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Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39,
Station D, New York City.

"We think not that we really see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—Union Hymn.

(Original.)

NELA HASTINGS.

CHAP. VIII.—THE SCHOOL.

Mrs. Jones objected entirely to the school. She could not send Lucy; what was the use; there was all the trouble, and for her part, she could see nothing to be gained. All girls needed to know how to write a decent letter, and to add up their bills at the store. There was her boy Darius; if they had talked about his going to school, it would have been a different affair—boys needed schooling. She did not know but she should send Darius to college.

Aunt Prue took off her spectacles, as she listened to Mrs. Jones, wiped them carefully and put them on, as if she had a subject on hand that needed her clearest vision.

"I remember that my good husband told me once of two springs on our land. They both had their source in a green meadow, and it so chanced that there was not a good flow for them. So he moved all impediments from the out-flowing water, and the stream from one took its course through the green grass, down the gently sloping hills into other meadows, ever increasing, but with a gentle flow, until it became a beautiful stream, on whose banks blossomed flowers, and over whose waters drooped the branches of the elms and willows.

The other spring quickly struck a rocky bed, and fell down a precipitous slope, from which it went dashing on, foaming and murmuring, increasing in power, but with no more breadth or with deeper flow than the other stream. No fair blossoms grew on its bank, no grander trees spread over its protecting branches. Now—"

"I don't see," said Mrs. Jones, "that there's much of a point to your remarks. I don't care whether the brooks toss and foam, or flow softly. I know that a brook is a brook."

"Well," said Aunt Prue, "I own I don't make my comparison very clear, but didn't you learn Geography and Arithmetic just as easily as your brothers?"

"Oh, if that's what you mean," said Mrs. Jones, "I must say I kept at the head of my class all ways, and there were boys a good deal older than I in the class; and it does seem as if my Darius had a thicker skull than Jerusha, who is not so old. You kind of have to beat things into his head."

"Just so," said Aunt Prue; "girls are as quick at learning as boys, and I can't see why they don't need to know as much. Now if you'll let Lucy go with the other girls, I'll cut and dry your peaches, and make your gooseberry jam, and then Nela or Rosa shall go up early and give you a little lift in the morning?"

"Well, you are about as accommodating a woman as I ever did see, and I tell our folks that what you plan somehow seems to come out all right, so I guess I'll let her go, seeing it isn't going to cost anything."

After Mrs. Jones's departure, Aunt Prue sat with folded hands thinking. She had accom- plished her desires, and taken upon herself ad- ditional burdens. Should she be the happier for it all? she wondered.

"But that was a question she had no right to ask," she said to herself. "Do right, and trust happiness to follow, just as you trust sunlight to come after the day has dawned."

The first week of the children at Maplewood, was spent in planning and talking. Mr. Graves had an idea in his head, and he meant to outwork it. He wanted to see how much pleasure could be found in study, as well as how much profit. He took his seat at a desk arranged for writing, and he let his young pupils arrange themselves as they liked best. Tony chose his seat close by the stuffed bear. Nela put hers by the case of birds. Lucy sat where she could look out to the sky and clouds, while Rosa drew her chair as near to old Mr. Graves as possible, as if seeking a protection she had never known.

The old man's silver hair was as white as were the pure thoughts that flowed from his lips. He seemed impatient to utter these, and watched the children until they had laid aside their books.

"Come, now," he said, "you have shown that you have studied a plenty. Is there anything you want to know, that you could not find in the book? Come, Lucy, ask first."

"Please, sir, I should like to know why the sky looks so far off when you look up beyond the sun and stars, and why it seems so near just over the hill there?"

"A sweet question, my little lily-bell, swinging on your slender stalk. You see, we measure the height above by the sun, the moon, the stars, while the hill just away seems to touch the sky—and that is like a little story I wanted to tell you, but thought perhaps it would make you sadder than to hear of bear hunts and fast sailing ships. I heard it when off the East Indies, from the lips of one of the wisest men I ever met. You know I stayed two years out there, and learned to converse freely in several of the Eastern languages.

A company of pilgrims started forth for a land they had heard of, that was rich in all beautiful things. They were dressed in white, flowing robes, and bore staffs in their hands. No stain was on their garments, and no dust on their feet. They were as fair as the lilies that are blooming in the garden yonder. They wandered together awhile, not asking whither they were going, but soon they separated, and we will follow the path of only two. One was named Cerina, the other Melina.

Now they both wished to reach the beautiful land as soon as possible, but one said:

"I will go through all the towns and cities; I will keep near to my fellowmen."

The other said:

"I will go a solitary path; nothing shall impede me."

Cerina walked by the hamlets of the poor, but she never left them without bestowing some bless- ing on them. If she found their firelight dim, that they set to show how the divine light of God forever shone on the earth, she replenished it with brushwood and went her way. If she found them gathering flies, she stopped to help them. If they were sick, she delayed her steps to nurse them.

When she came to the homes of the rich, she found also an abundance of labor to be done; for there were heart sorrows where there was plenty, and grief weariness to be borne in the homes of abundance. Cerina knew how to comfort those who needed comfort, and to show the way to the brightness to those who walked in the darkness. She was never impatient because she was delayed on her journey, but went on her way with a lighter heart for every good she had bestowed on others.

Melina took an entirely different course. She stopped for nothing, but traveled on her solitary way. If she came in sight of a light, revealing a home with all its joys and sorrows, she turned her steps toward the darkness. If a home of elegance was in view she avoided it, and went into the deeper forest. She never spoke to travelers whom she met, but let them pass by on the other side.

"Whither art thou going?" said an old man to her one day, who had come upon her unawares.

"I am going straight to the land of beauty. I cannot stop to talk with any one."

"But did you not know that the path to the land of light lies always through one track, and the shining of its light can only be found in the hearts of men?"

"What a fool!" said Melina, when he had gone.

"Does he not know that I must travel as speedily as possible, and that I cannot stop to even talk to my fellowmen?"

But the path of Melina did not grow light. Shadows seemed to settle down on it more and more. There were chill mists, and sometimes wild, cold winds. But she went on with the same rushing speed, peering into the mist and darkness for the light from the city of beauty, but never stopping for the lights that shone from out the homes of those that toiled and suffered, loved and hoped.

At last she found herself on a desolate plain, weary, foot-sore, her garments soiled and torn, her eyes dimmed, her hands trembling. There was no gleam for her from the land of light, but only the shadows; and beyond her she saw only the darkness that rises up from the east before a coming storm. She felt she could travel no further, and yet through all her weary way she had gained nothing, and now hoped for nothing.

Cerina pursued her journey with the same loving care for others, stopping always to bless and be blessed. The path grew brighter day by day, for on it shone from all the past the glowing light of sympathy. She found herself pursuing each day a path more luminous and radiant. She hardly asked herself whether she should reach the land of light, for it seemed to be about her, and her path led always through so much beauty, that she lingered to enjoy it. Little children met her and asked her where she was going, and she said:

"I started for the land of light and beauty; but I believe I need not go further, for from out of your hearts shines so much beauty, and on your steps follows so much light that I am almost satiated."

At last she came to a garden full of loveliest flowers, with fountains and bowers, and she sat down to muse. And every flower that grew about her she found had been planted by some one that she herself had served. The trees and vines bore mottoes written by hands she had held to comfort, and the leaves seemed breathing words of gratitude as they moved in the soft air.

"Ah," said Cerina, "is this the land of beauty and of light, that I could only come to through all the paths of toil, of sympathetic love, of pity- ing care? How beautiful it is! And yet beyond I see a radiance still greater; for there in the golden sunset, I see the gates of glory that let me in to the still more beautiful home beyond."

And she fell asleep, and was borne through those golden gates.

Melina wrapped her tattered garments about her, and shivering with the cold and dreading the darkness, watched for one star to come to make her path more clear; but it shone not, and she fell asleep, to awaken at the touch of a loving hand, who said:

"You must come with us, for you can follow your solitary way no longer. But only until you wish us to guide you shall we appear again to tell you that there is but one way to the Land of Light and Beauty, and that lies in the path made desolate by suffering, and needing the love which it was yours to give."

Nela had not been sitting very quietly, for if she did not understand anything she was always restless, wishing to ask questions and understand every word that was uttered. The first pause of Mr. Graves was occupied by her voice saying:

"But, please, grandpa, I don't know what this all has to do with Lucy's question about the sky."

"Let me tell you, my little wise-head, Lucy wanted to know what we all ask in one way or other. Sometimes we say, Why is the sky so far off? Sometimes we ask why heaven is so far away. Now in Lucy's question I saw again the beautiful truth of the Eastern Magus. Heaven is far, far away if we seek it by looking up, but, oh, how near may it be if we look along close to earth. Melina sought heaven and happiness through a path of selfishness. She tried to go away from her fellows, and to hasten on through loneliness. Cerina sought it through the path of loving sym- pathy and kindness. She went among her fel- lows, and everywhere aided and blessed them. She found light and flowers all along the path. The light of heaven touched her through the love of those she blessed, and when she came to the end, when death awaited her, she was in so much beauty and light that she hardly knew if it was not heaven. Angels bore her from one glory to another. But Melina was instructed, as her path of selfishness was ended in the midst of darkness, that the only way to light was through the light that comes from a heart full of sympathy. Per- haps you do not very much like the story, but you will find it all true as you go on."

"Well," said Tony, "I can think of somebody that is ever so much like Melina. It's old Mr. Snip, who has got himself into a great big house that nobody wants to enter. But," he added in a half whisper, "they say he has heaps and heaps of money, and don't know what to do with it."

"And I should think," said Lucy, "that Aunt Prue knew all about Cerina, for she is always thinking of some good she can do."

"All true," said Mr. Graves; "we can all of us think of those that travel the bright or the lonely path. So there are within us the two striving forces of selfishness and love. We shall always find them urging us in different ways. Don't forget, my little Lucy, that the way to heaven is a beautiful, flowery way, and we need none of us dread going to the land beyond this, if we only travel by the way of love and the beauty of sym- pathy."

"I should think it was Sunday," said Nela with a little sigh.

"That is because I have been preaching. Run, my little ones, down into the woods, and bring me a bunch of the large Solomon's Seal, and forget everything but the flowers, the birds, the song and the sunshine."

