Lou Miller, and Rev. H. H. Harris.

#### Whitener is, is Right.

A book with above title is now being prepared by A. D. Child, M. D., and will be published by us as soon as practicable. This book will elucidate and fully explain the position that Dr. Child has taken on the question of Good and Evil, which now agitates so much thought. Dr. Child solicits any queries that may arise on this subject, which may be directed to our care.

#### A Movement most Commendable.

Miss Emma Harding, with her characteristic nobleness of heart, and by the aid of holy spirits, is executing a plan by which outcast and destitute females shall have a self-sustaining home. We shall present the plan of this movement in our next issue.

#### Phrenological Lectures.

Our readers in Boston will not forget to







## The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was written by the author of the BANNER, and is published in the BANNER as a public service. It is not intended to be a medium for the expression of private opinions, but a medium for the expression of public truths. It is not intended to be a medium for the expression of private opinions, but a medium for the expression of public truths. It is not intended to be a medium for the expression of private opinions, but a medium for the expression of public truths.

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**BANNER OF LIGHT.** I said he "Put it into my hands." He held it before me. He said: "This paper is published in Boston. If this paper is true, and you are able to return, do so as soon as you can find an opportunity; and try and remember the circumstances of my coming to you, and also have your communication published in this BANNER of Light."

I am at a loss to know what to say to the person, as he was a stranger to me, and I suppose spoke with me as he did, being prompted by curiosity. I suppose this is the right place. I am hardly settled in spirit, as yet. I shall refrain from saying much, fearing I may say too much. I hardly understand what my condition here is; but, at all events, I am at liberty; and, if report is true, I shall be quite as able to exercise myself in certain matters now as I was when here in body. Indeed, they tell me my powers will increase; and where I could throw a pebble on earth, I can throw a large stone here.

I have an oppressive weight of ideas resting on my spirit, and I shall avail myself of as early an opportunity as possible to throw off these ideas. Whether I shall do so by act or word, I know not. I believe in the rule and control of a Supreme Intelligence, and I believe he will guide me right. Notwithstanding I was dealt harshly with here, I feel that a wise power governed all; and it was the best demonstration of his love he could have given me, in calling me from one condition of life to another. I felt very hard about it, to be sure, when I knew I must go. I confess I could not see the hand of God in the movement. I said it was all the work of my enemies; who have conquered, and I have fallen; but now I see I have conquered, and they will fall.

I feel very quiet to-day; my spirit is occupying, to say the least, quite a pleasant situation. I have been continually assisted by numerous friends of the cause. I exposed. I have never been left to myself; but I was told I needed constant aid to bring me into condition where I could see the justice of God, and the love of God in all movements on earth. I am under much obligation to the friend in stranger costume, who so kindly invited me to come here. If he had not, I should probably have remained inactive some length of time; should not have given myself much unnecessary trouble to returning.

Before I leave, I have a word to say to my enemies. They may assure themselves of one fact; which is this: Now, that I know my power, and am able to use it, I shall do so to the utmost of my ability, by God's help. I feel conscious of no wrong toward man—on the contrary, I feel quite happy in the consciousness of having done what seemed to me to be right, and in what seems to me now to be right; and if my enemies can say as much, in all candor and truth, they can give more than I expect they can give. If I am not mistaken, there were many doubts existing in many minds relative to my condition and my power. Few of my enemies were thoroughly satisfied that they were doing right and not wrong. But the high pressure of public opinion crowded them so hard, they were pressed beyond their duty. I blame them not—on the contrary, I pity them; but believing as I do, that I have still a work to perform, and knowing my power as I now know it, I say once again, God helping me, I will do it.

The visitors, with one consent, throughout the delivery of this message, attributed it to John Brown, and his name was audibly spoken by several. The name was written as follows: E—n Copple. Jan. 6.

**Coroll.** My dear friend E—n Copple, I am very glad to hear of your success. It is a source of great annoyance to me to see a shadow of doubt, depicted upon the minds of any of my friends respecting the last act of my life. I here solemnly declare it was not my intention to commit suicide. I had long been in the habit of using large portions of the article which caused my death, but considered it harmless. Since death, I have learned the cause of my deep despair at times. That cause was, in part, abnormal control. I am now a disembodied spirit, but I have not forgotten my friends, and I have many times wished for your present welfare and future happiness.

