

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. IX.

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NO. 5.

Written for the Banner of Light.
PARTING.

BY JOHN WILLIAM DAY.

O, hold me close to thy fluttering breast,
For my full, sad heart, like a weary guest,
Who tolls through a gloomy land, to find
The home-gates barred in the evening wind,
Sinks down with a low, despairing moan,
And weeps by the olden threshold stone.
O, hold me close, for the past rolls free,
Like the march of a glittering pageantry;
And seal on the far blue mounts of youth
The beaconed sign of our early truth—
The flowers that bloomed in the dawning day,
And the childhood friends long passed away;
The old brown church that so meekly rose
Where the long, dim streets of the city closed,
And the fair, blue tide is rolling by,
And flags wave out o'er the spars on high,
And the bells peal forth on the sacred morn
Their mystic tale of the ages gone;
The hymns that rang in the vestry aisle,
The young hearts free from the taint and guile
That, king-like, rule in the elder gown,
The prayer that rose to the Father's throne,
And the homeward walk, when the leafy June
In silver smiled to the rising moon;
The sloping hill where the sunset burned,
And the dull, grey panes to crimson turned,
And the trees loomed out with a breezy shade,
And the dew lay damp on each vernal blade,
By the thoughts that breathe with a music long
Through the vanished hours—can you let me go?
Farewell! I, last link of my youth—farewell!
And the peace of heaven in thy spirit dwell;
And the future gleam like a fairy land,
'Neath the mystic touch of a Father's hand!
And a true man walk by thy holy side,
For I see thee next as another's bride.
Thus down on the highways, one and all,
The leaves of our golden springtide fall;
And autumn creeps with a shadowy wain,
To glean our joys from the earthly plain;
But our tears fall close where our footsteps roam,
And we bring our works, like a burden, home.
Annexum, April 9th, 1861.

Written for the Banner of Light.

JUDITH; OR, THE MYSTERY OF MORTON MARSH MANOR.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"But I presume you admit that relationship in itself is a powerful influence?" inquired Captain Yarrington.
"Yes; if one of my family is equally agreeable with a stranger I am more firmly bound, yet only in that case. A sordid, or coarse relative would wound my self-love to a degree that no friend could."

"I am of opinion that it is idle to preach the duty of living with persons repugnant to us, and striving to overcome the dislike," said Sir Wilford; "we destroy our happiness without adding to theirs, except in so outrageously selfish a manner that it should not be suffered. Relationship, merely on its own footing, has no weight with me."

Lady Orford's eyes kindled, but she made no remark.

"Yet surely, Sir Wilford," remonstrated Captain Yarrington, "you admit some ties to be sacred?"

"Sacred in what respect?"

"From possibility of non-existence or destruction, as for instance the parental, filial, and fraternal bonds."

"You embrace nearly all given obligations," replied Sir Wilford, in a half-sarcastic tone. "I have had scarce experience enough of the first and second instances to decide, but I can imagine no enmity more bitter than between brothers."

"It is unnatural," said the Captain, "and all abnormal conditions are deadliest in effect. I, too, have had few natural channels for my affections to run in, but they have rushed along those few with a strength that could not be suppressed."

And as he ceased, the animated glow of a beautiful soul overspread his face and lighted his glorious eyes.

"What a precious possession must the love of such a nature be!" murmured Miss Blackburn, so softly that only I overheard her. She then added, aloud: "You spoke of enmity between brothers, Sir Wilford. I should think there might be great ground for jealousies when they are near of an age—with the same position and associates, if their preferences are similar, rivalry must involve them in close strife."

"You forget, Miss Blackburn, that brothers are rendered less equals than master and servant by our laws of primogeniture. It is only the eldest son who represents the family, and if there are but two, the younger soon finds there is little opportunity for rivalry; daughters are scarcely more distinguished than their mammies in these days."

"Still systematic cruelty to one's brother is difficult to comprehend," argued Captain Yarrington. "The heat of passion may induce one to commit hasty injury, but how easily one must regret and wish to atone for the frenzy's passes."

"It begins with the parents mostly," said Lady Orford; "the eldest is the object to expend their pride on, and everything must pumper this; they indulge themselves quite as much as the child by such a course."

"It has always appeared to me that twins of the same sex must be peculiarly attached," remarked Lord Orford; "to see one's counterpart always near one must be startling, and affection in that case must be akin to self-love."

"How do you think that theory applies in the case

of the 'Man with the Iron Mask'? For I suppose he is now generally thought to have been twin brother to Louis XV.," said Sir Wilford.

"But the injustice was a necessary evil," replied Miss Blackburn; "the national law contained no provision for such a case, and what a difficult, prolonged suit the acknowledgment of both sons would have caused. Of course the easier plan was to proclaim the existence of the first born, and keep the other child as much out of the world as was compatible with life, since his majesty of bearing, and likeness to the King might have led in after years to sad results. Yet I wonder Louis XV. should not have yearned for him in secret, if only from pity."

"A crown goes a wonderfully long way toward hardening the heart," replied Sir Wilford; "beside, there was too much at stake to allow free play of affection. Yet if the lonely prisoner were not as much a mystery to himself as to others, I can hardly imagine his being devoid of hatred to his brother, who had not only deprived him of those things most coveted in this world, but was also the cause of his weary incarceration. I have often wondered, in case our view is correct, what would have been the result had he been chosen to represent the heir to France. In the accounts which give this solution, he is stated to have been much the finer child physically, and to have proved a superior man. The Bourbon dynasty might have advanced rather than retrograded."

"Then you really believe," inquired Captain Yarrington, "that his more fortunate brother's heart was closed to him?"

"Most probably—yet I am less interested in that speculation than in the state of 'The Iron Mask's' heart. Was he aware of his origin? If so, he must have known the depths of enmity for his relative, however amiable he appeared in his intercourse with all others. I do not consider myself peculiarly vindictive—yet I could cordially hate another who had been even 'the innocent cause of depriving me of what I esteemed more than life.'"

For the first time in our acquaintanceship, the statue was reduced to the level of common humanity—there was a scarce perceptible tremor in Sir Wilford's voice, and a slight tension of the facial muscles, perhaps a deeper fire in the always luminous black eyes, but otherwise no emotion.

"That is to say," said the Captain, "had your life been blighted to give fuller scope to one whose sole claim lay in so slight priority of birth, you could be only his enemy to the exclusion of natural affection?"

"I mean to assert that any one who was the cause of withering his hope, happiness, and existence—who made me heartless before my prime, yet left the memory of a fresh vivid youth, could not be an object of indifference, of dislike even, but I should hate him with my whole soul and strength, and the nearer the relation the more intense the hatred."

A silence succeeded this speech, which would have been impetuous, but for the deliberate calmness of utterance so at variance with the words. With an assumption of cheerfulness, Captain Yarrington exclaimed:

"Miss Kennedy! you have not uttered a word respecting the matter. What is your opinion of the duty to relatives?"

"I think, sir, we are bound to love them, if we can. To avoid them without appearing to do so, if they are repugnant; but at all events to assist, shield, and protect them, if from no better motive than family pride; to praise heartily, when possible, be silent regarding their faults, present their best aspect to the world, and especially in the case of brothers and sisters, never to forget that all are equally the beloved children of dear and honored parents, for whose sakes we could forgive more than the seventy times seven."

I had scarce finished before I was astonished at my earnest, almost vehement reply, and felt relieved when Lord Orford said:

"Thank you for expressing my sentiments so entirely—you must have compared notes in times past with my mother, by the similarity of your views."

From the date of this conversation I was less favorably inclined toward Sir Wilford, who always contrasted so disadvantageously with Captain Yarrington; and as if conscious of this, the coolness on the part of the former increased toward his opponent in argument. I pitied the baronet for whatever fate had rendered him thus misanthropic; yet I felt there was a lack of manhood in permitting untoward circumstances in early youth to deprive him of the after enjoyment which he was so able to command by birth, tastes and fortune. It seemed evident that if his claims had been set aside in favor of another, he was in no position now to complain in a worldly point of view, and surely it must be a barren nature that could not draw dear friends to itself outside of a cold, uncongenial family.

About this period I also noticed a change in Miss Blackburn's manner toward me; it was less communicative than formerly, and slightly capricious. Attributing this merely to her wayward nature, I trusted that time would right any misunderstandings on her part. Perhaps there was no real coldness, but only that unsettled state attendant on the first love of a very young and reserved girl, for I could not doubt the tacit affection between herself and Captain Yarrington. I had long since given up all theories respecting an attachment to Lord Orford, who in return for her often pettish answers, treated her with the tender indulgence of a brother.

When the Captain returned my sketch-book, I offered to lend him any drawing for a longer time, if he wished; but he replied that those which particularly attracted him were already copied. I was suspicious which one was the favorite, though his manner betrayed no consciousness.

The season was fast coming when we should leave Ventnor, and I daily expected to learn of the Captain's proposal. Still Sir Wilford was a frequent

guest and apparently a favorite with Alethia, despite Yarrington's distance, caused by a seemingly unintentional, but as I thought, deliberate antagonism on the part of Sir Wilford.

We were all walking on the beach one afternoon, when by the separation of the other members of the party, the Captain, Miss Blackburn and I were left by ourselves. Alethia had been rather feeble that day, and the garden chair had been brought with us in case she should feel inclined to rest. Presently she sat down, and we stood beside her, watching the waves roll in, and the little fishing boats toss about on their crests.

"How coquettishly the foam curls over the edge of those billows," said Alethia; "what a lesson of grace for a flirt!"

"Only that what is so lovely here becomes odious when transferred to humanity," replied the Captain. "You particularly dislike that trait of character?"

Alethia inquired:

"I detest caprice—and a coquette is not worthy the glorious name of woman."

"You have, then, no toleration for naturally high spirits, or a brain easily exalted by flattery?"

"I might pity, but I could not respect."

"Yet you are very much disposed to throw a mantle of charity around human frailty."

"I am kindly disposed toward certain weaknesses, but toward others I may be as much too severe. To see my wife or sister expose herself to misconception by an indiscriminate acceptance of attention and flattery, would madden me."

"You may have a slightly jealous temperament," suggested Alethia.

"I trust hot; I would root it out if I thought so, though it required torture. But I cannot imagine jealousy where true love exists, and certainly not where there is only indifference."

"Ah, Captain Yarrington! This may be philosophy, but it is not practical. You might be a very Othello, with proper surroundings."

"Never, Miss Blackburn," he replied, with the peculiar charm of manner he always displayed when aroused; "if I did not wholly respect and trust, I could not love, and once the object of my confidence betrayed it, I could only wish death had forestalled treachery."

"Now I differ from you," said Alethia; "I could not love lightly, and if that love were torn from me, my life would go too. Yet I could be jealous to frenzy, without in the least losing my devotion."

"That is not Miss Kennedy's mind, I see," the Captain said, inquiringly.

"No sir; I agree with you."

In saying this, I stooped to pick up Alethia's handkerchief which had fallen unobserved at my side. As I handed it to her, she turned away her head, and I laid it in her lap, wondering why she refused to take it from me.

"For my part," remarked Yarrington, "I do not admire stormy natures. I remember a story of an Italian girl, who lost her lover's heart by saving his life. Her acceptance of Stefano had awakened the hatred and revenge of a disordered suitor, Matteo. The rivals met one day in a wild pass, through which Stefano was hurrying to the rendezvous, where Caterina awaited him. Matteo took his enemy by surprise, and, being a burly fellow, maintained his advantage. Caterina, who was coming to meet her lover, arrived at the spot just as their struggles had drawn them to the edge of a chasm. Her outcry distracted the attention of Matteo for an instant, and short as was the space, it sufficed to turn the scale. Stefano, with a last effort of expiring strength, hurled his opponent from him, and the brink of the chasm crumbling beneath the weight of the latter, his footing gave way; but in his fall he managed to cling to a firmly rooted shrub, hanging by his hands over the yawning gulf, and might have succeeded in recovering firm ground, as Stefano lay panting and unable to rise. But drawing the stiletto which she wore in her bodice, according to national custom, Caterina bounded forward, and with the courage of a lioness deliberately cut the fingers of Matteo, who with a fiendish glare and wild shriek dropped into the chasm."

"What intrepidity!" exclaimed Miss Blackburn.

"Yes—but she lost her lover," replied the Captain; "he never could see her in the same light as before. The expression of vindictive ferocity which had so changed her while in performance of the deed, haunted his memory, and they became estranged."

"How horribly ungrateful!" remonstrated Alethia. "Ah, he appreciated her saving his life, Miss Blackburn, but in his eyes she had unsexed herself. I must say I sympathize in his sentiments."

"Then you are not in favor of the heroic school?" Alethia inquired with a constrained laugh.

"Pardon me—we may differ respecting the definition of heroic."

"I call Caterina a heroine."

"So was Lady Macbeth—but a terrible one."

"I prefer even terrors to insipidity."

"Fiquancy is not incompatible with feminine gentleness. I must acknowledge that though it has been fashionable of late to ridicule the modesty of English women, it is far more charming to me than the brilliant abandon of European ladies."

"You are fastidious, Captain Yarrington. A woman must not be jealous, impetuous, or fond of attention, to merit your esteem."

"Add one more to the list—or suspicious in temperament."

Alethia flushed deeply; but her companion had no idea that he approached still more closely the delicate ground he had been wandering toward throughout the conversation.

"What a tame lay-figure it would be!" she exclaimed.

"Now I could point out a young lady who is to me the personification of my ideal, and I know you would not deny her freshness or originality."