But Lucy could not run. She looked and reem- ed weary, and she stayed behind and took the seat beside Mr. Graves. Her face was so pale and her eyes so weary that, for the first time, Mr. Graves saw that she was as near, with the silver bright- ness of her frail life, to the Land of Light and Beauty, as he was with his white beard and silver hair. He said to himself: "All she can have now is a plenty of love and of sunshine. I must go down and ask Aunt Prue about her."

After school was done he was not long in carry- ing out his thought.

"I say, Mrs. Hastings, have you thought that Lucy was not long for this world?"

He had come to the thought with such haste that Aunt Prue was shocked. Tears filled her eyes in a moment.

"Something must be done. I see it. Can't you have her come and live here? No, I see you can't, because you have two now. Then you must just get leave to have her come up to Maple- wood and live. Tony is as strong as a stick of oak timber. Lucy is no more fit for Mrs. Jones's harum-scarum sort of life than a lily is for a North-easter. We must just take her up gently and carry her along the rest of her way."

"But, Mr. Graves," said Aunt Prue, "I have lots of wholesome herbs, and know how to make all sorts of diet-drinks. I will nurse her up."

"Ma'am, there's some folks can get strong on a pot of pennyroyal; but she is n't one of that sort. She wants the shining light that comes right out of your eyes and finger's end. Lucy shall come and live with us. I want you to get a good, clever woman to come and take care of her. But see that you don't say so, only that I want some- body to keep my room in order."

"But if you think I'd better take Lucy, there's our east bedroom."

"No, no, I want her; but you must make Mrs. Jones willing to part with her."

It took some time to get the arrangement made, but at last Lucy found a home of love at Maple- wood.

[To be continued.]

Answer to Enigma by P. C., in our last.

Be sure you are right, then go ahead.

THE GREAT ORDEAL.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

BANNER OF LIGHT, shine on till thy light shall arise on the darkness of every heart. Send thy rays into my heart. I am on the anxious seat. What is to become of me? What to be my destiny as I pass into the all-absorbing future? From hour to hour, day to day, and year to year, in and out of the body, am I to be happy or un- happy? Is heaven or hell to be my portion?

This is and has long been my conclusion, de- duced (1) from my own experience; (2) from the experience of all others, of the present and past; (3) from the teachings and experiences of Jesus, the great Martyr of Christendom, that my daily and hourly destiny, my daily and hourly heaven or hell, (i. e., my happiness or unhappiness,) depends SOLELY ON MY OWN FEELINGS AND ACTIONS TOWARD MY FELLOW-BEINGS. The great ques- tion with me has ever been, not how I feel and act toward God, but how I feel and act toward MAN. The vital question is, not how Christ felt and acted; but how Henry C. Wright feels and acts. Christ's feelings and actions determined his destiny; but the feelings and actions of Henry C. Wright determine mine. No matter how Christ felt and acted, so far as my happiness or unhappiness, my heaven or hell, is concerned, this was his concern, not mine. His destiny rest- ed solely on his feelings and actions toward his fellow-beings; mine rests solely on mine; thine on thine.

It is not the least consequence to me whether I ever heard of Christ, or whether he ever existed (as I believe he did). I know if I feel and act toward men, women and children, in all my relations with them, as a husband, father, son, brother, farmer, mechanic, merchant, according to the spirit, precepts and example of Christ, that God is mine, and heaven is mine. For God is love, and if I dwell in love to my fellow-beings, God dwells in me, and heaven is mine; and no power can take it from me, while love, justice, truth, gentleness, tenderness, forgiveness, forbearance, and all the Saviour's virtues control my relations with the men, women and children with whom I associate.

Tell me, friend Banner, am I right? Does my daily and hourly heaven or hell forever depend SOLELY, not on the feelings and actions, i. e., on the merits or righteousness of Christ, but on the feelings and actions, i. e., on the merits or un- righteousness of Henry C. Wright? If I am darkness, give me light. If I am already light, on this Great Ordeal, tell me why it is that Chris- tendom is ever telling me that most ruinous false- hood, that my destiny, my heaven or hell, in time and in eternity, depends on the feelings and actions, i. e., the merits of Christ?

THE SPIRIT OF MAN.

BY JASPER CLAYTON.

The empire of the human mind, (the spirit), how vast, how boundless, how inspiring! Where is it? In what part of the universe is it to be found? Where are its boundaries, and who has traveled its unknown domain? No man can ex- plore it. Intellect cannot comprehend it, nor proud imagination with its lightning wing fly over its surface. The elements are its vassals, and like serfs have brought tribute to its power. Its march is ever onward; all things must bow before it, and acknowledge its power. It seeks the unbounded caverns of the sea, and brings to light the treasures buried in their depths. It overthrows the loftiest mountains, and finds at their base the tomb of mighty nations. It knocks at the very centre of the world, and reveals among the archives of eternity, while it reads from the great book of the Almighty alike the future and the past. Can man control it? Touch it, and it will soar through an infinity of worlds, measure their distances, and mark out their paths through the firmament! It shakes hands with the forked lightning. It peoples other worlds, and sends through them the voices of joy and gladness, while the thundering of "heaven's artillery" is but a spur to its onward flight! What a mighty thought that to us is given this invincible power; that we have within us, as a part of our being, that which is destined to a life eternal; a mind which is constantly generating thoughts of illim- itable power. The universe is God's whispering gallery. The thought, law, which at first seems lost, is carried onward and onward. Then let us enrich this goodly land. Let us rear noble struc- tures, which shall be the marvel of coming ages. Let us remember that "Action is the child of Time, but Thought the inhabitant of Eternity." Let us toll night and day; then as sure as effect is the con- sequence of cause, our winds will expand till they become akin to the Godhead—Intelligence. The cycle of ages rolls onward, but the seal of im- perishability is stamped upon the mind by the finger of the Almighty, and cannot be effaced. All else is subject to decay, but the mind sweeps upward, feeling within itself that it is God-given and heaven-destined—destined to expand forever and ever. The empire of mind! Its boundaries are the shores of eternity; its throne is the heavens, and its monarch God!

Frozen potatoes make more starch than fresh ones; they also make pie cake.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SOUL-COMMUNION.

BY JULIA J. BECKWITH.

Soul! oh, wherefore this repining?
Still for thee a "silver lining,"
Hid within these clouds is shining,
Sparkling as the morning sun;
Through the shadows deeply drifting,
Spirit-hands will pierce a riftling,
And responding souls uplifting,
From the darkness one by one.

Soul! what though thy toils are galling?
They will bring a higher calling,
For these worldly chains once falling,
Nevermore can link again.
From its idols Error's building
Soon will crumble every gilding,
And Truth's fetters loose their welding—
Slavery's temple rend in twain.

Soul! then no more cease this yearning,
For the better life returning,
Yields a harvest worth the earning,
Garnered by a loving hand.
All thy labors are unending,
Till "Thy Kingdom" here is blending
With the light "Our Father's" sending
From the golden Summer-Land.
Malone, N. Y., Oct. 20, 1867.

Spiritualism in Somerset, Ky.

We have recently had a short, though glorious season of spiritual refreshment in this our land of grandeur and of beauty. Here amidst the grand cathedral halls of Nature, where she chants her sublime *Tu Deum Laudamus* through the voices of her waterfalls, as they leap from the mountain side, and in the songs of her sylvan choristers embowered in the erubescant foliage of an autumnal forest—here in this land, so late de- spoiled by the vandal trend of contending armies, has the peace-giving spirit of our "Harmonial Philosophy" found its way, to cheer the weary and give hope to the disconsolate.

J. G. Fish, the gifted advocate of this doctrine, has just concluded an engagement here of eight lectures, which were the first ever offered to the citizens of this portion of Kentucky. And although our community is thoroughly and stringently Orthodox, governed by those sectarian prejudices which have so long characterized the Christian (?) world, his lectures were listened to by devotees of all denominations with marked attention and courtesy. When it is understood that the number of Spiritualists here did not outnumber the patrons of the Banner, it will surprise your readers to learn that the hall, with a capacity to ac- commodate from three to five hundred, was at the close of his lectures crowded to its utmost ca- pacity by the more liberal and Christian portion of our Orthodox brethren, who willingly awarded to Bro. Fish talent superior to any speaker they had ever listened to. This compliment, coming from Kentuckians, who are no strangers to elo- quent divines and logicians, and from men of strong sectarian prejudices, may be regarded as a compliment to the genius of Mr. Fish, of which he may well be proud. His lectures were not only eloquent, but abounding with loving kind- ness and God-like charity toward all mankind.

Under the benign influence of his teachings, the bigot forgot his intolerance, and the sectarian his hereditary dogmas; while those attracted to the hall to feast on the *folies of his heresy*, were nearly persuaded to be, "not almost, but altogether such a Christian as he." So great was his triumph over the prejudices of sectarianism, that at the close of his lectures he was urgently solicited by his Orthodox friends to return to this new field of labor, they promising all necessary pecuniary aid.

A single instance will serve to show the spirit of toleration and liberality manifested toward him. A prominent member of one of our Christian Societies, at the close of his lecture, presented the Treasurer of the fund five dollars; and with a magnanimity unparalleled, offered to be one of ten to make up a purse of one hundred dollars to secure a continuance of his lectures for one week longer, or at some future time, his governing motive being the investigation of truth. He, though a sectarian in his church connections, will not shake his mind with those intolerant pre- judices which forbid investigation, but desires "to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good."

It is a matter of great surprise that so little is known of this talented speaker. He came amongst us unheralded, but left us with the im- pression and conviction that he possesses a genius unsurpassed for eloquence, diction and mod- eration. It is to be hoped that we may soon ac- cure his invaluable services again, to perfect the good work thus nobly begun. The cause is spreading rapidly, and with the assistance of such lecturers it would "take the wings of the morn- ing and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth," which may God grant, for His honor and glory, and our edification. Truly yours,
F.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Peebles.

