

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
FRIENDSHIP.

BY J. J. BOMBER, JR.

Though man was made at God's behest,
And placed within fair Eden's bowers,
Where evening gently lulled his rest
With breath made sweet by blooming flowers—
Though smiling Luna watched o'er all
With sweetness of a matroned bride,
And nightingales, with plaintive call,
Sang to the stars in dulcet pride—
Yet man was sad, and could but mourn
That he, of all Creation's host,
By Fate was doomed to dwell alone,
Unblest by that he needed most!
Not all the melody of rills,
Nor nectar-sweets of zephyr-breaths,
Nor mute appeals of vale and hill,
His heart could wean from loneliness!
"Ye gods!" he cried, "oh, heed my pain,
And quick thy potent succor lend!
Fair Eden's pleasures are but vain—
Dull, dull is life, without a friend!"
The gods in kindness heard his cries,
"An angel hied the fault to mend,
Man woke! Rejoicings filled the skies,
For lovely woman was his friend!"

O, where is gold's pulsant power
To cheer the earthly pilgrim's ends?
Its might is like the faded flower,
Unplanned by the smiles of friends!
Not parasites, whose smiles are gained
As oft as Fortune's brow unbends,
But by those hearts to us proclaimed
To be, in time of need, dear friends.
Best is the man contentment knows,
When Fate's dark frown his bosom chills,
And who on Friendship's shrine bestows
His smile, to cheer his brother's ills!
Be this thy lot, fair friend of mine,
Whate'er of weal or woe depends—
Should all of Eden's joys be thine,
Mayst thou ne'er lack of friends—true friends!

Written for the Banner of Light.

GEORGE LESTER'S DIVORCE, AND SOME OF THE CAUSES THAT LED TO IT.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

[CONCLUDED.]

Various were the first opinions of the circle who were usually most together in regard to Fannie Hubble. George Lester regarded her as a woman ready for almost any emergency. Mrs. Lester regarded her indifferently, and was not attracted. Mrs. Blanding liked her, thought she was much of a lady, while to her husband she was intensely repulsive. Alphonso Baker enjoyed any new acquaintance, and his wife their lively, merry conversation. William Bugbee regarded her as an unfortunately organized person, and thought that if she was a good woman she deserved all the encouragement and aid her friends could give her, as she must labor severely and commendably to be such. Helen had no unkind feelings toward her, but could not help shrinking involuntarily from her company. Public opinion soon regarded her and Homer Hill in a very suspicious light. The people observed that the latter, during his stay in Kimball, was publicly, at least, very attentive to her, being scarcely ever seen in company with his wife, and much more often with Fannie than with both. Hill's good name was always without a stain until his acquaintance with this person, and it was unfortunate that his complicity in this case (if only apparently so) should yield to him in his own experience this new version of the story of "poor dog Tray." The above circumstances of themselves, however, were nothing; but time brought revelations with them.

When the parties first came to the place, Mrs. Hubble spoke incidentally to a visitor in terms of bitter contempt of a person from whom she had just received a letter, (who by the way was a notoriously bad man), and yet she was known afterwards to keep up a long, regular correspondence with him. Why? thought her visitor.

To an observer she spoke indignantly of a certain husband's infidelity to his wife, her friend, for whom she claimed the greatest affection. In time she proved herself a "friend" to the husband, by her love of his society, by being alone in his company on certain evenings, and by being during this time properly distant in his wife's presence.

"A servant girl, whom Mrs. Hill at first hired, was dismissed—Mrs. Hubble declaring she could do her part of the business and also manage the house-keeping department without her aid. The true reason was, the girl's perceptions were good enough to cause much keen observation—of which she afterwards told—to the effect that there existed between Homer Hill and Fannie Hubble an improper intimacy, whose known details were unfit for mention; and conscious guilt dreaded her quick, keen eye.

While the poison vine and shrub continues in the vegetable, and the venomous serpent and deadly reptile in the animal kingdoms, we must expect the crawling, stinging, venomous exhibitions of human nature in the walks of civilized society. Not by hate and crushing force can we extirpate their thence, neither by giving them full sway to ride "rough-shod" over the pure, the good, and the beautiful, but simply by rendering them justice without anger, and mercy without license. They teach us one great lesson of earth-life—to discriminate between the true and false, good and evil, right and wrong, heaven and hell, and should cultivate in us proper perceptions of their opposites by means of contrast, patience, charity, an abhorrence of the evil, and a love of the good. In the absolute world of universal good, through the Divine Economy of things, they thus have their use.

It is believed by Spiritualism's opponents that there is a larger proportion of what are in opprobrium called "free-lovers" among its advocates than among the so-called religious. This is not strange, nor can we severely blame opponents for entertaining such an opinion. The reason of it is this: the churchman adopts as a fundamental principle of his party, that "when one member suffers all the rest suffer with it," and both policy and justice dictate to him that however much disapproved an act, there exists no necessity for everybody's knowing it, and the result is, it is more or less concealed or smothered. On the other hand, the Spiritualists' motto is, "Every man on his own foundation;" and there always exists among any band of this belief a faithful few who will not swerve from the right, or fail to oppose the wrong, wherever found, though it tears from their arms the last, the dearest or the best-sought friend or benefactor. The result is, that whenever wrong is enacted by those who call themselves Spiritualists, it is pretty sure to be known, and also made the most of by those whose polluted souls love to glut themselves on such a carrion feast, and who, sad to say, constitute by no means a small class among the opposers of any new movement.

Certain it is that the standard of the Spiritualists' morality is much higher than any religious belief has yet erected, and a close investigation into the facts connected with the lives of its teachers or believers, compared with those of its opposers, will also reveal much in its favor. Yet it is not altogether strange that the prejudiced, superficial world think otherwise, for Spiritualism lights up the dark as well as the light places of earth, and reveals much that would else have long remained choked under the folds of darkness. The superficial stand against the light, and straightway find fault with the light that reveals it.

Mrs. Blanding's favorable impressions of Fannie Hubble were but the beginning of a friendship which soon ripened into a deep intimacy. This was hastened by a good deal of artifice on the part of the latter. She made herself acceptable to Mrs. Blanding as a "literary" character, and also passed her exaltability and irritability as "sensitiveness." She endeavored to please Mrs. Blanding's aristocratic pride by passing herself as a lady of wealth, and her fastidiousness by impressing her with a perverted spiritual view of the conjugal relation—declaring that the love that took in the spiritual part of our being was the only part of the marriage relation to her endurable. Understanding her new acquaintance to be a Spiritualist, she soon unfolded to her a wonderfully intuitive and sensitive mediumistic development, of which, however, nothing was ever known previous.

Mrs. Hubble saw at once, in her deep cunning, that Mrs. Blanding, as a sister to the popular and influential George Lester, was a good social elevation on which to climb into public notice and esteem; and the result was that to the infatuated woman she became at once an angel of light and loveliness. To the latter in turn Mrs. Blanding devoted herself with an intense enthusiasm, admitted her as a sharer of all her secret joys and sorrows, and imparted to her all matters of near interest. And hour by hour they would sit and chat together of Carrie, of George Lester, of Sarah, the children, and Mrs. Lester's represented harsh treatment of them, Mrs. Lester's magnified faults, and her inferiority (as they thought), to her husband, their want of harmony together, George's trials, and a thousand and one things, as Mrs. Blanding in her prejudiced way chanced to view them—just as the latter always had talked to her hitherto bosom friends. Her enthusiasm was so great in her favor that her positiveness would allow of no coolness in any way by her friends toward Fannie.

William Bugbee and his wife had kept their own counsel with their first reading of the new comers, and in consequence of not reciprocating the repeated social kindnesses of Mrs. Hill, had rendered themselves conspicuous to Mrs. Blanding; while William, whose fault was to be fanatically healthful and rational in the extreme, declared he would not sit in a circle with them—and especially with Mrs. Hubble—giving as a reason, that, however good manifestations were had in their absence, in their presence they had either very poor ones or none at all; and that the object of the new comers in such a gathering was plainly not spiritual-communion, but "society." Yet on Mrs. Hubble's real character both William and his wife were always silent, believing it would make itself known at the proper time. But this evident coolness on their part met with the severest displeasure of Mrs. Blanding, who showed it in an appropriate coolness toward the offenders—the getting up of social gatherings, in which they were purposely and repeatedly left out, etc.—forgetting in her positiveness of action that while the Bugbees found no fault with her attractions, that she had no business with their want of them.

Mrs. Hubble, with her active ideality, here found a safe field thus suddenly opened to her speculative imagination. She liked George Lester. Position and means were no small item. If she could only have been Mrs. Lester! What could she do? We shall see.

CHAPTER IV.

"Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow;
And all my heart in anguish stirs,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, 'As God will,
And in his hottest fire hold still!'"

With gentle words and winning ways, by the aid of gifts and presents, she soon won the confidence of Jennie and Adelbert. Mrs. Lester was a truthful woman—so strict in her integrity that she believed the Santa Claus deception on children to be wrong, and accordingly told little Jennie that this mysteri-

ous personage was a nothing—a myth. Mrs. Hubble instructed the child pointedly to the contrary, disposing of Mrs. Lester's teachings by telling the child they were untrue. Adelbert was very easily drawn within the sphere of her influence, and he almost worshiped her apparent goodness and kindness, her beauty and her many social ways. This love of her company increased till he was accustomed to spend much time there. He soon made her his confidant, and told all his real and imagined grievances; and thus her plans developed. She had by this time met personally with George, and he was apparently fast following in Adelbert's footsteps, as he evidently enjoyed her society very much, and spent much of his time in it. In the meantime, she deceived Mrs. Blanding into the belief that she cared nothing for Homer Hill; yet their movements were still regarded very suspiciously by the outside world, and it required but little observation to see that he was desperately enamored with her, and was more jealous of her movements and ways than if she were his own wife. Mrs. Hill was a complete slave to the world's opinions. Accordingly, she did all she could to screen and shield that which caused her long nights of tears and sorrow. Indeed, she was so over-anxious to make it all appear right, that she entirely overdid the matter, and incited rather than allayed suspicion. For instance, in company often, when she had to go out of her way to bring it in, she descended at length on her dear Fannie, (whom she would have her auditors believe she loved as a pet sister), Mr. Hill and herself, and the harmony existing among the three. Douglas says of his race, that the only reason why colored men are not respected anywhere, is because the race has ever submitted itself to be enslaved. And so, to one freed from the despotism of the enslaver "what-will-people-say," a woman loses the dignity and beauty of her sex when she buries her own God-given rights in a grave of hypocrisy at the beck and nod of public opinion. Mrs. Hill did all she could to forward an attachment between George Lester and Fannie Hubble, planning meetings and social seasons, which were private to the few interested in the maturing plans; hoping thus to foil her husband's plans by removing the object of them—sacrificing the integrity of her soul to selfish purposes, and doing wrong to regain her own rights.

Mrs. Hubble had been up to this turn of affairs in a measure indifferent to the item of dress and personal appearance generally; but from this time she was very exquisitely dressed and attired on all occasions when she expected to meet George Lester, which set off to the best advantage her rich, voluptuous, sense-stirring style of beauty, making her to him irresistible.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Blanding had said much to many of Mrs. Lester's faults, her inability to fill the place of a wife of her brother, and her harsh treatment of the children who were receiving the kindest care, she had never before laid a straw in the way of her brother's happiness, from the simple fact that none of her friends to whom she chose to confide these magnified grievances had any cause or wish to act in the matter, and George had not himself confided his home-matters in any way to his sister. But she now won the place of a confidant, and soon exerted an influence over her brother equal to any his wife had ever held. Never having experienced the heaven of conjugal life, she knew nothing of it in reality, only ideally; so that the view of it in others, as it really existed, only aroused her misanthropy, as was frequently seen by those who knew her. She evidently took more interest in seeing a family divide and break up, than in beholding the even tenor of true harmony and domestic happiness.

About this time, on account of dullness in business, Naylor & Hill having dissolved partnership, Hill left Kimball for a traveling business which would often bring him in Chicago, so that this left the field clear to Mrs. Hubble to carry out further her well-laid scheme.

It was necessary, as the trouble involved increased, to have some one on whom to lay all blame accumulated. The innocent invalid, Mrs. Bugbee, was the victim.

At a public concert, George Lester left a seat with his wife, and occupied one with Mrs. Hubble and other friends seated in another part of the house till the performance was over. Viewing Fannie in the light she did, this exploded in Mrs. Lester's bosom a slumbering volcano of injured feeling; that had been some time accumulating on account of her husband's spending so much time in the former's company, and many other things by her noticed. Feeling deeply injured, she came to Mrs. Bugbee for sympathy, and asked her if she saw the movement at the concert, and what she thought of it. At first, Helen refused to speak against the misguided woman; but she finally told her she did not consider Mrs. Hubble a lady in any sense, and that she was sorry to see it—knowing it would only give gossip-matter to the already busy tongue of the public. This was some days after the concert. Mrs. Bugbee had been regarded by George Lester as a true woman; and Sarah, when expressing her opinion of Mrs. Hubble, (whom George insisted on presenting to her regard as her best friend), quoted the former's opinion of the individual as good authority in the matter. Mrs. Lester was immediately informed by his confidants, that Helen came to his wife at the close of the concert, and spoke in a very un ladylike way of her husband's action there, which was wholly false, as she did not see Sarah Lester that night. After this first interview of Sarah with Helen, the former again sought her presence with a desire to really find out the truth in regard to Fannie Hubble's opinions and real movements toward her, which George still maintained were only those of true and unselfish friendship. As a result of mature thought and deliberation, Helen concluded to inform Mrs.

Lester of an expression she knew Mrs. Hubble to have made of her, as a common duty owing to her as a friend, and as a faithful carrying out of the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as ye would others should do unto you." It was a strong expression—yet Mrs. Lester's nature being not so quick of perception as some who really knew much less, it was deemed necessary, and it was hoped by Helen to be all that was necessary to arouse her to a true knowledge of the character who was offered to her acceptance as pure and good, when she truly was not. It was uttered on the occasion of a social gathering at the house of Mr. Lester, some little time previous. It was made in the presence of Mrs. Blanding and Kate Baker, aside from the company. It was an expression unfit to be applied to the most degraded being of God's great family, and it was applied to Mrs. Lester. It excited in the minds of Rosaline and Kate great mirth—being regarded by them as an indescribably rich, original witticism; as such they afterwards told it to Mrs. Bugbee, and Kate also related it to William, leaving off the most objectionable part. Helen told Mrs. Lester the expression as it was, but would give no authority save that Mrs. Baker knew it all to be true, and could substantiate it if she chose to.

Yet to all Mrs. Lester's repeated inquiries with regard to the complicity of Mrs. Blanding and others in the matter, Mrs. Bugbee preserved a stern silence, not deeming it best to make unnecessary trouble; but supposing that what she did say would be sufficient to preserve truth and justice to the innocent, and this was enough. Not a word did she speak of Mr. Lester in answer to the injured wife's sympathetic appeals, save to counsel acts of kindness and words of love. Had she so chosen, she could have told volumes in her possession with regard to the complicity of others in the matter; but Helen Bugbee was not in any sense a busybody, and it was much more in harmony with her nature to remain silent than to say aught even in justice against any one.

This naturally enough created a great stir, for Mrs. Lester did not conceal it from her husband. From one to another it went, till Mr. Naylor—who still acted as a personal friend to the new comers, went to Mrs. Hubble and plainly asked her if she had made any such expression concerning Mrs. Lester. She, in great apparent indignation, denied the charge. This left the lie with Mrs. Bugbee, and left the tempest broke.

The Bugbees and Mrs. Lester together called on Mrs. Baker soon after, to clear up the former's damaged reputation. To Mrs. Lester, Kate absolved Helen of the falsehood, yet refused to fix the offender—admitted the expression was made by somebody, and in her confusion unwittingly stated that Mrs. Blanding and herself were the only witnesses. Mrs. Baker had entirely forgotten how, when in the same boat with Mrs. Lester, her domestic peace was once threatened invasion by Mrs. Fran, who came for counsel and sympathy to Mrs. Bugbee, who (no so-called friends standing then in the way) gave it freely and unreservedly, concealing it in sacred confidence for her sake—she had forgotten all this, and felt very indignant toward Helen for doing a smaller favor for Mrs. Lester, in which she had only implicated her of a necessity for the right. This was an unavoidable necessity, however, and up to this interview Mrs. Baker was not spoken of as in any way sympathizing with the originator of the expression, but only as a witness who could substantiate its correctness.

The result of this was, that the Bugbees were the recipients of the withering coldness and the insulting rudeness of the other party. In the opinion of the latter, Mrs. Lester had no right to have a friend in the affair, otherwise than in the hypocritical sense that they were such; and the person who would thus befriended her, was deserving of their studied contempt. Helen Bugbee had been claimed by Mrs. Blanding and Kate as a bosom friend; but not by Mrs. Lester, as their friendship had not proved an intimate one by much time passed in each other's society, though she was always highly regarded by Mrs. Lester.

Morally and affectionally, woman is generally regarded as superior to man; but if there is one thing which will make her as much inferior, it is such an exhibition of hate to her own sex as Mrs. Blanding and Kate Baker exhibited to the invalid victim of this social conspiracy—the first under cover, and the latter openly. The person whose daily life was one of pain, and the sadness which is almost always its sure accompaniment, who, on account of her ill health, had scarcely been able to make a call on her neighbors in her year's residence in the place, the timid, unobtrusive, and reservedly cautious woman, suddenly became to them the busybody, the latter, the mischief-maker and the intermeddler in others' business. For a long time they had endeavored, by purposed slight and neglect, to crush her in her defencelessness; and now they tried to make sure work of it, by using every possible influence against her, representing her to outsiders as the aggressor, and they having the most friendly feelings toward her; and to Mrs. Lester, as the only person who had said aught against her, and who was in reality her bitterest enemy in the guise of a friend. Their treatment of her, when none were by to criticize their course, was cold, cutting and harsh, even to rudeness and insult. Her course in return was to quietly let them alone, and suffer in silence. George Lester now sank the better part of his nature in the mire of a malignity, whose freezing coldness, in her accidental presence, chilled the very life-blood in the shrinking truth-lover's veins. His scornful manner of showing it was more effective than the most hatefully spoken billingsgate, and his very silences were the quintessence of insult. It was a malignity that consumed everything against a person who had lived from childhood within twenty miles of Kim-

ball, and who was known and beloved by all who knew her, as above a single fault of which he dare accuse her. Mrs. Lester had much information of the real character of Mrs. Hubble and Mrs. Blanding from outside sources. In her talk with George, she often deemed it best to keep for the time her own counsel, as regarded her authority for her own statements, which came, as if guided by spirit power, from many unexpected and incidental sources. With all of these George in his blindness charged the friend of his wife.

Mrs. Lester, as a dutiful daughter, personally cared for her aged mother, whose mind was entirely lost in the wreck of age. The constant presence of the old lady, who was in a state worse than a first infancy, and who required her daughter's almost constant presence day and night, was a source of great annoyance to George Lester. It was a trial; but trials brave men face, while cowards flee. The individual who does his duty deserves greater honor than the conqueror of empires!

Fannie Hubble still exercised her blandishments over George Lester, and by her shrewd cunning in appealing to a deep-laid vein of vanity and love of externalities in his nature, soon found a place as his confidant, a sharer of his home-troubles, and his real companion. With great tact she was to him the sublimation of purity and truth, taking a stoic's care that no action on her part should lessen the respect for her she had thus artfully gained.

Owing to a temporary breaking up in their business, and the existing state of affairs, it was deemed best and prudent for Fannie to visit some friends in Chicago, (a former place of residence) at least till the matter somewhat subsided. Accordingly, shortly after Homer Hill's departure, she went by the way of a neighboring city, taking pains to say she intended to stop over night there at Mr. Howell's, friends of her neighbors. George Lester went to this city a few days previous, and was expected home before, but did not return till after he had met Fannie, and seen her safe on her way to Chicago. They stayed over night at the same hotel, thus having a fine chance to make a parting visit, which made up the climax of injury to Mrs. Lester.

CHAPTER V.

"A little longer, but a little longer,
And earth, with all its griefs, its joys, its cares,
Its beauty and depravity, its loving hearts,
And life, shall follow me, and I shall leave
Of beautiful and good, and bright and true,
And the dark future, upon its horizon,
Shall pass away."

And here perhaps the reader queries, could not spirit-friends have aided truth and justice in this matter? Yes, they could, and did make such effort. Good and wise spirits are not intermeddlers in earthly affairs; yet they often give counsel, which, if heeded, is timely. It was said to Mrs. Hubble, through a prophetic medium in others' presence, "You have a strong wish, but a woman stands in the way of its accomplishment. You will not get your wish immediately." A noted lady medium saw her intuitively as a very unworthy person. "An almost infallibly correct character-reading medium described her once to a company exactly as she was, though in the mildest and unexceptionable language. Another at once pronounced her to his intimate friends as an unprincipled, bad person. Mrs. Bugbee was obliged in her mental atmosphere from the first, as though in a criminal's presence. Mrs. Dingman was once influenced at Mrs. Blanding's, and advised her listener not to associate so intimately with Mrs. Hubble, as she was not a good woman. Recovering, she was struck with fear to notice Mrs. Blanding's violent anger, and to save herself in her patron's estimation, quickly told her not to mind the communication, as it was all made up by herself, thus telling what she knew to be untrue for the sake of retaining her friendship. But she was east aside in a measure, Fannie taking her place in Mrs. Blanding's elevating charity.