What there was offensive in these words (which might be construed into a covert compliment to herself, if she chose) I knew not, but Alethia rose quickly, and with a tempest in her face that only great self-command enabled her to control. I had once seen this herald of an outburst, and witnessed the clouds part, so I now dreaded lest her wild nature might produce an unpleasant scene. Silently she turned to leave the spot, and though surprised at this abruptness, Captain Yarrington mechanically offered his arm; but in a suppressed voice Miss Blackburn declined, and when I offered my aid, muttered between her teeth to me,

"Hypocrite! Manoeuvre! I am not deceived by your cunning."

Then putting me aside, she beckoned to the footman who was standing at a little distance, and thus prevented either of us persisting in being her escort.

With a quickness and energy I could not have supposed possible in her weak state, she rapidly left us without word or look, and was soon beyond hearing.

I stood irresolute and amazed, wondering how I had merited such epithets from one whom I had supposed my friend, and toward whom I had always acted that part.

"Never mind, Miss Kennedy," said the Captain; "our late companion is nervous to-day; there was no earthly cause on your part for the outbreak, so pray do not look so distressed. Sit down a moment in the chair."

There was a quiet coolness in his voice that assured me he understood the cause of this *fracas*, if I did not, and that he was under no concern regarding it; so relieved at being exonerated, I said:

"I think I won't sit down—I will rejoin Miss Blackburn and Lady Orford, lest they think me sulking."

"But let me wheel you," he urged.

"Oh, no! I could not feel at ease in Miss Blackburn's place."

"As you please; I'll have to guide it empty then. Will you excuse my offering you my left arm?"

Was it possible that the Captain's excessive chivalry had induced his invitation to occupy the chair, rather than offer me his left arm? I felt very undecided—heretofore circumstances had been such that I had walked alone behind the others, or with Lady Orford, and I hesitated to accept now for the first time of Alethia's lover for my escort. Remembering, however, that Yarrington was faultless in the code of etiquette, and that hesitation on my part would be impolite, I took the proffered support, and appeared as much at ease as possible.

"How lovely some of those sketches were in the portfolio you lent me," remarked the Captain, ignoring the past storm; "there were several landscapes that seemed parts of some one place."

"I presume you refer to my transcripts of Morton Manor—I never weary of roaming about the old spot when I visit there."

"Yet you say its owner does not intend returning to it. Is it for sale?"

"Oh, no, sir! That is," I continued, checking my earnestness, "I am not sure my cousin will remain abroad always, and even in that case, he would never sell his birthplace."

"It is a pity such a fine estate should go to waste." "It is not closed, sir—the household is the same as in my aunt's time."

"But some one must succeed to its possession in the future."

"My cousin is a young man, sir. I judge he has no children, since the letter I received in reply to mine announcing his mother's death, requested me to continue at Morton, and always consider it my home."

"Does he know your determination not to reside there unless the house is tenanted with other than servants? Pardon me," he added, "my interest makes me rude and inquisitive."

"The two deadly crimes in an Englishman's estimation!" I laughingly commented. "But indeed, sir, I like you to ask questions—there are some people who never annoy me by handling my choice books or engravings, and so it is with the 'leadeness of memory'—it is a pleasure to share them with one who is really desirous of hearing my egotism."

"As I sincerely am, for somehow this curious combination of my being the friend of Miss Saville, and your husband's relative, brings me into the circle of those who have a right to inquire—that is, if you accord it such."

"Certainly. You asked if my cousin knew my decision. I presume not, as I merely wrote that I preferred my old occupation to remaining at Morton."

"Do the present occupants admit curious visitors?"

"I dare say they would—at any rate I shall be most happy to give you a line to the housekeeper whenever you feel disposed to ask for it." I said cordially, for I was vulnerable to flattery on this point.

"Thank you, I shall undoubtedly avail myself of the privilege. But you think Mr. Murray has no children. Who then will inherit this place? It might be bought by strangers, then, perhaps."

"I never thought of the matter in that light," said I, musingly. "Why, sir, I believe I am next heir to Richmond!"

An unusual smile played about the Captain's mouth at my simplicity and surprise.

"You certainly cannot be accused of worldly-mindedness, Miss Kennedy, as the idea of possible heirship never seems to have entered your head before; but, if you will pardon my freedom, I really think the best thing this cousin can do will be to make over to you directly what he esteems so little, and you appreciate so highly."

"Ah, Captain Yarrington! I must have given you a false impression of Richmond Murray, if you think him devoid of pride or affection for his home; but

you can imagine, sir, how sad the remembrances would be—"

Here I checked myself, for there was such a quiet ease and sympathy in my companion's manner, that I had momentarily forgotten his ignorance of the bitterness so long existing between my aunt and her son.

"Family disagreements are very sad things," he said, gravely. "I think the knowledge that I have nothing to fear on that score, has gone far toward reconciling me to an isolated position."

Somehow, it sounded oddly for a young man with his attractions to speak in that way. No thought of a future wife and family seemed to occur to him as possible.

We had now reached the remainder of the party, and proceeded to the house. I walked thither silent and slightly apart, thinking over the strange charm by which Captain Yarrington won his way to my confidence without obtrusiveness.

From this day another change came over our several relations—indeed, our circle had been like a chess-board all the season in the complication of moves and results. Hitherto, I had merely looked on; now, through the coldness of Miss Blackburn's manner, I had an active share. I was convinced it was not the freak I had at first supposed, and also that it would not be speedily ended. I began to think of leaving Lady Orford, since it was for her daughter's benefit that I was engaged, and I had now become distasteful to her.

Accordingly, I mentioned to her ladyship that I felt unpleasantly to continue in her family after it had ceased to be agreeable to any member.

"Why, my dear," said Lady Orford, kindly, "I am truly surprised. I have fancied there was a change between Alethia and yourself of late, but she has not said a word to me on the subject, and I thought it would pass. I will ascertain her mind, however; but I cannot believe her so blinded as to turn from one who has been so true a friend as you," and a troubled expression replaced the clear light of her blue eyes.

"Do not give yourself the slightest uneasiness, Lady Orford," I replied; "I have enjoyed many months with you, and am thankful for them; but my life is necessarily subject to change, and perhaps my next situation may be pleasant, if not so delightful as this."

"I cannot bear to think of your leaving me; I have relied greatly on you—to be sure, that would be altered, if a coolness continues on the part of Alethia, yet I shall be most happy to have your companionship if practicable."

For my own disfavor I was prepared, but I was not expecting to see it shared by Captain Yarrington. Miss Blackburn politely avoided him, and it was Sir Wilford who was her companion now, to the exclusion of any other. On Yarrington's part no symptoms of any surprise or even consciousness could be detected.

"How very singular!" I thought. "I had supposed them more than friends, and now they are formal acquaintances. Is this what is called a lover's quarrel?"

The unaffected composure of the Captain forbade the theory that he ever had been a lover, and certainly if Alethia had been attracted to him, I could see no cause for cessation of interest.

Lady Orford informed me next day that Miss Blackburn had admitted her indifference, but steadily refused to give any reason for it. "I am most sorry," added her ladyship, "but of course I can no longer oppose your intention of leaving. But it is my desire that you will not do so until we return to London, which will be in a few days."

To this I consented, and although I felt sincere regret at the prospect of seeking a home among strangers, there was a sense of freedom from watching Alethia's moods to prevent unpleasant results, that partly consoled me.

Leaving Ventnor was the signal for a general dispersing. Lord Orford announced his project of going abroad with Sir Wilford for a short time, and Captain Yarrington reminded me of my promise to give him a pass of admittance at Morton Manor, as he was going in that direction for a few weeks' absence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMAN'S GRAVE.—I can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of a calm indifference; but when I survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntarily escapes me. With the holy name of woman I associate every soft, tender and delicate affection. I think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of the heart; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tried with the follies of the world, and preparing for the grave to which she must soon descend. Oh, there is something in contemplating the character of a woman that raises the soul far above the level of society. She is formed to adorn and humanize man, to soothe his cares and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress, she is the rock on which he leans for support, and when fate calls him from existence, her tears bedew his grave. Can you look upon her tomb without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory; woman never. The pages of history lie open to one; but the meek and unobtrusive excellences of the other sleep with her unnoticed in the grave. In her may have shone the genius of a poet with the virtues of a saint. She, too, may have passed along the sterile path of existence, and felt for others as I now feel for her.

There are people who think that everything may be done, if the doctor, be he educator or physician, be only called "in season." No doubt; but in season would often be one or two hundred years before the child was born, and people never end so early as that.—O. W. Holmes.

"TO SPIRITUAL MEDIUMS."

A REPLY.

To Mrs. Amanda M. Spence:

MY DEAR SISTER:—The BANNER OF LIGHT of tomorrow's date was placed in my hands this morning, giving renewed evidence of the energy and enterprise of its publishers. In its columns, I find an article from your pen, addressed "TO SPIRITUAL MEDIUMS." As I am one of that class, I feel called upon to make a reply. I have nothing, however, of a private nature to reveal, and choose therefore to give my ideas through the same public channel in which I find your address.

Life has always been a life of severe labor; but I have never had any burdens and trials incidental to mediumship," which made me "ready to sink in despair;" and if such had been my experience, I know of no reason why you, more than others, should be entrusted with the facts. I find much of human sympathy wherever I travel. I meet many whose joys and sorrows are their own, and many whose mediumship brings them much nearer the "interior world" than they could possibly come through the mediumship of a second person, whose experience, however varied, cannot possibly raise her above the position of being only one of the same sort.

I find you expressing "thanks and gratitude for the frank and confiding manner in which they (mediums) have opened their hearts, and allowed you to behold those secret thoughts and workings which they have not dared to trust to any other earthly being." To entrust you with one's own heart secrets is the privilege of those who choose to do so, and may be beneficial to those who might suffer an explosion unless they could allow their pent-up feelings to effervesce. But, if by the remark just quoted, you mean to imply that there is anything necessarily connected with the office of spiritual mediumship which the world may not know—nay, has not a right to know—then I repel the idea, and say I covet no such mediumship. I will not have it; and I am glad to say I am one of the "few exceptions," from whom you have not received "heartfelt expressions of thanks and gratitude" for any ideas in this line.

If mediumship comes between us and a pure life; if it requires us to throw away our self-hood; to go to some external source to find consolation when burdened with real or imaginary "trials," instead of to the Divinity within, then let us be just to ourselves and the world, and away with it. But, if, in itself considered, mediumship has nothing impure; if its tendency is to purify the inner being, and lift the spirit of man above the seeming ills of life—then why should we imply that it is connected with its dark and mysterious "secret thoughts and workings" with which we dare not trust the world? Why should one of our number assume to stand as a medium between her co-laborers and the "interior world," to transmit and receive messages to and from a higher order of intelligence than can be attracted to others? And why should we choose a Pope, save the one in our own breasts, through whom to confess our trials, troubles, tribulations, struggles, sacrifices, heart-aches, vagaries, and all sorts of wild notions?

No, sister Spence, and I say it in love, you have no business with my private "experiences;" and it is unwomanly in you to ask it. What there is or has been in my private life, whether as a medium or otherwise, is my own. What has been thrown out to the public is the world's property. Let those who have received it judge of its worth. The office of censor is not yours, nor mine, nor does it belong to those whose medium you profess to be. You and I have labored in the same field about an equal number of years. My efforts have been very humble; I have had to wish that I could do more and better for the world; yet in all these years I cannot look upon one not of mine connected with my mediumship, public or private, which would harm me or the interests of humanity, to have revealed. There is nothing of which I need to be ashamed.

I think it would be more useful just now, when there is such a manifest tendency to make a "spurge," to tell what has not been my "mediumistic experience." It has not called me to break a single domestic tie—to love husband, children and dear ones, less than at first. It has not caused me to seek new earthly affluence, or to commit toward very young children acts which my own judgment and motherly instincts did not sanction. It has not taught me to assume a superiority of position over others who are laboring in their own spheres of usefulness; nor has it made me feel I am more or less useful, because I have not uttered truth from a rostrum in the "hub of the Universe." I do not believe spiritual mediumship ever taught any one these things; and if any have thought so, they were simply mistaken.

I hope whatever of undue "selfishness" remains in my being, may be "eradicated;" and I welcome my assistance in this work, whatever it comes from external or "interior cultivators." But I beg leave to suggest a doubt whether those "undeveloped spirits" whom, you say, "are as selfish and human in their loves and attractions as those persons in the form upon whom they are set to work," can be of any benefit to me. I am not sure that, with an equal amount of selfishness, their "interior wisdom" would be any better than yours or mine. At all events, while not denying the need of "renovating labor," I choose for the present that they shall not be "turned loose" upon my humble self. I say to them, *hands off!* and let me travel "up to the sphere of Divine life," if such a condition is attainable through my own efforts.

I address you these words in consequence of your invitation to mediums to write you "freely and unreservedly." Perhaps I have said more than was necessary, as you say the principal object of your address is to inform mediums and others that you will attend the Convention which will meet in Worcester in April next. But it not unfrequently happens to those so unaccustomed to writing as myself, that they give the least important part of a message the most attention. I will make amends for this blunder, and say now, before I forget it, that I shall not be there! This fact, however important it may be, is for your ear alone, as but very few readers of the BANNER can have the least possible interest in the matter.

In conclusion, my sister, let me hope that ere we quit this life, we shall meet on that common level where we can enjoy a true communion of soul. We can then talk of our sacred mission and its joys and benefits—the advancement we have made in spiritual culture, the hearts we have made glad, and the triumphs we have helped to achieve over error and untruth. Though not acquainted with you personally, I know full well you have had a rich and varied experience; and if I may not impart as much as others, I claim to be a good listener when they talk of the beautiful and true, instead of dwelling on "excoriating anguish," "heart-rending scenes," and "terrible struggles" through which spirits

never lead us, and which at most exist only in inflated imaginations.