Messrs. Editors.—The name of J. M. Peebles has long been inscribed on the folds of the Ban- ner of Light, and I now ask you to let that of his excellent wife occupy a small space for a brief season, as it has long held a high place in the hearts of her friends here, where they have so long made their home. Mrs. Peebles is an ef- ficient co-worker in the cause of truth with her most able and widely known husband, though in a more contracted sphere; and we feel that our Society is losing one of its brightest ornaments in her departure for her new home in the East.

A few evenings since a "surprise" was given her by a few of her friends, and a small "token" of regard was presented on the occasion, when the following address was read, and very neatly and appropriately replied to by Mrs. Peebles:

Mrs. PEEBLES.—We, your friends of the So- ciety with which you have so long been identified, have met here this evening to express our sorrow that you are no more to be with us in our meet- ings or social gatherings. During the years you have been with us, we have ever felt that your noble and true life shed a holy influence on all with whom you were brought in contact, and that in you we had a faithful adviser, a gentle com- panion, and a true friend. You have ever been earnest to aid us in every good work, and we know we shall not soon cease to regret your ab- sence from our midst, or find your place ade- quately filled in our Association. We beg you to accept this slight token of our affectionate regard. May you, in your new home, find contentment and happiness, amid other friends who will ap- preciate your true worth.

It seems appropriate that one so much beloved should receive this notice.
D. M. B.
Battle Creek, Mich., Nov. 4, 1867.

DEAR BANNER.—Your ever welcome visits were broken, during several weary weeks of sickness at Cleveland, and now we are glad to meet you once more at our dear old home.

You are not aware, perhaps, that we all like your Western Department very much—perhaps best. Its ray and joy articles are the first we read and glance at, but regret has often been felt

that your visits are not extended to every spiri- tualistic family in "Uncle Sam's" domains.

November has come, and with it dreary autumn days—days of gloom and sorrow to some, brought around by every departing summer. But a deeper, darker cloud, has come over us—the de- parture of Bro. Peebles and his dear wife for a new home in New Jersey. Bro. Peebles has been with us most of the time nearly eleven years, and during all those years has been gaining steadily influence and friends among all classes of citi- zens, and I will say, all who ever "progressed upwards."

His last course of lectures in October, was marked by more than his usual ability and elo- quence, and at the close of the series our Society gave him a *carte blanche* to lecture for us at any time it may suit his convenience, which will prove to you that we think he is equal to any speaker we can find.
J. B.
Battle Creek, Mich., Nov. 3, 1867.

Correspondence in Brief.

A CAND.—To Spiritualist Societies in the East: Friends, I am a New England boy, born in Bos- ton, but for twelve years I have not seen her hills. Ten of those years I have spent in the spiritual lecturing field of the Great West. I have just closed a six months' engagement with the Corry Association of the Friends of Progress. If I hear from you favorably, I will visit New England the coming winter, and speak to you as the "spirits shall give me utterance." Address soon, yours for the truth, CHARLES HOLZ, Columbus, Warren Co., Pa.

J. T. ROUSE, BEAVER DAM, WIS., (P. O. box 281) writes as follows:

I am ready to answer calls to lecture and to hold circles for intellectual manifestations any- where in the United States, but more especially do I desire to make engagements in the West. I have determined to hold grove meetings next summer in company with some efficient worker. Lecturers desiring to enter that field of labor may, if they are willing to make sacrifices for the good cause, address me at box 281, Beaver Dam, Wis., so that I may correspond with them regarding the matter. The good cause seems flourishing in many places, but earnest, self-sacrificing workers are needed to bear aloft our standard and preach the harmonial gospel to souls sitting in theological darkness.

B. M. LAWRENCE, who is now at Clyde, Ohio, writes under date of Nov. 11th: Since the Cleve- land Convention Mrs. Lawrence and myself have been speaking Sundays on Spiritualism, and most of the week evenings on the principles of temper- ance and other reforms. We find much to hope for, but the trials and privations of the tour are making life a reform lecture can never be portrayed, and nothing short of the glorious realities of a true, practical, spiritual religion, and the sustain- ing power of the unseen world, could enable us to keep on our weary way. We have had a most glorious State Convention, which has just closed. The Organization was completed with Mr. A. B. French as President. Mr. A. A. Wheelock was appointed State Agent. Many excellent remarks were made and good resolutions were passed. Some promising mediums are being developed in this section as speakers. Among them I may mention that Mrs. P. R. Lawrence is ready to re- spond to calls to lecture on the religious and de- votional phases of Spiritualism. We are contin- ually adding to the number of progressive and spiritual songs and poems which we sing at our lectures with great acceptance.

"ONE WHO KNOWS," writes thus: In the Ban- ner of Nov. 16th is a paragraph headed, "Mrs. Jennie Waterman Danforth," in which it seems to me a wrong impression is conveyed, viz: In the latter years of Dr. Wm. Clark's "medical career," it is represented that he adopted the "humane system of practice." This is not the fact. He commenced the practice of medicine as a Temperanist, and at one time was associated with Dr. Samuel Thompson, the founder of "Temper- anism," but in consequence of disagreeing with Thompson as to the general and almost ex- clusive use of Cayenne and Lobelia, they re- mained connected but a year or two. Dr. Clark was eclectic in his practice, and was one of the first, if not the first physician in Boston, who pub- licly announced himself as such, when scarcely one in ten knew what the term eclectic meant. During the last part of his earthly life he was associated with Dr. Octavius King at No. 634 Washington street, Boston, in the practice and sale of eclectic and botanic medicines. This sys- tem was then an experiment merely, but since that time it has become quite popular, and our name has been adopted by many mediums and physicians, and we have a very respectable Society called the Massachusetts Eclectic Medical Soci- ety. Dr. Clark was a pioneer in this great reform, and should receive all due credit. "Honor to whom honor is due."

M. HERVEY HOUTON is laboring successfully in the West. We make the following extracts from a letter written by him:

Kelley's Island, Ohio.—From Cleveland I came to this beautiful island, where I gave four lectures to large audiences in a hall controlled by Mr. Addison Kelley, which is ever crowded with angel whisperers that are wafted from the shin- ing shore. May the friends there ever meet with that encouragement their zeal so justly merits.

Sandusky and Berlin.—In these places I devoted the most of my time to giving tests and psycho- metric readings, while at the same time I was lecturing. In Sandusky I was called, whom I never before had seen; so I was en- ticed, and his little daughter Ella came and gave one of the finest tests on record, which I claim belongs not to my mediumship alone, for at the time Bro. Tuttle was unconscious of the strong influence from him which gave the spirit double power, having two subjects to help her in commu- nicating.

How blessed it is to receive tidings from dear ones in the higher life! The knowledge of contin- ued life, and of the spirit's power to return and leave the influence of their radiant countenances behind, is worth infinitely more to us than churches or landscapes, however much adored.

Pittsburg, Pa.—I find here good harmony and a growing interest in the cause. The hall is crowd- ed at each meeting, and they soon will welcome into life a Progressive Lyceum, which is the Christ of Spiritualism everywhere. Dr. Dako takes an active part in the cause, and is de- termined to labor in it to the end of his earthly life.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE F. TANNER, of New Bedford, who entered the lecturing field some eight years since, is still doing her share of the good and be- enlightening mortals upon the subject of Spirit- ualism. In a note to us, she briefly sketches her summer's work as follows: Last April I spoke for the Spiritualists of East Boston, where our friends had just established meetings, which have proved a success. In Fall River I addressed at- tentive audiences four Sabbaths, at two different times. Occupying a convenient hall, the Spirit- ualists are in a flourishing condition, having mediums in their own ranks of a high order who occupy the desk when others are not with them. At Portsmouth, N. H., at three different times I labored with pleasure and profit. The friends occupy Congress Hall, and have a very efficient Chairman, Bro. Elsiea Tripp, whose earnest at- strives for the upbuilding of the truth of Spirit- ualism in that Atlantic city. Success to his efforts. During the summer I visited the town of Hingham. The Lyceum there is flourishing, though small in numbers; the interest is increas- ing, and the Lyceum bids fair to be sustained. At South Weymouth I spoke one Sabbath, and great interest was manifested. There will probably be an increasing interest in the cause in that vicinity from the labors of Dr. P. Clark, who spoke there the following week, as his efforts met with marked success. At Harvel, the friends of progress were encouraged and blest by the har- monious and pleasant presence of Mrs. W. M. M. In September, at which it was my privilege to be present. They anticipate another next summer. The two first Sabbaths in this month I have been speaking in Charlestown, where an associative effort is being made for the furtherance of the cause, which will, I sincerely hope, succeed. They have a large, interesting and prosperous Lyceum. The Lyceum is a glorious development of our beautiful philosophy. Our cause is progressing everywhere, and liberality is infusing its influ- ence throughout our land.

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Banner of Light.

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The Seed Bearing Fruit.

The spectacle which we witness all around us to-day, is a new and conclusive demonstration of an old law. The exalted minds that long ago drew down truth from heaven—the philosophers, the seers, the wise men, the prophets—see in this age that their work was not in vain. The seeds sown by them with such an unparalled hand, are sprung up and are bearing fruit a hundred fold. None has fallen on stony places. The world has been powerless to choke it with its abundant thorns and tares. Nothing that is from the upper heavens is let down upon this earth in vain. There are no longer showers of gold, as in the ancient fable; nor rains of manna, as in the Israelite story; but the seed of truth that falls silently and continually from above into human souls—that is a shower which nourishes and fructifies together, which comes to bear an increase.

The present age compels some most impressive reflections. We see, on running our eyes back not such a long series of years, that no cause dies without an effect. We find every sincere effort living to the full attainment of its reward. We are convinced that there is no labor in behalf of truth in vain. The philosophers of other days, though unacknowledged by the men among whom they walked, are now recognized, through their teachings, in the faith and discourses and organized practice of the advanced minds of the present day. It is no such matter, then, if they did not see a result achieved in their own time. Results are not with us, but action is; the former are never reached until the end of the law has been reached. In these times, however, we may say without fear of successful challenging, that great results of truths long ago promulgated are springing up visibly on every hand. This is called a stirring age, a marvelous age, an age of strange and unlooked-for attainments. It is not strange, however, since it is all only the result of causes long previously planted. The men who refused to hear or see the absolute truth thirty years ago, now are compelled to do both on account of its practical and tangible outcome. They could not recognize the spiritual until it had been embodied. They are men who are not impressed save by what comes into startling contact with them.

