

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
EVERLASTING.

BY CORA WILSON.

Everlasting! On the hills 'tis written;
Ocean voices bear the solemn song,
To all human souls that, trial-smitten,
The white robes wear that deck the martyr throng.
Everlasting! rolls in ceaseless thunders
From the accusing voices of the Past,
And from the manifold and gracious wonders
Of present uses, to the Future vast.
Everlasting love, the benediction
Of the Omnipotence enthroned in Right,
That, bowing to no human laws' restriction,
Its scattered justice welds before the light.
Everlasting! On the soul 'tis given,
In adamant characters of truth;
Guardians of life eternal—of the heaven
Resplendent with the first-born dreams of youth.
Everlasting! Joy and Peace and Gladness
Whisper, the heralds from another world,
Soothing the martyr pangs, the pilgrim sadness,
Of hearts whose peace-tent life has never unfurled.
Everlasting! Freedom and love all holy,
To the soul-starved and famine-stricken here—
Ransom, Joy, and compensation's glory,
For the tried angels of the heavenly sphere.
Everlasting! gracious bond of Mercy—
Forgiveness! full, divine, and golden-fraught
With all the aspirations of the seraph—
With all the holiness of Godlike thought.
Everlasting! On the hills 'tis written—
On nature's wide domain, its lasting sign
Tells to the lone, the tired and sorrow-smitten,
Of blessedness eternal, love divine!
Chorus, Sept., 1860.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE LORDS OF THE CASTLES.

A TALE OF THE RHINE.

BY HENRIK STANGE.

CHAPTER VII.—CONCLUDED.

The servant, Bernard, was punctually below. He sat looking in the little skiff just in the shadow of the tower, whose summit looked sheer down into the sullen river. The noise of the rushing stream filled his heart, brave as it felt now, with a peculiar kind of melancholy. In the little embayed spot where his craft slept, the waves were scarcely felt; only the sound of the current invaded its peacefulness.

He kept looking up, till his head swam, and his neck ached with the exertion. There was as yet no object to be seen. Only the shifting masses of clouds passed over, revealing scarce anything of the sky in their closely-knit scales and grooves. He caught the dismal sounds of their imperial throats, away in the gloom and the vast deep of the empyrean; and, over and anon, the flashes of the giants' swords, as they seemed to draw them from the tomb-bards in their fierce contest overhead, showed him his own position and that of the castle that nestled above his head. And there he sat and watched with an aching heart and a burning brain.

As for Gertrude, she was all alive to the momentous hour. Her heart was stealed to the crisis—such a crisis as never in her short life had she been called to go through. She had carefully scoured one end of the ladder which she had constructed to the inner wall; but, to be doubly sure, it had been additionally tied about certain portions of her bedstead. She mounted to the window, and cautiously dropped her ladder down. Then she looked over the edge, to see if she could tell whether it might not have caught and had in some projection of the wall. She pulled it up and let it down again many times, to be sure that it had found its perpendicular.

"And then she knew not how near it came to the water! All her looking and all her calculations could not get her right on that. She was left entirely in the dark, and it was a black darkness indeed. To call out to Bernard, and ask him if he could reach the rope, was impossible. He could not hear her, either, if she did. Her voice would sound no louder than the weak piping of a sparrow in a storm.

How the wind howled and shrieked, like suffering ghosts, as it cut itself in twain against the ropes she had just let down! Their sounds sent a thrill of horror to her soul.

She looked from her dizzy elevation, to see if perchance she might detect the figure of Bernard in the darkness below. But in vain. Not even the ragged shores of the river met her eyes, though she could distinctly hear the voice of the swollen current, as it rushed with an arrowy speed between them. The clouds that rolled over her head, and the thunders that rumbled their threats against the castle and its inmates, were all that she could distinctly see or hear. She seemed to be enveloped in a fold of gloom, on whose darkly bordered ground appeared only now and then a rift of light.

But presently the rain began to beat in all its fury. The mass of clouds had at length broken loose, and discharged themselves with pitiless fury upon the walls and battlements of the castle. Even the distant forest seemed to groan anew with the peltings of the deluging storm.

Gertrude sat perched still in the embrasure of the window, holding on firmly by the rope by which hung her only hope of salvation. Already the driving rain had wetted her garments through in places, but she shivered not. Her hair was some what disheveled even now, and she kept brushing it off her temples and out of her eyes. There was perfect firmness and iron resolution enthroned on her lips, and from her eyes shot out fires that almost defied the now glancing lightnings.

When, however, she thought of Bernard, her devoted servant and friend, in the boat below, exposed to

the tempestuousness of the night, and drenched, it must be, with the streams that were pouring down over his person, she could brook this delay no longer, but became at once impatient to make the venture.

She shook the ladder—it dangled! She then pulled it up a little ways, but no one had hold of it below!

There was nothing else to do. Out into the air must she go, and hang suspended between the heavens and the earth till some sort of relief came to her! Or, if not that, then possibly strength enough might be left her after this encounter to return by the way she came, and climb up to her lonely eyry in the tower once more!

She cautiously crept to the edge of the window, and proceeded to place her foot upon the first round of this frail ladder. She tried its strength, and it promised all she asked of it. Then, turning herself about with great agility, and preserving her self-control perfectly, while the blood rushed rapidly to her excited brain, she seized hold of each side of the ladder and began her perilous descent.

And as she slowly went down, the thought flashed over her that this peril was all on account of the wicked brutality of her father, whose heart must have long ago been seared with the hot brands of crimes far more heinous than this. The lords of castles, in those days, were either very much above humanity, or very much below—and more usually the latter than the former. The Lord of Rosenheim must have had a nature impervious to every good influence.

She kept going down—down. Her hold upon the ropes was like the grasp of death; for she knew that if she should release it, she would instantly be shattered in pieces on the rocks and crags below. How much strength was compacted into those little hands then!

The heavens opened, and revealed the slender form of a young girl, suspended high in air, her limbs writhing, as it were, about a frail rope, her hair blowing out wildly from her in all directions in the wind, her dress fluttering, and a yawning chasm of darkness below! Against the walls of the black castle this striking figure made a most wonderful contrast. It looked like a spirit come out of the heart of the gloom. It would have made one's hair stand on end at witnessing it.

As she descended, slowly and with painful effort, she came to the window of another apartment below her own, through which streamed a light. Her impulse led her to pause where she was, in mid-air, and see who was within.

Strangely enough, as her eyes found their way into the apartment, they fell on the form of her cruel and inhuman father!

How different were their situations at that moment!

He was sitting not far from a table, slunk within the embracing arms of a heavy oaken chair, and seemed to be very much absorbed in thought. His chin rested on his breast, each hand grasped firmly an arm of the chair in which he sat, and over and anon he brought down one of them with an emphatic blow upon the same, as if his very thoughts demanded violent expression.

Gertrude gazed at him a moment, and shuddered. She had proceeded but a step or two further down, when suddenly she felt the entire rope give way, and herself jerked with a violent motion. It seemed that the fastenings had given out from the wall above, but had held by the bedstead! It was a narrow escape for her.

She was safe, but she felt so weak from her fright that she could scarcely hold on any longer. The accident precipitated her several feet further down than she would otherwise have gone. But it resulted happily at last, by bringing her nearer the point of safety.

A shriek was on her lips, as she felt herself going, but she managed to control it. Had she screamed just at that juncture, it must inevitably have led to her discovery by her father!

Down she still continued to go, nothing doubting. She reached the lower end of the rope. She had placed her foot against the last round of the ladder. Just then, a vivid flash of lightning revealed her figure to the young man who sat watching in breathless suspense below.

"Ah, Mistress Gertrude!" he called, though in a subdued voice.

"Bernard! Bernard! oh, what am I to do?" cried she—"I have reached the end of the rope!"

As she spoke, a gust of wind came driving down the valley, making crested waves upon the waters, and dashing the pendant form of the girl almost with violence against the castle walls. It was a frightful situation, that she was in. Had she possessed less courage and nerve, she must have lost her life on the rocks beneath her.

"Wait!" cried out Bernard to her from his dancing sail. "Hold on tight!"

"So I do!" she answered him, almost gaily.

"Watch your change!" said he, in the lull of the wind's noise. "When you are directly over the boat, then drop!"

She could make no reply to this, if any were necessary. She looked into the gulf of darkness beneath her, hanging now by her hands alone, having disengaged her feet from the rope altogether.

At that most opportune moment another vivid flash of lightning came over everything, almost burning an impression of the castle and the crags upon her brain.

She dropped, calling out for Bernard to catch her as she fell.

It was a wild chance, and but one possibility in a hundred that she would fall plumb and safe into the skiff. Bernard, however, had been standing with outstretched arms in a braced posture for some time. Happily he caught her as she came, and both sank together in the bottom of the skiff, which rocked

with increased violence from the new shock thus imparted!

It was a miraculous escape.

He plied the oar with all possible vigor, and they shot down the shadowed banks, through the gloom and the storm, into a place of safety.

And the thunders and lightnings became more heavy and vivid, and the winds howled and shrieked as if they were bringing the last day and night along with them.

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CHAPTER VIII.
THE LORD OF ROSENHEIM.

It was past the midnight hour now. The Lord of Rosenheim could not sit at peace in his gloomy apartment, while the heavens were thus discharging the rapid and thunderous volleys of their artillery. His mind was unusually troubled. He held on by the arms of his oaken chair with such a grasp that it seemed as if he was trying to hold himself down. There was a severely rigid expression upon his face, that bespoke the unwholesome thoughts that thronged to torture him. He had tossed and tumbled his hair in all ways about his temples, and from his fierce eyes shot dull fires, that looked as though they might come from a forge beneath the ground, so sullen and full of dark threats were they.

A more striking picture of a perfectly wretched man it would be difficult to draw. There was some secret, some wonderful mystery about this wretchedness of his, but what could it be—or who was astute enough to penetrate to its depths? And it must have been that, instead of persecuting Gertrude as he did, merely from the desire to cramp her young nature or do her a violent wrong, he was but weakling upon her innocent head the full power of those pent-up feelings from which he must in some way get relief.

A peal of thunder and a simultaneous bolt of the forked lightning brought him to his feet!

He ran his hand through his hair, his eyes appeared almost to be starting from their sockets. A madman could hardly have shown any more signs of insanity.

"Heavens! will you pursue me even here?" shrieked he, peering frenziedly across the floor. "Will you follow me to my own castle? Can you not let me alone? Shall I have no more peace on earth? Get thee gone! Go, I say! Away!"

He kept walking hastily about his apartment and brandishing his arms, as if to drive away some bodiless specters that presented their hateful forms to him.

"I tell you all—go!" he shouted still again.

The thunder rumbled from above, and appeared to shake the castle to its very foundations.

"I cannot endure it! I never can! I must go out and find that peace which is denied me here!"

And he made as if he would immediately go out through the doorway. But just as he reached the same, another white glare of the blazing lightning blinded him, and he staggered as if he had been smitten with its destroying fire. Such peals of rattling thunder, leaping from the further shore to the crest of his own castle's tower, sent a thrill of horror through his frame and begot a deadly sickness at his heart.

"Oh, God!" he called aloud, in a voice of agony, "Why not take me at once? Why kill me with suspense? Either let me be alone in peace, or take my life now!"

And he stood still where he was, and fell into a sudden fit of musing.

"But can all this be judgment? Does fate thus pursue me, whatsoever way I may turn? Is there no such thing for me as escape? Shall I never find rest again?"

Alas! it looked as if the reason of the haughty Lord of Rosenheim had indeed tottered!

"Here, Adolph! Blanche! Antonio! Here—come and help me keep out this sound and fire! I shall be consumed in this terrible blaze! My soul feels the heat of hell already! Where shall I turn? Whither can I go? Come—come on, all of you! Who is to come and help me! Mercy! mercy! mercy!"

As he uttered the last word three times, the lightning and the thunder were playing a truly terrific game about his head. He certainly believed his massive castle walls were tumbling down in ruins over his devoted person. A more severe trial no coward heart was ever put to than his. He quaked as he stood in the middle of the floor. He could hear his own teeth chatter from the fear that had come upon him. His limbs almost refused to bear him up.

"Oh, where shall I go? Where—where?" he called out.

But only the echoes replied to him.

Then he fell to cursing. More horrible oaths rarely, if ever, passed the lips of man. His nature appeared to be turned wrong side out, and the worst side was at the surface. Volleys upon volleys of blasphemous phrases were ejected from his mouth, as if it were a hot and fiery furnace wherein they were melted together.

He sprang for the door at length, unable to endure his imprisonment any longer. Better to dare the open storm—thought he—than this inward tumult, this heated and suffocating atmosphere, and these pent-up reflections that stabbed him like so many daggers.

The door, heavy as it was, flew open as by magic at the touch of his nerve and powerful arm. He strode out into the hall, and pursued his way down the doleful stairs. All was silence around him. No light fell on his path. No person met him by the way. There was not a voice that greeted his ear. Such a sense of utter loneliness and desolation only produced a void that ached intensely within his heart.

He paused. It occurred to him that he would like

to go up, at this strange, wild time, and behold his child Gertrude in her prison above him!

No sooner did the thought strike him than he darted up the flight of stone stairs again, and he hastened to unbar her door.

He opened and swung it back on its hinges.

"Here! Gertrude, come here to me!" called he, in a voice gruff and heavy with passion.

But not a syllable in response. Only the wild career of the wind about the roof of the tower, the echoes of the waves of the river now lashed into fury, and the dull sound of his own unwelcome voice—to none so unwelcome as to himself.

"Here, Gertrude! Where are you? Why do you not answer me?"

Still no answer.

With a curse and a quick stamp of his foot, he dashed about the room with all possible impatience, and commenced groping his way rapidly with his outstretched hand against the cold stone wall.

He came to where her bed stood. It had been drawn toward the window, that the ladder might be tied to its frame, and he stumbled and fell prone upon it. Muttering blasphemy still, he felt all around to find if she was there.

How his anger rose to a very tempest, as he discovered that his prisoner had escaped him! How he gnashed his teeth, and tore his hair, and blasphemed even more violently than before!

Not yet satisfied, however, he rose quickly to his feet and groped blindly around the rest of the apartment. Now he was at last satisfied, indeed. Gertrude was not there, and she must have escaped.

But how? Where? With whose connivance?

Back to the bed he wended his way, and thence to the window. As he approached the aperture, his feet caught against the ladder that strained across, and the discovery was made. By a ladder she had descended on the outside! He shuddered to think of it.

As he leaned for support against the embrasure of the window, another burning flash of lightning blazed over the sky, enveloping the castle, the river, the woods and all surrounding objects in its bowl-daring fire. He was himself blinded momentarily by its brightness. Instinctively he stepped back from his position, and put both of his hands to his head. Had he cried aloud it would have been some relief; but either the lightning's flash or the sudden discovery of his daughter's escape, seemed to stun him for a time beyond recovery.

"Gertrude!" he called once more. It was, however, almost with agony in the tone.

As he got no voice in reply, he lost not a moment further, but springing out through the still open door, he dashed down the several flights of steps at a speed that threatened the safety of his limbs and life. On his lips all the way was nothing but the name of Gertrude. Yet his words excited no vassal to come to his aid, even if they were heard. Stumber held all the inmates of the castle in its close embrace.

He found his way outside the walls, and came to the lodge of the warder. The draw was up, as was the strict rule at night; but he impatiently called forth the terrified warder, who came out at his hasty command, and threw down the bridge for him that spanned the ditch. The vassal ventured not to ask a question, albeit his heart was filled with wonder and astonishment. He performed the work he was bidden, scarcely daring the while to meet the look of his half-savage lord, who, on his part, was all the while muttering and mumbling incoherent words.

The moment the bridge fell, the feet of the Lord of Rosenheim were upon it, pressing down upon the chain. And away beyond the outer walls, into the darkness of the dread night, only fitfully and partially revealed by the sudden blaze of the lightnings, he departed, striding with the gait of a madman, in the direction of the forest.

"What was it all mean?" was all the warder could ejaculate.

He wandered on, he knew not whither—in truth, he cared not. A controlling passion had him, soul and body, in its grips. His feet stumbled and staggered about over the stones and stumps, sometimes nearly throwing him to the ground. Then he would stand and try to see where he had gone, where he was, and whither he was likely to wander. But all the while he continued talking to himself, muttering words that must have had deep and mysterious significance with him, but would have passed untranslating to any one else.

The woods, upon the edge of which he had already arrived, were as black and frowning as Erebus. To plunge into them, at such a time of night, would seem to be next to madness itself. It on he went, for all that. He heeded not darkness or gloom.

Hardly had he passed across the threshold, as it were, of the forest, when a gleam of light revealed to him a human form. He started in affright. He felt his very hair stand on end, while his blood curdled and his flesh crept with mortal fear.

He gave involuntary utterance to a shriek:

"Who—who are you?"

It was no human voice that made that cry, but one inspired with the dread imaginings of guilty terror.

"Rosenheim!"

The response came from a female. It was a thin, shrill voice, that pierced like a poniard to his heart.

"Away, away! Why do you approach me at such an hour as this?" said he, struggling to keep his courage up.

But it was apparent that he was already overcome with a sort of supernatural fear. A female coming upon his lonely path, in the dead of the night, in the forest! It was what he was not looking for—it was enough to make any one start with affright.

"Oh, you haughty, you proud, you cruel man, you!" screamed the other, in a shrill tone that rose

above even the howlings of the wind in the forest.