With prayers that you may continue to be blessed with spiritual gifts, I am yours in love and truth,
BORTRONIA E. WARNER.

Grand Rapids, Mich., March 29, 1861.

THE SOUL'S BIRTHRIGHT.

BY A MEDIUM.

There are treasures of good in the soul That can never be counted, or sung, or told; The lowliest son of the valley sad, An image bears of his Father, God; The vilest wretch in the haunts of crime, The howling serf in a despot's clime, The groaning slave on a Southern shore, Carrying his manacles evermore, The woman's heart that to vice hath stooped, By love bewildered, by treachery duped, Lost on an endless, shoreless sea Of pitiless, merciless misery; The sobbing child with its garments torn, Its feet all bloody, and cold, and worn, The dungeon martyr, the bondsman's friend, The heroes who never to trickery bend— All these—all these in the deep soul bear An immortal image pure and fair Of the Parent Soul, of the Presence grand, Whose home is the Spirit's Fatherland. Then level the sceptre of Pope and Priest, And call their victims to Reason's feast; Gather the beggars, wan and pale; Strengthen the hands and the hearts that fall, And pour o'er the sea of human feeling, Joys the Angels are revealing. Thus will the changeless good and true, Like a deathless song, be aroused anew; And Religion long but an exiled name, Joyfully haste to the World again.

Birthright of John Pierpont.

The seventy-sixth birthday of Rev. John Pierpont was the occasion of a very pleasant gathering of his friends, an account of which, given in the "Anti-Slavery Standard," we subjoin. Mr. Pierpont has called public attention to himself many times during the past thirty years by his ready adherence to the cause of truth, in the various forms in which it has manifested itself, without regard to the rebukes and severe criticisms of those whose treatment of him only displayed their utter ignorance of the man and the cause they condemned.

Lately, Mr. Pierpont, completely convinced of the truth of Spiritualism by an overwhelming mass of evidence, has written and lectured in elucidation of its facts. The course adopted by him in regard to this subject, has been characteristic of the man, and in keeping with his whole line of life. He is not the man to hide his light under a bushel, just because some persons clamor around him and seek to extinguish it. He knows the light he holds so boldly forth on the pathway of mankind is the light of Truth, and he has that faith in God which assures him that it cannot be put out by all the *diabolings* man can bring to bear upon it. There are many now engaged in the busy turmoil of life, whose young hearts were thrilled in school-days by the reading of Mr. Pierpont's sterling poem, "Stand the ground, your own, my Bravos," and the author has bravely followed the counsel those patriotic stanzas gave out. Long may he live to bless the world with the example of a scholar, a patriot, and a man.

On Saturday, April 6th, a few old friends were invited to the house of the Rev. John Pierpont, in Medford, to celebrate his seventy-sixth birthday. He has had a larger share of trouble than usually falls to the lot of mortals, but notwithstanding the heavy burdens he has had to carry through a long pilgrimage, there are few men of fifty years who walk with a more erect carriage, or a firmer step. On his pathway toward the sunset, he is accompanied by the best of all companions, an excellent wife. A few years ago, when they met as strangers, he was attracted by her fine presence and agreeable manners, and his wit, courtesy, and poetic fame were equally attractive to her. The mutual predilection was soon avowed, and fortunately it proved to be no mere transient Indian Summer of romance casting a passing gleam before the footstep of approaching winter. The lady is a true, sympathizing, devoted friend. She brings a genial household warmth to his lonely hearth, while her energy, capability and economy arrange all things well.

The birthday commemoration was a surprise prepared by her, in honor of her poet and hero. He knew nothing of it, till friends and flowers gathered round him, while the expressive voice of music told of "The Old Folks at Home," "For Auld Lang Syne." The entertainment was simple but elegant, wholly prepared and arranged by the skill and good taste of the hostess. A large cake bore on its frosted surface the figures 76. The guests were not slow to remark that this expressed the character of Mr. Pierpont, as well as the number of his years; for those who were gathered round him had known him of old as a brave and faithful soldier, fighting the battles of human progress with the indomitable spirit of the heroes of '76; who, years ago, well deserved Dr. Channing's panegyric, whom he said: "Mr. Pierpont is an upright, brave man."

One of the guests left the following lines on his study table:

"PIERPONT! thou friend of God and man!
Tried fiercely like the exiles old,
And pure found than the current gold;
For that, thou'rt placed beneath the ban."

The interesting anniversary impelled another friend to write the following stanzas:

TO JOHN PIERPONT,
THE HERO OF '76.

That courage is not best,
Which braves the cannon's roar,
And bears a dauntless breast
Mid swords that drip with gore.

The man who meets the hour,
And battles for the right,
Opposed by pride and power,
He is the man of might.

Such warfare is sustained
By faith in truth sublime,
By patience, slowly gained,
To wait for God's own time.

And yet to work always,
With zeal that knows no pause;
Still strong, 'mid long delays,
Secure in God's firm laws.

No trumpet-tones rejoice
O'er victory in view;
Alone the still, small voice,
That bids to dare and do.

Such heroes know no fears;
They care for no reward;
Content, 'mid scoffs and jeers,
To labor for the Lord.

And thou art such an one,
True soldier of the Cross,
Thy duty bravely done,
Through obloquy and loss.

This crown upon thy brow
Illumes the silver hair,
And hearts before it bow,
With blessing and with prayer.

When you find a person a little better than his word, a little more liberal than his promise, a little more than borne out in his statement by his facts, a little larger in deed than in speech, you recognize a kind of eloquence in that person's utterance not laid down in Blair or Campbell

Correspondence.

Letter from Mrs. F. O. Myzer.

Again would I add my testimony to that of our many co-laborers in the mission of free thought, in support of the soul-cheering truth, that Spiritualism as a science and a religion is hourly pouring its morning radiance higher and higher above the shadowy mountains of earth's materialism, lighting the pathway, and warming the hearts of the toilers in the dark, chill valleys of superstition and fear.

I last addressed you from St. Louis, that home of so many noble, earnest lovers of Nature and her "divine revelations." Breathing upon them a soul-felt "God bless you," I left them to the illuminating power of divine truth, through the "ministry of angels," and hastened over river and prairie, to my watching, waiting home circle in Western New York; and in those of the villages lying on the N. Y. Central Railroad, between Rochester and Buffalo, have I constantly been engaged in lecturing during the past winter; and I would assure all lecturers traveling westward, that for warmth of heart and promptness of hand, in the soul-cheering manifestations of pure fraternity and true hospitality, I find the Spiritualists of Western New York nowhere surpassed.

And this may signify much to those who, like myself, have felt the genial glow of human sympathy and tenderness which gushes forth so freely from the earnest souls of the lovers and seekers after truth eternal, lighting as with sunbeams the pathway of the spiritual teacher or inspirational medium. So uplifting to my inmost being is the rich, deep melody of joy and gratitude stealing forth from the throbbing life-lyres of my fellow-beings, as o'er the golden chords thereof sweep the inspirations of the angel-world, I would for even one thrilling vibration thereof, endure through an entire earth-life the outer din of that earth-life's conflicts—the jarrings of envy and groundless suspicion, the thunders of Pharisaical condemnation, the lightnings of hate, the whistlings of superstitious fear, the stench of scandal, and all the smoke, flame and clinders of the consuming, decomposing grossness thrown up from the great furnaces and work shops of human development. But when, instead of one vibration, thousands with thousands harmonically interblend, and rising like a mighty, irresistible love-tide, launch my life-boat upon a boundless sea of melody, I feel indeed that the old heaven and earth are passing away, all things are becoming new, and that our prayer to the All-Father—"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven"—is being in our day literally answered; so that mortals, while wearing the perishable garments of time, can become citizens of eternity, inhabitants of the Eden of the immortality of love.

Step by step toward this Eden, are heaven's ministering angels seeking to lead the children of earth, and they who in the fires of self-discipline, through prayer in the closet, and unreserved sacrifice of the mortal at the shrine of the immortal, have so refined the mirroring elements of their beings, as to enable them to reflect harmonically the image of the Infinite Refiner, will therein see the whole spirit-world an uplifter of humanity, humanity one great fraternity, and love and wisdom, however expressed, the unshakable, unconquerable motor power of the universe of life and form. Sometimes, in view of what the human heart deems ingratitude, falsehood and sensuality, on the part of the so-called Spiritualist, I hear a brother or sister exclaim, "I will not be called a Spiritualist. Indeed, I am coming to believe less and less in Spiritualism, since such lives are lived under its mantle, such deeds are done in its name." What I will not be called a believer in the Christ of man's resurrection, because "not many mighty works are done" where there glows but little faith? Because not all are yet free from leprosy, from being too weak to live fully in the waters of salvation, when those waters are stirred by the silver wings of the messengers of the Most High? What I become a Peter because a fiery rabble of earthly lusts are leading our Christ to Calvary? God forbid! Let me be "last at the cross and first at the tomb" of every crucified embodiment of the Christ idea through all the unfolding eras of eternity.

It seems to me that did the would-be-reformer of the nineteenth century, love the progressive idea, the resuscitative principle of humanity, more than the form which perisheth, the *treasure* which moth and rust corrupteth, the *honor* purchased of a material world at the fearful cost of the free, healthful expansion of his priceless immortal heritage—*selfhood*, all of which dearly purchased material possession, can be destroyed by the slightest breath of the whim or policy of the very world of which it was purchased, there would not only be among us less "casting about" to see "who shall be greatest," but less frequent symptoms of running up into the sunlight of the age the fluttering flag of "secession" from the bonds of universal humanity and borderless fraternity; or, as our good brother Warren Chase might express it, less "swinging off from the heavenly tree" by some of our co-laborers, where "dangling between the two worlds" they seem for a time entirely "useless to either."

Long years ago a magnet bright,
Of the uplifting Christ of Life,
Flashed forth in splendor to the sight
Of mortals, mad with hate and strife.

It glided with its hallowed ray,
Judea's hill and Jordan's wave,
And gleaming from Mount Calvary,
Lit up the portals of the grave.

Yet he, upon whose thorn-pierced brow
Beamed this transcendent light of heaven,
O'er no disciple's broken vow
Asked for his faith a new name given.

Enough for him that Love divine
Inspired his soul to teach and live,
And to his offering at Truth's shrine
He let the world its own name give.

Though called profane, base and mean,
He broke bread at the sinner's board,
And o'er the trembling Magdalene
Love's pure, forgiving life-stream poured.

Thus Love and Faith divine, baptize
A tempest-beaten world to-day,
That when Life's mountain billows rise
Its anchors be not swept away.

Thus praying, my brothers, and resting in the blessed soul conviction that, in whatsoever spirit I ask I shall receive, I leave my western field of labor, and speed to the vintage-ground of dear New England.

From this date, until the first of May, I can be addressed at Montpelier Vt. My different points of address during the coming summer you have already in your list of lecturers' engagements.

Trusting that in the future, as in the past, your beautiful "Banner" may continue to wave in blessing, to humanity, I remain your sister,

F. O. MYZER.
Spencerport, N. Y. April 8, 1861.

Notes of a Lecturer in the West.

"Mild passing events, such as itinerant lecturers are familiar with in this western land, I again find time wherein to make a few more notes." I wrote you last, weeks since, from Terre Haute, where I remained during the month of February—delivered eleven lectures. A year ago I was at Terre Haute, and am glad to say that in the time that I was absent, they have done a noble work. They have earnest, careful men to attend to the business part of the programme. The Universalist Church is theirs to use "free" by permission; they have good audiences, and would have meetings nearly all, if not all of the time, could speakers be obtained.

In February, I also visited Vermillion and Paris, Illinois, twelve and thirteen miles away from Terre Haute. These were pioneering efforts—two lectures in each. In the first named place, the united brethren, accompanied by their parson, attended the lectures. While I was preparing the way, they were very passive; but when I came to an application of the theory of progressive life, they were shocked. I was a wizard, an infidel. The Bible was abundant in proof against me. The parson said it was a "damnable" doctrine, &c. He was really a very devoted man. Said he, "Take away my property, my home, my family, my hope of futurity, but leave me the blessed Bible." I consoled him by telling him if he would change his education a little, a crocodile, or a few onions from Egypt, would answer his purpose just as well.

The ground is broken in Vermillion and Paris. I hope some seed is sown; that speakers hereafter visiting Terre Haute will go out and plant more; cultivate and prune that which they may find already there. J. B. Crampton at Vermillion, and Dr. J. Curt at Paris, with others, will help them.

Newburgh, Indiana, fifteen miles by river east from Evansville, is a romantic little place—fifteen hundred people, old, middle-aged and young live there. The spirits by some means have explored the place. I should judge by the manner in which they work that they had found jewels there, and were determined not to let them slip—and I guess they won't. Laura DeForce had preceded me there and done a good work. I gave them six lectures. I heard the Methodist parson deliver himself against infidelity; and his mark been as large as the Universe, he would have hit all over it. He was down on the Infidels for "using the Bible to prove their points." He said they "always had done it"—that it "wasn't right," "didn't amount to anything really on their side," for "you could prove anything by the Bible." Oh, man of God, (?) thy assertion is infidelity itself. You put me very much in mind of "Mrs. Tommy Sands," who sought to drown her husband, but unfortunately found herself where she intended to put him—in the river.