Look at the case as it is. Who, but true and genuine believers, could have been brought to admit, only twenty-five years ago, that the churches in this country, and even the Established Church in England, would by this time be thoroughly broken up, revolutionized, and made ready for new organization, by the simple force of truth then proclaimed but nowhere visibly received? Yet, as we said before, none of the good seed that was dropped fell on stony places; it caught in the soil and germinated wherever it fell. What evidence, it is asked, have we to offer in support of so sweeping a conclusion as that the church is inwardly in a state of dismemberment and decay? The proof is everywhere, if people will but look for it with opened instead of closed eyes. How many in the church are to-day inquiring and investigating about the fundamentals of the faith which has so long contented them? How many, in their secret thoughts, revolt every week at the doctrines which are forced upon them by an illiberal and creed-confusing pulpit? How many find their faith shaken in the infallibility of a book, which is merely summoned into the place of Pope, for believers to worship in every part and letter? How many consent to discuss freely with friends of a similar spirit, questions which they had been taught to believe had been settled and established from the foundations of the world? How many pay far less heed to what the minister tells them every Sunday, and go freely inquiring for themselves into what he forbids them to approach because they are such awful mysteries?

This thing has passed the stage when it can any longer be kept a secret. It is patent to all who choose to open their eyes and see, or open their ears and hear. We know the extent and depth of the revolution ourselves, because we are more or less faithfully apprised of the large numbers in every church in the land, who are in their hearts believers in the facts, the philosophy, and the elevating and consoling religion of Spiritualism. This is a faith which no bald arguing can break down. It is a power over the human soul, which no mere assertion, no persistence of assault, no legibility of banter or ridicule can avail to shake. And it is simply because it has its root and life in the human soul itself. Every one who instinctively believes in a future, wants that future brought home to him. Every father or mother who has lost a child, every wife who has parted with a dear husband, every brother who feels the absence of a loved sister, yearns and reaches forth for demonstrative evidence and solid grounds of belief such as Spiritualism offers to him. It unravels what has so long been kept back as an impenetrable mystery, and leaves no doubts where they before existed only to excite tumults of fears. This is a faith that comforts and strengthens; a philosophy that falls back on free reason for its maintenance; and a religion that is underlain, interpenetrated, and overarched with facts that cannot be questioned or gainsayed successfully. And these are the reasons why it is to-day making such steady progress in all the churches.

The great earthly good which is being accomplished by the reign of reason, is that actions are made to rest on their individual merits, not upon professions and associations merely. What a man really is, that will he show himself to be in the clearer light of these modern days. There is no human cause which may not be probed with the spirit of inquiry, and searched through and through by the application of reason. And we are come to that era where just such inquiry and application are relentlessly made. This is the period of careful searching and finding out. A man is only what he can prove himself to be. It is no longer possible for him to hide his want of genuine worth behind pretension and profession. Everything is on its trial. All things are up for re-examination. Even the old and tender associations which so sway our natures, are challenged with the inevitable question—what are they all worth? Utility is a more rigid and exacting test for men's plans and preferences, than custom or

whim. Moral worth goes before public professions. All purposes, characteristics, qualities, and habits are thrown into the arena of the age, and proved to be good or worthless by the shape and lustre with which they emerge.

It is much to live in such an age. It is a profounder and more active life than any living has ever been heretofore. The whole temper of the time has insensibly become spiritualized by the nearer approach of heavenly influences to earth and its inhabitants. An altogether new era is ushered in. The old is passed away, and the new is at hand. Who can regret that they were born into the glorious light of possibilities not yet dimly dreamed of?

The Spiritualist Lectures in Music Hall.

Thus far, the new course of Sunday afternoon discourses on Spiritualism at Music Hall have been most numerously attended by the people of Boston and vicinity, among whom there is a vastly larger number of believers in the spiritual doctrines and philosophy than maligners would care to believe. They come from the Unitarians, the Universalists, the Infidels, the Orthodox, the Catholics, the Episcopalians, the Methodists, the Baptists. All sects and creeds are fairly represented among the believers and the audiences which assemble each Sunday at Music Hall. Our faith is large enough and broad enough to take in all. We welcome with a warm grasp of the hand every person whose soul yearns to see and know of the truths which do indeed come down from Heaven. Such truths are proclaimed weekly at Music Hall by our most distinguished lecturers. Spiritualism is a real, tangible, visible power among the churches and creeds of Boston.

On Sunday, Nov. 17th, Miss Lizzie Doten electrified a large audience by her discourse on "Religion in Boston." She commenced by asserting that it differed from the religion of New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and so forth, and then proceeded to detail some of its distinguishing features, as it existed in the past, and exists at the present day. Many truths were plainly spoken, and at times with a tinge of sarcasm that gave a relish. She traced along the early cropping out, here and there, of liberal or heretical ideas, till now people dare to think for themselves. Spiritualism, she said, was already permeating the Churches, and it would not be long before its believers would be in the majority. Even here in Boston, where it has been so vehemently sneered at, it is becoming quite "popular," and mediums can proclaim its mighty truths even from the platform of the elegant and spacious Music Hall to the multitudes of attentive listeners.

At the close of the lecture, the speaker improvised an original poem, which still further elucidated some of the ideas embodied in the discourse. The officers and members of the Children's Lyceum connected with Mercantile Hall Society of Spiritualists, were present to the number of one hundred, and took part in the exercises by singing a hymn, Eugene Thayer playing an accompaniment on the organ. A donation was then taken up for the benefit of the Lyceum, and about seventy dollars were realized. [We are pleased to notice that the Lyceum is increasing, and quite an interest is being manifested in its behalf. It only needs pecuniary assistance to make it what it should be.]

Next Sunday Prof. William Denton delivers the ninth lecture of the course. He is well known as a scholar of high scientific attainments and an eloquent speaker. A rich feast may be expected.

Crime in High Life.

Judge Shipman, of the U. S. Circuit Court of Connecticut, in his charge to the Grand Jury, justly rebuked a prevailing wrong already too common in all parts of the country. He said: "Respectable crimes," by those in select society and the eminently pious, have become so frequent and gigantic as to shake the whole moral structure of society, and render unsafe the earnings of honest industry. Let the thief who purloins a hundred thousand dollars or half of it, 'stand high in society'—let him be surrounded by wealth and wealthy friends, and justice is cheated of its dues. The influential citizens rally to his aid and send him away, too often loaded down with the gold he has stolen. He is shielded, and rivers of sympathy are poured upon his head, while many a poor but honest man, sick and weary of long toil, is passed coldly by while he shivers with cold, and has no warm dinner to strengthen his trembling body. We have seen such cases all around us—here and in every State—and from them society suffers, true religion is checked in its progress, and immortality is strengthened." The Hartford Times says the "case hinted at in Judge Shipman's charge, is known to our citizens as a monstrous evasion of simple-handed justice, and it does not stand alone. The laws are stringent, but public sentiment is so tolerant of 'respectable' stealing, 'fashionable' forgery, and 'pious' robbery, that these things are becoming common. Judge Shipman has rendered the public excellent service, in dealing ponderous blows upon these crimes, and we trust his able charge will have a due influence."

Thanksgiving.

This is Thanksgiving week, the day having been set apart by the President and the Governor. All the States have so far united in observing this venerated festival on the same day, which makes it in the right sense a national institution. It is time it took that character. Heretofore all the States have usually observed it with the customary rites and ceremonies, but there has been no concert in appointing the day for its observance. Gradually popular sentiment has been gravitating to unity in the matter, and now we are able to say that we all celebrate a truly National Thanksgiving. After such a generous harvest as has been got in, it is proper that the people of all sections should join at their respective homes in the celebration of this old festival. It may be considered the Harvest Home of the year. May all the friends of the Banner enjoy it to the utmost, and recall it years hence with peculiar pleasure.

Dickens Here.

Dickens has arrived on our shores, having made the usual passage to Boston, where he gives his first reading on the evening of December 21. The prices set for admission to these Dickens's Readings are \$1.50 and \$2.00, according to the eligibility of seats. That there will be great crowds to go and see and listen, there is no doubt. They would flock to his entertainments if twice and thrice these fees were asked. There is universal curiosity to see Dickens. He has held his place in the popular imagination and heart against time and tide, and no obstacles have ever come between him and his tens of thousands of American admirers. It will be a new and very gratifying sensation to hear him personate his own creations with his own lips. We can now understand exactly in what spirit they were conceived.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

Mrs. Townsend's third lecture before the Spiritualist Association in Mercantile Hall was well attended. The influence which controlled the medium was evidently one who had not enjoyed the privilege of addressing an audience since his departure to spirit-life. He expressed grateful thanks that he could again speak through mortal lips. He had now learned that much that he believed and taught when in earth-life was false, and he was anxious to undo, as far as he could, the pernicious effects such false teachings were having on the human family. He then spoke of some of the theological errors he referred to, and contrasted them with the beautiful truths taught by Spiritualism.

Over a hundred scholars were present at the session of the Children's Lyceum in the forenoon, besides a large number of visitors, among whom was John Wetherbee, who said some good things to the children.

Next Sunday Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, the excellent trance speaker, will make her first appearance on the rostrum in this city. She is very popular in the Middle and Western States, and is a fine lecturer.

MUSICAL AND LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT. Our friends will please notice the reduction in the price of tickets for the entertainment to be given by the members of the First Spiritualist Association and the Children's Lyceum on Wednesday evening, December 4th, at Mercantile Hall. The committee have spared no pains in rendering a most pleasing programme, consisting of singing, declamation, reading, etc.; which we believe will be successfully carried out. The tickets are now ready at twenty-five cents each; children fifteen cents; reserved seats thirty-five cents; and can be obtained at this Office, and at Bela Marsh's, 14 Bromfield street; also from any member of the Association.

Prof. Wm. Denton in Music Hall.

