

opened, and the last benediction was said; the horn of commemoration was blown twice to announce the consummated sacrifice; the return to worldly cares duties. Pale and exhausted, much more with pining and remorse than from want of food, Shima descended with the throng of matrons and maidens



and waited at the entrance door for the appearance of Manasseh.

Deeply impressed with the beauty and solemnity of the religious exercises, Cosella was enraptured in dreams, vague, wild, intangible, of the future and mysterious world.

Manasseh was deep in conversation with a countryman of his; he had just heard a name that caused his heart to bound with a fear that for some time had slumbered; the dark, menacing shadow would not go from before him; one haunting name pursued him everywhere. Mastering his agitation by a powerful effort, compelling his voice to be firm and calm, he asked, indifferently:

"You say Mr. Wayne, a poet and a gentleman of leisure, passed through this city, this time last year? He was pleased with the synagogue—who could be less with such a magnificent structure? Germany has the lead in appropriate places of worship for God's chosen people, despite of the despotism of its rulers. But can you describe this Mr. Wayne? I know a Wayne once—"

"He was tall and slender; very pale, with large, expressive blue eyes, and light hair, that waved rather than curled; his hands were very white and small; his manner high-bred. In short, he was what the people here call the picture of an English lord. He gave a handsome donation to the synagogue—a strange thing for Christian to do; but he said he gave it for the sake of Lea. Not our father Jacob's wife, I suppose."

Manasseh turned aside his face. Too sure—too true; what was fate in league against him? And the young Frenchman's story—was that all false? Had Percival Wayne arisen from the tomb to haunt him; or was there another of that hated name? But the description was so complete—Lea was not buried beneath the fragrant soil of Italy; he lived yet to track the footsteps of his child!

Rage and disappointment, akin almost to madness, surged in the bosom of Manasseh; but it was revealed by no outward sign.

"Excuse me, sir; I must join my wife, who I see is waiting for me yonder, with my little girl," he said, politely, to his companion, as he bowed and moved away.

It is customary for husbands and wives, friends and relatives, to embrace, in token of continued goodwill and expiation of all wrong, on meeting after the close of the services of that great and holy day. As on the New Year, it is a time for reconciliation and forgiveness of all past crimes. Shina extended her hand with a loving, appealing smile. Her husband headed her not; but bidding her take his arm, and leading Cosella by the hand, they passed the threshold of the house of prayer, and silently took their homeward way.

The foreboding heart of Shina felt that some new sorrow had come to disturb her life—to drive them thence from that hospitable German city, farther into the bleak and uncivilized world. They arrived at their lodgings, where the voluble and almost famished Lydia awaited them. She had slept throughout the greater portion of the fast day, but at the approach of evening had prepared the supper and set forth the table sumptuously.

"Oh, Mister and Madam and Miss Ella," she began, "I'm so immeasurably pleased with your arrival—just in the nick of time; the fish is browned as well as an ignorant Christian could be expected of to do superior things; in my finished manner, of course, there's a few can't be as a master in the culinary line; but I made the coffee, and the great price of Sardinia, and blessed Queen Esther never had a better cup of that same aromatic beverage. Bless my soul, Master Phillips, I'm most dropping dead with exultation; hunger, I am! My tongue's cleaving to my mouth, so I can scarcely articulate; but I hope I'm unintelligible enough; the blessed food has given me strength. Shall I bring in the coffee?"

"At once, woman! and stop your gibberish. I believe Satan himself has possession of that untiring tongue of yours," cried Manasseh in a loud and angry voice, while Shina took off her child's bonnet and cape, and silently removed her own rich, crumpled shawl, and daintily wiped away her eyes.

Lydia placed her arms akimbo, and launched forth: "Am I a black negro slave or a Hottentot mulatto Cuffie, that I'm spoken to as if I was a nonentity and a fifth wheel to the wagon? Am I a useless, lumbering, indolent piece of ignorant silliness to be called a child of Satan? Do I look like a snake that over tempted anybody to eat what was forbidden by our holy law—the prophets of Moses, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob? My great grandfather was a holy Rabbi, and I'm no headstrong of Egyptian darkness, nor a heathen ignoramus, nor immoral Ishmaelite! I'm a legitimate Hebrew scholar, and my mother was a saint in her way. I'm no Sabbath-breaker, or pork-eating idolater of graven images! I'm no violator of feasts and fasts and disturber of families. I'm no mischief-monger and satelli; I ain't no shamus-faced question-asker, or misanthrope, either. There, Master Phillips, I means no disrespect, nothing incongruous to my servility of obedience. Shall I bring in the coffee?"

Manasseh had regarded her with threatening glances throughout her long harangue; he now filled a large goblet with water, and made an expressive gesture with it toward her. She hastened from the room, crying:

"Please, don't, Master Phillips! It's a wicked sin to get angry to-night."

Shina glanced timidly toward her husband; his moody looks were bent to the ground; his brow was cloudy. She knew some trouble pressed newly upon him. She ventured the inquiry:

"What has occurred to distress you, Manasseh? May I know?"

He bent down to her ear:

"Send the child away with Lydia," he whispered. That voluble and now thoroughly subdued individual returned, bringing in the coffee.

"Take Ella with you to your room; she may take supper with you," said Shina.

Glad of this rarely accorded privilege, the strange creature dropped a low courtesy and was about to return her thanks in a lengthy speech, when "the master" promptly interrupted her, and bade her be gone at once.

"Shina," he said, as soon as the door closed upon the child and her attendant, "I have evil tidings for you! It is decreed that we must cross the ocean, and live in some far distant land. The haunting demon of my life, the Christian foe is not dead! He lives. A year ago he visited this place; that was after the time the Frenchman gave us the date of his death. Shina, we must pack up to-morrow; we must leave Germany, England, all Europe for a time. We will go to a seaport—from thence wherever God will guide us."

Percival Wayne still living! the pale face of Shina flushed with a noble joy she dared not reveal.

"Must we wander still farther—forever wander?" she murmured.

"Yes, it is the curse of our race—the decree of the Most High!" impudently declared Manasseh.

"You will be happy wherever that child is. If we remain in Europe, his spies may track us; she may be wrested from your arms at any hour."

He calculated well. Impulsively she rose and cried:

"Let us go! let us not waste a moment!" Then, romping into thought, the romance of her selfishness held warfare with her passionate love of that one human thing. She burst into tears.

"Fear not, Shina; the angels of Israel will encompass us; we shall evade the enemy. Better so; for he shall live to know torture in the body before the spirit leaves it. Through that child his infidel soul shall suffer martyrdom. Eat, Shina, eat; you are pale and worn with fasting. I command you to eat!" he cried imperatively, as she turned slightly away.

"Would you incur the danger of sickness with a long sea voyage before us? Strengthen yourself with food, for to-morrow we leave, and soon we depart from Europe."

"It is forever!" cried Shina, wringing her small, jeweled hands. "I shall never behold these hospitable shores again. I shall never again see the blue, lovely Rhine. I shall never look upon my native England—never, oh, never, again!"

There was so much of deep earnestness, of heartfelt conviction in her manner, Manasseh gazed upon her in silence for awhile; then he spoke in light, bantering tones:

"Pish, pish, nonsense! you are timid and nervous. We shall go safely across the sea; and, once fully assured of his death, we will return. When Cosella grows a woman, we shall return, for then there will be no danger of discovery; there may be none now—but I feel urged on. I know that Percival Wayne—a thousand curses upon him—suspects me. I would not meet him now; but some ten years hence, I defy him—I challenge him to win! Come, Shina! no more tears; you shall once again return to Europe."

"Never, oh, never! My grave will be in a foreign land," she exclaimed; and the wild gush of sorrow would have his way. She wept long and unceasingly.

Drinking a cup of coffee, eating only a slice of bread, Manasseh left his wife, without another word of comfort or affection.

Forbidding heart! too truly the future cast its shadow before them. The tears of Shina were a parting tribute to the land she would never behold again.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE POOR BOY, BUT HAPPY SPIRIT.

BY J. EDWIN CHURCHILL.

Oh! I am poor, and needy, and forever woe;  
And know not where to lay my weary, lonely head;  
My food is but the bread of sorrow, and my drink  
Is but the water of affliction, and my bed  
Is but the cold and dreary floor, and my repose  
Is but the restless slumber of the dead.

Far over hills and dale, through woods and fields of grain,  
In silence I have wandered, and in silence I have lain;  
And I am shrouded as if I were the dust of Cain;  
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## Original Essays.

### ORIGIN OF THE DIVERSITY OF LANGUAGES.

In the eleventh chapter of Genesis, verse sixth, it is written, "And the Lord said, behold the people is one, and they all have one language." And in verse seventh, "Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech." And in verse ninth, "Therefore the name of it called Babel, because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth."

In the second chapter of Acts, verses three, four, five, six, seven and eight, it is written, "And there appeared unto them eleven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them; and they were all filled with the holy ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance. And there were dwelling at Jerusalem, Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven. Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in their own language. And they were all amazed, and marvelled, saying one to another, behold, we hear them speak Galilean words: And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?"

This solution of the origin of languages, as being in itself an act of supernatural power, and a miracle, is confirmed by the spiritual manifestations of the present day. Mediums are now made to speak and write in languages altogether unknown to themselves; and sometimes the same medium in a number of different languages altogether unknown by himself. The same method was probably adopted by the deity in producing a diversity of languages, at the Tower of Babel, and at Jerusalem, as is now by the spiritual manifestations. They were probably produced by acting upon the people as mediums, either directly himself, or through the agency of "ministering spirits," in the same way as the same kind of phenomena are now produced by spirits acting upon mediums, and by which the language of these mediums is "confounded," and they are made to speak in "unknown tongues."