Mrs. McKullen was a medium living in a neighboring town, who formerly lived in Kimball as a servant girl of George Lester. A large, strong, muscular woman, well-meaning, honest and sincere. She was among the most useful of test mediums, because her efforts were of the most interest to the masses, and the variety of the lower classes of spirits that manifested through her, was interesting even to the intelligent and refined. Being used for personal communications, and not for teaching or philosophizing, no great amount of intellect or refinement would be expected from her utterances, which came from those who in earth-life were persons in the ordinary walks of life—often whiskey-drinkers, rowdies, pugilists, &c. Absolutely, in the great divine economy, her mediumship was second to none; yet, to the intellectually inclined, it was relatively inferior to some others. On the arrival of this medium in Kimball for a visit, Mrs. Blanding threw the strength of her positiveness around her in favor of her darling Fannie, who was represented as a much abused woman. As easily psychologized by the positiveness of the embodied as by the disembodied, she became at once the bosom friend of Mrs. Hubble, her new acquaintance, who monopolized her entire time while in Kimball, to the neglect of many of her old friends. At a circle in which nearly all were strongly prejudiced in favor of Mrs. Hubble, a spirit came and talked much in the former's praise and sympathy, and against those who would any aught against her. This of course confirmed the party the more in their course. By the way, the spirit-mother of Adelbert came through the same medium during her visit, and counseled her son not to spend so much time in Mrs. Hubble's society.

Mrs. Lester's confidence in her husband was gone, when, on inquiring about his late hours, he gave her business excuses, and she afterwards incidentally learned that they were consumed in Mrs. Hubble's society.

The once genial and kind George Lester's treatment of the being he solemnly promised to love and

protect, was not unworthy any man to a woman under his protection—coarse, rough and overbearing. To know that she had married a man who could serve from duty, crushed to despair the morning, bowed Mrs. Lester. What had she done, she thought, to deserve such a fate.

Meanwhile, the other party now formed their social gatherings where many were present, to which Mrs. Lester was alone invited, and his wife at home unvisited.

Mrs. Bland still failed to see her course clear than right—deluded to the last. She could affiliate with the externalities and hypocritical facilities on which it rested as a basis; but being wanting in her moral and reflective nature, unfortunately could not recognize a single principle of right involved in her opposition. She could not see her brother's faults—only Mrs. Lester's.

Adelbert, with Mrs. Hubble, his confidant, lost the gentlemanly bearing for which, as a boy, he had long been the admiration of all who knew him, and distinguished himself before the town's people, by habitually polluting his mouth with the noxious cigar, by getting intoxicated at an evening party, and by showing his skill as a pugilist at his school teacher, a mild pleasant young man, regarded by all as a gentleman.

It would be useless to further follow the minutiae of the gathering of this social fester, and we hasten the close of our story.

The course of Mrs. Hubble and Mrs. Hill after their return was to strictly attend to their own business, scrupulously avoiding everything that could cause remark among the talking public; and what was done was affected in stillness and silence, as far as outsiders were concerned.

That of George Lester was, by the continuation of his former intimacy with Mrs. Hubble and a corresponding overbearing and studiously aggravating manner to his wife, to so provoke Mrs. Lester, as that she should leave him; calculating by this act of hers to be himself sustained by public opinion, while she should receive its blame. This was shrewdly politic on his part, as she had often told him if Mrs. Hubble was really his choice, she did not wish to be in his way.

And when she could at last endure it no longer, Mrs. Lester finally left him; but contrary to expectations, public opinion almost unanimously sustained her, as the affair had been regarded suspiciously by the town's people for some time, unknown to George Lester.

Mrs. Dingman had with her usual busy tact obtained possession of the facts in the case, which did not aid much in their suppression, to say the least.

After a time the husband applied for a divorce on the ground of her desertion of himself and family, and it was granted.

Soon after George Lester closed up his business in Kimball, and left for California. And the same day that saw Mrs. Lester weeping great tears of sorrow in a distant city, saw the dashing Fannie the happy bride of George Lester. She had gained her end; she had married a respectable man, and acquired position and property.

For a time, letters were received frequently by Mrs. Bland from her bosom friend, telling of happiness without alloy; but after awhile they came less and less often, till finally she received a last letter, sealed in black, announcing the death of Mr. Lester, in well feigned fashionable sorrow. The facts, as afterwards learned, were these:

From the time of their arrival in the golden State, Mr. Lester's business affairs grew more and more involved. By injudicious investments he became speedily reduced to the most bitter poverty, which was hastened by his wife's extravagance. Honorable in business to the last, he had but to accept the fate of all honest men, utter ruin. At this turn of affairs, his wife suddenly deserted him for the companionship of a rich Spaniard.

One year ago George Lester died in a hospital in San Francisco. Sick at soul, ruined and deserted, disease made an inroad on his physical system, under which he speedily sank, with none to cheer—a stranger among strangers—a dying man, whose condition must have forced pity from the hardest heart. Sarah Lester follows her old occupation of teaching, in a distant city, and is as ever much beloved and respected by all who know her.

The Blandings and Bakers still live in Kimball. Mrs. Blanding has the appearance of a lady returned from a Saratoga fashionable season, just settled into winter quarters. An air of ever-present disgust rests upon her once smiling features, though the old attempt to conceal evidently yet remains; and judging from the husband's manner, the heaven of conjugal life will not be gained this side of spirit-life. Kate Baker, with her kind, impulsive heart, always big with charity to the suffering, finds time amid the cares connected with her large and growing family, to aid the poor around her, and always remembers one error of her past life regretfully.

Helen Bugbee had not the strength to fight the stern battles of earth-life successfully. Her experience in Kimball, through depression of her spirits, opened a fearful inroad to ever aggressive disease, which unlinked the spirit from the body less than a year ago. Only a few days before her transit she said that she knew the trials described above had helped much to shorten life, but as she had only done her duty she had no regrets.

George Lester visits us sometimes, in spirit. He has profited by his bitterly learned lessons on earth, and often gives us much good counsel to this effect, that we may be pure, truthful and just in all life's relations.

And now, gentle reader, if we have led you through the dark, instead of the light places in hell's gloom—instead of heaven's sunshine—believe as that it is because life's great lesson of discrimination can only thus by contrast be learned. If you see a hateful wrong inclosed in any of the foregoing characters, be careful that the same wrong shall not, serpent-like, glide in its horrid sliminess, within your own breast. Remember there is a great difference between a spiritualized life, which is the life of the Spiritualist, and a profession of Spiritualism—a difference which the keener perceptions of an awakened and heaven-lighted world now everywhere recognize, assisted by legions of angels whose mission it is to aid earth's good and check its evil. Hate not, but be just to the Mrs. Hubbles of society, and always be ready to brave a manly front for the innocent and to wield your power for the oppressed. Remember that the marriage relation is a thing sacred to the two beings who have entered into it, and the Divine Being who sustains it; and any unkind and unsought interference with it from outside sources is as once insulting and sacrilegious. While bad conditions exist on earth, evil as a result will ensue; and only intelligent goodness and merciful justice can stay at last its pestilential course, and plunge it in the oblivious ocean of Absolute Good. Let your daily life be your preacher, ever giving forth lessons that shall say—*Be Pure, Be True, Be Just!*

Written for the Banner of Light. AUTUMN EVE.

BY NANCY MARBLE.

The Autumn fields are bare and bleak;
For Autumn's flowers in vain we seek.
They sank in fearful, freezing graves!
No power could their beauty save—
And tender sproutings, one by one,
Have grown and bloomed 'neath in-door's sun.

The sun-dew drops its heavy head,
Its beauty faded, withered, dead.
On hillside bleak, the tangled fern
Is dying, dead, where'er we turn.

The maple's leaves of crimson-gold
Have sought their grave of blight and mold.
The poplar's leaves, which silver seemed,
As in the morning's light they gleamed,

Are covered o'er with rust and blight,
And soon will mold in Winter's night.
The villa white, where Death doth reign,
To tearful eyes in sight is plain:

The shrubs and trees no longer hide
The mounds o'er which we all have sighed.
The birds that in the trees did sing,
And caused with joy the air to ring,

Have flown from former haunts of theirs.
To sport in joy in warmer airs:
The farm-house, veiled by frost of shade,
Looks desolate, as though betrayed;

But of a shade what need is there,
When Sol warns not the frosty air?
The fields of corn for Winter's night
Are harvested and garnered quite.

The hills, with withered cheek of red,
Await the good-night kiss of God.
Each morn the pure frost-clouds of white,
Made stillly through the hours of night,

Array the dead, as they to rest
Sink, in Death-winter's arms caressed.
The busy wind of frost-dry leaves
A dusky carpet sadly weaves,

And spreads it for the ghostly tread
Of those who mourn for Autumn dead.
The lazy sun fails now to rise
As high as erst in Southern skies.

And shadows long of trees not tall,
Reach o'er the neighbor's door-yard wall.
The boys no more are sporting seen
On what was once the village green;

But, with new sled and shining skate,
Old Boreas' tracks impatient wait:
The girls out doors have played enough,
And now are in at "blind man's bluff."

Large, heavy coats on every back
Bespeak of warmth the general lack;
And Sol's cold rays must feel a shame,
As in-doors glows the ruddy flame.

The zephyr soft has sunk to rest,
That gently fanned the warm earth's breast;
And coming in its footsteps fast,
Roars loud old Boreas' chilling blast;

All Nature tells, in language plain,
The quick approach of Winter's reign.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT
LAND.

NUMBER TWENTY.

In his history of Persia, Malcolm says, "The chronology of Scripture is unsatisfactory, from the confusion of facts, the confusion of dates, the errors arising from the writing of proper names in the different languages, and the variety of appellations of (as used to designate the same person)." Of course, such a Scripture ought not to be thrust upon us as the infallible Word of God. To do so is to make the ancient barbarism supersede the living Word of today. It is to stifle and fossilize us, and to utterly blur our vision, leaving us no space of light beyond the cold, dark valley and shadow of death.

As with the Hindus and Mahomedans, so with the Jews and Christians. They are more pleased to refer disgrace to the impiety than to the cowardice of their ancestors, and glory in any tale that supports their faith by proclaiming them favorites of the Almighty. Hence, God with us, and the Devil with you, is ever the Patriarchal confession of faith. Let us hope that the New Dispensation will find us all brethren of a common Father, with charity selflessly broad even to serve the Devil, if by possibility there could be one where God is the Father of all spirits, whether in or out of the flesh. We shall make but little progress in the study of the impenetrable world if we are terrified in our ignorance by the cry of Lord! Lord! or Devil! Devil! but if we seek along the way traveled by the late Dr. Gregory, in his "Animal Magnetism"—by others along the same track, and in the light of the broader phenomena as witnessed along the basic boundaries of the two worlds, we shall find no cause for supposing a wrathful or forbidding God in the way, nor for seeking to hide ourselves in superstitious fright from the same God in the name of the Devil. The ignorant "flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion." Seek to understand and treat kindly all "supernatural soliloquies," and even the unclean spirits shall obey you. There is Christ-like and angelic work to be done in this direction in the higher spiritual unfolding of "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Let us not forget to speak kindly to the spirits in prison.

In this latter half of the nineteenth century we have what was enacted some hundred and fifty years ago, and in all preceding ages, though less along the times immediately preceding our own. These phenomena form more or less the basic work of all past religions. Neither Judaism nor Christianity present the slightest exception, but are in the same category with the same surroundings. The terms, Lord, Witchcraft, and the Devil, are simply the terms of ignorance applied to phenomena whose causation has hitherto been unknown, but which, in the modern unfolding, we find to be as consecutively natural as any the more visible evolutions under the more tangible material laws, though we as freely admit spirits out, as spirits in the flesh, among the operating causes. Nor does it thence follow that ought of such action is miraculous or contradictory to the ascertained plane of law. On the contrary, all is in harmony with law, without which and its mediumistic conditions, the phenomena cannot take place. "To give up Witchcraft," says Wesley, "is to give up the bible." "The following passages," says the learned and orthodox Dr. More, some two hundred years ago, "being carefully inquired into by a learned and judicious person, but very incredulous, did so convince him of witches and spirits, that he could not abstain from acknowledging it to a friend of his under his own hand:

"Boxes carefully locked unlocking themselves,

and flinging the flax out of them—break tumbling off from a form of its own accord—women's patters rising up from the floor, and whirling against people—the breaking of a comb into two pieces of itself in the window, the pieces also flying into men's faces—the rising up of a knife also from the same place, being carried with its haft forward—stones likewise being flung about the house, but not hurting any person." The Doctor also speaks of what eye witnesses had themselves beheld, or of narrations immediately from them: "As, for example, bricks being carried round about a room without any visible hand; multitudes of stones flung down at a certain time of the day from the roof of a house, for many months together, to the amusement of the whole country; pots carried off from the fire and set on again, nobody meddling with them; the violent flapping of a chest cover, no hand touching it; the carrying up of lincens that have been bleaching, so high into the air that table-cloths and sheets looked but like napkins, and this when there was no wind, but all calm and clear; glass windows struck with that violence as if all had been broken to shivers, the glass jingling all over the floor, and this for some quarter of an hour together, when yet all had been found whole in the morning," &c., &c. For all these things and similar, old Jewry could see nothing but the Lord; the Gentiles saw them as the manifestations of the Gods; and Christendom beholds them as of Witches and the Devil. Though in the same direction Mahan would see nothing but "Old Forces"; Gasparin, "Fluid Action"; Samson, the "Nervous Principle"; while the clergy and the churches and the Devil the most apt for splitting the ears of the groundlings—raising the breeze in revivals, in using the Bible as a talisman to

"Compromise for sins they are inclined to, By damning those they have no mind to."

and in making a very large sprawl in Bible and Tract Societies, to compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, he is—&c., &c.

Dr. More may be clearly read in the light of modern phenomena where the mysteries of godliness and devilry may be traced in interchangeable terms as signifying the same basic line of causation, which, before the Babylonian captivity of the Jews, had no Devil to their Father, but only Lord, the evil principle; or Satan being the outgrowth of the early Zoroastrian or Persian religion. There are gradations of spirits, but the way is always open for the lower to rise whenever they seek to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God, or toward the higher estate of the soul.

Among the interesting relations of Dr. More is one "concerning an unclean spirit who haunted the house of Francois Perrenod, at Mascon, in Burgundy. Among all sorts of things, this 'Devil of Mascon,' had a proclivity toward 'a certain lawyer, pulling him by the arm into the midst of the room and there whirling him about on the tip-toe, and then flinging him on the ground.'"

It may be supposed that this lawyer had been engaged in a case involving this "unclean spirit" while yet in the flesh, and by making "the worse appear the better reason," had been instrumental in having him die robbed of his flesh by capital punishment, thus sending him untried and undeveloped to the spirit-world in a condition unfit to inhabit it; and so proving that the worst use to which you can put a man is to hang him, or otherwise deprive him of his more proper relations of body and soul, as if an untried spirit was any better indemnity for the past, or security for the future, than a fleshed one.

It would rather appear from More that this devil was of the feminine gender; for he says, "Of the most remarkable exploits of that invisible Devil of Mascon, I remember he was not so much as once seen in any shape all this time, unless it was he that Lullier and Repay met at the corner of the street in the habit of a countrywoman spinning by moonshine, who upon their nearer approach vanished from their sight."

The Doctor is somewhat grieved as to the nature of spirits, but concludes "that he did not much miss the mark who ventured to style them men of the air."

When we shall learn that the other world is correspondent to this in men, women and children, as they have left this earth, with such changes or spiritual growths as belong to the more-unfolded states, we shall not be frightened with the nursery tales of an omnipresent devil, nor suppose that we see the Lord when an angel visits us. "The invisible Devil of Mascon was sometimes sportful, as when a bottle was removed from a room, 'the Devil fell a laughing' to be supposed such 'a fool as to go into it, and be thus liable to be stopped up therein,' and when a dog refused to bark in his presence, 'the profane goblin himself took notice of it, roughly avouching that it was because he had made the sign of the cross on his head; for he was then on a merry pin and full of jeering.' The Dr then cites the most unquestionable testimony 'that this familiar conversation of the Devil was not in a corner or in a desert (where the melancholy of witches is supposed to make them fancy they converse with him), but in the midst of a great city, in a house where there was daily a great resort to hear him speak, and where men of contrary religions met together, whose proneness to cast a disgrace upon the dissenting parties did occasion the narrow examining and full confirming the truth thereof, both by the magistrates and by the Diocesan of the place."

Now what avails it for the materialist to deny these things which take place along the boundaries of the two worlds? He is yet so imbedded in his shell as to be unable to see beyond. How can he discern spiritual things whose brain is not yet of that conformation and growth that lets in spiritual sight—not yet flowered into the expanse of spiritual vision. Yet the day will come to all, even to such as have ever dwelt in the dark valley and shadow of death, not yet able to anticipate the coming dawn. Some are loosened in their shells or surroundings and brought out sooner than others, according to the conditions of their internal and external being as they begin with and accompany them. We are not to denounce the blindness of the short comers. Their day is not yet. Some flower earlier, some later in the day; and some not till death lifts the veil, cracks the shell, and consumes the husk. Even this does not at once remove all the thick outerlayers of the soul, or bring the weavers into the realization of the change of outer death. Swedenborg speaks of persons for sometime in the spirit-world, but not yet conscious that they had cast their earth bodies. The same has been noticed in modern spiritual experience. Like the close connection of the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, the spirit world is so closely connected with this that it is almost impossible to classify phenomena as distinctly of each, where both seem to work from a common source. We are in the spirit-world now, only our fleshly encasement withholds it from our view, or but dimly

permits it to intrude upon our vision. Such as are more mediumistic to discern the spiritual, are of that amphibious character which enables them alternately to be of both worlds—the spiritual ocean on the one side, the more material earth and water on the other; the dwellers of this earth becoming the inhabitants of its heaven—sometimes, among the ancients received as Gods, natives or denizens of best abodes, or of lower and less happy estate.

Take the crude anthropomorphisms of old Jewry, and we shall often find the Jehovah of Israel no higher on his plane than the 'Invisible Devil of Mascon.' The tutelary Devil of old Jewry often directs the indiscriminate massacre of men, women and children, utterly exterminating all, and such as were the most faithful in such infernal work, were supposed to be the most after God's own heart; and there was a large variety of apparitional Demons under the names of Lord or God—some good, some bad—though most of them were prone to utter themselves with a "Thus saith the Lord."—Swedenborg declared some one hundred years ago that old Jewry spirits spoke to Moses in the assumption of a God-name, which, in Israel, was equivalent to Jaiveh or Jehovah—being the same as Jupiter or the Most High among the Gentiles. See Cadworth's "Intellectual System" for a full setting forth of all the ancient religions.

Josephus also shows that the God-ghosts of old Jewry were often as familiar as the "Invisible Devil of Mascon." The biblical record itself is full of all these things. The Westminster Review speaks plainly but truly when it says that the Bible represents Abraham as furnishing a breakfast of "hot cakes and veal outlets to Jehovah." The Lord God also made coats of skins for Adam and his wife. We also find the God of Israel talking very familiarly with Sarah, and promising her a son. This was too much for the sober sides of Sarah, and she exploded in a laugh. The Lord did not know why Sarah laughed, and sought information from Abraham. Sarah denied that she laughed—God said she did. Who shall decide when God and Sarah disagree?

See Josephus as well as the Bible for the familiar character of the God of Israel. That God turned Lot's wife into a pillar of salt, Josephus declares to be a clear case, "for," says he, "I have seen it, and it remains at this day." The beginning of miracles, then, was not at Cana, in Galilee. Indeed, we consider the transmutation of Lot's wife more miraculous than turning water into wine. Lieutenant Lynch, of the late Dead Sea expedition, found Mrs. Lot still standing, "a pillar of solid salt capped with carbonate of lime." We are rather glad that she has so nice a cap. The pious Lieutenant also found her about forty-five feet in height, and somewhat rotund in the filling up. If her size was the average of the patriarchal dames, the giants of those days are accounted for. An Arabian savant found the grave of Ere to be sixty feet in length. The scientific Lieutenant had several unbelievers in the expedition. These became converted to Moses by the proofs of the Dead Sea and its adjacent "fixins," including the venerable Mrs. Lot, surmounted with her "cap of carbonate of lime."

"Asses and savans to the centre," was the order along the French lines, in Egypt, when threatened with the charge of the Mameluke squadrons. The soldiers were merry at the aptness of either name for each. When Lieut. Lynch places the natural phenomena of the Dead Sea in the order of miraculous events, a resemblance is suggested to the Egyptian centre of asses and savans.

Let us have another expedition to the Dead Sea for the exploration of Lot's wife. Here is a new field for archeological research of no lesser moment than Nineveh or Egypt. We would like to learn if Mrs. Lot has in any way lost her savor. We should infer not, from the attractive power with which she held the pious pilgrims to her shrine. Let some eminent Professor be appointed chaplain of the expedition—one who can swallow an ancient camel while straining at a modern gain. It cannot be doubted that the remains of Moses—of whose sepulchre no man knoweth to this day—will be found in a wonderful state of preservation within the ample embrace of Lot's wife or the pillar of salt.

God in Josephus, as well as in the Bible, stands for a great variety of modes of being—angels, ghosts, men, and various other personifications. Philo Judaeus, about the time of Josephus, ashamed of the literal word of God, as the "incurable folly" of his nation, seeks to conceal or allegorize it; but such a process no more avails on Hebrew than on Gentile ground. The Gentiles, as they outgrow their grosser superstitions, resorted to similar ways to cover the nakedness of their infantile days. Our old mortals, who still present the old scarecrows as fit representatives of their God, must not complain at a little god-natured laughter when they present us with the old Hebrew goblin with a "thus saith the Lord." Indeed, we know nothing more promotive of god digestion than to laugh away the damnable superstitions which have afflicted us in the old theologies. The modern unfoldings so places us upon the boundaries of both worlds, that our greater vision relieves us from the theologian's wrathful God and Devil, created in the same image. Their power to harm must be daily less as we grow in the larger vision.