"Why are you walking about on such a night as this? Can't you sleep in your bed? Can't you keep your head quiet on your pillow?"

"You beldame—you fiend! Begone from my sight!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" she mockingly laughed; "think you it is so easy for your eyes to see me now? Ha—ha—ha!"

"I tell you, away! Shall I raise my arm and strike you to the earth?"

"No, not as you do to others," she returned. "I would not have you kill me, too, after that you have killed already!"

What she meant, if indeed she meant anything in particular, could not be told; but if the daylight had revealed his posture and action just then, it would have betrayed him, striking madly out in all directions from him, apparently determined to destroy his enemy with a blow.

As if she saw, or had some secret intelligence of what he was doing, she mocked him for his impetuosity with her most shrill and scornful laughs. These only exasperated him the more.

"Fiend! dragon! spawn of the Evil One!" he shouted; "come forth within the reach of my arm, if you dare, and your doom is sealed!"

"That's just what I've no mind to do, my great Lord!" returned she; and forthwith set up her wicked and tantalizing laugh again.

It was too much for his temper to bear.

"You shall die for this, old hag! Yes, die! Let me hear of you again within bow-shot of my castle walls! Your days are numbered! Remember!"

"Is killing such an easy thing for you, then?" she asked. "Hark! would you add still another to your victims?"

"Begone!" he shouted, in a voice of thunder.

She must have touched a sensitive chord in his heart, for this roaring about certainly betrayed it.

"Ah, my big Lord," she continued, "do you suppose I wander night and day through this drear forest, living on such means as I can collect from day to day with my own hands, and knowing who lives here and who lives there, without finding out a great many, great many secrets?"

"Old Mahala!" he called to her, for she was retreating from him and continually changing her position, "why do people call you the Devil? Is it not because you are the Evil One yourself? Now I know that you are, for you say you find out secrets. What secrets do you know, you old hideous hag? Tell us a single secret, if you can! What do you know that everybody does not know? Come, tell me a single thing, now!"

"I could tell you that," responded she, in a low but distinct voice that thrilled him through and through—"I could tell you that which would make your blood creep."

"What is it, then, hag? I do not believe you! You lie, you vile impostor!"

"An I would, I could tell you who was by when somebody else was murdered, one night, not very far from this very spot, either!"

"Fiend!" he shrieked, "you lie in your throat!"

"Ah!" then I touch you tenderly, did I so? You'd better not ask me to try it again. I could give you a good many more things, if I would; but better that innocent folks know no wicked secrets, and so sleep the sounder at night in their beds!"

A flash of lightning, that enveloped all things, revealed her gaunt and skinny form between a couple of tall tree-trunks at a little distance from him, gesticulating with great violence, and pointing at him with a reproachful emphasis that told with more effect than all her words were every one of them daggers.

He saw that hateful form by the momentary light, and instantly made a rush forward to the spot where it stood; but when he reached it, she had fitted, like an owl, to another quarter, and could be heard hooting at him again with her shrill voice.

He stood and cursed her with all the burning passion his heart could hold.

"Don't be angry, I pray you!" she croaked at him still. "It helps on a man none at all for him to be mad. Your wicked heart would n't be so pricked with your conscience, either, if you had mastered your temper better, once upon a time! Do ye remember? Do ye, now?"

He walked slowly to where the voice appeared to come from, and, suddenly changing his tone and manner, spoke thus:

"Mahala! come here nearer to me, and tell me what you mean! Come, old Mahala! Don't tantalize a body in this way, and not let him understand you, after all. Come; if you have a secret to tell, confide it to me, now! I know you was always welcome at my castle, and was treated well there. Were you ever turned away hungry or cold? Did any of my vassals ever send you out into the cold?"

"I have made no complaints of your hard usage," returned the old woman. "Wait till I have."

"Then why not let me come nearer to you? I have something that I would much like to tell you."

"Ah, but I feel so much safer when there is distance between us!"

"Then you put no confidence in me?"

"I had rather be out of every great man's power; I would not put my head in the jaws of the lion!"

"But you would not be harmed," he persisted.

"I am no wild beast, woman. I am no lion. Come, old Mahala! I would hear what you may say, as well as tell you something myself!"

And while he groped with extended hands in one direction, he caught the sound of her shrill, hoarse laugh in quite the opposite one, which really disheartened him. She eluded him, like a gust of wind that was come and gone, that was now here and now there, in the same moment.

He stopped where he was, and groaned aloud. A woman had outwitted him. First she had collected him with a profound curiosity than he thought it possible for any one to have, and then she had whispered a secret, which he knew she could know nothing about; and finally, when he ceased threatening and denouncing her, she had stolen off to her perch in the depth of the forest, and was there shrilly hooting at him with her irritating laughs and jeers.

Truly she was incomprehensible. If he carried a mystery about with him, no less did she wear the same veil likewise.

He left the spot, and, with the gradual pull in the storm, returned to the onset and the privacy of his own apartment. But he brought back a heavier burden on his heart than he had carried out.

CHAPTER IX.

A PLACE OF SAFETY.

It would not have been safe for Bernard to have attempted to ferry his precious freight across the Rhine, that night, even if it had been necessary; it was fortunate, therefore, that it was not necessary.

He directed the course of his stiff little way down the bank of the river, which was bold and bluff along there at almost every point, until he reached a little cove, or embayed recess, with which he seemed perfectly familiar. Into this he turned his prow, and, leaping actively to the shore, made fast the little craft.

"Now, dear Mistress Gertrude," said he, cheerfully, "if you can stop on shore here and go with me a little way into the forest, I think we shall soon be in a place of safety. And besides, you must be wet to the skin with this drenching rain!"

"Oh, I am able to follow you anywhere you choose to conduct me, Bernard," she responded, with genuine gaiety, though her garments were even then dripping in the rain, and her whole frame was relaxed from the almost superhuman exertions in letting herself down from her lofty tower window.

He assisted her to land, and lent her his arm, as a true and gallant knight would his lady. She accepted it more because she was obliged to than otherwise, though she would herself have been the last person to refuse so gracious a token of his courtesy.

They walked straight back into the forest. It still continued to rain, and the play of the white lightning over the vast woods, and up and down its arches, aisles and recesses, furnished them with the light they needed by which to pilot their way. This was a picture of genuine romance; the lady of a castle eloping with her servant, page, or vassal, and fleeing in the dead of night to the covert of a dense wood. It would require but little imagination to invest this very scene with all the high-colored sentiment that attaches to the stories of lords and ladies crossed in love and fleeing for their lives from their persecutors. But, in this case, a faithful servant was rescuing his mistress from the tyrannical clutches of a cruel parent, and conducting her in the darkness of night, at the risk of his own personal safety, to a refuge where she might temporarily be at rest.

Gertrude knew nothing whither he was conducting her, nor did she think proper to put any questions. Having once entrusted her rescue to his hands, she reposed a confidence in him that he would act with prudence and discretion. She leaned heavily on him, because of her fatigue after such wonderful exertion. And all the way on, as they stumbled against rock and tree and stump, she kept speaking her gratitude for her final delivery, and her especial thanks to Bernard for his faithfulness and truth.

After perhaps half an hour's walking, they reached a steep declivity, much of the appearance of a mountain. Rocks began to present themselves plentifully. The torrents of rain had already washed gullies and miniature chasms between the rocks, making the footing still more insecure and precarious. But they stumbled on, and Bernard at length stopped suddenly.

"Stand here, good Mistress Gertrude," said he, "I'll go forward and look about me for a minute." She consented, and he left her for a brief tour of inspection. The grim old forest almost oppressed her soul with a sense of its blackness. Her thoughts came and went as swiftly as the play of the lightning.

Presently she heard the sound of footsteps again, and the friendly voice of Bernard saluting her. "It is I," said he. "Be not afraid. The place is secure, mistress. I will lead you forward at once." She again accepted his proffered assistance, and they went on to the spot indicated.

Reaching a couple of projecting rocks, Bernard wound around the base of one and found a secret entrance, or mouth, to what proved itself to be a capacious cavern. Entering this cribbed passage, he half dragged—though with ever so much gentleness—his fair companion along after him, encouraging her to proceed and trust implicitly in him with cheerful words. She offered no questions, and did not even express a doubt, but groped her way in silence along the crooked and low passage.

A few steps farther on led them to the secret cave itself. There was a lamp dimly burning in its yonder corner, and the place looked like the cell of a genuine hermit—a man who had abjured the world and all its trivialities, and was determined to lead henceforth a life of the most rigid virtue. Gertrude was not at all shocked, or even chilled, with what she beheld, for her own recent hard fare had quite reconciled her to the thought of any lot whatever. She only looked about her to take in the characteristics of the place, and immediately sank, rather than sat, down upon the ground.

"I wonder where old Mahala can have gone, at this late hour!" exclaimed Bernard, as he bustled about with a view of making his charge as comfortable as possible.

"Is it any more strange that she should be wandering about, on such a night, than that we should?" half jocularly returned Gertrude.

"Yes," answered Bernard, "I think it is; for she has a notion to call her out, unless it is her own waywardness; but we are here from necessity."

"True," said Gertrude, and began to look musingly about the curious apartment.

"Is this, then," she asked, "this the place where the old witch of the forest dwells? Surely, I never expected to see the inside of her cell!"

"Nor did I, either, mistress Gertrude; but I found I must get her to help me in rescuing you, or I could find nobody that would. I very well knew that she could keep a secret of this kind—that she could help me, if she would—and that nobody would suspect her. I thought she was sent to my thoughts by favor of Heaven. The instant I told her of your being shut up in the tower, a prisoner, and how badly you wanted to get loose, and how cruelly your father treated you, she spoke up as loud

as if she was mad at hearing it, and told me to bring you straight to her; and she showed me how to find the spot!"

"I always took her for a hag, a sort of a half-frighted, nervous old woman; but now I believe I can learn to love her. I can feel grateful to her, at any rate."

But this was not advancing matters as Bernard intended. He made himself active in kindling up a fresh fire from the few embers that slept on the hearth, and immediately the smoke began to ascend along the side of the rock and draw up through the natural crevice by which it was intended to pass out.

The sight of the fire at least made things look a little more cheerful. The honest blaze reflected itself in Gertrude's face, which showed pale and over-wearied with anxiety and exertion.

"Alas, Mistress Gertrude!" he exclaimed, "you are still suffering! I wish I could go out and find Mahala. It seems so odd that she should be gone just at this time. I declare, if she is indeed a witch, as some people say she is, she would be roaming about in the forest on just such a night as this. But let me look about and see if she has not left something for you to make yourself comfortable with."

"How could she?" exclaimed Gertrude, in reply, "when she has scarcely anything of her own? No, Bernard, let me make myself as comfortable as I can, and perhaps she will be back before morning." He thereupon fell to replenishing the fire, making the cavern almost as hot as an oven. Gertrude meanwhile occupied herself with looking about.

There was, of course, little or nothing like furniture of any kind in the cavern, for persons in old Mahala's condition thought but slightly of such articles, nor were they able to secure them, either. She made seats out of pieces of rocks, upon which were coverings of moss. The walls were dark, smoky and dreary. No light could by any chance find its straggling way into the place, except the few threads that shot through the crevices; and by these alone she saw through the long days of her hermit life. But even this had a compensation, for by the darkness she was chiefly protected. Had any inquisitive eyes found their curious way to the inside of this cave, they would have withdrawn themselves again with the conviction that it was a cheerless spot, untenanted by any human being.

Gertrude, also, could now see the low hole which answered for a door; and she understood how its dimensions compelled her to bow and bend so much on entering. No table, no chair, no sign of domestic life was to be seen. All was bald, chilling and repulsive. There was a dampness and foul odor, too, about the spot, that imparted to it peculiar characteristics of repulsiveness.

Yet was Gertrude for the time contented there. She made up her mind to make the best of it. To stay here was indeed imprisonment, and of a very foul description; but better this, to her mind, than perpetual confinement by her own father in the corner of that cheerless tower of the castle.

White Bernard was bustling about with all the industry and eagerness of a natural house-maid, doing more than he ever thought he could make matters look pleasant and his dear mistress feel comfortable—and Gertrude was thus employed in the work of drying her wet garments and gazing about the walls of the confined little cabin—a sound of feet was to be heard on the outside.

Bernard stood perfectly still before the fire, holding up his right hand as a signal for silence. The color had left his face entirely.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

THE WHITE HILLS.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

We devoted Sunday to an ascent of the mountains. It was a warm, still Sabbath morn, and although we saw the white vapor gather on the brows of the tall peaks, yet there was hope of a fine view of the nether world by the time we should reach the summit.

We were deposited at Gorham, by the cars of the Grand Trunk Railroad, in the evening, and when we walked out in the morning, the grand scenery around the Alpine House broke suddenly upon us. Crag on crag, peak above peak, with the moving vapor lifted half way up their summits, still waiting more urgent orders from the morning sun.

Gorham is a small village, an outgrowth of the railroad, situated on the northeast side of Mount Washington, almost diametrically opposite the Crawford House. The ascent from this place has advantages over that from the latter, in being shorter, and a much better road. In fact, there is a good carriage road to within two miles and a half of the summit of Mount Washington, and the remaining distance is being rapidly graded.

So far for preface—now for the real ascent. A fine drive in the bracing morning air of six miles, and we alight at the stables. Here each takes a nag of his or her own to manage, or mismanage, as best pleases, or displeases. Those ladies who are wise return to nature by directing themselves of their crinolines, and those who are not, persevere in being fashionable, though they die for it. Our horses were hardy French ponies, long trained in mountain service; well fed, well handled, they were faultless of their kind. Three stout girls controlled them, but even then the saddle would get loose, for the ponies, like certain bilious reformers, are enemies to tight-lacing, and when the girls are tightened, draw in their breath, and the moment you mount, they exhale, and your saddle loosens.

After some delay, our party of a dozen are mounted, and with a sage guide set off like a band of highland banditti, each at such a gait as he is doomed to by the unbendable proclivities of the beast of his choice. I was blessed with a coal black pony, very free and docile, having that most amiable gait, a rack—not pleasant to see, but delightful to feel. Fourteen miles were ahead of us, fourteen miles of mountain scenery, so wild and magnificent that fatigue would be forgotten in the thrill of its beauty. We soon passed the Glen House, wedged in among the mountains, a beautiful retreat, and began a slow ascent. The road is very good, and safe for carriages; the ascent not being more than is often met with on common highways.

Up, up! Far down through the trees we catch glimpses of quiet valleys, streams and lakelets, resembling like gems set in the dark green frames of evergreen forests. But the valleys all sleep in a blue haze, which seems to be a vestige left of night lingering yet, and loth to depart. On the peaks to our right—not as high as we are—the clouds are crushed against the pines; but none obstruct our path. Up, up! On our right, Mount Clay, Madison, Adams and Jefferson—all peaks rivaling the one we are ascending, in height—stand like Titanic sentinels of these fastnesses; some of them clothed to their summits with dark evergreens, others jutting up bold peaks of grey granite, clothed with ever-changing

clad-herbage. Bare tracks are scattered here and there, some of them extending far up the flanks of the mountains, where the forests have been destroyed by fire. We are just entering such an area. The trees are not charred, but killed. The bark has fallen from the limbs, which, with the trunks, bleached by the weather, are white as marble. Every particle of moss is burned from the whitened rocks. Not a green thing appears, except here and there a tuft of dwarf-hemlock. The vast masses of rock, loosely piled, or, rather, thrown together, tower above us a thousand feet; beneath us, down until the head grows giddy, is a valley; the desolate forest, white as snow, is around us; by the side of the road, a rude rail serves to lighten the desolation.

As we stand, lonely, dreary, sick and faint at heart at the appalling scene, a cold wind comes down the mountain, a bank of clouds rolls over us. Never shall I forget the sensations of that scene! The fog seemed to adhere to the branches of the trees, and the winds would twist and pull it away. Until the cloud passed, I stood motionless. I think I must have held my breath, so intense the excitement.

Up again, with Mount Jefferson bleak and barren on our right, and on our left, and before us, the rugged steep of Washington. The carriage road terminates here, came the "tug of war." No more talking nor laughing. In single file we follow our guide, each striving to do the best for himself possible. The mountain before us now is a pile of huge boulders, clothed only with moss and a struggling evergreen. The path is the best place up this stairway of rocks to be found, but at best is as bad as a horse will follow. The ponies were sure-footed. Sometimes they would bray and slide over a smooth rock; then they would rear their forward feet upon a huge fragment, and then bring up their hind feet—a mode of progression calling on the dexterity of the rider. Up we climbed, over fragments, over rattling stones, over smooth and slippery places. For diversion, the ladies screamed, said they should die, believed 't would be the death of them; and one fell off, and the rock proving very hard, received a no very laughable sorcery, bringing camphor and a harsher bottle in requisition.

Like ants we toiled up the steep, catching through the intervals of the clouds, enchanting prospects, or looking down on the snowy stratum of vapor which concealed the abyss below, from view. Shaws were drawn closer, coats buttoned, and collars turned up, gloves brought in requisition, for the air grew keen, and the wind sharp and frosty. The warm August morning, gave rise to a wintry noon. The sun shone brightly, but without warmth, and the clouds seemed like volumes of snow. The thin air produced a strange exhilaration, like exhilarating gas, or more like the magnetic trance. I at first referred this to the lightness of the air, but now consider it a magnetic effect, produced by the locality. Few of our party seemed to feel it.