Yours truly and sincerely, COROLL.

**Modern Spiritualism and the Christian Religion.**

"Why are the believers in Modern Spiritualism at war constantly with the Christian Religion?"

We would ask our questioner if he can tell us why day follows night? Can he tell us why the sun shines by day, and the moon gives her light by night? The power of God commands and controls these things, will be the answer of our questioner. And behold the power of the Almighty God is moving through not only the planetary system of life, but that which acts upon mind, binding mind to mind. Linking thought to thought. Our God is in Modern Spiritualism, and so, our God lives also in the Christian Religion.

The religion our questioner has been taught to call the Christian Religion, is not such, as we understand it. Christ taught love and peace. During all his stay on earth, he never failed to teach his people to love one another.

Now the religion our questioner speaks of, is not the religion of Christ, for it enforces war, and puts one man at enmity with his brother. It is a wanderer in the desert, holding no fellowship with Christ, God, or goodness.

"Why are the believers in Modern Spiritualism at war constantly with the Christian Religion?"

Our questioner asks. Simply because one is the child of day, and the other is the child of years gone by. One opposes the light, the other opposes the shadow. Now light is over in the secondary, is ever giving and begetting strength. Not so with the Shadow; it is passing below—is lingering where it belongs.

Modern Spiritualism may be called the morning star. It hath arisen out of the darkness of your time, and that which seems to be at war in the elements is only a bursting of buds, a calling forth into newer life.

The Christian Religion is the foundation of Modern Spiritualism. The religion of Jesus is the one we speak of—not that found in your churches. We have no fellowship with this, because it is not of Christ.

We would not censure our questioner or his comrades. We will ask him to stand under the sunlight of to-day; to come under the canopy of liberty; and they discord will cease to envelop him, and he will see Jesus of Nazareth as a type of to-day.

The Christian Religion, as our brother speaks of, such as is flourishing in your midst to-day, is at war with Modern Spiritualism, because Modern Spiritualism casts a light upon this shadow, so that many defects are seen thereby. And it was with it because the church of the past sits in the shadow, and fears to come forth into the sunlight to taste of the fruits of to-day.

The deep, Christlike spirit which is found in the religion of Christ, is striving to come forth to meet its brother in Modern Spiritualism. Clouds lower over it, and the storm bursts in its fury, because the given images of this life will not admit the true image of Christ to shine in their midst; because the doors of the so-called temples of Christ of to-day have been effectually closed to the angels of the past and of to-day.

Now, while the star of Modern Spiritualism is bursting through this dense darkness, behold there will be war in the elements; and those who profess to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, must come with love, bidding the waters, Peace, be still.

[Note.—We are not satisfied with the above report. A visitor somewhat disturbed us by disorderly remarks, and we felt obliged to request him to leave the room, he being in an unfit condition to remain. The disorderly remarks were the control of the spirit, and his remarks are unadvised.]

**William Simpson.**

My name was William Simpson; I was born in Burlington, State of Vermont; I lived there about six months; they said, my folks then moved down east. Do you know where East Machias is? Well, they moved there; and after I got to be a little shaver, so high, my father died. He followed the sea. My mother

took it into her head to go off with somebody else. I did not turn out very well; was in New York some time, in Boston some time, and went three voyages to sea. Twice I went out of New Bedford, once out of Boston. I was, I expect, pretty high on to twenty-seven; I expect that's about the right thing. I did down here, a little way off—close by the Square—in Ann street. It wasn't a very good place to die where I was; but I died there.

My mother's name was Ann Simpson. I don't know what name she takes up now; but if she wants to hear from me, can't she call for me? I heard she was in Boston. I have been dead three years, or pretty nigh that time; I don't know what disease I died of; I got into a kind of a mope, and got the worst of it; I died, at any rate. I am just that sort of chap that would go in for a fight any time; you don't care do you?

My father is dead; he died at sea. Went out of East Machias, and was drowned. I have seen him; but he was in one place, and I in another. He was a decent man, and I was not.

Want you say that Bill Simpson wants to find his mother, and if she will come to a medium, the old man will point her out to me; I should not know her any other way.

**Henry Ansley Wilds.**

I am not used to controlling mediums in any way. I have been an inhabitant of the spirit spheres for six months—some seventeen days and six months.