It has always been a matter of great difficulty, and it may be said of impossibility, to account for the multiplicity of languages as they now exist, and for so long a period have existed, except upon the supposition that they had their origin in some supernatural act, or in other words a miracle. To the supposition that they were the work of man and his invention, their multiplicity, their dissimilarity, and their systematic construction, oppose insuperable objections. If languages were merely the work of human invention, and their boundaries were enlarged gradually, as the human mind became improved, human wants multiplied, and the stock of ideas requiring appropriate words to express them became enlarged, they would I conceive, have been as chaotic and heterogeneous, as it is possible to imagine, without plan or system. For the very supposition of such an origin precludes the possibility of anything like system. Words being invented at the moment to express a particular idea, could not from the nature of the case, admit of being formed with reference to any system of language, especially such philosophical ones as those now existing. They would be invented from the urgency of the occasion to express a particular want, which it was found necessary immediately to communicate, and any form of expression which should first occur to the mind for this purpose, would probably be adopted. Its adaptation to a regularly contrived system of languages, would never enter the head of the person first using it, because from the infancy of his intellectual powers he could not have any conception of such a system, and there could not by the supposition be any language existing to which to adapt it. Language formed in this way, by gradual additions, as the necessity for them should arise, would be as irregular, as wanting in method and order, as the different paths which the first settlers of a country should strike out for themselves, and for the same reason, the necessity of immediate accommodation, without reference to, or even thought of popular laws arising in future, requiring regular streets, laid out upon a systematic plan. This in the case of languages as well as in the latter case, would be something that would not be foreseen nor provided against. Language, then, originated in this way, and growing gradually, would necessarily become in time an immense mass of words, perfectly unmanageable, and such as would require the labor of a century to learn. For there would be no relation or connection between its parts. So much for languages upon the supposition that they were the work of man.

But perhaps it will be said, even supposing languages to have been originally contrived and constructed without any method, order or system, by man himself, would it not be possible that they should afterwards be subjected to revision and remodeling, and that in this way they should be made to assume that systematic form which they are now seen to have? I answer, no, no more than it would be possible, after a city had been built upon crooked and irregular streets—as Boston, for instance—to have these streets made perfectly straight and at right angles with one another—and for the same reason. The language is already in existence, as well as the city, with all its irregularity and want of system. And as it would be easier to make a new city, in a new spot, with streets at right angles and upon right lines, than to make an alteration in Boston which should give the streets there such a direction and shape, so it would be easier for a community to make an entire new language out of new materials, than to reduce an old one to a system. And this I conceive that it would be impossible for them to do; and even if it were possible, it would be impossible to prevail upon a people to cast off an old language, and adopt a new one, even supposing that they were capable of doing it, which I conceive they are not. For I do not believe the human mind is capable, at once, of contriving a complete system of language.

If these remarks are true, it will follow that the different languages in existence—which are said to be entirely dissimilar in their structure and features, and bear no appearance of having proceeded from a common tongue, as is stated to be the case with the Hebrew, the Greek, and perhaps the Latin, by some philologists who have examined these languages—must have been originally produced by the exertion of Divine power and wisdom, at the building of the Tower of Babel, or on some other occasion. I do not mean precisely in the form in which they now exist, but as distinct languages, built upon a regular system, which may perhaps have since been remodelled, and received additions and alterations, (some of which may have been the transfer of words from one language to another, in a little different shape), the aid of human invention to adapt them to the changing condition and character of mankind, but still retaining their main features and their original structure. In other words, I conceive that the formation of anything like a system of language is something which the human capacity is in itself inadequate, and can be nothing else than a miracle, or act of supernatural power. And that the casting off of an old, cumbersome and undigested language,

and the substitution of a new, philosophical and systematic one in its place—whether immediately, or by degrees—is something which, in the nature of things, could not take place by human agency, or means, alone.

If it be asked why this confusion of tongues, or creation of different languages, did not take place at an earlier period of the world, I answer that it is probable that the language existing among men up to that time, undigested as it might be, was sufficient for their wants, but that the deity availed himself of this occasion to give them now and diverse systems of language, because they had arrived at that stage of intellectual improvement to stand in need of more perfect languages than they had hitherto used. And because, also, the new systems could not have been received and used before, inasmuch as they were formed with reference to a much larger stock of ideas than had hitherto existed among mankind, and so also would have been inapplicable to their condition, and unintelligible by them.

But at this period of the world, when the race of mankind had multiplied so greatly, it became of importance, in furtherance of the Divine plan in reference to his rational creatures, that they should be separated into distinct communities, and thus the earth be more extensively peopled than had hitherto been the case. And this, probably, could not be so well effected in any other way as by rendering the communication of their ideas difficult between different portions of mankind.

I read, not long since, an article by a distinguished French theologian, who agrees with me that there is no other way of accounting for the origin of the diversity of languages now in existence, except by a miracle or act of Divine power.

W. B. A.

### ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER EIGHT.

Mr. E. L. Yeomans, in his book of "Household Science," one of the best of modern works in the way of domestic economy and health, presents us with some apt reflections upon the old Jewish oracles which our doctors of divinity would fain fasten upon us as the full measure of the growth we should attain. When our fragmentary energy would thus give us old Jewish as paramount authority for to-day, they are not lightly charged by our more ardent reformers with making their "Broad Church" a "synagogue of Satan—a covenant of death in agreement with hell."

In behalf of broadest outlooking light, Mr. Yeomans says, "It is a grievous mistake to suppose that the study of natural science martyrs the more ethereal faculties of the soul, and dooms the rest to painful toil among the naked sterilities of commonplace existence. So far from being unfriendly to the imagination, as is sometimes intimated, science is its noblest precursor and ally. Can that be unfavorable to this faculty, which infinitely multiplies its materials, and boundlessly amplifies its scope? Can that be restrictive of mental sweep, which unlocks the mysteries of the universe and plunges its way far into the councils of Omnipotence? Who was it that lifted the veil, and disclosed a new world of exquisite order and beauty in all the commonest and vulgar forms of matter, below the former reach of eye or thought? Who was it that dispelled the *fabulous firmament*, which primeval ignorance had mounted over its central and stationary earth; set the world in motion, and unfolded a plan of the heavens so appalling in amplitude that imagination itself falters in the survey? Who was it that first read the handwriting of God upon the rocks, revealing the history of our planet and its inhabitants through durations of which the mind had never before even presumed to dream? It has been too much the policy of the past to to train the mind as to enslave, rather than to arouse it. Education, from the earliest time, has been under the patronage of civil and ecclesiastical despots, whose necessary policy has been the repression of free thought. The state of mind for ever insisted on has been that of submissive acceptance of authority. Instead of laying open the limitations, uncertainties, and conflicts of knowledge, which arise from its progressive nature, the spirit of the general teaching has been that all things are settled, and that wisdom has reached its last fulfillment. Instead of encouraging bold inquiry, and inquiring to noble conquest, the effect has rather been to reduce the student to mere tame, unquestioning recipient of established formulas and time-honored dogmas. It is obvious on all sides that this state of things has been deeply disturbed. We are not to tumble round forever in the old ruts of thought. Yet we cannot forget that our education still retains much of its ancient spirit, is yet largely scholastic and arbitrarily unscientific. We believe that this evil may be, to a considerable degree, corrected by a frank admission of the incompleteness of much of our knowledge; by showing that it is necessarily imperfect, and that the only just and honest course often involves reservation of opinion and suspension of judgment. This may be consonant neither with the teacher's pride nor the pupil's ambition, nevertheless it is imperatively demanded. We need to acquire more humility of mind and a sincere reverence for truth; to understand that much that passes for knowledge is unsettled, and that we should be constant learners through life. The active influences of society, as well as the school-room, teach far other lessons. We are committed in early childhood to blind partisanship—political and religious—and drive on through life in the unquestioning and unscrupulous advocacy of doctrines which are quite as likely to be false as true, and one perhaps utterly incapable of honest self-criticism and adjustment."

Very apropos are these remarks to the summary taught in our Sunday schools and stereotyped churches, with incense draped in miasma from authoritative ancient books. What but evil has resulted? What but evil must continue to result in thus confining the mind to Jewish landmarks, as boundaries infallible, marked by the finger of the Most High?

R. W. Mackay, in his very learned work, "The Progress of the Intellect, as exemplified in the religious development of the Greeks and Hebrews," says, "The high poetical and moral value of the choicest Hebrew literature is tarnished by an arrogant nationalism, and an uncharitable feeling toward the rest of mankind; and if a few prophetic gleams nobly in favor of sincerity and justice, their precepts were neutralized by precedents which, under the name of religion, justified treachery, exclusiveness, and cruelty. Hebrew religion contained no already intellectual principle of progress; it might make an effort to recover the plain maxims of morality, when they had been forgotten; but it could supply no continuing principle for the support of society, except the spur of vindictive ambition, and that people and superstitions pride from which it never, except in Christianity, emerged."

Of what use, then, to preach such Bible in our schools, except for purposes of priestcraft and theological dementia? Whose "broad church" requires an eastern praying machine for its printed prayers, and a ritual lullaby for Unitarian weaknesses?

If ancient wisdom is more apt for the teaching of young Taukadeem, give us the scope of Genesis as of Jewrydom—the holy of one as well as the holy of the other. In what was Socrates, and many other holy men of heathen growth, surpassed by the very chiefest of the Hebrew prophets? Why not, then, have the shining lights of the one as of the other, in our schools, as equally inspired and holy to the Most High, who is no respecter of persons, whether they were righteously an Heathen or an Christian ground? How lovely was the spirit of Socrates. Though "sassy and buffoon" to outer eyes, yet, says Plato, was "his soul all virtue, and from within him issued such divine and pæthetic things, as drew tears from the heavens, and melted every heart."

How lovely does that other disciple, Xenophon, discover the divinity of his master; and how worthy such recorders, was "Athena's wisest son," thus in seal by the Delphian Apollo.