Evansville—on the Ohio—is struggling yet, and gaining, too. Newburgh and Evansville hold out good inducements to lecturers. A month could be spent to good advantage in the two places. I met in Evansville the Rev. J. J. White, who asserts he has "silenced Spiritualism four times," that he detected the "Fox girls" in St. Louis, in tricks; "that they made their own raps," &c. But he tells his stories in so many different ways to suit his auditors, that I fear he is up to the "tricks of his profession;" i. e., "Lying to promote the interests of the church." (See Mosheim). He had threatened to silence Spiritualism in Evansville; but when invited to do so, replied, that "he had more important business to attend to." Perhaps he meant, that which he was better adapted to. He preached a sermon on the Authenticity of the Bible, Evidences of Christianity, &c., and advertised to answer infidel objections; but he must have forgotten that part of his subject, for I was present and I'm sure he didn't do it. His Bible and Christianity, though, were model institutions. There was not a mistake to be found in the whole Bible—nothing but virtue and morality among those who received it as their "guide of faith and practice." Nevertheless, the American Bible Society, in their report for 1852, confess that "they have for years been circulating Bibles containing nearly twenty-four thousand errors!" And Mr. Blair, a Baptist clergyman, says, "That the whole Christian ministry have sinned by 'handing the word of God deceitfully,'" and Dr. Dick says, "Among Christians of every name we find that slander, dishonesty, falsehood, cheating, &c., are far from being uncommon." Would not it be a grand thing for the church and pretending clergymen if the Rev. Mr. White could silence the past historically, and smother forever the facts that are scattered along the highway of human progress?

At the close of his discourse I asked permission to make an announcement. After some hesitation he said, "Yes, if it was anything appropriate to the day." Whereupon I notified his wondering flock, and others, that I would review the discourse at half-past two at Marble Hall. He then informed the people that I was an infidel; didn't believe the Bible, &c.; "if there was any dirty work to be done there were always scavengers to do it," &c. However, this didn't stop the people from coming to hear me, the Hall was well-filled, and with others, a goodly number of his own people. The "review" must speak for itself in time to come, as seeds do that are planted.

March 11th I left Evansville. At Indianapolis I stopped again, and found that they had been gaining strength. They are really in earnest, and surely, with continued efforts, will establish meetings permanently, if speakers can be had. In that place I was so unfortunate as to refer to "Jesus of Nazareth" as a "good man;" a saviour of men by preventing them from committing sins. I was interrupted by a man who said I had "reviled his Lord and Master, Jesus Christ." Poor man! he was sorely vexed and troubled. I can only say, "Pity them. o o o They think the thought some narrow minded bigot has imparted to them. All their essential nature lies asleep."

Thence I went to Attica, where the friends are steadily working. Dr. R. P. Ambler is to be with them during the month of April. After the warm weather of summer has passed away they intend to have regular meetings.

From Attica I came here; a thriving little town on the Cincinnati and Chicago Air Line railroad, eighteen or twenty miles from Logansport. The Spiritualists here have erected a fine building for the double use of school and lecture room. Until they built a hall of their own, they were obliged to hold meetings in "store-houses," "joiners' shops," &c., (which was my fate three times while here.) Now, 'tis otherwise. Mark it! Spiritualism lives and grows in Galvestown, Ind.

But, Mr. Editor, I am trespassing upon your time and space. I bear record still that all moves well through this part of the Great West. We want more laborers to distribute over this land—those who can work and not expect too much. The field is ready; the soil in many places waiting; let the laborers come; who are they? F. L. WADSWORTH.
Galvestown, Ind., March 26, 1861.

Lectures in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Knowing that the readers of your excellent paper are ever glad to hear of the progress of Spiritualism, I thought I would like to let them know how the work was going on in this region.

Mr. Squiers having generously offered the friends the use of his new and beautiful Opera Hall, free of charge, except for fuel and gas, we have been enabled to sustain meetings every Sunday for the last two months; and now, as our Orthodox brethren would say, we have been having a "refreshing season;" not from the Lord alone, however, but from the presence of spirits disembodied, and also from one who is still in the form.

The first referred to is our worthy sister, Belle Sougall, who spent the month of January with us, by and through whom the messengers from the land of bright spirits made our hearts rejoice with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Miss Sougall ranks among the best of our trance speakers, and we would cheerfully recommend her to those wishing lectures.

For the month of February we had the good fortune to secure the services of Mrs. Frances Lord Dond, who speaks in the normal state, and is therefore responsible for what she says. And although she could not satisfy the *mania* for trance speaking, yet she did noble execution in elucidating the doctrines of our new and sublime religion, as well as in showing the rottenness of our social institutions.

In my humble opinion she has done more toward sowing the seeds of reform than any speaker that I have had the good fortune to hear, not wishing however, to deteriorate from other speakers who have visited us, for we have had noble men and women here in days past, who have spoken truths that can but elevate; and for their encouragement I would say that their labor has not been in vain, for through them the people have been led to investigate—and still they come, until the hall in which we meet is generally full of honest inquiring minds. Our pioneers will note the contrast between the past and present.

I would say to the friends who wish real genuine reform preaching, that Mrs. Dond is just the one for you. She intends visiting in Ohio the coming season.

Yours for true reform,
LUOY FISHER BRAWLEY.
Grand Rapids, Mich., March 4th, 1861.

Spiritualism in Waukegan.

The citizens of Waukegan have again been favored with a lecture from E. V. Wilson. After completely refuting the scandal and false assertions of the Rev. Mr. Drew, who gave five lectures in this village under the supervision of the M. E. Church, which, instead of annihilating Spiritualism, added the cause of Spiritualism more than all the lectures we have had for several months past. It is too late in the day to put down Spiritualism by slander, blackguardism, misrepresentation and falsehoods; all of which have been resorted to by the Methodist's champion, Drew.

Mr. Wilson's lectures are highly appreciated by the Spiritualists wherever he lectures, and also by the intelligent part of the community outside of the trammels of church creeds.

There never has been a time since Spiritualism first dawned upon these prairies of Wisconsin that it has been in so flourishing a condition as at the present time.

Mr. Wilson will make Milwaukee his permanent residence in a few days. About the first of April he moves his family there. He will meet with a hearty welcome by all the Spiritualists west of Lake Michigan.

Could the Rev. H. Drew be employed to lecture in Waukegan against Spiritualism a few weeks more, it would not be long before the words "to let," would be placed over the doors of every church in the village.
L. W. M.

REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

The following remarkable prophecy I have extracted from a small duodecimo volume, published in 1852. As a question is often raised in regard to the power of foretelling coming events, it is hoped that the wonderful accuracy in regard to so much as has recently been fulfilled, will go far to remove skepticism in this direction. The poem is, entitled the "American Sybil, or the Fate of the Republic," published in 1852, by M. E. Wilmer & Co., Philadelphia. By publishing this you will be adding one more valuable evidence in favor of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Yours truly,
S. T. MUNSON.

"In vision I behold (so grace Divine permits)
A spectre grim and pale; salvation's sign
It bears, and yet it cometh not to save;
Sternly advanceth this unyielding foe,
Not with the warrior's stride, but with the tread
Of one that walks through cloistered arches low,
Above the echoing chambers of the dead.

Think not the sea shall bear away thy curse,
Or thine hereditary sin conceal;
Thou thinkest affliction on thy breast shalt nurse,
And fret the wound thou know'st not how to heal.
But when the Euboean, in the utmost South,
Shall bid the new habitations, then relief
Thou shalt derive from Mississippi's mouth,
And wide Gulf shall swallow all thy grief.

Thrice and again, the parialed hand
Strikes at thy breast with ineffable aim;
Till the foul traitor from a distant land
Shall secret aid solicit. Then proclaim
Thy day of Fasting, and appeal to Him
Who bids the tide of destiny recede;
Else shall the lustre of thy name grow dim,
And Freedom's home be desolate indeed.

Slowly across the sable draped arch,
The moon (pale mourner!) walks and drops again.
Her dower tears; the stars in solemn march,
With feeble torches, seem a funeral train,
Thus shall they celebrate the rites of woe,
When seven bright orbs, self-strengthened, yepsey;
With presby seized, their glorious path forgo,
And rush to hopeless ruin from on high.

Nor force, nor guile, nor accident, nor fate,
Nor human envy, nor demonic bale,
Nor all combined, this fabric shall overthrow,
Till thou, o'erwrought with thy proud estate,
With thine own hand shalt strike the mania blow;
Then He, the unseen architect, who built
Thy glories up, shall compass thee thy woe,
And times to come shall execrate thy guilt.

Lo! in the dusky avenues of time,
Appalling shapes of turbulence and crime
Rise, like the ghastly apparitions sent,
Envoys of evil, from the spirit-clime,
To haunt the couches of the impotent.
These are the forms of faction's fiendish band,
That, ere the circling age is gone and spent,
Shall, with tempestuous quarrels, vex your land.

Dream not of permanence, oh, man, in aught
That thou hast made; nor let this erling thought
In any form of government confide;
But, by the annals of all ages taught,
Know thou, while seasons shall the year divide,
And while earth rolls, men's wishes still shall range;
New schemes shall charm, new systems shall be tried,
And all shall show a tendency to change.

This is the hour of thy felicity,
And let thy prayer for its continuance be;
For all vicissitudes to sorrow leads;
Heaven made these what thou art, both great and free,
And that which Heaven hath done vain mortal needs,
Nor thy amendments, wisely then forbear;
Mar not his workmanship with thy misdeeds,
Nor with Omnipotence thy strength compare."

Sent to any part of the United States (except California) postage free, on receipt of \$1.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was written by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. COOPER, who in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than *spirit* beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it.

We ask the reader to receive the doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

NOTICE.

We shall hereafter charge AN ADMITTANCE FEE OF TEN CENTS to each sitting.

The Principles of Nature.

How many principles are there in the economy of nature, and does not every epoch in life give us a new principle?

Nature owns but one principle, as she is governed by one power only. But man has in the past as in the present been too prone to confound principle with form, or life with its manifestations. We say he has been too prone to confound the two or to believe the two one and the same thing. That which is a principle is immortal—it never had a beginning, it shall have no ending. It is not a thing of time, but of eternity. You speak of things being created: was there ever anything created? We contend there never was, but all these varieties of manifestations come from one thing, the principle, the life, the immortal part, the God, which will doubtless agree with us in saying it is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

How many principles are there in nature? How many natures are there? Our questioner may say there are as many natures as individuals. We contend there is but one Nature pervading all things, one principle, one life. If every condition or age of life were to bring you a new principle, where would the God be? In what would his power exist? He would be obliged to create himself anew at every epoch of life. For there cannot be a new principle unless there be a new God, for principle and God are the same. That which man has believed heretofore to be the principle or principle of life, are oftentimes simply the outward form of art. All artificial things pass away, all forms of life pass away, for they belong to the artificial or external of life, and are not one with the immortal. Though they are for the time being connected with the immortal, yet when the form changes, you are not to suppose that the principle changes.

The principle of the murderer is identical with the righteous man. Here are two forms of art, belonging to the artificial of life, hence they pass away, while the principle remains the same. The rock, the tree, the flower, the beast of the field, the human, are the same, never changing in their principle, but continually passing through different forms of life.

If there were more than one principle in life, where would be the harmony? There could be none, for where two contending elements exist there can be no harmony, and all will agree with us there is harmony in Nature always. Throughout her vast economy you perceive unbounded harmony. Every thing there is perfect, because God is perfect. But all inharmonious exists in artificial life, because all forms of life are artificial; consequently inharmonious must of necessity exist there. One has this opinion; another a different one; and a third and a fourth still differ in opinion. Is it because their principle is different? No, but their forms of life differ, and out of this vast variety of form grows inharmonious. But as all these externals are destined to pass away, each in its time, so all inharmonious is destined to pass away. The good and the evil of your life have the same principle, the same foundation, the same source; but these externals, which belong to the mental, must pass away, even as those which belong to the physical must. All forms of thought are constantly passing away, constantly giving place to a new thought. But was there ever a new thought? No. Thought is eternal; and it is only the expression of thought that is subject to change.

Your Biblical record tells you of a time when your beautiful earth was created—brought into life; but we contend it never was created. It had an existence in principle or essence through all the past eternity, as it must have through the coming eternity. It has only unfolded in the peculiar mode or manifestation. Life the principle, God the power, had only passed through external things to change them externally, while he himself was unchangeable. The ideas, or the manifestation of these ideas given here to-day, must pass away, because they belong to artificial life; but the principles will never change, for they are God, because they are life. If man would have more to do with principles, and less with art or policy, he would have less to contend against, and more of harmony would be manifest in the outer world. So long as minds are constantly reaching out after the personified forms of life, instead of going into Nature's temple, and finding out what life is, and what it shall be, you will enjoy less of heaven and see more of hell. But as this great principle, the God, passes on, giving this color here and that there, this form of life here and that there, it gives you a lesson to learn. It tells you in plain terms to go back to the cause, the life. Reach not only into the outer, but the inner. Know that there is in the soul of the individual, instead of constantly asking to know what there is in the outward—the form, the changing, the dying part.

Nature opens up before the mind a vast picture; but gives nothing there unreal, nothing that the human mind may not be able to comprehend. The God of the Past, the Present and the Future, may be better understood as the Principle than as the form, and if you would come into more direct communion with that God, seek to become acquainted with the life of things, not their form—the real, not artificial. Theologians teach you of a creator, God, a being who can call into life anything he pleases. But Nature tells you that all life or principle is as old as God is, and co-equal with God. Nature never lies, but always tells the plain, simple truth. So, then, instead of going into the temple of Art to know who God is, and how many principles there are in the economy of Nature, go into Nature's temple, and then you will find there is but one principle, one power, one life—one God, yesterday, to-day and forever. Feb. 14.