I left this mortal sphere at Savannah, where I had gone with the hope of recovering my health, which had been declining for nearly two years.

I have a mother, a brother, and three sisters in New York. To them I wish to commune. I was told of your publishing messages from any spirit who might come to you, that their friends in mortal of the spirit, might receive in that way.

I was twenty-one years of age, I died, as was supposed, of consumption. I am well aware that everything depends upon the truthfulness and correctness of my message; and I am aware, also, if I would be recognized, I must give some positive points to be recognized by one of my brothers, and three physicians, or surgeons, who were procured by him.

It is this: On examining my body, after my spirit had left it, my liver was found to be entirely consumed. There was an abnormal growth between my stomach and bowels, which it was thought had caused my death; but I died of consumption of the lungs, probably. My mother and sister are not aware that there was any examination of my body after my death.

My brother will please be kind enough and just enough to me to tell them I am right. He will also be kind enough to open communication with me through some medium in New York. I am anxious to speak on things domestic and private, which I do not care to speak of here. Again, I feel an excessive weakness, I shall not feel free to be present when I speak. I am querying to know whether it will be right for me to give more in this public way. If I did not feel quite sure of a hearing in a more private way, I should give more here. If I should be unsuccessful, allow me to beg the privilege of coming here again.

My name was Henry Ansley Wilds. The Henry Ansley was for my mother's brother. Perhaps such little things as these may aid me in returning here again. Good afternoon, sir.

**A Spirit's View of Prof. Grimes.**

We find a question before us which it may not be amiss to discuss at this time, considering our former arrangements were broken into. The question is, "Why do spirits fail to produce certain manifestations in presence of Professor Grimes?"

A very fair question, to be sure, and we will try to meet it in all honesty.

Professor Grimes is a light peculiar to his position in life; and allow us to say, he is quite as necessary for the advancement of our work, as is any one who stands upon our platform. He is a light by which is reflected the opposite side of things; one of the many torches so necessary to Progress; and we would not, if we could, stand before him, and obscure that light. It is not our wish to do it—nor is our mission—not our duty. He stands just where God would have him stand; he works just as God will have him work.

All stood upon an intellectual platform, where the need of progression? where the wheel to revolve, to carry us on to higher and better things? This agitation in the elements is necessary to progression; to bring out light in all its purity from darkness. Spiritualism has many dark stains upon it; many of the manifestations under the name of Spiritualism are not what they profess to be. Now, then, the light shining through Professor Grimes is necessary, that these spots may be seen, not only by the world, but by Spiritualists, that each one who comes in his light, may see his own faults.

When the light is held up by Professor Grimes, each one turns and looks within voluntarily. There is a going into one's self, one's acts and faults. Now what is the result of this? If the man sees any fault, will he not set himself at work to purge it from himself? Surely he will. Now, then, Professor Grimes is necessary—necessary in occupying the position he does.

Why do not spirits perform these manifestations before him? One reason we have given you. But as there are many minds occupying spirit-life, there are many classes of mind—many phases of thought. Each individual in spirit-life is an identity, growing up to a better life by virtue of his own law. Now, then, certain spirits may be urging others who surround Professor Grimes to give him the manifestations he asks for. But perchance the circle that has surrounded him immediately, are not so disposed. They see the light from him is good, and they do not see it time to show him a better light, for his light is showing the shadows of the past to some, and the spots on Spiritualism to all.

When that class of spirits come within the circle of his influence who are disposed to produce the manifestations, they find their power is inferior to his, for he is possessed of certain psychological powers which immediately overcome their will to produce them, and they are rendered inactive before him.

That class of spirits who, with clear clairvoyant eyes, can see that he is standing where he should stand, and working out a grand mission, standing upon a superior plane to him, and to that class of spirits who desire to produce these manifestations before him; therefore, they are capable of producing the manifestations, if they see their duty lies there.

The law of progression has many avenues leading to heaven; and it would neither be just nor wise for that class of spirits who, with clear clairvoyant eyes, look into the future, to seek to draw one individual from the mission assigned him by nature. Spirits in mortal case a little way, but not far. One cries out, "How glorious to him Brother Grimes from his position!"