The monument erected to the memory of Lizzie Bourne, interests the attention. She, with her father, attempted to ascend the mount, one beautiful July day, three years ago. But as they came to the region of desolation, a dense fog came on; they lost their way, and, wandering till night, were obliged to rest on the bleak fragments. The horn was blown by the people of the Summit House, but they heard it not, though a very short distance below; and though in the direct path, they knew it not. Chilled by the penetrating fog, Lizzie lay down on the rugged rock, while her aged parent sat by her side. In the night he felt her shiver, he heard the death groan, and rattle, as her spirit passed upward, but he strove in vain to penetrate the thick darkness, and gaze on the features of the beloved. When the morning gilled the tops of the tall peaks, and trimmed with silver lace the rolling clouds, they who, early rising, came down from the summit, found Lizzie sleeping the wakeless slumber, and her aged parent weeping by her side. She slept; her head pillowed on her mother's hair, wet with cold dew, her blue and rigid features, contrasting with its darkness; her eyes fixed and gazing upward into the calm heavens, like vacant windows through which the imprisoned soul had fled homeward. A pile of stones is her simple monument, around which the path turns; and if the traveler asks the guide its meaning, he will receive the pathetic tale.

When we gained the summit, the sun was shining brightly, and the grandest prospect imaginable broke at once upon us. The top is comparatively level, and perhaps contains forty acres. It is a mass of scattered fragments, wholly destitute of vegetation, except mosses. In every direction nothing but mountains meet the gaze. Eighty miles to the east the Indian level of the ocean appears; far northward Monadnock, and its congeners, the high hills of Maine, arise in indistinct outline; westward, far away over Champlain, mountain towers above mountain; and southward it is the same. Not one level spot appears. Here a meandering stream winds like a silver thread, then a lakelet flashes in the sun. A sea of peaks rolls beneath, like a rough ocean frozen, and the eye tires of their uniformity. Vast islands of clouds here and there obstruct the view—now rolling far beneath us; now drifting against the sides of a neighboring peak. The effect they produced was unspeakably grand. Here we were at the very source of the lightnings, the thunders, hail, wind, rain, snow, the real cave of the wind god. From the surface of the plain the clouds appear to move slow, but viewed from their home, they rush onward with startling velocity, writhing in fantastic contortions; rolling, tumbling, like floods of water, or blown into thin whips like spray.

We had scarcely completed the circuit of vision, before a bank of clouds poured down from some invisible height like a vast cascade. The winds were loosed in almost a hurricane, and in a moment everything was blotted out, and we seemed bound onward by the dense current. The damp wind penetrated to the very bones, and half frozen we sought the Summit House, to warm by a glowing fire, and devour like starving Esquimaux the smoking dinner. The Summit House is a blessed institution, constructed of loose blocks of stone, roofed with oil cloth, and done off inside with white cotton cloth tacked over the rough walls. Here two months of the year, July and August, the enterprising proprietors keep good fires and dinners. At the table we met many who had arrived from the other side of the mountain, who related an equally dismal tale as ourselves. Dinner over we had nothing further than to commence the descent. Mrs. Emma, preparing to walk down to the carriage road, basted her correspond-ent for a foot race, and made the distance, two miles and a half over the worst road in Christendom, in less than thirty minutes.

Late at night we arrived at the Alpine, very tired and very hungry.

Alpine House, N. H.

A pleasant and cheerful mind sometimes grows upon an old and worn-out body, like mistletoe upon a dead tree.

THE SONG OF LITTLE JIM.

BY COHEN BAILEY.

Dear mother, listen to my song,
It fills my very soul;
I feel that I shall pass away,
While you are growing old;
But, mother, do not weep for me,
While waiting here below;
I shall return to breathe my love—
The angels told me so!"

I have a little sister dear,
In yonder spirit home;
She's looking o'er the battlements,
And beck'ning me to come;
So, when the angels call for me,
I certainly must go;
She wants her brother with her there—
The angels told me so."

And, mother, when your looks are grey,
And father's eyes grow dim,
When you shall hear the music play
From Heaven's seraphim,
We'll come down like a spirit link,
When you are called to go,
And lead you o'er the river bar—
The angels told me so."

Thatchwood Cottage, Sept., 1890.

Original Essays.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.—CONCLUDED.

For such "Liberal Christians" as find too much light hurtful to weak eyes, Dr. Bellows is on the wing to blow and pioneer them to the "Broad Church" of the ancient shades. Thus "Ephraim is joined to his idols," to lead the worshippers with milk for babes, instead of "forking over" the stronger meat for men.

This "Broad Church," in the biblical circumscription, squeezes the soul to death. Having pronounced the Bible to be the Word of God in an exclusive, infallible sense, the pronouncement will never be recalled, says Dr. Bellows. Against this killing of the soul we protest. It is simply the language of that vanity and "pride to pampered priesthood dog," whose "accidental gain, but general loss," is perpetuated in these infantile boundaries of the religious mind. Never within such circumscribed routine is the healthy unfolding of the soul. Never yet has it been permitted a free outgrowth, to see and to walk alone; and hence it resembles those weak and wasted babies who are so often swaddled and strapped to death in their cradles. So, too, with religious impressions and opiates. They can only medicine the soul to that uneasy sleep which must, sooner or later, awake in the bitterness of coquettishness.

The Rev. Rowland Williams, formerly Tutor of King's College, and Professor of Hebrew, would cure by a different, and far more beautiful surgery. In the afire "Collection" of Dr. Noyes, the English Teacher says, "We have learnt that neither the citations usually made in our theological systems, nor even those adduced from the Old Testament in the New, are any certain guide to the sense of the original text. The entire question of prophecy requires to be opened again from its very foundation. Hence, to the student who is compelled to dwell on such things, comes often the distress of glaring contradictions; and with some the intellect is clouded, while the faith of others is waxed cold. If the secret religious history of the last twenty years could be written, (even setting aside every instance of apostasy, through waywardness of mind, or through sensuality of life), there would remain a page over which angels might weep. So long, indeed, as such difficulties are thought absolutely to militate against Christianity, the strongest necessity which the best men feel for Christian sentiment will induce them to keep the whole subject in abeyance. Yet, surely, the time must come when God will mercifully bring our spirit into harmony with our understanding. Perhaps a greatness and a peace not far from the apostles in the kingdom of heaven may be reserved for some one, who, in true holiness and humility of heart, shall be privileged to accomplish this work. We can almost sympathize with that romantic though erroneous faith, which has made some men attempt to roll back the stream of human knowledge, and to take refuge from doubts in a dream of living infallibility. But all such attempts must fail; for the God of truth will make them fail. He who dwells in light eternal does not promote his kingdom by darkness; and He whose name is Faithful and True is not served by falsehood. If knowledge has wounded us, the same spear must heal our wound. Who would not be serious in observing how many men's hope of heaven is bound up with belief in the infallibility of a book. Or who is so blind as to think the cause of eternal truth should be defended by sophistries, of which a special pleader would be ashamed? Of those "who are over-dreading the consequences to which the first outlet of the waters of freedom may tend," he says: "But may God in His mercy teach them that nothing can be so dangerous as to build on a false foundation. The question, how far we would go, will best be answered by experience. Only it never will be safe to stop short of the truth. The most precious testament of Jesus and the apostles was, not that I give you the Bible, but I send you the Comforter, even the Spirit of truth. The common charge against the early Christians was—with Jews, infidelity; with Gentiles, Atheism. It is morally certain that the books of Joshua and of Daniel are each four hundred years later than the date ordinarily ascribed to each; and this fact leads to inferences which it would be wise to meet practically, by modifying our cycle of Old Testament lessons."

Not so would say the apostles of darkness rather than light. "Lay low and keep dark." The church has pronounced the Bible the Word of God; and the open vision has discovered this Word to be very obliquely akin in some of its phrases, and only the reflex of the ancient planes with every variety of contradictory shade, yet we cannot afford to let it slide, or travel with it on any otherwise than as the infallible Word of God; so the cycle of its fables must be continued in the lessons of the Sunday schools to be afterwards painfully rooted out, if the scholars should ever rise above that plane of intellect which forms the staple of Fourth of July orations.

Benjamin Jowett, Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, in his summing up of the mission of St. Paul, says: "To separate the Old Testament into two parts, to throw away one half, and make the other the means of conveying the Gospel to the minds of his hearers, to bring forth from his treasury things new and old, and to harmonize all in one spirit, is a part of his appointed mission." Again, in his "character of St. Paul," it would appear as if the Apostle was not quite infallible in his inspiration. "In his manner of teaching," says the Pro-

fessor, "the warfare between opposite views or precepts in successive verses. He is ever feeling, if he may find them, after the hearts of men. He is carried away by sympathy, at times, even for his opponents. He is struggling to express what is in process of revelation to him." In other words, he was a Medium for the various inflowing from the spirit world, and, according to the status of unfolding, was the measure of the Word under the same law, under the same conditions as Mediums in the counterpart of to-day. Again, says the Professor, "He seemed to fall asunder at times into two parts, the flesh and the spirit; and the world to be divided into two hemispheres, the one of the rulers of darkness, the other bright with that inward presence which should one day be revealed. In this twilight he lived. What to us is far off, both in time and place, if such an expression may be allowed, to him was near and present, separated by a thin film from the world we see, ever ready to break forth and gather into itself the frame of nature. That some of the invisible, which to most men is so difficult to impart, was like a second nature to St. Paul. He walked by faith and not by sight; what was strange to him was the life he now led, which, in his often repeated language, was death rather than life—the place of shadows and not of realities. o o o

Could we expect this to be otherwise when we look back to the manner of his conversion? Could he have looked upon the world with the same eyes that we do, or heard its many voices with the same ears, who had been caught up into the seventh heaven, whether in the body or out of the body, he could not tell? Must not his whole life have seemed to him like a gradual revelation, an inspiration, an ecstasy? Once he had looked upon the face of Christ, and heard him speak from heaven."

Here we see the interloping relations of the two worlds through the Mediumistic Paul, who had large capacity for the inflowing from the spiritual fountain of Holy Ghost; and he could sometimes take an influx from the lower strata, as when he would use the *anathema maranatha* to curse and not to bless, as when Alexander the Coppersmith did him much harm, and the Lord was invoked to score him for the same. There were also in Paul's case, as in other Mediums, influxes from the intermediate spheres between the lower deep and third heaven, where he saw things not possible to utter. Along that somewhat trackless ocean, Paul sometimes saw with rather oblique vision, caused doubtless by the refrangibility of the different rays in passing the mediumistic prism. Thus Paul, at times, saw "through a glass darkly," and "men as trees walking," and not always in the Christlike radiance of the seventh heaven. Upon the whole, however, Paul received largely of the higher light, for which we all are striving according to the measure of our growth.

Mr. Jowett says, "That in the Clementine Homilies, A. D. 100, though a work otherwise orthodox, St. Paul is covertly introduced under the name of Simon Magus, as the enemy who had pretended visions and revelations, and who 'withstood' and 'blamed Peter.' It would appear from this that in the early ages of Christianity, St. Paul himself was deemed a sorcerer, and 'child of the devil,' perverting the right ways of the Lord," and doing wonders and performing miracles of magic and witchcraft; and had he lived in the times of Saul, or Cotton Mather, he would have been put out of the land as a wizard. On the same wise, also, do our modern Christian Jews measure the visions and revelations of Spiritualism, as if after Moses and the prophets, the heavens were closed forever. With one phase of the early Christian unfolding, it was an awful heresy that Paul should claim to have communion with the spirit-world, and for this and other matters, according to Mr. Jowett, it appears to have been resolved with "one determination to root out the Apostle and his doctrine from the Christian church."

Nor did this early church escape the darker spheres out of which so much of ultimate good seemed destined to be born. Notwithstanding the pure teachings of Paul, it would appear that the tares and the wheat were almost inextricably together in one bundle. "Licentiousness was the besetting sin of the Roman world," says Mr. Jowett, and, "except by miracle, it was impossible that the new converts could be at once and wholly freed from it. It lingered in the flesh when the spirit had cast it off. o o o The same impulse which led them to the Gospel would lead them also to bridge the gulf which separated them from their purer morality. Many may have sinned, and repented again, and again, unable to stand themselves in the general corruption, yet unable to cast aside utterly the image of innocence and goodness which the Apostle had set before them. There were these, again, who consciously sought to lead the double life, and imagined themselves to have found in licentiousness the true freedom of the Gospel."

We are now done with Dr. Noyes's "Collection" from the advancing Evangelists of England. This work is a valuable one, as showing the progressive phases of "Liberal Christianity," and as showing that while the Episcopacy of England is casting its ancient slough, Dr. Bellows and others are striving to rehabilitate themselves in this very mantle whose departed virtue leaves it but little else than being a scarecrow or skeleton in armor, made up of bones from whitened sepulchres. Our retrograde Unitarians would fainly believe that the ancient bones may put on a living virtue like those of Ezekiel, or those of Elisha, when the dead man "stood upon his feet," by contact with the prophet's bones. But, alas! for our mortalities. Modern chemistry is so heretical as to make no bones of hurrying the ancient relics into phosphate of lime, as the most fitting food for a turnip crop.

In place of all this dreary waste of materialism, how much more beautiful the upwelling fountain of the living present, where all may drink from the ever living God through the loving ministry of his angels. How sweet this sparkling nectar compared to the dead ossuaries of the ancient ages. If the heavens be closed, and their fountains no longer flow, and we may only drink from the stagnant pools that sufficed for the wilderness of old time, then weary, and sad, and faint, must remain the soul who can only quench from living waters, and dies if confined to the Asphaltic streams from the old Dead Sea.

What has the more advanced of the old theologies—the better phase of "Liberal Christianity," to offer for the more pressing spiritual needs, so long as it confines itself to the "pasteboard barriers of the Bible?" What scope had Moses and the prophets of the spirit-land? Where have they answered the question, that "If a man die shall he live again?" If Solomon was the wisest of Hebrews, then Sadderism was the outworn light of its wisdom. Though we may see from our modern status how the Jewish prophets were influxed from the spirit-world, they themselves appear to have no knowledge of the how nor the whence, save in the vague designation of the Lord, for all the varied mesmeric or eddy phases in mundane or transmundane manifestation.

Nor did they appear to realize from this a transitory continuity of being, the counterpart identity of the human soul in earthly form from its tenement of clay.

The Christian unfolding, so beautiful in its moral and affectional plane as exemplified in Jesus, is yet very shady and incomplete in its revelations of the spirit land, and almost powerless to meet the needs of present demands. Unlike the modern unfolding, with its numberless and varied spheres of being fitting the status of the soul in its infinite variety of outgrowth, the old house of many mansions appears to have been divided into two apartments—A Devil omnipotent in one, and a Lord omnipotent in the other—and these two in a soul race of all spiritual operations for the ingathering of large numbers into their respective folds.

"To one of these your soul must fly,
As in a moment when you die—
Unless you chance to be anchored to a creed which does not permit this till the resurrection of the body at the blowing of Gabriel's trumpet to take place at the end of time, which is only one remove from annihilation."

True, "Liberal Christianity" allows you more latitude in this direction. But how dimly lighted is your vision of the spirit world. Like the fog bank on the distant river, it is here, there and nowhere. The dove of the soul may wing its flight to this promised land and find only a mirage of the old Dead Sea. No Oases in the desert teeming with present life in the ministry of angels, but rather the dead part shrouded in the myrtle shade and affined in cypress. Alas! for "Liberal Christianity," when its horizon is thus pavilioned in death, while thus its scope of the spirit-world begins and ends within the boundaries of the biblical chart. No open vision—no open heavens—no intercommunion of souls by the transference of the fleshly veil. The lacinated heart may heal as best it may from the lifeless surgery of two or three thousand years ago—but no voices from heaven may now speak as the "Comforter" to the weary and the heavy laden. Only hushes for the bread of life, and scorpion stings for hope deferred; and thus the best estate of the old theology can only make a desolation of the heart and call it peace.

O. B. P.

ESSAY ON LABOR.

The following Essay was written by a deaf mute, John Emerson, of Hayward, Me., and read before the Convention of Deaf Mutes, held at American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., on the 14th of Sept.—1883.

Labor is an exertion of muscular energies, either voluntary or impulsive—a natural, yet necessary exercise of any of the faculties or abilities whereby to sustain the human system in its healthful equilibrium.