Prof. Denton has been delivering a course of lectures in Syracuse, N. Y. A writer in the Journal, speaking of him, says:

"Imagine a beautifully written book, whose style is at once elegant, graphic, vivid and familiar; put that book on two legs, give it a ponderous, finely balanced brain at the top, and an eloquent tongue of perfect fluency, and you have a fac-simile of Professor Denton. I undertake to say, and I say it deliberately, that there has never been delivered in our city a series of scientific lectures, on any such subject, possessing one-half the merit and interest that characterize those of Professor Denton. I sat last evening and endeavored to analyze the charm that, from the first distinctly uttered syllable to the last vivid picture, holds his audience spell-bound; and this is my conclusion: A mind peculiarly adapted to the study of the earth's structure, history, present condition, and future career, has by years of enthusiastic but patient study, research, travel, analysis and logical inference, made itself just as familiar with this whole grand field of inquiry, as you and I are with our daily avocations. And throughout his lecture he walks that stage and talks as familiarly, as you do at your fireside, of what he actually sees! That is the secret. While his sentences, fluently turned, and transparent as crystal, are models of rhetoric and logic, he does not seem himself to be aware of it. He talks, as it were, not in sentences, but in pictures. His own splendid faculty of realization compels his audience to see and think with him! Here is one significant fact, that speaks more to his credit than all else I could say: the school children, of whom I hope to see more at each successive lecture, and the most scientific gentlemen and ladies of the city, are alike entranced with interest, and carried along by the steady tide of distinct imagery and instructive thought."

Prof. Denton speaks in Music Hall in this city next Sunday afternoon.

To Spiritualists.

While Old Theology is making spasmodic efforts to rally their forces to combat the new religion that is making such rapid advancement all over the world, it behooves our friends everywhere to lay aside all internal dissensions, and unite in one grand phalanx to fortify and retain the advanced position which they have secured. No safer method to attain this end can be adopted than liberal donations of money in aid of the State Associations of Spiritualists. The missionary work to be done by these societies is all-important, and ample funds are all that is needed to insure complete success.

We especially call upon the Spiritualists of Massachusetts to sustain their Association fully by remitting whatever sums they may be able to, to Mr. G. A. Bacon, the Secretary; or, if preferable, they can send direct to us, and we shall take especial care that whatever moneys are forwarded for the purpose designated, shall be paid over to the person or persons authorized to receive the same. Mr. Carpenter informs us that funds are much needed at this time to enable the Association to carry on the good work efficiently and successfully; and we trust that all those who feel the importance of spreading the gospel of truth among the masses who are already hungering for it, will respond at once to the call for pecuniary aid.

Str among the Walkers.

It is surprising how things go by contagion in this country. Base ball, croquet, small bonnets, tight trousers—everything goes after that fashion. Weston's Chicago and Portland match appears to have started almost everybody, male and female, to their pegs. He is certainly a wonderful fellow, and every one else has a notion of becoming equally wonderful. Were it not for the notoriety which the free use of the telegraph gives in the case, perhaps not a small fraction of the newly started up class of walkers would find any special interest in the business whatever. Yet if this example of endurance shall have awakened only a fair share of permanent interest in an exercise that is so healthy and so necessary, it will not have been set in vain. It is on this account, if on no other, that we hope Weston will gain his wages. He deserves it, even were the pecuniary consideration nothing at all in his eyes. We should be glad to see walking done by every one, old not less than young. It is a tonic and a sort of all-cure.

Napoleon and the Pope.

Napoleon went to Italy by his troops, to keep the treaty with Rome which Italy could not keep for both. That was the pretext. The insurgents were driven back and defeated by the Papal troops, aided by the French forces at their backs, and now the French are out of the Holy city again. Garibaldi is broken and a prisoner. It is rumored that he will return to this country as an exile; but that is so far only rumor. Napoleon exacts the condition of Victor Emanuel that the liberator shall be put out of the kingdom. The Pope blessed his officers and troops before leaving, and sent a fatherly benediction for the Emperor himself. His Holiness feels very grateful for this timely rescue, and is not the man or ecclesiastic to forget who are his friends. Yet come what fortune may come to him, it is indisputable that the Papal power, so far as it is a temporal power, must soon come to an end; Italy wants Rome, and will have it.

Rev. Mr. Towne on Theodore Parker.

On Sunday, Nov. 17, Rev. E. C. Towne delivered the third lecture of his course on "Theodore Parker and Christianity," at Mercantile Hall. The subject under immediate discussion was the position of Mr. Parker with relation to the distinctive doctrines of Christianity. The lecturer proceeded to follow the critic quoted in his former discourse, (Dr. Lincoln). This writer, while he confessed Mr. Parker to have been "every inch a man," "the true type of New England life," regretted that he entered a path which gradually led him aside till he "denied, one after another, all the fundamental doctrines of Christianity." But the critic had fallen into the gross error of substituting the dogmas of the accepted Church for the pure teachings of Christianity. These dogmas a bad man might believe, and thus be reckoned a Christian, while an angel of light who, from positive mental proof, denied the creed, would be declared outside the fold. If the critic would more fully examine the writings of Mr. Parker, he would find that he claimed to be, in the highest sense, a Christian. It is true he rejected accepted Christianity, as Christ rejected accepted Judaism while he did not reject real Judaism. He distinguished between the true and that pseudo Christianity which, in its acts, but slightly resembled the example of its own divine archetype of man. He believed that the entire summing up of Christ's doctrine was to be found in these words: "A new commandment give I unto you—that ye love one another." Christ never taught those formalities, rites and dogmas which in after years were attached to the frame-work of his example, and called by his name. Mr. Parker believed that the root of Christianity was love; pure morality was a "mighty thing," embracing love to man, love to God—that divine joy felt in holy souls, whose influence presented ever to view the sublime exhortation: "Be ye also perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Evangelical critics were advised to read the volume of existence with less distrust of Nature's light. The influence of true Christianity was such as led the soul to outgrow all forms, and to discover that not a system of doctrines but a system of labors for good was demanded of man. Mr. Parker believed that there was need of, and ardently hoped for, a "new dispensation," which should elevate man from the bondage of creed and fulfill the Hebrew Scriptural prophecy of a grand outpouring of the spirit upon all flesh. His was not the Christianity of Protestant or Catholic, but the Gospel of everlasting life.

The lecturer stated that in bygone days dogmatic creeds had been accustomed to imagine that they had by some mysterious process talked with God, and that they were able to tell what God said in reply. But in this they only uttered their own convictions. Modern Spiritualism had rendered familiar to all, the trances and exaltation of spirit, which came to the early Christian fathers. Paul thought he spoke God's very words, given through Christ to him in a vision, when he said that in the end of all things, "We that are alive and remain shall be caught up in the air." This was only an air-castle of Paul, but has ever since been published in the Scriptures as the direct intent of Providence. The utterance of one conviction required the utterance of another to substantiate it, so that we had in regular gradation, first, the grand truth of Christianity, then miracles, then dogmas; which last two were intended reciprocally to sustain one another. Mr. Parker believed that the first truth should be understood before going beyond; and believing love to be the corner-stone of Christianity, did not need miracles to defend his ground. His prayer was, that the true Christ might be born in his own soul. Was not this the central point of Christ's teachings: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another"? An unfulfilled prophecy, as regards the qualifications for discipleship set up by the Orthodox Christianity of to-day. The Evangelists having taken away the grand truth of Christianity, love, and substituted articles of faith, Mr. Parker denounced these views as false, and declared that what was not love did not belong to the record. Suppose a man did deny all received ideas of God and Christ, Church and dogma, and form no new ideas, he did not cease to become a Christian if he adhered to the fundamental truth. Infidels and atheists might be better Christians than the Pharisees of Calvinism; for pure and undefiled religion did not need dogmas, more than the stars in their courses needed the definitions of the astronomer.

The Duke of Argyll had recently said, in rebuking the attitude of the Young Men's Christian Association, in a city in Scotland, that Christianity demanded only the "teachings of the spirit of love." But in addition to love might be mentioned as cardinal doctrines of Christianity four other principles, viz: Doctrine of God, of human nature, of the immortality of the soul, and human happiness. Mr. Parker's idea of the Supreme Being was that contained in the declaration "God is Love." His faith in human nature was unwavering, and he drew the sword of the spirit against the Anti-Christ of Total Depravity. The final power of the Sermon on the Mount ebbed and flowed in his soul like the settings of the sea. To him immortality and human blessedness were self-evident. Did he reject the doctrines of true Christianity? His was not the first case where unbelief had stamped belief as infidelity. He had too much piety for the devotees of creed; he outran them, and fulfilled when most he seemed to destroy.

Mrs. Nellie L. Wiltie Bronson.

Again we are called upon to extend our heartfelt sympathies to another bereaved sister and co-laborer, Mrs. Bronson. We learn that her husband, Mr. Chas. Bronson, after two years' illness—six months of which he spent in the warmer Southern climate—passed to the spirit-world, a few weeks since, at Coldwater, Mich., on his return from the South. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and calmly embarked for the other shore with the firm faith and knowledge that he knew whither he was going. As our readers are aware, Mrs. Wiltie was one of the ablest and most popular lecturers on Spiritualism, and widely and favorably known throughout the Western States. The sympathies of the great body of Spiritualists will go out to her in this hour of domestic affliction, to strengthen and sustain her for future efforts in behalf of humanity and the spirit-world. Mrs. Bronson is now in Toledo, O.

California Matters.

The cause of Spiritualism is prospering wonderfully in California. Editor Todd is itinerating to some purpose in that State, Oregon and Nevada. Success to him. He is announced to speak in Los Angeles and San Bernardino in December. —Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye is giving convincing test-ances in Virginia City. —Mrs. Laura Cuddy is holding successful meetings in San Francisco. She also delivers two lectures per month in San Jose. —Mrs. Stowe is making converts to Spiritualism in Oregon.

New Work by A. J. Davis.

ARABULA; or, The Divine Guest. Containing a New Collection of Gospels. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Boston: William White & Co., Publishers, 128 Washington street. New York: Banner of Light Branch Office, 444 Broadway.

A new book from A. J. Davis is an event. He never puts a pen in his hand without being there to inspire. He is still the seer and the prophet—the teacher, the guide, and the friend. He says, in his preface to this last volume, that it is in a measure a continuation of his "Magic Staff"; yet it contains a faithful record of experiences which are believed by him to be more representative than exceptional. The exceptions, he adds, differ in that private realm where the individual differs from every other. In these pages, too, is presented a new collection of "Living Gospels," revised and corrected, and compared with the originals. And the author proceeds faithfully to consider the alternations of faith and skepticism, of light and shades, of heaven and hades, of joys and sorrows, which are familiar to the human mind.

