

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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[OFFICIAL REPORT.]

FOURTH NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS,

Held at Cleveland, Ohio, September 24, 25, 26, and 27, 1867.

(Reported for the Convention by Henry T. Child, M. D., the Secretary.)

WEDNESDAY EVENING SESSION.

The Convention was called to order at half-past seven, the President in the chair.
Song by the Bailey Quartette.

Dr. R. T. Hall, of New York, was then introduced, and spoke as follows:

ADDRESS BY DR. R. T. HALL.

The more prominent topic in the discourse to which I invite your attention on the present occasion is frequently discussed from the spiritual platform, and I bring it again before you only because I think it is one which cannot be too well considered.

Spiritualism is now successfully passing that phase of inconsequence which has hitherto rendered it a subject of ridicule and contempt. It is no longer a mere fancy, but a reality. It is no longer a mere superstition, but a science. It is no longer a mere superstition, but a science. It is no longer a mere superstition, but a science.

But that hope is fast fading away. As the days to which prophecy had limited its life have steadily lengthened into years, and the few "crazy" ones have swelled to a multitude which no man can number—when its lectures are listened to by thousands, and it begins to appear to these wise ones as if fanaticism and insanity were about to become the rule and sanity the exception, it puts off the garb of a mere ghost-seer, and stands before the venerable respectabilities of the age as something to be feared and hated—as a requiring sharper weapons than ridicule to counteract it. If the venerable and respectable of this world are to possess it in peace.

To meet this rapidly approaching "change of base" on the part of conservatism, we need carefully to consider the ground we occupy. The aggregate of our individual experiences as Spiritualists has made us a power in the land even now, and as the science from whence we draw life is exhaustless, it should be our concern to increase it to the degree of invincibility against error, and make it the last gift to the world in which we live. To do well our part in this grand work of emancipation—to redeem it from the bondage under which it groans in agony to be delivered, we must know well our own ground, the nature of the tyrant we are to strike, and the weapons we are to use against him.

The name of this potent enemy to human progress and present welfare is *Theology*. You are all more or less familiar with it. It is a good name, as words go, and expresses what all men will finally understand and respect. For ages it has affirmed nothing that was understood, and for this reason is fast becoming obsolete in the new attraction of the age to facts and principles. While the world is a prophecy of liberty, the practices under it have plunged the world into the most abject slavery. Our civilization exhibits on every hand the painful results of being to a word which does not express a truth. The worship of no false God could have been more mischievous. It is the worship of a false God. The good word, representing a false idea, loses its power for goodness. God is the good word; but if you ascribe to that name the duties which belong to Devil, its practical effect upon you is that of Devil.

Our Noah Webster defines the word *theology* as "the science of God and divine things; or the science which teaches the existence, character and attributes of God, his laws and government, the doctrines we are to believe, and the duties we are to practice." According to the same learned authority, this science has three tap roots. One runs into the ground (drawing its support from Nature), another into the Jewish Scriptures, and a third into "Middle Age scholasticism"; whence, his dictionary informs us, is derived "the knowledge of several discursive sciences from certain established principles of faith."

Now, a system such as is here defined cannot, except by courtesy, be called a science. The claim can only be admitted in the sense by which, in deference to popular custom, we speak of the present incumbent at the White House as "His Excellency"—which, in the opinion of some of us, requires a very great stretch of courtesy indeed. But in a just sense of the word it is void of all that characterizes a science. The mischief of it is that it claims to be something real when it is not. What real science stands upon such a tripod as supports *theology*—Nature, Scripture and Middle Age Scholasticism?

Its most learned Professors knock its only sound leg from under it themselves. It has been and remains to be the constant effort of all its exponents, whether Catholic or Protestant, to show that Nature does not furnish a comfortable expression of Divine attributes; and when Nature fails, Scripture and Scholasticism will hardly afford a necessary support. Its domain, by its own assumption, is outside of Nature. That of real science is within it. Its axioms are explanations. They do not, like the dogmas of *theology*, appeal to faith but to fact. It says, for example, of any three-sided angular figure you may choose to draw upon a plane, if you will make the shorter sides of such lengths that the sum of their squares equals the square of the longest side, one of the angles will invariably be a right angle. Here statement and proof are in neighboring relation to each other. Any carpenter may verify with his measuring line upon every building he has to erect. It will make all his corners square, and will be the proof in itself that they are square. But no theologian out of his pretended science can give us a demonstrative precept like this by which to square the life.

