

in the realm of matter. With a firm reliance then, friends, upon the spirit-world, as instruments in the hands of the great Father of humanity for the purpose of bringing about the complete redemption of creation from the low and groveling conditions—from the condition of the first man, Adam, who was of the earth earthy, to that of the second man, who is a quickening spirit; and as we realize this, we shall come out of all these inharmonies, and dwell in peace in the knowledge that all things work together for good.

CLOSING OF THE CONVENTION.

The President said that the business being all completed, we are about to close the labors of the Convention. The Secretary will please read the minutes of the afternoon and evening sessions.

Dr. Child remarked:

BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE FOURTH NATIONAL CONVENTION—Will you allow me a few moments? I accepted the position of Secretary of this Convention knowing that it involved a vast amount of labor, but my heart and soul are in the work, and I intend to labor while I have the ability. I have met here many old and familiar friends, and a large number of new ones whose faces I had not seen before, and as I have looked into your eyes and felt the warm, friendly grasp of your hands, I have been amply repaid for the effort of coming to this Convention. Friends, may we all return to our homes with renewed strength and firmer resolves to labor on in the great work of humanity with the angel-world, and under the blessed smile of our Father in heaven.

The minutes were then read, and after a pause, when the motion to adjourn was made, the Secretary read the following minutes:

Having been favored in the various sittings of this Convention to transact all the business which has come before us, even though the conflict of ideas has at times produced some discord, we are still convinced that "error of opinion may be safely tolerated, if reason be left free to combat it." The evidences of the progress of our cause—of the increased and increasing interest which is being awakened over the entire world in it, are encouraging to us. Trusting that each succeeding year shall find us, individually and as a Convention, advancing in all that is desirable for us, we now adjourn, to meet at the Call of the Executive Committee next year.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., Secretary.
63 Race street, Philadelphia.

Correspondence in Brief.

HARRIET DAYTON, ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S.—Light is beaming in this direction, and many are coming out in the defence of free thought. Bro. O. P. Kellogg is doing a good work here. He is a talented speaker, and does well for the cause of truth. He speaks here the second Sunday of each month.

VINELAND, N. J., says a correspondent, is fast becoming a beautiful place. It was but little more than six years ago a wilderness. The town now contains ten or eleven thousand inhabitants, with the streets and houses of various styles of architecture, some of which are very fine and imposing in their appearance. A good proportion of them are built of bricks—being opened almost daily, displaying all of the various kinds of merchandise which the place demands. The climate is fine and healthy, and the soil well adapted to fruit, vegetables, cereals and grass. Many of the fruit farms and gardens are already very beautiful. Vineland is situated principally by people from the New England States and New York. Some are from the West, with a sprinkling from Pennsylvania and New Jersey. They are intelligent, energetic, and working to make the place what its founder, C. K. Landis, intended it to be—one of the most beautiful spots on this part of the earth. And they will succeed.

N. E. MARCY, President of the Spiritual Association, Wellington, O.—We have organized a Society, calling ourselves Friends of Progress of Oberlin and vicinity; although few in number, yet earnest in purpose. The Oberlin Faculty, with all its learned Professors, bring their theological batteries against us, and we are being persecuted by their students attending our meetings under penalty of expulsion. I have been told that some have already been expelled for this offence! But we have every reason for encouragement, notwithstanding all opposition, for we know that we have the spirit-world to strengthen and uphold us, and Old Theology cannot stand against us. Mrs. F. A. Logan, of New York, favored us with her ministrations of love, and awakened considerable interest in the Children's Lyceum question. Had it been in the spring-time, we should at once have organized a Lyceum. Mrs. Logan is earnest in her work, and we bespeak for her a kindly reception wherever she goes. We hope the good angels will continue to send us earnest and efficient speakers.

J. NEWELL, YPSILANTI, MICH.—For some time I have felt it my duty to drop a few lines to the fountain source of knowledge from whence we receive so many beautiful facts in relation to our spiritual faith. Though we are situated (it might be thought by some) in the far West, we feel, and without boasting we say that it is the center and garden of the world. But regardless of that, oh how we thirst for spiritual food—such as comes so freely through our mediums in various parts of the country. And why, I ask, is it that some kind, loving angel will not drop down amongst us, and prescribe for our spiritual ailments? Will you, then, dear friends, have had but very little spiritual speaking. For two years previous to that we were well supplied with good speaking from various mediums. There is quite a number of us, when together, and material enough around us to fill one of the largest halls in the land. Oh for a head and central center! If you could send us some kind, able and loving spiritual medium to come and settle down for a season with us—in one of the most beautiful cities of the West—we will do all we can to aid and assist him or her to build up that most noble of all philosophies, Spiritualism.

SARAH GRAYES, BERLIN, MICH.—The cause of our philosophy is progressing in this vicinity. After our grove meeting in August, we engaged our noble sister, L. A. Pearsall, to give us two more lectures. I then appointed a series of free conference meetings—as we had been prohibited from speaking in the social meetings of the Orthodox in this place, and told to hold our own meetings—to be held at the public house. The result is we have had some opposition and a full house. But our opponents have used their last weapon, ridicule, and retired from the field, saying they "did not envy our position, setting ourselves up as a mark to be against." Truth is a rock, against which they will break and not injure us in the least. They are to try to break up our meetings by closing the house against us. We are holding circles for development, which awakens thought and inquiry. When I came from Grand Rapids one year ago, there was no interest in Spiritualism here; but now the people begin to think for themselves. But it needs much labor and earnest living to be a good book to be read by all men. The angel-world is ever near us, and we that give our lives to the promulgation of our gospel know we have need of the sympathy of all true men and women to sustain us in our arduous work.

E. SPRAGUE, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—In the Call for a Quarterly Convention of Vermont, to be held at Middlebury, Vt., in January next, I notice a "heartily welcome" to speakers, &c., from other States. I and several speakers from other States attended their annual meeting at Royalton, last August. A Committee of Messrs. Walker, Palmer and Wilder were appointed to superintend the meetings, designate speakers, confer with them, &c. The Committee announced in open meeting, "if there were speakers who wished to speak, they would report themselves to the Committee."

I saw Mr. Wilder the next day, and remarked to him, "It was placing a speaker in very indelicate circumstances. If they wished to hear any speaker, they could have said so by saying, 'If they did not wish to hear me, it was the height of impudence for me to impose myself upon the Convention.' He made no dissent. Some of the speakers were put forward two or three times, while far abler ones (not myself) were not invited to speak at all. Now, that speakers may know what to expect, write concerning their case. I would never attend their, or any other Convention on such terms.

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 daily 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."
(Lionel Hunt.)

(Original.)
NELA HASTINGS.

CHAP. X.—SPRING FLOWERS.

Two winters' snows had fallen on Lucy's grave, and the second spring had come, and the tender grass was creeping over it, and the maple tree above it was red with its early blossoms. Nela, Rosa and Tony had come with offerings from the woods and fields, and were busy in trying to make violets feel at home in that quiet spot, and to make fern and ivy grow beside the white head-stone. It was a warm day, and they were heated by their exercise and sat down not far off for rest.

"It looks very sweet, doesn't it?" said Nela; "somehow these violets are just like Lucy, and I like to come here now; but in the winter was n't it dreadful? I shivered all over when I looked this way."

"I don't see the use in people's dying, anyhow," said Tony. "If I had made the world, I would have made everybody live till they got to be so old they would n't want to live any longer."

"Well," said Nela, "I hope I won't die for ever and ever so long, it's so nice to live."

"But there comes Mr. Graves; I was just thinking about him," said Rosa; "he says it's all living; that we don't ever die."

"Well, I suppose he thinks so," said Tony; "but when I see that little grave there, I can't for the life of me tell how he makes it out."

"Ah, children, I did not think to find you here," said the old gentleman, coming among them as a companion would come. "I fancied you were up the brook hunting for pussy willows, or making whistles out in the field. I love to come and sit here once in awhile, it's so restful and sweet. It's like coming to a high hill on a journey—a looking-off place. It seems to me like a spot lifted up for me to see all about the spiritual kingdom, just as our mountains and hills give us the range of the whole country round about."

"It looks dreadful to me sometimes," said Nela, the tears gathering in her eyes. "I want to go right down into the ground and bring Lucy up, and look into her face and love her, and because I can't I get to crying, and then I can't see even the flowers."

"That's so, little one; tears shut out the beautiful sights from our eyes, and hide from us what would be most pleasant. But if you are not in a hurry, let me tell you one of my stories."

"We are never in a hurry when you want to talk," said Nela, "only I keep wondering where all your stories come from."

"I expect," said Tony, "they are the blossoms that come out, just as the maple tree is full, and if we pick all we want to-day, we shall find a plenty more to-morrow."

"That's pretty true, my boy. My life was a rough and hard one, a kind of winter; but I was getting ready for a spring-time, and before long my spring will end in a glowing summer. But to begin:

A mother once said to her children, 'Do not linger here longer, but start on your journey. I have your garments all prepared. Come, Celia, here is yours—a lovely rose-tinted tunic ornamented with pearls. Could anything be fairer? But mind you, the pearls will fall off with ill usage, and the texture of the garment will be spoiled with carelessness or neglect.'

Here is yours, Munda. It is of splendid green, with diamond trimmings; see how they glisten! Nothing but heedlessness need make you ever ashamed of your attire, for these gems will brighten as you journey on; but they will be lost, never to be regained, if you go among the brambles and thorns.

Come, Flora, here is yours—a white mantle, covered all over with the blue turquoise. It is large enough to envelop you, and more beautiful than a white cloud on the azure sky; but let it drag in the dirt, and it will be like the grey mist when the sun is down, and the gems will be in the sand where you cannot recover them."

Well, the children started on their journey. The day was fair, and the earth seemed like a garden of blooming beauty. There was nothing but joy for them as they went among singing birds and murmuring fountains, or rested beside the softly flowing water. But nowhere does the sun forever shine. The night came on too soon, with its chill dampness, and the travelers did not seem to be prepared for it; but they decided to rest as best they could.

Celia was a thoughtful little thing, but she thought more of the stars than she did of her mother's advice, and gazed at the moon instead of gathering up her tunic, and having a care of her lovely pearls. The morning came with heavy clouds, but still the travelers knew they had better move on. Celia's pearls looked already dim, but she unbound her girdle and let the winds sweep through the folds of her tunic. It shook like a sail. The winds tattered it, and the pearls fell as the dewdrops fall when the south wind shakes the meadow park. She shivered with the chill and cold, but she bound not up her garments; weary and depressed she sat down beside the sea, and stretched her eyes far away with longing. She saw white sails and she beckoned to them, but they did not come near. Through another weary day and night she dragged herself in her tattered garments. They were dim as the soil she trod upon, and the pearls lay all back along her track; scarcely one was left upon her tunic.

"I will return to my mother. She sent me forth on this journey, and if she bids me I will travel on; but if she is the dear mother I believe, she will give me another garment."

"Oh, child of my heart!" said the mother with open arms, "thou hast come back sooner than I thought, for after these clouds would have dawned a beautiful morn'g; but thou couldst not bear the tempest and the rough wind. Little one, thou art dearer to me than ever! Take off that torn and tattered garment. Thou hast scattered thy pearls and lost thy beauty. But who can complain or chide thee? It was a rough, hard way, and thou hast had no experience to teach thee."

"Then thou wilt not send me out again?" said Celia.

"No, no, sweet one, not without thy new garment."

And she unfastened the worn, soiled garment and laid it aside where she might never see it, for it was no longer of any use. But she put upon her a garment compared to which the other was dull and disagreeable. It was as light as the glowing mist of the mountain, and as radiant as the sky at sunset. Its pearls and gems had in them an inward fire, so that they glowed like stars and moon rays.

"Now," said the mother, "thou must not go, my child, in the same path that thou didst journey in before, but over the mountain into the land of sunshine. There nothing will mar the beauty of thy garment, but it will grow brighter day by day."

Munda and her sister replied when they knew that their sister had put on a more beautiful garment and had departed to the land of the sun-light.

"She should have gone with us," they said. "The way was no harder for her than for us."

"But her garments were so torn she could travel no further," said the mother.

Then they fell to weeping because they should no more see the rose-tinted tunic embroidered with pearls.

"It was as lovely as the morning," said Munda. "How we used to watch for it through the flower-arbors and the groves. It was just what we needed—that garment so bright and beautiful!" said Flora.

"Did you not know, my children, that it was only the garment that I cast away? Celia has now another more radiant and lovely."

"Do n't tell us of it," said Munda reproachfully.

"We want to see the pink and pearl garment that made our way so bright."

"Why, my children, what folly you are talking! I say to you the garment only is lost. Celia has a more beautiful one now."

"You speak nonsense to us! We will not look for her in other garments," said Munda.

"Oh, children beloved, can I not show you how little is the garment, yet how dear is that which the garment covers? Behold that heap of rags! You will not touch them for their blackness, but that is all that is left of the beautiful garment that you call your sister. Go your ways, and perhaps you may yet meet her in her shining beauty, with the garment that cannot be torn and rent, and whose pearls will never lie in the dust."

But the sisters would not be reconciled, and went forth again on their journey sighing and lamenting. Often their sister stood before them, but they would not recognize her. They remembered only the tunic of rose and pearl, and would not call anything else their sister.

After many weary journeys, Munda's garments of green and diamond lustre grew dimmed. Then were storms and clouds, cold and weariness, and the gems fell off her emerald robe, and its texture was so injured that no one would have known it as the same that her happy mother wrapped about her when she sent her forth. She was weary, too. The way had been long, and she would not have it cheered by the light that Celia would have thrown about her. She could travel no further, and, worn and dispirited, she returned to her mother.

"Oh, mend my garment, my mother; it is all torn and tattered; its edges are heavy with mud, and they drag at every step. But patch it up; bind it about me."

"But, child, did you not know I had a garment more beautiful than the other? It is all prepared for you, if you will only take off this one and put it on."

"I will not," said Munda. "I am perfectly satisfied with this. How can I tell that I shall know all about it?"

"But I tell you the other glows like the sunlight on the water; it is brighter than anything I can tell you of. It is like the gems and the flowers and the sunsets that you so love. Come, darling, let me put it on you."