Socrates was the Athenian Son of Man, or Son of God, who taught that purity of heart was more acceptable in sacrifice, than the most magnificent offerings—that wisdom is our best guide, our greatest good—"As ignorance our greatest evil," "Wisdom," he says, "is enlightened reason, which, directing the objects of our hopes and fears of these false colors, shows them to us such as they are in themselves, fixes our unshaken judgments, and determines our will by the sole force of evidence." Like him of Nazareth, he went about doing good. In the squares and public walks, in select companies, and among the lower ranks of the people, he took advantage of the least opportunity to instruct in their true interests, the magistrate, the artisan, and the laborer; and viewed all mankind as his brethren. He taught that "the fewer our wants, the nearer we approach to the divine nature—that idleness degrades and not labor—that the glory of the sage consists in being victorious without affecting to appear so, and his pleasure in becoming still more victorious from day to day—that it is better to die with honor than live in ignominy—that we ought never to render evil for evil."

Cousin Xenophon in Memorabilia, Plato, Plutarch, Bartholomew in Anacharsis, and thus we shall see that the Lord was in as close rapport with the Heathen as with Moses and the Prophet; and spoke in higher fullness of light to Socrates than to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Some of these latter in their biblical estate, would have looked somewhat spotted in the brighter sphere of the Athenian well-doer, whose uprightness, in purity of life, would have formed a notable contrast to the thimble-tugging proclivities of him who darkly supplanted his brother, and claimed God as an engineer in transforming Laban's cattle to himself; yet, in the interests of priestcraft and superstitions, undeveloped Christendom, the Hebrew patriarch trails his shawl over his schools, even Unitarianism; while the far more highly exalted men of God, in Gentiledom, are thrust out as unclean. David, submerged in blood and sin, dictating murders on his death-bed, and in this state seeking virginial victims as sacred sacrifice to his infernal flame, is deemed worthy of modern canonization in school and church. He sang penitential psalms with no amendment of life. He discoursed eloquent music in Jewry, and so did Nero at Rome.

Socrates was a prophet of God. He was in rapport with prophetic voices, and the sure word of prophecy came by him as much as by any medium in Palestine. He says, "My disciples will testify that I have never foretold to them anything which has not come to pass." His guardian angel, present in love and wisdom to speak the words of soberness and truth, thus reared his vision to the higher light, and sweetly led him to the music of the spheres. As his change grew near to the better life, he saw approach him, from the opening heavens, a woman of transcendent brightness and beauty, a messenger of light, and saying, "within three days I greet you to the better home;" doubtless some congenial soul of his earlier days, plucked in young life as a rose from its attractive bud, and not yet known to his vague and empty remembrance.

Like an altar vase broken, Her heart's vows broken, Whither must be.

The prophetic voice of his earthly career, remaining ever true in magnetic oneness of soul—the holy angel, the faithful guardian, the truthful Oracle, the fount of holy love, and Goddess of the Skies.

Not less divine than Hebrewdom were the Heathen in their prayers. There is a common sense one, more fitting than the measureless linked blasphemous of many a modern pulpit: "Oh, thou who art the Lord of Heaven! grant what is useful to us, whether we ask it, or whether we ask it not. I beseech what would be harmful to us, even should we ask it." When "the Athenians once complained to the Oracle of Jupiter Ammon that the Gods had declared in favor of the Lacedæmonians, who offered to them only a small number of victims, and these meagre and mutilated, the Oracle replied, that not all the sacrifices of the Greeks were equal to the humble and modest prayer in which the Lacedæmonians are contented with asking the only real blessings of the Gods." In like wise was the response of the Delphian Apollo. "A rich Thebanian being at Delphi, offered up with all the parade of ostentation, an hundred oxen with gilded horns. At the same instant, a poor citizen of Hgionoe, drawing a handful of flour from his wallet, threw it into the burning flame on the altar. The Pythia declared that this man's worship was more acceptable to the Gods than that of the Thebanian."

"How parallel is all this with the 'two men who went up into the temple to pray.' The one in all the ostentation of the Thebanian sacrificer, and the publican, offering in sacrifice the humble and contrite spirit. How parallel the 'handful of flour of the poor citizen of Hgionoe,' to the 'poor widow and her two mites.' How parallel, too, the estimation of similar acts on Heathen and on Christian ground—alike regarded by Ammonia, Delphian and Nazarene Oracles. The contrast is not favorable to our fashionable churches, where ostentatious prayers and *equiva* make the simple commodities in the sacrifices which flout the Christian skies—though He whose name they abuse, taught them to pray in secret, pray in secret himself, and preached a straight-out gospel of mercy and well-doing as the only true way to the upper life.

Women were not deemed unworthy to serve as ministers or priestesses in the Heathen temples; but before initiated in the mysteries, were "obliged to take an oath by which they solemnly affirm that they have always lived in the greatest purity," and will continue so to live. It was reserved for Pauline Christianity to forbid that women should speak in the churches as the spirit should give them utterance.

On one occasion, when "the priests of all the temples had orders to pronounce against Alkibiades the most horrible imprecations, all obeyed except the priestess Themno, whose answer was more worthy of being preserved on a column than the popular decrees. 'I was appointed to my office,' said she, 'to procure for men the blessings, and not to pronounce on them the curses of heaven.' This, from the Heaton priestess, is worthy to be placed by the Saxon on the Mount, and should be very much more worthy of our Sunday schools than the long string of curses, done to order, on the Old Testament piano. It may be in keeping with the Roman Church, on its lower plane of infernalism, to anathematize maranatha; but the many curses it has sent out, are now returning to roost upon the very head and trunk of the Vaticanism, and upon all of the distorted branches of its modernisms, not excepting the unfathomed Protestant broad, whose Balaam arms outstretched to hold fast chaos and old night, will soon be lopped in the irrepressible conflict of the coming day.

There were many and lofty virtues among these same old heathens that we curse—virtues that shone in the shorter coming of our higher light. Reason fires, they were, to which we turned when the Christian church her nightmarish hold in fifteen hundred years of darkness. Then luminous beads shown down through the great deep of centuries, like a starry canopy they cleave the night, and shed a radiance of the upper world that pales old Jewry and its modern brood of dark theologues; yet our pulpits still and dumpy, narrowness and blight, would disfigure them on this, and burn them on the other side of Jordan.

Our bibliography permits no vision beyond the lurid glimmer of its steeple-house and creed. To the same dark and narrow mold of its undeveloped past, they would have us confined by Sunday-school and ritual, all the mind sinks in its own weakness, and trembling awaits its summons from a far-off fabulous trump.







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## Banner of Light.

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EDITORS:

WILLIAM BERRY, Boston; J. D. BRITTON, New York.

LUTHER COLBY, Boston; J. R. M. EQUIRE, London.

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### THE MORALS OF BUSINESS.

In this present social arrangement of ours, all depends upon the moral. We use the word in its original sense. Unless life has meaning, it is not life; and, on the other hand, it is life only so far as it has meaning. On the bold road of absolute truth rests every superstructure that stands to day; what is put together with the help of the lies and cross-beams, the gliders, the brackets, the rafters, and the scaffolding of falsehood, however well they look to the eye, cannot and will not stand. Time will only show it to the deluded builders. Time is the final test, settling and unsettling everything.

To be shrewd, to wear a long hood on one's shoulders, to be the "cutest" way and forthwith to follow it, is not always the shrewdest, the longest-headed, or the "cutest," by a long distance. Let it be borne in mind of every man, that he must either add to or take from the general stock of social integrity. Nobody need think he can himself cheat, and forbid the same practice to others. And so far as he does cheat, by so far he diminishes the general stock of truth, lowers the standard of honorable dealing, and vitiates the force of his own example.

This he cannot do, however, and not himself be a sufferer. It is not so plain as it ought to be, and might be, to some minds, we know: but no truth is more true than this, that falsehood hurts him the most who deliberately practices it. If I deceive another, the evil does not rest there; I have not got rid of it by telling it; it goes forth as my word, my representative, and stands for me wherever and to whom my action may be known. If not now, then by-and-by, its hollowness will betray itself; and they who make this discovery, will naturally come not merely to doubt me, but to try the practice of playing off similar tricks themselves against mine.

Thus mischief widens, like circles in the water. Thus virtue decays and dies out. Contagion blazes the whole body of society at last. No man can stand aside, and say that he may take from the general health and general virtue what another may not; he is permitted to take nothing from it; it is in his place only to add to it, to help on the process of accretion, and not to draw against it at all.

How much more a people or a society is strong, by so much must it be virtuous. In other words, all the published wealth, strength, greatness, beneficence, relies on its naked integrity. In all business transactions, there is something finer than the business; the thought refers back from the thing done to the thing itself. Our merchants could not stand a day without this constant, though silent, appeal to a nice spirit of truth and honor; impalpable, when one goes to talking about it, yet the only rock bottom on which all transactions rest. Between men of the higher order in mercantile life, a nod comes to mean a promise, and the promise stands till it has gone round the world. They do not require to lodge their conduct about with legal technicalities, and formalities that are meant for thieves and forgers; if such were indeed the case, commercial transactions of a large nature would not be carried out, because their effectiveness would be destroyed by the delay. But once let it be even suspected, in fact, that unlike the four quarters of the globe—that this one, or that, is disposed to flinch from the candid and direct requirements of truth, and from that moment he is in a pillory of helplessness and shame from which there is no hope of escape; and, all the time, too, perhaps not a word has been spoken.

It is not any less true because we never thought of it before; nothing is less true, or more true either, on that account; but it is a fact of universal significance, that as a single tube of water may balance the ocean, and keep itself firm, so the simple principle of integrity alone sustains the whole unwieldy and complicated structure of business and affairs. It is nothing but the morals of a thing that saves that thing, making it sweet and keeping it whole. To imagine a state of affairs in which business transactions are conducted without any reference at all to truth and honor, is to create something that neither does nor can exist. The man in the streets little thinks on what a slight and slender basis, to all this business system rests; but there is the basis, for all that, and the only basis—the less real for being intangible and unseen, or abstract and outside the limits of definition.