Labor is the price of hearty appetite—sweet sleep—tireless vigor of limbs and robust health. Labor is the active promoter—the great strengthener and the pure preserver of the physical and moral powers. It is labor that elevates man from a state of degradation to a higher plane of conscious dignity. It is labor which brings wealth—comforts—luxuries and various blessings in an overflowing abundance upon the race. Labor is the progressive beautifier of man's home—yes, the mighty architect of cities—and the harmonizing refiner of nature. Labor is the engaging unfold of the human mind. Who can look upon the great works of the true laborer without admiration; for they are the lasting monuments of his skill and toil? Without labor, it is possible to realize the chaotic beauties, enjoyments and harmonies of life, or even a paradise in our dear homeland? No! no! three no! Sound common sense tells us better in reference to the roving habits of the uncultured savage. May we not safely say that it is not money, but honest labor that dignifies man and develops countless sources of happiness; for it is obvious that the former is made by the sanction of custom, a powerful auxiliary in attaining the means of the latter to the end, or rather a mere cipher in encouraging the disposal of labor. Hence every honest laborer has an indisputable right to enjoy everything to the highest possible extent of his capacity and, far better than a mere money-accumulating, non-producer. But unluckily the chimerical power of mere money in the hands of the "favored few," has almost deprived him of the prerogative of turning the substance of his labor to his own best advantage. Labor cannot be called a curse, except in the cradle of fashionable folly and "dignified indolence;" for it may justly be called life's blisful sweetener—it is the very talisman that changes the primeval curse of heathen supineness into countless blessings, causing a wilderness to bloom like a rose in the beauty of civilization. Hence no honest laborer, of whatever rank, need be ashamed of his humble calling in the broad field of usefulness; for God is Himself the Grand Elaborator, ever active in His universal laboratory. It cannot be denied that labor is the great redeemer of the human race, as it is a most essential instrumentality in preventing misery, starvation, poverty, etc. But immeasurably has the dignity of labor been degraded by the false notions of fashionable aristocracy! Moreover, the gentoo drones in the hive of social industries have such an erroneous opinion of honest labor that they anxiously and needlessly toil to free themselves from it or they train their children genteely as good-for-nothing sloths. It is well to remark that there is no such word as "rest" discoverable in nature, except that it may be justly applied to the stagnant plane of misdirected society; for all angels in heaven are ever active in their celestial works of love beneficence.

Annihilate the means of labor, then what would result? Misery and starvation would stare you in the face, though you may possess countless millions of dollars in gold at your command. The poor who are obliged to labor daily by the sweat of their brow are unquestionably great sustainers to the mighty and wealthy; yet they are neither recompensed according to the value of labor, nor elevated to the standard of respectability as impartial Distributive Justice entitles them. The degraded poor who are compelled to sustain the burdens of their oppressors, often fall pitiless victims to disease by overtasking their vital systems in order to procure even the simplest needs of life and are the least cared for. The cunning policy of procuring the largest amount of labor by means of usury, without any least exertion on one's part to aid the advancement of the laboring producer, is a great curse of civilization—a hard stumbling block to human progression. More dreamers are an idle class, who constantly build castles in the air without venturing to stir the bosom of the mother earth for its substantial nourishment. Those who do not like to work for an honest living manage to draw, like vegetable parasites, the very means of living from the honest, yet needy diggers of the soil, in various smooth ways of begging and pilfering. He that pursues a most artful yet dishonorable mode of defrauding his neighbor is no better than either a bold thief of the day or an open highwayman.

To appreciate the primal curse of labor highly as

a great blessing yet in disguise, it should be dignified and rendered as attractive as can be in all respects. To realize the greatest amount of profits from labor, without the least fatigue, it should be always well directed with reference to a regular system wherein consists the sciences of *how* and *why*—or should be applied in strict accordance with the principles of nature. In labor, no matter whether physical or mental or moral, any person of steady habits, with a good degree of perseverance and patience, may reasonably expect to achieve a victory over the gross elements and difficulties apparently insurmountable, thus gaining the mastery over the finer. The man who creates a new business which gives a mighty incentive to the development of the highest and noblest faculties and imparts happiness to all, injuring none, is eternally a public benefactor. The true individual who establishes a new industry of social harmonies upon a system of divine order, which gives constant employment to many thousands yet unemployed, providing homes of sweet content for all, in place of almshouses, and thus preventing misery, poverty, starvation, despondency, and the like, which rise out of steady employment, is a universal redeemer. Such a one "covers a multitude of sins" by the wisdom of his angelic love and the power of illumined wisdom.

The sweetest moments of leisure which we do enjoy with perfect satisfaction are never found in the languors of indolence, supine indifference or inactive ease, except between intellectual activity and relaxation. In reference to true leisure, Zimmerman, the truly great souled disciple of solitude, says, "Leisure is not to be considered a state of intellectual torpidity, but a new incentive to further activity; it is sought by strong and energetic minds, not as an end, but as a means of restoring lost activity; for whoever seeks happiness in a situation merely quiescent, seeks for a phantom that will elude his grasp. Leisure will never be found in mere rest; but will follow those who seize the first impulse to activity; in which, however, such employments as best suit the extent and nature of different capacities, must be preferred to those which promise compensation without labor and enjoyment without pain."

Oh, happy! the laborer who is so situated as to taste the purest joys of rural simplicity and tranquility, free from those effects of lassitude which are ever attendant upon sumptuous living and luxurious ease, and having ample opportunities to impart to all around him benefit and happiness from whatever his steady hand may do in the overflowing generosity of his guileless heart!

A little act of goodness, produced by free manual exercise, though so unostentatious in itself, ought never to be despised; for as every particle or atom adds to the bulk of a universe, so does every little good deed you do faithfully and joyfully in the sight of the Supreme Good, advances you, as it were, a higher step or nearer to Him. For this simple reason, we should not let any little opportunity pass, in which we may cheerfully contribute our might or even lend our mite to the great work of elevating humanity to God's glory. Should it be the smallest act of kindness done to the lowliest of human kind, remember that our Saviour said that even a cup of cold water, given in his name, should not lose its reward.

ALL RIGHT.

The opinion of Dr. Child, that "Whatever is, is Right," seems to have elicited a great deal of opposition with Spiritualists and those who oppose Spiritualism. That the latter class should oppose it, was no more than we expected; but opposition from the former, we did not expect as much. My reasons for this opinion as respects Spiritualists are—first, all the teachings, or a very large proportion of them, that have been received through good and reliable mediums, ever since the first advent of Spiritualism, have been, that all things on earth were governed by the eternal laws of God. If this is the truth, is not "Whatever is, is Right?" in accordance therewith? For if everything that transpires here is in agreement with the laws of God, and therefore must, of necessity, have happened, how can it be otherwise than right, if our heavenly Father has determined it? It cannot be otherwise, unless we attribute imperfections to Deity.

Perhaps some may say, that these laws only reach to the external of man, and do not in any manner govern his volitions; if they do not in the growth of our bodies, the same influence must govern our wills. I hold and believe that the spirit of every intelligent human being, like the needle to the pole, points continually heavenward—to the truth as it is in Christ or God, and it is nothing but his unprogressed condition—his ignorance, that keeps him away from spiritual light and truth. Man is either a free agent, or he is not a free agent. There is no middle ground tenable, and it is nothing but custom and habit that permits us to tolerate such an absurdity: If my son William for several days manifests more ill nature than usual, his mother will throw charity over his conduct by saying, "The boy is not well," which is all well enough; and there is a truth in this assertion which justifies the charity rendered. The boy is excusable, as he had no control over the functions of his body, as to produce healthy action at will. We often hear it said, "Such a one is quite a clever person," if he did not lie occasionally; and another, "If he were not such a spendthrift." Now there is cause behind that produces these imperfections—a constitutional and organic cause—which will have its course. In spite of all appliances we can bring forward to prevent them. The incubate, in the first years of his offending against sobriety, how many resolves and re-resolves he makes, and as often breaks them, and frequently, alone, weeps, because he is an incubate still; until at last he ceases to hope, and becomes the confirmed sot. The liar, the thief, and all kinds of offenders against the moral laws of God, can give you the same experience as the incubate; still they continue to offend, until, like the first, they surrender in despair. Can we recognize free agency here in the incubate or either of the others? Some may reply, "Yes; he could have acted otherwise, but would yield to his passions and lusts." My friend, did the creature make a nerve, a gland and a muscle of his body? Did he make his temperament, or can he change said temperament at pleasure? No, no. Then why has he done what he wished not to do? Because there is a cause behind this every act "that rules everything after the counsel of his own will," it is God.

Another Spiritualist, if "Whatever is, is Right" is not a truth, how can you for a moment entertain the idea, in the beatific happiness of all mankind? You'll reply, "Because God will reward every man according to his works." This answer would be very pertinent if God were like man; but it is the self-existent Deity with whom we have to do; and if we are free agents really, and willfully disobey him, we must expect to reap eternal punishment because our offending is against God, and not man, the creature born but yesterday. Again, the cardinal teachings of the Christ were, "Love one another;" "re-

alist not evil" and "love your enemies." Now, how is it possible for us to love an enemy, if we believe him to be a free agent, to do just as he may please? I am aware that there are, and have been, many good men and women, who believed that men could do as they pleased, and actually carried out the injunction of the Nazarine—"Love your enemies;" but such individuals daily gave the denial to such a belief by excusing, and making excuses for human frailty and imperfection, thereby occupying middle ground, as I have already mentioned, which is an absurdity. We are free agents, or we are not, and this position cannot be evaded, if it is looked into philosophically and by the light of common sense.

If my neighbor treats me badly, and without a cause, and I believe he is a free moral agent, how can I forgive him under such circumstances? Many do extend such forgiveness, who would look upon the views we are contending for with utter horror. Yet, how is such forgiveness extended, but by first recognizing human frailty behind, which recognized frailty is but saying, as Jesus said once on a memorable occasion, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

Dr. Child has taken a bold position—a position his intuitive soul knows is true; and all the ridicule that can be elicited against him cannot shake him, because he has built upon a rock, and Christ is that rock, which the world has never yet properly understood. If there ever was a man, since the time of a Peter and a John, that has recognized and understood the deep things of God, that Jesus taught near nineteen centuries ago, that man is A. B. Child. Therefore, my dear Brother C., press on and continue to lean on Him who is invisible, and by-and-by God will raise up friends in this great and vital spiritual truth, which shall prove to all that you are not running after a phantom of the brain.

Take this vital and glorious truth from me, and you knock from under my soul its only support and comfort in this world of sorrow and trouble. Did not the dear Jesus say, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and his righteousness, and all things," should be added to you? What is meant here, "his righteousness," is nothing but the faith the Saviour inculcated, and the same Dr. C. believes in when he says, "Whatever is, is right, for it is our heavenly Father that governs all things, and directs and intends all things that transpire, and therefore must be right." This is the faith so often spoken of in the Gospel, and it is a very simple thing—a constant and perpetual trust in our Father, in whom we live, move, and have our being; and when we have such a trust, and firmly believe in the "all right" doctrine, our lives will be like a placid river, full of love and peace.

Y. C. BLAKLEY, M. D.

HELL AND HEAVEN.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

Hell is of earth alone; it is earth's bondage, antagonism and suffering. Heaven is the freedom, the harmony, the glory of the spirit that grows out of the bondage, the antagonism and the sufferings of earth.

Every human being hungers and thirsts for heaven. Every human being turns away from the bitter cup of suffering with repulsion. Heaven and hell, in the hereafter, have been the fundamental themes of all religions. What is hell? and what is heaven?

Earth is in the place where heaven is, or is to be, for humanity. Earth is in the place where hell is, and where hell shall come to be, that now afflicts humanity. Happiness is heaven. Unhappiness is hell. The immediate cause of unhappiness is antagonism. The immediate cause of happiness is peace.

Where is heaven? It is always in the place where harmony and concord are; where and when all the notes of existence blend in one accord to make sweet melody; where people agree with one another, with everybody, and everything that helps to make up the mighty fabric of creation. Heaven is a state, and its lawful place is, or is to be everywhere. The locality may be anywhere in the whole realm of Deity, outside of which nothing exists; for this realm has no boundaries. The state of heaven comes after the state that we call hell. Unhappiness, which is always produced by opposition, is a necessary state in the early condition of every human soul—this state is hell.

Where is hell? It is where antagonism is; it is where inharmonious abides; it is where opposition reigns, out of which comes conflict, out of which come robberies, penalties, prisons, gallowses, bloodshed, war, murder, disease, and death of material love. Hell is the place where people believe and disbelieve; where there is a war of words and feelings; where opinions are uttered and opposed, and where creeds are adopted and attacked; where scandal and scorn, blame and condemnation are hurled at others. Hell is the place where my opinion is right, where my creed is true, and your opinion and your creed is wrong, is dangerous. In these things there is anything but the peace and the harmony of heaven. These things are necessary and right, or they would not be. We must pass them if we have not.

Is it strange that when a man or a woman exists in the very conflicts of hell, that they should believe in the existence of a hell? And how natural is the feeling that our present condition is akin to eternal? What sort of religion is right? To the soul that has found the kingdom of heaven, every sort is right, every creed is true, is lawful to conditions that have given each birth. To the soul that has opposition, inharmonious, unhappiness—that has hell within, almost every sort is wrong, is evil, is dangerous—except one sort.

Is the Bible true? To the soul of heaven it is true; every word therein recorded is true to the cause of its birth; so is every printed book, every written manuscript and every spoken word. To the soul afflicted with the antagonism and opposition of hell, the Bible is not all true; neither are all other books, manuscripts or uttered words.

Are all men good? To the eyes of the soul that has found heaven, they are all good; each man is a child of God, created by God, directed by God, sustained by God, and fills his destiny as assigned by God. The soul of heaven do not condemn the man of wicked deeds (so called), which deeds are but the waves of suffering dashing over his soul without his bidding. The soul of heaven feels sympathy with suffering without a shadow of condemnation. A soul of heaven never made a state prison or a gallows for bad men, but if it made them at all, it made them for good men. A soul of heaven never made the boundary lines of sects, that makes the distinctions of good religious men, and men that are good in religion. The soul of heaven sees the self-approved, self-righteous man, and the wicked and the afflicted man, who is self-condemned, and recognizes goodness in both.

The soul of hell whose warlike desires are active

yet, sees that almost all men are bad; sees humanity full of evil; sees evil designs and intents, bubbling up from every heart; sees "wrong" written on the forehead of every child of earth; sees that all men are not good, but sees that all men and all women are naturally bad, very bad; believes that all men are naturally depraved, totally depraved; believes that few, very few of the vast multitude of men and women shall be counted worthy that place called heaven, and almost all shall be damned—"except one." This is the vision, the belief, of a soul of a suffering, a soul of hell. He sees through the dark goggles of his own conflicts and unhappiness, and he sees evil existing throughout humanity.

The idea of a future hell for the bad men and women of the human family, is alone in the eye of an inhabitant of hell. But this condition is lawful, and every one must pass it that has not.

The conflicts incident to material existence; the antagonisms of earthly love; the struggles of the soul in rising from the bondage of earthly ties, constitute all the hell that humanity shall ever know. While a man is in hell, his own existence is so unpleasant to him that he is always meddling with the business, the doctrine and the belief of other people. This whole idea of hell in the hereafter comes of the suffering of the present. The sufferings of today tinge the goggles through which our vision looks to the future. They will sometime fall off. Heaven is a place, and so is hell a place. Heaven is a condition, too, and so is hell. Hell is where matter and the love of matter exist, which is the early home of the soul, and is inevitable. Heaven is where the spontaneous longings of the soul are free from the antagonism of matter and its affections; which come to us in our earthly existence like momentary gleams of sunshine breaking now and then through the dark clouds of earth.

I cannot but indulge in the pleasant hope that the time will come to every one when the antagonisms, conflicts and oppositions that are all to earthly love, the soul in its progression, will rise above, and be in freedom to exist without the causes of unhappiness that belong to earth. This will be happiness without the alloy of suffering. That which we call evil, all well know, is the cause of suffering. In a deeper view than that which only scans the surface of things, we shall sometime see that evil is the seed, the fruit of which is happiness. Hell is but the ground in which the flowers of heaven begin their growth.

Oh, God, forbid, while now in the sunshine of thy eternal truth, that we should longer call the germs of future glory "wrong;" "bad;" "evil!" I must repeat, that all the hell there is, or is to be, is earthly suffering; and all earthly suffering is lawful in the ordering of that power that created, holds and governs us; no human hand can keep it back; no human tongue, or pen, can stay its course in its onward march. It is good, it is right.

I cannot doubt that the guardian angels of earth ever weep over the woes that are incident to our earthly pilgrimage; for the sympathy of angels is twin-born with the sufferings of humanity. If heaven has guardian angels, hell has more and higher; for greater sympathy for compassion, and wisdom for counsel, is needed for the suffering than for the happy.

How unutterably beautiful are the ways, all the ways, of Providence to the soul that can see God in all things!

Written for the Banner of Light.

SEPTEMBER.

BY JOSEPH ORANT.

No lovelier month is girdled
Within the year's bright robe,
Than this, O, crowned September,
With thy gorgeous flowers o'erblown!
Long years ago, when thou wast here
In all thy golden prime,
Thou knowest my beautiful was 'tween
From out the world of Time.
On Plover's fiercely burning pyre
He wasted, day by day,
While I, consumed by sorrow's fire,
Could neither weep nor pray!
In vain thy voluble clung
Sun-dyed, from vine and tree—
In vain thy cooling breezes blew
From off the purple sea.
With pearl-gemmed urns of amber light
From out the eastern deep,
Scene thy benighted moans arose,
To climb the azure steep.
The wondrous Magic Penell dipt
In thousand flame-dyed dyes,
With glory-pictures painted fair
Thy golden evening skies.
Resplendent robes the woodlands decked;
Blind was the wavy air—
Yet lightly I thy beauty reeked,
Bowed down by grief and care.
Pallid and dumb I sat, like stone,
Dead to each pulse of joy,
And Nature's profured wealth seemed turned
To false and base alloy!
The green earth seemed a dangerous floor,
The sky a blackened scroll;
And the holy stars like burning bars
Shut in thy struggling soul.
Darker and darker grew the night;
When sudden glory shone,
And a voice thrilled on the inmost ear,
In low, melodious tone.
"Why sittest thou in dull despair,
"Mid spiritual darkness?" it said;
"And why, with blinded eyes, dost seek
The Living among the Dead?"
That heart whose true and tender love
Was tested o'er and o'er,
Now beats within an angel breast,
On the Eternal shore.
He stands where to the Father's Throne
Seraphic songs aspire;
And the timeless hand that labored well,
Now sweeps a golden lyre!
Back rolled the curtain folds of gloom,
Fast fell the blinding scales,
And where aye-mid darkness yawned,
The Light of Light prevailed.
I looked and saw God's angels dear,
I once deemed frowning fates,
And joy's divine processions moved
Through sorrow's sable gates.
The bowers grew beauty-haunted,
Celestial wreaths entwined,
And heavenly fire reclaimed the glow
In Nature's sacred shrine.
And when thou comest, now, glad month,
With festal grace and cheer,
Thou wast the blessed Memories
That bring the loved ones near!
Providence, E. I., 1880.