But she would not, and clung to her poor shreds until helpless; then the good mother loosened the bands, unclasped the hands, and put on the shining garment, and she awoke as glad as a child, and went forth to search for her sister. She soon found her and said:

"I would not know you when I needed you most. Let us go together for our Flora. She is weeping that she cannot find us."

Flora had kept her garment with the most care. She had not allowed it to drag in the dirt, but still she was becoming weary of it. The two sisters met her and walked with her, and she thought the sun shone with an unusual splendor; but at last she said, "Nothing else could be so like the morning save Celia, and the summer's radiance was all in my beloved Munda. Oh, my sisters, come and walk with me, and bring me your pearls and gems to keep my garments bright."

And they brought the rarest gems of light and put upon her, until her garment shone so that no one thought it old. Wherever she went she shed forth light. The world seemed the more beautiful for every step she took. Every gem that fell from her garments was replaced by another, that glowed more brightly than the one that was lost.

When her journey was ended, she came to her mother and said:

"Thou didst give me a beautiful mantle, and I have worn it long. Take it now, for I have seen another that awaits me, that will be lighter and brighter. I lay this down gladly, and go hence with a happy heart, for in my new garment of light I shall tread the paths my sisters tread."

The old man paused. The sun had been shaded by a cloud, but now it burst forth with a sudden radiance; it lighted up his silver hair and beard, and Nela, looking up, said:

"Are you Flora with the white mantle, grandpa?"

"I hope I am, my child, for I am almost through my journey, and I see those who have put on their shining garments, and I know one awaits me."

"Then I am to be Munda," said Nela with a sigh. "I was just saying I wanted to live ever and ever so long; and I am sure I was looking for Lucy out here under the violets we have planted."

"There lies the tattered garment she could not longer wear," said Mr. Graves. "She only cast it off, and her mother earth took it. She is just the same to love us and care for us, but she has on a brighter garment. When the body gets rent by disease, and its uses and beauty are lost, then the spirit lays it down, and puts on one finer and more beautiful. But the spirit is the same. Who would have made Lucy drag her tired body longer? Its rose tint was faded and its pearls lost, but her spiritual one can never grow dim, but brightens each hour of her new life, for through it shines forever the brightness of her spirit."

"And then you called the good mother that gave our garments—" said Tony, hesitating.

"I called her Nature. She is a loving mother, and our natural bodies are beautiful gifts from her. They are full of wonder, and we should never abuse them. We have no right to spoil these wonderful garments. But we should take good care of them, keeping them from all that can defile them. Then when we cast them off, we should do it naturally and gladly. The good old man that dies, lies down as one who gently falls asleep and awakens in the new life."

"But, grandpa, Lucy was not to be blamed because her garment got torn."

"No indeed. She was a frail little flower, that no one knew well how to tend. Perhaps if she had early had all the loving care she needed, she might have been a stronger plant; but that is not for us to say. She could not travel longer with her frail mantle about her, and we should not regret that she laid it aside, but try to recognize her in her new and brighter attire. For the spiritual body is as much fairer than the natural body, as the flower is fairer than the soil. But come, let us make the spot beautiful where we placed the fair but torn garment. Let us plant God's letters here, that every one may read."

"What do you mean, grandpa?" said Nela. "I mean flowers. They are living words, that tell how everything that has life is bringing forth something more beautiful. Yes, put violets on her grave, to tell of all she was; but through the flowers read the eternal lesson of beauty. It cannot die, but puts on new forms continually. I want nothing to speak of eternal life from my grave, but the springing flowers and the creeping grass."

[To be continued.]

Riddle.

A word of five syllables.

My first is a pronoun
In the possessive case;
(To me it's as plain
As the nose on your face.)
When my second you find,
Please do not flout it;
'Tis a kitchen utensil—
Can't well do without it.
My third is a vowel;
Do you object to the letter?
Call it a pronoun.
If that suits you better,
My fourth is an exclamation;
Can you not see the point?
You must recognize it,
Or my whole's out of joint.
My fifth is the name of a note;
You will find it, if you look,
On the staff of the music
In an old-fashioned book.
My whole is the name of
A place of some renown
In the West India islands,
Claimed by the Spanish crown.

P. O.

Original Essays.

THE WORK OF SPIRITUALISM.

The writer has with great profit read the Banner of Light for many years past, and does not intend ever, voluntarily, to allow his subscription to expire. In it are taught truths such as no other publication contains. It has been the great pioneer in the field of human progress, and has opened the way to free thought and free expression. The numbers who through its instrumentality have shaken off the man-made creeds of the popular churches, can scarcely be estimated. The truths which it advocates, unlike the mere theories of theologians, are capable of absolute demonstration.

Spiritualism has something definite for a basis, viz: the most unquestionable proof of the continued existence of man, after the dissolution of this "earthly tabernacle." This great and startling reality has no place in the system of any of the numerous sects into which the Christian world is divided. Not but they have a sort of indefinite and intangible theory of a life after this, mixed up with various equally mysterious notions of revenges and rewards, heavens and hells; but the imagination of every individual is left to fill the details as may best suit his own peculiar notions. Mostly, however, they have an endless hell, made up of actual physical torture, and an equally endless heaven, where the only occupations of its inhabitants will be acts of worship, such as the Church prescribes. But when those future states of existence shall commence—whether immediately after the termination of this life, or whether the soul shall remain dormant through countless and indefinite ages, until a general resurrection and judgment, they either disagree or have no definite idea. What kind of a world that is—I mean in regard to scenery and material objects—into which we shall pass after this life, or whether it be a material world at all, the theology of Christendom leaves us entirely in the dark.

Spiritualism, on the contrary, gives us exact and specific information on these points. To me, it is a subject of tremendous and absorbing interest, to know the sort of a world of which I am soon to become an inhabitant.

The time which any of us can hope to remain on this earth is short. The life to come is the principal life. We are like travelers going to a far country, and like them our chief interest should be in what lays before us.

The truths taught by simply unfolding the laws of Nature are most beautiful, mainly because they admit of absolute demonstration.

This is all there is of Spiritualism—a mere unfolding of Nature, nothing more. It finds the magnetic cord connecting all things, all material and all spiritual essences, and simply following along its course, examines, classifies and determines. It learns by actual demonstration the great truth, that

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

These great truths, so intimately connected with the well being of man in this world, as well as in that upon which we shall soon enter, are now making unparalleled progress. It is not quite so unfashionable now to be a Spiritualist as it once was.

The thinkers—at least four-fifths of all the advanced men here in California—are now either openly or secretly, in greater or less degrees, converts to these great truths. They say, very truly, that Spiritualism affords the only tangible ground for hope or belief in a future state of existence; that the Bible (taking it for true) when reduced to a point, teaches and proves absolutely nothing upon this subject. The few obscure intimations which it contains are not sufficient to found any belief or any theory upon.

But when Spiritualism comes with its actual messages and communications from those once mortal, and who dwell amongst us, now on the far shores of immortality; when they come with such circumstances of identity as carry with them irresistible conviction, telling us of the actualities and surroundings of their present; when, availing themselves of this magnetic cord, they speak to us through the material substances which surround us—through the organism of our fellow-mortals—by words uttered, by writings, by movements of ponderous bodies, by the melody of musical instruments, by paintings, by utterances in foreign or in dead languages, and in various other ways—then something tangible and actual is presented upon which to found a belief. When, in addition, some of the more favored and more highly developed actually enter the precincts of that other world, and hold real converse with its inhabitants, seeing as really as they ever saw them upon the earth, the loved and lost who have gone before, and conversing with them face to

face, then to such so highly favored, belief becomes merged in absolute knowledge. Faith and hope have been actually in this life consumed. They no longer need search for evidence of immortality, and their only care is to cultivate and develop their higher nature, and enter amongst the choice spirits and the blessed society awaiting them.

But all are not thus favored. The writer is not amongst the favored ones in this respect, but is compelled to take his evidences second-hand—to believe from what has happened to and through others, and not from personal experiences. And yet the proofs afforded to me through these means are of the most convincing nature.

No doubt much that passes under the name of mediumship is unreliable. This we all admit. Not that the assumed mediums are in all cases impostors. They are mainly honest, but sometimes self-deceived. They are mostly of an impressive organization, and capable, by an act of the will, of passing into a mesmeric state, and while in this state may give utterance to thoughts and enunciate ideas which have no source beyond themselves. The spectators may jump to the conclusion that the utterances are from the denizens of the unseen world, and, indeed, they may purport to be such. The mesmerized subject may have passed into that state with the thought of spirit intercourse uppermost in his mind, and this one predominant thought may have produced all the supposed communications.

But aside from all this there are abundant evidences of genuine spirit-communication. Many of these so conclusive as to preclude all ground for dispute, I could cite as having occurred in my presence. They are of a nature similar to those from time to time published in the Banner. On the internal and indisputable evidence afforded by these "tests," an enduring and unwavering faith must follow.

But Spiritualism teaches more than simply that we shall continue to live amidst the enchanting scenery of another world. It teaches love—love to God and to man; and it is this great principle which will, in time, be extended to all the affairs of human society, lifting up the bowed down—encouraging the weak, reforming the vicious, instructing the ignorant, and banishing bigotry and "all uncharitableness" from the world.

Slowly but surely the great world of mankind is approaching this goal. Every struggle against wrong, every true reform, whether in Church or State, in religion or government, is a step in this direction.

As true knowledge increases, so will true love to man increase with it. Priestcraft and priestly dictation will be the first to fall. Indeed, in all truly enlightened communities it has already fallen. Only the ignorant, the narrow-minded and the prejudiced give it their support.

Enlightened congregations and societies, even of our so-called Orthodox Churches, no longer listen to the senseless jargon of thirty, or even twenty years ago. Election and reprobation, the inscrutable decrees of God, the plan of redemption, man's fall and total depravity, and kindred subjects, have given way to lectures upon our conduct toward the other, literary dissertations and other subjects of practical interest. All this, not because the priests or their theology have changed, but because the age in its enlightenment has outgrown these husks.

Even our magazine literature is beginning to be controlled by the market (so to speak), as witness "The Haunted House at Watertown," in the August number of Harper. That respectable and popular periodical would hardly dare to have published such a narrative three years ago. And we may claim this as a striking evidence of the giant strides of truth within that time. I have no doubt but that a large majority, perhaps two-thirds, of the subscribers and readers of Harper, are of our faith, and in giving place to the narrative, the publishers have only and fairly met the wants and sentiments of their patrons.

But I fear I am writing quite too much. The subject opens before me, and I must stop.

I may hereafter say something about our local affairs, but enough for the present. A. M. C.

San Francisco, Cal., 1867.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

BY L. U. REAVIS.

It is only possible for the navigator, sailing over unknown seas, to take his ship the most direct way to a new continent the first voyage; much time may be lost in sailing off the direct line, and much delay grow out of the confusion between the officers about matters which they know nothing of, and are unreal. So it is with the struggles of a new science or philosophy. Vague and false notions will often create discussion and confusion without conferring a particle of interest upon the cause at issue.

Spiritualism is the new budding forth and advanced growth of the religious element of man; it teaches of creation and of the life that now is and is to come; but it teaches not of life before creation. It teaches not of the existence of human beings before a cause to produce them.

But in the mazes of a new faith and philosophy, the best are apt to become bewildered and dazzled by the effulgence of a new light. It is a matter of regret that some are so strayed from the path of truth as to waste their time in writing long articles to prove the preexistence of a human being. Whoever reads one of these articles will be reminded of the old theology and its kind of evidence. Read one of the old sermons in defence of some doctrine of theology, and you will find in evidence profuse quotations from ancient writers, apostles, prophets, &c., &c. Read one of these articles on the preexistence of the human being, and you will find quoted in evidence all the vague and the lucid imaginations of the poets and enthusiastic philosophers. Who can accept such argument, and especially in favor of a vagary that has no possibility of truth?

Who argues for the preexistence of man, knocks the foundation from under all philosophy, for we must accept a beginning of each manifestation of creation in its own way, and he who argues for the preexistence is compelled to follow his argument back forever.

Each planet, like a tree or a vine, bears its own fruit, and man is the ripest fruit on the tree of life. He is a product of law. His existence and individuality have been distilled through all the formative and creative processes of the planet, and here we first begin to be.

It is easy to conceive how men and women of fertile imaginations can with unbridled license put into lines imaginings which they know not of; but it is impossible to conceive of the existence of a race of beings who come into existence without any cause of creation.

"I say, Jones, how is it that your wife dresses so magnificently, and you always appear out as the almsman?" Jones, (impressively and significantly,) "You see, Thompson, my wife dresses according to the *Gazette of Fashion*, and I dress according to my Ledger."

chief, throwing responsibilities on the innocent that legitimately belonged to the transgressor; thought soap and clean, pure water far better to wash away the sins of the flesh, when well applied, than all the baptismal ceremonies of the priesthood. He recommended, for the removal of sin, our returning and conforming to the laws of health for the body, and moral and spiritual laws for the soul.

Let us take a fact: Mr. Simonds, a member of the United States Senate, from Rhode Island, a great and a careful man, published to the world, gave his own name, and the name of his wife, in the presence of a woman who was called a medium.' On the table before him lay a pencil and sheet of paper. The pencil moved—no visible hand touching it—and wrote "P. T. Simonds." After writing his name, it moved back, and wrote "Mrs. Simonds." The Senator says, was that of his son, writing, the Senator thought, in California. The agent that moved the pencil went on to write a communication, claiming to be young Simonds, and giving an account of his death in San Francisco, a few days before. Now, the Senator affirms that the next day he received the communication, and that, corroborating in all respects the account he had received in presence of the medium. What shall we say? That the grave Senator uttered a falsehood? Who will say that? A lady well known in literary circles, was present at the sitting and puts herself in print, reaffirming the Senator's statement. Will any one say that the lady who knows them will say that. Were they mistaken? The case does not admit of mistake. Either these things are true, or no truth outside the dull routine of life can be established by testimony. Will

Edward McClain, of our city, was one of the first members of Liberty Group in the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Philadelphia, subsequently, was elected Leader of that Group, and for the last

toward this high ground. It is progressive, the Such being the fact, it will become merged Spiritualism. So, whether progressive or progressive, its "manifest destiny" is its absorption by Spiritualism. Then will come the pe

have intellectual vigor and strength, &c. All the parts of our nature cultivated, according to the natural laws of our being, into harmonious action and development, will give us joy, peace and happiness.