Suppose, for example, that nothing but the law held away, integrity being set aside altogether; how long would it be before all this fabric of wealth and exchange would fall down, carrying with it the whole system of society besides? Who supposes that we could get on as well as we all do together, without the help of some unseen, but well understood bond, that lifts our common acts and intents up to a common standard—a standard established on the immutable principle of truth and right? All this may sound to many ears as little more than an abstract assumption. Let the experiment for once be tried, however, of getting along without such an abstraction, and see how wretchedly it would succeed! For what we agree to call idealities, and sometimes even dreams and illusions, are but the pith and point of ever-existing realities, without which, business, society, education, commerce one with another, labor of all kinds, would be soulless and dead. The human race could not live long thus; it lives to inspirations and ideas, or it dies. The very man who boasts the most of his practicality, forgets what telling words he thus employs for the impalpable abstractions that have always informed and controlled him.

The fatal mistake men commit in this, as in other respects, is in thinking that any private and selfish advantage may ever be got at the expense of the common interest. It cannot be, in the very nature of things. What concerns one, concerns all. To abstract from the common stock, is to steal from one's own self. To think you may cheat the general law of its operation, while everybody else must be rigidly held to it, is to look for miracles that will never be wrought. It is vain to hope for any pardon for transgression of this sort; it exacts its hard but sure penalty as it goes along. What a man thinks he really takes from another, he takes only from himself. The rest cannot be cheated, without his being cheated too. Perhaps he has no accusers to drag him up before a tribunal of law, or even of public opinion, for his shortcomings; but he knows his fault himself, and his thoughts will be up to his perpetual witness against him. They may not prick his conscience for a long time, either; but they do abstract the currents of his life-force, and to that degree they are wreaking a costly and terrible revenge.

And this matter of personal force—no longer a mystical thing to him who had learned to read the true spiritual law of his being—deserves far more attention than it has ever yet received. So much of it is wasted, absolutely thrown away, sunk in the ocean of nothingness! There is so little economy of that energy and strength of which Divinity itself is so nice a calculator! We pour forth our lives for rattles and straw, and have nothing left with which to go upon grand and worthy undertakings. Trifles draw off all our

freest energies, and great things wait vainly upon our feeble and faltering endeavor.

It is because, in the first place, we do not behold things as they are—because our perceptions need long and patient schooling; and, secondly, because we are not able to see objects in their right relations. This making up the state of life is a highly important piece of business. All depends on the estimate we place on this object or the other one, what class of motives we allow to prevail and rule in our action, and how skillfully we are able to combine our aims and plans. In this sense, we make or mar for our own selves. It is truly astonishing, and fairly makes a person of sympathy and sensibility tremble, to think in what a headlong manner the million plunges along through life, and stumble out at the gate that opens to the acting sun! No plans, no views, no arrangement of motives or aims, but all one grand medley and confusion worse confounded! It is not life, and such a result as genuine discipline can in no way be got out of it.

And the largest waste of individual force occurs in consequence of this very headlong ignorance. Thus, too, our main point receives illustration—that men waste themselves by seeking to deceive and defraud others. It costs a much larger expenditure of force and gasoline power, to look after a lie, when it has been once started on its errand, than it would to suffer years from any possible effects of telling the simple truth. In honesty, but all the more expressive phrase, "it costs more than it comes to"; that is, the expense of the efforts necessary to tell and take care of a falsehood, whether direct or implied, is far greater than the final results would begin to warrant.

The Patagonians have a superstition, which has its foundation in universal nature, too, that the valor of every foe they vanquish enters into their own hearts, making them all the stronger and more courageous for every encounter. It is an excellent notion, considered even sagaciously; but as a point of morals, it has incontestable evidence of truth. When a man overcomes the first temptation, he has become so much the stronger to vanquish the second, when it appears; his strength having challenged his strength, and been found inferior, by as much as he exerted his spiritual energies to obtain a victory, by so much is he more vigorous and strong. This is a case of daily and hourly illustration in the life and experience of every man. If he resists with success to-day, he will resist with all the more ease to-morrow. What he gains by a trial of his individual strength, is his own forever. And this is the good that obstacles, trials, and temptations work in our lives; we should be pious and weary without them; our souls would never acquire that vigor which is the surest token of high health and the broadest promise of enduring happiness.

If this be true positively, it is true negatively also. If virtue thus accumulates, so that its alien accretions become visible to the introverted vision, we may as readily know how it may be kept from diminution and decay. And this brings us round to our point once more; all untruth on our part, by word, deed, look, or even silence, is to that extent our moral decay. If we practice it, except as a decayed tree lives, shooting out a meagre tuft of green at its crown, or only an occasional sprout among the dead branches, but nowhere hanging up clusters of ripening fruits, it is to be life, it is not the life a man with an awakened soul aspires to.

It is idle to suppose that the observance of any formalities and ceremonies, whether social, ecclesiastical, or even benevolent, can cover up untruth. It will not be so concealed. It looks out at the eyes. It blazes with the lips. It publishes itself and its meanness with every act and word. It may not be atoned for with seventh-day observances of the moral forms, however sacred in their associations or respectable. It is bought up with no bribes, whether of gifts or factory. If here the man has taken his position, here must he stand; all the forces of his own nature, of universal nature, extending to the very stars and planets that still go unnamed, compel him to keep the place he has chosen. He is in pillory, where all the world of men and angels may see him. No matter what, or how lowly, he professes—nothing in his life, it is not the life a man with a voice of a hundred tongues.

If, therefore, a community is held together by men whose truth and integrity is capable of taking on as many forms as wreaths of mist or smoke, of what sort shall that same community be? If the eye be evil, then the whole soul must be filled with darkness. If our leading men—the men from whom others draw their worldly inspiration as from reservoirs set here and there for that purpose—are in a condition of decay, how long will it be before the whole social structure in its worthless and heartless as punk-wood, mere tinder to feed the first chance conflagration?

It is so plain in the abstract; it is so hard to realize in the concrete. We may all of us see and know what is pure and true, but we are so apt to forget when temptation comes and takes us by the hand. The great problem of life is, how to reduce ideas to practice; and, let it be confessed to all lowliness and humility, the best of us succeed in doing little more than making mixed work of it indeed. Yet the great principles abide; the background is as fixed as it ever was, and against it, as a foil, our deeds show off to their own credit or demerit. It is easy to advise; nothing is cheaper than fluent counsel; but the law is not always as obvious to one as to another—we must all see our own way with the eyes set in our own heads. But nothing will bring us peace at last, in all the variety of affairs in this life, but perfect and thorough truthfulness, and souls cleansed of the mists of such foul birds as deceit and false intent. If we succeed in business by untruth of any kind, we may be quite as sure that we do not get on, but will find the obstacles at some other day, if not now.

### The Man of Europe.

"Time works wonders," sure enough! Who would have dared predict, not many years ago, that the lone prisoner of Ham, the exile and outcast, the alien dreamer, rivalling even the immortal William the Third of England, would so soon make a mark on the politics of the European continent which the whole family of powers would be so prompt to acknowledge? Who would not have laughed contemptuously in his face, if he had been told that this solitary individual dreamed of one day carrying out the high purposes of his imperial uncle—the man who at one time virtually had all Europe at his feet? But the dreamer held on his way, and cherished the hopes that were swelling and ripening in his heart. He heeded no scoffs of those who could not see what he saw, and were not waiting for and expecting what filled his own vision. And so he kept on, never doubting, never despairing, but all the time subjected to a discipline from external circumstances such as falls to the lot of few men living. And to-day he is the Emperor of the leading nation on the continent of Europe; and his policy is that which dictates ideas to all the other cabinets.

We do not pretend to deny that Louis Napoleon is a selfish man, or a thoroughly ambitious one; he has proved the contrary for himself, in too many ways already. But that he has been fitted to become an instrument, and a most powerful one, too, in the hands of a Providence that overrules the destinies of nations, is what we are but too ready to believe. His whole career, from infancy up, speaks in this single fact. He is doing for the people of Europe to-day—no matter whether impelled by selfish and purely personal motives or not—what no other ruler or statesman is thinking of doing; and thus he is leading off in the work of revolution. It may be that the times of Henry VIII of England are to be repeated in his reign, so far as the temporal claims of Pope Pius are concerned, and thus a larger liberty of thought will be secured to the millions of Catholic believers, not only in France but throughout Europe. Italy must become a nation, and so may Hungary. The peoples will learn to estimate and understand their own power, and in this way must qualify themselves for final freedom. Considered in any light, the life of this great man has been excited by Louis Napoleon, cannot fail to lead in the end to a thorough and radical revolution.

### Our Mailing Machine.

The new apparatus which has been recently set up in this establishment for the more exact, exact and rapid mailing of the *Banner of Light* to its army of subscribers, deserves more than a passing notice, and would amply repay one for the time spent in examining its facile operation. Why so simple a thing had not been invented before, is the only remaining wonder. By its aid we are now enabled to get off our bags of papers for subscribers with much greater readiness than ever before, fearful of no mistakes in copying post-office addresses from our mailing books, and always certain of keeping things well before us.

The machine is styled, "H. W. and D. Davis' Patent Newspaper Directing and Type-Cutting Machine," and was patented on the 6th of Sept., 1859. What it does is simply this: it prints the name or address of each subscriber directly upon the paper, or wrapper, as fast as the same can be handled, and without any liability to misname or make mistakes. Accompanying each machine is a type-cutter, capable of being worked by any one, the object of which is to cut the address of subscribers on separate blocks; and this can be done as rapidly as the letters could be set up separately by regular compositors. The blocks come already prepared for lettering, costing only from one dollar to one dollar and a half per thousand; whereas their equivalent in metal type costs from fifteen to thirty-five dollars per thousand addresses. The mailing apparatus is worked with a treadle, and the blocks, which are glued to endless revolving bands, or straps, are allowed to make their impressions, each in its turn. When one of these belts has performed its whole round of service, another one, similarly provided with names, is fitted into its place and made to perform the same sort of duty. The belts are all arranged systematically in light boxes, so that they can be got hold of without confusion or delay of any sort. There is no danger whatever of this machine's getting out of order, for its very simplicity makes that impossible. It takes up scarcely any room, is worked with the greatest ease, and when brought into general use in the thousand mailing offices in the United States, will make the mailing system one of the easiest and most certain departments connected with every establishment. We would not part with the one we use, if we could not get another, at any price.