What, then, is the "Arabula"? Every one is yearning and praying for the Light. "I am the light of the world," says the Arabula. "He that loveth me will keep my commandments." This Arabula—says Mr. Davis—is the world's religious mystery. It appears in the philosophies, moral, and spiritual teachings of Persians, Indians, Chinese, Jews, Greeks, Romans, Christians. It is peculiar to no people; to no religion; to no sect of believers; to no epoch or era in human history. It invariably enters the world by birth of a virgin state of mind; it performs wonders in healing the sick; it is powerful in overthrowing kingdoms; it everywhere dies upon the cross; and it, for a time, leaves the world by ascending above the world. It is worshipped as a God by some; is denounced as a Devil by others. It is practically peaceful; yet it divides families, sunders States, and destroys governments. It loves the companionship of the down-trodden and wretched; yet it enters the temples of rich priests, and holds controversies with the chief dignitaries of the empire. It is powerful with words; preaches sermons on mountains and in cities; fearlessly rebukes sin; forgives the lost women; stills the tempest; brings the dead to life; and, lastly, having no power over evil chiefs of the State, it falls into the hands of executioners, and dies, forgiving its enemies, and blessing everything human. This is the Arabula. It is the mysterious presence which is in all the good men do, and in all the truth they speak.

In the New Gospels, Mr. Davis has named certain "saints" which the world has already recognized as such. For instance: there is St. Confucius; St. Gerrit (Smith); St. Theodore (Parker); St. Octavius (Frothingham); St. Emma (Harding); St. Ralph (Waldo Emerson); St. Asaph (B. Child), and others. From their inspired writings and utterances Mr. Davis has made a painstaking and accurate compilation, and they deserve to be read over and over again by all seekers after truth.

We need not attempt to pursue the connected train of thought which runs through this fresh book from Mr. Davis. It is enough to say now and here, that there are many most profound truths, expressed in simple and impressive language, which no reader can let pass without making rich use of them. Among the chapters which have especially absorbed us is "God revealed to Intellect," which is indeed masterly. We trust that chapter will be studied until it becomes familiar to all. Every page of this new volume glows with spiritual light. It is a book to keep by one as a constant companion, for it is overruling with that exalted, practical religion which is the very life and light of the world.

Funeral of a Spiritualist.

Passed to the spirit-world from Brighton, Mrs. Maria Wentworth, wife of Mr. John Wentworth, aged 41 years. About six hours after our dear friend left the form, she manifested her presence to her family through the person of her eldest son. Her control, although imperfect, was sufficient to enable her to give directions in detail in regard to the conducting of her funeral, the sharing of little mementos among her children, encouraging her husband, and in expressing herself as being entirely satisfied with the change in her condition which death had wrought. She said it was beautiful to die!

The services at the funeral were conducted by Mrs. J. H. Conant, and were of a very interesting and impressive character. As said the spirit at the tomb of Jesus, we say to those who look down into the tomb for those whose loss they mourn, "They are not here; they have arisen."

Nashua, N. H.

Dean Clark spoke to an audience of about six hundred in Nashua, N. H., on Sunday, Nov. 17th. This shows an anxiety on the part of the people to learn something about the spiritual philosophy, in a place where they have had no lectures on the subject for a number of years. We are rather surprised, however, to learn that with such an awakening there should not be enterprise enough among them to arrange for a regular Sunday meeting. One or two active men could accomplish the thing easily if they would take hold of it in earnest. From the close attention given to Mr. Clark's address of an hour and a half, by the large audience, it is evident that Nashua is a fruitful field to labor in.

Washington City.

We learn from a reliable correspondent that the good cause is winning adherents almost daily in our Federal Capital. Miss M. F. Bennett, of Massachusetts, an unconscious trance speaker, is ministering to the Spiritualists in their new hall with great acceptance. Her gentle suavity of manner, her kindness of disposition, together with her beautiful and eloquent heart-utterances, find an echo in the bosoms of those who have entered the same pathway of truth; whilst the honest and earnest enforcement of her lessons is not without effect in the minds of the most skeptical. Thomas Gales Forster is to speak during the month of December.

Mercantile Library Lectures.

John B. Gough will deliver the next lecture of the course before the Association in Music Hall in this city, Wednesday evening, Nov. 27th. Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth will deliver an eulogy on the late John A. Andrew, the following Wednesday evening, Dec. 4th. Although it rained, Horace Greeley had the largest audience of the course thus far, to hear his lecture last Wednesday evening.

Spiritual Meetings at Williamsburg. Our friends in Williamsburg, N. Y., have returned to Continental Hall, Fourth street, which has been newly fitted up. Meetings are held regularly every Wednesday evening. A good and prosperous Society of Spiritualists is gathering in Williamsburg, and we trust its numbers will ever be on the increase.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT is claimed to be spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock p. m. She gives no private sittings.

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Infinite Spirit, our Father and our God, since we are conscious of thy wisdom and the perfection of all thy creations, we cannot murmur against thee. Though we drink from the cup of sorrow or of joy, though we wander in the shades of midnight, or in the morning sun, it is all the same. And when thou dost make up the sum total of our existence, we believe that thou wilt pronounce it very good. Therefore, oh God, we praise thee for the dark shades of life as for its radiant sunbeams. We praise thee for what men call crime, for the deep valleys of human degradation, for they cause the joys of life to stand out most beautifully. We can only praise thee, and acknowledge thy greatness and thy goodness, when we look out upon the wonder of thy creation. Everywhere thou hast spread out the manifestations of thy love and thy power. Everywhere thou art calling thy children to all thy creations unto thee. Everywhere thou art saying, "They are mine, and I will care for them." The rolling waters and the tiny dewdrops are alike in thine embrace, and no soul can ever wander from thee—no life ever exists apart from thee. Therefore, oh Spirit Infinite, this hour we lay our offerings of praise upon the altar of thy being, and we know thou wilt bless them. We know that thou wilt tenderly care for the thoughts of all thy children, and every aspiration shall be registered by the recording angel, and all answered in due time. Therefore we crave no blessing. We pray for no favors, for thy lovingness bestoweth all, and thy wisdom knoweth when and where to bestow. Amen. Oct. 8.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have propositions, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider them.

Q.—As human souls unfold in spirit-life, will they also pass further away from our earth? If so, will the memory of having lived upon the earth finally become obliterated from their minds?

A.—The soul is not bound to any special locality. It exists independent of locality. It is not at all necessary that the soul should pass away from the earth and its conditions after it rises from a state of ignorance to a state of wisdom, or from unhappiness to happiness, for there are quite as many souls in the kingdom of wisdom on the earth as anywhere else; and quite as many souls in the kingdom of heaven ever, here upon earth, as in the furthest condition of human existence that you are able to conceive of. The soul is not governed by localities, or by the conditions of time. It is of itself a thing eternal. It belongs to eternity, and progresses according to the laws of eternal life.

Q.—There was ever a period in the history of man when his soul was not an immortal entity?

A.—The soul we believe to be co-existent with God, and therefore eternal. We believe it ever had an existence as a distinct entity, and we believe it will ever continue to have an existence; but that it will perpetually change its form of manifestations, so that while you recognize it by its external expressions, you will be apt to consider that it has changed states, it has lost its identity, but it is not so. It is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Q.—Are there any men now upon our earth who are so low in the scale of being that they will not have a conscious existence beyond death?

A.—Your speaker does not believe in any such. He would be very sorry to.

Q.—Is there any earthly or spiritual substance through which the human spirit has not power to pass?

A.—No.

Q.—If the human soul is uncreated, (as maintained by the controlling intelligence), and it is the real man, where is the sense of the declaration attributed to the Lord in the book of Genesis: "Let us make man in our own image"? Are there no more souls in existence now than there were ages ago?

A.—There are a great many things said in the book of Genesis, and all other books that make up the Sacred Scriptures, that are to a certain extent meaningless. Now pardon us, and do not charge us with blasphemy at once, for we reverence all that is sacred contained within those lids, as much as any one possibly can; but the chaff, the good-for-nothing part, we unhesitatingly cast aside. That which has had a creation absolutely, we believe to be capable of being destroyed. Therefore it is, as we believe, the soul is immortal, indestructible—it never had a creation. It has grown in its external expression, but in the internal we believe it is ever absolutely perfect.

Q.—If the Deity is an all-pervading uncreated intelligent essence, and human souls also uncreated intelligence, are not the two one and the same thing, or has God a separate and distinct personal existence?

A.—Yes, God and the soul cannot be separated. We believe they are one and the same.

Q.—If man as a spiritual intelligence is co-eternal and co-equal with God, where is all the lore he must have gathered during his long existence?

A.—The question seems to be put in rather a vague form. It seems rather indistinct. There must always be the different shades of life—different degrees. Suppose that the great overruling law which is called God had seen fit to have created everything upon a level; all mind to be called upon to express itself in the same direction upon the same subject, all Nature would present one uninterrupted evenness—a sameness which would be very unpleasant. No mountains, no valleys, no grand scenery, no great thoughts, but a mediocrity throughout the entire universe;

Who would desire such a condition? Surely no one who was possessed of his sound senses.

Q.—Do angels in spirit-life ever fall by disobedience from a higher to a lower position?

A.—There are quite as many angels here on the earth as in the spirit-world proper, and the evils that you recognize as such are simply reactions. The soul, or spirit, simply changes its states. For instance, it is related to you under such and such conditions to-day; to-morrow it may be related to you under entirely different conditions, and you may determine in your ignorance it has fallen from its high estate. That cannot be. You may as well declare that God has fallen, as that the soul ever did or ever can fall. Oct. 8.

Richard Dearborn.

It is now nearly two years since I experienced the change you call death. I was well conversant with many of the phases of modern Spiritualism. And I fully expected to be able to come to this place and manifest very soon after my change. But I find it is easier to speculate concerning what we know nothing about, than it is to deal with it absolutely. We may suppose we know while here in the body all about the conditions that govern the spirit as it returns to manifest to its friends, yet the truth is we know very little. Though I have manifested at other places, I have never been fortunate enough to come here till to-day, and I had it in my mind to come here first.