Warren Smith followed, criticising the vicarious atonement for the redemption of sinners. He thought the doctrine dangerous and full of mischief.

broth were full of love and charity, and yet poised as to the duty of the hour. At a little after 10 o'clock the meeting adjourned, to meet at the Call of the Executive Committee. The next meeting of the General Society is to be held in Washington, D. C., the last week in January next.

and it is high time another Luther nailed to the door a thesis denouncing the further desecration of reason and spirit to deadly force; and we appeal to the Church to use its power, and to speak plainly for the radical peace principles of Jesus

6. *Resolved*, That we must look to the children as our friends, and cordially invite them to the standard of peace. Let them abstain from military trainings, practice the principles of love among themselves, and learn the arts of peace. Let their playthings, school books and reading matter be less in the spirit of war.

7. *Resolved*, That we reject the propositions, "In time of peace, prepare for war," and "Peace at any price," for the

former perpetrates war, and the latter repudiates the only price for peace, which is righteousness; for peace will never cease its demands until the sanctity of human life and human rights is universally acknowledged; and in accepting the declaration, "First pure, and then peaceable," we are no excuse for war, which is impure itself and the parent of great impurity, and an "armed peace" being inconsistent, and a reproach to the age, we demand disarmament and arbitration the world over.

8. *Resolved*, That the working-man need see that by his personal and purse he sustains war; that he does the fighting, suffers the torture, and pays the war tax; that peace is bread, tune, compensation and education; and if, from moral conviction, he would refuse to bind and hire himself to rob, maim, starve or kill man, woman, boy or girl, he can find no fault with the following:

9. *Resolved*, That the Indians in insurrection against wrong and outrage, and any peace will be but temporary, except it secure to him the same right over the homestead and appro-

printed domain as is granted to others, until the invidious distinction of "Indians not taxed" is removed from the Constitution, and he is placed in the line of citizenship with proper representation. Let him become interested in the Pacific Railroad and he will be our friend, and it will not be so laid in blood. The citizens of our country to Christianity is false, and they will receive condign retribution.

10. *Resolved*, That it is an insult to common sense to substitute deadly force for reason, and to kill countrymen to save a

At the evening session a discussion ensued on the resolutions, which took a wide range, and

It was urged that each member should originate peace ideas in his own heart, by practicing Christian virtues, and there would be no cause for either arbitration or war.

A slight amendment was offered and accepted to the second and third resolutions, Lucretia Mott making the suggestions. The meeting increased in number and interest, and speeches were made by Robert E. Evans, John W. Husn, Rachel W. Townsend, Dr. Child, Alfred H. Love, and Lucretia Mott, on the resolutions, the first in

Mr. Wadsworth, of Chicago, then spoke on the

influence of children, and but duty toward them. Bennett G. Walters, of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, Charles Parker, of Philadelphia, Mr. Hood, and others, made short addresses. Jeremiah Hacker, of Berlin, N. J., spoke fully, and the meeting was animated throughout with the spirit of true radical peace, and the closing remarks of Lucretia

Mott were full of love and charity, and yet pointed us to the duty of the hour. At a little after 10 o'clock the meeting adjourned, to meet at the Call of the Executive Committee. The next meeting of the General Society is to be held in Washington, D. C., the last week in January next.

In the realm of matter. With a firm reliance then, friends, on the spirit-world, as instruments in the hands of the great Father of humanity for the purpose of bringing about the complete redemption of his children from their low and groveling conditions—from the condition of the first man, Adam, who was of the earth, earthy, to that of the second man, who is a quickening spirit; and as we realize this, we shall come out from these inharmonies, and dwell in peace in the knowledge that all things work together for good.

CLOSING OF THE CONVENTION.

The President said that the business being all completed, we are about to close the labors of the Convention. The Secretary will please read the minutes of the afternoon and evening sessions.

Dr. Child remarked:

BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE FOURTH NATIONAL CONVENTION—Will you allow me a few moments? I accepted the position of Secretary of this Convention knowing that it involved a vast amount of labor, but my heart and soul are in the work, and I intend to labor while I have the ability. I have met many of you old and familiar friends, and a large number of new ones whose faces I had not seen before, and as I have looked into your eyes and felt the warm, friendly grasp of your hands, I have been amply repaid for the effort of coming to this Convention. Friends, may we all return to our homes with renewed strength and renewed resolve to labor on in the great work of humanity with the angel-world, and under the blessed smile of our Father in heaven.

The minutes were then read, and after a pause, when the motion to adjourn was made, the Secretary read the following minutes:

Having been favored in the various sittings of this Convention to transact all the business which has come before us, even though the conflict of ideas has at times produced some discord, we are still convinced that "error of opinion may be safely tolerated, if reason be left free to combat it." The evidences of the progress of our cause—the increased and increasing interest, which is being awakened over the entire world in it, are encouraging to us. Trusting that each succeeding year shall find us, individually and as a Convention, advancing in all that is desirable for us, we now adjourn, to meet at the Call of the Executive Committee next year.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., Secretary.

631 Race Street, Philadelphia.

Correspondence in Brief.

HARriet DAYTON, ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS. O—Light is beaming in this direction, and many are coming out in the defence of free thought. Bro. O. P. Kellogg is doing a good work here. He is a talented speaker, and does well for the cause of truth. He speaks here the second Sunday of each month.

VINCENT, N. J., says a correspondent, is fast becoming a beautiful place. It was but little more than six years ago a wilderness. The town now contains ten or eleven thousand inhabitants, with fine streets and houses of various styles of architecture, some of which are very fine and imposing in their appearance. New store buildings are being opened almost daily, displaying all of the various kinds of merchandise which the place demands. The climate is fine and healthy, and the soil well adapted to fruit, vegetables, cereals and grass. Many of the fruit farms and gardens are already very beautiful. Vincent is settled principally by people from the New England States and New York. Some are from the West, with a sprinkling from Pennsylvania and New Jersey. They are intelligent, energetic, and working to make the place what its founder, C. K. Landis, intended it to be—one of the most beautiful spots on this part of the earth. And they will succeed.

N. E. MANN, President of the Spiritual Association, Wellington, O.—We have organized a Society, calling ourselves Friends of Progress of Oberlin and vicinity; although few in number, yet earnest in purpose. The Oberlin Faculty, with all its learned professors, bring their theological batteries against us to dislodge us, and forbid their students attending our meetings under penalty of expulsion. I have been told that some have already been expelled for this offence. But we have every reason for encouragement, notwithstanding all opposition, for we know that we have the spirit-world to strengthen and uphold us, and Old Theology cannot prevail against us. Mrs. F. A. Logan, of New York, favored us with her ministrations of love, and awakened considerable interest in the Children's Lyceum question. Had it been in the spring-time, we should at once have organized a Lyceum. Mrs. Logan is earnest in her work, and we bespeak for her a kindly reception wherever she goes. We hope the good angels will continue to send us earnest and efficient speakers.

J. NEWELL, YPSILANTI, MICH.—For some time I have felt it my duty to drop a few lines to the fountain source of knowledge from whence we receive so many beautiful facts in relation to our spiritual faith. Though we are situated (it might be thought by some) in the far off West, we feel, and without boasting we say that it is the center and garden of the world. But regardless of that, oh how we thirst for spiritual food—such as comes so freely through our mediums in various parts of the country. And why I ask, is it that some kind, loving angel will not drop down amongst us, and prescribe for our spiritual wants? Within the last year we have had but very little spiritual speaking. For two years previous to that we were well supplied with good speaking from various mediums. This is quite a number of us, when together, and material enough around us to fill one of the largest halls in the land. Oh for a head and center! If you could only persuade some kind, able and loving spiritual medium to come and settle down for a season with us—in one of the most beautiful cities of the West—we will do all we can to aid and assist him or her to build up that most noble of all philosophies, Spiritualism.

SARAH GRAYES, BERLIN, MICH.—The cause of our philosophy is progressing in this vicinity. After our grove meeting in August, we engaged our noble sister, L. A. Penhall, to give us two more lectures. I then appointed a series of free conference meetings—as we had been prohibited from speaking in the social meetings of the Orthodox in this place, and told to hold our own meetings—to be held in the public school-house. The result is we have had some opposition and a full house. But our opponents have used their last weapon, ridicule, and retired from the field, saying they "did not envy our position, setting ourselves up as a mark to butt against." Truth is a rock, against which they will break and not injure us in the least. They are now trying to break up our meetings by closing the house against us. We are holding a series of free conferences, which awaken thought and inquiry. When I came from Grand Rapids one year ago, there was no interest in Spiritualism here, but now the people begin to think for themselves. But it needs much labor and careful living to be a good book to be read by all men. The angel-world is ever near us, and we that give our lives to the promulgation of our gospel know we have need of the sympathy of all true men and women to sustain us in our arduous work.

E. BRADLEY, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—In the Call for a Quarterly Convention of Vermont, to be held at Middlebury, Vt., in January next, I notice a hearty welcome to speakers, &c., from other States. I and several speakers from other States attended their annual meeting at Royalton, last August. A Committee of Messrs. Walker, Palmer and Wilder were appointed to superintend the meetings, designate speakers, conferences, times, &c. The Committee announced in open meeting, "if there were speakers who wished to speak, they would report themselves to the Committee."

I saw Mr. Wilder the next day, and remarked to him, "it was placing a speaker in very indelicate circumstances. If they wished to hear any speaker, they could have him or her by asking. If they did not wish to hear me, it was the height of impudence for me to impose myself upon the Convention." He made no dissent. Some of the speakers were put forward two or three times, while far sabbier ones (not myself) were not invited to speak at all. Now, that speakers may know what to expect, I write concerning their rule. I should never attend their, or any other Convention on such terms.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 30, Station D, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearth, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and care to meet in happy air."
(LUCAS HOWE.)

NELA HASTINGS.

CHAP. X.—SPRING FLOWERS.

Two winters' snows had fallen on Lucy's grave, and the second spring had come, and the tender grass was creeping over it, and the maple tree above it was red with its early blossoms. Nela, Rosa and Tony had come with offerings from the woods and fields, and were busy in trying to make violets feel at home in that quiet spot, and to make fern and ivy grow beside the white head-stone. It was a warm day, and they were heated by their exercise and sat down not far off for rest.

"It looks very sweet, doesn't it?" said Nela; "somehow these violets are just like Lucy, and I like to come here now; but in the winter was n't it dreadful? I shivered all over when I looked this way."

"I don't see the use in people's dying, anyhow," said Tony. "If I had made the world, I would have made everybody live till they got to be so old they would n't want to live any longer."

"Well," said Nela, "I hope I won't die for ever and ever so long, it's so nice to live."

"But there comes Mr. Graves; I was just thinking about him," said Rosa; "he says it's all living; that we don't ever die."

"Well, I suppose he thinks so," said Tony; "but when I see that little grave there, I can't for the life of me tell how he makes it out."

"Ah, children, I did not think to find you here," said the old gentleman, coming among them as a companion would come. "I fancied you were up the brook hunting for pussy willows, or making whistles out in the field. I love to come and sit here once in awhile, it's so restful and sweet. It's like coming to a high hill on a journey—a looking-off place. It seems to me like a spot lifted up for me to see all about the spiritual kingdom, just as our mountains and hills give us the range of the whole country round about."

"It looks dreadful to me sometimes," said Nela, the tears gathering in her eyes. "I want to go right down into the ground and bring Lucy up, and look into her face and love her, and because I can't I get to crying, and then I can't see even the flowers."

"That's so, little one; tears shut out the beautiful sights from our eyes, and hide from us what would be most pleasant. But if you are not in a hurry, let me tell you one of my stories."

"We are never in a hurry when you want to talk," said Nela, "only I keep wondering where all your stories come from."

"I expect," said Tony, "they are the blossoms that come out, just as the maple tree is full, and if we pick all we want to-day, we shall find a plenty more to-morrow."

"That's pretty true, my boy. My life was a rough and hard one, a kind of winter; but I was getting ready for a spring-time, and before long my spring will end in a glowing summer. But to begin:

A mother once said to her children, 'Do not linger here longer, but start on your journey. I have your garments all prepared. Come, Nela, here is yours—a lovely rose-tinted uniformment with pearls. Could anything be fairer? But mind you, the pearls will fall off with ill usage, and the texture of the garment will be spoiled with carelessness or neglect.'

Here is yours, Munda. It is of splendid green, with diamond trimmings; see how they glister! Nothing but heedlessness need make you ever ashamed of your attire, for these gems will brighten as you journey on; but they will be lost, never to be regained, if you go among the brambles and thorns.

Come, Flora, here is yours—a white mantle, covered all over with the blue turquoise. It is large enough to envelop you, and more beautiful than a white cloud on the azure sky; but let it drag in the dirt, and it will be like the grey mist when the sun is down, and the gems will be in the sand where you cannot recover them."

Well, the children started on their journey. The day was fair, and the earth seemed like a garden of blooming beauty. There was nothing but joy for them as they went among singing birds and murmuring fountains, or rested beside the softly flowing water. But nowhere does the sun forever shine. The night came on too soon, with its chill dampness, and the travelers did not seem to be prepared for it; but they decided to rest as best they could.

Cela was a thoughtful little thing, but she thought more of the stars than she did of her mother's advice, and gazed at the moon instead of gathering up her tunic, and having a care of her lovely pearls. The morning came with heavy clouds, but still the travelers knew they had better move on. Cela's pearls looked already dim, but she unbought her girle and let the winds sweep through the folds of her tunic. It shook like a sail. The winds tattered it, and the pearls fell as the dewdrops fall when the south wind shakes the Meadow Park. She shivered with the chill and cold, but she bound not up her garments; weary and depressed she sat down beside the sea, and stretched her eyes far away with longing. She saw white sails and she beckoned to them, but they did not come near. Through another weary day and night she dragged herself in her tattered garments. They were dim as the soil she trod upon, and the pearls lay all back along her track; scarcely one was left upon her tunic.

"I will return to my mother. She sent me forth on this journey, and if she bids me I will travel on; but if she is the dear mother I believe, she will give me another garment."