It does not, like genuine science, admit of any kindly relation with other truths. It is unlike geology, which seeks the aid of chemistry; or astronomy, which is embosomed in the mathematics. But of these it has declared from the beginning that they are vain and sinful. Real science traces a continuous line of occurrences, all subordinate to a law whose action never ceases; and by watching its operations day after day, gets the key to all that is done in the past. *Theology*, on the contrary, claims to stand upon what men have said took place in ages past, but which it declares can never occur again; that is to say, it puts itself upon facts which have ceased to be facts. A strange basis, surely, for a science. Real science can have no respect for a claim like this. It rests upon the immutable; and, within every variety of form, finding the one ever present creative governing law, it names this knowledge science.

Of these historic facts, which it is said have died of human experience forever, there are substantially but two opinions current with the world at large. Those who accept them by authority of *theology*, claim that they were protected by Divine grace, and are not to be referred to law, divine or other. On the contrary, from the latter

part of the last century until about the middle of this, the belief has been rapidly spreading that they were purely the offspring of priestcraft upon superstition, and had no basis whatever in reality. The one conclusion is as fallacious as the other, and are nearly equivalents in their power of evil. At a later, although naming great names in its support, and claiming the all but universal assent of what is called the scientific world, is the sheer result of unfaithfulness to the fundamental principle which underlies all scientific research. That school of eighteenth century science committed a like blunder with ancient scholasticism. They both worked to reason without facts. The modern philosophers said, "These are false facts because they do not appear here in France to-day." The medieval schools taught that their entire virtue and saving power are in the assurance that they occurred but once, in Palestine, and could by no possibility be repeated in any other country. The modern philosophers said, "These are false facts because they do not appear here in France to-day." The medieval schools taught that their entire virtue and saving power are in the assurance that they occurred but once, in Palestine, and could by no possibility be repeated in any other country.

"What matter," a morbid liberalism is wont to exclaim, "men's opinions with respect to *theology*?"

Quoting Alexander Pope, they say:

"It can be wrong, though life is in the right."

No doubt; but then unless the faith be right, the life must inevitably be in the wrong. The faith and the life are the expressions each of the other. A man's life is his faith embodied. Any one may know this to be true by taking in facts enough.

The natural and faithful action is from spiritual affection. Now, if this is as to nature, it must hold with the individuals who compose it.

We know there may be innocence in alliance with error, as we see in childhood, but I have never seen it affirmed by any creed that heaven is peopled by babies. On the contrary, one at least makes it an important part of doctrine that the majority of them are sent to the other place.

God is not a nursing home, he is a power. Innocence is not virtue—goodness. One can only be innocent while in the child state, during which goodness is not possible; for goodness is the result of wisdom, which comes from knowledge, which is born of experience. Were it possible for one to live a true life with a false faith, it would exclude us forever from the labor of seeking for the truth.

It would give the lie to the instinct which impels us to the search. It is true to be done with that pseudo charity which makes the errors of *theology* to him who knows no better than to believe them as good as the truth. Error contains no element of goodness, and to say that it makes no difference, *per se*, to the individual, whether his faith is false or true, is to say that effects can exist without causes, or that a bad tree can bear good fruit.

Doubtless there are as sincere and honest Roman Catholics as there are Spiritualists; but to be a faithful Catholic instead of a Spiritualist, is to bend the whole life to a directly opposite result. It is to deplore with all the heart the intellectual growth the world has made. It is to work with all the powers of a good intention wedded to a burning zeal, to get it back to where it was a thousand years ago! That convocation of priestly dignitaries, assembled by invitation of the Pope this present year in Rome, had this for an object, and nothing else. A faith which ignores all difference between the eleventh century and the nineteenth; between Massachusetts and Spain; between Mexico and New York—such a faith insists that the senses be jargon of its utterance shall be the same that it was in the days of Gregory the First; that without addition, abatement or the shadow of change, it shall be drawn into the ear of man in all places and throughout all time. Is that a faith which "can be wrong," because at its founding some innocent child had taken the word "God" for "evil"? Does it make his life right? Is his life right? Has it added strength or weakness to his character and to the world? An effort to move civilization backward, to arrest the natural growth of genius, to prevent all progress and stop the march of time, is what that faith demands, and conscientiousness of motive or simplicity of life beneath its shadow can make it other than a curse.