David Bartlett.

I always thought we had but one life to live, and I always thought there were a good many ways of living that life. I was a poor old man, without money, and with but few friends. I saw more of one kind of manifestation of life than any other—the hard kind. Nobody likes it, but a good many get a good deal of it.

My name was David Bartlett—old David Bartlett. I figured more extensively in Augusta, State of Maine, than anywhere else, and left there some nine years ago—long enough to have learned something. I suppose the folks will say. But learning may not change me—a folk will turn over some sticks, but it takes a good deal to turn over others. When I was younger—that is to say, in my boyhood—my prospects were as fair as most anybody's. But a cloud came across my horizon when I lost my parents, and that cloud was never removed until I joined them again, after struggling for most twenty years with the hard side of things here; but I always said and thought there was but one kind of life, but a good many ways to live it.

I was a boot maker by trade—a cobbler—better known as that. Never mind; a cobbler is as good as anybody else, if he only does his cobblering well. He has just as good a ticket to heaven as anybody. God gives him as good a pass to heaven as a minister. Sometimes we can't use our passes quite so quick, because education does not give the same power to one, another has; but when we get where we are educated on natural principles, we use the pass pretty well. I used to have a good many talks with people who professed to know a good deal about God, and heaven, and hell, and spirit-life. They did not think I knew what they talked to me for. They wanted to corner me, and get me to talking, because I was called strange. I have seen a good many of those

people who knew so much of God, who are no better off than I am; and not so well. They are the people who have the good things. It's hard to pass from good to bad; but I had many bad things here, and now I'm having my good. I do not know but I shall have my bad things on the mortal side, and I think a little rather. Some of these folks are living in the mortal; they may think it beneath them to talk with a poor old man, who begged when he could not cobbler. What do I care, though? If God gave me the pass to come here to-day, it is right for me to come. Some of the people used to argue with me on the Bible. I used to ask them what it meant, when one chapter told one thing, and another chapter another. They used to tell me they belonged to the mysteries of God. But I used to go away muttering, if God is so mysterious, I can't look at him; I don't want anything to do with him.

They had kind of unnatural ideas of God, and they heard when they got here, that their ideas were bad. Now they could not get a God here to suit them. There was not one to sell in the whole realm; could not buy any. They have come without any oil in their lamps, and they could not get any on this side. Now, poor old me had a God I could worship here as well as before I left earth. I did not expect to see a great God sitting on a great white throne, with a sword in his hand. I never see such a God, and I swear I would not believe my eyes if I had seen such a monstrous sight.

I've got a son; he's my own son, and I like him; but I believe he did not use to own me when I was in my old body, cobbler boots and shoes, and begging when I had the rheumatism and could not work, or had not anything to do. Well, he had his mother's pride, and he had it all bolstered and backed up by education. I gave him out of my hands when he was a wee thing, because his mother was dead, and I was sick. He was adopted by good people, and he always knew who his old father was, but he would not own him. I don't want to speak to him, if he do not want me to; but as God has given me a pass to come, I thought I would.

Life is one of the greatest blessings you can conceive of, when you use it right; but if you do not, it's a curse. I've heard people who had plenty of money here, say, "I wish I had not been born." I used to think it was the outside that made them unhappy, and that the inside was all right. I really believe I was more contented with mine than they were with their's; though it was pretty tough.

Those who had their good time here, were those who had no sickness to contend with, and had plenty of money to take care of themselves with. They thought they had a religion to die with; but when they got on this side, their God was a Jack-o'-lantern—they put out their hands, and he was not there! There are the kind of people who are unhappy here.

There is a man who knows me who had a strong idea of God. He told me he just as much expected to see the God talked in the Bible, as he did to see his friends when he comes here. I used to tell him he'd get disappointed. There is just where he was then, and I want to tell him a thing. Poor old Dave is shored over on the other side, and if it is true I can come back, and that he has got to prove, I ought to know more about this place where I am, and he might be. Now he used to tell me I'd see God and be called to account for all my bad deeds. I don't want to say he lied, but I will say he is confoundedly mistaken.

I have seen the opposite of God here. Now if he'll give me a chance, I'll prove myself to him, and when I get him to believe I am with him, and am not drunk, and not thirty thousand miles or more off, I'll try to make him understand a natural religion.

By the way, he's a preacher of the Gospel, and he do not know any more about God than my old dog did, nor half so much. I've told him so, and it's not wrong for me to tell him so here.

My son is a lawyer—a good sort of a man in his way—everybody has his own way. I was not poor on account of drunkenness—would not have you think I was. Good by. Feb. 14.

Josiah S. Parker.

Some of us feel very unpleasant to find strange faces to greet us on our first return home. But when we come expecting to meet there only those that are strangers to us, we are little able to bear the conditions; but when we come with the hope, perhaps the half expectation, that we shall be welcomed into the presence of those who know us and will be glad to hear from us, it is sometimes hard.

My name was Josiah S. Parker. I was from the town of Exeter, State of New Hampshire. I have been absent from home and mortal friends for near sixteen years. Though all of those who were loved by me are still living on earth, with the exception of two, I have never been able to reach them; but I hope to, by this way that has been opened by a class of investigating spirits who desire not only to go forward in the work for earth's people, but desire all others to do so. And they feel it best to open a means whereby communication may be established between the two worlds.

I suppose it is proper that I should have advanced a request, a desire to meet in more close communion those friends I parted with sixteen years ago, who shook hands with me, and bade me farewell for the last time on earth, as they supposed, and I supposed, too. But God has a vast amount of means by which to bless his children, and his way is not our way, and we cannot learn his way in a short period of life.

For the first few years, my spiritual existence was passed in undoing that I had been striving to do much of my life. The next step was to separate the chaff from the wheat, and come nearer to God. After that passed, I turned my attention to the old philosophy newly revived, which seemed to be flooding not only our sphere, but yours. I found by using an influence for good, I could change people, and thus change their mode of doing things. I could turn them from a bad path to a right way, and give them clear understanding of God, by seeking to impress my ideas of God on their minds. This I was able to do in almost all cases, and it has been my employment in the spiritual world.

I was in my fortieth year at the time of my death. I have seen more during the sixteen years of life here, than I saw through all the forty of earth. I mean more that is real and lasting; and I propose to invite these friends I have now lost sight of, to a portion of which I now enjoy; and that will not serve them amiss, either in time or eternity. Feb. 14.

Mary Louisa Shaw.

Oh, I do hope you will show me back to my mother and sister. I was burned so I died five years ago. My face, neck, chest and hands were burned. Oh, dear, I do not want to think of that, but I'd be willing to suffer a good deal to go back to my mother and sister.

My name is Mary Louisa Shaw. I lived in New York city, in Eldred street. I died in a hospital. My clothes took fire at home. I was alone at the time, and the police rushed in and carried me to the hospital. I could not talk much after I was burned; but I thought a great deal, and had much to say. My sister's name is Sarah Elizabeth. It did trouble me then, and it always has. There are things about her that trouble me; and if our mother knew them, they would be different. I could not talk when I was sick, or I should have told mother. I could assist her when I was alive, and I knew she would be miserable after I died, because she is keeping things from my mother. I will ask mother to go to some medium where I can talk as I do here. Sarah need not influence her not to go, for I shall not say anything to make her unhappy.

I have seen my brother here. As soon as I got away from the form I saw him, but not my father. I have seen him since. But it was queer for me to believe I should have no more to do with my body. I tell you it is hard to believe it, when at five in the afternoon you were well, and before five in the morning you are dead! Oh, it's hard to believe you can have no more to do with it. I was twenty-three. My sister is younger. I'll ask to talk to Sarah first. I'll set her right, or she'll stop mother from coming. Ask Sarah to go where I can speak to her first. Poor Sarah! I must set things right with her. I'm all right now. Feb. 14.

Juliet Horsey.

To one once more according to the laws in mortal life. You desire to meet your child. I see it in your midnight thoughts. Then add action to the desire, and you will soon lose desire in reality. Fear not. The children will receive and love you, and thus you shall feel again something of happiness as you leave the body. Your spirit friend, JULIET HERBERT. Feb. 14.

FROM A PHILADELPHIA CIRCLE.

S. H. P. AND H. T. C., MEDIUMS.

Dr. Abernethy on Healing Mediums.

The idea prevails in certain minds that the days of medicine, and the time for the administration of drugs is at an end, or soon will be; but if I know anything of the character and conditions of human organization, on your globe, I have no hesitation in declaring that that time is far distant. That human magnetism, guided and aided by spirit-power, is a most potent influence, and in very many instances, all that is required for the removal of disease and deformity, I am well aware, and hope to see it much more generally used.

But before I enter upon this subject, permit me to say a few words on the subject of Medicine. The human system is designed to be a perfect macrocosm, or representative of the entire globe and all its elements or primates and constituents; but man has not yet reached the acme of physical perfection. His organism, according to the best information I can get, ranges from about forty-eight up to fifty-five or fifty-six of the sixty-four primates, and these are more or less imperfectly blended in the various races. Let me be understood, thus—two individuals may have the same number of elements in their systems; the one having them harmoniously blended, and the other not; and they will present very different characters.

One of the first and most important points in regard to the combination of elements, as revealed in the great science of Chemistry, is conditions; and it is well known that elements frequently fail to combine, until brought into the presence of other elements or compounds. Here, then, is a point or condition in which medicines may be needed, to aid in the combination of elements already existing in the human system.

In the next place, there may be a deficiency of certain elements, and medicine may supply this. In the third place, there may be and often is a superabundance of certain elements, and then proper medical substances will aid the system in throwing them off.

Here, then, are three cases in which medicines are needed. But where is the man who understands the intricate and beautiful laws which govern all these things, to know exactly when and how and where to administer them? Fortunately, errors are not always fatal, or few would live to manhood in this age of drugs and poisons which are taken into the human system, under the various names of food, drink and medicine.

But I wish to speak of human magnetism and healing mediums. Every human being is a creditor and debtor to the great bank of health, not only in every human being, but each organ of every human system is either feeding diseases by its exhalations, or giving health and strength to others by the normal influences that continually flow out to all around it. Think you, that when a mother clasps her little one to her bosom, and folds it in her warm embrace, that it is alone the warmth that little one receives? Her very life, in the exuberance of her maternal feeling, flows out to that child, and she grows stronger and better as she feeds it with the flame of her own being.

The condition of receptivity in the child is an important matter. There is a peculiar affinity and attraction which subsists between certain individuals that produces receptivity, either of health or disease. We cannot ignore the fact, that the mind, acting through faith, has always exercised a powerful controlling influence, and to hundreds it may be said, "thy faith hath made thee whole." Not that faith alone does it, but it favors the condition; and where there is neither affinity nor faith, the healing power cannot be transmitted or received, and hence no healing medium can supply all the human family.

The most universal feeling in the human mind is kindness and love of truth; and where these abound, there will be attraction, and hence they are highly requisite in healing mediums. Next in importance is physical health, vigor and activity of all the functions, personal cleanliness, freedom from all irritations and anxiety. This latter is particularly essential for the reception of that aid which flows down from the spheres above. Strong magnetic spirits, whose energies are devoted to healing, seek such condition to labor, and there is a constant interchange between the spirit friends and those who are sick and suffering, and this class; and in many instances, arrangements are thus made by which patients are brought under the influence of those who are able to heal them.

I might go on; but I have a friend and pupil here, Dr. H. A. Akeley, who is preparing a work for publication, on the Philosophy of Healing, to be given through this Circle, in which he will be aided by some of the first minds of this sphere, and from the fact of his recent experience among mankind, he will be better able to communicate than I can, who have been longer away from earth-life. I would recommend his book to the perusal of all who love profound thought on these important subjects.

Truly yours, ABERNETHY.

Life and Character of Junius Tilden Esq.—His Death and Funeral Services.

Our fellow citizen, Junius Tilden Esq., suddenly departed this life Feb. 28th. He was born the 28th day of November, A. D. 1813, at Yarmouth, Barnstable Co. Mass. He was of strictly Puritan stock, having descended from one of the Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth Rock, and the history of his family being more or less interwoven with the history of Massachusetts Bay—a fact in which he took great pride. At the age of 22 he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature, and afterwards was re-elected, serving both terms with credit. About this period he studied law and was admitted to the bar. In September, 1838, he married and removed West, locating first in the township of Rainsville in this county, but shortly afterwards removing to Dundee. For several years he divided his time between the practice of the law, school teaching, and acting as Justice of the Peace. In 1848 he was elected to the Legislature, and served with ability and faithfulness during the session of 1849. He served four years as Prosecuting Attorney of this county. In 1856 he located himself permanently in this city. In the Spring of 1857 he was elected Supervisor of the First Ward, to which position he was repeatedly re-elected, and which he held at the time of his death. He also was Chairman of the Board of Supervisors during the whole time. For the last three years he has been City Attorney. In the cause of education he has always taken much interest. For the last two years he has been School Inspector for this city, and also for nearly three years member and moderator of the City School Board. From this it will be seen that Mr. Tilden enjoyed, in no common degree, the confidence of this community.

In his religious belief Mr. Tilden inclined to Spiritualism, and before his death expressed a wish that Miss Hulet, a Spiritualist, who has been lecturing here, should conduct the exercises of his funeral. The funeral services were held at the City Hall. The members of the bar attended in a body, and also the two Masonic lodges in regalia. The services were opened by the Masons singing from their manual an appropriate funeral dirge. A very appropriate prayer was then offered by Miss Hulet, after which she read, without announcing the book or chapter, the fifteenth chapter of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians. After reading this, she spoke some fifteen or twenty minutes, announcing no text, but basing her remarks upon the chapter she had read. To those who know nothing about the peculiar belief of Spiritualists, (and we judged there were many such present) her remarks were somewhat novel. We tried to take some notes, in order to give an abstract of her remarks, but find ourself unable

THE MIND ITS OWN PLACE.