"Oh, child of my heart!" said the mother with open arms, "thou hast come back sooner than I thought, for after these clouds would have dawned a beautiful morrow; but thou couldst not hear the tempest and the rough wind. Little one, thou art dearer to me than ever! Take off that torn and tattered garment. Thou hast scattered thy pearls and lost its beauty. But who can complain or chide thee? It was a rough, hard way, and thou hast had no experience to teach thee."

"Then thou wilt not send me out again?" said Cela.

"No, no, sweet one, not without thy new garment."

And she unfashioned the worn, soiled garment and laid it aside where she might never see it, for it was no longer of any use. But she put upon her a garment compared to what she had worn was dull and disagreeable. It was as light as the glowing mist of the mountain, and as radiant as the sky at sunset. Its pearls and gems had in them an inward fire, so that they glowed like stars and moon rays.

"Now," said the mother, "thou must not go, my child, in the same path that thou didst journey in before, but over the mountain into the land of sunshine. There nothing will mar the beauty of thy garment, but it will grow brighter day by day."

Munda and her sister repined when they knew that their sister had put on a more beautiful garment and had departed to the land of the sunlight.

"She should have gone with us," they said. "The way was no harder for her than for us."

"But her garments were so torn she could travel no further," said the mother.

Then they fell to weeping because they should no more see the rose-tinted tunic embroidered with pearls.

"It was as lovely as the morning," said Munda. "How we used to watch for it through the flower-norbs and the groves. It was just what we needed—that garment so bright and beautiful!" said Flora.

"Did you not know, my children, that it was only the garment that I cast away? Cela has now another more radiant and lovely."

"Don't tell us of it," said Munda reproachfully. "We want to see the pink and pearl garment that made our way so bright."

"Why, my children, what folly you are talking! I say to you the garment only is lost. Cela has a more beautiful one now."

"You speak nonsense to us! We will not look for her in other garments," said Munda.

"Oh, children beloved, can I not show you how little is the garment, yet how dear is that which the garment covers? Behold that heap of rags! You will not touch them for their blackness, but that's all that is left of the beautiful garment that you call your sister. Go your ways, and perhaps you may yet meet her in her shining beauty, with the garment that cannot be torn and rent, and whose pearls will never lie in the dust."

But the sisters would not be reconciled, and went forth again on their journey sighing and lamenting. Often their sister stood before them, but they would not recognize her. They remembered only the tunic of rose and pearl, and would not call anything else their sister.

After many weary journeys, Munda's garments of green and diamond lustre grew dimmed. Then were storms and clouds, cold and weariness, and the gems fell off her emerald robe, and its texture was so injured that no one would have known it as the same that her happy mother wrapped about her when she sent her forth. She was weary, too. The way had been long, and she would not have it cheered by the light that Cela would have thrown about her. She could travel no further, and, worn and dispirited, she returned to her mother.

"Oh, mend my garment, my mother; it is all torn and tattered; its edges are heavy with mud, and they drag at every step. But patch it up; bind it about me."

"But, child, did you not know I had a garment more beautiful than the other? It is all prepared for you, if you will only take off this one and put it on."

"I will not," said Munda. "I am perfectly satisfied with this. How can I tell that I shall like the other? This I have worn so long I know all about it."

"But I tell you the other glows like the sunlight on the water; it is brighter than anything I can tell you of. It is like the gems and the flowers and the sunsets that you so love. Come, darling, let me put it on you."

But she would not, and clung to her poor shreds until helpless; then the good mother loosened the bands, unclasped the hands, and put on the shining garment, and she awoke as glad as a child, and went forth to search for her sister. She soon found her and said:

"I would not know you when I needed you most. Let us go together for our Flora. She is weeping that she cannot find us."

Flora had kept her garment with the most care. She had not allowed it to drag in the dirt, but still she was becoming weary of it. The two sisters met her and walked with her, and she thought the sun shone with an unusual splendor; but at last she said, "Nothing else could be so like the morning saw Cela, and the summer's radiance was all in my beloved Munda. Oh, my sisters, come and walk with me, and bring me your pearls and gems to keep my garments bright."

And they brought the rarest gems of light and put upon her; until her garment shone so that no one thought it old. Wherever she went she shed forth light. The world seemed the more beautiful for every step she took. Every gem that fell from her garments was replaced by another, that glowed more brightly than the one that was lost.

When her journey was ended, she came to her mother and said:

"Thou didst give me a beautiful mantle, and I have worn it long. Take it now, for I have seen another that awaits me, that will be lighter and brighter. I lay this down gladly, and go hence with a happy heart, for in my new garment of light I shall tread the paths my sisters tread."

The old man paused. The sun had been shaded by a cloud, but now it burst forth with a sudden radiance; it lighted up his silver hair and beard, and Nela, looking up, said:

"Are you Flora with the white mantle, grandpa?"

"I hope I am, my child, for I am almost through my journey, and I see those who have put on their shining garments, and I know one awaits me."

"Then I am to be Munda," said Nela with a sigh. "I was just saying I wanted to live over and over so long; and I am sure I was looking for Lucy out here under the violets we have planted."

"There lies the tattered garment she could no longer wear," said Mr. Graves. "She only cast it off, and her mother earth took it. She is just the same to love us and care for us, but she has on a brighter garment. When the body gets rent by disease, and its uses and beauty are lost, then the spirit lays it down, and puts on one finer and more beautiful. But the spirit is the same. Who would have made Lucy drag her tired body through? Its rose tint was faded and its pearls lost, but her spiritual one can never grow dim, but brightens each hour of her new life, for through it shines forever the brightness of her spirit."

"And then you called the good mother that gave our garments—" said Tony, hesitating.

"I called her Nature. She is a loving mother, and our natural bodies are beautiful gifts from her. They are full of wonder, and we should never abuse them. We have no right to spoil these wonderful garments. But we should take good care of them, keeping them from all that can defile them. Then when we cast them off, we should do it naturally and gladly. The good old man that dies, lies down as one who gently falls asleep and awakens in the new life."

"But, grandpa, Lucy was not to be blamed because her garment got torn."

"No indeed. She was a frail little flower, that no one knew well how to tend. Perhaps if she had early had all the loving care she needed, she

might have been a stronger plant; but that is not for us to say. She could not travel longer with her frail mantle about her, and we should not regret that she laid it aside, but try to recognize her in her new and brighter attire. For the spiritual body is as much fairer than the natural body, as the flower is fairer than the soil. But come, let us make the spot beautiful where we placed the fair but torn garment. Let us plant God's letters here, that every one may read."

"What do you mean, grandpa?" said Nela.

"I mean flowers. They are living words, that tell how everything that has life is bringing forth something more beautiful. Yes, put violets on her grave, to tell of all she was; but through the flowers read the eternal lesson of beauty. It cannot die, but puts on new forms continually. I want nothing to speak of eternal life from my grave, but the springing flowers and the creeping grass."

[To be continued.]

Riddle.

A word of five syllables.
My first is a pronoun
In the possessive case;
(To me it's as plain
As the nose on your face.)
When my second you find,
Please do not flout it;
'Tis a kitchen utensil—
Can't well do without it.
My third is a vowel;
Do you object to the letter?
Call it a pronoun,
If that suits you better.
My fourth is an exclamation;
Can you not see the point?
You must recognize it;
Or my whole's out of joint.
My fifth is the name of a note;
You will find it, if you look,
On the staff of the music
In an old-fashioned book.
My whole is the name of
A place of some renown
In the West India Islands,
Claimed by the Spanish crown.
P. C.

Original Essays.

THE WORK OF SPIRITUALISM.

The writer has with great profit read the Banner of Light for many years past, and does not intend ever, voluntarily, to allow his subscription to expire. In it are taught truths such as no other publication contains. It has been the great pioneer in the field of human progress, and has opened the way to free thought and free expression. The numbers who through its instrumentality have shaken off the man-made creeds of the popular churches, can scarcely be estimated. The truths which it advocates, unlike the mere theories of theologians, are capable of absolute demonstration.

Spiritualism has something definite for a basis, viz: the most unquestionable proof of the continued existence of man, after the dissolution of this "earthly tabernacle." This great and startling reality has no place in the system of any of the numerous sects into which the Christian world is divided. Not but they have a sort of indefinite and intangible theory of a life after this, mixed up with various equally mysterious notions of revenges and rewards, heavens and hells; but the imagination of every individual is left to fill the details as may best suit his own peculiar notions. Mostly, however, they have an endless hell, made up of actual physical torture, and an equally enduring heaven, where the only occupations of its inhabitants will be acts of worship, such as the Church prescribes. But when those future states of existence shall commence—whether immediately after the termination of this life, or whether the soul shall remain dormant through countless and indefinite ages, until a general resurrection and judgment, they either disagree or have no definite idea. What kind of a world that is—I mean in regard to scenery and material objects—into which we shall pass after this life, or whether it be a material world at all, the theology of Christendom leaves us entirely in the dark.

Spiritualism, on the contrary, gives us exact and specific information on these points. To me, it is a subject of tremendous and absorbing interest, to know the sort of a world of which I am soon to become an inhabitant.

The time which any of us can hope to remain on this earth is short. The life to come is the principal life. We are like travelers going to a far country, and like them our chief interest should be in what lays before us.

The truths taught by simply unfolding the laws of Nature are most beautiful, mainly because they admit of absolute demonstration.

This is all there is of Spiritualism—a mere unfolding of Nature, nothing more. It finds the magnetic cord connecting all things, all material and all spiritual essences, and simply following along its course, examines, classifies and determines. It learns by actual demonstration the great truth, that

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

These great truths, so intimately connected with the well being of man in this world, as well as in that upon which we shall soon enter, are now making unparalleled progress. It is not quite so unfashionable now to be a Spiritualist as it once was.

The thinkers—at least four-fifths of all the advanced men here in California—are now either openly or secretly, in greater or less degrees, converts to these great truths. They say, very truly, that Spiritualism affords the only tangible ground for hope or belief in a future state of existence; that the Bible (taking it for true) when reduced to a point, teaches and proves absolutely nothing upon this subject. The few obscure intimations which it contains are not sufficient to found any belief or any theory upon.

But when Spiritualism comes with its actual messages and communications from those once mortal, and who dwell amongst us, now on the bright shores of immortality; when they come with such circumstances of identity as carry with them irresistible conviction, telling us of the actualities and surroundings of their present; when, availing themselves of this magnetic cord, they speak to us through the material substances which surround us—through the organism of our fellow-mortals—by words uttered, by writings, by movements of ponderous bodies, by the melody of musical instruments, by paintings, by utterances in foreign or in dead languages, and in various other ways—then something tangible and actual is presented upon which to found a belief. When, in addition, some of the more favored and more highly developed actually enter the precincts of that other world, and hold real converse with its inhabitants, seeing as really as they ever saw them upon the earth, the loved and lost who have gone before, and conversing with them face to

face, then to such so highly favored, belief becomes merged in absolute knowledge, and hope have been actually in this life. They no longer need search for evidence of immortality, and their only care is to cultivate and develop their higher nature, and amongst the choice spirits and the good society awaiting them.

But all are not thus favored. The writer is not amongst the favored ones in this respect, but is compelled to take his evidences second-hand—to believe from what has happened to and through others, and not from personal experiences. And yet the proofs afforded to me through these means are of the most convincing nature.

No doubt much that passes under the name of mediumship is unreliable. This we all admit. Not that the assumed mediums are in all cases impostors. They are mainly honest, but sometimes self-deceived. They are mostly of an impressive organization, and capable, by an act of the will, of passing into a mesmeric state, and while in this state may give utterance to thoughts and enunciate ideas which have no source beyond themselves. The spectators may jump to the conclusion that the utterances are from the denizens of the unseen world, and, indeed, they may purport to be such. The mesmerized subject may have passed into that state with the thought of spirit intercourse uppermost in his mind, and this one predominant thought may have produced all the supposed communications.

But aside from all this there are abundant evidences of genuine spirit-communication. Many of these so conclusive as to preclude all ground for dispute, I could cite as having occurred in my presence. They are of a nature similar to those from time to time published in the Banner. On the internal and indelible evidences afforded by these "tests," an enduring and unwavering faith must follow.

But Spiritualism teaches more than simply that we shall continue to live amidst the enchanting scenery of another world. It teaches love—love to God and to man; and it is this great principle which will, in time, be extended to all the affairs of human society, lifting up the bowed down—encouraging the weak, reforming the vicious, instructing the ignorant, and banishing bigotry and "all uncharitableness" from the world.

Slowly but surely the great world of mankind is approaching this goal. Every struggle against wrong, every true reform, whether in Church or State, in religion or government, is a step in this direction.

As true knowledge increases, so will true love to man increase with it. Priestcraft and priestly dictation will be the first to fall. Indeed, in all truly enlightened communities it has already fallen. Only the ignorant, the narrow-minded and the prejudiced give it their support.

Enlightened congregations and societies, even of our so-called Orthodox Churches, no longer listen to the senseless jargon of thirty, or even twenty years ago. Election and reprobation, the inscrutable decrees of God, the plan of redemption, man's fall and total depravity, and kindred subjects, have given way to lectures upon our conduct one toward the other, literary dissertations and other subjects of practical interest. All this, not because the priests or their theology have changed, but because the age in its enlightenment has outgrown these husks.

Even our magazine literature is beginning to be controlled by the market (so to speak), as witness "The Haunted House at Watertown," in the August number of Harper. That respectable and popular periodical would hardly dare to have published such a narrative three years ago. And we may claim this as a striking evidence of the giant strides of truth within that time. I have no doubt but that a large majority, perhaps two-thirds, of the subscribers and readers of Harper, are of our faith, and in giving place to the narrative, the publishers have only and fairly met the wants and sentiments of their patrons.

But I fear I am writing quite too much. The subject opens before me, and I must stop.

I may hereafter say something about our local affairs, but enough for the present. A. M. C.
San Francisco, Cal., 1867.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

BY L. U. REAVIS.

It is only possible for the navigator, sailing over unknown seas, to take his ship the most direct way to a new continent the first voyage; much time may be lost in sailing off the direct line, and much delay grow out of the confusion between the officers about matters which they know nothing of, and are unreal. So it is with the struggles of a new science or philosophy. Vague and false notions will often create discussion and confusion without conferring a particle of interest upon the cause at issue.