Says Mackay, in "Progress of the Intellect," "The words uniformly rendered by 'God' in the authorized version of the Bible, include essential difference of form and meaning in the Hebrew; sometimes the noun is singular, sometimes plural; when plural, is sometimes joined with a singular, sometimes with a plural verb. The plural is usually explained as being *plurals excellentiae vel majestatis*; the 'we' of a royal proclamation. But where the verb as well as substantive are plural, then it is allowed that the Scriptural Elohim is a term retained from the usages of Polytheism, and may be considered to mean the higher powers and intelligences. Abraham, for instance, says the Gods caused him to wander from his father's house; and at Bethel the Gods appeared to Jacob. The Hebrew God is usually supposed to be attended by a court resembling the divan of an eastern monarch, and, like Jove in the midst of the divine concourse of the Iliad, to be surrounded by a congregation of saints and mighty ones, 'with all the host of Heaven at his right hand and at his left.' When, therefore, he is represented as deliberating with others, 'Let us make man after our own image,' &c., it is reasonable to infer that he addresses the present members of the holy congregation included in the plurality of the Elohim, the attendants or sons of the Gods, assembled in Oriental state around their king, Jehovah, as tutelary God of Israel, is distinguished from the general company of the Elohim, and emphatically elevated above them under the title of God of Gods, or God of Hosts, as their supreme presiding chief, who inhabits a dwelling superior to the starry firmament, which they are not permitted to enter. But the term 'heavenly hosts' includes not

only the councillors and emissaries of Jehovah, but also the celestial luminaries; and the stars imagined in the East to be animated intelligences, presiding over human weal and woe, are identified with the more directly impregnated messengers or angels who execute the divine decrees, and whose predominance in heaven is in mysterious correspondence and relation with the powers and the dominions of the earth. In the one hundred and forty-eighth psalm, where all the creatures in heaven and in earth are summoned to do homage to Jehovah, the angels and heavenly hosts are so closely approximated, that it is improbable they can have been very clearly distinguished in the writer's mind, especially when, in the eighth verse, they assume a correlation with the earthly elements of fire and hail, snow and vapor, themselves in a subordinate sphere made to act as executors of the divine decrees. Correspondingly, in Job the morning stars and the sons of God, are identified; they join in the same chorus of praise to the Almighty; they are both susceptible of joy, they walk in brightness, and are hable to impurity and imperfection in the sight of God.

The potencies of the sky, the appropriate types of all earthly authority, being thus undistinguishable from heavenly beings, the history of the origin of both is supposed to be sufficiently explained when it is said that "God by his word made all the hosts of heaven;" and the prohibition to worship the one made it unnecessary to lay any express veto on the dedication of the other. Hence it is that in the account of creation, the sun, moon and stars take precedence of all other beings in the scale of animated nature; they dwell in the first created light, as appropriate inhabitants of heaven as the birds are fitted for the atmosphere, the fish for the water, and land animals for the earth. When the personality of intermediate beings became more generally recognized, it was natural that the Elohim and sons of the Elohim should be interpreted to mean angels. Many difficulties were thus avoided or explained. It was thus easy to do away with any traces of polytheistic expression; to account for anthropomorphic representations; to suppose, for instance, that man was created not literally "in the image of God," but after the similitude of angels. Yet it still remains open to suppose the collective Elohim to have had an original reference to the heavenly host, comprehending in the plural form all that congregation of saints and holy ones of which Jehovah was afterwards recognized as the Creator and King; that, from long established habit, the term continued to be employed by Monotheists as a title of God, and even warranted the archaism of confounding the personality of the angels with the more peculiar and reverend name of Jehovah; that, in short, "the Elohim" may have originally been a collective name for the "other Gods" worshiped by the ancestors of the Israelites, including not only foreign superstitious forms, but also that "host of heaven" which was revealed in poetry to the shepherds of the desert, now as "an encampment of warriors, now as ascending in chariots of fire, and now as winged messengers ascending and descending the vault of heaven to communicate the will of God to mankind."

Those who would see these matters laid open in full can consult further this author through his one thousand pages of widely gathered religions. Not till the people can be taught to look their religions bravely in the face, without fear of church or priest, and to examine well their origins, is there hope in freedom to worship God—not by crying Lord, Lord, nor in supposing we shall find the truth in the senseless mummeries of the dead past, but by seeking and living in the largest outbirth of present light.

What a shameful labor of priestlytydom in the aim to crush souls to the narrow vision of seeing light only by the measure of biblical Lords or Gods, as developed through a barbarous people two or three thousand years ago, with no allowance for coloring through mediumistic surroundings or conditions. Is it not time to have larger growth, and be ashamed of our bibliolatrious crutches upon which we lean as upon broken reeds? A pulpitary that lives by closing the mind in darkness can never lead to the kingdom of heaven. Our religious organs are woefully in need of larger training and development in broad and healthy courses of action, instead of being repressively confined in the swaddling clothes of ancient atoning blood. A truly broad church will cement the circle of the sciences and art—will seek high physical and moral training with all of spiritual influx the highest unfolded heavens can give, and not go groping in the dim vision of the ancient toms, with no other light than the multi-fold will-of-the-wisp Godhead of old Jewry—made up of the firmament, starry hosts, and of familiar spirits, on the plane of a credulous and superstitious people. Except as a help to reflect the status of the early ages, of what use to us the chaos of its night? Why dementedly submerge ourselves in the ancient darkness whereof so much is substantiated in its very nature? Even the later prophets sought to be rid of the gross Godliness of earlier Jewry—the oblations, the moon days, and the Sabbaths. Amos declares that the bloody sacrifices in the name of Jehovah, forty years in the wilderness, were made to Moloch, to Chilan, "the star of your God," and that the tabernacle set up was in worship of the same.

To the same purport, too, speak Isaiah and Jeremiah. They deny the genuineness of the Mosaic God. "For I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them, in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings and sacrifices." Whereas, Moses says that his familiar Lord did so speak unto him. The Lord of Jeremiah says, "Your burnt offerings are not acceptable nor your sacrifices sweet unto me." The Lord of Moses declares that such things afforded him a "sweet smelling savor," as in those early days the lower plane of spirits or undeveloped souls sought congenial rapport in the odyssey of freshly shed blood. The God of Isaiah also denounces the abominable rites of the grosser Mosaic and later worship: "I delight not in the blood of bullocks, the fat of fed heasts, or of lambs, or of he goats." All these things the earlier God of Jewry was delighted with, including "libations of wine, with flour tempered with oil, and the buck goat, for sin."

It is well to trace the Spiritualisms of old time, to discover their relations to the new—but not under a veil, forbidding sight, nor in gaping wonder, be carried into bondage to the old or to the new. The pulpitary and ignorance that would fright us from looking with unveiled face into the arena of both worlds, constitutes the terrible God or Devil that keeps the human mind forever in its pupillage of darkness; but a brave, honest front fears not to look highest divinity in its face, and to gather its highest revelations. The day is dawning when to merit heaven we need not be damned in the hell of ignorance and superstition, nor be held in the worship of old Jewry's familiar spirits, while cursing some "invisible Devil of Mascon." C. B. P.

Written for the Banner of Light.
HOPE.
Inscribed to Mary O. F.—

BY HENRY H. TAYLOR.

O, ark of aspiration, rest
On wisdom's altar this hour!
O, dove of love, with radiant crest,
Go forth and gather from Hope's bower
A token that Truth's new-born sun
Gleams bright again to 'lume the eye
Of the great world. Thou hast begun
A work, O God, within the sky
Of thy august supremacy—
A pentecost work divine,
Before Thine stands eternally
Like a grand harp now touched by Thine
Incomparable skill. Thy breath
Breathes tones of joy's inspiring life,
Throughout all existences, and death
Arises, beautiful and rife
With immortality. The bow
That erst 'erhaling a world, sunk deep
In Unbelief's ebony flood, to
With seven-fold eloquence doth speak,
And promises millennial peace,
Through the revolving years to come,
That earth's delights shall e'er increase,
Till heaven calls the round orb home.
O, queenly and heroic Hope,
Too long asleep within the soul,
Awake! arise! for God hath spoke:
Enter thy rich palatial goal.
Almighty God, transfigured stand,
In the diamond temple of Thy love,
And with Hope's white miraculous wand,
Attract the world to Thee above.
Boston, Nov. 26, 1890.

THE NEW BIRTH AND THE DIVINE LIFE.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.,
IN DODD'S HALL, NEW YORK, ON SUNDAY EVENING,
JUNE 5, 1893.

"There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou dost, except God be with him." Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus said unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? he cannot enter into his mother's womb, and be born? A very natural, and a very philosophical question. "Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." This is an answer to Nicodemus's question. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Still no answer." "Marvel not that I say unto thee, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Still no answer. "Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be?" Nicodemus, knowing that he had not been answered, repeats his question. "Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen, and yet receive not your witness. If I have told you of earthly things, and ye believe not; how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?" No answer yet.

Nicodemus must have gone away utterly discouraged and disheartened with the results of his repeated attempts to get from Christ a philosophical explanation of the process by which a man can be born again. Like all merely intuitive men, Christ authoritatively declared that it is so, and he knew it to be so, and wondered why Nicodemus did not know it also. But Nicodemus, like all reasoning, philosophic men, wanted the how, the why, and the wherefore; and he kept repeating his questions, wondering, all the while, no doubt, why Christ did not seem to appreciate or understand them, and why he seemed intentionally to talk blindly, and evade answering them. No doubt, Christ wondered why Nicodemus asked such foolish questions, right in the face of his positive, intonational announcement of what he felt as a truth; and Nicodemus, no doubt, was equally amazed at the foolish answers which Christ gave to his philosophic questions. Very likely, they parted company with no very exalted opinion of each other: Christ involuntarily saying to himself, "Well, there goes a thick head;" and Nicodemus saying to himself, "Well, there goes a thick human nature." When this fact is first distinctly realized, the soul may yet be very far from having reached its ultimate unfoldment; and, therefore, the first consciousness of a divine nature is faint, and feeble, and dubious. As the realization of the higher nature becomes more distinct, it puts forth stronger and more decided claims to the supremacy over everything that is beneath it—everything that has preceded it and merely prepared the way for it. Then commences the struggle between the two natures, the warfare, as it is termed, between the inner and the outer man—between the body, with its lusts and passions and selfish desires, and the soul, with its unselfish loves and its universal tendencies. This struggle for the supremacy, which comes as a necessary consequence of the realization of a higher life and a nobler destiny, may continue for years before the soul attains such a degree of growth that it becomes positive to the body, and before its positive functions, as a tone and melody, are to be being. When this degree is attained, the relations of the two elements of the being are just the reverse of what they were in the beginning; yet it is all according to law, and neither has been arbitrarily deprived of its rights, because it is all the result of organic changes which do violence to neither.

In the beginning, the body, with the functional manifestations of its selfish loves and its human nature, ruled the being; now the being is ruled by the soul, with the functional manifestations of its unselfish loves and its divine nature. In the beginning the soul was in a state of mere vegetative existence, as it were, having, however, all that it demanded, and doing all that it was capable of doing; now the body lapses almost into a state of vegetative existence, leaving, however, all its natural wants supplied, and doing all that it can do, or desires to do, in the presence of a higher power, and swayed and subdued, as it is, into a passive, negative state by the positive influence of a mightier element than itself.

It will be perceived, from what has been said, that the divine life is not a thing which may be put on to-day, and then put off to-morrow; neither is it a special gift, nor an inspirational impartation (either from Gods or angels), which in a moment changes and revolutionizes the man's life and character. It comes by an organic process, as much so as the fragrance of the flower or the aroma of the fruit. It comes as the result of an outward expansion of a germ, which is dependent upon outside elements and influences only as all other germs are—no more, no less. We may think it has come, when in reality it has not; but when it really has come, we know it, as surely as the adult man knows that he is no longer a child either in organization or in his intellectual emotions, feelings and experiences. To illustrate: the boy kisses the girl, and thinks, no doubt, that he does full as much as a man; but the man kisses the woman, and knows that he does more than the boy; he knows that to him that outward act is expressive of and gives rise to inward emotions and experiences which the boy is utterly incapable of. So it is with the human and the divine natures. Some may outwardly practice all the virtues in the catalogue of virtues, and abstain from all the vices in the catalogue of vices, and think that they are, therefore, living the divine life, when in reality they are not living the human, and all their virtues are but the results of arbitrary, personal and selfish feelings and emotions. But those who have a soul growth of which we speak, and who are truly living the divine life, know that when they do apparently the very same thing, which the selfish man does, they are really doing something else, something more, something better, something which is not only not vice, but is not even virtue or morality—something

that knows no law of duty, recognizes no rule of virtue or morality—something that fits and fills the measure of the soul as naturally and as lawfully as the atmosphere fits and fills the measure of the lungs. The soul with its divine life may be moral and virtuous, and may abstain from vice; yet it has no intention of doing either the one or the other. The mere doing of moral, virtuous and proper things is not in the soul's programme; it is superior to them all; they are under its feet as part and parcel of that human nature which it has shed, or will shed, and by which it over refuses to be known, weighed, measured, tested or judged.

The life of the body, the human life, is one of agitation, turmoil, strife and contention, of burning desires, selfish wants and consuming lusts and appetites—always unsatisfied, always seeking their supply in something that contributes to self, leads to self, and may be appropriated to self, and claimed as only his own. The human nature says, "This is my property, this is my right, and reputation, this is my thought, this is my religion, my cause, my reformatory scheme, this is my child, this is my father, mother, brother, sister—these are my kin, and for these I will live first, and to them all else shall be secondary."

The life of the soul, the divine life, is one of peace and rest, perpetual rest, whether in repose or in action; of wants and desires, which can hardly be called wants or desires, for they neither burn, nor chafe, nor consume; of perpetual wants, which are in the midst of their perpetual supply—the one responding immediately to the other, just as the pervading and abundant atmosphere responds to the lungs, freely, ungrudgingly, yet mathematically filling the measure that is to be filled, and flowing into the vacuum that needs the flow. In this new life these human loves which make the nearest approach to a disinterested and unselfish character, are shed, and are only retained so long as the soul retains its connection with the physical body, out of which they proceed, and of which they are functional manifestations. Maternal, paternal and filial love are all loves which grow out of blood relationship—they are human—they are of the body, and must share the fate of the body. Their duration is temporary and limited, because their purpose and object is limited to an earthly purpose and object, and because they are based upon relations that are as perishable as the body itself. Shall blood always rule our destiny? Shall we always be hobbled by a chain of ancestral relationship? The spirit has its own relationship, independent of mere blood, and independent of all ties which spring up from mere arbitrary associations; and to those who are included in that relationship the spirit gravitates as freely and as unreservedly as drops of the sea to each other, and with them it conglutinatingly blends, and merges, and becomes as in an elemental drift, itself a part and parcel thereof.

Within the matured soul there dwells a consciousness of an inner self, inviolable, unyielding, self-poised, supernal, divine. This divine self, in the immature soul, is, of course, not at all times supreme over the body, and the life and loves of the body, and the external influences which affect them; but, in the natural order of growth, its destiny is to become supreme over everything outside of itself—only, positive, grand, majestic, indomitable, peaceful, self-reliant, self-possessed, confident of its destiny, sure of its ultimate triumph over all things, looking out from itself with a look that is eternal, compassionate, satisfied, complacent, untroubled, willing to be tested by misfortune or by prosperity, that it may know itself more perfectly and more triumphantly, forever leaning on an impassable, certain rest.

The body goes through all its degrees of development from the germ to childhood, from childhood to adult manhood, and from manhood to the ripeness of old age in a certain length of time, which, in the general average, is about seventy years. It is immaterial whether this number is mathematically correct or not; the fact is admitted that the body completes its cycle of existence, when not interfered with by accident or disease, in a certain length of time, and that this period would not be found to vary much, in the general average, if every one lived out the full length of time which the inherent forces and functions of the human body guarantee to it, when not interfered with by unfavorable or opposing conditions. In this respect man does not differ from other species of animals, the individuals of which have a limited life, the length of which varies with the species. Assuming, then, as we have done, that the average length of man's life is seventy years, we know that, whenever that age is reached, the soul has had the benefit of a seventy years connection with, or gestation in the body. Therefore, the seventy years gestation of the soul with the body is an essential part of the soul's life, as much as the seventy years gestation of the body. We have elsewhere given our reasons for believing that this prolonged connection of the soul with the body is necessary to the soul—necessary to give the soul a full development as a preparation and qualification for its existence in the spirit-world. When this full development of soul is attained, it is immortal; it has absolutely secured to itself what nature only promised when the germ first commenced its unfolding. Still, although it must be evident to every reflecting mind, that it is better for the soul to have the full benefit of a seventy years connection with the body, yet the analogies of nature satisfy us that no immortality may be secured without the connection between the soul and the body being prolonged the whole of that time. What the precise nature of the loss, or detriment to the soul is, when it is severed from the spirit-world, and becomes a disembodied spirit, we cannot say. But if one is born at the sixth month, all the appliances of human experience and human knowledge and science are made to contribute to the preservation of its life, if possible, so that it may complete its embryonic development in the external world, instead of in the body of the maternal parent, and, thus, eventually attain an adult growth. The same is done in the case of a seven month, or an eight month child, or one born at any time after the sixth month and before the completion of its full uterine life. But such efforts are not always successful. All other things being equal, the chances of success are in proportion to the uterine age of the child at birth. In some cases the child dies in a few days, hours, or even minutes; in other cases it dies in a few weeks, or months, or in a year or two; and in other cases the effort is successful—the child passes safely through the trial, and the artificial propping and appliances prove to be the means of maturing an embryo into a full grown man or woman.

It is the same with regard to the soul and its chances for an immortal existence in the spirit-world, if its immortal condition is not reached before its connection with the body is broken. In such an event, its preservation is no longer dependent upon the normal process by which nature matures souls, which, of course, are unsafe and uncertain just in proportion to the undeveloped state of the soul, and which are never as safe nor as reliable as the normal, natural process. This fact, which is as true of a soul born prematurely, as it is of a body born prematurely, explains the uniform testimony of the spirit-world, that the chances for progress, or in other words, development, are better here than they are in the spirit-world. If the soul is very immature when it leaves the body, then, like a child born at the first, second, third, fourth or fifth month, it must perish; but if the soul has almost reached the immortal state before it leaves the body, then its chances are great just in proportion to its proximity to that state. Much, of course, will depend upon the fitness and perfection of the artificial methods by which the intelligence of the interior preserve and develop immature souls; the analogies of nature, however, are in favor of the opinion, that there are souls which pass into the interior so immature that there is no possible means of saving them, and consequently no effort is made; that there are others which are saved; and that there are others upon whom all the knowledge and science of the interior are applied, yet it is eventually discovered that they, too, must perish. The soul, therefore, has no more to do than to wait, and to keep its mind and feelings up and about the coming of the morning, and the opening and closing of the night lamp of a blind, unconscious and unintelligent principles and forces of nature, and be put into the hands of intelligent cultivators, who have the same power to put

soul-germs under conditions favorable for the production of immortal souls, that any one of us would have to put acorns under conditions favorable for the production of oak trees—then, let such a one, thus willing to be dealt with, have to put himself into rapport and relation with the immortal intelligences of the interior; they, and they alone are fully competent to plant human beings first in one kind of surroundings and conditions, and then replant them in others, and transplant them to others, judiciously, so that every change shall have reference to the preservation and growth of the germs of immortality within them, until they shall have attained to such a degree of development that they are beyond the destroying influences of all the forces and elements of nature. Only immortal beings are competent to be trusted with the cultivation of souls; and however much others may be amused with the physical manifestations as playthings for the hour, and think that that is the mission of spirits; and however much others may, who tears of joy to think that the veil which fell between them and their children and friends and blood relations, has been lifted, and think that that is the mission of spirits; and however much the lame, the blind, the deaf and the diseased may exult in knowing that health is being shed and showered upon them from the interior, and think that that is the mission of spirits; and however much the reason, and the intellectual and philosophic powers of the age may look to the interior for food, and be fed according to their desires, and think that that is the mission of spirits; yet, now and henceforth, I will rejoice that such is not the mission of spirits—that the mission of spirits, though embracing all these means, and agencies, and leverages, is yet greater, and grander, and mightier, and more sublime than all these combined. The mission of spirits is to cultivate and mature immortal souls, and to prepare for the soul a nucleus of mind, body, and spirit, from the mortal to the immortal condition, though still in the body, shall be educated and qualified to become joint workers with the powers of the interior.

If the question of immortality is made an individual, personal question, then each individual must be his own judge; for none but the individual himself can positively say that he has been born again—that he realizes within himself the divine life—that he has, in other words, attained to such a development of soul that the soul and its life have become positive to, and predominate over, and rule the body and its life. Every person, therefore, yet in the body, who experiences the divine life, has the evidences, the only reliable and satisfactory evidences to himself that he is immortal; and, consequently, every individual who has not attained to that divine life has not the evidence of his own immortality, and cannot have any assurance that he is immortal until the divine life becomes a reality within himself.

The question here very naturally arises: what is the fate of those who die without having reached that degree of soul-development which reveals itself by an inward consciousness of a divine life—a new birth? Do such undeveloped souls perish at the instant of the death of the body; or do they pass into the spirit-world and endure for a longer or shorter time before they actually become extinct; or do any of them attain the requisite soul-development, after their entrance into the spirit-world, to secure an immortal existence? I believe that some of them perish almost immediately; that others endure for years perhaps while efforts are made to favor their full development, but that, ultimately, all efforts of that kind failing, they perish also; but that there are others who, being placed under proper conditions and influences, actually attain a full soul-development with its divine life, and hence become immortal. This is new to most of you, perhaps, and like most new thoughts, it may seem heretical; and although Spiritualists have no such word as heretical in their vocabulary, yet I fear that many of them have the same uncharitable thoughts and the same hostile feelings toward every inward which is made upon their fixed and settled opinions which they who consider themselves orthodox and infallible, have toward those whom they deem heterodox and heretical. I will, however, proceed to explain this heresy. The explanation will, I think, open one of the strangest and, hitherto, most inexplicable chapters in the whole book of Spiritualism—the chapter of undeveloped spirits, their mission, their work, and their destiny.