GOOD AND EVIL.

BY GEORGE W. LIGHT.

"Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them."—PSALMS.

"The mind is its own place, and in itself Can make a heaven or hell, a hell of heaven."—MILTON.

"Ah! what a sign it is of evil life, When death's approach is seen so terrible."—SHAKESPEARE.

Evil, anxious, waits the morrow, For its golden day; Good improves the shining present, Trusting no delay.

Evil fears the solemn curtain Midnight o'er it flings; Good enjoys a day celestial While the night-bird sings.

Evil, in the stormy winter, Pants for summer bloom; Good, with summer in its bosom, Smiles at winter's gloom.

Evil, startled by its thunder, From the future flies; Good, enchanted, through its vista Sees the halcyon skies.

Evil, in the night of sorrow, Only doubts and fears; Good, unshaken, feels an angel Wipe away its tears.

Evil boys of cheating pleasure, Pain without release; Good, by inward conquest noble, Wins immortal peace.

Evil meets, with eyeballs flashing, Slander's venomous eye; Good, with blazing words of kindness, Blisters every lie.

Evil, grasping guilty treasure, Shames a golden store; Good, when Mammon tries its virtue, Burning, looks him down.

Evil, tearless, looks a sow's Winter-blasted spring; Good, with robin songs of summer, Makes her valleys ring.

Evil finds in reigning beauty No celestial grace; Good, the peerless queen of splendor, Triumphs in her face.

Evil's youth is early crippled, And its death-knell rung; Good is like its blooming sister, Truth, forever young.

Evil, with the mask of greatness, Banters for a name; Good, aslant its Godlike action, Finds the shadow, fame.

Evil, when oppressor's thunders, Right or wrong, gives in; Good, in step with heavenly music, Nothing fears but sin.

Evil sees in vast creation No paternal sign; Good, though earthquakes heave the mountains, Sees the Hand divine.

Evil turns its back on Mercy's World-redeeming charms; Good, for past offences sorrowing, Rushes to her arms.

Evil sees in death's low valley Deepening shadows dread; Good exults the heavenly morning Breaking overhead.

Evil meets, beyond the valley, Shapes of darkness grim; Good, with angel voices soaring, Chants a parting hymn.

Evil, frantic, upward gazing, Sees a Despot's throne; Good, exulting, sees the Father, Welcoming his own.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, AT OLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, April 2, 1861.

QUESTION:—The Identification of Spirits.

Rev. Mr. BUSS.—I understand the question to be, "Can we know that such and such manifestations to our senses are true representations of individual spirits?" There can be no doubt as to the reality of facts related in this connection, but the whole of the inquiry is, can we prove their relation to particular, individual intelligences? I think we can, and were it not so, I should not call myself a Spiritualist; and it is a pleasing conviction to me, that Spiritualism is not based upon hypothesis. Perhaps every individual has not the faculty of perceiving spirits without their direct embodiment, but there are two ways of perceiving spirits. Clairvoyant, impressive subjects perceive them according to their essential identity, as an existing fact; and, again, there are spirits but little embodied from the earth-plane, who can reveal themselves in bodily form. These latter have sometimes struck me, pulled my hair, &c., with unaccountable force, in order to give me evidence of their identity. I have thus been compelled to believe in the identity of spirits on the direct testimony of my senses; and I have seen a beloved companion and heard her voice, so that I had no more doubt it was she, than that I now see any friend in this audience. The fact of spirit manifestation is just as certain as anything can be, and far more so than most of the contradictory philosophies current in the world. As to my experience, I once met, while walking in a retired place, the form of a lady well-known to me before she left the earth. I recognized it in every feature, and as I was in a perfectly conscious, natural state, have no doubt it was a palpable, physical form. I have often grasped spirit-hands! The sensation they impart is very peculiar, unlike that from contact with a human hand. As well as I can describe, there is a want of elasticity in the substance, which is somewhat like softened india-rubber; and it sometimes appears to dissolve in the grasp, instead of being withdrawn, as if resolved at once into its elements.

Dr. GRAY.—The question before us is a historical one, viz., What have spirits done toward identifying themselves? and we wish to obtain the testimony of persons present, as to instances of identification. There are two modes of observing spirits—the clairvoyant mode, and that of seeing and conversing with them in body, and by means of the natural senses. Spirits can manifest themselves to the cognition of our external senses; they can produce physical forms, and mate them with their lives, and guide them with their wills, for a short time. I prize the last form of manifestation as carrying with it demonstration; the first, a subjective form, is fraught with more chance of delusion; as when, in many diseases, accompanied with visual illusions, the forms of animals and of monsters are supposed to be seen; and, in general, evidence is not so valid and useful to the world of persons not exceptionally organized when not corroborated by physical facts. My own experience in that way has been very small. I have never been able to see, in a temporary, organized body, a spirit whom I have known; but such testimony as that of my friend, heretofore laid before you, is perfect and irrefragable. In old times, manifestations were referred to God or other beings above the human plane, for lack of identification; but we have now reached the time when spiritual manifestations, of equal dignity, are known to be produced by human beings; and that knowledge is derived from identification. The phenomena now occurring demonstrate the superiority of the present time over the past in respect of spiritual advantages.

Dr. BENTHOLTER.—There has been much perplexity in regard to spirit-manifestations, and there is a class of spirits that have sometimes deceived me. I mean those who address themselves to us as if thinking that we are able to afford them assistance, as I think we can. What the experience of others in regard to it may be, I do not know; but to me this department is very rich in value. These spirits appear either in a form or without one. I cannot now go into details respecting them, but hope that this allusion will induce others to examine the subject. The great objection urged against Spiritualism is, that its influence upon us is very detrimental; and I am sorry to say we have too manifest reasons for admitting that this accusation is not without foundation. I look upon the dissemination of Spiritualism as most valuable, if properly improved, and equally dangerous when abused.

Dr. HALLOCK.—Early in 1851, I was at a house in East Broadway, where I first met my friend, Dr. Gray, the object of the gathering being to examine into certain novel alleged occurrences. My seat was by the side of a mother who had lost a child; and this mother, as all present heard, was, then and there, patted on the neck and pulled by the dress, as her little daughter, when alive, had been in the habit of doing. At the lady's request, for the purpose of assuring myself of the reality of these touches, I placed my hand on her arm; when, instead of feeling the expected motion of fingers, I was surprised by the pressure of a child's hand on mine—the reality of which was demonstrated by all methods possible to a human hand. The hand afterwards kept time to music by patting on the mother's neck, &c. During the month just closed, I was at the house of Mrs. French, when it was said that the spirit of a certain young lad, the only son of a widow, would endeavor to present his mother and grandmother with some evidence of his continued existence and affection. Accordingly, colored pencils, together with drawing paper, were placed under the table, and a portion of the Gospel of Matthew having been read from the Bible, we sat in silence for a short time, during which we heard the pencils striking against each other, and sounds as of their marking on the paper, and then a well-known artist who was present drew from under the table a painting of a wreath, with the Scripture-passages which had been read, written within it, in characters very minute, yet distinctly legible. Certainly, in this manifestation, human love invoked the purest and holiest answering emotions of the heart. These events separated by the lapse of ten years, form the first and last chapters of my spiritual experience.

Similar instances have occurred to me every week during the interval, and marked as they always are by human intelligence and affection, and more than human power, they must be ascribed to a life beyond the present. It is hardly a philosophical supposition that imponderable fluids or mere brute force can manifest human feelings; or that they can at all approximate to the displays of divine love and wisdom. As an essential part of Divine Love there must be truth, and, similarly, human love and truth must go together. This is one of the grounds on which I rely to make out identity. Each communication from the other world carries its own weight of internal evidence, just as does a letter which I receive from a friend in a distant city, and which I cannot for an instant suppose to be a forgery, although I could not demonstrate absolutely that it is not one. The evidence is of too general a law of connection, a character to be weighed in legal scales before a court and jury—they could not be made to understand it; and yet there can be no question as to identity in the case. Let us look at the matter in the light thrown on it by the general law of connection. In earthly society, no communications possible between another and myself, unless, somewhere and somehow, we can come into mental contact; otherwise, that which either says appears to the other as a mere amorphous fungus on the outside.

So, whenever the right relations exist between a congregation and its minister, the latter says unutterable things to his flock—they understand each other; but, if a strange minister takes his place, he makes a noise only, without being heard to any valuable purpose. Does not this explain why it was that, at his first conversion to Spiritualism, every one found some relative or dear friend at the bottom of it? It is an infallible test of truth that it does not trip up the heels of any other truth. All the truth there is in the idea of church organization is built on the principle that those who are one in purpose are in conjunction with each other; and, in these manifestations, my father, if I am one in purpose and desire with him, is brought by this law, potentially and substantially into communication with me, whether he choose or not to announce himself by name, or become visible to me.

Dr. YOUNG.—I am glad to see we are having a revival of religion among us; and returning to our old faith in spirit-intercourse with those near and dear to us, as is shown by the remarks of the preceding speaker. I now wish that gentleman to inform us how to confirm the identity of a spirit which manifests through raps, or a trance-medium; the whole subject wants clarifying. (The speaker related an instance in which he had obtained an answer to a test question, after delay and interruption of the sitting, during which he had forgotten the question, and supposed the said answer to apply to a subsequent question, until the first one was recalled to his mind.)

Mr. COLES related instances of convincing personations of deceased individuals by mediums. In one, my wife was represented with great fidelity, as to the pain she suffered, and her expressions during her last illness. I have seen persons come to ridicule these performances, who have gone away weeping. At a circle recently, a lady brought a female friend with her, to whom the medium, when entranced, reached over, and, though a much smaller person, drew her toward herself with great force, and lifted her in her arms, exclaiming at the same time, "Now, do not you know me?" By these actions, the lady so plainly recognized the spirit of her husband, who, being a very powerful man, had been accustomed to caress her, that she was much affected. I should look on such testimony as this as affording convincing evidence of identity, but for the doubts thrown over it by the recently-bronched theories of interpolation, mesmerism, &c.; and I have no doubt that many here are restrained from narrating their experience, by the same misgivings.

Dr. HALLOCK.—I have never doubted the identity of spirits, in cases where ends of use were answered by communications, as between parent and child; but when, purporting, for instance, to come from Swedenborg, they do not bear a solitary mark of his style, or mode of thought, I must be allowed to doubt, and with consistency, for the instances are not at all alike.

Dr. GRAY reminded the Conference of the vital importance of obtaining facts bearing upon the question, instead of recurring to old topics of controversy. Rev. Mr. BUSS, being urgently called upon, gave an account of recent remarkable physical manifestations, to which he had been a witness, at Troy. They were of a somewhat rough and ostentatious character, and occurred in a barber's shop, which was next door to a tin store, and there was a cellar, underneath. A man, for instance, was placed horizontally, his feet planted on a wall, and his unsupported body projecting into empty air. The barber, starting to take him down, at the demand of a skeptic, was converted as suddenly as Saul of Tarsus, suddenly disappeared from our sight; having been deposited, by unseen hands, under the sofa, where he could not have placed himself without our seeing him. Two gentlemen were psychologized by spirits and carried away, whither nobody knew, until they were found in the cellar, under a trap-door opening from the barber shop, perfectly stiff and insensible, and wrapt in a canvas awning. After such manifestations had continued some three weeks, the spirits began to reveal their presence by audible speech, as if coming from the wall, and would sometimes join in with each other in a sepulchral tone of voice—deeper than the natural human bass—which seemed to proceed from all points of the room. These would tell who were coming into the place and when they would be there. One voice purported to speak for a Welsh girl, and uttered this warning, "Mind your business

Pearls.

And quoted old, and Jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever.

SPRING.

Come on, sweet Spring,
And kindly fling
Thy flowerets round my humble home,
And garland round
The grassy ground
Of hills o'er which I love to roam.

With all thy train,
Come on again,
As thou didst come in years gone by;
With odors sweet,
And anthems meet,
Come, brighten up the old blue sky.

Thy magic voice
Blids earth rejoice,
And earth a new green robe assumes,
And many a tree
Around we see,
Stands gaily dressed in silvery blooms.

Oh, come, sweet Spring,
Oh, come, and bring
The earnest of thy happier hours
And aid our hands,
And bless our lands
With fruitful things and gladdening flowers.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention on the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

FLOWERS.

Ye fade, yet still how sweet, ye flowers?
Your scent outlives the bloom!
So, Father, may my mortal hours
Grow sweeter toward the tomb!

In withered leaves a healing cure
The simple gleaners find;
So may our withered hopes endure
In virtues left behind!

Oh, not to me vainly given
The lesson ye bestow,
Of thoughts that rise in sweets to heaven,
And turn to use below.—[Butcher.

Wild flowers are the alphabet of angels, whereby they write on hills and fields mysterious truths.

MAY MORNING REVERIE.

I heard a low and silvery voice
Echoing upon the golden air,
As 'twas wafted from the sunlit clime
Of morning land so fair.

And in that soft and dulcet note,
A wilder music lay,
Enshrining the bright enchanted name
Of the bridal queen of May.

She stood in beauty on the throne
Where Flora strowed her flowers,
And smiled upon this lay of mine,
As sunshine through the showers.

Around her brow in beauty bright
A wreath of triumph shone;
While music's sprightly and maidens rare
Brought treasure to her zone.