Spiritualism is the new building forth and advanced growth of the religious element of man; it teaches of creation and of the life that now is and is to come; but it teaches not of life before creation. It teaches not of the existence of human beings before a cause to produce them.

But in the mazes of a new faith and philosophy, the best are apt to become bewildered and dazzled by the effulgence of a new light. It is a matter of regret that some are so strayed from the path of truth as to waste their time in writing long articles to prove the preexistence of a human being. Whoever reads one of these articles will be reminded of the old theology and its kind of evidence. Read one of the old sermons in defence of some doctrine of theology, and you will find in evidence profuse quotations from ancient writers, apostles, prophets, &c., &c. Read one of these articles on the preexistence of the human being, and you will find quoted in evidence all the vague and the lucid imaginations of the poets and enthusiastic philosophers. Who can accept such argument, and especially in favor of a vagary that has no possibility of truth?

He who argues for the preexistence of man, knocks the foundation from under all philosophy, for we must accept a beginning of each manifestation of creation in its own way, and he who argues for the preexistence is compelled to follow his argument back forever.

Each planet, like a tree or a vine, bears its own fruit, and man is the ripest fruit on the tree of life. He is a product of law. His existence and individuality have been distilled through all the formative and creative processes of the planet, and here we first begin to be.

It is easy to conceive how men and women of fertile imaginations can with unbridled license put into lines imaginings which they know not of; but it is impossible to conceive of the existence of a race of beings who come into existence without any cause of creation.

"I say, Jones, how is it that your wife dresses so magnificently, and you always appear out at the elbows?" Jones, (impressively and significantly,) "You see, Thompson, my wife dresses according to the *Gazette of Fashion*, and I dress according to my Ledger."

od an to the duty of the hour. At a little after 10 o'clock the meeting adjourned, to meet at the call of the Executive Committee. The next meeting of the General Society is to be held in Washington, D. C., the last week in January next.

Letter from Emma Hardinge.

To my dear and ever-remembered friends in America: Have I forgotten or neglected you, must dear friends? Truly I could well excuse any of you for asking these questions and attributing my long silence to the affirmative of either. Yet it would be far from the truth were you to do so, as I hope to show you. My first three months in England, namely, August, September and October, were spent in the harassing details of private business and the attempt to find the proper location which would suit, in all respects, to make my dear mother a home after seventy-four long years of weary life-pilgrimage. The haven of rest at last secured, furnished and fitted, under a thousand disadvantages needless to enlarge on, I cast my eyes about me to find matter of sufficient interest to record for my dear American friends.

Finding nothing but what the pages of the London Spiritual Magazine amply supply, or the exclusive nature of the home circle denies publicity to, I deemed it useless to write, and that merely for the sake of reiterating the assurance of kindly remembrance which, for so many years, my friends and co-workers must have had the opportunity of realizing for themselves. The dark circles now so popular in London, would, I well know, afford no light, or find any sympathy with American Spiritualists, and, however I may regret that no other kind of public evidence of spirit-communion seems to be attempted here, I know that the power exists in abundance, and when sensible men and women grow weary of the peculiarities of the dark circle, the abundant medium-powers that exist here will be directed into more high-toned, useful and healthful channels. Meanwhile the noble William Howitt still launches his thunderbolts of spiritual logic and world-wide testimony against Phariseism and skepticism.

The good, true and learned editors of the London Spiritual Magazine cast their bread upon the waters, with an amount of unselfish self-sacrifice little dreamed of by those who withdraw from Spiritualism when it doesn't pay, and hundreds of private circles spread the heaven which must in time fulfill its appointed work, however silently the process is effected.

One fortnight ago I gave my first lecture since crossing the Atlantic. In the great Scottish Babylon of Glasgow, and I may say without equivocation or reservation, that I never before met a more faithful, zealous and devoted body of Spiritualists than the Glasgow Association. There is much medium power amongst them, and one of their number, a "trance painter," described in a late number of the London Magazine, is giving wonderful and convincing tests of the power of spirits to return and re-enact their earthly labors through a human organization. I had the usual gauntlet to run amongst a prejudiced clergy and a servile press; but the lectures were well attended, loudly applauded, and all too warmly appreciated by the noble, warm-hearted friends at whose instance they were given. A charming public Scotch tea-party, a gathering peculiar to the people, delightful, social, yet highly flattering to the subject of such testimonial meetings, was given in my honor, at which my generous entertainers presented me with a charming album and a most tasteful brooch and bracelet, made of the beautiful pebbles of the country.

To me the chief points of interest in our meetings were a Sabbath night lecture and a political one in sympathy with Garibaldi. To us who have in America our organized Sunday meetings by hundreds, and our speakers discoursing on politics as familiarly as Spiritualism, these subjects seem in no wise remarkable enough to allude to; but our Sunday meeting was held in the land of John Knox, and in a city where the magnificent cathedral is destitute of an organ on strictly pious principles.

Think then of a woman conducting a religious service, and an immense packed congregation not only listening to her, but joining in singing the hymns until the solemn and melodious accord of those old Scotch covenanting folk rose in chorus loud enough to be heard over the waste of Atlantic waters, in my own beloved city of New York. Think, too, of the followers of St. Paul, whose stern denunciations against women speaking, &c., are on every lip, listening in a mass of over three thousand persons to an oration on "The Freedom of Nations" and Garibaldi, and then joining in cheers loud and long enough to have reached the Italian Patriot in his captivity!

It is all over now, but has left behind it the memory of a signal success for Spiritualism, and a conclusive evidence to my mind what ENERGY, ZEAL and FIDELITY can achieve; qualities to which my brave Scotch friends owe all our successes, and without which nine-tenths of the defeats and failures of Spiritualism may be attributed.

Last Sunday we commenced a series of Sunday evening meetings in London, at which I am engaged as the lecturer. To sustain these meetings it has been deemed necessary to charge a small admission fee, an act which brought down upon us the wrath and denunciation of the holy "Society for the observance of the Sabbath." These amiable Pharisees kindly warned us of our danger, and mildly suggested that by act of Parliament we must stop or be prosecuted. My Committee waited on the Secretary of the pious Society, saw the pious man, and urged our claims to be considered pious likewise. All was in vain. "We must stop," or be prosecuted, fined, imprisoned, and what not, unless we took proper steps to protect ourselves. "Ay, indeed!" urged one of my Committee, "what steps would you advise?" The pious Secretary, utterly taken aback by the cool assurance of this appeal for advice how to cut his own throat, replied unwittingly: "You must be registered as a religious Society." "Nothing could suit us better," was the reply; and in two hours from thence we were registered, and now commence next Sunday afresh, as "The Spiritual Church." I need scarcely add that we sent complimentary tickets of admission to the pious Secretary, who has taught us how to avoid the blast of his theological thunder. So now we have in the city of London "A Spiritual Church." Its future life, history, success or failure is with him who seems providentially to have ordained it without will of ours, and certainly very contrary to any wish or effort of my own; but "His ways are not as our ways."

And now, beloved friends, I am once more in harness; abroad, doing the little time, circumstances and health will permit me; at home, striving to wade through the immense mass of testimony concerning the work that has been wrought for us by spirits in America, preparatory to inscribing the same in compendious form in my promised work. Memory is ever busy with me, and America and Spiritualism form its most engrossing themes. I will write as the spirit moves me, or come as the spirit sends me; but I am now and ever the devoted friend of America and Spiritualism.

I can be addressed, as usual, care of Mrs. Wilkinson, 336 Euston Road, London, England, where prepaid letters are received; half-paid ones being charged double, have, as I hear, been sent away by the score. I am sorry for this, but cannot avoid it. London, Eng., Nov. 21, 1887.

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Banner of Light.

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Social Evils.

Statistics are dreadful things, because they tell dreadful truths. We have been looking over some that were presented to the notice of the Social Science Convention not long ago held in this city. They are the careful compilation of Dr. Edward Jarvis, of Dorchester, Mass., than whom there is no man in the country who has given the question of the average vitality of human beings, under different conditions and circumstances, a more intelligent and patient study. His figures show, among other things, that human life is not worth near so much in the close packing system of cities, and that many of the ills to which people are subjected, fevers in particular, are ascribable to the want of ventilation. Not many persons are familiar with its principles and rules; and not all of those who are familiar with them are careful to put them in practice.

Mortality increases, says Dr. Jarvis, in almost exact proportion to compactness of population. Country people live longer, as a rule, than their city cousins; and if the cities did not make regular requisitions on the country for fresh and vigorous additions to its population, it is shown that they would in time die out from sheer lack of stock to go on with their business. In the old European cities and in the newer American cities, the old families do not continue permanently in their descendants. They fade away and disappear. Air and light are essential to the continuance of life, whether animal or vegetable; and exercise of the body as well as of the brain is not less so. All these people can get in the country. If there is any lack worth dwelling on, it is that the brain exercise in country life and occupations is insufficient; the limbs and muscles have enough to do, and so has the stomach generally, but the intellectual part is not allowed that play and performance which is not only essential to our highest health, but likewise to the better health of the body itself. Yet this deficiency it is possible to overcome. Intellectual pursuits are as possible in the country as in the city, only we know that they are best advanced and most assisted in the collision and contact which a dense population supplies.

But there are greater and deeper social evils than bad ventilation and ill-adjusted work. One such is sexual infidelity on the part of the men. This is a monstrous crime against the conscience and nature, which, if it fails to provoke remorse, is certain if persisted in to entail penalties that are thought of only with horror. One or two female speakers at this Social Science Convention made the distinct charge against the male sex, that the reason why physical debility had become so notorious was because of this very practice of the men. Perhaps the charge was much too broad, but in its main point it is doubtless too true. Man wastes his vigor and his freshness where he is forbidden to do so alike by nature, by conscience, and by reason. And it is a dissipation that is debasing. Not only are his physical powers impaired by such a habit, but his whole moral nature becomes degenerate. When pure and elevated sentiments fail to rule at the top of the nature, as the fruit of holy instincts which have suffered no outrage at the hands of lust, the fact discloses itself in the superior moral and spiritual quality of the children. This is as true as any gospel can be. A beautiful offspring cannot come of an impure or besotted parentage. A man cannot live in a city of sensual pleasures, and expect to behold around his table a circle of children with countenances on which are writ the fresh and pure impressions of heaven. There is a law in this matter which it behooves men to read, if they feel the movements of fleshly temptations. As there can be nothing more manly than a pure man, so nothing can be more pitifully deteriorated and degraded than one who has blindly and unresistingly sold the bloom of his youth, the freshness of his prime, the beauty of his adolescence, the very glory of his years. How long before intelligent men will learn the truth?

And there is another evil, perhaps more criminal than the last; an evil which has become frightfully common, and threatens to work the destruction of the race itself. It is the ruin of the mother and the child together, and the crime is fecund. We have of late been called on to direct popular attention to it, in consequence of one or two timely publications on the subject. The disinclination of American women in our large cities to bear children is rapidly leading to a permanent incapacity to do so; and if now and then they do become mothers after this abominable practice, their offspring inherits but a feeble body, ill provided with constitutional vigor, and incapable, in its turn, if it should live to the requisite age, to reproduce a posterity. The time has gone by for vulgar people to attempt to ridicule all mention of this matter, or for super-sanctioned people to hold up their hands at it in affected horror. The fact stands out just as it is, and in frightful proportions.

These are among the evils of social life at the present day, which are to be combated with all the power and persistence of which the reformatory press is capable. Unless they are overcome by some means, we must go under as a people, and a better and more vigorous people must rule us. The laws of Nature are even and irrevocable.

An Indian Promise.

It deserves to be recalled as an expressive fact, and one on which the Omaha Daily Herald of Nov. 23 dwells with deserved emphasis, that since our Commissioners to the Indians got their messages of peace into the ears of the red man, not a white person has been killed, not a horse, an ox, nor property of any other kind has been stolen by the Indians over the whole extent of the lines of travel on the plains. This is a statement that needs no interpretation. If we are careful to keep our own pledges, we shall always be more likely to find that others keep theirs; and this is just as true of red men as of white men. We desire to call the attention of Congress and the whole country to this significant fact, and to ask them to build on it a different theory and system of practice from that with which we are so unfortunately familiar. Let us do right by the red man, and see if he persists in refusing to be our equal in the performance of his obligations.

A Chapter from "The Arabula."

The description of the death of his aged father, in this latest book of Andrew Jackson Davis, is perhaps as interesting as any spiritual narrative to be met with, and will richly repay the perusal of all. After speaking of death, and assuring us that it comes to us as a friend to disburden and release us, having no power whatever over the emancipated spirit, Mr. Davis quotes approvingly from Henry Ward Beecher's writings in the same strain, all full of comfort and balm for the depressed and doubting heart, and then proceeds to give a rather detailed account of his venerable parent's physical disrobing and his subsequent birth into the new and beautiful form of immortality.

"It was precisely a quarter before six o'clock, Monday afternoon, April 10th, 1855," says he, "when my venerable father closed his physical eyes forever. Those eyelids which had been raised and dropped, opened and closed, in keeping with the laws of action and rest, during eighty-three years of earthly existence, went down over the fixed gaze for the last time. He 'died,' externally, when 'life' in the temple became heavy and a burden."

For years, his chief source of entertainment consisted in books and the liberal publications of the day. The Banner of Light, published in Boston, was my father's favorite paper. It is the only spiritualistic organ that was ever unflinchingly and unwaveringly devoted to the advocacy and demonstration, through facts of mediumship, of the Central Idea of Individual Immortality. My father used to read every week the communications through Mrs. J. H. Conant. And many times he said: "As soon as I can, I will go to Boston; and you'll hear from me through Mrs. Conant."

Many hours of each day, during the last three years of his life, were devoted to his contemplation of the 'inner life,' and especially concerning the prospect of existence in the 'Summer-Land.' With reference to 'death,' he invariably expressed himself perfectly satisfied. Several times, during the last twenty months of his life, he had visions of the higher and better world, and he was privileged to witness the rolling down of life's curtain, which shut from his material senses the outer world of effects in which we yet dwell; but I was not prepared, just at that hour, to withdraw to the secret closet of clairvoyance.

On the subsequent morning I arose somewhat earlier than usual, and was the first to open the north door of the hall looking upon the garden. I walked out upon the stoop, and halted at the second step of the short flight of stairs outside, and leaned lightly against the vest banister.