Pride hath ruined its millions.

A Medium's Heart-Feelings.

I fancy no one can engage in the arduous but not less pleasing duties of the higher life with the spirit of true devotion till he has mounted upward sufficiently to perceive the real utility of all human experiences and observations. Here I am, not strong in body, yet with a faith which supports me, striving to plow my way into the presence of those, before whom I may, obediently to the inward monitor, lay the simple, precious truths of Nature. At times, I might, oppressed with the magnitude of the work, and my own feeble powers to overcome, turn backward. But with the gates of the angel-world thrown open; the glorious truths there outshining mortal conception; the blessed, hallowed, inspiratory influence of guardian intelligences stealing over me, shall I grow weary of my work? Nay, nay; ten thousand voices echo backward the touching appeal, embodied in the simple words. It is not mine to sail with the popular current—it is not mine to stimulate the external senses of the man—it is not mine to accept as authority the teachings of my brother and sister-laborers in the field—but it is mine to live, to be, to act. In action to live—to find my being. Something tells me the world of professed Spiritualists will not, as a whole, appreciate my labors; but something tells me also that a minority will welcome to the inmost sanctuary of celestial worship within the spirit, those humble teachings I may, as an instrument, be able to give. And so, inexperienced as I am in the field, I turn my eyes to where the golden harvest stands.

Such is the lack of organization, that I find myself thrown almost entirely on my own resources; and, adopting an itinerant course, as I over have done, my means are necessarily small. In this view of the case, it might be very desirable to adopt some more perfect plan, whereby information should be more generally and rapidly diffused in regard to the lecturing field, and for mutual instruction and aid among speakers. I find many new places in my travels, which are passed by, for lack of some more efficient plan than as yet exists.

There are many minds in these places who joyfully welcome the truths of our beautiful faith. What is to be done? Shall we pass them by, or seek them out? I hope the agitation of this subject "Organization" will be continued in our spiritual publications, and that every effort will be put forth to more generally diffuse the teachings of the Spiritual Philosophy. In connection with this, another subject has presented itself to my mind.

We need the means for the more thorough dissemination of truth, that the world at large may become indoctrinated in the subject of spiritual intercourse. It has often occurred to me that the many writings which are now laid away in drawers remaining useless, might be subjected to a culling process; and, after a judicious selection, sent forth as tracts and "leaves" of promise to prepare the soil for a more perfect growth. Could not something be done in this line, at little expense, comparatively speaking, which should be like broad cast upon the waters? Let us have from the different media and believers these articles called forth. Interesting visions—descriptive and instructive scenes—having a moral significance, etc.; short essays on different subjects, communications, and the like. I know the country is flooded with them, and once in the right form, every traveling medium might act as colporteur in sowing the seeds of truth.

Yours for the Gospel of Peace, M. J. W.
Hammon, N. J., Sept. 4, 1880.

Is It Right?

"I can't get any, ma!" said a feeble and trembling voice, as it came from the haggard-looking, and dirty form of a little girl, half clad in filthy rags, as she entered, on a cold evening, the miserable hovel she called home. "The men drove me away," soon followed, as the angry look of her she called mother fell upon the trembling form, still clinging to the empty basket, which had been borne and long waited in the street where workmen were fitting timbers. There the poor little sufferer waited hours, gazing and gazed at, often trying to secure some chips, and as often driven back by the workmen, who, harshly but reluctantly, obeyed the orders of the overseer, till at last the shivering form bore home the basket, empty.

"Why didn't you go somewhere else?" asked the half-savage mother, as she approached the half-starved and doubly chilled child, whose heart and eyes were too full to answer with look or word; and, overcome with grief, fear and hunger, she sank on the dirty floor. The brutal mother, whom society, through religion and law, had authorized to bear and abuse her, seized her by the arm, and jerking her from the floor, with blows more cruel than any animal would inflict on its own offspring, and curses more wicked than child should hear, sent her, powerless, to her pallet of straw, to wait for morning and renew her research after fuel. "Now we shall have no fire. That jade has spent the whole day, and brought nothing since noon. If she don't do better to-morrow, I'll take her hide clean off!"

Half an hour later, and the storm in the hovel had somewhat subsided, when a faint and trembling voice came from the rags in the corner: "Ma, went you give me a piece?"

"No, you sha'n't have a mouthful. Lie still and go to sleep, and wait till morning. I'll learn you not to come home without any chips!" Then hope sunk down in the child's heart, and soon the soft touch of angel-fingers (the evil spirits of our religious neighbors), soothed the body to quiet slumber, and the soul was in the land of dreams, feasting on rich fruits, covered with fine robes, trimmed with flowers, and surrounded by gay, kind and cheerful companions. What if that body never awakes—will the soul dream on forever? Then, indeed, it would be a happy "eternal sleep." But the child had no religion, she knew no Sabbath, she stole chips, begged apples, and learned to swear of her drunken father and brutal mother. Could she go to God's heaven with the pious little Sunday School girl of the wealthy church member? If so, why not protect and provide for her here, or change your marriage laws, which bring such here by thousands, and your liquor laws, which make their cases ten times worse than they need be?

Will an earthly morning break on the happy little soul, and call it back from the rapport with spirits? Yes, the cruel hand and more cruel voice come too soon and rouse the sleeper to outward consciousness; and now, that life and strength may be continued, the child has its hunger half supplied with the decayed and dirty fragments of some rich family's table, and again she is started in the same rags, and with the same old basket, after fuel, and commanded not to come home empty again. Is it right? Who, where, what is wrong—the girl, the parents, our society, or God's government? Shall we not seek and correct the wrong, and make all better? Chicago, Sept. 22, 1880. WARREN CHASE.

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THE MEN OF THE HOUR.

We observe that our old friend and co-laborer, Henry Ward Beecher, who has taught the small fry of preachers how to come from foolishly aspiring for the degree of Doctor of Divinity, has also been having something fresh and good to say about the conflict going on in Europe, as well as some transactions nearer home, down in the region of Central America. He thinks fit to speak of Garibaldi, Kossuth, William Walker and the youthful Prince of Wales as the principal characters, big and little, that usurp public attention to-day. So they are, and from considerations totally different and distinct. It strikes one as not a little odd, if not incongruous, that the name of the Prince of Wales should be placed in collocation with that of Garibaldi; but nothing is more certain, humanly speaking, than that the future is to open a vista of conditions and situations in Europe, in which the youthful heir of the throne of England and the ardent and inspired liberator of the Italian peninsula may be found in very close political proximity. England must, in the future, consent to exert a new and a more vigorous influence over the state of affairs in Europe, through which she will properly respond to those great and vital ideas that are popularly accounted to embody the spirit of the age. She cannot always remain neutral and passive, but, if she would live, must exert a living influence. The day for a general renovation on the Continent has already dawned. France has made herself powerfully felt already; the fates themselves will not permit England always to remain a silent and thoughtful observer.

Two men in Europe are to-day awakening the popular attention, to ideas that are larger than the old, subtle and effete ideas clothed in the maxims of diplomacy; and those men are Garibaldi and Kossuth. How strangely it must all come up to the minds of Kings and Emperors, when they think on the past of these twain, and now behold the active and even destructive power they are known to hold in their hands. They go straight to the popular ear, and make appeal from the inhuman practices and exactions of dynasties that have ruled with a rod of tyranny so long. Forthwith the people listen and respond. All along through the dreary period of their apparent lethargy they have been pondering and pondering, now speechless under the deep excitement of their indignation, now sullen and angry at tyranny which they knew not how to bring to an end; and all the time prepared to answer with fire and sword to any unmistakable call for them to come out of the dark prison house of their degradation and misery; until, at last, the right voice has sounded out of the darkness and clouds, and their shouts of welcome have already driven one tyrant, through sheer fear, into perpetual exile, and shaken the great spiritual Head of the Roman Church on his proud seat at the Vatican. The clouds break with but the louder thunder that they have been so long gathering. The low mutterings of this expressive thunder have been heard so long that many had ceased to consider them significant, or even to heed them at all. And now the lurid lightning of the bursting storm are darting in every direction over the sky, and from the Quirinal, the highest of the seven immortal hills of Rome, it has been proclaimed by Garibaldi that he will publish to the civilized world the total and entire freedom of Italy.

Victor Emmanuel has had, and still has, much to do with the progressing revolution in the Italian States; but he is not the leading mind, nor the magnetizing power. Louis Napoleon is a strongly-marked representative man, too, and is, politically considered, the foremost man in Europe at the present day. But the reins are not now in his hands, so far as Italy is concerned, and probably never will be again. He has simply aided the Italians in lifting the heavy yoke of Austrian authority from their necks, and, once lightened of their burden, they are prepared to advance for and by themselves. Mazzini has wrought efficiently in his way, inciting the people to resistance, at first through secret means, and then with the open boldness of very desperation; all his preaching and teaching has been for good, and resulted in good, for it was necessary that some such Peter the Hermit should go on his crusade, in order to prepare the way for the brave and experienced man, Garibaldi, who was to come after him. But, after all, neither Victor Emmanuel, nor Napoleon, nor Mazzini, could have supplied the place that was all the while, making ready for Garibaldi. He is the man for the work, whatever others may have done for its preparation; and, as such, he ranks at the head of the great patriot revolutionists and reformers of the present century.

Kossuth still consumes himself with thought, impatient as a bound in the least for action. Perhaps he does not possess the executive energy of Garibaldi, for it is not to be expected that the gifts of any two men born shall be alike; but he is the soul of his beloved Hungary, and when all things are ready and ripe, he will be found grasping the only weapon by whose help nations are, under God, freed from the rule of tyrants. We all of us believe that this strange man will be permitted to live to see the final and

complete redemption of his nation; to his he bellowed himself, through good fortune and evil, and that has doubtless contributed to his length of days under the afflictions he has been called to endure. His star has not set, though it may have gone down a little way below the horizon; we shall see it emerge again, to shine with a steadier light and a more resplendent splendor. Kossuth has been going through his discipline, just as Garibaldi went through his before him; out of it he will extract all those solid and enduring qualifications that betoken statesmanship and the character of a brave and energetic leader. Louis Napoleon, likewise, went through his; a long life, running even into middle age, full of deprivation, of anxiety, of solitary thought, and the slow formation of purpose. All three of these wonderful men have landed on our shores, and each, from his own stand point, has observed the workings of our institutions; there was a design in the education thus received, and its results will be marked through many generations of politicians as well as men. America has proved a school-house for Europe in a great many particulars.

Poor William Walker—the grey-eyed man of destiny—has gone to his long home. But it is quite likely that his violent death will effect as wide a work as did his deeds in life, if not a wider. A class will now take up the cause that seemed ready to die for want of support, and at least avenge his death, if, by the very means, it is not providentially intended also that a better civilization shall be carried into the heart of the languishing and distracted States of Central America. Grant that the man was a filibuster, a mere patriot in the guise; greater results may come of his uneasy inroads into Central America than are suspected. At all events, along with the liberal movements making in Southern and Central Europe, it is not altogether untimely that an awakening be felt among the nominal republics that he piled up in such seeming dereliction to the south of us. The time has not come when the people of that region are ready to bail their deliverance; these are but the symptomatic throes that presage what may in time be looked for; it is only through multiplied failures that any result is ever reached.

The Prince of Wales is personally of importance in connection with the others whom we have mentioned, chiefly because he may be said to represent the future—we cannot tell how distant—of England. In the character of England's fortunes and influence many of our own profoundest sympathies are imbedded, and the representative, even nominally, of that character must necessarily be received by us with all the respect possible. Let him come and be welcome; he has a great deal to learn, and, if teachable, will be likely to learn it here among the sovereigns of America. All things seem to indicate that our experience in self government is destined to furnish the old world with many a valuable suggestion, which the nations will be ready to improve at the right time in the right way.

A New Invention.

The public know through what distress and misery all great inventors, and benefactors generally, are obliged to pass before securing the hard-earned success that so dazzles other men's eyes, and there is little doubt that poverty and suffering will be the lot of such persons, until there shall be no more need of inventions at all. The *Scientific American* thus details the circumstances of an individual in New York, whose name is, apparently, to supersede that of Morse himself, the original inventor of the electric telegraph:

"Under the naked rafters in the upper story of a house in Pine street, in this city, is the room of a man who is a very fair specimen of an American inventor. His beard is long, his hair is uncut, his person is neglected; but his mind is as clear as crystal. He has that accurate and positive knowledge of the properties of matter, which is gained by those who come in actual contact with them, either in original investigations of physical science, or in personal practice of the mechanical arts. The stock in trade of this man, including his clothes, was, yesterday, a knock-out, and would not sell for two dollars, even at a Chatham street auction, with Mrs. Toodles one of the bidders. This man lives within himself, on less than one dollar a week, and yet he is developing an invention which will quadruple the value of the magnetic telegraph, whose value to the commercial community can only be estimated by hundreds of millions. The inventor referred to is thoroughly posted in electricity. He has lately devised a plan for the more rapid transmission and recording of the signals which constitute the Morse alphabet at present in use, by which he is enabled to transmit fifteen thousand words in one hour, instead of two thousand, the highest number previously reached. On removing the apparatus from his own room, however, and applying it to the line between New York and Washington, he found that the rapidity of the operation was limited by the action of the relay magnets. Accordingly laying aside all other matters, he has devoted several months to improvements in this simple little apparatus. He has at last been crowned with success, and is now enabled to present to the world a machine that will telegraph fifteen thousand words an hour. This is an increase of seven hundred per cent. In other words, the new idea will send as many words over a wire in a day as is now done in a week. Who will undertake to limit the value of this invention?"

William Walker.

So this unhappy man has perished. The newspapers furnish the particulars of his death, which go to show that he died in a remarkably courageous manner, protesting, however, that he had done wrong to the natives whose soil he invaded, and that he died a Roman Catholic. What immediate effect his violent death will produce through the extreme Southern and Southwestern States, where are thousands of persons who closely sympathized with his movements, it is not easy to say; he will undoubtedly be canonized as a hero now, whereas, had he been turned adrift, these same sympathizers would have condemned him for his foolishness. We should not be surprised to learn that his death had created a feeling in favor of open and undisguised filibustering through the South, and that the schemes he has just laid down with his life were taken up where he left them, and his death avenged in the most vindictive manner, as was once the massacre of the Alamo.

Truth in a Dream.

A lady residing near this city, dreamed that a neighbor who had been sick for some time, met her and remarked that she was rejoiced to find herself recovered from sickness and able to call upon her, as she had long desired to do so. She then conducted the dreamer through a cemetery, directing her attention to a tomb which she said her family had recently purchased. A day or two subsequently the lady who experienced the dream was informed that the neighbor, whose presence she so fully recognized, passed from this life on the very night of the dream. The only solution of this seems to be that the latter was conscious of her freedom from the sickness of the body, but not conscious of being free from the body itself, and that her spirit and the spirit of the dreamer really met and conversed.

About Eating.

We all eat too fast, and we eat too much. More than that, we go at it as if we were on a war, or were at serious work, and couldn't afford to lose time. If, when a family come around the table, each member was inclined to talk and laugh, and even to jabber, which would be a great deal better than this sour demureness which is so common—there would be less eaten, it would receive better mastication, it would digest more thoroughly, and the whole body would immediately feel the beneficial effects of the change. Eating in silence, without any talking, except what is sufficient barely for the needs of the meal, is about as bad as not eating at all. We should practice better things, and learn to take more time at our meals, besides sprinkling in good fat layers of laugh and talk. It is the lack of this that makes us such a sallow, lantern-jawed, lean-stomached race of men and women. An observant writer says with much point:

"Children in good health, if left to themselves at the table, become, after a few mouthfuls, garrulous and noisy; but if within at all reasonable or bearable bounds, it is better to let them alone; they eat less, because they do not eat so rapidly as if compelled to keep silent, while the very exhilaration of spirits quickens the circulation of the vital fluids, and energizes digestion and assimilation. The extremes of society curiously meet in this regard. The tables of the rich and noble of England are models of mirth, wit, and bonhomie; it takes hours to get through a repast, and they live long. If anybody will look in upon the negroes of a well-to-do family in Kentucky, while at their meals, they cannot but be impressed with the perfect abandon of jabber, chattering, and mirth; it seems as if they could talk all day, and they live long. It follows, then, that at the family table all should meet, and eat habitually, and make a common interchange of high bred courtesies, of warm affections, of cheerful mirthfulness, and that generosity of nature which lifts us above the brute which perish, promotive as these things are of good digestion, high health and long life."