Others say that "He is standing upon false ground," and that he alone are standing where we should. Poor, short-sighted humanity! You have yet to learn that the power that controls worlds and systems of worlds, controls each individual. Do not at any time say that your brother standeth where he should not stand, but look at the light that streameth through him, and by it see your own defects. When the time cometh when he should stand upon the plane you occupy, rest assured he will do so. There is no condition in spirit spheres, or earth, that can prevent him. But while God hath need of him where he is, he will stand where he stands. Behold, he is a star, a bright light, by which many see the way to Modern Spiritualism, by which many are lifted from the mire of the past. Here, then, surely be death good—surely be not all darkness, not all error. True, that he speaks from his lips is darkness and superstition. But is there no light behind, shining to you through the darkness? Certainly there is.

Again, take him with you, down the steps of olden times; place him among the darkness of the past ages. Look you by his light, and see the condition of things in the past. Profit by his words, for he is, in one sense, your teacher. Although he may not point you

to the way of heaven, nevertheless, he shows you many paths which would be totally dark to you without his light. And while he casts the firebrand in your midst, oh, stand aloof for joy, for a light is seen in the seventh heaven, and thousands shall be born again from that which is evil to you.

Contention is a mighty staircase to heaven, and many there who are traveling this staircase. Contention, therefore, is good, and War is good, for Peace is the offspring, and although many ideas may be destroyed in the conflict, yet God shall care for all.

Believe us, and render henceforth unto your brother opponent all that is due him, claiming again all that belongs to you, and from out the temple of your soul pray that rich blessings may be shed upon him and his mission. Oh, pray that he may be sustained in his mission, that health and strength may be given him, and that much good may be done through his physical form.

Oh, thou Sun of glory and Righteousness! oh, thou Morning Star of Love and Peace! as we wander amid the stormy elements of material life, we can but ask the blessing of the High and Holy to rest upon the subjects of material life. We cannot ask those who dwell in holy abodes to come from their celestial shores and dwell upon this dark plane. We can but ask the truly righteous of lower spheres to dwell amid this dark materialism. Oh, Source of Strength and Wisdom! again we praise thee for that all powerful and gladsome spirit being shed among the children of earth. We also praise and bless thee for all we receive on earth or in spirit spheres.

While standing upon the cold marble of mortal life, we feel the necessity of the mantle of peace that envelops the spiritual shore, and in thine own time and way do thou grant the children of earth peace. And when star after star is coming to them through the past, give thy children to know it is their duty to praise thee for the stars and for the shadows, and to call for blessings upon those who stand up to oppose them and those that fold them in the arms of faith. Mich. 13.

**To Wm. Armstrong, Lawrence, Mass.**

I have a favor to ask of you, good sir. It is this:—Will you oblige me by publishing what I am about to give in your next issue?

One in whom I have been much interested, lies very low with consumption. He does not know me, nor is he to any extent aware of my spiritual guardianship over him. While I lived in mortality, I practiced medicine. That was twenty-four years ago.

My name was James L. Henderson. I lived and died in New York city. My object in coming here to-day, is to make a simple prescription for the gentleman lying low in mortal.

Let the attendant take a liberal handful of Iceland moss, put it into three pints of cold water, and let it come to a boil. The patient will drink freely, and be at once relieved from the unpleasant sensation in the throat and upper lobe of the lungs.

The brother who attends me in spirit this afternoon, wishes to send a few words to the brother who is laying low.

"Fear not for thy present, and thy future is filled with light, and not darkness; and, as the shadows of death cluster about your form, your spirit shall rise triumphant and enter the spirit-life with rejoicing."

The name of this brother is William Armstrong—to his brother William in Lawrence, Mass. Mich. 20.

**THE SOUL'S SMILE.**

A smile on beauty's face  
When in a flash of happiness it comes,  
Is bright indeed. But when the heart  
Is crushed and dead, when scalding tears  
Have worn deep furrows on the lovely cheek,  
And dimmed the eye, oh, then to see a smile—  
To see the pure, sweet moonlight of the soul  
Shedding its beam through grief and misery,  
Till all of gloom seems laid to rest as distant music.  
It tells us that a heaven-sent ray of hope  
Is struggling through the storm that earth has wrought,  
Showing a path of glory, love-lit duty  
That all who grove may tread.  
A winding way, with bleeding footprints pressed,  
But leading surely to a heaven of rest.