Many have objected to the application of the term, undeveloped, to any spirit; but it is the correct expression, truly scientific and truly descriptive of the condition of some spirits. We will say, undeveloped soul, instead of undeveloped spirit, as an undeveloped organic structure of any kind causes all the manifestations of the spirit, powers, or principles which are made through it, to be in keeping with itself, and of course undeveloped. An undeveloped soul is therefore the exponent of an undeveloped spirit; and an undeveloped spirit the index of an undeveloped soul.

For the better illustration of this department of interior life, allow me to refer, briefly, to the human embryo, as an analogue, from which we may draw important inferences in reference to the soul, and which will enable me to give a clearer outline and a more substantial form to what I have to say, with regard to undeveloped souls and undeveloped spirits. A child is born at the first month of utero-gestation; there is no hope of prolonging its life, and consequently no efforts are made to do so. It is the same with a child which is born at the second, third, fourth and even at the fifth month of utero-gestation. But if one is born at the sixth month, all the appliances of human experience and human knowledge and science are made to contribute to the preservation of its life, if possible, so that it may complete its embryonic development in the external world, instead of in the body of the maternal parent, and, thus, eventually attain an adult growth. The same is done in the case of a seven month, or an eight month child, or one born at any time after the sixth month and before the completion of its full uterine life. But such efforts are not always successful. All other things being equal, the chances of success are in proportion to the uterine age of the child at birth. In some cases the child dies in a few days, hours, or even minutes; in other cases it dies in a few weeks, or months, or in a year or two; and in other cases the effort is successful—the child passes safely through the trial, and the artificial propping and appliances prove to be the means of maturing an embryo into a full grown man or woman.

There are constant and necessary changes in the habits and opinions of men in societies and nations, and proportionate changes are needed in public institutions and national governments. Sooner or later intelligent persons will believe that a constitution such as ours could have been made practicable for the government of the ancient heathen nations, when might was the standard of right. Yet we all feel certain that ours is the only proper theory of government. Our institutions are good only in so far as they are adapted to the intelligence and the patriotism of the people, and were our people less enlightened, a different system of government would be necessary.

Men who live much by the brain have seldom the wisdom to be patient. In vain the significant words of warning become louder and louder; in vain the head feels hot, the ears are full of noises, the heart fluttering and thumping, the nights sleepless, the digestion miserably imperfect, the temper irritable. These are nature's warnings to desist, but they are disregarded. Men cannot transgress nature's laws without incurring nature's penalties.

The God we worship is a God of love, and he is a God of wisdom, also; yet he, the Godhead, cannot trespass upon his laws any more than can our chief magistrate. Now this same God is not willing that we should suffer; but he cannot avoid it, and why? Because he cannot put a stop to pain without transgressing the laws that govern us, and govern him, also. Hence it will be seen that God cannot do all mortals so often ask of him.

A soldier being asked if he met with much hospitality while he was in Ireland, replied: "That he was in the hospital nearly all the time he was there."

were established as anything that happens in the regular course of events.

There is another point connected with this branch of the subject, which is of the very highest importance. It is important on account of its present relations to us as well to spirit, develop, and undeveloped. What are the abnormal, or artificial means and appliances by which an undeveloped soul, in the spirit-world, is enabled to complete that development which ought to have been completed while it was yet in the body, and which, if completed in the spirit-world, must be under disadvantages, and by methods which are not as certain, nor as reliable as the natural, normal method.

The soul, while in connection with the body, is built up and sustained by elements which are prepared and elaborated for it by the body, just as the embryo child is built up and sustained by materials which are prepared and elaborated for it by the body of the mother. When the soul leaves the body, it, of course, can no longer be built up and sustained in that way; and if it is too undeveloped to appropriate to itself directly from the general and pervading elements of the spirit-world, it must obtain the required materials by some abnormal process, until it can appropriate to itself the necessary supply from the general elements. That abnormal process consists on being placed, or placing itself in relation, or rapport with a person yet in the body, whose body, to some extent, takes the place of the one from which the soul was prematurely separated. In this way, an undeveloped soul in the spirit-world may obtain, from the body of a person yet living in the form, the elements which its developing organism needs.

The elements which go to the building up of the soul, as an organic growth, are generated when the organs of the body (including, of course, the brain) are in action. In other words, it needs the life and activities of the body to prepare the materials which are required by a developing soul. This breaks the seal of one of the closed books of Spiritualism. It explains the causes, the philosophy and the object of all those manifestations which are called undeveloped, and of all that commotion and agitation, the physical activities—these wild outbursts of the human nature which the world and the uninitiated call disorderly and lawless, and which the world and the uninitiated, perhaps, deem still more disorderly and lawless, if they knew all the secret and private histories of this department of Spiritualism, which plays so important a part in the development of undeveloped souls both in and out of the body. I have no condemnation for anything in the whole history of Spiritualism, whether it be public or private, written or unwritten; and I believe that I know it in all of its private and unwritten history, as well as in its public and written history. I defend and commend it all. I have great confidence—I had almost said, unmeasured confidence in the immortal operators of the interior—those who, I know, grasp and comprehend the whole of the vast, extensive and irrefragable movement of Spiritualism—those who, before the first step was taken, marked out such a programme of communication and relation with humanity, and such a work for humanity as they alone can fully understand, and as they alone can fully execute—those who accurately weighed, measured and adjusted the force of the feeble rays by which they first aroused and alarmed the world, and who calculated the length and strength of the lever by which they will yet upheave and shake, as with an earthquake, our entire mental sphere.

The undeveloped soul in the spirit-world is put in rapport with a person yet in the body, and the object and the result is, that that person is stimulated to a variety of physical, emotional and mental activities, some of which are very orderly, and very proper, and very lawful; others of which are deemed very disorderly, and very improper, and very lawless—but what matter about names, and what matter about our hereditary distinctions between right and wrong, virtue and vice, propriety and impropriety, the restrictions of law and custom, and the license of unrestricted wisdom which measures things and judges of things by results—what matter, I say, about all our hereditary distinctions, when the ultimate result of all those activities of the human nature in the hands of a controlling wisdom, is the elaboration of elements which are indispensable for the building up of souls in the body and souls out of the body—what matter, when the mental, emotional and passionate experiences which accompany those activities of the physical or human nature, are absolutely necessary to spirits in the body and to spirits out of the body—what matter, when without those experiences, physical, mental, emotional, passionate, it is utterly impossible for a spirit in the body, or a spirit out of the body to shed the human nature—to relax its hold upon the pleasures and attractions of the human nature, and yield itself up, freely and unreservedly, to the peace, the rest, the joy, and the attractions of the divine life.

Our feet, fishes and barley-corns are not always to be the standards of measurement; and, when the question is one of the immortal existence of souls here, or in the spirit-world, I feel the insufficiency of all mundane methods, and the unrighteousness of all mundane judgments; and feeling, moreover, my own impotency, I freely resign myself to that power in the interior, the fruits of whose labors I have seen, and the fruits of whose labors I have tasted, and, in the unreservedness of a judgment convinced, say to it, "Not my will, but thine be done."

Good, Sound Ideas.

We find in an article in the columns of a Charleston paper—the *News*—some excellent thoughts about the always conflicting principles of progress and conservatism—not that conservatism which means only "precaution against dangerous and useless innovations," but that other "quality which has no exact designation," and which we agree to style conservatism:

"There is no such thing as entire rest in the physical or moral world. The individual who is so fearful of innovations in affairs relating to communities or nations, seems to be ignorant of the fact that in his own physical and mental frame a constant change is taking place, although it may be to him imperceptible. As with individuals, so with communities; and as in the case of a human being, so with the whole world of thought, and feeling, and action.

There are constant and necessary changes in the habits and opinions of men in societies and nations, and proportionate changes are needed in public institutions and national governments. Sooner or later intelligent persons will believe that a constitution such as ours could have been made practicable for the government of the ancient heathen nations, when might was the standard of right. Yet we all feel certain that ours is the only proper theory of government. Our institutions are good only in so far as they are adapted to the intelligence and the patriotism of the people, and were our people less enlightened, a different system of government would be necessary.

Men who live much by the brain have seldom the wisdom to be patient. In vain the significant words of warning become louder and louder; in vain the head feels hot, the ears are full of noises, the heart fluttering and thumping, the nights sleepless, the digestion miserably imperfect, the temper irritable. These are nature's warnings to desist, but they are disregarded. Men cannot transgress nature's laws without incurring nature's penalties.

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THE GOOD OF HARD TIMES.

It is not admitted, by any means, that the present are in fact and really hard times—the fact is conceded only by way of illustration; for nothing is plainer than that the crisis which has overtaken business affairs is totally needless, and the result of causes that have no legitimate relation to business whatever. But then, here we are; we must needs look things square in the face; there is no retreat, let the cause that led to this perplexity be a sound or a silly one.

No matter whether it be a panic without sufficient cause, or a crisis with one; the effects of such a pressure upon the human heart are invariably excellent; nor are even the circumstances to be deplored, that are capable of producing such effects. We all know—or, at least, those of us who have ever tasted severe illness—what a hallowing and harmonizing influence is exerted upon us by long confinement in the sick chamber—how much those circumstances, melancholy in themselves, bring out to view all the beautiful traits of personal friendship and the divine ones of devotion—how we pause to recognize qualities both in others and ourselves that we had entirely ignored during the days of health, and seem to have made the welcome discovery of a new world by the experience—how much we learn of patience and faith—how all the kindly charities break out over the character, lighting it up with new illustrations and meaning—and, finally, what a thorough discipline it all becomes to the spiritual part, educating and refining it, bringing it out into new expressions, and stimulating it to a development not known before. All this is good for the spirit, and without some such experience it would not grow as rapidly as it does. It may seem hard at first, but it is good in the end; bitter now, but sweet and wholesome by-and-by.

It is even so with the work of panics and crises. As soon as men feel that the old props are knocked from under them, their stays and supports gone, and themselves left to sink or swim, as the good powers above may decree, they grow thoughtful and serious; the little follies of life have suddenly plumed their wings and flown away; all the obstacles to improvement and growth are removed, leaving the coast clear for the individual to take best care of his own self; and straightway real progress commences. Thus we see at such times—as we all did see in the money crisis of 1857—men suddenly thrown out of business crowding in at the opened church doors, eager to approach the throne of grace and confess to their sinfulness and shortcomings in the past. They felt just in that way, simply because all the usual floats and supports had been taken from them, and nothing offered to draw away their attention from themselves. They realized, of a sudden, how insecure are all those things which people think certain and enduring, and how like air all materiality may be made to dissolve and take other shapes. Educated as they were in religious faith, it was the most natural thing imaginable for them to do as the Hindus do when in trouble or nonplussed—turn to their churches, idols, and modes of worship for the only relief they can think of. The famous revival of '57 meant chiefly that, and was set on foot by just such a motive. Not that real good did not, or will not, ultimate from it—but then, we hold that higher motives and better influences might be made to operate.

These very pinching times that are upon us now, no matter whether the result of fair causes and sufficient ones, or not, are working good for us all. It may look dark, and feel hard; but how suddenly are men made now to feel the humanity of one another, where before they were willing to find not much more than a chance for a bargain! It is a grand thing, and a grateful incident, that even this perplexity drives us all back upon our own selves again, and compels us to put forth the better side. How else could we become purified? "Sweet are the uses of adversity," says Shakespeare. If success ran on without measure or check, there is no doubt that we should ere long grow hard altogether; for all our experience teaches us that it is not success, but what we call adversity, that softens and beautifies the traits of our several characters.

There are unquestionably many men, at this very day, who are in the habit of praising kindly charities toward one another, who would not think of such a thing, or even that they could do such a thing, if it were not for the urgent necessity of the case; in other words, they find themselves to be better men than they had ever thought for—not that they are thoroughly selfish men, at all, but they had never given themselves time to find out exactly what manner of men they were; and perhaps the occasion had never come itself before, either. Now, to say that this sort of discipline is not a direct and permanent advantage to a man, is to deny that his heart is capable of improvement and expansion. No matter by what means we learn and grow, if they are but effective. We are placed here just for this purpose, and not merely to make money or a position. And when we take such a view of it, all the falls-down that we get will do us no harm, for they are not falls, but rather those angelic hints to disguise which wise men know how to accept and interpret.

Mrs. Ostrander's Last Lecture.

Only one Sabbath more this medium will speak in Boston at Allston Hall. Next Sunday will be the last opportunity our city readers will have of listening to her. On the Sunday following they will welcome back to the city the beautiful and beloved Fannie Davis, so universally and deservedly popular with the Spiritualists of Boston.

Europe.

The present state of European affairs is of the first interest. As far, the nations have proceeded in their experiment, and successfully; other important moves are yet to be made, but what will give the signal, or where the first act will be directed, is more a secret. A very able pen in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* sketches the attitude of Europe at this day in the following manner, which will give our readers the best idea possible of the existing state of matters on the political board:

"France herself, who began to move, is now silent, looks on, and waits. She began with an Italian confederation; she has arrived at Italy united. She promised the Papacy new lustre by the Presidency of an Italian Confederation; she now witnesses the destruction of the Pope's temporal power. Instructed by experience, and more modest in her hopes, we do not know if at this day she thinks she can guarantee, even for any length of time, the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff at Rome. Austria forgets her pride, and is learning common sense; she answers no provocations; she seeks her regeneration in liberal reform. Prussia ceases to be envious and quarrelsome, and holds out her hand to the court of Vienna; Russia grows generous, and the Emperor Alexander pardons the Emperor Francis Joseph. Warsaw sees a Congress of Sovereigns. King Victor Emmanuel is at the head of a State of 21,000,000 of men, and the most circumspet Federalists of last year are now the most fervent Unitarians. England isolated the other day, without defence, without soldiers, and without financial aid, pretended a year ago to push on to the brink of decay—England, who would not make war for an idea—England, who had deplored the war in Italy—England, whom a certain press meant to exclude from deliberation in the affairs of Europe, has at this moment formidable armaments, an army of volunteers, and in Europe a position at once the freest from all engagements, and the most courted. She warns the Italians that she will not fight for them; and yet the greatest Italian patriots look upon her as the surest and most solid support of their work. She avows to the Northern Powers the sympathies which the Italian revolution inspires her with, and yet the Northern Powers, full of defence for her advice, combat in theory only the principle of non-intervention. She did not treat us over well in the affair of the Suez and Nice annexations, which we caused her, and yet France has, in a celebrated letter, replied with the most friendly words and protestations. The remark of Cromwell is, then, true for us—'One never goes so far as when one does not know where one goes.'"

Insects in Winter.

An intelligent writer in the *Boston Transcript* communicates some very pleasant information respecting the whereabouts of the autumn bugs and insects at this season of the year. He says that "Autumn is the swarming and pairing season of the ants, when they go forth in untold numbers. Of these horde the males perish. The whole tribe of wasps quit their vesperies, and most of them die. A few for propagation escape by hibernation, and when spring comes, are seen planting colonies as aquatic sovereigns, regardless of compromises, or precedents, having regard only for the gratification of their natural rights, as they would undoubtedly maintain, were they interrogated on the subject. Numerous are the insects that hibernate in the pupa and larva state. Many deposit their eggs upon the branches of the trees, as do the parents of the caterpillars, and leave them to warm into life when the leaves shoot forth upon which they subsist. Innumerable are the ways by which nature preserves the various genera and species of the zoological world. A warm day in mid-winter not unfrequently brings out to view house flies, wasps, &c., as every observing housewife can testify from her own observation."

The Prince at Home.

The young Prince—once our Prince—has reached home again, we are glad enough to learn, after a long voyage of twenty-seven days. They calculated to make the voyage back in fourteen, at the outside; but a succession of fogs and head winds rendered that calculation a matter altogether beyond the disposal of even nautical science. At length, however, he has been returned safely to his father and mother, and is, by this time, busy at his studies in Cambridge. Well, it will not be long now before we shall be hearing all the stories of his tour of our country, including those of the impression made on his mind in different localities. We shall know what he thinks of a prairie, and what he likes about New York and Boston. Should it be within the decrees of Providence to bring him to the throne of England, there is no estimating just what sort of a twist this visit to our shores may give his views and his policy. It is clearly better for the people that their rulers should be informed of the world and its ways through their own organs of sense, than be always imprisoned in the walls of a diplomacy that aims to cheat rather than serve.

Winter Prospects.

There are, as usual, all sorts of predictions relative to the winter before us, and probably they are all about as reliable as they ever were. But that makes no difference with the always welcome predictions themselves. Somehow, we seem to have a fancy for a person who pretends to make more or less study of the weather. We look upon him as one of nature's favorites, to whom she communicates her secrets. This class of men are ever welcome to us, and we love dearly to sit down with them and listen to their weather-wise talk. Some say that we are to have an open and pleasant season of it; they pretend to their superior wisdom by knowledge of the habits of animals especially, picking up such significant hints as squirrels and birds throw out for the eyes of any close observer; showing that they are no wiser, after all, than even the lilies of the field, or the diminutive creatures of the forest. We hope these predictions may prove to be something more than mere guess-work, for the sake at least of the poor and destitute.

Congress.

Warm times at Washington. We expected it. We couldn't well see how it was to be otherwise. The representatives assembled from their different States, their feelings already wrought up to an extraordinary pitch of excitement, and less prepared than ever before to be calm and considerate when only calmness and consideration will answer. The talk, at this day, about coercing several States to stay in the Union in case they have resolved to go out, is idle and foolish; let the *legitimacy* of secession stand as it may, the *power* of States to attempt it has now been pretty generally conceded. But we are hopeful of better arguments than brute force, and of more rational conduct than goes with passion. If men will talk candidly with one another, they will be mutually understood all the better. There is no other way by which this, or any, Union can be made to hold together, and through this present lesson, it may be, our people are being made to find it out. It will be well for us, indeed, if we can find stronger links of fraternity than those of law.

Genius and Talking.

It doesn't follow that because a man can write his own tongue elegantly, and with simplicity and precision, he is therefore an expert in the art of conversation; not at all. On the contrary, we have many examples of men of genius whose lives proved just the contrary. It is pretty much as Addison once remarked to a lady who was a little inclined to taunt him with his sluggishness in conversation—"Madam," said he, "I confess I have no small change about me, but I can draw on my banker for you for any number of pounds!" Here, now, is a list of geniuses, with their capabilities as talkers—Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was either taciturn or satirical. Butler was either sullen or biting. Gray seldom talked or smiled. Hogarth and Swift were very absent-minded in company. Milton was very unsociable, and even irritable, when pressed into conversation. Kirwin, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourses. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse, and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then he was the model of poetry. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humor satirical and reserved. Corneille in conversation was so insipid that he never failed in wearying; he did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. Ben Jonson used to sit silent in company and suck his wine and their humors. Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticisms. Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox in conversation never flagged; his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr. Bentley was loquacious, as was also Grotius. Goldsmith "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor poll." Burke was entertaining, enthusiastic, and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial dandy. Leigh Hunt was "like a pleasant stream" in conversation. Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly demurs.

All about Frogs.

How little, at most, the majority of us know of objects and phenomena that are directly under our noses! There is the creature called the Frog, for example: who has studied his ways as far as they will admit of? A writer to Chambers' Journal says of them, that male frogs make the most noise, being furnished for that purpose with a kind of bladder in the neck, or double action bag pipe; but then the voice of the female is the hoarsest and most aggravating. When, however, intent on doing the agreeable, they have another tone of voice—soft, sweet and plaintive, like a bell heard in the stillness of a summer evening, from which some naturalists have inferred that it is only the married couples, and old maid and bachelors, whose voices are so harsh and grating, the courting and honey-moon being pitched in a different key. Although frogs have no tailors, or milliners' bills, they follow the fashions in having a new suit every week or fortnight during the summer, and in casting off the skin as frequently. They are admired as food not only by Frenchmen and gourmands, but by eels, pike, trout, aquatic birds, hawks, owls, moles and weasels. Those most esteemed by epicures frequent deep, clear pools, and are not easily caught by hand.

He Certainly Had Him.

It makes one laugh to see the many ways men take to rid themselves of honorable obligations. Some men are too mean even to pay the parson his marriage fee; but they sometimes find themselves "come up with," after all, as certainly has happened a young man in Wisconsin. The whole story is to be had in the following paragraph—at which the reader is at liberty to laugh as hard as he pleases:

Justice Walte, of St. Louis, lately came into possession of a dollar bill, upon the back of which the following had been written with a pen:

"This dollar bill, together with a miserably executed half dollar, was all that Mr. George H. Cox, of Oshkosh, Wis., gave me for marrying him to Miss Celia Rice, on the 4th of October, 1859. The beautiful engraved certificate I gave them was worth fifty cents, and the recording of the marriage (according to law) cost twenty-five cents, leaving me but a quarter of a dollar with which to advertise it, and as the papers charge fifty cents for such advertisements, which would bring me in debt, I choose this more economical method of advertising said marriage, and letting the world know that Mr. George H. Cox and Miss Celia Rice are married according to law."

(Signed) HENRY REAGAN,
Pastor M. E. Church."

Which First?

Shall rational men go to fighting, and stop to reason afterwards—or shall they begin with reason and argument, and not entertain a thought of hostility until these are exhausted? Is this the nineteenth century, or the seventeenth? If there are differences between men, what surer and better way is there of healing them, than by a resort to the highest court known—the court of reason? Why do men fight at all, except to force one another to come to reason afterwards? Then why despair of such an appeal, in the first place? One would suppose that this bragging talk of forcing men to this measure and that had been given over, long ago; but lo! we hear it in plenty, even to-day. The old threats of violence are bandied as freely as if human nature had not grown intolerant of such things in all this time, and the old style was never going to be superseded by the new style! Whatever discipline comes to correct such errors, cannot be called too severe if it accomplishes its object.