H. R. H. the P. of W.

These cabalistic letters—which merely mean the name of the eldest son of Queen Victoria—are all the rage. People in the cities where this nineteenth-year-old gentleman is expected to arrive, are in perfect spasms of excitement over the event, the principal point and aim being to secure a ticket for the public entertainments at which he is to make his appearance. The chief struggle among the ladies, however, is to receive the ever memorable honor of being invited to dance with him; many ladies having become so much exorcised in their feelings over the prospects of securing this coveted honor, and many others having become equally so in consequence of just falling short of their aim, that there is no telling whether *lives* even may not finally be made a willing sacrifice to so august an occasion. The coming of the Prince pretty clearly demonstrates one thing, at any rate; and that is, that we are, as a people, not much better democrats than they are abroad. We run after titles as if they were the most desirable things on earth; and the simple republican realities we let slide as if they had nothing to do with our present national prosperity.

SONNET—TO D. H. B.

Days have been, in the ancient, early time—
We read of them on many a burdened page,
Well sanctified in with tales of reckless crime,
Blighted reason and religious rage,
And ignorance which chained our blooming earth
With theories and fables to the dust—
When little more was thought of woman's worth
Than we think now of cattle-herds; and just
And labor brought the "better half" of man
Down to a plane of brute and tame.
For years her spirit rusted "neath the ban;
But love and knowledge to her rescue came.
Oh, God be praised! for now so changed is her condition,
She seems like a young angel on an earthly mission!

"The Eagle," 4th Oct., 1860.

The Woman's Library.

Another of those blessings that are the fruit and product of this thoughtful age, called a Library for Women, has just gone into successful operation in New York. A Jubilee was held over its opening, the other evening, at which progressive and benevolent men like Ward Beecher and R. H. Chapin made pleasant and appropriate speeches. The whole thing appears to strike New York sentiment with much favor. It was originated in the sympathetic brain of an unmarried woman, who felt the want, in common with thousands of others of her sex, of just such privileges as this library is calculated to supply. The public libraries scarcely allow the gentler and better sex any chance at all; they are really crowded to the wall; they dislike to have to run such a gauntlet as many times they are forced to in order to secure a volume, and often deny themselves altogether rather than endure the trials necessary to obtain what they want. The Woman's Library answers exactly to their need. It is a happy idea, and we are heartily glad to chronicle its perfect success. New ideas cannot be too plentiful.

The Poor Pope.

Pius IX has got through. He may, perhaps, now be able to look back and review those liberal promises which he made to the people of Italy in 1848, and to remember, likewise, the plaudits that were showered on him by the civilized world because of the advance steps he saw fit to take on behalf of the people. But he faltered and fell back. He is now thrown out of account entirely. It is even possible that the destruction of his wide temporal authority will result in that of his spiritual authority like-wise; not being able to sustain the one, he may die out in the other also. This is but the result of the march of events—a purely moral result, against which no defence with arms of any carnal sort could have been effectual. The Napoleon Pamphlet killed his temporal authority, and now Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi—one or both—will cause his very spiritual power to fade out, too. What a strange spectacle even for this stirring age—the complete destruction and fading out of the great Pope of the world! Verily, we do live in wonderful times.

Regular Meetings.

Miss Fanny Davis will lecture in the Trance State, in Allston Hall, (Bumstead Place), on Sunday, Oct. 14th, at 2.45 and 7.15 o'clock, P. M. Admittance 10 cents.

Somerville.

Dr. O. H. Wellington will speak in this place on Sunday, Oct. 14th, at 3 and 7 P. M. Subject—The government of children in families and schools.

THE QUEEN OF THE GRAVE.—When H. Ingram, Esq., the proprietor of the London Illustrated News, left the party in attendance upon the Prince at Montreal, he said he wanted to go where it was more quiet. He found that quiet on board the ill-fated Lady Elgin.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

FOR NEW YORK.—There is no better way of crossing the Sound for New York than by the popular Norwich and Worcester route, of which C. Pratt, Jr., Esq., is the efficient Boston agent. He supplies all the reasonable wants of travelers, secures them excellent sleeping accommodations, and aids them on their journey in every possible way. The cars on this route are elegant and easy, fitted expressly for night travel, and the boats are not surpassed by any that tempt the waters of Long Island Sound. Mr. Pratt's office is at 84 Washington street, in this city. Remember what we say about the Norwich route to New York.

We shall print a report of a discourse by Cora L. V. Hatch in our next number.

BALISBURY BEACH.—Of all the watering-places on the Atlantic coast, we consider this the most preferable. The beach is nine miles in extent, smooth and hard, and perfectly safe for bathers. It has been much resorted to the past summer. We counted there in one day five hundred carriages. A hotel has been erected at the mouth of the Merrimack, opposite Plum Island; but the location about one mile to the eastward is more frequented. A hotel is to be erected there next year. Wm. H. Alley, Esq., was the presiding genius at this watering-place the present season, and considering the inconveniences he was subjected to by not having more spacious accommodations for his customers, he won for himself the commendations of all visitors. He is the right man in the right place—a model landlord.

"My friend," said a hotel keeper to an over-voracious boarder, "you eat so much I shall charge you an extra half dollar." Replied the boarder, with his countenance the very picture of pain, "For goodness sake don't do that! I'm almost dead now eating three dollars' worth, and if you put on an extra half dollar, I shall burst—I shall!"

PARSON BROWNLOW, after holding his horses for a long time, thus relieves his mind in regard to the much-abused fourth estate:—"There is no interest on the face of this green earth that is expected to give as much to society, without pay or thanks, as the newspaper press of this country. The little-souled man, who inserts in your columns a fifteen-shilling advertisement, expects you to write him at least five dollars' worth of editorial notices. And the obscure and big game man you have written into a position of importance far beyond his merits, considers that his name adorns your columns and gives circulation to your journal."

BLACK EYES AND BLUE.

Black eyes most dazzling at a ball;
Blue eyes most pleasant at evening fall,
Black a conquest soonest gains;
Blue the most successful in the main;
The black bespeak a lively heart,
Whose soft emotions soon depart;
The blue a staid and tame betray,
That burns and lives beyond a day.
The black may foster love and desire;
In blue may feelings all repose;
Then let each reign without control—
The black all mind, the blue all soul.

THE ANCESTOR (Mo.) *Herald* states that Rev. L. Morse, a Methodist minister, having been detected in an intrigue with a married woman, fled the town to escape arrest. He was burned in effigy on the 6th ult.

TO LADIES WHO HAVE DANCED WITH THE PRINCE.—What an event among originations!—to have danced with the Prince of Wales! We are afraid he will have much to answer for. Young men who were formerly considered paragons of perfection by these same young ladies, will doubtless be snubbed incontinently. A hand that has been grasped by a live Prince, will not be bestowed on every chance comer, depend upon it. Have a care, girls! Do not carry your heads too high, or at least not so high that you may not have the pleasure of telling your children "all about the Prince." In short, don't be so puffed up, that one of these days somebody will point out a withered old maid, and somebody else will exclaim incredulously, "in your hearing." "What! the Prince dance with her!" well, truly, there is no accounting for tastes! Not the consoling story, "Oh, but she was pretty once," will take the sting from the rejoinder. *Is it possible?*—*Fanny Fern.*

A tailor on Broadway won \$15,000 by betting on "Planet" at the late race. He will now probably "cut" the shop instead of pantaloons.

IS THE PRINCE PLUCKY?—Well, he faced Niagara like a man, but he quailed on the prairie.—*N. Y. Daybook.*

Rembrandt Peale, the eminent painter, died at Philadelphia, Oct. 4th, aged 83 years.

The first snow-storm of the season at the White Mountains occurred on Friday of last week.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 12.—According to advices from Beyrout, Faud Pasha, after having counseled with Gen. Benbow, of Hauran, has called together the chiefs of the Metellins, and prohibited their giving any refuge to the Druses. It was said that military operations would commence after the hot weather. It was asserted that Faud Pasha had prevented the outbreak of an insurrection at Nabulus.

Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech is the one remembered.

Mrs. Partridge, O. W. Holmes, and a good many others, are thought to be very witty; but there is a Quaker poet in Massachusetts who is *Just as Good*, and W(h)ittier.

The wholesale dealers in Chicago are selling more goods in the daytime than they can pack at night, as a result of the heavy crops now coming in.

The British Mechanic's Magazine gives the following facts regarding the sewing machine:—"The wages of females engaged on plain sewing do not average six a week, while those employed on machines earn on an average 12s."

A shocking fluid lamp explosion occurred at Branchburg, Somerset County, N. J., on Thursday week. While Mrs. Derrick Mattis was in the act of filling a lamp while burning, the flame communicated with the fluid in the can, and a terrible explosion was the consequence. Her clothes, as well as those of four of her children, were in flames in an instant. Three of them have died from their injuries, and herself and a niece lie at the point of death. Their screams while burning, it is said, could be heard half a mile.

Altered \$10 notes on the Agawam Bank, Mass., are being circulated in Philadelphia.

His Satanic Majesty, N. E. Rums, is again murdering his legions. The distilleries are running night and day.

A SINGULAR PRESENTIMENT.—The Schenectady News yonches for the truth of the following:—

"A very remarkable case of presentiment, bordering on the supernatural, has just been told us by a gentleman nearly related to the persons concerned."

Mr. W., who resides in Schenectady County, in the town of Niskayuna, about three weeks ago, was awakened from his sleep by an unusual noise, which he thought proceeded from the adjoining room. Here surprised and alarmed, he lighted a candle and went into the apartment, which was used as a spare bedroom. As he opened the door his light went out with the current of air, and he was in total darkness. Presently, however, as he turned to grope his way back, the room grew dark as a cellar on a rainy afternoon, through a ground glass overhead, and Mr. W. dimly saw his eldest son on the bed, clad in the habiliments of death, and the coffin beside him, resting on two chairs across the foot end. In a moment the illusion vanished, and Mr. W. returned to his own room and struck another match, and again entered the spare bedroom, but everything seemed natural as usual.

Little was thought of the optical illusion, but last week the eldest son of Mr. W. was taken ill, and he died last Friday. He was a bright boy of some ten summers. We think the case worthy of a place in Robert Dale Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World."

A telescope of extraordinary power is in course of erection at the Paris Observatory. It is said to have magnifying powers of twenty thousand.

The Pekin Visitor says:—"Coming home a few mornings since, we met a man attempting to walk on both sides of the street. By a skilful manoeuvre we passed between him."

Thanksgiving day in New York has been appointed for November 29th.

New York Department.

G. B. Brittan, Resident Editor.

OFFICE, NO. 143 FULTON STREET.

PROPHETIC DREAMS AND VISIONS.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

Among the problems that have puzzled the brains of the metaphysicians, the frequent cases of *Pre-vision* are among the last, in their judgment, to admit of a satisfactory solution. These occasionally happen to certain spiritually minded persons while they are awake; but they occur far more frequently in sleep. To the mind of the Seer not only the Past is present, but the great Future may be comprehended within the field of his mysterious vision, long before Time has unrolled the panorama of coming events. This is no mere speculation of ingenious individuals. Wide as the sphere of intelligent existence, and the arena of our spiritual activities; deep as the springs of life, and high as the latent capabilities of the aspiring mind, is this faith in these sublime possibilities of human nature. There are illuminated souls who stand within the veil, while they break the seals of the book of fate and unfold our destiny. We have political seers who anticipate the rise and fall of nations; and the chiefs of many prophetic occupy the common Pantheon of all Religions.

A dream consists of an indefinite number of thoughts, occurring in immediate succession, during the hours of sleep; though we very naturally limit the application of the term to such acts or operations of the mind as occupy a place and preserve their relations in the waking memory. A vision is a dream in which the sense of sight is excited by the mind's action, or otherwise by subjective causes, so that by its cooperation it embodies and represents the images of whatever is comprehended in the mental conception and process. In sleep the soul wanders abroad free from the physical restraints it is accustomed to recognize in the waking life; and the occurrence of circumstances and events which Reason would regard as utterly impossible, seldom excite the least astonishment in the mind of the dreamer.

Time and space are annihilated, and remote periods and distant objects appear to be present. If one could sleep for months or years, without interruption, he would not, on waking, be able to form any proper conception of the lapse of time. Mary Lyall slept *five weeks*, and on being restored to a state of normal consciousness, supposed that her profound slumber had been limited to a single night. The fact that we often make long and laborious journeys in one hour, and have a conscious experience, diversified by all the thrilling realities of pleasure and pain—apparently requiring several days or weeks for the accomplishment of the whole train of events—is not less significant in its bearing on this particular point. Do Quiney saw objects immensely enlarged and otherwise exaggerated in his dreams. Estimating time by the number of sensorial changes or mental impressions, and the vastness of his experience while under the influence of opium, he occasionally felt that he had lived a century between sunset and dawn. Moonish, in his work on Sleep, assures us that he made a voyage to India, spending several days in Calcutta; that he subsequently continued his journey to Egypt, visiting the catacombs and pyramids of the Nile; and, moreover, that he had confidential interviews with Mohamet Ali, Cleopatra and Saladin. The whole of this remarkable experience—though it appeared to the dreamer to extend through a period of many months, may possibly have occupied a single hour. Such facts plainly indicate that the mind in sleep sustains no arbitrary or fixed relations, either to time or space; and hence, in attempting to solve the problem involved in prophetic dreaming, we must not conceive of the faculties of the mind as being subject to mundane laws and limitations.

When the external avenues of sensation are closed and the mind is measurably released from corporeal restraints, it readily associates with the homogeneous elements in all things for which it has a natural affinity. If in the waking condition, it holds direct relations with external objects and physical phenomena, it may, in sleep, be no less intimately associated with their interior principles and essential laws. Thus our dual nature and corresponding two-fold life, alternately bring us into relations with the visible and invisible realms of being. The periodical interposition of the faculties, which occurs at night—or in the seasons of slumber—and the shadowy suggestions of our microcosmic existence, all point to a sphere of inward realities; and they lead the rational soul to the contemplation of a far more glorious world than the great Macrocosm that stands revealed to our organic perceptions in the clear light of day.

Now as all things—in the most essential sense—have a permanent existence, extending backward through the long chain of causation and forward through the unlimited succession of immediate effects and remote consequences; and as all events exist, or really occur on the plane of their causes before they actually transpire in the outward world of effects, it naturally follows that whenever the mind—by whatever means—is uplifted to the proper moral and spiritual altitude, it perceives the event before it occurs in the sphere of phenomenal manifestation. The man gifted with prevision foresees what will happen, because he is able to discover the operative causes which already exist, and must inevitably develop the apprehended results. Thus our premonitions; the visions of future occurrences; every prophetic impulse; and all the shadows of impending events, may be subject to law and susceptible of a rational explanation.

Many cases of prophecy are doubtless to be referred to this perception—by the present mind—of existing principles and laws which are yet to find an ultimate expression in cosmic changes and human affairs. The forces and faculties of simple elements and organized forms, are superior to the mere material processes and organic functions which result from their action. In like manner all causes precede their effects in rank and in the order of time. If we can perceive existing causes, we may anticipate future results, with a degree of precision—in respect to time—only equal to the clearness of our perception, and the accuracy of the judgment employed in estimating the operation of inward principles in the production of external developments. We may predict that the tree will decay if we can perceive the omnivorous worm at its root. Political prophets foresee the decline and fall of empires in and through the existing causes of national weakness and degeneracy. If the measure of life on earth be determined by the strength of the life-principle in the individual, and otherwise by the operation of undeviating laws, it may be possible for an

"For an authentic statement of the facts in this case, the reader is referred to the eighth volume of the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.'"

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim to be spoken by the spirit who has been heard, through Mrs. J. H. C. in a condition called the Trance. It is not published on account of literary merit, but as a test of spiritual communion to those friends who may receive it.

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 mere beings.

We believe the spirits who speak through the Trance are as intelligent as those who are in the flesh, and as well as in it, and do not expect that spirits 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 so much of truth as he receives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, 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 you, we have undertaken 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 circles, however.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 512 Broadway, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at 2:30 p.m. and ending at 4:30 p.m. 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 they recognize, write us whether true or false?

From No. 2242 to No. 2270.

Thursday, Sept. 6.—Why did Christ say to the invalid, "I have healed thee—go thy way"? David Leary, Boston; Samuel S. Hilday, Utica; Caroline B. Ross.

Friday, Sept. 7.—The Most High God—was it of God or man? Thomas Canterbury, Philadelphia; Henry Arlin, Montpelier; Sarah Ann Miller, Boston; Isaac Newton.

Saturday, Sept. 8.—Bible; Mary Blythe; Rufus Choate; Louis Howard.

Sunday, Sept. 9.—What are the immutable decrees of God? Thomas Price, Boston; Alice T. Oberon, Easton, Pa.; Mary Mayhew, Scotland; George Henry Hopkinson, Albany; Isaac Newton.

Monday, Sept. 10.—Is it not useless to pray for that which is absolutely true? Joshua Heath, Braintree; Andrew Jackson, Boston; Philip Cabot, New Haven; Victoria M. Ransom, Chicago; James P. Good.

Tuesday, Sept. 11.—Invocation; What is Infidelity? John Cassidy, Boston; Henry Ward Hastings.

Wednesday, Sept. 12.—What are the immutable decrees of God? Thomas Price, Boston; Alice T. Oberon, Easton, Pa.; Mary Mayhew, Scotland; George Henry Hopkinson, Albany; Isaac Newton.

Thursday, Sept. 13.—What are the immutable decrees of God? Thomas Price, Boston; Alice T. Oberon, Easton, Pa.; Mary Mayhew, Scotland; George Henry Hopkinson, Albany; Isaac Newton.