### Flimsy, but very Pretty.

A contemporary can't seem to stand it any longer. He is evidently tired of waiting for Spring. So he seeks to hurry it along by sending such a pretty piece of pastoral writing at us as this:—"About this time the trout break out in bright scarlet spots—or rather their dull red spots brighten into scarlet—unconsciously indicating thereby that they are 'in season,' and fit to be eaten. Acute anglers, who understand the life-cycle of the fish to a dot, are not slow to take advantage of the intimation. They are already troubling with their lines the waters of the Long Island ponds, and of the trout brooks of Pennsylvania. But trout is cold work in March, and somewhat unproductive; except now and then, when a June day is interposed into this month of ages. As yet, the trout are inert and torpid. In those northern latitudes they do not thoroughly wake up until the middle of May. Then, if the weather is favorable, they commence taking air baths, turning flip-flops from the surface of the water, in a graceful and hilarious manner. Flies are their weakness, and taking advantage of it, the angler feathers his hook with an entomological fabrication, and obtains the 'shiners' under false pretences. It is a 'confidence game' very similar to that practiced by those 'fishers of men,' who are sent to Sing Sing for playing their tricks on two-legged gudgeons. Rather mean, though, (is it not?) for a being 'blessed in faculties,' to pride himself on bumping a trout."

### The New Bonnet.

Everything going deserves attention, in its place; and so the new style of bonnets. We must say we like them. For the first time in our history, we undertake to say how many years, the top of the head is covered up, or nearly enough so, at any rate, to call it covering. The bonnet comes forward to the forehead, lying flat and fitting somewhat closely, though allowing space for trimmings underneath; at the sides it spreads out flaringly, and there the usual assortment of flowers and fruits may be hung up to dry. Now then, let the younger ladies bid adieu to neuralgic pains and hair grown prematurely grey; the cold steel will no longer have the pleasure of raining direct upon their heads, or the wintry winds of trying to tear their hair out by the roots; there is some hope of longer lives for them, and happier. For one, we welcome this return to common sense in matters of dress and adornment as one of the promising signs of the times, and congratulate our thousands of friends among the fair sex on the recently projected change. The gray-headed ones, many of them not yet twenty-five, may regard the new style in a spirit of wise sorrow, and admit that experience does cost something, after all.

### Proselyting.

If we are to believe the "religious papers" hereabouts, the Episcopallians would appear to be doing an excellent business in the line of winning over converts to their views of church policy and church government. The recent term of Prof. F. D. Huntington, late of Harvard University, over to the Episcopal benches, coupled with that of Rev. Mr. Coolidge, last year, has naturally excited more or less comment in sectarian circles; it is unmistakably stimulating men to review their religious creeds and professions all over again, to see if they may not have committed some error at the outset in making up their minds and taking their position. So far as all this is made a matter strictly of conscience, it is well; but if new claims are put forth for the infallibility of the Episcopal, or any other church in this country, it is time that the case of Pope Joanna be called up again, and the actual cause of the quarrel between Henry the Eighth and Pope Clement VII. be looked over. But it is agreed that one man—be he king or peasant, Henry or John Wesley—may establish a church after his own views, why, then, we have nothing further to say; no man's conscience is cramped, and the field is wide open for all.

### Prize Fighting.

The approaching prize fight in England, between Heenan and Sayers, is one of those disgusting affairs that—not singularly, at all, considering the modes of our popular education—is just now exciting very general talk and discussion. It is even pretended that a low personal conflict of muscular strength and endurance like this, is to be elevated into the character of a worthy contest between the English and American nations. To such a pitch of impudence do these "muscle" fellows carry their estimates of their own importance, when once they become the topic of conversation in circles styling themselves refined. We do not care, of course, which worries the other out of breath and strength in the coming fray, for we think they ought both to be trounced and shut up for a month's calm reflection. We believe in the necessity and beauty of physical development; but when undertaken for such low ends as this, we have neither respect for nor patience with the exhibition. If people would care to know the character of the parties who thus entertain each by the week in these contests, let them look at their "villainously low foreheads." In the very next picture of them furnished by the illustrated papers.

### A New Medium.

An exchange informs us that the boarders at the Everett House, New York, are in a state of wondering excitement over another manifestation reported to have occurred in the family of Horace Greeley. One of his children, a girl of twelve years of age, has recently been developed as a medium. Several times, of late, her mother has left her alone in a room apparently inaccessible from without, and on returning, has found either a beautiful bouquet on the table, or a canary bird fluttering around the room—both supposed to have been brought there by spirit hands. Evidently, it is impossible to keep this tide within bounds; it will overflow everywhere. But (possibly the able and astute editor of the *True Sun* will (if permitted) explain a little more to the satisfaction of his half-million readers. We shall read the revelation with the intensest relish.

### Unhappy Mexico.

It is as difficult a matter to say which side is up, in Mexico, and which is down, as it is to tell on which side the coin will fall, while it is still slipping in the air. Our own government has thus far recognized, so far as was prudent, the Juarez party; but Alvarado seemed to get the better of those fellows not a great while ago, and went so far as to lay siege to Vera Cruz. At this point, it was arranged for him in Ha Cruz that certain vessels should make their appearance off the coast, under the Mexican flag; the plan might have worked very well, for all that we know, but it was our commodore, who was cruising in the Gulf, put his foot into it and a stop to it, by capturing these Alvarado vessels. The Spaniards are much incensed about it, and so it was said the French were, too; but what they are going to do about it, is not just so plain. The President of the United States has lent his countenance to the proceedings of the American commodore, and our minister, Mr. McLane, has returned to Vera Cruz in a government vessel, with the largest latitude to assert our rights in every place, and at the last extremity.

### A Taste of Politics.

With the lapse of a little more than two weeks now, the political canvassing for the approaching Summer and Fall will have begun. The sitting of the Charleston Convention opens the business. Next follows the Convention at Baltimore; then the one at Chicago; and how many others, or in what places at all? It is beyond our power to say. A decent conflict is predicted on all sides, this season, and we see no good reason now to question the truth of such predictions; but the whole story can be told better afterwards. We are quite certain, however, that all angry passions will be brought out, to ambitious motives will be brought into play, selfishness will work a large work of injury, and the social result will be almost universal. When the body politic rests, as with us, upon the will of the people, it is safe to suppose that that will will create general excitement in the enlightenment, and final making up. Who is to be the next President? that is just the point. Of one thing only are we certain; it is to be neither ourselves, nor anybody now known to be related to us.

### Miss Hoyt's Seances.

We find our afternoon circles are so fully attended, that we shall be obliged in future to occupy the entire floor, a part of which has, up to the present time, been used by Miss Ad. L. Hoyt for private seances. This being the case, Miss Hoyt has changed her hours for private sittings, which are now held from two A. M. to two P. M.

This being necessary, and finding that it is impossible to confine herself so many hours in the day, and give her evening circles which seem to be demanded at this time, Miss Hoyt has, at our suggestion and request, made an alteration in her charges for day circles, for which no advertisement. The evening circles will be continued, and the price of admission remains the same, which gives favorable opportunities to those who desire to investigate, whose means are limited.

### The Grimes and Miller Disunion.

In consequence of pressing engagement of a professional character at the Legislature, now in session in this city, our reporter, Mr. Pomroy, has been unable to transcribe his notes of this discussion as rapidly as we desired, and we are unable to fix an earlier date than TUESDAY, APRIL 10th for the issue of the above book. It will be an octavo of 200 pages, and we are very particular that the report shall be correct in every statement, representing fully and truly both of the disputants, who have been obliged to wait for the reporter to revise his manuscript, which under other circumstances, where a lesser point of perfection would have answered all purposes, would have been unnecessary. Price for 50 copies and over, 10 cents per copy. Single copies 25 cents, mailed free of postage.

### Our Paper.

Every number of the *Banner of Light* contains in the aggregate 271,600 copies of printed matter. This, we venture to say, is far more composition than any other weekly paper of its size can boast of in the United States. And this is nothing to what we intend to accomplish whenever our patronage warrants us in extending the folds of our *Banner*. Our friends there, everywhere, must put their shoulders to the wheel, to increase our already extensive circulation. And in return we will give them the cheapest and best paper ever issued from the American press.

### Melodeon Performers.

Miss Fannie Davis will lecture in the trance state, in the Melodeon, on Sunday, April 8th, 1880, at 2:45 and 7:30 o'clock, P. M.

### Reported for the Banner of Light.

### BROOKFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

Wednesday Evening, March 28th.

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

HENRY C. WRIGHT.—I believe that in all ages and nations of the world it has been an admitted doctrine that disembodied spirits do influence those in the body. The question for discussion, taken for granted that we, as spirits, live after the death of the body; so that it is not debatable—the only issue is: have we the power to communicate? Now it has been the belief of all Christendom, that there are two kinds of spirits, good and bad, and that both have an influence over mortals; but especially the bad ones. In Christendom, that had spirit is called the Devil, and the good spirit God. These two elements represented in the Christian theology as two antagonistic powers, struggling for the mastery over the human soul. Milton has vividly painted it in "Paradise Lost." God is represented as the good being, trying to win us to his side; and the Devil is trying to reduce us by wiles and deceptions. It has seemed to be a belief with many theologians that good spirits do not influence us, but we are given up to the lead of evil spirits—to Satan.