At this moment I felt a commotion in the atmosphere at my right hand, and in a few moments I was conscious of a presence. In a word, I was translated into a most perfect state of clairvoyance. The movement of the air was like that caused by a body passing with great swiftness through the immediate space. With my attention thus attracted I turned to the right, and at once saw my father in the act of passing out from the hall into the garden, on a plane level with the floor of the stoop.

The face was his own in every essential feature and line of expression. His motions seemed to be the result of some will power, or intelligence, outside of his consciousness. He walked out with a kind of incision, or languidly, and with the step of unconsciousness peculiar to one moving about in a somnambulic state. There was, however, an expression upon his countenance of complete repose. No child in the slumber of innocence ever looked more serene and happy. It was the expression of 'rest' and profound satisfaction; and along down over his shoulders and new-born body there flowed and shone the same indescribable atmosphere of contentment and beauty.

It appears, on subsequent examination, that he was obedient to the will of another individual, who was observed standing to the east. His father, he believes, was in a state like that known of somnambulism, and he did not awaken on "touching the side of the spiritual man, who stood waiting for him on the northeast corner of the house." "Immediately after he had reached the other side, the train rose rapidly toward the east, and passed beyond the reach of my already retiring vision. Thus my father withdrew from his earthly entanglements."

Mr. Davis hastened to tell "Mary" what he had seen. On going upstairs, not long after, he chanced to step into a small bedroom not far from the chamber in which his father died, and there "most distinctly realized that, in that unoccupied spot, the dual spiritual organization which [his] father bore aloft, on the wings of the morning, was formed and prepared for the eternal pilgrimage. The atmosphere was still warm with the constructive process, which had been so beautifully carried forward during the night."

It was many months before his father communicated through Mrs. Conant, at the Banner Circle Room, as he had promised; but the son found a "message" in our columns on the 28th of last May from his departed parent, the whole of which he properly appends to his deeply interesting narrative. That, the reader may look for on the pages of the book itself. For ourselves, we need add nothing to a sketch whose impressiveness cannot be deepened by words few or many.

Grand Christmas Presents.

"ARABULA," the new and highly interesting work by Andrew Jackson Davis, just issued and for sale by William White & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston, and 54 Broadway, New York, is just the book that Spiritualists should purchase to present to some dear friend as a Christmas Gift.

Also another new work by Mr. Davis, entitled "A STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMER-LAND," is in press, and will be ready to issue from this Office and our Branch Office, early next week. This volume is illustrated with diagrams and engravings of celestial scenery, and treats scientifically and philosophically of the evidences of the existence of an inhabitable zone or sphere among the suns and planets of space.

Another very elegant volume, suitable for a Christmas Present, is Lizzie Doten's book of "POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE." A fifth edition, full, gilt, has just been issued by William White & Co.

The above books will be forwarded by mail to any address upon the receipt of price, viz: For "Arabula," \$1.50, (postage 20 cts.); "A Stellar Key to the Summer-Land," \$1.00, (postage 10 cts.); "Poems from the Inner Life," \$2.00.

"Face the Sunshine."

This very beautiful and highly suggestive poem, by Miss Lizzie Doten, published in the Banner of Light two years ago, was fully appreciated at the time by our numerous readers, and the great demand for it rapidly exhausted the edition. Miss Doten repeated this poem on the occasion of the opening of the spiritual meetings in Music Hall. Since then a great number of friends who heard it on the occasion referred to, have desired us to reproduce it in our columns. We shall do so with pleasure. It will appear in our forthcoming number.

The Spiritualists of Rock Grove, Floyd Co., Iowa, and vicinity, have organized, under the laws of the State of Iowa, for the establishment of religious corporations, as the Rock Grove Association of Spiritualists, with the following board of officers: William Dean, President; Ira B. Dean, Vice President; Matilda A. Whitney, Secretary; Mary A. Dean, Treasurer.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 1st, Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson addressed the Society at Mercantile Hall. Previous to commencing her discourse, the lecturer recited a poem purporting to come from Edgar A. Poe. She stated that she was a living example of the direct power of spirit control, never having had the advantages which many possessed for obtaining information in early life; everything given through her organism was entirely from without.

After singing by the choir, the lecturer was entranced, and proceeded to deliver an address on "Inspiration," which she defined as the life of the soul—the moving power of all things in the heavens and on earth. Man was the spiritual prophesy of all things above and beyond him, and if any man had been ordained of God as a representative, a pattern man—a Jesus—then in his life we had but an index of that which was to come when mankind fully understood and fulfilled the higher laws of their being. This fact applied not to one period or one race, but to every age and clime. The human spirit, after temporarily inhabiting the physical form, and learning its uses, removed therefrom intact, and who should say that the spirit could not return again, seize on an earthly organism, and fulfill the designs of a higher will? Who should say that inspiration was not that power which should finally bring together the two worlds, and flood our earth with living light? Man would never know how much his soul was worked upon by celestial influences until he had investigated the rules of control, and understood the principles of inspiration as he did the minor sciences; playing among his crucibles and alembics, he had resolved to their original elements the impermissible substances of Nature, but there should come a time when he would also, by the forces of enlightened reason, resolve to their primary components the dull walls and barriers which theology had reared in his pathway. It was claimed by a certain class, that, religiously, men of a long past age had been inspired, but that inspiration ceased with them, after they had revealed the law of God. But before and after that time the Greeks, Romans and certain sects of the Jews believed in the return of the spirit—of any spirit charged with the working out of the commands of a mightier power, whether in the fields of science or morality; and on the day of Pentecost, at Rome was made manifest every form of mediumistic development.

It was not for man to declare when or how he was inspired, or if he was willing or no. As dev fell in the night, so a mighty influence played around the subtleties of his being, unseen, but nevertheless all-powerful. There was not an individual living who did not possess the power of receiving impressions from loved friends gone before, and one day should come the Pentecost of the heavens! When man, impelled by his impetuous spirit, should press onward in pursuit of the hidden laws of Nature—when the home altar should be re-consecrated by the divine powers of inspiration—when children should be purely born, and stand up as olive-branches in the household—when the shining suspension bridge should be thrown over the dark gulf that separated the two worlds; when the all-in-all of this land—the school, the rostrum and the pulpit—should be sanctified—then we might look for an emancipated mediumship, patriotic statesmen and a regenerated government!

At the close of the lecture, several questions were propounded by the audience, and answered by the medium, after which the services closed with singing by the choir.

Rev. Mr. Towne on Theodore Parker.

FIFTH LECTURE.

On Sunday afternoon, Dec. 1st, Rev. E. C. Towne delivered the fifth lecture of his course on "Theodore Parker and Christianity." The subject chiefly treated was Mr. Parker's idea of Christ. He (Mr. Parker) strongly denounced Christism and worshiped God alone. Popular theology had practically declared that God had but a limited success in governing the universe. Mr. Parker believed that God was infinite in power, and that to hold any other view of the Deity was direct infidelity. If told that he was a sinner, he did not see why that should make him an infidel. Popular theology debased God and degraded man, making us think meanly of ourselves and terribly of our Creator. There were two great natural sacraments for man—one an earnest prayer for perfection, the other an earnest effort to attain to it.

Mr. Parker looked on Jesus as the highest production of humanity. Men had enriched their idea of God by adding to it their ideas of Christ's goodness; but this was true of all our lives. Christ was not God's only son, for whatever of good we attained was also to be added in the march of time to make the universal idea of the Supreme Being. Human life was a continual Mount of Transfiguration. But though Jesus was providentially upheld as a pattern to mankind, yet he was not without his faults. He shared the erroneous ideas of his age concerning the devil, eternal punishment, a revengeful God and the sudden end of the world. He was an enthusiast, hoping by miraculous power to found a visible kingdom in Judea. If theology founded its creeds only on his prophecy concerning the last judgment, then its basis was at the mercy of a school-boy.

Mr. Parker believed the real fruit of Christ's mission was to teach God coming to the soul without regarding its external covering, alike to those who defended, those who denied, those who betrayed the sacred trust imposed on them. The best of men were bad enough in their own eyes; he hoped God thought better of them than they did of themselves. God took the individual sinner, warmed, comforted and laid him down sanctified, that he might sleep and wake with the immortals in heaven. It was false to declare that without Christ the world of mankind would be but atoms, incapable of being reunited. If that was true, then there was no God; the Deity melted into space, and there was nothing to take the vacant place. Trusting in our Father, we had no need of a head-center to tell us what was sin.

Mr. Parker's definition of Christianity was that it was true piety, true goodness, free thought, just action, humanity of feeling, and that conception of Christ which teaches that he was not free from human trials, but was "one of us"—the son of man. It was not necessary that we thought wholly as Christ did, that we performed the rites which he did, if we followed those portions of his teachings which brought the greatest good to us; for it was by the Christ which we formed within our own souls, rather than any outward one, that we must at last be saved.

Unhappy Marriages.

Dr. A. B. Child has just completed the manuscript for a small book with the above title, which we have now in type, and its publication at our office will be soon announced.

Music Hall Meetings.

Another large audience was present on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 1st, to hear Prof. Wm. Denton's lecture. The reputation of the Professor led all to feel sure of enjoying a rich intellectual feast; but not many expected he would take such a decided and positive position in favor of Spiritualism. Those who accept our philosophy were much pleased with his arguments, and had their faith confirmed, while the investigators received light and information that will not be likely ever to desert them, but rather stimulate to further inquiry into the truth of so important a subject. He commenced his discourse by rapidly reviewing the many Biblical statements which science has proved to be false, demolishing one by one those "monstrous absurdities." Instead of the earth being created in six days, he showed that it required "an eternity, in all but the name"; that "there had been thousands of creations instead of one." European science has discarded entirely all those false theories, and American science has done the same, with but few exceptions—a few who lacked the moral courage to avow what they could demonstrate to be true, if they chose to do so. He rapidly sketched the origin of man, and with thrilling eloquence portrayed the future destiny of the human race as grand and glorious—altogether different from that taught by the theologians. He then spoke particularly of the philosophy of Spiritualism, asserting that he knew it was true. He had proved the fact as clearly and as positively as science had ever demonstrated anything. His investigations had been long and searching, and his conclusions not hasty and uncertain, but firm and unshaken. He said all who would give their attention to this subject, as he had, could perfectly satisfy themselves of the truth that the spirit of man lived after "death," and could return and communicate with and identify itself to those it had left on the earth. The spirit, after leaving the human body, assumed the shape of that body so perfectly that its identity could be easily traced to the form it occupied when here. He dwelt at some length on the spirit in the body and out of the body. He argued that the spirit-world was the real, and this the fleeting. His description of the exit from this world to the vast realm of space occupied by the immortal spirit of man, was equal to the highest inspiration mortal was ever blessed with. We wish everybody could have heard this lecture.

Next Sunday, Mrs. Nellie L. Bronson, a lady who enjoys the highest reputation as a lecturer, will occupy the platform.

Mrs. Bronson Coming to Boston.

At Music Hall, next Sunday afternoon, our friends, we take pleasure in stating, will have the gratification of listening to the popular favorite of the West, Mrs. Nellie L. Wiltse Bronson—the manager of the meetings having succeeded in securing her valuable services. We once heard this lady speak in Philadelphia, and could readily perceive why she is so popular wherever she lectures on Spiritualism. She is one of the most agreeable speakers ever on the rostrum, and at once wins the sympathy of her audience. It was a hard struggle for her to consent to enter the lecturing field so soon after her severe affliction; but the inviolables so decreed, and she yields to the earnest solicitation of both spirits and mortals. She will be sustained and strengthened by the hearty sympathy of the many who will listen to her inspirational teachings. We do not know as she intends to remain in these parts more than two weeks. If she does, those who are anxious to secure her services would be wise to address her at once, care of this office.

Lycium Entertainment at Mercantile Hall.

On Wednesday evening, December 4th, the officers and members of the Children's Progressive Lycium connected with the First Spiritualist Association of this city, gave an entertainment at Mercantile Hall, the proceeds of which were intended for the increase of their library. The evening was pleasant and the house crowded.

The exercises commenced with a piano duet, which was well performed by Misses Towle and Fenno, followed by recitations in prose and verse from the juvenile members of the Lycium. These consisted of Masters Doolittle, French and Moore, and Misses Fenno, Bugbee, Crocker, Hyer, Teal, Walker, Stetson and Blackmar. The little speakers, some of them not five years old, did exceedingly well, eliciting the heartiest applause from the audience. No one hearing them could fail to be impressed with an idea of the advantages for improvement offered by the Children's Progressive Lycium.

The choir sang the "American Hymn." Mr. O. V. Blackmar gave a fine rendering of "Jugurtha in Prison." Singing followed by Misses Sanborn and Caswell, after which the Chairman, Mr. D. N. Ford, introduced Prairie Flower, (an educated Indian girl,) daughter of Read Leaf, Chief of the Northern Sioux, who proceeded to deliver two poems: "A Kingly Heritage," and "The Indian's Farewell," both of which were enthusiastically applauded.

Mr. C. W. Sullivan sang "Parting Thoughts" in a manner which met the high commendation of all. Mr. George B. Ford recited an "Extract from Belshazzar," with earnestness and effect. Miss M. A. Sanborn followed with a song, "Tapping at the Gate," Mr. Arthur P. Wilson presiding at the piano; the piece was heartily applauded. Miss Annie Cary recited the "Fate of Virginia" to good acceptance, after which the exercises closed by a song from the choir, which was truly excellent.

Mrs. Wilcoxson made a few remarks at the end of the entertainment, in which she stated that though the exhibition had been in process of preparation only three weeks, yet she did not think there was need of any apologies (which said the evident opinion of all present). She said the Lycium started about six months ago with seven members, and now numbered one hundred and forty.

Taken altogether, the entertainment was a success, and our friends of the Lycium should be encouraged thereby. It is rumored that another is contemplated, of which due notice will be given.

Dr. Dunn in Boston.

Dr. E. C. Dunn, from the West, arrived in this city last week. He proposes to remain in New England during this month, lecturing and healing the sick. He is a fine speaker, and will satisfy any audience. Secures his services at once. The Doctor is an excellent test-medium, and some of our citizens have enjoyed the privilege of testing his powers in that particular. He will return to Rockford, Ill., the first of January. Till then his address is care of this office.