The Man of Angles.

An acute observer, in the process of describing this creature so that he may not be mistaken of any one, says of him that in an omnibus he sits sideways in order to take up twice as much room as he has paid for, and when he wishes to be set down, he announces the fact by pulling the strap with a force which indicates a desire to drag the unlucky Jehu through the aperture. At table he obviously takes it ill when asked to pass anything, and signifies his displeasure by upsetting the dish which he passes. He is in his element in a crowd, where he amuses himself by exploring with his elbows the ribs of those around him, and by grinding their corners till they begin to think they've got a miller among them. As for the amenities of life, he'll none of them. Long practices has made him familiar with the vocabulary of grievous words.

A Powerful Mind.

One of the most important, but one of the most difficult things for a powerful mind is, to be its own master. Minerva should always be at hand, to restrain Alcibiades from blindly following his impulses and appetites, even those which are moral and intellectual, as well as those which are animal and sensual. A pond may lie quiet in a plain; but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it in.

Poet's Dream.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

CONSCIENCE—As there has been much speculation concerning the poem purporting to come from the spirit of Edgar A. Poe, and delivered through my organism, I would give a brief statement of the facts in relation to the manner in which I was controlled. Sabbath evening—a week previous to the delivery of the poem—I was entranced, and a spirit, claiming to be Edgar A. Poe, first made known his intention to communicate, through my agency, with mortals. After this, during that week, I was often made aware of his presence, both while in the company of others, and alone by myself, and several times, also, in the middle of the night, when I was awakened from my sleep repeating snatches of poetry, which I felt consciously impressed were emanations from this same source. His psychological influence caused me to feel restless and uneasy, and inclined me to depart from my usual course of action, though this seemed to arise more from my inability to receive his influence readily than from any peculiar characteristic of his own. Communicating through my vocal organs to others, he said that because he found somewhat of the poetical element in me, the construction of my mind favored his purpose, but my physical strength was not sufficient to sustain his influence. After delivering the poem, Sabbath evening, my energies were almost entirely prostrated. The next day, in consequence of the reporter's not being able to obtain the whole of the poem, I passed again into the trance state, and delivered it in nearly the same words, which were carefully written down as they were spoken.

This is as clear and concise an account as I can give of the matter. Why this peculiar influence should have come to me, I cannot tell. Previous to this time, I knew comparatively nothing concerning the history or character of Poe, and can most solemnly affirm that I have never read but one of his poems—"The Raven"—and even that I have not seen for many years. Scarcely any other poet could have been mentioned with whom I am not more familiar. I make this statement because it has been desired by many. To myself these peculiar influences are a mystery; but I trust that the future revelations of Spiritualism will make all things apparent, inasmuch as we are eventually to be "guided into all truth." Yours truly,

Philadelphia, Dec. 5, 1860.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

SLEEP.

BY J. ROLLIN M. EQUIRE.

Forgetful, in the rosy arms of sleep,
The world was hushed; forgetful did I say?
Nay, rather do the souls of mankind reap
The joys we dream, in some realm far away.
Sleep is creative, its creations true,
And actual its visioned shapes of bliss;
The joyous soul flies back, the ether through,
From worlds unknown to wakeful sense of this.
And paints such pictures in the realm of thought,
That while each nerve thrills with a new delight,
We mourn that Time's impending chain is wrought
In alternating links of day and night—
Forgetful I say—in sleep, in scenes above,
We clasp again the lost ones of our love.

Vulgar Practices.

Why are not our people more generally particular in their conduct and manners in public places? We boast enough, certainly; but what does it all amount to? What is the sum and substance of our assumed superiority over the people of other countries, if we cannot prove that assumption by our manners and practices? The *Spectator* holds forth on this matter at considerable length, and in a just spirit, too; and it says of our folks, among other deserved things:—

"Go where you will, on board of any steamboat or rail-car, and you witness the disgusting habit of crowding every variety of unhealthy mess, nuts and candles, that may be offered by traveling hawksters, and immediately it is transferred to some human mouth. It would almost seem that everybody in America is half starved; the howling, munching, spitting and tooth-picking, has become disgusting to every decent foreigner. Nature requires food periodically; there is no mistaking the call; when hungry, the stomach and salivary glands are prepared for it. As a general rule, instinct indicates what is wanted, and when it is wanted; and whoever habitually eats whenever food of any description is placed before him, will never reach middle life in health. Even animals know better, for when their hunger is appeased they will stop."

Spiritualist Register for 1861.

Reports for the Fifth Annual SPIRITUALIST REGISTER, for 1861, must be sent in before the 25th of December, as the work will go to press the 1st of January. This Register is the only work of the kind ever published, embracing complete statistics of Spiritualism in America, the names and addresses of all known public lecturers and mediums, the number of believers, list of books and papers, brief compend of facts, philosophy, reforms, etc., counting-house and speakers' almanac for 1861, and should be in the hands of every believer, and freely circulated among inquirers and skeptics. A neat pocket manual of thirty-six pages. As none are printed except to supply cash orders, those who need the Register must send their orders, with cash, in advance. Mailed free. One hundred for \$5; fifty for \$3; fourteen for \$1; ten cents single. Address, Uriah Clark, Auburn, New York.

A New Version.

Among all the glowing tributes that have been paid to our national Thanksgiving Festival, we have stumbled on none that has such a sort of "over the left" expression as one in "verse by Quill," of the Boston Post. It runs in this wise:

Great Thanksgiving—best of holidays!
Although invented by our pilgrim sires
To kill the "Popish Saints," and Christmas fires—
I sing a solemn sonnet to thy praise!
Great is Thanksgiving in our Yankee nation,
For sermons—far more politic than who!
For eating turkey, geese and pumpkin pies,
For visiting and social recreation,
A day for walking, riding and romancing,
For acting freely, heartily and oddly,
And what our fathers would have thought "ungodly,"
A very special day of mirth and dancing.
In everything—among all crowds and ranks,
Great is Thanksgiving—save in giving thanks!

Little Fellows.

The Foreign papers furnish the following very small item of news: Four of the smallest horses in the world have been lately taken to Windsor Castle for the purpose of being shown to Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, which the proprietor had brought from Africa. These diminutive animals were not placed in regular horse boxes, but were standing in a compartment side by side with the grooms to whose charge they were committed. They are entire horses of perfect symmetry, well matched, being all of a color, dark brown, and the highest of them barely thirty-one inches in height. Wonder how many horses of that size Victoria would give her kingdom for?

Garibaldi in America.

In the *Kleberbocker Magazine*, Gaylord Clark furnishes a pleasant reminiscence of the Italian hero, like this:—"When Garibaldi was in this country he used frequently, in summer, to come up to Huntington-on-the-Hudson, to see his friend Avestana, and was usually there over Sunday; occasionally he would 'drop up' to 'Dobb, his Ferry,' a lovely mile's walk; and there it was, on the Monday morning steamer to town, that we often saw him; also, at the beautiful cottage of our dear departed friend, S. D. Dakin, with whom he sometimes dined and passed an evening. Our friend's love of Italian literature, which he read with ease and treasured with delight, and Garibaldi's history, modesty and pre-eminently accessible intelligence, made him a most cherished visitor."

Better than Us.

Emerson says, with his usual point and plith, in relation to making acquaintances—"It is the great event of life to find, and know, and love a superior person; to find a character that prefigures heaven and the saints on earth. Such a one is left alone, as the gods are. In all the superior persons I have met, I notice directness, simplicity, truth spoken more truly, as if everything like obstruction and malformation had been trained away. What have they to conceal? What have they to exhibit? Between simple and noble persons there is always a perfect understanding. They recognize at sight, and meet on a better ground than the talents or skill they chance to possess, namely, sincerity."

Life and Death.

The Boston Spiritual Conference is discussing the subject of *Life*—the New York Conference is discussing the subject of *Death*. Life is spirit rising; Death is matter falling.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

MRS. E. A. OSTRANDER AT ALLSTON HALL,
Sunday, Dec. 2, 1860.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

The medium gave her theme of discourse as the difference of opinion which the world is exercising, comparing the opinions with the theology the world has cherished for a long time.

She said; Religion is not theology. Religion is the promptings of the heart, while theology never has had the first glimpse of it. Theology, like politics, has grown out of the temporary necessities of the people—the results of a certain phase of ideas, which were of use in their time, but of no other use at this day than to serve as landmarks of thought. As Spiritualists, you have ideas which the past had not, and so you shall give them to the future as the marked characteristics of your day and time.

The day of theology has passed; and, though it has still a certain kind of influence, it is not one properly belonging to the people of to-day. If theology would give the world permission to investigate it, and seek to understand it, there would be no necessity for the present dispensation of Spiritualism; for Spiritualism comes not here to tell you where the spirits live, or how they fare, but to show you the glory of God, and the necessity of the true development—to establish the principle of light and love, which bring society into harmony, and lead the mind to resolve upon a higher course of life.

Now, in taking up the subject of Religion and Theology, we make religion the prompting spirit of all love and truth in the universe. If you take this view and explanation of religion, you find we have large scope, for our ideas of religion must extend as far as all humanity.

Religion does not necessarily confine itself to ceremonies or forms, nor accept any of the dogmas of the olden times. Religion, as a life-principle, is innate in the heart, and endowed with the free nature of God; and there can be no such thing as a nature devoid of the love and guardianship of God. He permeates every human soul to some extent. Religion is the purest aspiration of every nature—desire to live out the good and true.

The narrow limit of creeds has set aside a certain class of God's creatures from him, and has never acknowledged the enthusiasm with which heathen and barbarous nations avow their praise and love of Jehovah.

I care not what may be the peculiar character of thought, so long as in its purity it seeks to express itself after its highest conviction. Had the world received the entire truth and purity of God's teachings, there would be none to doubt God's love and goodness and power to provide for his own.

The Christianity which has been promulgated so long, is not one to open the hearts of humanity, for it has been so distorted and loaded down with rotten creeds and stony dogmas, that it has become less a reviving than a stupefying power. A few have thought for the many; and they have, by appeals to the superstition and fears of the masses, made them slaves to creeds degrading to the sympathetic nature of man, and bowed them to forms and ceremonies in base abjection.

We have no objection to homage rendered to Christ, when it is done in love and not idolatry, nor to your formal prayers when there is a good ruler of your common sense to guide them to the heart of God.

But you cannot deny the truth that theology has been one of the greatest engines of despotism the world ever bled under. Believe this: when there is anything before you which will not bear investigation, you cherish that which will yet fall you—your reliance upon a treacherous foundation. Spiritualism stands on its own merits, whatever they are, and challenges investigation. But theology looms up a bloody monster—a screen for fraud and deception, and the enemy of all goodness and purity; deny it, who will. Theology stands forth as a wonderful work of thought, made up of the power, force, cunning and deception which the world has mixed into its conception of Deity. Theology should be banished from the churches; and when religion takes its place in your churches, angels will be welcomed back to earth, and all there is of goodness and purity will become a part of religious culture.

If men would learn how dependent they are upon God, and how little in themselves, they were, they would have come to understand God in purity of truth.

We ask you to bear in mind the distinction between religion, Christianity and theology. The theologian is made in the school. The religious man is trained in the heart of nature and God. The Christian is one abounding with the spirit of Christ. The Christian, living out of the love and truth of the Father, shall go forth declaring the truth, and drawing many unto it. He shall not ask for a place, but go forth to take it. Religion shall promote so much of charity, love and good will, that the world shall see its innate glory and Godliness. To the theologians, we will allow their misty creeds, and allow them the place they hold; for in the economy of God they are working out the

other's highest will in every instance, and ever occupy the place the Father designed.

The worship of Christ will give man the true spirituality which shall bring upon earth a pentecostal feast. It will give a supremacy to the immortal harp of life immortal, and shall bring the millennium of peace and good will among men. Thus shall Christianity become the agent of the spirit world. The world has never yet really understood what Christianity was. But as the world is becoming negative to its high estate, will it be understood in its genuineness. We are destined to come to the Christian world if it will not come to us, and tell you more of the nobleness of your power.

Good will to man is religious. It is the greatest test of Christianity. The great fault of the world has been, it could not see Christianity save beneath the shade of creeds. It could see no religion in those who followed the example of Jesus, and went about doing good, healing the sick, and fulfilling missions of love—if perhaps they did not fully believe Jesus was God—however truly and purely they lived.

Words amount to much with some; but I cannot see how a God who controls the world with immutable and fixed laws, can be influenced by a few spoken words to change his purposes. We cannot see how the words of mortals can affect the mind of the Infinite. But if you believe they do, and it makes you happy, do not give up because I do not agree with you. God has given you reason, and you should investigate every subject that can be brought within its scope. The mind is never satisfied. It is always reaching forward for that which is to come, in the future just beyond. All are teachers to each other, and the spirit-world works through mortal instruments. All religion strives to do is, to investigate and understand the true principles of life. Certain faculties have heretofore been stimulated, and others have been repressed. This religion will necessarily redeem the mind from the bondage it is struggling under. God's truths are universal—not partial, and men receive them on demand, for they are broadcast and free.

Spiritualism has brought this glorious truth to man. As you sprang from God, his divinity is within you; and as you came from him, to him you are bound, and must return. You cannot acknowledge God by admission or consent of a code of ideas. God must be acknowledged by the whole man, and all we do must be with fidelity to the creative power.

Then when the good time coming of Spiritualism is ushered in, and every nature lives up to the promptings of humanity, all will be pleasantness and beauty, and you will reject the ideas of the Past as unworthy garments. They were servile in their time, but when you outgrow them, they are discarded as naturally as they were before accepted.

EVING DISCOURSE.

In the evening, the medium requested that those in the audience who wished her to speak on any particular subjects, should hand them in in writing to the Chairman of the meeting, who would read them, and from them the controlling influences would select their theme. Many responded to the call; and when they were read, the medium said there must have been a sympathy of thought between the writers of them, for they all bear more or less directly upon the question that is so much agitating the public mind at this time—the question of "Evil." Many strong minds have talked and many gifted ones written upon it, and many have received communications from the Spirit-world upon the subject. Spirits come through mediums and give their speculations upon this subject, but they do not come to do your work for you. They come to suggest ideas—and leave you to develop them; they sow seed for you to nourish and cultivate. But the idea that they come to work out the problem of life for you, we cannot for a moment allow you to enjoy. From the suggestions we give you, we leave you to develop your ideas and receive the lessons.

We feel there can be no such thing as positive evil on earth. As all power is God, and God is all good, we cannot find where evil commences. We know the world is full of this thought, but we think we can trace the idea back to where it legitimately had its rise. We look back over the world, and through the traditions and legends of all the old nations, and to this principle find a common origin. They all attributed to a principle of evil everything they could not comprehend or understand. In the thunderbolt and lightning's flash, they read the dissatisfaction of the God of the sky. Earthquakes and tornadoes were thought to be the destroying power of Deity at work in humanity; and when nature resumed her wonted office, the fierce Deity had become calm, and allayed his punishment. To our intellect, this view of Deity was the light of folly; but you do not see it as the offspring of an undeveloped idea, and that that undeveloped might naturally understand nature's law as acting for or against the will of man?

The great minds of the past saw evil existing in the natural world, socially, morally and politically; and the same idea, extended and purified, has come down to this day. They sought forms of expression for sin and evil, and their powers of reason, limited by the knowledge of their time, led them to attribute all disorders to some great, potent antagonist of Deity. Jesus of Nazareth inherited the ideas of the past, bleeding them with the inspirations of his intuitive nature, and he, like the men of old, saw evil in all things. The influences that came to him adapted themselves to his nature, as spirits actuate and affiliate with mediums to day. Thus his mind was not large enough to receive the teachings of the advanced dwellers of the spirit world; or, when they were breathed into his receptive nature, the world to-day does not know it, for he told his disciples he had much to tell them they could not bear yet. He exhibited at times an unprogressed and undeveloped nature—hardly in keeping with what is claimed for him—as, for example, when he cursed the fig-tree for not bearing him fruit.

To theological disquisition do we owe the speculation of the fall of man, and the consequent disaster to the human race, and the need of Christ's redeeming blood to wash away the sins of the world. But how can it be possible for evil to exist? Has any one found a place outside of Omnipotence? Does not the oneness of God take in devil, evil, sin, wrong, and everything? What is God, if he is not the perfection of life? and how and for what else do we know him? You are the creatures of God, and can do nothing outside of and behind God's law—rather, as God is all life, power and motion, what you do is God acting through an instrument of mind and body. So those things which seem, in their crudeness, to be unlovely, unfit, or superficial, are in time developed up to a proper place in the wise plans of God. That which seems to be an obstacle in your way to-day, will in the future be the point to which you will look back and give God praise for, as one of your truest and greatest helps toward ultimate progress and development in the higher plane of life.

The human being abhors from suffering; but we know its sharpest pangs are those which bring a more exalted weight of glory to the progressing spirit; for every pang of suffering produces a better appreciation of life. It is but the bitter of life which alone can make us realize there is the sweet. How could you appreciate the sunbeam but for the clouds which sometimes obscure it; how could you enjoy social life but for its sometimes discords and harmonies? So the bitter experiences of the human heart tell you of the wealth of love nature folds in her embrace. God is working through every condition of spirit and material life; and everything done by humanity is a step toward a realization of the God-life. Sometimes humanity slips in its steps and struggles to regain them; but the next step is firmer planted. When you can separate one atom of matter or banish one emotion of thought from the Universe, you annihilate Jehovah, and triumph over God Almighty. But as you can comprehend God's law, you are unfolding higher and higher toward Deity, and can better comprehend his love. There can be nothing wrong in a Universe where God is Jehovah.

We insist that ignorance and superstition are the parents of evil. The wisdom of the nineteenth century has come to men more through the sufferings of the past than in any other way; and as we look forward to the future, we see all is well, for God is ruler. Everything in nature is well, for God cannot exist in his omniscience and omnipotence where aught is wrong. Hell is a myth, and all spirits miniature embodiments of God's love. Standards of minds change, and principles of life and action vary, but all are good, for conditions require this versatility, for there harmonious elaboration.

The mission of evil will soon be realized, and be seen to be all-important and glorious. It is by means of what we call evil, and in no other way that we progress. You may pride yourselves on no splitting upon the rock your brother did; but, day by day, you are made to go through experiences of trial and temptation which will advance your spirit. You may know that no praying can coax God to avert his will, or undo the result of violated law. Thus evil is for humanity's highest development. It is the gantlet through which we run to high good, and proves the highest impetus toward the individualization of human beings.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.—We shall publish in our next issue an entertaining story, entitled "THE LITTLE GIRL," by J. Rollin M. Squire. "A SPIRIT WRITING," by Clara Wilbur. The interesting "TESTS THROUGH MANSFIELD," which we recently announced, will appear in our next paper.

Taken by some one from this office, a manuscript on the "Causes and Cure of Insanity." Wherever has the same in his possession, or may have seen the said document, will confer a favor upon us by giving information where it may be found.

MEDIUMS WANTED FOR INDIA.—It will be seen, in reference to his advertisement, that Mr. Thomas Colman desires three or four reliable test mediums accompany him to India, where he has resided for the past thirteen years.

AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—The President says: "It will be great satisfaction to me to communicate the fact, since the date of my last annual Message, that a slave has been imported into the United States in violation of the laws prohibiting the African slave trade. This statement is founded upon a thorough examination and investigation of the subject. Indeed, it is a fact which prevailed some time since among a portion of our fellow citizens in favor of this trade, to have entirely subsided."

A physician in Cincinnati, Ohio, had, for some time past, been much annoyed, by depredations, who drank up the milk left at his doorstep at an early hour. One day recently he left an emetic in the pitcher, and as soon after the milkman had passed, the doctor found a policeman in a neighboring alley, "making his turns."

A minister who had received a number of calls, and could scarcely decide which was the best, asked the advice of a faithful old African servant, who replied: "Massa, go where do most debbles is."

Bunch like bunches, may I blame the daff, The Western gate be as the Orient bright, Life's latest drop like diamond sparkles, Late the glorious sphere that had no night! So, all of joy, I strike the trumpet shell, Oh, East Moon of the Year, to bid thee sweet farewell!

LEGISLATIVE PUNISHMENT.—Wilkes Angel has been elected to the Assembly from Allegany county. There an Angel in the House, but the devil is in the Senate. (N.Y. Telegraph.)

PONDERABLE SUMMER.—Secession. "YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS" ADAPTED TO THE PRESENT ORIENT. "We take no note on time." "SHOCKING" MURDER.—Taking a live oyster for its shell.

CONVENTING.—The death of Queen Mary, and coronation of Elizabeth, wrought the "instantaneous conversion" of seven-eighths of the English clergy from Popery to the Protestant faith.—*Examiner.*

How much were they benefited by the change? "Perhaps Brother Jonathan does not carry his law in his pockets," said a drawing Yankee in dispute with an Englishman, "but all the difference between him and John Bull is, that Brother Jonathan always has his hands in his own pockets, while John Bull has his in another man's."

A daughter of Gen. Moreau, so well known and Napoleon I., and baron of the empire, died in hospital of St. Jean, a few days since, in Brussels where she had lived for many years in extreme poverty.

Greenfield is a good place to get married in. Eau Claire is entitled to fifty dollars from the Sm. charities—an excellent and a "peculiar" institution.