Now my own observations lead me to believe that we are continually under the influence of good spirits, who are always laboring to make us better. When they were transferred to another state of existence, they remained in communion with the spirits left behind them. It is a false and hurtful idea that the soul goes away and is cut off from all communication with those left behind. It has long been a cardinal point in my religion that spirits, when they get out of the body, will know what is going on here as well as ever, and will take a deeper interest in us, when they are able to see through our clay disguise all our surroundings, than before, when their view was limited. Good spirits know what we are doing, and have power to influence us in the right way—to impel us in the right direction. Whenever I err by thought or deed, I feel myself surrounded by good spirits, tugging at my heart to lead it in the right way. When I allow myself to get awitched off the great track railway of life—and there are innumerable switches—I feel for a time there is no relief to my spirit, that it is "like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." This feeling is owing to the power and influence of good spirits over us.

When we are able to understand the causes and effects of things, I believe we shall all of us find ourselves unable to explain our emotions in any other way than through good and evil spirits. I never can account for them except by impression from the disembodied souls. No human being was ever so utterly abandoned, but what good spirits held the reins of his soul. I do not believe in the cold, heartless, Calvinistic doctrine, that it is possible for a man to "sin away the day of grace." It would lessen our respect for a just God. It is said there is a sin against the Holy Ghost which cannot be forgiven. But then there is no forgiveness in the power of God; we have got to expiate all our misdeeds, ourselves.

We, in the body, are just as necessary to the spirits, as they are to us, and the influence is perfectly reciprocal. The two conditions are bound together by a sympathy the most close and intimate.

I know of no better test of good and evil spirits, than that recommended by Jesus of Nazareth: "By their fruits ye shall know them." We should not try the spirits, whether they be of God or not. They must be found to be good or bad, as we judge of men and women.

Mediums should never lose sight of this fact. Promiscuous giving up of self to all manner of spirits, is destructive of morals and purity. Set in judgment them all. Any influence which teaches me to cultivate evil passions and despise humanity, I know to be bad; but an influence which makes me respect men, and women, and little children; which makes me love God in human beings, instead of houses, books, and speculative creeds, I know is good, always, and never evil.

I believe my soul is born with the God-element in it, though it may be covered with rubbish and totally obscured. For an illustration, suppose I was born with a diamond in my keeping, but around that diamond was two inches thick of rubbish. Dr. C. has another diamond with four inches of rubbish around it; Dr. E. has six inches; another has eight inches; another ten; another twenty. The diamond is still in each man's keeping; are we to quarrel and censure each other for the rubbish around our diamonds? Anybody so cautious of me because I have a diamond, you with yours, and I am I to look down on you with airs of self-righteousness, because you have got more than I? It shows no sign of goodness for me to find fault with you. How came the rubbish there? Ah! this question has got to be answered; and when it is answered, there will be a terrible splitting! And it would seem as if men and women would not dare become mediums—especially those who believe in endless damnation—so great, so eternal is the responsibility they assume.

Dr. Von Vleck.—The condition of every man—and I use the term in its general sense—depends upon his relations with the rest of creation. A state of good feeling in man is only induced by his being in a proper relation or communion with other existences. Whenever we feel unhappy, we may be so, that wrong exists in our relations; that we are improperly disposed with reference to some men or things, and therefore that they are improperly disposed with reference to us. Thus good spirits must necessarily be in constant communication with mortals. I do not admit the existence of bad spirits; but with those whom we esteem especially good, we are all more or less intimately related, and therefore subject to their influence. All of us have "pulses of feeling" for the expression of which, words are inadequate; but we have no emotions that may not be, or are not, communicated to those who are in sympathy with us. Through a physical medium, any disembodied spirit can represent himself to be a dear friend, and perhaps make us believe it, i. e., if we rely upon such means of communication; but those spirits who make us feel their presence without any physical manifestation, are certainly our friends, for it is by means of the law of sympathy that they are able to influence us. We need not look outside of ourselves for evidence of spirit-intercourse; that is direct and internal evidence every man must have before he is satisfied. So-called spirit manifestations, through the various public mediums in the country, are a mockery, if not delusive. They testify no yearning souls. They are a pandor to folly. No physical medium is necessary in order that there be a communion between spirits on the earth, and the inhabitants of another world. Between our spirit friends and us, there can be no material intervention. It is folly to suppose they can communicate with us through another person, if they cannot commune with us directly. It would be strange that other mortals were accessible to our spirit friends when we are not. This claim to special gift, power, or state of mediumship, is a pretence only. It may be that certain mortals may feel the influence of their spirit friends, when we cannot feel or realize an influence from ours; but that they can feel an influence from our spirit friends, when we cannot, is absurd.

I think the profession of mediumship should be discouraged, for its tendency is to degrade instead of elevate those who are in it, and whose attention is directed to it. It involves deception, positive falsehood, and leads to numerous perversions. I know of several professed spirit mediums in this city, and many in other places, who are downright liars and swindlers, and I can prove them to be such, and will do so as soon as a good opportunity offers. I do not wish, however, to be understood as denouncing all who claim to be mediums. I deem mediumship, as a profession, unnecessary, and liable to base perversions.

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH.—I am of the opinion that true Spiritualism is the holiest, purest, best instrumentality. Our Eternal Father has, in this world, vouchsafed to his children. There seems to be a misunderstanding in the public mind respecting the part played by spirits, good and evil, in the great drama of life below the spheres. Many persons attribute all their good and evil deeds to the agency of spirits. This is wrong. We are men and women, and as such act from ourselves, and incur certain responsibilities. Our joys are our own—so are our pains and woes. We are men, as well as mediums; and that philosophy which regards us as automata, or machines to be played on altogether by spirits, is slightly at fault.

There is one certain and unmistakable proof of the influence of good spirits upon us—the check-rein. When our perverted instincts lead us astray; when we are tempted by our appetites and propensities to violate a moral law, or to act contrary to the true principles of self-conservation, and are suddenly checked in the world's manifestation, without a mental process on our part, we may rest perfectly assured that our course has been observed by some loving son or daughter, father, brother or sister, dwelling beyond the veil, and that the sudden checking is an effort on their part to restrain, reclaim, and set us right before God, then, restrain, and our own conscience.

I don't agree with friend Wright on the baby question; but I have no desire to quarrel with individual exponents of ideas that differ from my own. In criticizing the words of others, I mean no personality whatever. There is no time to quarrel with men—only in their capacity of philosophers and thinkers, do we quarrel; and all I say in opposition to views of others, must be accepted in this light only. Doubtless man is to a great degree endowed with the power of choice. Let him choose right. The sweet and silent I regard as the best manifestation of our departed friends.

There is a great amount of twaddle to-day that passes current for spiritual philosophy; and, though it exceeds at present, yet by-and-by the truth as it really exists will be made apparent. The forces of the upper world are at work, preparing the way for a better time coming, when true Spiritualism will be understood and practically carried out. I feel that though things look dark at present, yet it will "all right in the spring" of the coming time. Let us stop the discussion of side issues, and give our attention to the great central truths, all men and women for themselves. Then we shall be walking temples, and the heart will be the residence of the eternal spirit of goodness and benevolence. I prefer the soul of Spiritualism to its body, its religion to its science, and its consoling influence to its splendid scientific and philosophic schemes—which are all well so far as they go; but the kernel in the great nut is the one thing needful for you and me, our neighbor, and the human race.

Mr. THOMAS.—The question is not as regards the ranks of mediums; but the experience of many will lead them to say that even the communication of lying spirits through mediums has been of value to them. In all the created world, I find nothing evil. If we claim that evil does exist, we make God out a liar. Every man for himself must be qualified to answer the question, whether good spirits do communicate. Some minds can only be reached through the manifestations of grosser forms. Thousands are convinced by a moving table, whom all the poetry and beauty of the spirit-world could not influence. They must be approached through the external. Only "by their fruits" can you test the communion of spirits.

Mr. THAYER.—It seems strange to me that any one who believes in the existence of God, can for a moment doubt that good spirits do influence us. I don't believe God does anything, or allows anything to be done, which is not good. Just in proportion as we have the spirit of goodness in us, we are influenced by good angels; but that influence depends on conditions. I have told people by their heads, years ago, and I thought if they had heads like mine they were pretty good; but now I find the best way to measure people is by their hearts.

Dr. GARDNER.—I agree with Mr. Von Vleck, that all jugglery, trickery and deception should be exposed, and I will go as far as he will to expose them when I find them. If he knows what he says to be true, I hope he will put the public on their guard. But I am sorry he has made such a wholesale denunciation of mediums and mediumship. I have had as much experience as most men in this matter, since the first manifestations of Spiritualism in this country, but, as yet, I have not had the fortune, or misfortune, to know that a vast majority of mediums are deceivers. As a general thing, I have found places of mediumship which would lay the mediums open, perhaps, to such a charge, while they were wholly free from any such intent. If you go into the investigation with lies in your heart, you should expect lies to return. You draw such an atmosphere to you. I don't believe Mr. Von Vleck, Mr. Dyer, or any other man, not a medium, can perform the ballot test as Miss Hoyt does. You may hesitate if by shrewdness; so can I, when "conditions are right;" but I challenge you to do it as she does.

It has been said that mediumship is detrimental to purity of morals. I have had much experience, in employing male and female trance speakers for the Boston spiritual meetings, for a number of years, and have been brought in contact with all kinds of mediums, and







that pointed out by the guideboards, but the straight and narrow way, marked out for each individual; and he or she who treadeth that way, cometh to the Father.

that pointed out by the guideposts, and the straight and narrow way, marked out for each individual; and he or she who tremeth that way, cometh to the Father speedily.

Our questioner is not bound to believe us, unless there is a corresponding light in his soul, which tells him we are true. And he may lay aside our words until the light is so mellow in his soul that he can receive this light.