My pilgrimage on the earth was very short. It did not number seventeen years, but I managed to crowd some very valuable truths into that brief space of time, and they are serving me well now. The most valuable of all was the knowledge that the spirit lived after death, and under favorable conditions could return. I told my friends when they were exerting themselves to relieve me of my bodily pain, that I never should be able to repay them while in the body, but I felt quite sure that I should after death, and that I should often come to them, and if they were not conscious of my presence I should in some way repay them. Well, that blessed boon is not denied to me.

Though I have not the road exactly clear yet, there are many ways in which I can silently recompense those dear friends who were so kind to me. There are many ways in which I can bless and recompense my parents for their unwearied attention. I can assist those of our family who were fortunate enough to gain this beautiful spirit-life before me, in returning to them and communicating with them, and I can assist them in their daily lives; and, last and best of all, I can assist them through death, and meet them when they shall have passed through the change. And I hope to be able to give them from day to day some evidences of the life now mine, and the condition I have entered as an intelligent being, so that I may strengthen their faith when it needs strengthening, and add some little, if not a great deal, to their mansion of happiness beyond the tomb.

I am sensibly affected with the weakness that attended me during my last days here. It is a necessary condition to absolute control in this way; as I shall, as the good Christian father said in his prayer, recognize it as one of the blessings of God, and call it very good. I am Richard Dearborn. You can book me as coming from Candia, N. H., where my parents will be glad to hear from me. When the 26th of this month shall have arrived, I shall have been in my spirit-home two years. Good-day. Oct. 8.

Theodore S. Merrill.

Unlike the young New Englander who has preceded me, I am unaccustomed to this mode of return. I had heard that such things were done before death, but I never had had any experience in what is called spirit-manifestations myself. But I have those here on earth who still mourn my absence, and who are constantly made unhappy by the thought that I was tortured after being taken prisoner—that I was put to a slow death; and, because they believe these things, they are made to think very hard of all Northern people. After learning that it was possible for the spirit to return, and the way thereof, I thought I might be perhaps in the way of duty to seek to return myself. I was wounded, and, in consequence of my wound, was taken prisoner by a Massachusetts regiment. I shall not be known upon your hospital rolls, because I refused to give my name there, which was Theodore S. Merrill. I was colonel of the 2d Virginia Cavalry. I cannot here give all my reasons for withholding my name. One was that I did not desire my friends to know I had been taken prisoner; but it seems they did know it. But in justice to my captors I would say, I was well treated, and my last hours were made as smooth as they could be under the circumstances. I was, I think, as well cared for as their own sick and wounded. That was all I could ask. Though I felt what I then conceived to be a just indignation against the North, yet because I knew what justice was, I could see it anywhere, whether in a Northern hospital or in the hospitals upon our own soil. I know very well that you may retaliate and say that all those whom you took prisoners were well treated, while those our people took were very badly treated. There is, I know, cause for complaint there. But all our good men were in the army, and only our useless and bad men were left to take care of the affairs at home—the prisoners and hospitals. I know it was a very bad way of doing things, but so it was; and so your men suffered because bad men were over them—the good men would not take the position; they absolutely refused to. Somebody must hold it. But that is past. I know it is a dark stain upon our side, but I hope it may some day be washed out.

I have left a wife and a son and daughter upon Southern soil, and I am extremely anxious to get into a condition to commune with them. I want them to know that I lived and that I died as a soldier should, and was treated in the hospital as a fallen soldier should be treated. I have not suddenly changed. My indignation against the North has not been suddenly cooled, by any means, but I have learned to look things fairly in the face, and I am enabled to see them now from more sides than one. Therefore I see good at the North and good at the South. And, although many of our people have been bereft of their all, suddenly plunged from affluence to poverty, yet if it is the work of God I can say amen to it. If there was need of all this bloodshed and misery to accomplish good, we should not murmur; but it seems to me that it might have been avoided. I fell in the summer of 1862. Farewell, sir. Oct. 8.

Henry Hempstead.

I am here to make an acknowledgment which I can hardly feel satisfied with myself unless I do make. Between three and four months previous to my death, while discharging the duties of my profession as chaplain, I was called upon to visit a young man from New England, who was fast nearing the world of spirits, as I thought

I prayed with him and questioned him as to his state of mind. He heard me through; and, as I was about to retire, he said, "Chaplain, I do not believe one word you have been saying to me." At first I thought he was insane. He seemed to perceive my thoughts, and said, "Chaplain, I am in my right mind, and, I repeat it, I do not believe a single word you have been saying." "Well," I said, "why do you not believe it?" "Because to me it is not true," I said, "But it is God's truth." "Oh well," he said, "that may be. I do not dispute you; but to me it is no truth at all." "Pray tell me, then," I said, "what may your belief be?" "Well, to begin with, I believe that I shall get well; and if I did die I should not go where you say I shall. I could remain probably very near where I should wish to be, with my friends, and, if all things were right, I could come and talk to them." "Oh," I said, "you are a Spiritualist." "Yes, I am," "Well," I said, "I am sorry." "I am sorry you are not one," he answered. "And now, Chaplain, the time will come when you will acknowledge to me that I was right and you were wrong."

That time has come, and I make the acknowledgment. He got well, and is somewhere on the earth. I never ascertained his name, but he is somewhere on the earth. I never learned the truth of this beautiful philosophy till death. I now come back to make the acknowledgment; and if there is any way by which I can reach my friends at the same time, the great Lord knows I would be most happy to do so. But I am a child in these things, and must wait till I grow in knowledge sufficiently to overcome the many obstacles that beset the return of the spirit.

I am Henry Hempstead, chaplain of the 29th Massachusetts. I died at Falmouth, Virginia, in 1862. God bless you. Good-day. Oct. 8.

Edith Simmes.

I am Edith Simmes, and my father told me, if I could come, to come here. I was nine years old. [How do you spell your name?] S-I-M-M-E-S. Sometimes they put two m's in, but I don't. You see my father did not believe I can come. He was talking with a gentleman what does, since I died, and he says, "Well, if it's true, let my Edith come, and then I will believe." So I asked the gentleman what takes care of things here to-day, if I could come. He asked if I knew what I was going to say, so I told him I reckoned I did, because I'd been thinking of it ever since I knew father wanted me to come.

I am from Mobile. You never lived there, did you? [No.] Well, I reckon father will cry some when he knows I can come, because he thought I could not, and said he did not believe anything in the "humbug" at all, and if it was true, let Edith come, and then he would believe. Wasn't I just a heap happy when I heard that, because I wanted to come all the while. I've been here since January. I'll be here a year next January. Just after the New Year, before the holidays were over, I came.

I don't know what I died with. I was sick more than a week. I don't know what I died with; I reckon 'twas a fever. I was never here before—in Boston. But my father has been here. Can you tell him what street it was where I came, for I don't know? [Washington Street.] Is that anywhere near the Tremont House? [Pretty near.] Well, he knows where that is. Close by, is it? [Only one street away.] Well, I'm going now. [Tell me your age, please?] Nine years old. I shall be ten in—well, I was nine just before I died, and it's a year next January since I died, so I shall be ten 'fore January comes round again—in December, the 11th day.

Oh, Charlotte's here! and she's to give me a heap of goodies if I'll show her how to come. Do you have black folks to come, just the same as white? [Yes, there's no difference.] Then she shall come. [She will be welcome.] She used to take care of me, and she's been with me a great deal since I died. She died first. She says she will give me a heap of goodies if I'll show her how to come. Father knows her, too. His father used to own her—my grandfather—before he died; so he knows her. She used to call herself Queen Charlotte. Who ever heard of such a thing? Do you know why she did? [No.] Well, when father used to go away, he used to bring home things to all the servants; and when any of us went, we most always did. And one day he brought home a great square piece of yellow—what is that stuff they make dresses of to go to parties? It's this, you see right through it. Well, he brought that home, and she made it up into the nicest turban; and they called her queen, and she took the name of Queen Charlotte. She was very proud, and she is now just the same. Good-afternoon. Oct. 8.

James Smith.

Only a few words have I to say, just that I may be identified, and may open the way by which I may come at some future time. My name was James Smith, and I was drowned in Tampa Bay, from the bark Clarence, eighteen months ago. I have friends in Boston, and I wish to identify myself in this way, and I wish to come. I am an Irishman by birth, but I have the American interests at heart. I wish to come to my friends here—you understand? I am not much used to this way, but I thought I could come here to-day, if everybody else can. Oct. 8.

Séance opened by Hosea Ballou; and adjourned by Geo. A. Atkins.

Invocation.

Our Father, as this day of beauty lays its offering upon the shrine of life, so would we lay ours there also. And we would that they should be an offering of beautiful thoughts, of holy aspirations, of high resolves. We would that our offering this day should be pure and stainless, and such as we ourselves would be satisfied with. We would set, in the already radiant crown of truth, such gems as shall be accepted of thee, and such as shall make bright our own existence in the present and in the future also. Oh thou Spirit of Infinite Love, who presidest over days and years, and takest care of every soul, we would learn how to worship thee, as these fair blossoms worship thee, (referring to a bouquet of flowers on the table). We would exhale such a fragrance of thought as shall benefit humanity, and we would clothe our surroundings in the external with beauty, and with that singleness of purpose that knoweth nothing but truth, nothing but justice. Thou art ever present with us, therefore our weakness may repose in thy strength, and our ignorance may find shelter in thy wisdom, and all our imperfection may aspire to one day, become perfect as thou art. Oh Father, our life, we offer thee the combined thoughts of thy children who are gathered here, and may every one draw unto its source some ministering angel, who shall lead the soul higher, and shall point it away from the darkness of earth to the sunlight of the land beyond; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen. Oct. 10.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—If astrology and prophecy be true, so that future events can be foretold, does it not teach foreordination, and that we are not wholly responsible for our acts? [See statement by Thos. Morse, in the Banner of Light, Sept. 21, 1867.]