And Protestantism, with somewhat different tools, but with an equally pure but like mistaken motive, works to the same end. Any of its sects are willing that you should come upon its own particular platform, when you get there you must stand still. Advance is at the expense of unity if not of fellowship. It is as fatal to believe more than its *theology* teaches as to deny what it does teach. In all its grand as well as minor divisions, the faith which *theology* inculcates is in natural warfare with the age. It has densely quarrel with every new discovery of truth. Like the inscription over the tomb of Dante's Hell, it writes over the door of each and every of its dogmas, "Who enter here stay here, and leave all progress behind." The history of civilization is a war record—a narrative of incessant battle on the part of this mistaken *theology* against every effort to ennoble human life and give to the individual soul its natural freedom.

Witness the recent attack of certain clergymen of the Baptist tier of *theology* upon Henry Ward Beecher, whose *theology*, upon his own showing, (in all the dry parts of it,) is about the same as their own. The case, as noticed in the New York Tribune, presents some points well worth considering. These brethren, it appears, have pronounced his sermons unsound and dangerous; and have strongly disapproved of their admission in the paper of their denomination. Mr. Beecher, in allusion to this charge of unsoundness, took occasion to say before a meeting of communicants of his own church, "That his belief in the Bible as Jesus was the only Saviour of man, in the word of the Holy Spirit, in the need of a new birth, and in the final judgment, was immovable, and, if possible, more so to-day than at any other period."

On this declaration of faith, as a premise, it is difficult to see how doctrine can naturally flow that is offensive to those who hold, substantially, to the same creed with the preacher whom they denounce. Can it be that Mr. Beecher believes these doctrines in his inmost soul, and yet builds his sermons on a different and infinitely broader basis? The Independent, an organ which best reflects his views, thus discourses on the situation: "These good men," says the Independent, "are behind the age. They do not comprehend the progress of the times. They suppose that, while every other science makes progress, the science of *theology* stands still." This explains the cause of offence. These gentlemen of the ancient school think Mr. Beecher has "made progress" in *theology*; and progress, in the estimation of all sound divines, has ever been held a just cause of war. In the mean time, in view of his own declaration of faith, it would be interesting to know how much "progress in the science of *theology*" Mr. Beecher considers himself to have made.

July 22.

This little divergence from the direct current of my discourse has its lessons for us. It suggests the question: If Mr. Beecher is to be looked upon as dangerous, how are we to be considered? It shows us the power of a vitiated but honest religious sentiment—the power of dogmas, which rest on nothing, to bring from such a man, with such a history, the conclusion that he believes them. But here let me explain, in justice to myself, that, in what has been said or remains still to say in condemnation of this most unhappy *theology*, its supporters have no share in the verdict which fidelity to my own convictions compels me to press upon it. I am aware that, wise and unwise men have believed in it, and that thousands have laid down their lives in its defence. But, at the same time, I do not quite forget that other thousands, equally honest, have laid their lives upon its bloody altar in testimony of their utter abhorrence of it. And I am aware, too, of what these martyrs on either side have known, and of what we as seekers after truth have never been sufficiently considered, namely, that their faith was in something infinitely better than their *theology*, and wholly different; and that it is the truth of a man which makes all the goodness that ever was or can be manifested by him, and not the error.

A more moderate attention to natural laws should convince any one that the only power of errors is the power of destruction. A man's strength is as his truth. His uselessness and inefficiency, together with his hurtfulness, are in exact ratio to the error which he accepts as truth.

I am aware that it is honestly claimed in behalf of *theology*, that it is the fountain of the power of the world, and the source of civilization—the lever which has lifted Europe and America into the high position they hold before the world. Now, were this a mere vain boast, were it not that it is so generally conceded, it might be passed over in silence. But error breeds, and always after its kind. If we are ever to do effectual work for the world, we must be moved by its surface thoughts. To administer to its diseases we must know their causes and probe them to the bottom. We must know the difference between its poison and its food.

This claim, on the part of *theology*, or what is called Christianity, is a source of weakness to every Spiritualist who admits it. It causes him to hesitate, and to look for the better way of truth. It sets him to the fruitless task of trying to preserve the new vintage in the old bottles. It sends him to some consecrated mortar for the purpose of sprinkling water in the face of his babies with a view to their spiritual purification. It makes him play the part of a hypocrite and a liar. It causes him to employ a priest to marry his children and bury his dead. It holds his reverence to ancient forms and ceremonies of worship because he falsely believes they have borne an important part in the progress of mankind.