A MINUTE. The rainbow's thus, how beautiful they, And yet how transient in their stay! Amid the varied colors bright, I deem, then turn from our sight, These earthly joys dissolve; to be sure In heaven above true joys endure.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE GARIBOLDI.—Another attempt has been made to assassinate Garibaldi. Neapolitan officer on his staff fired a pistol at him in his room. The shot was rendered innocent by a officer present knocking up the assassin's arm while in the act of firing, and the ball lodged in the rear Garibaldi, without moving from his seat, ordered the assassin to be deprived of his sword, and then to him to be gone. The villain is said to have confessed that he had been two months seeking an opportunity to take Garibaldi's life. Garibaldi is watched over and protected from harm by the angels.

This following Fourth of July toast should be heeded by everybody:—
"OUR COUNTRY"—Our country right or wrong when right, to be kept right; when wrong, to be right.

A newly married couple, some years since, took their abode in Poplar street, Philadelphia. At breakfast, the morning after their entrance, the gentleman said to his bride, "My dear, this is Poplar street, and by putting in a (yes) it becomes popular." "Ah, what will it become by putting in a (no)?"

David Dale Owen, son of Robert Owen, and brother of Robert Dale Owen, died recently in Indiana. He was a man of considerable scientific attainments, and particularly noted as a geologist.

F. L. WARDEN. In his travels through the West, the coming year, will have with him a good selection of liberal and reform books, among which will be found the writings of Robert Dale Owen, A. B. Child, A. J. Davis, H. C. Wright, Theodore Parker, Thomas Paine, etc. He will sell to all who may wish, in California where he may be called, at Boston retail prices. He will also take subscriptions for the BANNER.

An old Scotch Presbyterian servant was induced by her mistress to attend an Episcopal Church, where the furniture and music were of the most elaborate character, and was asked how she liked it. "Oh," she replied, "it's vana bonny, vana bonny; but oh, my lady, it's an awful way of spending the Sabbath."

Excess is incompatible with health and happiness. New counterfeits of the Jewett City Bank, Jewett City, Conn., of the denomination of ten dollars, are in circulation. The plate is entirely different from that issued by the bank. One of the characteristic marks of the counterfeit is the head of Washington in the lower corner, with the figure ten just above.

It pleases time and fortune to the heavy Upon a friend of mine, who, in his blood, Hath stepped into the law, which is just death To those that get into the law, which is just death.

Professor Brownson is kicking out of the Catholics there. Bishop Hughes is after him with a big whip.

CON. BY A COLORED CHEMIST.—Why is so small of a bottle of Lubin's Extract as it comes up, like Chirido's? Kase's is a Deodorant.—*Vanity Fair.*

CAPT. WILLIAMS' WHALING VOYAGE.—This exhibition still continues to draw crowded houses at the Melodeon. The Captain's explanations of the features of a whaling voyage are elaborate and interesting, giving one in a couple of hours nearly as much information concerning the subject as an entire voyage would furnish. In the course of his lecture, the Captain makes a boat with his crew of old sailors, and they go through all the manoeuvres of chasing, capturing and securing a whale. The Captain is enthusiastic and intensely interesting in his delineations of the panorama.

The magazine of the Spanish frigate at the Navy Yard in Brooklyn, N. Y., exploded on the 6th inst., killing two or three persons and horribly wounding ten or twelve others. She was set on fire, but the flames were extinguished before doing great damage. The quantity of powder in the magazine was small.

NEWSPAPERS.—Napoleon Bonaparte used to say that "four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a hundred thousand bayonets."

ROCK ME TO SLEEP. Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight Make me a child again, just as I was, when I first came back from the heavenly shore. Take me again to your heart, as of yore, Kiss me from your forehead the furrows of care, Smooth the frowns of my brow, and my hair, Over my slumbering form your loving hand keep; Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep! Backward, turn backward, O Time of years! I am so weary of toil and of tears— I have grown weary of dust and decay, Weary of clinging my soul-wearied away— Weary of howling for others to rock; Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Man was especially created for the performance of duties, and to the extent that he neglects to become useful to his fellows, he disturbs the harmony and effectiveness of his nature, and in that very proportion he excludes from himself the happiness which might have been his portion on earth.

MARRIED. In Portland, Me., Nov. 5th, by S. L. Carleton, Esq., Mr. PHILIP CHAMBERLAIN to Miss ANNE E. LORR, all of P.

DIED. On the afternoon of the 31st inst., ANTHONY FLETCHER, youngest son of Mary and George M. Fletcher, of Melrose, passed into higher conditions of Spiritual life. The closing hours of his earthly career were illumined by the presence of angels, and his ascending spirit was embosomed in sweet visions of celestial love and unity. A numerous concourse of relatives and friends attended the occasion of his funeral obsequies, and our inspiring powers discoursed on the ever-enduring home of man's immortality. Adieu dear Anthony, a fond adieu!

Thy cheek shall bloom with heaven's rose, Thy eyes shall glow with light divine; God's love will wrap thee in repose, And everlasting joys be thine.

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Coughs. The great and sudden changes of our climate are fruitful sources of pulmonary and bronchial affections. Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stages of the disease, we enclose a few drops of our "Cough and Croup Syrup," to be taken at once, and the cough or irritation of the throat be over, or at least, by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually averted off.

EXTRA CARPETS AT LOW PRICES.—The following invoices have just been received from the recent trade sales of English Carpets in New York: 50 pieces Royal Velvet, for 115 cents per yard; 100 pieces Tapestry Brussels, 85c. to \$1 per yard; 15 pieces Royal Brussels, \$1 to \$1.25 per yard.

These goods are warranted English, and are believed to be the cheapest fine carpets in the market. Also—100 pieces Floor Oil Cloth, of the celebrated satin and oiled finish.

Also—the new Electrotype Carpet, for 62 1/2c. per yard. Also, Kidderminster, Superfine and three-ply, of the most approved productions, are retained at manufacturer's prices by the New England Carpet Company, 75 Hanover street, opposite the American House, Boston, Dec. 1.

ADVERTISEMENTS. A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE. DR. ALFRED G. KALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, and author of the "Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle," may be consulted on the treatment of every form of human weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most protracted cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 250 West Boston Street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 1.

SIX LECTURES DELIVERED AT KINGSBURY HALL, CHICAGO, BY MISS EMMA HARDINGE, ON THE THEOLOGY AND NATURE. I.—Astronomical Religion; II.—Religion of Nature; III.—The Creator and His Attributes; IV.—Spirit—Its Origin and Destiny; V.—Sin and Death; VI.—Heaven, the Land of the Dead; VII.—The outlines of a plan for a Human Enterprise. Also, an Autograph and steel Engraving of Miss Hardinge, and brief History of her Life. Published in Pamphlet and in book form. The above will be ready on and after December 1st, 1880. Retail price, 50 cents. A liberal discount made to the trade. Friends of Progress, North, South, East and West, will please send their orders immediately. For sale wholesale and retail at M. M. HIGGINS'S Music Store, 117 Randolph street, Chicago, Ill. Dec. 15.

TO THE AFFLICTED! CHARLES H. CROWELL, Medical Medium, Rooms, No. 3-12 BRATTLE STREET, BOSTON, (Banner of Light Building.)

Mr. C. is controlled by a circle of reliable Spirit Physicians, who will examine patients, give diagnoses of all diseases, and prescribe for the same. Those who reside at a distance and cannot conveniently visit his rooms, may have their cases attended to just as well by transmitting a lock of hair by mail, by which method the physician will come into magnetic rapport with them.

He will furnish patients with Medicines when required, prepared by Spirit direction, having superior facilities for so doing.

TERMS.—Examinations and Prescriptions, at office, \$1.00; family visits, \$2.00; by letter, \$1.00 and two three-cent postage stamps. Office hours, from 9 to 12 o'clock A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. Fully practices respectfully solicited. The best references given. August 18.

NOTICE.—MADAM ANDREWS, Independent Clairvoyant, can be consulted at No. 44 Salem street, Clairvoyant examinations \$1. She also has the Palm, Tarot and Future. Terms—Ladies 50c.; Gentlemen 60c. Hours, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Dec. 15.

MEDIUMS WANTED FOR INDIA. THE subscriber, a resident of India for thirteen years, but now absent for fifteen months, will again call for Calcutta about the first of February next. I am desirous of making arrangements with reliable mediums for the purpose of testing them in the various phases of spirit phenomena, to accompany me; and will donate a first-class cabin passage to each medium if approved as trustworthy and reliable. The mediums should be from domestic India or other countries. Apply to the subscriber in person, or, if by letter, address in care of Dr. N. B. Woods.

THOMAS COLEMAN, 18 Hyattsville, London.

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM! DR. JESSE AND HIS ASSOCIATES PAUL A. AND CHRISTIANITY—312 pages 12mo.—sent by mail for one dollar. Also, LOVE AND MARRIAGE: OR, HOW TO MARRY. BY THOMAS COLEMAN. 12mo. 12 pages. A small gilt-bound volume—sent by mail for nine letters. Address GEORGE STEARNS, West Acton, Mass.

DR. CUTTER'S IMPROVED CREST EXPANDING SUSPENDER AND SHOULDER BRACE. DR. CUTTER'S Braces for Ladies and Gentlemen, are superior in style, beauty of finish and durability, to any other brace ever made, and are an examination of them will prove. Dr. Cutter's Abdominal Supporters are sold by competent judges, to be the best in the market. Manufactured and for sale at wholesale by DR. CUTTER, 100 N. ALBANY STREET, Lowell, Mass.

N. E. We are the Manufacturers and Importers of the world-renowned Buckle Suspender, designed for Working Men, the cheapest, best, and most durable ever invented. Dec. 8.

THE NEW BRICK MACHINE. IS gradually extending over the United States and Canada. It is a simple machine, by means of which, by turning a small hand-crank, a brick is made in less than a minute. Address GEORGE STEARNS, West Acton, Mass.

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THE NEW BRICK MACHINE. IS gradually extending over the United States and Canada. It is a simple machine, by means of which, by turning a small hand-crank, a brick is made in less than a minute. Address GEORGE STEARNS, West Acton, Mass.

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The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER is claimed as spoken by the spirit who gave it, and is published as such. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communication to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and away with the erroneous idea that they are more than stars in the firmament.

We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses as much of truth as he perceives, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Answering of Letters.—As one medium would in no way suffice to answer the letters we should have sent to us, did we undertake this branch of the spiritual phenomena, we cannot attempt to pay attention to letters addressed to spirits. They may be sent as a means to draw the spirit to our notice, however.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to anyone who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 113 Bridge street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at half-past two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit, recognize, write us when it strikes, or corrects.

Friday, Nov. 25.—"I am the blood of Christ able to cleanse us from sin." William E. Pitts; Maria Moulton; Jack Lovering; Charles H. Davidson.

Saturday, Nov. 26.—"Why is Spiritualism called Modern Spiritualism—and how are we to investigate it?" Lyra to her friends; William Bowditch.

"Go and sin no more."

"If there is no sin among men, why did Jesus tell the woman to 'Go and sin no more?'"

This question we are called upon to answer this afternoon. We will inform our questioner that our answer will be brief, for our medium is unfit for use.

Every child of God our father, has his or her conception of Deity. One can see sin existing among men. Another sees no such thing; all is good, because God hath made all things, and thus they must of necessity be good. We are not disposed to cast aside as worthless the opinion of any child of God.

We are not going to say there is no such thing as sin among men, nor shall we say there is such an element existing among you. By the term sin, you have been taught to consider something evil—something not right—of the devil, that element in the theology, which comes from the devil, and returns to the same, there to pass years of endless torment. But the light of the law dispensation at once washes away this; and tells you are all heirs of God, destined to become happy—if not at this day, at some distant day. You shall cast off all that is erroneous, and thus become perfect beings.

Our questioner stands upon an old theological foundation. We perceive he believes in the damnation of souls who have sin written upon their countenance; and we see behind this there is a God coming forth to denounce that belief in due time, and we are not disposed to take that belief out of his soul, for that God is best adapted to the work.

According to the true opinion of those times, this woman committed a sin against the law of the time, and to the voice of the people cried out against her. The voice of God and the voice of the people are not always the same. The voice of the people is based upon the old forms; they are not willing to give up the old; and it is very hard for your Christians to come from their old tenets and take on a new religion, for they have grown strong in their faith.

"Go and sin no more," said the spirit through Jesus. He might have said, "Go, and henceforth obey the law of your country; stand apart from that which has led you into temptation, and sin no more against the law of your country and against the law of your physical body. There are spiritual laws and physical laws, and these two are distinct from each other. According to our understanding, the woman sinned against the law, the flesh and the devil. What is the devil? That voice that orients out against all that cometh into the ranks of men which is against their old faith.

The children of our Father have much to do to understand the sayings and doings of Jesus of Nazareth. Many crosses they must bear, on the desert of life. And when the crosses rise before them are they to go to the outside world to gather strength? No, but inside, that they may gather power.

Now, when the evil existing among you come within your sphere, what are you to do? If you are weak, they will overcome you, and if you are strong you will overcome them, and you will gather from them their strength. Turn away, and seek the God within you if you have sinned. Where shall you go if not to that—in the world, to the flesh, or the devil? No; but to the God within, who will always lead you right.

To us, sin is an angel, clothed with monstrous garments. The darkness of the past hath clothed the angel thus. When once the individual turns within his own temple, and gathers strength from thence, he will be enabled to look at that which men call sin, with firmness not such as is found in the Church, but such as is found in the law of each individual.

Now, then, according to the age in which the woman lived, she did sin; but you are not to suppose Jesus of Nazareth denounced the woman—that he told her she had sinned against her God. Suffering was pictured upon her countenance, and why? Because the people cast the hideous garment of sin upon her. Instead of giving her the mantle of charity, they cast her out, that she might become more weak. But Jesus, by his kind feeling and his kind words, imparted of his strength to her. Even in his words, "Go and sin no more," there was a rebuke to that healing soul. Were they true with bitterness and scorn? No; but with a kindness and love that none but a perfect God could give.

There is not one in or out of the body who is not capable of bestowing the same gifts upon humanity that he bestows. If each individual hath this power, why is it not used? "Is because you fear to unrobe the angel sin, divesting her of that cold morality that robs her with. When the monster called sin cometh into your midst, in the name of heaven give her some other name. Call her an angel standing at the left hand of God, if you please, and if you stand at God's right hand, offer her your right hand of fellowship, and you shall then view sin as it is, and not as it is supposed to be.

When our kind Father first breathed intellectual life into these mortal organs, surely he pronounced that life good and perfect; but man from out the external world hath clothed it in garments stern, and unbecoming, and the people cry out, "sin and the devil exist among us." Death reigneth continually in the mortal form, but because Death has set her seal here, are you to suppose there is not immortality here also? No; you are not to suppose this; but according to your own law of life, do you feel and know that you are immortal—that although Death is with you, immortality is also with you. So it is with sin; and beside the garment which morality hath put about this angel, you may see standing an angel of God, who will soon recompense you for all you shall lend him of your strength. Give but one cup of water to this thirsty soul, and the spirit of Eternal Wisdom oriseth out, "You have given it unto me." Oh, then, in the name of that spirit of goodness which upbraideth none because they walk in unpleasant paths, give likewise. Forgive, not because if you do not you will offend Deity, but because it is right to do so.

While men are covered by this garment they are weak, and you who are the strong should give of your strength. Then shall the devil see beneath countenance purified from its crystals created in the image of God.

Jacob Coverly.

I was not much used to talking, but I want you to do me a favor, if you will. I waited most three months, and I just thought I was not going to get a chance at all.

I am sixteen years old—that is, I was sixteen when I died. I died a year, and a little better. I

feel bad about the throat. I had a pain in my throat, and I did not speak for four days before I died, nor swallow anything but water.

I belonged to Prince Edward's Island. I've got an aunt living there, and she's the nearest relative I have, except a brother, who is a deal older than me.

I do not know, sir, what I wanted to come here for; but I did want to come, and I did not want to come. I went unceremoniously in the summer, and in the winter I went to school some.

I do not want you to think I died at home, for I did not; I suppose I died in Boston. I thought then I was seventeen to go to sea, and I thought I'd look round. I stopped with a man, by name of Lowe, in Fleet street.

Will you tell my brother I am back here? His name is David Coverly. My name was Jake, or Jacob. They always called me Jake. Aunt used to say the folks were so poor they could only give us one name.

Shall I push out, sir? Yes, sir, I'm ready, for I don't like staying here very well. Nov. 20.

Charles T. Burgess.

I don't wish to find fault, sir, but I visited you some six months since, and wrote all I could at that time to my friends in Connecticut. By some mistake the letter was destroyed, and not published.

I died of consumption, that worst of all diseases. I was sick some months. Previous to my being brought low by it, I was developed as a medium, and became a believer in Spiritualism. In consequence of it I became, I hope, a better and wiser man. At all events, the things I once did I ceased to do, and devoted myself to investigating the new religion.

I cannot talk fast, for I have not as much strength as is necessary to control well. I wish to say I promised to come here soon as I could after death. I did so; but my short letter was considered of no account, and was mislaid or lost—at any rate, it never reached my friends.

I was married, and left one child on earth. My wife is with me, or dead. She is not exactly with me. She left the body before I did. I was near twenty-three years old.

I suppose it is just to say that before I was a believer in Spiritualism I was not what the Christian world would consider right, and I suppose my early excesses were the cause of my early death. Seeing this, I have some unhappy moments; but, looking beyond, and seeing an eternity before me, I do not mourn for what cannot be recalled. I would advise my friends to pursue a different course. If I made any mistakes in Spiritualism, I must atone for them.

I told one friend, before I left, that if I could I would come back. As I have not met with my appearance, he says it is all humbug. He better take that back, and investigate, when he will become somewhat acquainted with the difficulties we have to overcome. I did in reality come here six months ago, if he can believe me.

I should like to speak with the friends about the child; but I shall try to do my duty by all.

Perhaps you will recollect a short letter from Charles T. Burgess? If my friends are not satisfied with my coming here to-day, I will try to answer any and every one they may make. It was one of that unfortunate class of individuals called mediums, though I was not in public.

Don't forget to publish this. I seem to have been particularly unfortunate in getting hold of this mortal state of life; but they say those who are unfortunate in the morning will be fortunate in the evening, and come in for their penny at the eleventh hour.

Laura Anderson.

My mother lives in Princeton, New Jersey. I thought I was alone, with you. My name was Laura Anderson. I died with a lung fever. I was nine years old. My father's name is Frederick. My mother's name is Laura. I wish to send a letter there. I was told to say I came here by request. That lady's uncle helped me here. He looks just like my father. He is very tall, but not so tall as my father, for he is very tall. He is not dark, but light complexioned. He is very pleasant looking, his face thin, and he stoops a little. My father wears glasses. He goes to be excused from telling his name, but says, "Go and look on the books at the Tremont House." He is a funny man. He said I would see any one here. He makes me laugh, sir. When I first came here, I thought it was my father, and I spoke to him. He said: "Well, never mind, I'll help you." But I think he did wrong to tell me I should see no one here but you.

I almost forgot what I wanted to say now. My mother wanted me to tell whether she believes in Spiritualism. I think she doesn't, for she didn't believe I could come. But you tell her I am here.

The man who helps me, looked so much like my father, that I thought it was him. At first I was glad; but then I thought he had left my mother alone, and I was sorry. My father has spells of the bilious colic, and the doctors said he would be taken away in one of them, and I did not know but he had died suddenly, and I not know he was sick. The gentleman says he will adopt me, if I will go to him.

Abraham Hatch.

Well, I've shut the door, I've thrown away the key—now how am I to get in? I want to get in badly, but how am I to do it, after shutting the door, looking it, and throwing away the key?

I'll tell you what I mean. The last thing I remember of saying on earth was this: "If any spirit ever comes to you and purports to be myself, your father, don't you believe it." Now that has placed me in a bad situation; but I've nobody to blame but myself. Yes, I see a way by which I possibly may find a key. I happen to remember there was nobody present but my children, and I don't think they have told anybody else what I said. From the fact that I come here with these words, they may suppose it may be me, but I've told them not to suppose any such thing. Well, they say, God orders all things right—if he does, I suppose it is right that I said what I did, but it seems not to be now, for it seems as though all the angels in heaven were pushing me to come here.

I'm like the man who prayed this prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner." God help me to get out of this trouble, and I'll never get into a similar one.

My name was Hatch—Abraham Hatch. I lived and died at New Haven. I have a son Abraham, a son William, and a daughter Nancy. I have had two wives—they are with me. I was sixty-eight—going on sixty-nine years of age. I died, I suppose, what was called dropsy, but I think it might have been called consumption of the blood. The one thing that stares me in the face is that I have shut the door on myself. "Do not you believe any spirit that comes purporting to be me." If I had known what I know now, I never should have said those words. But I know I have got children and friends within, and I ask them to come out and see me, and if I don't place myself in a reasonable condition, it will not be their fault.

I was by trade a blacksmith. I hope some one will come and find a key to unlock the door for me. This is all I have to say to day.

Netty Chapin.

I want to send a letter to my father and my mother. My name was Netty Chapin. I was ten years old, and I died of inflammation of the throat and lungs.

My father and mother and myself once lived in Boston. My father and mother now live in California. I come to communicate about my little brother Samuel. If my father and mother take him out where father has gone, unless they are very careful, he will die. I never saw this little brother, for he was born after I left. I have communicated three times, but not here. Twice to my father. I wish so much to speak or write again, that I sometimes think I cannot be happy unless I do. If there was any one here I knew, my father, mother, or sister, I should say a great deal. I have a sister Lizzie. I should be about thirteen if I was here now, in my own body.

Please send this letter to Samuel Chapin, San Francisco, Cal.

Nov. 20.

Political Discussion.

"What do the Spirits think of the Southern Disunion Movement?"

We are to suppose our questioner has particular reference to that class of spirits who have laid off the external form.