And gave them, freely as the stars
Give smiles unto the azure sea,
When waves together join the daisies
With ocean, mirth and glee.

Hope may bud under clouds, but it blows only in sunshine.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

DEATH AND THE HUMAN SOUL.

A Lecture by Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall,
New York, Sunday Evening, April 7th, 1861.

As announced, we continue on this occasion our discourse on the subject "Death and the Human Soul," or "Immortality." In the last address we spoke of Death with reference to its material substrates and those forms of life which are supposed to have no consciousness; of the relations between Sleep and Death, pointing to the fact that each material substance in its growth and life is undergoing a change which may be called Death, and that, therefore, there is no such thing in Nature as Death in the sense of destruction, or annihilation, but what is called by that name is merely a change in the form of existence, and, consequently, a germ of risen life. We applied this view to the various forms, or organic and inorganic being, from mineral and vegetables to animals, up to man, who may be regarded as the epitome of the last. We proposed now to illustrate the immortality of the human soul by pointing out the various analogies of nature in support of it, and showing how far immortality is distinctly proved, from a material standpoint.

Everything in Nature is always undergoing a process of death. Whatever is added to any form of existence must be taken away. As flowers give forth their perfume, they gain compensating nourishment through their roots, without which they would soon exhale their strength and die. The history of human life clearly shows that no growth has ever been achieved by it, but through the death of something. No scientific truth was ever brought to light, but through the decay and death of the superseded old one. No nation has ever prospered but through the downfall of a more other. No individual has ever risen to greatness but by depriving other individuals of life and liberty, or the gratification of cherished hopes. In this sense and to this extent, all forms of organization are dependent on Death, and therefore, it is the surest evidence of Life, when old forms are seen to crumble and decay; struggle and commotion are necessary conditions of vitality, as darkness is the precursor of the dawn.

So, when we apply this principle to the human organism, we find that its various changes are a constant succession of deaths and re-construction; and, indeed, it is asserted by scientific men that our bodies undergo an entire change every seven years, showing that the man of to-day, aside from his thought and consciousness, is a vastly different being from the same man of a few years ago, and that every particle of matter composing his form has really died and been replaced by another, by a process so constant and gradual as to be imperceptible.

This is true of the mental and moral as well as the physical man; and we therefore find a man to-day doing and thinking what he would have scoffed at seven years ago; so that, without memory and consciousness, a man would not long continue to recognize himself. With some persons, and at some periods of life, this change is more perceptible than at others, as during the transition from infancy to youth, and from youth to manhood, when the death and replacement under new and very different forms, of our mental resources is as evident as our growth in physical stature.

It is only man's immortal and unchanging spiritual consciousness, knowing no time nor space, which gives him his power of comparing his present mental condition with what it was; it is simply the action of matter, and it lives in the past, and even in the future, as much as in the present. The powers of this infinite spirit are absolute as to feelings, thoughts and ideas; and the mechanism of the human brain is simply adapted to functions of material life; requiring growth and expansion to adapt it to those functions, and therefore undergoing, like all the other organs, a constant alternation of decay and renewal.

We have spoken of death as analogous to sleep, in which all living beings require to pass a portion of the twenty-four hours. Now the cause of this requirement is, that every animate substance possesses an amount of vital life, which is called out by the sun's rays; therefore (with the exception of a few noctur-

nal animals) day is the period of labor, and night is assigned for repose, which resembles death, inasmuch as it is a suspension of all the voluntary functions of life, accession of all acts which relate to outward existence, so that except when memory, or some disordered function, obstructs its operation, sleep is really as like death as can be; the only difference being that death is the sleep of the body when it has grown quite weary of life, and that it extends to the involuntary organs and functions.

The mechanism of the human system requires sometimes to be at a stand, else its constant activity would wear it out, and leave no chance to replenish its stock of nervous energy, so as to rise from slumber as the flower unfolds its petals prepared to greet the sun at early dawn. When sleep is profound and dreamless, (as it should be, for dreaming is always an indication of derangement in the nervous or digestive apparatus) it is the best restorative of the system; but we often find among its attendant phenomena, besides dreaming, an awakened cognizance of the soul, which produces an additional exhilaration, and a renewal of purpose and of power; and we often, under this influence, awaken, even from a dreamless sleep, with an indefinable, pleasurable consciousness—a something prophetic of advantage, which strengthens our moral energies, and brings a reconstruction of our inner life.

Now the general process of reconstruction you undergo daily, yet so imperceptibly as not to lose hold of a single link in the chain of conscious physical and mental operations. But there comes a time when, like a full-blown flower, or mature forest-tree, the mechanism of your bodily frame has reached its utmost development; and now begins the period of decline, during which you receive less life than you give forth, exhale more vitality than you can resume; and this drain increases every day, until it brings on death, which is but another sleep. Therefore, if, after going to rest to-night, your body should not wake again, it would simply be because death has a stronger hold on it than life; and that life must give place to a higher form of reconstruction.

But what of the soul? During all that period, so short to the expanding mind, which lies between infancy and the manifold years of youth, filled with enjoyment and with hopes; or through the shortening years of manhood, and the swift-flying winters of old age, you are aware of the same personal consciousness; something, which is always the same, links together and pervades all these successive decays and reconstructions, these slumbers and awakenings which checker your existence. Were it not so, you might wake up some morning and fall to remember your previous existence.

Were there not something independent of the brain, which, when the body sinks into repose, guards the vital machine as an engineer his steam engine, it would know no awakening, or some other entity or form of life would usurp its place; but so gradual are the changes it undergoes, and so constant is the recognition of the soul throughout them all, that, from earliest infancy, the spirit knows that its existence is to come, and, in old age throws back its thoughts into the past; and though the hair is gray, and the eyes dim, the soul still remembers, and this memory is the link which binds mortal organic life to the eternal, and an evidence that there is a part of us which never dies.

While Science enables us to understand the changes which the material form undergoes, we cannot but by admitting our immortality, explain what becomes of the exhalations of the mind. For we know that a great mind loses nothing of its greatness from giving forth its conceptions; and that these may live from age to age; and if that which proceeded from an individual soul can thus be made immortal by being assimilated with, and embodied in, the thoughts and deeds of successive generations what must be the destiny of that soul itself? Surely, the source is not inferior to that which is derived from it. If you saw a fountain bubbling in the sunlight, would you say it had no well-spring, or that it could last longer than that well-spring?

No one will affirm that a ray of light can outlast its source. Therefore, the immortality of great conceptions, of the thoughts of genius, must be the glorious evidence of the immortality of the soul. But for that immortality, the thought evolved to-day would fade to-morrow. We know, as a truth of science, that the perfume exhaled from flowers, though flying off on invisible wings to other realms, can never be destroyed; and who shall say but that this subtle aroma may carry the germs of invisible vegetation to deck the amarantian bowers of far-off worlds!

In like manner, we know not but that the atoms which are continually being thrown off in the decay and reconstruction of material life, shall form the germs of a higher and purer human frame; for, as we know of no form into which the perfume of the rose could enter other than the rose itself, so we cannot conceive how the human thought, when set free by death, can possibly enter into the composition of aught but the renewed and perfect human being.

In this view, the transmigration of souls, that doctrine once so general, and still cherished by so large a portion of mankind, is seen to be a mistake, from the fact that higher forms of being cannot retrograde and become lower. For example, lime which forms part of the marble rock, and lime from human bones, are chemically the same substances; but the latter increases the productive value of the soil, and the former destroys it, because the lime of rocks cannot rise from the mineral form to that of a component of the animal structure, by entering into the growth of vegetation.

On this principle, the human soul, which has once passed through a form of material existence, can never be re-absorbed into the great reservoir of mind, because it has received the distinctive and ineffaceable feature of individuality. In short, no process of reasoning, no element of material science, gives any support to the notion that the human soul is not immortal, which, on the other hand, the alternation of night and day, the revolutions of the planets, and the laws regulating the functions of life, in all departments of nature, clearly prove that it is the type of immortality. We never have known winter without a succeeding spring, or seen a flower decay without provision for another to take its place; and surely when we reach the highest and most ennobling form of existence, we cannot receive these as but a mockery of the hopes that most contribute to elevate and cheer the soul.

We praise the beauty, the balmy silence of the night, because we know that, beneath its veil of darkness, every flower, every living creature, is gathering in slumber renewed vigor for the labors and the enjoyments of the coming day; and when that sleep comes to the human form from which it knows no waking, shall we deny to its living principle an after existence, because, forsooth, our mortal sight cannot penetrate to the dawn of its morning in another sphere? No! the greater the stillness, the more profound the mystery of that slumber, the more complete and beautiful will be the reproduction for which it is a preparation.

The most witching splendors of our earthly nights, fade before the instructed mind, compared with the wondrous mysteries so filled with prophecies of coming dawn, so replete of starry images of hope and immortality, which cluster round the night of Death; and its morning will be so glorious that the most gorgeous splendors of an earthly sunrise will seem as pale as the star of evening in its presence; nay, the concentrated glories of all the suns of the universe would grow dim before its rays! And the awakened soul, bow from its dreamless sleep—the more refreshing because dreamless—will it rise and spread its new found pinions and plume them for its eternal flight?

The repose of death how perfect! and yet both the falling asleep and the awakening are so gradual and so harmonious, that the spirit greets the sunlight of eternity with that exulting feeling of abounding life and all-conquering energy that fills the healthy man at the break of day. Then do not condemn Death! for it is really in all the sorrows and desponds which come in its train, only the more suggestive of life. If Death came less stealthily and silently, selecting with partiality here and there a victim, we might say it was not the harbinger of immortal life; but it comes alike to all created things, at all seasons, and in every shape, and shall we say it is oblivion? No! Let us remember that as the darkest period of night is that which precedes the dawn, so the sorrows

hardest to be borne are those which precede the awakening of hope and patience in the soul; and so Death, our preparation, is mysterious, silent, and stealthy—so is the life which succeeds it beautiful, perfect, glorious, and divine. Study the book of Nature, or the book of Revelation, and you will get no other answer. Study all human experience, and it leads to no other conclusion. Study the inmost depths of your own soul, and it says, Blessed is the harbinger of life! You all praise sleep, and the decay of flowers, and Winter, as emblems of renewed life and vegetation. Much more should you welcome Death, and with longing gaze give your loved ones to his arms, as you would lay your infant down to sleep, knowing that in the morning it will rise in new strength and beauty. Blame not the Deity for Death; but, when thanking him for the material blessings of plenty and peace, remember that more precious than all is his blessing of Death—the precursor of Eternal Life.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 17, 1861.

SUBJECT.—"The Apostle Paul and his Writings."

JOHN WETHERS, JR., Chairman.

REMARKS.—It seems too late a day to find fault with Saint Paul or his writings. If there ever was any man who deserves the admiration and praise of the world, that man was Saint Paul of Tarsus, or Paul; and it seems strange that in a body of Spiritualists, there should be one word said against him; for, if my memory serves me, he was converted in a remarkable manner. He went from home with his heart full of murder toward the Christians, and came back a convert to their doctrines. This event is historically true. What is there in his writings which will not stand the scrutiny of the human mind? Are his writings not in harmony with the feelings of humanity, and the laws of morality? He claimed not their authorship for himself, but seemed to be inspired by a power from above. I see nothing in the character of Saint Paul to censure, but much to praise. Allowing that he was a fanatic, was he not an honest one? Denying himself as he did for the accomplishment of such an object as he labored for, showed his purity of intentions, and integrity of purpose. I do not know how any one examining into the matter, can help feeling much to admire. Some of our strong-minded women take exceptions to Saint Paul; but with due deference to those women, I would say, Saint Paul was right. Is it not known by practical experience that woman's true theory of practice should be to conquer by obedience? Some women may stand upon the rostrum, but they are not fit for the bedside. The most lamentable object on earth, is a woman with a man's head on her shoulders. Men and women should lay their heads together, to keep such women out of existence. It is wrong to encourage weak and silly women in going around the country, teaching what nature never intended they should teach. How are you going to explain the conversion of Saint Paul? If any law of nature will explain it, I'd thank you to name it to me.

MR. CRISHMAN.—We should speak of Saint Paul with the same respect we should any other author. It is as wrong to misrepresent Saint Paul, as any other author; and misrepresentation seems to have been the object of some who have spoken on this question. Saint Paul has been charged with being a bigamist; but such a charge is utterly absurd, and utterly the reverse of the truth. I am astonished that any should believe it. It was also claimed he was the author of continence, and the founder of nunneries and monasteries. He only opposed the reckless and licentious course of the people of Corinth, who had begun to claim the right of affinity with other men's wives, and even with their fathers' wives. He taught them better.

JAMES TULLIS.—It is some little time since I have been acquainted with Saint Paul, or any other saint. Saints have got rather below par with me, for I've weighed them, and found them wanting; and I opine did all the world use the same scrutiny, they would come to my conclusion. But, as has been said, let truth and error grapple; and in a fair encounter, truth will triumph. I fear this question cannot get a full and open discussion in this or any other country, on account of educational or hereditary superstition. My acquaintance with Saint Paul's teachings would lead me to clasp him with the distinguished men of his time. He had doubtless vast foresight, and a practical knowledge of the human mind and its workings. He uttered many truths, some of which were original with him, and others uttered by people who lived long before he did; and he had some errors which cannot be got over. In respect to his opinion of woman, his mind seems to have been darkened. If woman had had the control of the government for the past fifty years, the country could not have been in a worse plight. The church have ever since opposed the recognition of woman, and cite Saint Paul for proof of their position. The religion taught men as Saint Paul have taught, have caused more distress and suffering on earth than anything else. In India its followers have tried to force their religion down the throats of the people, and their efforts resulted in the destruction of the canals built by the natives, and the present famine. Spain has been enervated by her religious institutions. The people of all nations were happy, till they had religion forced upon them; then they degenerated. Where nations have retained their enlightenment and increased in it, it has been in spite of religion, and not in consequence of it.