Our questioner imagines he stands upon a platform erected by God for his people. It cannot be, for that platform is erected upon the highway, and he is *en route* to his Father, pointing to the freedom way. Hence, he is *en route* to the Father, and he is *en route* to the Father. "This is the way; come here and enjoy your God." He who turns within, and asks the gently in his soul for heaven, will find it speedily; but he who turns outward, will find it never in his journey. He who asks (in *his* soul), will grasp every new light that cometh. If it meets the demands of his own soul, and if it move on to heaven.

Our questioner asks: "What shall I do. No man cometh unto the Father but by me." Read, on our questioner, and understand; and while thou readest, turn within and consult the angel there, and see if Jc.

something within that reaches outward; and if you find it, then give it to those who cluster about you for spiritual light. Oh, if there is, build a wall-round about the well, and deal out the water to the people. He who cometh to the Father by virtue of the law of progress and righteousness, never calls for light again. Then shall the words of Jesus be understood; and lo,

they shall come unto the Father by virtue of his love, his goodness, and his eternal progress. March 14.

**William H. Bancroft.**

I come here to day for the purpose of communicating with my children. I have two—my son and my daughter. But while I was waiting, I was listening to the words of the stranger who spoke, and I must speak my words upon the subject.

William H. Bancroft

I come here today for the purpose of communicating with my children. I have two—my son and my daughter. But while I was waiting, I was listening to the words of the stranger who spoke, and I must speak my views upon the subject.

I lived to be eighty three years old. I studied the Bible well. I think I understood it, and I must say I cannot agree with the stranger; for the Bible distinctly declares that God is an unchangeable being. So, if that is true, it cuts off entirely the truth of the stranger's philosophy. I believe that we children, and the children of the Father, are all progressive beings, but

I have never seen God, except in his works; yet I firmly believe what I believed before death. Jesus Christ with me was a perfect and unchangeable being, equal to the Father, and I was so certain that his word was the Jesus to suit me. I want the identical spirit; could not be satisfied with anything new.

I believe progression consists in purity—the more pure and holy men are, the more God-like they are. For my part, I want to cling to the Christ of the Bible, and never leave him.

I know there are a good many new inventions, and that, according to the knowledge and facts of earth, old things have to give way to new; but the Bible is unchangeable; and this relying upon a God that keeps just ahead, and never lets you know more of him to-day than he has revealed to you yesterday.

I know God isn't a 'shooting war.' No, I can't believe it. He says his laws are unchangeable; and that means that God is right—yesterday, to-day, and forever.

I have seen a good deal since I've been here. There have been now gulches in nine years, and I have not been idle. To be sure, I have paid closer attention to

I know there are a good many new in-

that class of intelligences that suited me best; but I have heard others express the same views with the stranger, and it don't change me a bit. I should think the platform he speaks of was going away from me every minute. I should expect to see it take wheels and roll away. Thank God, I ain't got such a platform, and I don't want it.

I find a good many things that I have changed in since I've been here; but about God and Jesus, never.

I don't believe now that anybody is to be eternally damned. I have changed, there. It's the creature that changes, not the Creator. I'll believe all the stranger put forth, except that God is a whirligig whirling around to suit everybody. It's too much

the like a certain label and to me, some years ago, I was told that I was not a Jew. I don't know anybody can play any time they please on it? The Universalists, the Methodists, the Unitarians, play each a different tune," said he, "and it's no more than a fable."

My blood stood still; and the same feeling came over me to-day. To see one who looked so spiritual, so far removed from materiality, to give such ideas to poor humanity.

When seven years I have been anxious to let my children know there was a way I could return, and let them know I could speak with them. I never found an opportunity till to-day. My children will see I have changed. I have changed. I don't want them to believe in a Jack-o'-lantern God.

My name was William H. Bancroft. I died in Boston, with my daughter. Her name is Clement. I've understood that my son knows something about these things. I don't know if he is a Jew or not. I don't know if he is William H. I should be more than pleased—yes, happy—to have the privilege of sitting down as I do here and talking with them. I should be pleased to let them know I was a Jew. I don't know if I was before I did. I had a brother Thomas. He died a short time ago in the State of Connecticut.

My trade was a bookbinder; but I didn't have any occupation for nearly the last twenty years of my life. I was a Jew, and I was a Jew, and I was a Jew.

I was a little sorry about leaving what I did to my daughter—I mean a letter. Sometimes before my death, I would tell her before my daughter didn't expect it. I brought it to her in my hand in the letter, and hoped she would repent, if she had not already done so. I saw now it was a business of her own; and as I was not appointed to save her soul, she had no right to confess to me. She had a great deal of trouble about it. I did also, and I thought I would speak of her.

I want my children to believe in the God of the Bible. If I never speak to them, it is time I speak here; and I want them never to forget the God of the Bible in running after the Gods of to-day. March 11.

**Patrick Murphy.**  
 "Begad, it's a long time since I was here before. It's most Easter Sunday. I'm here for something new. The prante wants to know who cuts up the shilins in his abanty eight shilins agone? He consells Mary to have nothing to do with me, and he thins bar, and she says I'm a Faith. I can tell Mary better now he what to do. He wants me to keep quiet about his house. Then will he have less to do with Mary. When she goes to his house, I gets the power to cut up shilins in his house. Faith, it's a pity if we can't have a little more of it like we have. It's the devil, and the devil that cut up the shilins in my house. Yes, but the devil is Patrick Murphy."  
 "If the praste do not come out and tell it in spirite, I'll come here and give his name, and all about it. Faith, that's the way to do again."  
 "I'll be here, and Mary and Mary is looking for a time. It's meeself that don't believe in any God at all. I looks at meeself, and I sees that Patrick Murphy is God of himself."

"Before you wipe up this letter tell the parson that I hope he will come here and tell Mary that it is spiteful that she comes to her, faith, I'll come here and tell all about him."

Faith, it's myself that feels funny in this rig. I feel like it, and I don't like it. It's meeself that don't like this thing, and I'm afraid to go back there. I've got my goosey frock and overalls. Before I died I shaked, and things shake about me, for I was a medium. The parson told me it was the devil, and took sick and died. Now I know more about it, and I knew it was not the devil."

Mary moved out of the house, and she thinks she's got back again when the devil is laid. Tell them Patrick is laid in one place, but not in another. He's laid in the same old place where he used to be. Tell them the parson what I tell you, and it's meeself that will go.

March 14.

### Lucy Ann Bradford.

Oh, how lovely, how fair, how fresh the blossoms gathered by the morning spring! Each finds a bloom from each inhalant the breeze brings; even though they do not find a welcome at the hand of the friend who longed to see.

They who are kept standing knockout at the gates are repaid well for the journey they take.

I have been called, called from my bright home among the angels, to come down to earth to speak words of truth—to give to some of them, if not to all.

[illegible]

Praying in nature is capable of answering prayer, and capable of praying. But man, the grand temple, the mightiest of God's creatures, his prayers are oftentimes perverted. He prays for that he does not need, he prays for that he does not want. He says, "Oh, God, bless me!" but he does not place himself in a condition to be blessed. "Here, Lord, I place my will in obedience to thine." The little says, "Thine will be done, Lord, but I will have my own way." "Who are the righteous? They who do not call upon God for more than he is capable of giving. Here let me say that men often call upon God for more than he is capable of giving. He is the subject of nature quite as much as you are, and he can supply your needs as much as you can supply your children.

Prayer is a vital force, going forth from one who prays, asking for certain things; and again we say it is found in all nature—it is heard in trumpet-tones every-where.

What are the conditions requisite to effect it?

First of all, men and women should not pray for things which they do not want, or for things which they cannot themselves perfectly. Would you never ask for that which God could not give. Would he ask that younger men might stand still? No, because wisdom would teach them that God did not mean, by wisdom, to make them stand still. He would give them the life if he

were not true to himself and his laws.  
 The creature should never expect to lend the Creator, or change his thought. He should understand his Creator, and should follow him. Then every prayer should be heard and answered. The hand should be full of blessings, and no thought should go out in prayer without a return of the angel.  
 Our questioner has one in his household lying low from disease. He tells us he has offered many prayers in her behalf. He has prayed earnestly, and with faith, and his prayers are unanswered. Daily she fades before his external vision, and his prayers are of no avail. And now he asks us how he shall pray. Oh, our questioner, if you understood our God, you would

See that the natural law of God demanded the fulfilment, and would not rest, being unfulfilled, until the fulfilment of the law of grace, claiming the fulfilment, and all the prayers of your race cannot save her. Ask in accordance with nature, and your prayer will not be in vain. Do not ask God to bestow favors upon you that his natural law will not admit of. Understand first these natural laws, and then look into the spiritual, and pray in accordance with the laws of the spiritual, and you will be turned aside from the laws of Nature, for he cannot do it; he would not be God if he did. It is well that men pray, for prayer, even in its perverted form, is good. It is a seed of progression; no matter if he be born in ignorance—no matter if he lie in the imbecility of

All life is a system of prayer—of dependence. There is nothing in the natural kingdom that is not dependent upon its neighbor. Each atom in the universe is using a corresponding atom as a prayer. Though the prayer is not conscious, the praying is, and is a principle of dependence and asking for something you do not recognize in yourself. When the scorching rays of the sun cause the little flower to droop and wilt, that appearance betokens prayer, and the elements understand it, and it always receives an answer. It is to be able to pray that is the great thing in nature. In answer to the prayers of nature. The dew comes upon the flower and kisses away that which looks like death. And this is an answer to prayer.

Our questioner, pray not for that you do not need.

I'll tell the Angels of Wisdom abundantly every prayer, and every thought that I utter, that I may be a glorified saint.  
 Now! What a heaven cometh to the individual who prays aright! I learn of the lower orders of nature how to pray. The flower does not pray for that it does not need. Oh, pray as the lower orders of life pray, and you will be glorified saints in addition to being saved.  
 Always linked together. Pray by their light, and receive a heaven in accordance with thy prayer.  
 March 16.