A.—There are different kinds of responsibility—as many different kinds as there are souls to be responsible. That a great eternal law runs through all the events of life, I believe. I believe, also, that it determines concerning all the events of life, and that, whether we will or no, it will shape our destiny; whether we will or no, we are carried on by this great tide of being, which we cannot successfully go against. I believe that every human soul, as an intelligence, possesses each its distinctive quality of responsibility. Just so far as that soul understands what right is, just so far that soul is responsible to that law of right. And whose sins against it, sins against what may properly be termed the Holy Ghost; for I know of nothing holier than the divine law which makes us conscious of right.

A spirit communication from Dr. J. R. Morse, published in the Banner of Light, Sept. 21, 1867, says that the spirit makes the body act, makes the brain think, and under harmonious circumstances, or when there is perfect rapport established between the machine and the performer, then the machine is led in health, in strength, in pleasant ways. But when the rapport is imperfect between the machine and performer, then there is necessarily an imperfection in the action of the machine.

Q.—What are the principal causes that destroy perfect rapport? and what are the best means of restoring it? Is it best accomplished by "drugs" and medicines, as now used by the Faculty? changes of air, diet, exercise, &c. or by any other means that we can use, not yet known to us?

A.—Ignorance of the law, which places us in antagonism to the law, is the one definite and distinct cause of all disease, I believe.

Q.—We have the highest authority for believing that plants and animals are composed principally of solidified air, as the only portions of an earthly character which enter into their composition being the small quantity of ashes which remain after their combustion. A tub of earth has been weighed in which a tree was planted, and during the space of twelve years nothing was added to the tree or the tub of earth but heat, light, air and water. On removing the tree, it was found to weigh fifteen pounds, while the tub of earth had lost in weight only two ounces.

A.—All the great variety of forms which people the earth have their origin in the atmosphere that belongs to earth; for the atmosphere is the great repository of the essence of all forms finding expression upon the earth's surface, or beneath the earth's crust.

Q.—What is the philosophy of good farming? Does not more depend on frequent and deep stirring of the surface and subsoil, than on the gross and costly manures that farmers think so necessary to success?

A.—Certain combinations of soil draw to themselves certain combinations from the atmosphere that are conducive to the growth of vegetation, while certain other combinations of soil draw other combinations not conducive to the growth of vegetation, therefore the agriculturist should, if he would be successful in his vocation, seek to understand what kind of soil is best adapted to draw from the atmosphere that which will induce a perfect growth of vegetation. It is a study, a school, as well as everything else.

Q.—Onions are called very remarkable vegetables by some people, and are supposed to be very medicinal. Do the spirits recognize any great medicinal power in them, and can it be explained and directions given how best to use them, whether raw or cooked, and for what diseases?

A.—Yes, medical men tell us that they possess very great medicinal qualities. They also tell us that they should be used when in a raw state, entirely uncooked or unheated. Then they act most potently on disease. One physician goes so far as to affirm that he can extract any kind of poison from the body within twenty-four or thirty-six hours after it has been introduced, by the application of raw onions. Your speaker does not claim to know concerning this, but there are those who do, and it would certainly be for the good of the race for all medical men to investigate concerning it.

Q.—Dr. J. R. Morse says in the Banner of Sept. 21st, that the spirit, the intelligent part, the motive power, does not dwell within the body. Now I had supposed that the spiritual body dwelt within the material body, and separated from it at death, and became the immortal form of the inner spirit. Will you explain this point?

A.—No, it does not dwell within the body, any more than the performer on the musical instrument dwells within the instrument. It is outside of the body, but adapted to it so far as it is in rapport with the body. So far as there is disease, the spirit is not present in full action, has lost its control, precisely upon the same principle that a musical performer would lose control of the instrument when one of the keys was out of order. People who believe that the spirit dwells within the body, will have to unlearn their mistake sooner or later.

Q.—When you control the medium, do you enter her form, or come in rapport with the physical aura of her system?

A.—No, I surround it; I enclose it within my spiritual embrace. I act upon it precisely as she in her normal condition acts upon it.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

Our attention has been called to an article which appeared in your last issue. It seems to be in part a criticism upon an article which appeared some time since concerning the birth of Jesus the Christ, and in part it seems to be the opinion of the writer, founded upon certain mythological and theological researches. In his opinion, Jesus the Christ did have a miraculous birth and conception. In his opinion, the Virgin Mary was overshadowed by the Holy Spirit, the great God-principle, and as a result of the overshadowing Jesus the Christ was born. He believes also that his birth was foretold long before the event took place, and he cites, as one of his greatest reasons for believing in the miraculous conception of Jesus the Christ, the appearing of the star of Bethlehem; and he informs us that the star disappeared when Jesus disappeared in form from earth; that it appeared only for the short space of his lifetime, and then went away, having performed its princely mission. It is impossible to give an elaborate answer to the article in the short space of time allotted to us on this occasion, but we can throw out a few hints, which, if they do not serve him well, may serve somebody else.

Standing, then, upon what he deems to be the most conclusive evidence of the "miraculous" conception of Jesus the Christ, we have only to look the world through, to seek the history of all in-

teligions, all the different tribes that have existed on the face of the earth since intelligence had a being, and we shall learn that every nation under heaven, every distinct tribe that had any idea of religion, has a similar tradition. Let us look, for instance, at the Chinese records, the oldest upon the earth. There we find a passage, when translated, running thus:

"And a star appeared in the East, showing to the magi where the king reposed, and the king did lead his earthly life, and enter his celestial life, showing to us that he was born of the star, and destined to be king over the people of the celestial empire."

Now this tradition dates far, far back in the past, and this is only one account of the many which we have in mind; indeed, as we have before affirmed, every tribe that lays claim to religious intelligence has the same tradition. How then has the Christian world any more right to it than any other? We cannot see that they have. We look upon it as simply a tradition that belongs to all ages, and we believe that it has its origin in the worship of the heavenly bodies. It could have originated nowhere else. The writer of the article seems to be impressed with the idea that modern Spiritualism is the exhibition of Anti-Christ, and that it is to the second coming of Christ what John the Baptist was to his first appearing. He seems to believe, if we have rightly understood him, that Jesus the Christ at his second appearing is to set apart his kingdom on the earth, and is to reign supreme over all the nations of the earth. He believes that he will be acknowledged, that he will assert his power, and he seems to believe that he will be attended by all the paraphernalia of Heavhen mythology, by the glory of life, or, as he says, by a glory so far exceeding human sense that human senses cannot understand it. Now to us there is clear evidence that he has mixed up within his reasoning faculties certain portions of Heavhen mythology and Christian theology, and has so woven the two together that he himself cannot distinguish between them. He has erected an altar, partly real and substantial, or spiritual and substantial, and partly from a belief in the ignorance of past ages. He goes on to prove that Christ was an exception to all other forms on the earth, by citing what the record tells us the angel said to Mary. Well, there are as many different constructions put upon these words which the record gives us as there are minds to think upon them. No two, even in theology, determine exactly alike concerning them.

Again, the writer says, if he was not unlike all other forms, if he was not wholly different in a special sense, why is it that he could control the winds and the waves? Why could he perform such healing works, when no one else has been able to do the same?

Here we shall take exception. So far as the healing is concerned, there are persons North and South, East and West, who, under proper conditions, are able to do the same that he did, and even more, for he says himself, "I cannot work wonders here because of your unbelief. I cannot cure your sick here, because you do not believe in me or my works." Modern healers go further than that: they set aside your unbelief, and in many instances cure you, whether you believe or no. Now as regards the walking upon the water, which he cites as evidence of his divinity: You may as well call the Davenport Brothers especially divine because their guardian spirits took them over the water and they were not drowned. There is positive evidence that this was done. You may as well declare that Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego were specially divine because they came out of the furnace heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated, without the smell of fire upon them. It is well to look religion fairly in the face, as well as everything else. It is not well to stand too far from it, because if you do you are apt to lose its reality. It is not well to stand apart from our God and endeavor to analyze him. If we would know him we must come into distinctive rapport with him. The position which we held in the article which has been so severely criticized we still hold, because we know it is absolutely of good foundation.

We do not believe in a God outside and apart from Nature. We believe in a God that is in humanity. We believe in a God that makes all things divine. We believe in a God that hallows the flowers as he hallows our souls; and we most fervently pray that we may never so far forget ourselves as to believe in a God who would bestow special favors upon any one of his children more than upon the whole.

In conclusion, we would say, if the writer of the article has any more thoughts to throw out upon the ocean of intelligence, if we are able to cope with them we shall gladly do so. Oct. 10.

Hans Schrider.

I have not much wisdom about this coming back. I have not much knowledge about this language. But I have got a son here in this country, and his name is Edward Schrider, and my name is Hans Schrider. I have come to tell him to go back to Germany. There is something—it is necessary that he should go. Hans—that is what is John here with you—my son, he got no faith, no belief. He says it's nothing in it. I wish to tell him that he not write to him because they think they settle things better when he is not there. You see? He should go home. He does not know I am dead. I come to tell him I am dead, and I have the way learned back here to this country. I work hard to come. I got many teachers, masters to teach me how I should come. You say I am Hans Schrider, I come to my son Edward here in this country—in this city. I want him to know where I be, and he should go home. Oct. 10.

Emma Rosenfield.

My mother, and my father, too, has gone to Europe, and I thought if I got permission to come here just about now, I should get my letter printed just about when they got home. But I most got shut out to-day. I should have got shut out if I had done as Charlie wanted me to. He said that a man here told him there was n't any room, and I could not come to-day. But I just waited—I just waited till Mr. Channing was there, and then I went to him and I said, "Can't I come to-day? because I shan't know how to come if I wait." And before he could answer me that same man said, "The place is all full, and she can't come, because—because they said there was only so many coming, and if she comes I will have to stay away." And then Mr. Channing said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. My dear, you can come." Wasn't I glad then, and don't you know that is just what is on my tombstone and Charlie's. On mine it is "Suffer little children to come unto me," and on his, right next to it, is "Forbidden them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." You see we died most close to each other, of diphtheria, and are buried close to each other in Greenwood—and my name is Emma Rosenfield, and his Charlie Rosenfield. And I thought it was so queer Mr. Channing should say that. Don't you suppose he knew, that, was on our tombstones? (I think I shan't be any more.)