Friday, Sept. 14.—What are the immutable decrees of God? Thomas Price, Boston; Alice T. Oberon, Easton, Pa.; Mary Mayhew, Scotland; George Henry Hopkinson, Albany; Isaac Newton.

Saturday, Sept. 15.—Invocation; What is Infidelity? John Cassidy, Boston; Henry Ward Hastings.

Sunday, Sept. 16.—What are the immutable decrees of God? Thomas Price, Boston; Alice T. Oberon, Easton, Pa.; Mary Mayhew, Scotland; George Henry Hopkinson, Albany; Isaac Newton.

Monday, Sept. 17.—What are the immutable decrees of God? Thomas Price, Boston; Alice T. Oberon, Easton, Pa.; Mary Mayhew, Scotland; George Henry Hopkinson, Albany; Isaac Newton.

Tuesday, Sept. 18.—What are the immutable decrees of God? Thomas Price, Boston; Alice T. Oberon, Easton, Pa.; Mary Mayhew, Scotland; George Henry Hopkinson, Albany; Isaac Newton.

Wednesday, Sept. 19.—What are the immutable decrees of God? Thomas Price, Boston; Alice T. Oberon, Easton, Pa.; Mary Mayhew, Scotland; George Henry Hopkinson, Albany; Isaac Newton.

Thursday, Sept. 20.—What are the immutable decrees of God? Thomas Price, Boston; Alice T. Oberon, Easton, Pa.; Mary Mayhew, Scotland; George Henry Hopkinson, Albany; Isaac Newton.

Friday, Sept. 21.—What are the immutable decrees of God? Thomas Price, Boston; Alice T. Oberon, Easton, Pa.; Mary Mayhew, Scotland; George Henry Hopkinson, Albany; Isaac Newton.

Saturday, Sept. 22.—What are the immutable decrees of God? Thomas Price, Boston; Alice T. Oberon, Easton, Pa.; Mary Mayhew, Scotland; George Henry Hopkinson, Albany; Isaac Newton.

Sunday, Sept. 23.—What are the immutable decrees of God? Thomas Price, Boston; Alice T. Oberon, Easton, Pa.; Mary Mayhew, Scotland; George Henry Hopkinson, Albany; Isaac Newton.

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creative intelligence they call God. The Christian worship the Christ; personified in and through him to their God; and so it is with every other sect of religionists. The Brethrenburgians worship their "brother" to a certain extent; he is their type of divinity. The Jews had and have their Moses—through him the light of their God was better seen than through any Jesus. You should not blame them, for they are members of the great family of your Father, and they seek him in their own way. Curse not another sect because they cannot worship your Christ, for it is not just, nor Godlike. Consult your monitor within, and it will teach you that you are to find God by your own light, for no two are endowed with precisely the same faculties. One among you may be predisposed to mathematics. To such an one the course of nature marked out to him will be easy to him; but will nature require another to walk in his path, whom she has not endowed with such a gift? No; for each child is endowed with a peculiar gift, and each tends to his Creator.

Jesus Christ, we affirm to have been a superior intelligence to all who came in contact with him.

Jesus said, "If I pray to my Father, he will send me twelve legions of angels." Yet he did not. And why? Because the element of good will never fringes upon the element of evil in such a way. The darkness could not comprehend Jesus, and called for his death. God did not and would not condemn them, but he suffered them to outwork their own law; and one way this was outworked, was the crucifixion of Jesus, that by it they might cast off a portion of their darkness and be made free—not by the blood of Christ being shed, but by outworking their own law. Mark us. We do not, nor shall we ever seek to rob Christ of his Divinity, no do we seek to place him above his proper standing in life. We give to him what he was willing to give to all. Jesus clearly told his disciples to obey the law at all times, that Caesar even was fulfilling his mission, and he bade them render to Caesar the things which were his.

Divinity sits enthroned everywhere. What is Divinity? It is but the law of Progress, which is the law natural. To be natural is to be divine. No matter what you are, and a great desire to be free, or in the heaven of joy, you are divine; you are command all evil, and it must obey you. You are endowed with power to acquaint yourself with all the elements of nature, by the same power that spoke into existence. He gave you power over all else in life, because you are created in the image of Intelligence.

Oh, then, seek wisdom, not only as found among the children of past ages, but as speaking to you to-day in the morning of the nineteenth century. And as you hear, you must obey. God's law never was infringed upon. When that time shall come when you are called by God, you must come forth. You are your own Saviour, His divine life is implanted in yourselves, and you shall come forth to something higher, and enjoy something better. Sept. 4.

Polly Evans.

I lived in my body upwards of eighty years; I left it four years ago. I died at Nantucket and was buried there, and I had a great desire to go home, but I had to come here. My people are there; some of them are here, but most of them I want to come to are there. I was failing almost a year before I died, and I went off quite suddenly. Poor old woman! I don't suppose anybody cared, for I was no good to anybody. But maybe God has been so kind to me that I can serve those now I could not serve when I was in my body.

My right name was Polly Evans. I was sometimes called Mary, but it wasn't my name, and I want you to write down my true name. I did not find the spirit world what I expected. I was terribly disappointed, but it is all over now. But I come here, God knows, if he knows anything at all, to benefit my people. I don't think they know anything about this. I have learned more in the four years I have been here than I learned all my life in spiritual things. But I had first to come down into a little child, and persuade myself I didn't know anything. Oh, how I remember the blessed words, and how they applied to myself. Yes, if you want to enter the kingdom of heaven, you must make up your mind you do not know anything when you get to the spirit life. Then there will be plenty to teach you. But as sure as you make up your mind that you know all, you prevent others from aiding you. I want my people to make up their minds here that all they know of God is good for nothing, and then they will learn of him quicker. I was brought up a strict religionist—a Baptist—and I cannot say I have been really unhappy since I have been here, for I believed that God was just and good, and he freed me.

I want much to talk to my folks as I do here; it is well enough to come here and make you yourself known to your folks; but this doesn't satisfy me, and I want my people, if they want to confer with me or to know about my coming, to let me come to them as I come to you. I have many things to say to them, but I don't wish to give them here; so I ask, I beg them to let me speak to them. Surely God will not cast them aside for sinning once; if it proves to be sin, they can repent at once, and God is good and will forgive them. God bless you all, and grant you may all be happy when you come here. Sept. 4.

James Edward Alton.

My name was James Edward Alton; I was thirteen years old. I was drowned in North River about six weeks since. I have a mother living in Williamsburg, New York State, a sister and a brother in New York City. My brother is a dealer in hats, caps, and furnishings goods; my sister is married; my father is with me.

About a week ago I sent a communication to my mother, by way of my sister. I wrote a little through a medium in New York, and mother didn't believe it, nor did my sister; and my father thought they would believe if I came further off to a stranger.

I was taking a bit of a row when I was drowned; I left home about five in the afternoon, and was intending to come home before dark; but we got to fooling in the boat, and I suppose that was the reason of the capsizing of the boat. The other boy, Harris, was saved.

I do not know what I'll do to get home, sir. I asked to go home when I wrote, but I didn't know much about coming, and made some bad blunders. I knew something about coming, but not much. My father helps me, though he never came back. He wants me to say if my mother will go away, and go honest, she will get all true. The bigger, stranger the medium the better he will be satisfied.

I think I can make her believe the first time; but you take a fellow when there are two or three dozen people looking at you, and he don't feel very well.

My sister will get the paper, and she will send it to my mother. My brother is on Broadway, way down by the ferries. His name is H. B. Alton. Sept. 4.

Rebecca Hawkins.

I have two little children on earth; can I speak to them? I have been dead some three years. Oh, how hard I have tried to come to them since then; but I never could till now, and now they tell me I am miles away from them, and the only chance I have to come back to them is by and through a newspaper. One is nine and the other near twelve years old. My boy is nine years old. Can they comprehend me in this way? They are all strangers. Oh, God, to go there! But I can come this way, I suppose. Shall I tell you my story? I was born in the town of Groton, N. H. My husband was born in the town of Chester, and we were married in Manchester. My husband was employed in one of the mills there. We moved to Lawrence, Mass.; while there he became excited and interested in going to California, where so many go to die. He went. Shortly after going and arriving there, I heard he was dead, and I was left with two children. I did all I could to support them; how well I succeeded I can't say here; but finding it hard work to live there, I moved to Boston, thinking I could provide for myself and children by doing anything; friends and strangers might offer me; but it's a hard world to live in, sir; and if you have no friends, you'd better be dead than here. I have a

letter mailed, and she went to the western country sixteen years ago. When I saw I was losing my health, and had no prospect before me, I went with my sister, and she sent for me to come to her at St. Paul, Minnesota. I went, and shortly after being there I became worse. My sister took the role of being kind and under that terrible care, I didn't, but I did, and she lived. I left my children; but her husband, who was well disposed toward me or the children, thought it too much to take care of them, and he put them away among strangers. I am satisfied; but I wish to come to them. I would like to come to my sister, but her husband is rigid and a Christian—cold as marble to these things; and if I go to her I shall make trouble between them; but I want to go to my children, and to tell them that they are not alone in the world—though their mother is dead, and they have no one to look up to. Oh, I want them to feel I did not die when I kissed them and bade them farewell.

I wish the friends they are with would take these children where I can speak to them. I learn that they think of moving to Dayton, Ohio. If they should move there, I ask them to take my children to a medium I have found there; and if a mother's love can find means to repay them, I certainly will, before they come to the spirit world, I can find, when they come here. My sister's name is Corlies; her husband is engaged in some land speculations.

My name, sir, was Rebecca Hawkins. Oh, I hope my children will get this. But I'll not expect too much, for disappointment is the lot of us all; and if I do not expect too much, I shall not be disappointed. I have told you the plain, simple truth, sir, and hope I shall succeed. Sept. 4.

Invocation.

Thou Soul of the Universe, thou Life of all things, once more we draw nigh to thee in prayer and praise; once more we offer our gifts to thee; once more we praise thee because thou art merciful to us, thy children; once more thou hast given us power to walk the earth, and demonstrate ourselves to mortality; and for this precious gift we offer thee the choicest praise. We praise thee in behalf of those in mental darkness, who linger outside, fearing to enter the temple of thy God. We praise thee in their behalf, for they cannot see thee as we see thee—they cannot know thee as we know thee—and yet thou hast given them a way whereby they may find thee. Holy Father, we do not ask thee to bless thy children, for we know thou art shedding blessings continually upon them. Oh, God of wisdom, God of mercy, God of grace, we give thee all glory and honor for that thou hast been pleased to bestow upon us. Oh, our Father and our Mother, sanctify thy children before us to-day, by opening thy book of knowledge they so desire. Give to them the cup of water they call for, that they may praise thee in that, too, feeling that thou art a God who withholdeth nothing, but giveth to all according to their proper desires. Sept. 5.

Daniel's Prophecy.

What do the spirits think of the prophecy of the Prophet Daniel, as relating to the destruction of the earth in 1889?

Our brother Daniel was endowed with certain peculiar gifts, with a certain phase of mediumship, and unto him certain things were revealed. But according to our understanding, the revelation refers to the city of Jerusalem, the gathering together of God's chosen people. We cannot find this to have any reference to the destruction of the earth; for

Pearls.

And quoted also, and from the world's
That on the stretched floor of all time,
Sparkle forever.

FLOWERS.

Oh! they had looked upward in every place
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And dear as a smile on an child's face,
The smile of the bright, bright flowers!
They tell us of wanderings by woods and streams;
They tell us of lanes and trees;
But the children of sorrow and sunny tears
Have lovelier tales than these—
The bright, bright flowers!
They tell of a season when men were not
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God;
When spirits, singing their hymns at even,
Wandered by wood and glade,
And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven,
And blessed what He had made—
The bright, bright flowers!

Experience teaches, it is true, but she never teaches in
time. Each event brings its lesson, and the lesson is remem-
bered; but the same event never occurs again.

THE LAST VOYAGE.

At shut of day they sat and talked,
In their old house by the sea;
The weather-beaten Solomon,
And his good wife, Marcella,
"The sun looks like a ship," he said,
"That is nearly come to land;
That slanting beam, like a plank pushed out
To take aboard some hand."
And when, at length, the gold-backed clouds
Crouched in the dark, by view,
He said, "It will be a stormy night;
May the good ship weather through!"
At last the old wife, Marcella,
Could win no answering word;
The ship was gone, the plank hauled in,
And Solomon was alone—
"The last voyage."

A wise girl would win a lover by practicing those virtues
which secure when personal charms have failed.

GO BOLDLY FORTH.

Go boldly forth and do not lie,
When stern oppressors rise;
Let mental strength, abounding still,
Such puny foes despise.
Though stung with many a bitter word,
And persecuted long,
Yet let them pass as if unheard,
And in the right be strong!
The noblest cause ever known
Have not with soft and feeble
The brave, though journeying alone,
Should never yield to fear!
Go onward—up the rugged steep,
Beyond the lagging throng;
Thy own heart's counsel wisely keep,
And in the right be strong!

Guard, if it be possible, your friends from injuring you,
Just they by so doing become your bitterest enemies, never
forgetting the wrongs they have themselves inflicted.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 2.

The Boston Spiritual Conference is held at the Hall
No. 14 Bromfield street, every Tuesday evening.

QUESTION—Future Life.

DR. H. F. GARNER was called to the chair.

MR. SPOONER.—It seems to me the objection to the
idea suggested by some speakers—namely, that our
future existence is to be a spiritual one, and we
are not to have a material form—requires much
thought. I liked Brother Loveland's remarks at the
last meeting, when he said that we shall have the
same impulses to labor that we have here. But I
think he is slightly indeliberate when he premises
this of a spiritual body. How can we labor without
a body? Nearly all our experience in this world, is
to make us understand the care and protection of
our own bodies; and if our bodies are taken away
from us, all that experience will be in vain. It
seems to me we should have a special home in the
world to come. This is one of the worst faults I
find with Spiritualism, which seems to teach the
opposite. The Spiritual doctrine teaches of a mode
of existence very different from what we have here;
but it is an unnatural idea. If these spiritual com-
municators are to be relied on, why do they not
give us some definite idea of a future existence?
Why do they give us such vague and indefinite
ideas? One other argument in favor of a material
existence hereafter, is that otherwise those who die
here in infancy or youth, will not have the experi-
ences which we have who remain here longer, and
which it would seem that all human beings ought to
have. If the education, gained by long life in this
world, be necessary to any, why is it not necessary
to all?

JACOB ENOCH.—Friend Spooner speaks of a future
life in the body. Many Spiritualists believe, and
some know that spirits have power to attract to
themselves gross matter sufficiently tangible to be
handled and felt. Of this I think it is necessary
for the soul to be housed and protected by matter.
But spirit is to me the real and the tangible.
Friend Spooner says, if we lose our body here, the
aim of life is gone. I cannot see that a man can
lose the advantage of the knowledge obtained from
any experience under the sun. I think that the
future life will be the exercise of our pleasurable
faculties. I conceive the future to be a healthy cre-
ative sphere, and I regard the omnipresent law as
bringing forth the reward for every thought and
deed. It seems to me this must be the result in the
future. All will have exact justice, which crowds
out, and leaves no room for mercy. Spirit finds
through matter its path of progress onward and up-
ward. We may be so conditioned that we are on the
night-side of nature, where the clouds float between
us and the sun, and all things look dark. But we
need that darkness to know the light. If this were
not so, it seems to me life must be a failure.

LORENZO D. GROSVENER.—Brother Spooner dreads
laziness or inactivity in the future world. He re-
minds me of a story I once heard, of a good-natured
Irishman, who went around soliciting work. He
came to a man, and said, "Can you give me some-
thing to do?" "I don't know as I can," the man
told him; "it's little work I have to do."
"Well," said the Irishman, "it little work I'm after
doing." I like to go into a spiritual meeting, for I
believe in the exercise of the intellectual and moral
faculties, on all proper occasions. I know we have
various ways of conceiving of ideas, and various
ways of advancing them. I was once talking with
a man—a good farmer and estimable neighbor, but
one who was destitute of any idea of immortality.
He could not believe it. It did not accord with his
senses, and he challenged me to give him one argu-
mentative reason for such a belief. I then called
his attention to the hard rock; to the ground which
was softer and more pliable; to the water in the

spring—naturally rarer and lighter; to the blue
atmospheric sky; to the light from yonder sun. I
then asked him to form a conception of something
still finer—electricity. Next, from electricity, is a
step to magnetism, which constitutes the polarity of
the steel. Next came spirit, still more impalpable,
yet not lacking substance and bulk. This is the
line of argument I generally follow, when discussing
the question of immortality.

RICHARD BURKE.—Anything like argument will be
unnecessary to prove that which is taken for granted.
The reasons for belief are all we can say upon the
question. Some will have one reason and none an-
other, for belief in a future life. I do not believe in
a future life because God will be juster there than
here. If we come to the conclusion that justice is
not done here, then it would follow that we did not
live under God's law. It seems to me full and com-
plete justice is done to every human being. You
will say, is it justice that one should have a super-
fluity, while others suffer for want of a sufficiency?
I think justice is done here, notwithstanding the
pendant of some to prey upon others. If we had
not an instinctive idea of right and justice, I should
not say what I do. But it happens that wrong-
doing and its consequences almost always go hand
in hand. The man who lives to become a wealthy
man, will, ninety nine times in a hundred, all things
else being equal, but in becoming so, he must be-
come less and less a man in a moral and spiritual
point of view. Now when men strive eagerly as
they do to become upright and just, they will as
surely gain their point. It does not appear to me to
be reasonable that we shall receive that in the
future life we ought to have here, but did not get.
Now as to what we shall do in the future life. This
is a subject we cannot fathom, and only beg our-
selves in trying to. All any of us can know about
the spirit, is as it works in conjunction with body.
When it is dissolved, we cannot see or know what it
is; it can only manifest itself to us through a hu-
man body.