**Daniel E. Ransom.**  
 It's all very well for you to say go on, and it's well enough to go on, if you know where you are coming out; but if you don't, you better stand still, and be pretty alone.  
 I've only been here about three weeks. Confound it, it stinks, what the devil does this fainting feeling mean? I bled to death. Confound it, I can't talk any better than I used to. I thought, when I got rid of the old body, I should get rid of this inconvenience, anyway. [The speaker stuttered badly.]  
 I don't know what the devil is doing, but necessary here, but I don't know what it is. I said I'd come back inside of two months, if I could; but I want to tell you I don't believe I could. Some of the boys thought I might, but I didn't; but I want I would if I could. And here I am, considerably inside of two months.  
 I tell and hurt myself on the stomach. I vomited up a little blood after it, and I vomited every once in a while all about two days before I died—then I vomited.

veiled—don't know, and don't care now, for I've got out of this side, where there are no such things to take care of.

My name was Daniel E. Ransom. I was thirty-seven years young, and I shall be particular—don't you trouble yourself about that. I went from Michigan to California, in 1851, and have been out there ever since—sometimes rich, sometimes poor. Then I went after the gold, and I got my place in 53rd Street, and I lost all I had there, or just about all. So I went up into the country, and kept pretty steady to work, and made about three thousand dollars in pretty quick time, and I got a lot of land and stock, and I had a wife and a child, and I had a good home in Sacramento. She is coming home to Michigan.

You see that chum of mine kind of got his brains tramped out on these things, somehow. I don't like to see you do that, either. I don't like to see you lose your money, and then when I told her that, she said, "I don't care, I don't care."

asked me to come back. I said I wouldn't come unless I could talk straight. But I was a little excited when I came here; and I always stuttered worse then than at any other time. I suppose you are writing this out for your paper. I wanted me to come back, and let him know how things are here. Tell him it's pretty nice. But ain't there some medium that a fellow can come through and talk straight? Talk about doing a good deal of good by coming back! By the Gods, I'll have to learn to talk straight before I can make a stampedie in that way! We only have a little time to talk, and when it goes on you have to

Brown is a pretty good fellow, but he got his brains turned round the last trip he made down the river, and cannot suppose, but it's a devil of a gap to ride through—this stuttering. It was bad enough to ride one mule through the Isthus in 1851, but this is a sight harder.

W. was staggered, by saying 'I'm well—of course I am; and the next time I make an engagement to talk, I'll write. By the Gods, there ain't no stammering in writing, that's a sure thing.

W. was so much surprised to get out of this salience fast as I can. By the Gods, I can't get a good deal of fine talk I'd like to say, but I can't say nothing straight, and I guess I'll wind up.

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body and taking on another as quick as I have.

The longer I stay, the more I want to talk, and the more I can't. But, by the Gods, stranger, do n't put the stammering in. It's too much like me peering in court with your old clothes on. I'm going out now, sure, stranger.

March 16.

**Elizabeth Williams.**

What place is this? I want to talk to John Brown. He lives in Salem.

My name was Elizabeth Williams: born in Liverpool, England, one year ago. John Brown is a store-keeper. I am a relative of his.

March 10.

**Capt. James Hallett.**

Well, sir scribs, how is the wind and tide with you today? This seems to be a new port, and an old one at the same time.

I was always my way in life to come right to the point, but something has got, and then to leave.

My name was James Hallett—Capt. James Hallett; my years numbered forty-three; I died in the East Indies.

[illegible]

d in Boston when she died. Said she, "After she jumped out of the window, and fell of her part, her husband boarded her in Cambridge, fearing might kill herself in his house, which he had a

of; and while boarding in Cambridge, who took advantage of an unguarded moment, and hung her—"No the spirit was right, after all, and the fact was not knowing it, and thinking it elsewhere, and now she had lived, makes it a most perfect test, now, speculating—as that was the train of thought may it not have been the spirit of Mrs. G. which

me slightly erratic that evening? May it not  
be her influence that prompted the train of  
thought—that put the suggestion into my head to  
te the names of suicides, and suggesting her own  
one, which I had not thought of for years? If it was  
—and it seems, admitting the truth of Spiritualism,  
—be highly probable—how do we know but many of  
thoughts and actions are the influences of the un-  
d! Then how differently we should look on much  
we see done in the private and public walks of

Take this test; The spirit of Mrs. G. may have influenced the writing of the names. If so, then the precedents are as likely to have been part of the same influence; and if they were, who will say where influence ends, and selfhood begins? If that evening I was faithful at the spirits' instigation, then at another

of mirth, why may not the unseen companions be means to that end, though no Miss Hoyt furnish conditions necessary to demonstrate the fact?

MILTON.

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**CORRESPONDENCE.**

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P. YETTER, WATERFORD, N. Y.—DEATH OF CHAS. KING, Esq.—There are times in the experience of all spirits, when all of life seems to tend to one end—to minute in some great joy or sorrow for us. We took up our pen to pay a passing tribute to one of the purest spirits who has recently passed on from this world, N. Y., to become a dweller in one of the many mansions above. Mr. King was formerly connected, as associate editor, with the Cincinnati Gazette. He possessed talent of a high order, but was

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compelled to abandon the sedentary life of an editor account of delicate health. He was an intelligent and refined gentleman, and held in the highest estimation by all who knew him, for his many excellent qualities. Just in the bloom of manhood he was stricken with consumption, and wasted slowly away.

ailing all with patience and calmness. He was never  
 perturbed or dismayed at the thought of dying, but re-  
 mained serene in the most trying moments of the  
 mortal conflict. Long he suffered, and patiently he  
 waited till the death-angel came to his release. He  
 was remarkably charitable to all who differed with him  
 in opinion, and was never forward in crowding his  
 religious notions upon others, but always ready to

where they were unwelcome, but always ready to defend with ability his faith when attacked, and was always ready to give a reason for the joys he hoped for his soul, and made his life serene and happy. He assured his friends of his sure prospects for a bright future, and full confidence in his ability to return and speak of the higher life. In his dealings with all, he understood that to be a Christian he must be Christ-

and to be a Spiritualist he must be spiritual-minded. In his passing away we have the most cheering evidence of the worth of the harmonial faith, upon which has been terminated the bed of death. With the utmost composure of mind he gave directions relative to his funeral—chose his speaker, his bearers, and made

any arrangement for the laying aside of the shroud and passed on through the portals leading to eternal life; and the last few breathings were so gentle that his friends waited in solemn hush for another which never came. Then came—

A change on those features fair and thin,  
And softly from that hush'd and darkened room,  
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

January 18th the friends met at the Methodist Episcopal Church, and were there addressed by the minister of his choice, Rev. Mr. Soller, who took for his text these words: "He had this assurance, that he pleased God." When the coffin was lowered into the

and the minister repeated these words: "Dust  
 thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." And  
 the solemn sound of gravel fell upon the coffin, the lan-  
 guage of which was farewell to the casket which held  
 the spirit of our friend in his sojourn on the earth, his  
 spirit hovered over the scene, and he, too, said: Let  
 ye earthly form return to dust, I need it no longer.  
  
 To spirit realms immortal,  
 His free progressive soul  
 Passed peacefully death's portal,  
 To the blessed angel choir,  
 And we know his spirit cheerless,  
 With our return to dust,  
 Though his clay be cold and breathless,  
 Loved ones in mortal sphere.  
  
 Less than a year ago he bid farewell to a brother, and  
 now he has gone to rejoin him. It is true that thick  
 clouds now gather around the bereaved ones, casting

their shadows on their sorrowing hearts, and concealing the risen object of their deep and deathless affection, far above, and beyond the clouds of earth, the immortal one whose presence was the light and joy of their hearts, now shines with undiminished splendor. It is a consoling reflection, that as the powers of life in the frail, attenuated body, almost imperceptibly decline, the soul seemed to absorb the light and from

By the pure river of life our friend blooms to-day,  
While the remains of the alabaster vase are carefully  
laid away in the silent cemetery.

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LITA H. BARNET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Since last I  
wrote you, Mrs. A. M. Spence has been with us for the  
our Sabbath in February, during which time she has

As for East Attleboro', while I was astonished to find that any human was would have the audacity to

and every man that would manifest his assiduity to the cause of Spiritualism, much less to engage a speaker to come easily into the camp and stronghold of the enemy—partialism—yet it did my soul good to know that I had forgotten is melting away, or being eclipsed by the bright progress, who bends his steps lighter and bolder, and everywhere, forgetting not the least corners of his habitable globe. Success to that independent spirit, who, breasting the dark storm of religious fury, dared to bring our bold crusader, Mrs. Spencer, into the field, to hurl her pointed weapons at the foes of truth. She has done much good there; and where has she seen that she has not? Her enemies may influence for a time, but after her first lecture she carries all before

As the thundering avalanche comes bounding  
 from the summit of some lofty Alp, tearing all in its  
 way, and burying up all obstacles that are in its path,  
 so does her wild eloquence arouse every heart, and  
 earn it to look within, and see if there be any foul  
 weed of error or bigotry there, to prevent the light of  
 truth from shining upon the rich alluvial soil within,  
 where lay dormant the seeds of the flowers that its  
 warm rays shall cause to spring up, and bear blossoms  
 of 'Love, Purity, and Fidelity!'

So it was in Fall River, where they were as dead to

all spirituality as they need be anywhere. The first evening about two hundred were present, which was a large audience for the subject; but the report the next morning was, "the hall will be filled to-night;" however, some delay sent a driving rain, which prevented this consummation, but the two following nights the hall was crowded to its utmost, and people eagerly gathered around to obtain the honor of an introduction to such a talented speaker.

There were a few stirring men among the little band that we met in Fall River, just enough to set the ball in motion, and they may "rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great shall be their reward." The benedictions of starving souls shall make sweet music in their ears for many a day, and the roundelay of man's freedom, which include in its chorus the names of those who loved their fellow-men." Mrs. Spence attaches still more to her the friends in Providence, at each succeeding visit, and will be with us again in August.

Probably we have, in our hall, an orchestra of mu-