DR. WOLFE.—I do not know if it would make much difference to humanity, if Saint Paul was never again alluded to in the world. I think humanity would know as much, and more, of the laws of their being, and of the universe, if Saint Paul had never lived. His writings certainly had some very true things in them, but that he ever originated a truth, or gave it existence, is certainly not consistent with the facts. His conversion was the result of natural laws well known to Spiritualists—or, if not, it is their fault, and not the fault of the laws. If Saint Paul committed an error, must we receive it on his account? This might have done one, but will do no longer. Everything, now, must be brought under the focus of truth; and if it will not stand the test, it must go down, no matter who sustains it, or gives it authority. The day of authority has gone, and truth has asserted its supremacy over all else. I speak as authoritative as Saint Paul himself, when I say, woman is man's educator, because she has finer intuitions than he has. She stands eminently head and shoulders above him, in serving the divine purposes of humanity. Eighteen hundred years make great difference in the educational power of mankind. The poor slave who sees a steamboat pass up the Mississippi, knows more of the laws of steam than Newton did; Benjamin Franklin never rode behind a steam-car, and Washington never took advantage of a telegraphic wire. It would do to come here bringing your old mouldy gospel, and claiming your preference to the living gospel of to-day.

MRS. COOLEY.—I have a son twelve years old. Washington is, to him, a myth; but we know Washington once did exist. The same of Christ and Paul. I believe the blood of Jesus, shed on Calvary, was the beginning of the Christian religion. I know I have been profited by the writings of Saint Paul, or I would not say so. It pains me to have men speak lightly of the Saviour. He has brought me into salvation, and I'll stand up for him.

GEORGE S. PIER.—I think the truth may be found somewhere between the two extremes we find here to-night. I believe Paul proclaimed some truths, which will commend themselves to us. He was a man of indomitable perseverance, and we can vouch for his integrity and faithfulness. We all believe he was converted suddenly, for his was an instantaneous change of mind. But I do not care how or by any one else was converted, so long as he was converted. With regard to his opinion of women, I think his extreme was balanced by some others who placed woman altogether too high. I believe Paul gave an idea of resurrection which every Spiritualist accepts. He ignores the idea of the old body coming up again, as absurd; and that doctrine was never taught by any one before his time. He lived in an age a good ways back of ours, and could not be up to our civilization.

MR. JOHNSON.—We are all apt to speak from our standpoint of education, from the circumstances by which we are surrounded; so probably none of us will tell the whole truth. Our lady friend says she believes the Christian religion grew out of the blood of Christ shed on Calvary. The Scriptures say he was executed for blasphemy; and that blasphemy consisted in going counter to the Orthodox religion of his day. Paul was a remarkable man. He was cultivated and more thoughtful than any of his contemporaries. He was an Asiatic, and where he was born Polygamy was allowed and practiced; and from such an association of events, he wrote as he did about women. He spoke with great judgment on all questions; and if we should understand him fully, we should condemn him less.

DR. GARDNER.—I can't agree with Saint Paul in being all things to all men, nor to all women, either. I agree with the sentiment that we cannot well know what Saint Paul did preach, because the sacred writings containing them have come down through the hands of so many priests. I do not know that he was ever wise, or had much knowledge of anatomy, physiology, therapeutics, or materia medica. The lower you go in the scale of intellect and humanity, the less is the estimate of woman; and if you can find any one lower than Saint Paul in this regard, I would like to know who it is. The difference between the sexes is necessary, and to be taken advantage of. It is not the use of a thing that damns a man, but the abuse; and with the entire and total abstinence, a man cannot be a man nor a woman be a woman. The world has got to meet this question of the sexual uses, and it is no use trying to hide it. The matter has got to be investigated and understood in all its bearings, before the world is many years older.

MR. WETHERS.—It is hard to speak of Saint Paul without speaking of his contemporaries. I am sorry to see anything thrown out derogatory to his character, for I believe he was much of a man, although he has come down to us in bad company. I think for the structure of Christianity we are indebted to Paul, and so his name has been identified with everything bad in it. Paul was impulsive, and so pretty sure to be honest. Such men I admire; and if Paul sometimes did make a mistake, I'll forgive him for it, when I want the man who weighs every word before he speaks it. Had he lived to-day he would have been head and shoulders above any of the men we see around us. We know he committed errors of judgment from lack of information, as we all do; but he made the best use of the knowledge he had while he lived; and he brought into use a discriminating mind, and here was the secret of his success. Had he not been converted, Christianity would have been unknown fifty years after the crucifixion. Paul was a good medium, as well. He could be taken up into the third heaven, and see the celestial glories there. So could Swedenborg; and Columbus in his old age could hear the voices of his spirit-friends.

Subject next week—"Woman's Sphere."

REPORT OF THE SPEAKERS' CONVENTION AT WORCESTER, MASS.

TUESDAY, APRIL 16, 1861.

The Eastern Convention of speakers, advertised to be held in Worcester, upon this day and to-morrow met according to notice in Washburn Hall, this morning, at ten o'clock. Owing to the unpleasantness of the weather—for we had quite a snow-storm to welcome us—but a few in number arrived in the first trains; but that number was increased in the afternoon, until about twenty-five mediums were present. The day was mostly spent in conversations among the mediums, in furtherance of the objects of the Convention, two of which were "to secure and promote a more extended acquaintance with each other," and "to find the uses which Spiritualism has had in the experience and development of each individual."

In the evening the meeting was more in form; but those present spoke in an easy, familiar manner of the innate, and strange experiences that many of them had passed through. It was voted by the meeting that Hon. Warren Chase, of Michigan, be a committee to draw up a word of greeting to our Western friends, who assemble next week at Sturgis, Michigan, and to report to-morrow. Adjourned until to-morrow.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17.

The company who left the hall last evening re-assembled this morning; and after a conversation of nearly an hour, they were called to order by E. A. Newton, the President of the Committee, who gave as a question for the day's consideration, "What does the present age require of us as Spiritualist teachers, and how shall we best become fitted to meet those demands?"

Letters were received from F. L. Wadsworth, Goshen, Ind., and Prof. J. H. W. Toohy, of Cleveland, O., sending a fraternal greeting to the Eastern Convention, and all the friends in this section of country.

MR. HALL, of Buffalo, made a few remarks, and was followed by Hon. Warren Chase with the following quotation, which is particularly applicable to the subject:

"Nature's law is give and take,
Using, and not keeping—
Lending for the borrower's sake,
Sowing, and not reaping;
Leaves the flowers' pavilion make,
Drops the daisies' throating slake;
Flowers give over to the air;
Air divides it everywhere."

MR. LOVELAND followed in appropriate remarks, concerning the "diversity of gifts," and the necessity of a good scientific education as a basis for good and effective mediumship.

MR. THAYER made an extract from Toohy's letter, in favor of "Criticism and Practicality." We must be willing to be criticised in sentiment, as we criticize. We theorize instead of practicing. Adjourned until two o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Came to order at two o'clock, and Mr. LINCOLN of the "True Flag," advised mediums to strengthen their magnetisms, and thus their control over audiences. Cultivating the powers within you, is adding to the spirit-power around you. Cultivate your physical, and thus strengthen your spirit. Build up a high and holy love within your soul, which shall be for the good of others without expecting a return. Cultivate more and more of sociality. Never get into an argument with skeptics. Throw away alcoholic stimulants, and narcotics, tobacco also; your habits will go far beyond your preaching in example to others. Feel no envy to others; follow the golden rule.

The "Greeting to the Western Conference" was presented by Mr. CHASE, accepted, and placed before those present for their signatures.

HENRY C. WRIGHT said, Each day, age and year has its claims upon us. I estimate each man's religion by this. How does it affect you? Strive to elevate the individual man above his surroundings. The tendency of the day is to make man the victim of institutions, to knock out your brains to save your hat. We should apply Spiritualism to the great national question of war or slavery. Distinguish between the transient and the permanent. Institutions are transient; the soul is permanent.

MR. MELVILLE FAY, one of the "Fay Boys," of Akron, O., considered the development of the human soul as the highest demand of the age, that we may have true men and women. The progress and suc-

cess of mediums depends upon their spirit development. Let us have practice as well as theory, and a strengthening of the physical.

MR. HAMILTON, of New York, improvised a little poem, and was followed by

MR. LEO MILLER, who has found a demand to be that the religion of Spiritualism, Reason and Wisdom, shall be made to harmonize with that of Love. There is a tendency to build up an intellectual and philosophical religion, and it is not received by the masses. May we not blend that of the intellect with that of the moral, and warm up our religion by the Promethean fires of love?

WM. E. COPELAND spoke with reference to the mind-culture of mediums, and thought much useful time was thrown away.

MRS. CLARK, of Lawrence, said, The world gives spirits no credit; and why should they, when I have heard their control disclaimed before an audience of three thousand people? We should have no false pretences and put away pratings.

D. J. MANDELL said, Let us not forget to build up as well as tear down. Lincoln says if the body is strong, the spirit will be also; but not always. If you have a balance of spiritual power, it will sustain the physical, and hence many weak ones live and fight long, as even John Knox did.

MISS STRAUSS found as a demand, a true and noble motive, a wish to do good, and a willingness for self-sacrifice. Each should be willing to give up his whole nature to the cause, and say, as the good soldier, if I die, I die at my post, and in my place.

H. B. STORER.—The right chord has been touched, the great demand is faithfulness. Is it not my duty to counsel those whom I think to be in a slough, and thus be faithful in actions as well as thoughts?

LOVELAND.—I have long since settled a principle of action, in relation to judging other people. I know of no wrong-doing on the part of the door, without an intention of wrong, it is to me only a mistake. It is difficult to say that a person intends to do wrong, for we are not Omniscient, nor Omnipresent, and cannot judge.

H. C. WRIGHT.—Is it right to try one's action by his acknowledged standard?

LOVELAND.—Yes, certainly; when I say I know no wrong, but an intentional wish to injure, I would live or die by that standard.

STORER thought we ought to compare our standards of morality, in order to come to the right one, but I felt no authority to condemn.

NEWTON.—We should act up to our highest conviction of right. Do you do the best you know, and act up to your highest intuition? Are the questions to be replied to, and we must be willing to help all who will be helped.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.—There is an unalterable standard of truth and right. What is truth to-day, is so to-morrow, and what was right for the Jews, is right for us. Man has no power to annul a moral obligation, and the great error of this age is an ever-shifting standard of right.

MRS. TOWNSEND said, it is my duty to learn something of what is required of me to do after leaving here. Woman is called to this field as well as other fields, and it is her place to fulfil all her duties, whether on the battle-field, or any other field.

CHASE.—I am pleased with this short discussion. Conversation is but carving, give just enough. Give of the prime, and just in time.

THAYER spoke in favor of self-sacrifice.

LOVELAND.—Can we in strict justice to ourselves sacrifice anything necessary to our own real good?

THAYER.—No.

LOVELAND asked what he meant by self-sacrifice; to which Mr. Thayer spoke of giving up friends and money and situation, but that the reward he had received was many fold.

LOVELAND.—Then you mean to say, brother, that you discharged your duty, and in that way self-sacrificed, and by it brought several good things for yourself?

MR. FAY repeated a beautiful poem by Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, and the meeting adjourned until 7 o'clock in the evening, at which time we shall be addressed by Mr. Loveland and Mrs. Spence.

Things in St. Louis.

As this city is fast becoming one of the most important cities in the Union, both in Spiritual and general business affairs, it occurred to me that a few general items would be interesting to your numerous readers.

Spiritualism in St. Louis, is standing firm, and will stand so long as there shall be a foothold for it. We have some able and energetic spiritual workers in this city, and many are daily waking up to the great facts revealed to them. Lectures are given every Sunday in Mercantile Library Hall to large and appreciative audiences. The speakers are able and powerful, many of whom show promise of great fullness. But we need calls more often from some of the popular traveling lecturers. The Hall is large, being capable of seating several thousand persons. Public sittings are also held in various parts of the city on Friday evenings, and private circles are numerous.

At a private circle the other evening we witnessed some very astonishing feats performed by the spirits, such as lifting the table entirely off the floor, holding the doors so that they could not be opened, causing the table to dance and move around the room with a man on top of it, and by placing the hand under the table it would be immediately seized and shaken by a cold spirit-hand. Also, a person present was bound hands and feet with a strong rope so that it was impossible for himself to unloose it, and the company left the room for a moment, and upon their return he was found on top of the table, with his hands and feet perfectly free. Such occurrences are proofs of strong spiritual power, and if the incredulous or non-spiritualists are disposed to doubt the above statements, they can be done again before their astonished gaze, if they will take the trouble to attend any of our circles.

We have one strong medium in our city, who is often raised from the floor by some unseen power, and carried around the room above the heads of those present.

I will here state that all persons are heartily welcome to attend all the sittings held at my rooms, and all earnest seekers after truth will most surely be benefited by coming and seeing for themselves. Mr. Peterson, the promising young writing medium, is always in attendance, and will write out the occupation, residence, names, &c., &c., of any person present. Also, Mr. Billy, a very strong seeing and rapping medium, is generally present, and will convince all persons that he practices no deception. And, dear Banner, may the day not be far distant when the great light of Spiritualism shall be shed over our whole land.

Yours truly,

G. G. MEAD.

To most men experience is like the stearlight of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.