HORACE SEEVER.—I have serious doubts whether I
can throw any light upon this subject. I can throw
a few words upon it, however, and that is all you
have done. I confess the world has a general con-
ception of a future life; but it is not so general as
to be worthy of belief. Those who claim to believe
in it, do not have the same conception or idea of it.
But it seems to me that if this belief were a part
of human nature, it would be the same everywhere.
I do not see any great difference between men, except
their speculations and ideas—which are the result
of education. I was religious once, but have entirely
got rid of the fantasy. I cannot believe in an eternal
singing; but this is about the only general concep-
tion of heaven religious people have. I do love a
little music; but an eternity of it, it seems to me,
must be a little too much of a good thing. The sub-
ject is very ambiguous, and I believe one man can
see about as far into a millstone as another. The
great are befogged by this question as much as the
small. The most we can do is to quote the language
of Thomas Paine, and say, "I hope for immortality." I
think Brother Burke talks strangely for a man of
his age, when he says that there is no injustice in
the world. We see it exhibited by a great many.
It swarms about us on all sides.

MR. BAKER.—It seems all-recognize the truth of a
future life. Even Brother Seever once believed it,
but trusts that he has got rid of most of it. The
belief in and desire for a future existence is natural;
but there must be a doubt about it we cannot know
for certainty. After all, Brother Seever cannot know
what he will do to-morrow. Nothing could be de-
monstrated, because it could not be tried or experi-
mented with. He does not carry out his theory
persistently. He has faith in what he will do to-
morrow; and why cannot he look beyond a few
months or years, into a future life? It is bad logic
to plead that doubt is argument against the truth of
anything. Most men feel that they have not done
all that is to be done; and many have pride in being
in the minority.

RICHARD THAYER.—Paul expressed himself ration-
ally in speaking of this: "Now we know in part;
then we shall know as we are known;—now we see
through a glass darkly; then we shall see face to
face." It seems to me death will read a veil be-
tween us and God, and give us a better understand-
ing of him, and of each other—as brothers and
sisters of humanity. The idea of there being no in-
justice in life, is, it strikes me, absurd and false.
But I think in the life to come, invidious distinctions
will be annihilated, and all will be brought to the
same level; and I rejoice in view of this prospect.

MR. NICKERSON.—I can conceive of man as being
only an offshoot of the lower kingdoms of earth. I
hope for immortality; but there are objections in my
way. The idea has been advanced that we should
have immortality because we hoped for it. We all
love to live in this life, and hope to in the future;
but if I had not further evidence than this, I should
be skeptical concerning the truths of eternal life.
MR. DENLEY.—I have found nothing in nature to
lead me to believe I should survive the article of
death, and I could never see any evidence that men
were alive when they were dead. Everything has
led me to believe that death scattered all the faculties
of the soul and mind. You would not take the
testimony in favor of immortality on any other sub-
ject. The only avenue of immortality is a resur-
rection of the man. I am driven back to the Bible,
which many of you do not receive.

MR. LEONARD.—This is a very important question.
It strikes all men differently, on account of their
different organizations. The doubts of some here re-
mind me of the Chinese philosopher who would not
believe in water, being frozen to ice, but ordered the
foreigners sent home who told of it. Some of the
ignorant ones here would believe in the glorious
truths of immortality, because they never saw it.
It must be gained through spiritual education. I
should be miserable to lose my experience with
spirits in the spirit world. I have knowledge, and
not belief, in the things of the spirit-life. I have
aided spirits to progress. I have read the communi-
cations from them in the BANNER when they asked
for light, and have called them to me, and assisted
them onward.

MR. PARKER.—I do not expect to throw much light
on this subject, but I am encouraged by our silver
haired father who has just spoken of his mission of
peace and kindness. It is enough to me to know
that I have faith in the future life. I was once a
Deist, but have been convinced of the reality of a
future life by means of Spiritualism. My own
senses are to me a better guide than any other
man's. I speak for myself, and tell what I know.
There are those dear ones in the spirit-land who
never forsake me. I feel immortality as I feel the
sunshine, and I know it is just as real.

The question for Conference next week is—"What
effects can intoxicating agents have upon the spirit
and soul of man?"

SUNDAY LECTURES IN NEW YORK.

MRS. A. M. SPENCE AT BODWORTH HALL,
Sunday, Sept. 30, 1890.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

MORNING DISCOURSE.

In our lecture last Sunday we spoke of man's
human nature as being dual in character—that is,
animal and moral. The moral nature of man is that
from which proceeds his divine or celestial nature,
and without which the divine or celestial nature
could not exist, and upon which the growth and de-
velopment of the divine or celestial nature depends.
Man is a spirit independent of his divine nature.

We stated that much which is now regarded by
enlightened and progressive minds as theological
errors, are, in reference to our moral nature, fun-
damental truths, among which may be ranked, when
properly understood, the doctrine of confession, of
retribution, of faith, of prayer, etc. These lie at the
basis of Christianity, but, like all other truths of the
Bible, they are only valuable in proportion as they
become living realities in us. Being falsely inter-
preted, however, by the Christianity of the day, and
being perverted in their application to man's moral
nature, he is placed in false relations to them, and
hence is made unhappy and unhealthy by them.

Our bodies are so constructed that they are con-
tinually growing and decaying, dying and repro-
ducing themselves, and therefore they are continually
receiving and as continually throwing off the ele-
ments of which they are made.

So the moral nature, which operates through the
intellect and the affections, receives and throws off;
and an excess or deficiency of either of these modes
of action produces moral disease. This is not suffi-
ciently regarded by the religious systems and teach-
ers of the day; and hence mankind are so univer-
sally morally diseased, and as a consequence, the
growth of their divine nature has been interfered
with. The mission of spirits is to bring us back to
the true principles, and especially to free our moral
natures, so that they may receive and throw off
according to their actual necessities.

Confession, of which we propose speaking this
morning, is a process of unburdening, or giving off
from the moral nature, which, like weeping, sighing,
lamenting, is a normal mode of relief. We need
such modes of relief, because there is a constant
accumulation of discordant elements within us, and
if the proper channels through which they should be
thrown off are closed up, it would be as diseasing to
our moral nature as the closing up of the natural
avenues of the body would be to the body. How
complete is the peace and rest produced by a natural
confession; and it is an indication of our permanent
condition when we shall have risen by a growth
superior to all moral discord and disturbances, as
the child rises by a growth above his childish
nature. This condition is promised in the Bible, and
was exemplified in Jesus, who had grown to that
condition. All who have reached that internal state
can truthfully say to all trials and to all tempta-
tions, "Get behind me, Satan!" How many of you,
when deprived of reputation, of children, of wealth,
of friends, can say, "I am at peace within?" This
is attainable. You are traveling to this state. Do
not be discouraged, then, if trials and temptations beset
you; they are means of growth, not because they are
forced made to be so, but because the principles of
nature make them so. The storm and the tempest
strengthen the oak, and make it send its roots deeper
into the soil. And so he who has risen to the divi-
nity of his nature, can look back through his past life,
and see that repeated trials, and temptations, and
severe experiences, have been the means of making
him master of himself—self-poised under all the
varying conditions of life.

To many the world seems dark and dreary indeed.
There are many whose private history of suffering,
if faithfully recorded, would far surpass anything
that the imagination of the novelist has ever con-
ceived of. The church directs them to God for re-
lief, and to him they unbosom themselves in prayer;
but no relief comes—no consolation—no advice—no
even a whisper returns to indicate that their confes-
sion to God has been heard; they are still left
yearning for some one that can understand and
sympathize with them. Why did not their prayers
bring relief? Because they did not understand the
true law of relief to the moral nature, and hence did
not apply to the proper source for relief. They
looked to a personal God, and are disappointed, and
disappointment ends in denunciation of the principle
and the practice which is based upon it; yet the
principle remains the same, and confession is still
a true doctrine.

Those who are under the discipline of the interior,
are made to struggle for self-individualization. The
main proclamation from spirits is, "individualize,"
even if it be at the expense of all present ties and
relations." Still the spirit world does not teach
isolation, but the seeking of holy relations; neither
does it advise an arbitrary, premature breaking up
of present relations, and an assumption of new
ones; for that would retard individual growth.
Look to inward growth as manifested by inward
necessities and when they call for a change, take no
counsel with law, custom, or the church.

The church refers us to Jesus as a mediator.
There is some truth in the idea of mediation; but
we must look at it with an unprejudiced mind if we
wish to see it. A mediator is an accepted mind be-
tween us and the object to be attained. There is
some virtue in the relation of the ignorant, circum-
scribed mind of the Catholic to his priest. The child
confesses to its mother, and its confiding, helpless
mind is at once unburdened of all its troubles and
discordant feelings. The relation between the Catho-
lic and his priest is similar, and the beneficial re-
sults are the same. Humanity are but children
growing up to the divine manhood and womanhood.
Two persons become antagonistic to each other, and
their positive states prevent the free flow, and the
mingling and blending of fraternal love between
them; in this condition no relief is so natural and
so healthful as a mutual, honest confession. The
ignorant Catholic who goes to his priest to confess,
instead of to the person whom he has wronged, is
relieved, because he honestly believes that the priest
can forgive his wrongdoing; but the enlightened
and intelligent mind, who does not believe it, in vain
goes to the priest to disburden his moral nature.
The Catholic system of confession is an artificial
system, based upon a natural principle, and hence
there is a virtue and an efficacy in its practical
workings; yet the artificial system is but a step-
ping-stone—an introduction to the natural system
which is superior to it. The natural system is a
confession one to another; not to any one and every
one, but to the proper one; not with humiliation, or
under a sense of duty; but as a natural, sponta-
neous means of self-relief which is pleasant and at-
tractive.

We propose to dwell, this evening, upon retribu-
tion as a natural experience in human life. The
doctrine of retribution, though it has long been
taught, has not yet clearly reached the human un-
derstanding, because it has not been presented in
such shape as to meet the rational, thinking mind.
Retribution and confession are intimately related to
each other. As we stated, this morning, if the
effects materials of the body be not thrown off, they
will generate disease; so in the moral nature, if
irritated and discordant feelings be allowed to ac-
cumulate, they will produce injurious effects, differing
in quality and in degree with different individuals.
Confession is a method of relief to this condition of
the moral nature. Retribution is an outworking of
states, or conditions, which ought to have been out-
wrought through confession; but God's supposed
means of retribution are a future place of punish-
ment, famine, pestilence, earthquakes, and all the
other calamities which afflict the human race. We
do not thus interpret them, however. These afflict
him because of his ignorance; and the severe ex-
periences which they bring give him knowledge and
wisdom, which will ultimately enable him to escape
them. They have no relation to man's moral nature
to which retribution applies. Man intuitively per-
ceives that there must be such a thing as retribu-
tion; but, in the absence of a philosophic conception
of its true character, his early, infantile mind em-
bodied its intuition in the doctrine of atonement to
which he still clings. But, in the moral sphere,
retribution is a natural result, from which there is
no escape; the blood of Jesus cannot save us from
any result, or effect upon our moral nature. Man
violates his moral nature through ignorance, and
thus thrusts himself under the law; and did he un-
derstand the naturalness of the retributive law, he
would know how to protect himself from its effects.
Without this knowledge we may improve the gods,
and Jesus, and all the saints, in the vain hope of
obtaining relief; but none comes. All such appli-
ances to our diseased moral nature are worse than
useless; and hence it is our delight to annihilate all
gods, and to renounce and repudiate all doctrines
which teach mankind to appeal to personal gods.

Jesus fearlessly disregarded public opinion and
the churches. His chosen associates were publicans
and sinners and abandoned women. For this he
was vilified and condemned. Yet he seemed to be of
such a nature that he could mingle with the morally
diseased, and not be contaminated. Who of to-day
dare do this? Yet this is the mission of the divine
nature of man to the human nature of humanity—
to be the physician to its diseased conditions, and
the cultivator of its weaknesses, that they may be-
come strong and healthy. If the truly divine and
the truly moral man steps fearlessly forth into the
world to-day, associating with the low, the vile and
the degraded in his divine mission, to them, he
would no more be appreciated than Jesus was eight-
teen hundred years ago; yet the world delights in
putting on the outward appearance of purity and
morality. The angel world, however, reads your
states, and judges you by your internal condition,
and not by your outward appearances. Spirits see
that your internal, moral nature are filled with
relies and studded with images which more than
outward words or deeds tell them what you are. If
in your inward feelings you covet your neighbor's
wife, or your neighbor's goods and chattels—his
houses, his lands, his barns of pork, or his rolls of
old leather, whether you actually appropriate them
to yourselves or not, their images become etched upon
your moral nature; and there these images re-
main so long as the feelings that created them are
alive in you. In this way your moral spheres be-
come filled with the images and likenesses of the
mundane sphere, in a somewhat similar way to that
in which the mother marks the body of her child
with whatever has strongly impressed her own feel-
ings or desires. We take our moral nature with us
into spirit-life; and thither it must go, no matter
how it is encumbered with the luggage and the
trappings which have adhered to it in this life.
Many, upon entering the spirit-world, present a
queer looking spectacle indeed, loaded with the
goods and chattels, the houses, lands and dry goods
which their longings and covetous feelings have im-
pressed upon their moral spheres. They will find
no Barnum there to purchase their strange luggage.
There, as here, confession and retribution are the
natural means of relieving their moral natures.
There is a truth in astrology—it is a reading of the
imagery of spheres. In this way Jesus told the
woman all that she had ever done—he read the
imagery which she herself had engraven upon her
own sphere. This same principle is even more uni-
versal in its operation. To the susceptible psycho-
matrist your autograph alone conveys your charac-
ter, and, at times, your very deeds; and upon the
same principle we impress everything with our-
selves. A large majority of mediums, who think
that they have penetrated into the interior world,
have not gone beyond this; but have simply seen
the imagery of this external world impressed upon
the spheres of persons and the spheres of things.
But few indeed, if any, have ever penetrated the
hidden secrets of the spirit-world. The spirit-world,
in the vast majority of cases, seems merely to reflect
the mundane sphere back upon itself; and hence
the whole series of spiritual phenomena need a
thorough re-examination.

Many say they have no time to attend to their
souls; they must make money. Humanity have
neglected themselves and thrown themselves upon
Gods, and churches, and now there are others who
throw themselves upon spirits. It is time, then,
that spirits should cease to manifest themselves, and
throw such back upon themselves.

It is the belief of some that there are no evil
spirits. There are evil spirits in the same sense
that there are evil persons in the body. The human
nature is not the immortal part of man. It is
perishable. It has its limited life, which may, and
often does, extend beyond this into the next sphere
of existence. This human nature is the matrix, as
it were, in which the immortal part of man is de-
veloped. The mission of spirits is to cultivate that
immortal part; and in doing this they operate
through the lower spirits, who have, from the very
beginning of the phenomena, declared that they
come by permission, and remain only so long as they
are allowed.

These interior cultivators assure us that this
sphere is much more favorable for the development
of the immortal part of man than the next sphere;
and hence they exert all to remain here as long as
possible; and hence also the efforts which they
make, and will make more systematically hereafter,
to heal the diseased, and thus keep them in this
sphere. Those who enter the next sphere without
the full development of this, must return; and
hence it is the experience of all mediums that un-
developed spirits do come to them, and plead to be
permitted to live out their physical or human na-
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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ALBANY HALL, BUREAU PLACE, BOSTON.—Lectures are
given here every Sunday afternoon at 2:15, and at 7:15
evening. The following speakers are engaged:
Oct. 1st—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs.
Lizzie Dotson, last two lectures; Oct. 2nd—Mrs. M. M.
Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two
lectures; Oct. 3rd—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two
lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Oct. 4th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Oct. 5th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Oct. 6th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Oct. 7th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Oct. 8th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Oct. 9th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Oct. 10th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Oct. 11th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Oct. 12th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Oct. 13th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Oct. 14th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Oct. 15th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Oct. 16th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Oct. 17th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Oct. 18th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Oct. 19th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Oct. 20th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Oct. 21st—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Oct. 22nd—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Oct. 23rd—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Oct. 24th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Oct. 25th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Oct. 26th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Oct. 27th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Oct. 28th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Oct. 29th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Oct. 30th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Oct. 31st—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
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Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Nov. 26th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Nov. 27th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Nov. 28th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Nov. 29th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Nov. 30th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Dec. 1st—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Dec. 2nd—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Dec. 3rd—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Dec. 4th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Dec. 5th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Dec. 6th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Dec. 7th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Dec. 8th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Dec. 9th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Dec. 10th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Dec. 11th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Dec. 12th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Dec. 13th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Dec. 14th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Dec. 15th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Dec. 16th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Dec. 17th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Dec. 18th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Dec. 19th—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Dec. 20th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Dec. 21st—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Dec. 22nd—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures; Dec. 23rd—
Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson,
last two lectures; Dec. 24th—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, first
two lectures; Mrs. L. Dotson, last two lectures