In the beginning, we will advise our Northern questioner to remember at all times and under all conditions, that the South is the sister—a child of the same mother, born and nurtured under the same law with himself; and when he forgets this, he steps aside from his duty, and fails to render to a portion of his family that homage that is due to it. All men are governed, to a certain extent, by a law of self. They are continually reaching out to gather more into the kingdom of self, and they forget for the time being that they may in their haste trample upon some one of the children of the Great Father.

We consider the movement to be a child of the old Constitution of the United States—nothing more nor less; and the mother fondly pets her child, and cannot see the fault. We say it is a child of the Constitution of the United States, and that Constitution supports it. Now, understanding you of the North cannot see it to be so, yet it is so. The foundation of your nation's law says you shall support slaves; but at the same time it suffers them to exist under the yoke of slavery here. If it suffers them to exist, it does not prohibit their existence, and, therefore, according to our understanding, that which you are striving to exterminate by the law of force is fostered by your Constitution; and, believe us, you will never exterminate slavery by the law of force.

The Great Author of all life hath given for each sufficient for self; and instead of going South to see the wrong doing of your brethren there, why not suppress slavery at the North? For, believe us, by your works you are read and known by all men. And your Southern brethren do not fall to see that slavery exists with you as much as with them, only in a different form; and while they see you weighing the rod of iron over your fellows here, do you suppose your Southern brethren will be affected by your threats or your curses?

He who is truly patriotic, will first give ear to the voice within. If that voice does not accord with that coming from the old Constitution, how can there be peace? That foundation of your national law, and very well for the past, but, believe us, it must be remodelled for you of to-day, or war and discord will dwell in your midst. In it are the roots of the tree of slavery, and you may hew off the branches year after year, and it will exist, no matter how long you seek to crush it.

Go through your institutions of the North, and see if you cannot find slavery or its seeds there. See if you do not find that there which will spring up into slavery at some future day. Look at your manufacturing institutions, and see if there are no slaves there, toiling from early dawn to midnight.

In the name of God, seek to exterminate slavery among you, ere you go South. That slavery is an evil, we admit; that it is right for you to seek to exterminate it, we admit; but we do say, while you seek to exterminate it by the sword of injustice, it will continue to send forth its fire to burn.

The Bible, that foundation of religion that you call sacred, will countenance the holding of slaves. Read it by the light of reason and truth, and see if it will ease the yoke. See if you do not find something that authorizes the slaveholder to hold on to his slaves—if not by moral right, by your fabulous religious rights. Men are so prone to strike at the effect of things—to seek a cause. The wise man will apply something sufficient to exterminate the cause, and then the effect will cease. If that portion of God's children who are so zealous in the cause of liberty, would but glance at their surroundings—even their home circles—they should see that they should commence reform there—make clean their apartments.

The Southern disunion movement is but a voice standing up in the South, saying, "I have as good a right to enslave myself by my way and position, as you of the North have by yours. I but countenance slavery in one form; you in another. I do not interfere with your institutions; you must not with mine." Now if wisdom, love and charity had walked amid Southern slavery, would its power be stronger? No; but "thou shalt do this," never did effect anything, and never will. The evil may stand back for an hour, but in another it comes upon you with mighty effect. Then strike at once at your old Constitution—remodel it; then, instead of disunion, and a cry to disband, love, harmony and unity shall reign with you as a nation.

Nov. 21.

John Henderson.

I have tried to speak with my sisters and brother at home, three times. I succeeded, but imperfectly. I will here say, my home is in England—Manchester. I was asked to come to America, and to give some little facts relating to myself, and also what I had given at home, and I should be honored and welcomed also. I was in this country when I lost my body. I am not much acquainted with this country, and can't tell you much about what I saw here, having only been here about three months when I lost my body. The steamer took fire from some defect in the machinery—I have not ascertained by what, but was told by some of the hands on board that she had taken fire two or three times previous to her being burned up. The name of the boat was the Lexington, plying between New York and Stonington, I believe. I came to this country on a little business matter for a brother of mine. That brother is now in Manchester. By my accident and unexpected death, he lost half of his property, and became melancholy, and the folks say has not been himself since that time. I suppose he was worth perhaps a thousand pounds, not including that belonging to other members of the family. I am unable to say how this loss came about, except that papers of value were with me when I was lost. I suppose the loss of these papers was the cause of the loss of property.

I speak the truth, and when I have better learned how to manage things, I can do as I like. My brother has made a statement like this: "If I were sure my brother John could communicate with me, and did speak to me, I would be the happiest man living, and would devote the rest of my days to investigating the new religion; and if anything was in it, I would make myself more happy."

I will now tell my age and name, that I may be known. My name was John Henderson. The brother of whom I speak is William. I was thirty-one—in my thirty-second year at the time of my death. In early life, I got a scar on the head, very near the left temple, by accident, and came near losing my life at that time. This may go far to identify me to my friends. I was very healthy—had no sickness to speak of during my life. I was once made slightly sick by overeating, but I had nothing to speak of in that way. Our father's name was William—our mother's name, Mary Elizabeth.

Perhaps it may be well to say your youngest brother died at Melbourne, Australia. Our father and mother died at age 40. If I were talking with my brother and sister, I would think of things I do not now. As regards the manner of my death, I can give but little account of it, the scene is so very obscure. I have not so perfect as I wish. I know the cause of the disaster was fire, and that was occasioned by defect in the furnaces. I suppose a little fear is a very good agent in keeping suffering from us. If we have an overstock of fear, it cuts like a glass of liquor; we are not in full rapport with the trouble around us. I left Liverpool the last week in September, to come to America. The brother I speak of was the last one I spoke to on leaving.

I will go now, as I can think of nothing more by which I may be known.

Nov. 21.

Alice Reardon.

I was burned to death, and have just got strong enough to come. I don't see what made me so careless. I was always careful before, but I believe the devil made me careless—oh, no; there ain't any devil. I want to say I'm safe, and that I can come and speak. I died just one week ago—it's now the twenty-first of November, 1860. It was the fourteenth day of November, and on days ago I was burned. We had a bottle of furniture polish—I don't know how it happened, but I lost the lamp on the shelf under it, and then I climbed up to get something, and overrode the bottle, and the stuff went

all over my clothes, and I was on fire, and breathed it in. My name was Alice Reardon. I lived in New York City. I have a mother and sister working in the mill at Lowell. I was nursery girl, in New York. They carried me to the hospital, I suppose. Oh, how could I tell them to send for them? I did speak of it, just as I was dying, for then I was easy.

My father was Irish, my mother American. I have one brother. My father was Catholic, my mother Protestant. What I came here for, is to get a chance to see my mother and sister. Oh, who can think of living in heaven when one has so much to think of? My mother's name is Catharine Reardon. The last place she worked that I know of, was in the Massachusetts Mills.

There was some trouble between my mother and sister and myself. It is of no use for me to tell what that trouble was, but oh, if I could have died at peace with them! Oh, it was suddenly sent to hell in this way! Well, it is hell to be where you cannot do as you want to do. I was born in Boston. I was seventeen years of age.

Nov. 21.

Josiah Willisey.

My name was Josiah Willisey. When I was fourteen, fifteen, sixteen and seventeen years old I was clerk in a store; at seventeen, I had trouble with my employer, who said I took what did not belong to me. He and I could not agree, and we had a smash up. I intended to keep in trade, but found it wouldn't pay, and went to sporting. I was five feet four, I think, dark-brown hair, blue eyes, full face—whiskers sometimes. I was in my twenty-third year, and have been dead since 1851.

A friend of mine, by name of Jackson, with whom I went to California, for some reason or other has been made to believe in this post-office or resurrection day, and has invited me back to tell what became of a certain paper which is of use to him. Well, I carried out a small leather trunk, and I suppose he has it. Well, I carried certain articles in a trap in the top of that trunk, and this paper or letter has slipped between the top covering of the trunk, and he will find it under that, if I'm not mistaken. The question will come, how did you find it was there? I can tell. I know the trunk got pretty well smashed up going out, and I can't say I lost quite a number of little articles, for I found them there. I got mine out by setting the trunk upright and shaking them down. I knew the letter was there; but as it was of no consequence to me, I let it remain.

Louisa and I were pretty good friends, but Joe and I were not.

My father and mother left when I was young. I've no brother, no sister, but I have an uncle living in Jersey, and cousins a plenty.

I believe Jackson has a sheep ranch somewhere on the American River. I should have left sporting after I got into something better; but I suppose it's well I wound up my worsted as I did.

Nov. 21.

Invocation.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, while we bend ourselves around about with the shadow of the intellectual kingdom, we thank thee that thou hast taught us to pray for those in the shadow; that by virtue of prayer they may enjoy the sunlight of thy love, and rejoice in thy bounty. Oh, thou Soul of all other souls, we thank thee for the beauty of our existence—the millions of souls who have rested in death. We thank thee that thy voice bids them come forth to rest in thy habitation. Alas they feel that thy hand is guiding them, thy voice calling them onward—that they are thy children, and thou their father. Oh, give thy sons and daughters dwelling in humanity willing hearts and open ears. Give them to feel that, however stained the soul, that soul is a part of thyself, and shall shine in glory in thy firmament. We will not ask thee to bless us, for thou art showering blessings upon us continually. Thy love never sleeps, thy mercy never dies, and though we wander in hell, we see the souls there basking in thy love. Though they suffer, let them feel that the dark garment is but the angel that shall unlock the doors and bid them behold better things.

God of wisdom, God of love, we ask no blessing upon those gathered here, for upon the altar in the innermost chamber of each soul we see thy blessings resting. For this we thank thee, in behalf of all, and wing our way to spirit-life.

Nov. 21.

THE SOUL'S SUNSHINE.

BY GEORGE STRAIN.

"What nothing earthly gives or can destroy—The soul's own sunshine and the heart's joy." [PREF.]

"'Tis good to rise above the fear of death, To penetrate the night of ignorance, To find that life is something more than breath; And know there is a greater God than Chance; To be assured, beyond a doubt or guess, That all will not return to nothingness."

"'Tis good to learn that man is not a bastard, That God himself is better than the Devil, That Despotism is destined to be mastered, That Fate is not a long ally of Evil—'Tis good for every imp of priestly terror To learn the truth which nullifies his error."

"'Tis good to halt the blessed light of life Dawning beyond the vanished smoke of Hell—To anticipate the end of mortal strife In well-land, where human angels dwell. 'Tis good to know of Man's immortal sphere: It gives the worthy from infernal fire."

"'Tis well the young expect to be adult, And seek the wisdom of a sage; Yet they who most in youthfulness exult Are the most ardent when they come of age. So men should prize the state of spirits grown As not to mar or misimprove their own."

"'Tis well to part the veil of mystery, And cherish hope concerning future good; To comprehend so much of *is-to-be* As puts an end to all solicitude. But Man's chief good is now to realize The Heaven below, not that above the skies."

There is a heaven for every sentient thing: The fishes find it in their watery plight; It meets the birds on every flitting wing, And every creature with an appetite. Or men or angels, grubs or butterflies, The heaven of each is that which satisfies."

Happy the brute that follows Nature's law, Grateful for life within its special sphere; Content as thrush to sing or crow to caw, Not over-curious of another's cheer. If birds would sound the sea and fishes roar, 'T were but to learn what both must soon deplore."

So 'tis with Man; his nature has a bound Which he may trespass but with detriment, Whereas within it only good is found: And when with this he learns to be content, He knows no guilt of which to be forgiven, And calls this sphere of human nature Heaven."

God is not partial; he is good to all: He gives to each a chance to earn his penny. There is no creature, however small, That will not grow to be as great as any. Even in a certain round of earthly ages, The animalcules turn to human ages."

Thus much to know and to do is needful, Ere man can set his longing heart to rest. To be of present blessings ever heedful, And follow Nature's order as the best; Aware that each with all is so united That every wrong must soon or late be righted. West Adon, Mass.

Correspondence.

A Medium to her Friends Everywhere.

It is sometime since I have communicated to you through this medium, but not one of you are forgotten. Oh, no! for I have a nice little gallery of types in my memory room, and although I did not take the trouble to attach the name to all, I know the heart just as well, when I see the face, as though the original bore a hundred names, and I had them all recorded. What a nice thought it is, that hearts need no appellation to designate them from each other, since all contain love from the same great fountain! And that, when we live for what the heart contains, we shall forget, almost, the necessity of having different names for the springs from whence it flows. I presume, dear friends, that were we to meet face to face, you would ask me the same old question, "How do you do—and how do you get along?" So I will anticipate, and answer you, as near as possible.

I suppose I enjoy what people would call comfortable health, but I am sure I should feel more comfortable if I felt better most of the time. I tell you I am tired; I want to rest! I guess weariness is my worst disease, after all. What have I to do? you ask. Goodness! I would to heaven I had the power of telling you all, but language cannot picture the labor of the soul, and is almost beggared when attempting that of the body.

However, I can tell you a few things I have to do. Keeping house on a small scale, I have to go through with the usual routine of housekeeping, when at home, and I hope all my sister readers know about that, if my brothers are ignorant. Then my husband and I wear clothing that has to be made and kept in running order; my fingers usually do the work. I am a kind of half-way settled minister, in this town, for the year, and as such am expected to call on the members of "our church," occasionally, or not fulfill my office according to the fashion. The remaining half of the year I am engaged in other places, where I have to go on Saturday, and remain until Monday, if not through the week, to visit some, where every day and evening. All this is mostly poor work, for while I am thus engaged externally, my mind is weaving many webs of various kinds for the constant applicants to my mental factory. Sometimes I get so weary, I think I won't speak again for anybody, but will go into business wholly of the external, and make money, so as to do something for somebody that is poor, when I get rich; but all the encouragement I get from embodied or disembodied spirits is, "Try it!"

I cannot seem to realize that I am doing any particular good in my present calling, only once in a while, when some grey-haired man or woman comes to me with kindly grasp, and tear-filled eyes, and give me their blessing and encouragement; or some weak one says, "You have given me strength, my sister; God bless you!" When these experiences come, I then feel that all I sacrifice of home, friends, health, everything, is nothing compared with the thought that I am doing somebody good, in a way to lead them up higher in their hopes, their aspirations. And I feel at such times as though I could calmly meet all the scorn that comes from the proud and ignorant—bear all the cares that such a life brings, and if need be, lay down my humble earthly life for the good of humanity.

I am satisfied that my best way of laboring for others is, to endeavor to make myself harmonious in all the relations I hold to the world, not stopping to inquire what "Mother Grundy" thinks of me, and thus losing time that might be better spent.

I assure you, my dear friends, the hardest lesson I have to learn is, what is right for me to do under all circumstances? It is a great question, and if any of you have learned just how to live aright, you could not confer a greater favor on me than to inform me how to live.

Many of you, good friends, have asked why I did not have my appointments

Pearls.

And quoted often, and jewels five words long,
That on the forehead late-begone of all things,
Byside forever."

Who sees the thorns beneath the crown
Upon a poet's head?
Who knows that some men sing to death
Some horrid haunting deed?
Who knows what darks beset their ways?
Who knows, who knows indeed,
So sweetest chains within the lay,
That scolding temples bleed?
Who knows how much they long to shrink
Misfortune's cruel eye?
Who knows what bitter wine they drink,
Who drink that poison cup?
Who knows, who in his song declares
That weary is the way,
In going up another's stairs,
Through many an unlikely day?
Ah, never say the poet writes
The sweeter for his pain;
'Tis false, the dying soldier fights,
A bloody field to gain.—(A. C. Ferry.)

The poet Rogers.

No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life, as not to receive new information from age and experience; forasmuch, that we find ourselves really ignorant of what we thought we understood, and so cease to reject what we fancied our trustiest interest.—(T. W. Higginson.)

There are two worlds wherein our souls may dwell,
Two mighty worlds by eager spirits sought;
One the loud mart wherein man buys and sells,
The haunt of groveling Moods, and shapes of Hell—
The other, that immaculate realm of Thought,
In whose bright calm the master workmen wrought;
Where genius lives on light,
And faith is lost in sight,
Where the full tides of perfect music swell
Up to the heavens that never hold a cloud,
And round great altars reverent hosts are bowed—
Alone appeared to Love that cannot die,
To beauty that forever keeps its youth,
To kindly Grandeur, and to original Truth,
To all things wise and pure,
Whereof our God hath said, "and I endure!"
Ye are but parts of me,
The Holy One, and the ever more To Be,
Of my supremest Immortality!"—(Paul H. Haynes.)

Life as well as all other things, has its bounds assigned by nature; and its conclusion, like the last act of a play, is old age; the fatigue of which we ought to share, especially when our appetites are fully satisfied.—(Cicero.)

Who then is free?—The wise, who well maintain
An empire o'er himself; whom neither chaste,
Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire;
Who boldly answers to his warm desire;
Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise;
Firm in himself, who on himself relies;
Polished and round, who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortune with superior force.—(Horace.)

When Justice rules the human mind, Truth and Love are her associates.

AXIOMS.

BY A. D. CHILD, M. D.

Reason holds her flickering taper, and by its feeble rays essays to tell what spirit is not. Desire, like the noon-day sun of heaven, beams forth from every heart, and tells what spirit is.

The canopy of heaven is always studded, day and night, with satellites and suns—so every human heart is, at all times, studded with desires. Desire points the way and urges on the progress of the souls of men and women in the destination of unending existence.

Happiness is the desire of every soul. Conditions are the adverse waves and storms that agitate the great sea of human desires, over which every soul must sail to gain the port of Heaven's harmony and peace.

Intemperance is the current of human desires that runs in sight. Temperance is the same current that runs out of sight.

The good man is clean outside, the bad man is clean inside; one is more infectious inside, the other outside.

"Evil" and "bad" are physical difficulties, not soul difficulties.

The physical counts less than the spiritual. Intrinsic goodness belongs to everything—comparative goodness is applied to some things.

Fictitious evil belongs to some things—real evil to nothing.

Whatever is, is right, is spiritual—whatever is, is wrong, almost, is physical.

Conflicts are in the earth, not in the heavens.

Antagonism is in the points of bayonets and the points of arguments, not in the pure air of heaven where thought runs free.

Argument confronts argument thought travels at its own sweet pleasure.

Go down, and we meet opposition—go up forever, and we meet none.

Hell is abet beneath us, and heaven is open above us.

Go how and where we will, we go round and up.

When the body falls the spirit rises.

The spirit always tends upward—the body downward.

Blame is of quarrelsome childhood, not of spirit manhood.

Victories are the bubbles of earthly kingdoms, not the perennial flowers that grow in heavenly gardens.

Defeats are soul liberators that dissipate the darkness that hangs around its vision.

The amiable Mary affirms without an oath—"wicked" Bill affirms with an oath. Mary is believed—Bill is doubted. Mary is good; Bill is good.

Oaths add no power to the expression of truth.

A lie is oftener accompanied by an oath than a simple truth.

Soul eyes see truth in lies; physical eyes do not.

A new thought uttered by one, is repelled by every other one who has not the germ of that thought developed.

Opposition to a new revelation implies inability to read and understand a new word of God.

Scorns and ridicule are the fruits of darkened vision when truth is near.

Persecutions are bullets made of foetid gas, that only hit the men who fire them. Wisdom does this work.

New thoughts are useful in the future—not in the present.

He who hugs reputes hugs trash. This trash is good, and is used when necessary.

The man who loves reality cares little for reputation.

The love of reputation keeps men back from making tracks on ground untrodden by others.

The love of consistency keeps back the utterances of spontaneous thought and honest convictions, which utterances would give room for new thought.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]
BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 21.

QUESTION—"What is Life? What is Animal Life?"
DR. CHARLES H. CHANDLER, Chairman.

JAMES EASON.—Life is the unfolding of an eternal principle, the outgrowth of something that has preceded it. Spirit is the agency through which this outgrowth is accomplished. It over strives to express its attributes in matter. The "great First Cause" demands a "going on unto perfection." Hence, in physical existence, to be is to live. We find him, through an ever-creating supply, unfolding and embodying himself—so to speak—blending the mysterious and invisible with the equally incomprehensible but tangible, in accordance with the laws of the more interior and the external being. Demanding a mineral kingdom, he has served himself through perfect means. Speaking through law, the kingdom was expressed as it existed in his divine mind from all eternity, the things which are seen being made from things which do not appear. This supply permitted a further demand for a vegetable kingdom, dependent on him for its life or virtue, which he bestowed through the mediumship of the mineral, which preceded it, and which was the mother out of which it was born. Again there was room in nature for God to operate, and the animal kingdom breathed the breath of life at his inspiring word. Man, its crowning glory, appeared bearing more perceptibly the impress of the divine signet. The Adamite soul, a vitalized image of his Creator, stood erect, embodying at once the properties and peculiarities of the Father that begot and the Mother that gave him birth. He is a thought of God, for thoughts are things of life. He is a self-regulating, ever-developing, thinking machine. Love is the power by which the divine operator moves him. The affections generate it; the desires are the channels through which it flows; the brain is the tool, God's universal truth the stock; all creation the work-shop, and thoughts the product wrought. Unlike human inventors, God demands no royalty, but gives a bounty with every principle of truth wrought out in proportion to the perfection of the work. At birth, man is the most inefficient creature that breathes the breath of life. He has everything to gain, and nothing to lose. He is the substance that preceded him, so embodied and conditioned as to receive and unfold all that the laws of his twofold nature place within his reach. Receiving from the Father, God, his spiritual properties, the gate of heaven is opened unto him, revealing the inner man. From mother earth he receives his animal life, with its proclivities, and the food that sustains it, until, through the execution of the laws of his being, framed in love, he is weaned from her maternal breast, and necessitated to drink from the fountain within, and to eat of the tree of life. That which is of the spirit is divine; that which is of the earth is of death unto death, the spirit of the animal that goeth downwards. It is in this department that we are open to inspiration, to action coming through the external universe beneath. Here the soul is inspired to love, choose and not by desires for things low and sensual. Life proceeding from such vitiated love tends to degrade the inner life; sin abounds; evil, a polluted pool, a nest of uncleanness, a sea of death, comes up, infecting every good desire within reach of its noxious, pestilential miasma. Sin, or the law of selfish, animal love, brings about the discordant condition called damnation, or hell—moral death. It personifies the divine spark in the soul's mental cavern as absolute evil; and as the soul thinks, so it is. It brings into action the perfect provision of omnipresent love, God Almighty's eternal standing to stool, to prick and pain us, that we may be made to stand erect. Such inspiration violates the spiritual, and severs, so far as the soul may do it, the inseparable connection between itself and God—divides the divine child in the only sense it can be divided from the paternal cause, so that virtue, the essence of life, the substance of love, cannot flow from the indwelling regent through the individual's interior or spiritual being.