Dr. J. R. Newton Going South.

Dr. Newton, after healing the multitudes at Parkersburg, Va., for a week, has left for New Orleans, where he will open an office for healing the sick.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT is written by the Spirit who has been in communication with the instrumentality of the writer.

Mr. 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. 154 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs) 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.

Miss 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.

Our Father, let thy blessing consciously rest upon these waiting mortals; grant that the sunlight of spiritual life, like the aroma of summer roses, may enter their spirits, causing them to rejoice in thee. Grant that some angel may turn a leaf in the record of their lives, which shall tell the glorious things that shall assure them of a land beyond the tomb, of a summer-land where the spirit is never cold, is never hungry nor weary, but where it finds all its wants attended to through the everlasting love of the Father, the great Spirit of all life. Oh, thou who art with us this hour, we feel that thou hast ever been with us. Though men tell us we can wander from thee, and thou canst depart from us, yet in our souls' inner life we recognize thee ever there. Thy presence is all. Without thee we should fade away forever. Thou art our strength; thou art our all; and we will walk with thee through all the circumstances of this life, and we know thou art strong and wise, and we know that thou wilt be ever true unto us. We feel that the sun can be no more constant to the earth than thou wilt be to our souls; and we feel that all the flowers shall die and others shall be called into life. When deep sorrow settles upon us, we feel, we know, that there are joys yet in store for us, that shall recompense for all sorrow. Our Father, we hear thee the prayers and aspirations of thy children. We have gathered them like summer flowers, and we will bind them in wreaths, and oh, grant that their own faith may endow them with immortality, so that they shall be an ever-present blessing unto them. Oh, grant that their prayers may be so filled with faith that they shall draw unto each one who prays a speedy and satisfactory answer. Our Father, as these earthly blossoms (referring to flowers upon the table) send out their silent praises, so do our souls praise thee, so would we learn to worship thee in the beauty of holiness and in the simplicity of nature.

Oct. 17.

Questions and Answers.

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

Ques.—What do the intelligences controlling think of the criticisms of "Justice" in a late Banner?

Ans.—That article has already been answered, and we have nothing further to say concerning it.

Q.—Does the fact of one's having committed suicide impede his progress in the spirit-world more than if another had killed him, or render him more unhappy?

A.—Yes, because the soul that has committed suicide, as you term it, is very apt to learn that it is not the better way; very apt to learn that it must, through severe experience, learn of the better way, and very apt to learn that it would have been far easier to have gained the experience that was necessary for the soul, in and through its own body, than in any other way; therefore it must, of necessity, drink more or less deeply of the cup of remorse. But, like all other mistakes in life, it always carries its own antidote. When a sufficient quantity has been ministered unto the spirit, it comes forth washed clean, regenerated and rejuvenated, and ready for the march of life.

Q.—Can there be a possible case conceived in which a man would be justified in taking his own life?

A.—To those who would take their own lives, or destroy their own physical existence, it is, in a certain measure, right. It is right to them; but when compared with the great, eternal law, when held up face to face with that, it is not so near right as some other course would have been. It is a certain degree of right, but a lesser degree than many others. Now as all souls aspire to make the most of their surroundings, as all desire to gain as much happiness or heaven as it is possible for them to, we would counsel that they avoid suicide, because that is not the very best way.

Q.—How do we reconcile the existence of evil in this world with the goodness and wisdom of God?

A.—We reconcile it in this way. As God is everywhere, and as there is no place without him, no condition without him, so, then, God is in what you call evil, and being stronger than the evil, is amply able to take care of it. I believe that all the experiences of life, all the conditions of life, however low they may seem to be, are of a necessity, a necessity growing out of the condition of the earth upon which you exist, a necessity growing out of the condition of the planets by which you are surrounded, and a necessity growing out of your own internal and external condition. Therefore, if this position be a correct one, the goodness of God is displayed in the exhibition of the so-called evil, as it is displayed in any other condition in life.

Q.—In Isaiah xiv: 7, the record says, "I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil; I, the Lord, do all these things." How will you explain the passage?

A.—That which precedes the paragraph in question and that which succeeds it will give as clear an answer as will be possible for us to give. We recommend you all to read the chapter in which that paragraph is enclosed.

Oct. 17.

Samuel Hahnemann Tyler.

I am peculiarly situated. I have an earnest desire to meet my friends West and North, as well as many I have South, but I have also a degree of reluctance in coming here, and for this cause: Thirteen years ago I left my friends; my father and mother were then living. My mother is on

the earth now, but my father is here, although I did not know it till I came myself. I became very restless at that time, and possessed of a desire to go to sea. My father opposed it, and my mother opposed it, and all our friends opposed it. My father had intended fitting me for the medical profession, but I never had a taste in that direction, and always fought against it. So he fought one way and I another, till the result was I ran away. I went first to London, then to Havre, and then pushed on to the Sandwich Islands. I was going the rounds for about four years, and I finally brought up in California; and shortly after going there I was very sick, and my friends received intelligence that I died, but that was not so. On the contrary, I then got well, and, after staying in that country some six years, I came again to the States. I never thought it worth while to come, for I had engaged in a certain profession which I knew my father would feel very bad about if he came to know it. So I thought it best to stay away, and, in the course of my rambles, I brought up in New Orleans, and it is only nine days ago that I died. I fell a victim to the fever. I had heard something of the spirit's return, but had no particular knowledge of it. But some of my friends—some that I was associated with—did know something about it, and it was through them that I received all the knowledge I had before death.

One of those associates died four days before me; and I was led to think from some cause—I did not then know what—that he was dead, before I knew it. And I asked those I thought would know, and they gave me evasive answers, and so the matter rested. But he says he was with me and impressed me with a knowledge of his death. At any rate, he met me as soon as I got clearly through. He came with my father, who had become in a measure purged of his old notions, and gave me a very cordial reception. I had been what he in his earthly life would have denounced most bitterly. It is through his urgent entreaty that I make the effort to come here. He is not able himself, because he says he cannot seem to come into nearness or rapport with the medium, the subject. But as he found I could, he was fully determined that I should send some message to our mutual friends. I would say if my friend Daniel S. Stevens remains on earth, my friends at the North can write to him, and from him gain material evidence concerning what I have through a hard struggle given here to-day. I am not so foolish as to expect they will believe simply because I know that I can return. But I only ask them to believe if my statements are correct, after they have proven them to be so by material evidence.

Write to Mr. Stevens at New Orleans, and, if alive, he can give the information. He told me he should leave that accursed precinct as soon as it was possible, so he will be very likely to be making tracks somewhere if he don't get called away. My father informs me that my mother is with my younger brother in St. Louis, and he also informs me that my brother will receive me like other friends who know concerning this philosophy. I would ask that my mother forgive me for all the sorrow I have caused her, and as proof of her forgiveness, to ask me to come nearer home where I can talk with her so that she will understand how I am situated, and what she may expect when she changes conditions of life. I am Samuel Hahnemann Tyler, son of Theodore H. Tyler. I would think that the great scourge, yellow fever, was around me and within me by my feelings, but they say it is only the result of a psychological power which I do not understand.

Oct. 17.

Mary LeRoy.

Oh! how wonderful, how gloriously beautiful is the law which binds cause and effect so closely together! The earth and the souls belonging to earth being ready for the birth of modern Spiritualism, modern Spiritualism has been born; and it is so closely allied to Nature that no angel has been able to draw the line between Nature and the manifestations of Spiritualism. I thought I perceived much of the glory of this philosophy before I died; but oh, it hath not entered into the heart of mortals to conceive all the glory that attends these returning spirits, whose name may be called legion. They fill the earth with a halo of mental glory that nothing else could have produced. God is here and God is everywhere. I was forcibly struck with the closeness, the absolute oneness of the condition of the spirit just before death, and its condition as it returns here. Why, the one who has just left has kindled a fire throughout this entire physical form that could scarcely be equalled by Mt. Vesuvius. He passed out in this condition, and he has returned upon the bridge which death has thrown over between the two worlds. How glorious, how wise our Father must have been when he ordained that the spirit should return to earth so perfectly. I find myself still laboring under the distress of body that I labored under as I passed out. I return to add my testimony to the many, many who have returned telling of a glorious hereafter. I come to say to the dear friends I have left, far toward the setting sun, the glorious philosophy of Spiritualism is true. It is true. There is no delusion here. I have proven it. Before the hand of death was laid upon me I rejected the truth of modern Spiritualism; but after that I myself was unfolded to behold the angels and to talk with them, and I felt its truth. But now I know it. And to the dear family I have left I can only say, "Pursue your way in this glorious philosophy without faltering. Learn all that is possible for you to, and when your time comes to change worlds, God grant you may come as happily as I did. God grant there may be no more shadows attending your death than attended mine, for it was all sunlight, save the pains of the body. My spirit rejoiced in the glory of the spirit-land long before I entered here, and oh I prayed earnestly that such might be the lot of those I left. I want them to know that I shall watch over them and do all in my power to assist them to gather these beautiful truths, that they may bind them around their brows to become lights lighting them across the river of death.

The Angel of Change said to me, last April, "Come," and I did come to the land of souls. I am Mary LeRoy, from Golden City, Colorado.

Oct. 17.

Matthew McGinness.

I am not so I can say much here. Though I have not the lockjaw, as I had when I was here, I have such a tightness there I feel pretty uncomfortable. I was a private in the 2d Illinois cavalry. I was wounded at Bull Run, but I did not die there. I was along time coming out. They thought my wound was all healed, but it broke out again and I died with the lockjaw. I was in the hospital at Newbern, and what brings me here to-day is to say to my brother James that it is all right for him to do just what he sees he is doing to recover those things that belong to him and to me. But it is not very good policy to be so long about it. It is better to hurry it up, so that the lawyers will not get the most of it. They are a curious set, and

they will take all you have got if you don't have eyes all round you. Now what I want is for my letter to go to my brother, James McGinness—my name is Matthew—and he knows how I died, and all about it. And what I come here for is to help him all I can; but most of all that I come here for is to let him know I can come. [Where is your brother located?] In Springfield, Ill.

Massachusetts is a pretty hard place. I stopped here two years; was in Boston some nine or ten months, and I was in Taunton and New Bedford, but I didn't like it at all. [You liked Illinois better?] Oh yes, sir; you can take a long breath there. I don't know—the people there are different—somehow they are freer, they are more benevolent. I don't want to say anything about the people here, but I don't like them at all. I never was used so badly in my life as I was in Massachusetts. So I ain't got much to say for it.

When I went into the army my brother wanted me to go to Massachusetts, because they were paying bigger bounties. But I told him I wouldn't go for all the bounties they were paying and twice as much more. I had enough of it when I was there. Yes, sir; and I suppose some of the folks here might say I might go further and tell why I don't like it. But that is my business, and nobody's else. I am as good now as one-half the people that have so much to say about their religion, and carry such long faces and full pockets. I've seen enough of it. It is all very well to talk about having so much religion, but if I don't mistake very much, the most of them have the most part of their religion in their pockets. James is pretty free himself, and I know he will get what I send to him, and I will just say if there is any way he can reach some of those folks, such as we used to have when I was here. The last thing he gave me when I was going away, was a fine fancy pipe, and I just want to say that I broke it before we were two hours on the road. We got into a crowd, and it got broke. I tell this, you know, so he will know it's me. Good-day, sir.

Oct. 17.

Sylvia Ann Howland.

I did not think of coming here to-day; but after I got here I felt such a strong anxiety to come and tell you that it's all turned out right—all turned out right—and I am satisfied. I am thankful that there were some brains displayed in the decision. It is decided! The case is decided. Sylvia Ann Howland. Oh, I am glad! I am glad! [I've had trouble enough. [When was it decided?] These two weeks it has been decided. [I have been away, and had not heard of it.] Oh, nobody has heard of it. The decision is not made public. No, indeed! But I thought it would be a satisfaction to you to know. [And it is decided against your niece?] Yes. [How did she feel in regard to it?] Oh, as she always did when anything went against her—very mad, of course. Oh, she gave me a great deal of trouble here. But it was nothing to what I've had to bear since my death. She is married now, and she has gone across the water, and I hope her husband, Mr. Green, will contrive some way to spend every dollar of her property, so that five years hence she won't be worth a dollar. For she will certainly sink very low in the spheres if it isn't taken away from her, and I don't want to see her conditioned as I know she will be with her inordinate love of money. It is terrible! It is terrible!

Oh I am glad! It was very, very annoying to me. It affected me just about as it used to when she used to be constantly talking to me about making my will in her favor. I need sometimes to think I should go wild, she would annoy me so. And you see I have been kept right in that element all the time since I left. But it is growing clearer—it is growing clearer now. Oh my poor, dear father, if he had known—if he had known as much before he died as he knows now, he would have done so much differently!

Oh I want to say to all my dear friends who have sent me a kind thought over the river of death, I have received them all, and have treasured them all up—they were blessings to me. I am sorry I did not know as much before I died as I know now. [Would you have seen your property distributed while you lived?] Yes, indeed, yes, indeed! and I would have seen the good fruits that would have resulted from it. Oh, how little we know what to do when we are here. Seems to me we do live so in the dark. [You think differently now about our withholding your communication?] Oh, yes; I told the other chairmen here that I was satisfied it was best. But you can publish it now; you will find it will be only a verification of what the public didn't know. It will all be proven true—every word of it.

Oh if I had only known what I know now, before I died! But it is all right, I suppose. Good-day, sir.

Oct. 17.

Séance opened by William E. Channing; adjourned by "Cousin Benja."

Invocation.