**Evil as a Principle.**

The enclosed communication on "Evil as a Principle," was communicated through Miss Ada L. Hoyt, the subject also being selected by a spirit-wife to her husband.

Evil, as a principle, exists in spirit-life as in earth-life, only differing its manifestation. When a spirit in the body desires to carry out his evil principles, there are a thousand temptations by which he can receive a degree of satisfaction; by not only effecting his purpose in relation to himself, but by controlling in a measure the immediate surroundings of his being. In the spirit-world, he has the power of returning to earth and observing those in the form who are susceptible.

There are many spirits in the spirit-world who do not wish to see those happy with whom they have had unpleasant associations on earth, for their feelings of vindictiveness are so intense.

Thus it is that you see many impressive persons seemingly void of reason, their better natures perverted, and exhibiting many anomalies of character, which are not understood by mortals who surround them. Such persons are possessed, or obsessed, by a class of low, undeveloped spirits, who, degraded by themselves, are desirous of dragging those within their reach down to their own plane of development. Thus you can readily perceive how very essential it is for mediums and believers in Spiritualism, as well as those who are antagonistic to the philosophy, to be pure in heart, that they may be shielded and protected from evil influences; for error and truth cannot mingle, though they may exist in the same organism. Therefore the only safeguard from evil influences, is to be faithful to God and yourself, and a firm, positive will against all that is in its nature derogatory. In this way earth's inhabitants can repel evil and attract good, and it remains altogether with the children of earth whether they are influenced by good or evil spirits.

Purue a life of truth and holiness, and the flowers of hope and love will spring up in the garden of your soul, which, nourished by God's love, and refreshed by the dew of charity to all, will bloom through all eternity.

**Spirit Message.**

Messrs. Editors.—The following lines in reply to the question from a husband to his spirit wife, were immediately written on the question being presented. They were written upside down, and from right to left, by Ada L. Hoyt, medium.

"This is the month of March, the month we were married, and the month you died, or left the form, after living with me one year. If these events of earth have a place in your memory, please now write an anniversary communication."

I remember well the happy time  
When we were early wed;  
But soon I sought another friend,  
And he pronounced me dead.

But I am near, to comfort, cheer  
The hours that lonely seem;  
When all around is sad and drear,  
You love to pause and dream  
Of days gone, to haphazard spheres  
Of love and true delight;  
But yet my mission is to cheer  
And make your pathway bright.

**"She is Not Dead, but Sleepeth"**

The funeral of Mrs. Margaret Green, wife of Capt. Ben. Green, of Green, was attended at her late residence, on Tuesday week, one of the most interesting occasions of the kind upon which we have ever had the pleasure to be present.

After the friends had gathered, all seeming impressed that the departed had fallen into a pleasant slumber, in the embrace of that Bountiful whose image she had reflected while in life, they were appropriately addressed, for about thirty minutes, through the organ of our esteemed friend and sister, Miss Ansley.

The beautiful passage: "He gives his beloved sleep," (see

Psalm 127:2) suggested some beautiful thoughts, which were uttered in a manner to make us feel that  
Not as a foe death to our friend had come,  
But to convey her to a land of peace—  
To live with angels in their spirit home.  
Where joys, undreamed of here, shall never cease.

A beautiful tribute was paid to the deceased, who had been highly and deservedly esteemed by all who had known her in life—and those who had stood in the nearest fraternal relations, and been the most devotedly attached to her, were tendered the most gracious assurance that, though absent from them in the body, she would still be with them in the spirit, rejoicing with them in their joys, and consoling them in their hours of sorrow.

She had endured much suffering during the last few months, (her disease being "cancer") which she had borne with great patience, and when the last day was severed that bound her to the physical form, like one wearied by the labors of the day, she fell gently into that sleep which those whose enjoy she can

"Lean their heads on Jesus' breast,  
And breathe their life out sweetly there."  
Some thoughts suggested by her death! I give you for another place in your paper.  
Boston, March 15, 1890.

Written for the Banner of Light.

**TRUST.**

How petty are the cares  
Which vex and rend our souls;  
How turbid is the sluggish stream  
Which o'er our spirits rolls.

Oh! could we look above,  
Out of our care and woe,  
We'd see our Heavenly Father's hand,  
Guiding each child below.

He never tires nor sleeps—  
What can we do or fear,  
When the Great Watchman of the skies