Such is the incorrigible condition of the child of God that has excommunicated itself from divine pressures. In doing so, he himself unspeathed the flaming sword of brutish passions which divinely guards the tree of life. He unfolded the serpent that slithered like an adder, and blithely wiser than he knows. It is well it is so; if the tree of life were not thus guarded, the vitiated soul would beat itself to pieces upon its own anvil. It would consume, if it were possible, the virtue of its most interior—its divine as well as its external or literal moral being. Such a consummation would be the destruction of God—the nullification of his law, or virtue—the annihilation of his kingdom. Such is the tendency of our natures when inspired from conditions or things beneath us. Such inspiration continued naturally, binds the soul by self forged chains deep within its animalities close within the folds of the stinging serpent. This bondage may continue to enslave and punish until it is impossible for the individual, unaided, to have any correct or spiritual conception of freedom. It becomes unable to distinguish between love and lust; and because it cannot make such qualitative distinctions for itself, it takes the all-wrong horn of the dilemma, and attempts to crush out all who do make them and are trying to bring about a better order of things. These ungracious souls—these Pilates and Herods—these crushers of the Christ—these crucifiers of their own spiritual nature, are not ignorant as regards material things and external philosophies. They have studied theology for years. They pride themselves upon their scholarship, their experience, their ability to debate and obtain mastery in argument. Many of them have grown grey in theological wars. They seem to be qualified to rule and command the external mind in vicious discord, rather than to serve and obey the principles of truth in virtuous harmony. There is no good reason why the children of light should find fault with such souls, or fret themselves because of evil-doers. Suppose the world is full of wide-mouthed, self-satisfied reformers that have out, as yet, any correct perceptions of their spiritual being—its relation to all other beings, and to the source of virtue. Suppose such reformers have not seen the divine sun in the spiritual firmament (the Christ in the soul) and because of their spiritual darkness, presume to pull down and destroy the new-born babe of Bethlehem, and light up what to them is the spiritual universe with oilless lamps, is it any reason why the loving children of light should be discouraged? Surely it is not. Truth will prevail. God lives; and virtue through love—free love—will vindicate itself. Such souls as are at present incorrigible, know little or nothing by experience of those pure conceptions of love where the divine collaboratively begets his beloved son, and surrounds him with generations of thought—things of life—embodiments of virtue—well-

springs of love—fruit from the tree of life, in whose branches the birds of Paradise delight to lodge.

DR. CHANDLER.—Life! What is it? Here, indeed, we have a question that calls our thoughts deeper than the more surface of things. We have the very outset of this subject arrived at a point where our mortal vision fails to add us. Life is a thing which with mortal eyes we cannot see. What is it, then? Who can answer? By our physical vision and its philosophy we may know where life is, for we can see its manifestations; but what life is, where it came from, and where it is going, how long it has existed, and how long it is to be, reason and philosophy answer not. To see what life is, there is a veil yet to be rent; it is the same veil that keeps our eyes from seeing angels. We will not go out to academics, sanctuaries or dictionaries to find what life is, for if we do, we fail. But we will dive into ourselves, and there read the A B C of the alphabet that alone shall begin to reveal to us this awful reality—the definition of life. Our hearts beat without stopping till death; our blood courses through our systems, runs up and down through veins and arteries; digestion, secretion, accretion and excretion go on without volition; we have nerves over which run vibrations of pleasure and pain; we have involuntary thoughts that produce philosophy, logic, reason; we have desires that move us and immutably govern us. What are these things? Do they not constitute our life? No, no. They are only evidences of life; all these things are but the product of what lies yet behind—of the unseen, unreddeed, and yet incomprehensible reality—life. When we shall see what life is, we must stand back so far in the depth of our own consciousness, we must fall so deep into the mysteries of the soul's own unfolding, that we can look out through the feeling eyes of intuition upon the wide, wide world of spiritual light and beauty. Life is not a thing that is developed; it is our consciousness that is developed to its recognition; matter is only a medium for this perception; matter is developed around it, which makes its effects only tangible to senses eyes; to philosophy. Sensuous vision cannot see, nor its philosophy handle life. Sensuous vision is an outside effect of life; so is philosophy, and so are the grains of sand which philosophy plays with. Life is spirit. What is spirit? Words can make no definition for spirit; time do not measure it; school-houses do not define it. When our consciousness comes to a distinct knowledge of spiritual things, words become useless, philosophy is thrown away, and we go no longer to the Boston Spiritual Conference. But we may play upon the surface of life with words, as men play upon the mighty ocean with ships of merchandise, which ships are in reality only toy playthings. We may talk about life, as our good prelates talk about God—in sober sincerity—but in reality for, pastime; sitting on the rocking-horse of opinion, or pulling the strings of jumping-jack, which makes the devil alive and kicking only when we pull the strings. Yes, we may talk about life as politicians talk about Empires and Republics, without a single recognition or thought of the mighty unseen cause that rolls out Empires, Republics and worlds, that holds and governs each with indubitable precision. Then what is life? It is the great tree of unseen, eternal existence that produces tangible existence—not growing, but ever reproducing, making its manifestations in ten thousand varied forms, perceived only in matter by our senses. Our earth is but a leaf that grows upon this unseen tree; each starry orb is a product of and bears evidence to this unseen tree of life; everything in matter that holds a place in existence hangs upon this unseen tree, to fall in the order of maturity. Life! Why, life is God, which we cannot see with aqueous eyes; it is the unseen element of creation that produces all matter, and makes it crumble; that produces forms, dissolves them, and re-forms them but to dissolve again. What is life? It is immortality. All life is a part of this indestructible tree. Have we life? If so, our immortality is sure. Our bodies fall from life when ripe, as fruit and leaves fall from trees when ripe. Life does not fall—never; the spirit that produced and pervaded the flowers, fruit and leaves that fall, still lives; the real thing does not fall—only its effects. We see the effects of life fall, so we call this falling the death of life, for the reason that we cannot see the spirit that is life. The spirit sheds its summer flowers, its autumn leaves and its winter fruit for us, while we are earthly philosophers, to feed upon; but what is this decaying trash to life—to life itself! Life that eternal is—to life that knows no death? Life! What is life? Why, it is beyond the reach of words, beyond the sight of earthly eyes, beyond the boundaries of philosophy and metaphysics, beyond the grasp of human thought—it is the soul of God—it is a mystery—it is a miracle. In vain we may go back from cause to cause, on, on, *ad infinitum*, and then fail to find the truth that life is at first. We have existence, it is true; our existence is only evidence that life is; we live, but our living does not solve the problem of life yet, and tell us what it is. There is a veil that hides the real world of light and beauty from us throughout our earthly pilgrimage; there is a veil between our eyes and the causes that produce all visible things that we see. Shall we rend this veil? Can we? No. It shall be rent sometime, and it will be done by that hand of wisdom that made it, placed it, and holds it. We shall sometime feel thankful to an Overruling Wisdom, not only for the bright future that awaits us, but for the shadows that veil our vision now.

MR. DUNN.—I think my friend, the Dr., is improving. He admits that this question sent here by a young lady is not defensible. He says he doesn't know what the definition of life is. This admission is fair and honest. The answer to the question is mysterious, and I think that the young lady will be doomed to disappointment if she expects this noted school can answer it. We will all agree that all the forms we are acquainted with are forms modified by life. Matter may exist either living or dead. The stone does not develop, for it has no life. Matter that has life in it expands and develops. Life produces development; it changes matter from inertia to growth and development. The tree has the power of choosing and refusing, because it has life; and yet it is not a free agent. The tree selects and takes in what its demands require. The wild animal has from its life the power to reject and to accept what and what only is necessary for its growth and development. Every man can tell that he lives, but no man can tell how or why he lives. I fear that our young lady friend that sent this question will have to send to a higher forum than this for a solution of the problem of life.

MR. DUNN.—I think there are two kinds of life, and life in connection with matter. Chemical forces act to produce the life of the tree. Animal life is the union of the soul with the material body. I think that all animals have souls.

MISS BELL.—What is life? Life is love, for love is the power of motion and the agent of organization. Life is not the tree of existence that is the manifestation of life. But life is the soul of God, for I conceive that in that soul the form and power of all existence lives. In love, in its nature, I conceive that we have the form and power of all existence, hence I argue Life is Love, and love is the soul of God.

MR. LEONARD.—This is a hard question. We can learn the definition of life only by degrees. Life is an alphabet given to us by Deity, which we learn letter by letter; many of these letters we have yet to learn, and their uses we know not yet. The mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms are but letters of the alphabet of life. Life is all included in one source—that source is Deity. The vegetable kingdom draws life from mineral, and the animal from the vegetable. All these three kingdoms belong to one source, which source is Deity. Deity is life. We can't define Deity, so we can't define life.

DR. P. D. RANDOLPH.—I think this question is greater than any question that has been brought before this Conference. Life is a principle, a power, a motive, an aim, a result. Whatever exists owes its existence to a principle outside itself, which we cannot grasp; this principle is an incomprehensible something that we call life. Love is but a result—for lack of love there is yet a cause. Life is certainly a power, which is evinced in the creation of existence. Existence owes its being to the power of God, the Source of life. Life is a motive, for on the tablet of the soul is recorded all past experiences, both foolish and wise. Life is an aim, for it has a destiny before it; it has a heaven of peace to gain, life is a result. Means are adapted to ends, and life results. Existence, born in tears, results in the fruition of heavenly peace.

MISS BELL.—Can there be a deeper principle than the principle of love?

DR. RANDOLPH.—Yes. God can act deeper than love can reach.

MR. OSTRANDER.—I have listened with the hope to hear something that might define life. Dr. Child has treated logically and ably of the effects of life, but he fairly confesses that he cannot tell what life is. I have been stirred and interested in the remarks that have been made this evening, but all the speakers have dealt only with effects.

DR. CHILD.—Is it possible to reach and handle causes with words and sentences?

MR. OSTRANDER.—No; it is impossible. I look upon a dying child; life is dead. I watch the corpse; soon I see that it is under the dominion of law; and I discover that what appeared an inanimate corpse is still possessed of latent elements of life. In all formations we have evidence of life. I believe that all atoms of matter are held by the laws of life. The God of external nature and interior spirit is the same. Dr. Randolph has thrown forth his views on this subject vividly and forcibly. I believe that our spirit and our intelligence direct us ever to higher attainments and unfoldings. Existence bears evidence of life, and life is God.

DR. GARDNER.—I suppose that no one can tell what constitutes life. I believe that Mrs. Ostrander has truly said, "Life is God. Life is a principle that holds an inherent power within itself. It is this power that produces all the forms and manifestations of existence. Life is God, or of God. Then what is God? My God fills all nature, all creation. I am a part of God. God is just as perfect in the granite rock to the condition of that rock, as he is in an angel to the condition of that angel. Our highest embodiment of Deity is recognized in the human being; the highest, the truest recognition of a personal God is in the soul that sees God in itself."

MR. ADAMS.—Konce heard a medium say, "Tell me where cold leaves off and where heat begins, and I will tell you all the rest." Now life begins where cold leaves off and where heat begins; heat is life, and cold is death.

MR. FLEMING.—One hundred years ago, Pope said—

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

This soul is life; it is but a manifestation of God. God made the soul of man, and the sea of life on which he sails. Man holds the helm of his own ship, and he may go to the port of heavenly peace if he chooses. God gave, and he can take away. God made the soul, and he can destroy it.

MR. WETTERBERG.—What is life? I agree with almost every speaker that has preceded me—I do not know. If not in those same words, their remarks convey that idea. The facts of life are known, and on them have been based the remarks made—the germ of life—life itself. The question before the meeting has not been answered, and cannot be; but the question is a good one, and in its discussion new facts, new ideas, and bright thoughts are elicited, and we are instructed, improved and edified. I agree with others in saying this is a great question, and I feel expanded under its influence. During the two hours I have sat here. I know more than I did when I came in. So if the question has not been answered, good has been done, and I personally feel it. The old gentleman said life came from God—that was his idea. Who doubts that? That is not answering the question. What is that there? Does not come from God? Dr. Child says our existence—our faculties, &c.—is not life, but an emanation from the great tree of life. Well, that is God. He is bound to be all one thing, and he has got it there. That's his way. That hole don't suit me exactly. The eccentric brother—I do not wish to criticize him—says the spirit was made of forty-four substances obtained out of the air, which God hardened into a man, and disease was the having a greater or less number than forty-four. Having stated that an animal or a fish had, or was made out of a less number than forty-four, why may not a man instead of being diseased merely by a loss of elements, turn into a fish? But life is a mystery past finding out. We understand it physiologically and chemically. We know its construction of elements. We can analyze it all to pieces, and with mathematical exactness. We can go so far as to tell how much pork so many bushels of corn will make; but try the synthesis; we can build up the combination, but we don't get the life—the question under discussion eludes our grasp. I feel for one that I have a self; and I know there is something outside. I may not be a type of mankind; but I approximate thereto; and I feel that I have an ideal superior to myself, which elevates me. I feel, also, that I am attached to the earth—one is selfish and one is the reverse of selfishness. One of these I feel to be life, and attracting me to Deity and to immortality; the other to death, mortality. History does not go back far enough; but it teaches us, as far as it does go, that man started with the animal predominant, and in the long track of years he has been and is progressing toward religion, refinement and spirituality.

DR. RANDOLPH.—Dr. Gardner, in the last sentence of his remarks has, to me, opened a new thought, and it is a tremendous one.

DR. CHILD.—I agree with Dr. Randolph, that Dr. Gardner has, though perhaps unwittingly, made to us, I think, a very beautiful revelation; he has given us the key that will unlock the mystery and apparent inconsistency of a belief in a personal God. Same subject next week.

SPIRIT-AMBITYPES.

In No. 38 of the *Herald of Progress*, Brother Davis has an article taken from a French Periodical, the *Revue Spiritualiste*, concerning the possibility of photographing spirit-forms upon glass or paper, and giving as reasons for the supposition, certain facts of actual occurrence. The article interested me much, and induces me to give, what I have for several months been intending to do, an account of an instance similar to those thus quoted, and which has the additional value, of being capable of direct demonstration, as the actors are in our midst.

Some four or five months ago, a gentleman in this city, a resident of South Providence, handed me, for inspection, an ambrotype taken for himself, he being an artist in that line. It was of a young lady, and was not considered by him to be a faultless picture, but the curious part of it was in another picture, seemingly taken upon the surface of the former, upon the left side, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and in an inverted position. It was that of a much older person, and dressed differently from the subject No. 1 of the picture, and was immediately recognized by her as a deceased aunt. She would not allow the artist to retain for his own the singular manifestation, though he, being a Spiritualist, would have been glad to have done so. He, however, kept it for a number of weeks, and showed it to scores of persons, and finally copied it, and sent the original to the owner. Mr. E. A. Richardson, the ambrotypist, is well known in this city and vicinity. He is a medium, and says this girl had slight mediumistic powers; but did not seem to know much about Spiritualism, though somewhat conversant with its first manifestations. He took one picture, and seeing a blur in the place where the second head was afterwards seen, rubbed it out, when it occurred to him what it might be. Saying nothing to the subject, he tried again, and met with most excellent success. He would have "set" her again, but some one came in and broke the conditions, and he knew it was of no use.

If the picture had been produced parallel to the sides of the plate, it might have been urged that it was an impression left by some previous use; but being diagonal, and furthermore, not jarring upon the plain surface of the plate, beyond the main picture, but only upon the drapery of the lady, as if it sought the dark shade there to render itself visible, it could have had no previous taint. There was but little to be seen of the bust of picture No. 2, but the head and neck were distinctly defined. Mr. Richardson would be pleased to show any skeptical ones the copy which he has, I make no doubt, and could direct them to the original. All agree in pronouncing this wonderful, and I think it strange that none have given publicity to the facts before. Some one has given me an account of a like instance, where the spirit-form was seen by the side of the earth-sister or friend. I did not take sufficient note of the incidents to repeat them; but if any of our well-wishers know of such occurrences, it is of interest for the world to know also, and I hope they will not keep them as long as I have this, without giving them forth.

After knowing of this, by the picture itself, and the evidence of a man no one would think to doubt, I must suppose that the French account is perfectly true; but, according to it, there are yet further discoveries to be made in photographing before our earth-artists can take a picture upon a pane of window-glass, without previous preparation, as in one of the instances related in the *Herald of Progress*.
LITA H. BARNEY.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ALLSTON HALL, BUNSTAD PLACE, BOSTON.—Lectures are given here every Sunday afternoon at 2:15, and at 7:15 o'clock in the evening. The following speakers are engaged: Mrs. E. A. Ostrander, first three Sundays in Dec.; Miss Mary Davis, last two in Dec.; Miss A. W. Sprague, four Sundays in January, 1891; Mrs. Anna M. Middlecott, first two in Feb.; Miss Emma Harding, first four Sundays in March; Mrs. Maria M. Naumoff, last Sunday in March, and first two in April.

CONVENT HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON.—The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock. The proceedings are reported for the Banner. Subject for the next meeting: "What is Life?—What is Animal Life?"
A meeting is held every Thursday evening, at 7:15 o'clock, for the development of the religious nature, or the soul-growth of Spiritualists. The following speakers are engaged: Mrs. E. A. Ostrander, first three Sundays in Dec.; Miss Mary Davis, last two in Dec.; Miss A. W. Sprague, four Sundays in January, 1891; Mrs. Anna M. Middlecott, first two in Feb.; Miss Emma Harding, first four Sundays in March; Mrs. Maria M. Naumoff, last Sunday in March, and first two in April.

CHURCH STREET.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at Central Hall, afternoon and evening. Hon. Frederick Robinson, of Marshfield, speaks on Sunday, Dec. 16th; Mr. E. Ostrander, Dec. 23rd and 30th.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings in Cambridgeport are held every Sunday afternoon at 2:15, and at 7:15 o'clock. The following speakers are engaged: Mrs. E. A. Ostrander, first three Sundays in Dec.; Miss Mary Davis, last two in Dec.; Miss A. W. Sprague, four Sundays in January, 1891; Mrs. Anna M. Middlecott, first two in Feb.; Miss Emma Harding, first four Sundays in March; Mrs. Maria M. Naumoff, last Sunday in March, and first two in April.

LEMINSTER, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leminster hold regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall, 8:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. and 7:15 p.m. to 9:15 p.m. The following speakers are engaged: Mrs. E. A. Ostrander, first three Sundays in Dec.; Miss Mary Davis, last two in Dec.; Miss A. W. Sprague, four Sundays in January, 1891; Mrs. Anna M. Middlecott, first two in Feb.; Miss Emma Harding, first four Sundays in March; Mrs. Maria M. Naumoff, last Sunday in March, and first two in April.

LYNN.—Mrs. E. A. Ostrander will speak Dec. 23rd and 30th, and Jan. 6th; Mrs. E. B. Hart, Jan. 13th and 20th; Miss Lizzie Brown, Feb. 3rd and 10th.

ROCKFORD.—Meetings at 11:15 and 8 o'clock p.m. Speaker engaged—Mrs. E. A. Ostrander, Dec. 23rd and 30th.

WORCESTER.—The Spiritualists of Worcester hold regular Sunday meetings in Washington Hall.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

QUINCY.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday, at the Town Hall.

PUTNAM, CONN.—Engagements are made as follows: Mrs. E. A. Ostrander, Dec. 23rd and 30th; Mrs. M. M. McCum, Dec. 23rd and 30th, and Jan. 6th and 13th; Miss Susan M. Johnson, Jan. 27th, and Feb. 3rd and 10th; H. B. Storcer, for March; Warren Chase, for May; Miss L. E. Devereux, Aug. 13th and 20th.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Lawrence Hall, Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2:15 and 7:15 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—H. P. Fairfield, first three, Mrs. M. R. Jones, last two Sundays in Dec.; H. B. Storcer, first two, Miss Susan M. Johnson, last two Sundays in Dec.; Miss Emma Harding, first two, last Sabbath in April and first two in May; Mrs. M. M. Naumoff, last two Sundays in May and the first Sunday in June.

EVIDENCE.—A list of the engagements of speakers in this city:—Mrs. E. A. Ostrander, Dec. 23rd and 30th; Mrs. M. M. McCum, Dec. 23rd and 30th, and Jan. 6th and 13th; Miss Susan M. Johnson, Jan. 27th, and Feb. 3rd and 10th; H. B. Storcer, for March; Warren Chase, for May; Miss L. E. Devereux, Aug. 13th and 20th.

NEW YORK.—Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon and evening at 2:15 and 7:15 o'clock p.m., at Mend's Hall, East Bridge street, East 10th street, East 10th street.

MEETINGS are held at Lamartine Hall, on the corner of 50th street and 8th Avenue, every Sunday morning.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon and evening at 2:15 and 7:15 o'clock p.m., at Mend's Hall, East Bridge street, East 10th street, East 10th street.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Speakers who wish to make appointments at Cleveland, are requested to address Mrs. H. F. Brown, who is authorized to confer with them.