Thou sun of truth, whose eternal rays glid the mountains and the valleys; thou whose power over all forms of life; thou who guardest us all; thou who giveth to each soul an inheritance of eternal life, our Father, thou Spirit of Time and Eternity, we come to thee this hour with our praises and our prayers. Though the whole earth is filled with praises to thee, though the anthem of each seems to reach us even now from the land of souls, yet thou wilt not reject our humble offering, though it cometh to thee from the cold shores of mortality. Thou Spirit of Love, grant that thy children in mortal may more perfectly understand thy workings through life. Oh grant that wherever they may be they may know in their inner lives that thou art there also. Our Father, we praise thee for all the varied experiences of life; for the darkness, for the light, for all that which men call evil, for we know that thou wilt transform it to good, and by thy wondrous laws thou wilt finally change all hell to heaven, and every soul shall learn to know thee as a God of love, and as a God of justice and of power, ever present, a something that can never forsake us. Oh, grant that thy children everywhere may speedily lay off all superstitious darkness concerning thee, and learn that thou art a God as near unto them as the sunlight to the shade. Oh, grant that the voices of these angels in mortal may no longer close the doors of their senses against the calls of those who have passed the river of death. Oh, may they ask whence cometh the call. May they pray earnestly, oh Lord, our Father, that thy light may shine brightly, till they too shall be called to the land of souls. Grant, oh Father, our life, that thy children who sorrow everywhere may know that sorrow is but one of the experiences of life, for which they shall receive ample compensation. Oh let them understand that thou art first in all thy dealings, and that thy love embraces all, that the mantle of thine immortality is thrown over all thy children, and thou wilt finally draw all to thyself, so that they may realize their highest hopes of happiness, and may enter that heaven they have reared for them-

selves. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Oct. 21.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Why do aged people require less sleep than the young and middle aged? Or why do they sleep less?

Ans.—It may doubtless be attributed to their electrical condition. Youth is possessed of more magnetic life or force than is old age. Magnetic force induces sleep, rest, a quiet state. The electric force induces the same to a less degree, therefore the aged require less sleep than the young. It is because they live more in the electrical element than in the magnetic. As the body grows old, or becomes worn out by the circumstances of time, it loses its magnetic properties. You know when death approaches, the body begins to grow cold, the electrical forces gain the ascendancy, the magnetic life retires. You are perpetually nearing death, and the older the body grows the more it parts with its magnetic life, and becomes connected with and influenced by the electrical forces.

Q.—How should an old person proceed to regulate the hours of repose so as best to preserve health and vigor?

A.—There can be no general standard set up. Every one must regulate the hours of repose for themselves. There must be a regulation for each individual. What would answer for one, would not for another. One special individualized life requires perhaps eight hours, another ten, and another only four. The requirement varies according to the physical condition of the individual.

Q.—What is the meaning of the following passage of Scripture? "And every spirit that confesseth that Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God. And this is that spirit of Anti-Christ whereof you have heard that it should come, and even now already it is in the world."

A.—The opponents of Spiritualism use this passage in proof against the goodness of Spiritualism. But like many other passages in the Holy Scriptures—so-called—they do not understand the hidden meaning of the external expression. He who does not confess that the truth lies expression in human life, is antagonistic to truth. We do not believe in any such personality as an Anti-Christ. Pardon us if we seem to set the Bible aside, gathering authority from Nature. To us there is no Anti-Christ, however much there may seem to be. For as Christ is but an expression of the grand eternal principle of truth, and as truth is everywhere finding expression through all the circumstances of life, everything is true to the cause that produced it. Therefore if truth is everywhere, and all things are obedient to the cause from which they have been born, there is no room for Anti-Christ. You may as well talk of a personal devil as holding the reins of one-half the government, while God holds the other. We believe in one God, one supreme, eternal power, governing everywhere, governing over all past eternity, governing in the present, and reaching out into all future eternity.

We have been requested by the late President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, to answer a question, for him, that has reached him from all parts of the country, but with particular force from certain friends in the Republican party. The question is this: "Will our honored President return—if it is possible for spirits to return, communicating with mortals—giving us certain knowledge concerning his earthly property; telling us clearly and distinctly whether or no his widow is in poverty? He must understand—if he hovers near earth, and has the good of his party still at heart—as we are told by spirits that he has—that that party must of necessity suffer somewhat from the reports in circulation with reference to Mrs. Lincoln. Now as many Spiritualists are scattered throughout the United States, and particularly throughout the Republican party, would it not be for the interests of the party in question, if President Lincoln should return, giving a fair statement of the case in question?" President Lincoln has authorized us to give a very brief answer to these interrogatories, and the answer is this: "I refer you to my administrator, Mr. David Davis. I do this, first, because it better suits me than any other course; and secondly, because I do not desire to enter that particular course of action again that you desire me to enter; and thirdly, because I never wish to blaze my family matters before the world. Were my will law in the matter, I would prefer that all my family matters remain within my family circle. But as they seem to have gone out of that circle, I have only to say to those friends most interested, apply to my administrator, and he will give you the information you desire."

Oct. 21.

Isaac Hobson.

I would send some intelligence to friends I have in Maine, Massachusetts and New York. I am hardly fit to undertake the responsibility of return, but I am not easily induced to turn back, however hard the road may be. I was born in Bath, Maine, in the year 1825, and I died in Galveston, Texas, three weeks ago. My name is Isaac Hobson. What induced me to make this almost unwarrantable effort, is the fact that when I was North last season, I met with some friends whom I had not met for several years, and during the time we had not heard from each other my friends had become Spiritualists. I ridiculed them for their belief in the "nonsense," as I called it. But they assured me that the time would come when I should let you know. "Good," they said, "as soon as you are free, and have the true faith, let us hear from you." I am dead, but I am sensible of life, and as I am, I infer that they were right and I was wrong. I furthermore said that I would not be afraid to bet the finest horse in the country that they would throw up their delusion before I should become converted to it. I owe them the horse, and were I conditioned to pay, I would do so.

Oct. 21.

Capt. Wm. E. Hacker.

Good afternoon, sir. I believe you are the gentleman I addressed when I visited this place some time ago. I am Capt. Wm. E. Hacker, of the 3d Pennsylvania Infantry. I have obtained permission to say a few words this afternoon of thanks to my father, for his promptness in calling to investigate concerning the truth or falsity of modern Spiritualism. It has given me a great deal of satisfaction to know that my father received my message, and that he is disposed to learn for himself concerning these things; and I want to say to him, and to all the dear ones I have left, wherever you shall find a way open by which we can return, I will meet you, and do all in my power to satisfy you of the truth of this great and glorious philosophy. I could not begin to show those I have left how much joy I have received from the knowledge that I was even heard in my call across the River of Death, by those so dear to my heart. It has constituted much of my heaven, and the interchange of thought between them and myself, I expect will constitute a great part of my heaven for some time to come—at least I hope it will. Many thanks, sir, for your aid.

Oct. 21.

Johnny Jokes.

How do you do, sir? [How do you do?] Pretty well. I have not been here for some time. [What have you new to-day?] I have only this new to say: I don't want my friend to get discouraged because everything seems to come between him and the right track. A great deal of power is used to throw him on the wrong track, and those who know best about it here tell me to say to him that although the road is long and there are a good many brambles in the way, they have every hope of his final success—and if I had not I would not wait; I would just come right out with the whole story. I see he has thought two or three times lately that perhaps I had given it up; perhaps I was not as near him as I had been up; but I have not. I am just as near him, only I have not been able to come. And there is no necessity for my coming, for the teachers say here that most seeds germinate best in the dark. I don't want any help. That is, I want help in doing the material part, but I don't want anybody to help me to tell who murdered me and Belle, because it is very likely I know. He made his brags the other day, he didn't think it would ever be found out, any more than the Parker murder that was committed twenty-six or seven years ago. Well, perhaps it won't; but that is not the way I see it.

Oct. 21.

Frankie Hall.

Tell mother I got well now. Is this Boston? [Yes.] I lived in Lowell. In Frankie Hall. [Can't you speak a little louder?] When I am in the Lyceum I can talk loud. Mother wanted me to come and tell her I was happy. I am happy, only I want her to come with me; and the guardians said I might ask her to come, but they did not think she would for a good while. These are pretty flowers here—crying like the children. I want to go now. I was five years old. [Had you any brothers or sisters?] Yes. I am going to be older when I grow. My guardian told me to tell you I would speak louder next time. [Were you sick long?] No, only just a little while.

Oct. 21.

Lucy Tilton.

I am Lucy Tilton, of Dayton, O. And I want you to tell my children that my body never will be resurrected, and I don't want it to be. And I do not like the idea of their supposing I was going to sleep till the morning of the resurrection. The earth-life is nothing but a dream-life, and we sleep long enough. I slept long enough here, and I don't want to sleep any longer. No, I don't. I waked up when I died. You are all asleep, every one of you, and you will find it out when you get to the spirit-land. Talk about sleeping half-a-dozen times, and years! Talk about sleeping till the angel Gabriel comes to wake you up! No. I want them to get rid of that idea—not to be thinking that my old body is coming round again. "Taint so, No, it ain't. What a curse it would be, supposing it was true. I'd have to take my old body worn out as it was, I'd have to take it. Why, my feet was so I couldn't use 'em much; and my hands, I couldn't use 'em much. And then talk about my coming back to take on that old body! No, no. I'd think God was a very foolish God. Yes, I am sure I should. And think of my children and grandchildren! If the body is going to be raised, just think of it—just think of it! When I come back here I will be just as I was. But the idea of my taking that old body, and living nobody knows how long!—why, I'd rather be annihilated. Yes, I would. I lived over eighty years in it—long as I wanted to. I am glad it's gone. I prayed to have it gone long before it did. The idea! Tell 'em to get rid of it just as quick as they can.

I went to sleep in my chair—I died in my chair. But I was asleep all the time I was here. Now I'm just as wide awake, just as happy as I can get, and I am young, I am young. I ain't never to be. I am not old and weak and diseased, as I was when I was here. What an idea that I must come back and take on that old body again! Perfectly ridiculous!

My little grandchild was the first one who told me what they said. And I said I was going right back to tell them it was a lie. I ain't never take that old body again, and God don't want me to. No. I used to think so myself. [Did you get rid of the idea before your death?] Yes, I did. They thought it was because my mind was growing weak. It wasn't any such thing. I was in just as good condition as I ever was, subjects as I ever was. And I kept thinking, thinking, thinking that I didn't want the old body, and was n't going to have it.

[You wish this sent to all your friends?] Yes, to all of 'em. They are all thinking about the resurrection of the body—the literal resurrection of the body. Now just see here—how absurd! Here is my little granddaughter here. She died before she was six years old, and now she is a young lady. The idea of her going back and taking that body! Why, it would n't fit her. And my old body! Why, don't you suppose before the angel Gabriel would come I told you I would some so I'd want a better looking body than that? Yes, to be sure I should. [What was the name of your granddaughter?] Sophia Tilton. I named her myself.

Oct. 21.

Séance opened by William E. Channing; letters answered by John Stevens.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Oct. 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. N. W. Daniels, to his wife and friends; Sam. Sanborn, of New Orleans; Mary Eliza Lee, of Winchester, Va.; Rosalind Jones, of Memphis, Tenn., to her mother.
Thursday, Oct. 23.—Invocation: Capt. John C. Stanley, to his brother Alexander, his wife, and other friends in Savannah, Ga.; Sarah E. Stearns, of New Orleans, to her mother; Mary Rogers, to her mother; John R. Stearns, of Five Points, New York, to his friend Mrs. Brown.
Monday, Oct. 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Joseph Wolfrang, George S. Rice, of Montpelier, Vt., to his friends; Josephine Burroughs, of Chicago, to her Aunt Mary Algers.
Tuesday, Oct. 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary Eliza Truman, to her father, in Rhode Island; R. Trimble, of the 29th Mass., to his friends; Capt. Robert J. Cowan, 56th Mass., who fell at Cold Harbor, Va.; Timothy McCarthy, of Taunton, to his family.
Thursday, Oct. 26.—Invocation: Tribute to Ex-Gov. Andrew; Questions and Answers: Melville Radcliffe, of Portsmouth, N. H., to his children; John T. Clendenen, of New York, to his wife; "Lord Nelson," to his friends in Liverpool; Calvin Townsend, of Charleston, S. C., to his brothers and sisters; George Currier, to his father, in Norfolk, Va.
Monday, Nov. 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Albert Kendall, of the 11th Mass., to his wife, in New York; Prince Edward, a slave, to his master, in England; of Lingale's Plantation, 14 miles from Richmond; Eliza Beth Garland, to her friends in Paris, France.
Tuesday, Nov. 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Katie Wiseman, of Louisiana, to her father, Col. Nathaniel Wiseman; Henry A. Hubbard, 21st Mass., to his mother; Thomas Waynes, of Booneville, Boone Co., Ill.
Thursday, Nov. 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Sally Burdette Hall, to friends in St. Louis; Mary Wagner, to sister Alice, orphan asylum, St. Mary's, N. Y.; James H. Dargatz, 10th Mass., to friends.
Monday, Nov. 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Fanny, a slave, to her mistress, Miss Lizette P. Porter, Raleigh, N. C.; Margaret Welch, Cross street, Boston, to her mother; James Welch, Edward Moore, London, to his family; Willie White Campbell, to his mother.
Tuesday, Nov. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Henry Leisterlin, to his children; Amos Sprague, of Montpelier, Vt.; Julia Taylor, of Fleet street, Boston, to her mother; Stephen Dudley, of Boston, to his son.
Thursday, Nov. 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Wallingford, to his son, Thomas Wallingford, Newcastle, Eng.; Francine Talbot, of St. Louis, to her mother; Michael Reagan, of Boston, to his brother, Thomas; Esther Maria Grant, to her friends in New Orleans, La.
Monday, Nov. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Jesse Rogers, of Palmyra, Mich.; Olive Barrett, of Boston, to her children; James Connolly, of Chicago, to his mother; George H. Gray, of San Francisco, Cal., to her mother; Hiram S. T. Rogers, who died in Liverpool, to his friend Rias Doreen, of New York; Charlie Your Samuel Cole, of the 8th Michigan Cavalry, to his brother James.
Thursday, Nov. 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Ellen Reed Wade, of Boston; William Pierce, of Newport, Mo., to his brother; Matilda Frances Lyon, of Fall River, to her parents.
Monday, Nov. 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Clara Davis, of Savannah, Ga., to her father; George B. Rimmon, of Fitchburg, Mass., to Maj. John Kimball; Thomas Benton, to Benjamin F. Butler.
Tuesday, Nov. 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Cornelius Winsa, of New York; Lewis W. Leavitt, of Chicago; Fredrick Harmon, of New York, to his mother; Sarah S. Smith, of Hamilton, C. E.
Monday, Dec. 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Henry Parker, of Manchester; Joseph Huntley; Robert Duran Craig, of Ayer; Mattie Anderson Hill, of Columbia street, New York, to her mother.

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