Whereas, the claim is against history, philosophy and the reason, the *theology* which it is called Christianity, is a source of weakness to every Spiritualist who admits it. It causes him to hesitate, and to look for the better way of truth. It sets him to the fruitless task of trying to preserve the new vintage in the old bottles. It sends him to some consecrated mortar for the purpose of sprinkling water in the face of his babies with a view to their spiritual purification. It makes him play the part of a hypocrite and a liar. It causes him to employ a priest to marry his children and bury his dead. It holds his reverence to ancient forms and ceremonies of worship because he falsely believes they have borne an important part in the progress of mankind.

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that knowledge and wisdom which grasp the problem of life—alone can move it forward. Its history of miracle, its hoarded inspiration, like its hoarded gold, have lost the power to bless. See after sect dies into inconsequence, and those who have life enough left to "come out" from them, don't know how to go. Its accredited reformers never look beyond the reform of the world. One says, "If the world would only believe in its Billoit would be well; another, if it could be made sober it would be well; a third, if it could be made to end it would be well; and a fourth, if woman could vote it would be well. But there are those who believe in the Bible, there are men who never get drunk, and others who never wear chains upon their limbs; are they well? They are only "as well as could be expected," as the doctors say of their patients when hopeful.

A human soul needs more truth than history, more sobriety than the ability to walk straightly, more liberty than mere freedom of limb, and more power than is conferred by the ballot in order to be well. These are some of the means of health only; they are not health itself, nor are they sufficient of themselves to produce it. There is a limit to their power. They can promote the growth to the level of themselves only, whereas the growth of a soul requires a change of its nature, a constant accession of truth. At best, the reformer can only expand to the size of his ideal reform. The honest Quaker of to-day can never grow taller than his hat, nor broader than his "Book of Discipline." He will wear the one and quote the other to all eternity, unless a power that does not contain quickness be aroused within him. The inspiration of George Fox has culminated in that; and for the simple reason that he was Fox, and not himself, who is inspired. He receives no inspiration to-day—he only receives George Fox. And this diet has not sustained him in health. On the contrary, it has ruined his spiritual digestion, and dried him to a mummy.

And yet Quakerism was a grand reform. So was Methodism, Universalism, Unitarianism; so could be "Rationalism" (newly born) had it a basis broad enough to support a reason. The moment reformation becomes a sect, it begins to spoil. It undergoes a chemical change, so to speak, which unfits it for spiritual nourishment, so that the soul which feeds upon it gets no new strength. It produces either a spiritual paralysis, which holds the poor victim bed-ridden, stretched prostrate upon his back without power of motion, save to repeat it like a parrot, or else it sends him backward with spasmodic haste, as if to devour all the evil which a healthy appetite has rejected were the only means whereby a soul can be nourished or made fit for God.

Such, by authority of history, observation and the reason of things, is the influence of sect upon reform. Our theology forbids us to neglect our selves to its power. As it has a place within it for every truth, irrespective of the source, the date, or the origin of its discovery, so it points us to every interest of humanity, embracing all in our consideration, warning only against error as the common enemy of all. We must see that a theology so broad in reality of acquisition, and so infinite in prospect, cannot be made conformable with the idea of sect or party. The mind must stretch out to universality if it would keep pace with truths which are all-embracing.

It is the high privilege of the Spiritualist to be conscious of continual growth. He is the only man on the face of the earth who has not said to his own soul, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further." He is the only free man, the only rich man. Whoever has said the thing that is true, whether to-day or yesterday, that is his truth—so much spiritual wealth added to the proceeds of his own industry—cannot be said to be poor. Men of all nations and through all past time have wrought for him, and eternally lay his treasures at his feet.

Was ever man so blessed? As the future opens before me, and the spiritual eye grows clearer, I can see, radiating from us—such of us as shall be faithful, feared or despised though we be—radiating from us the depths of the fountain of our own abundant blessing, a divine energy which is to cause humanity to come forth from the tomb of its errors, to walk forever in the brightness of an eternal day.

Mrs. Wilhelm was introduced as one of the regular speakers for the evening.

ADDRESS BY MRS. ALICIA WILHELM, M. D.

MR. PRESIDENT—The question may arise, what is the object of this Convention? We answer, the furtherance of a cause that has neither man's nor woman's name, but was started by the law between world, and projected forth by our spiritual friends, and it has been called Spiritualism. It is true it is very little understood by its opponents; they comprehend not its teachings or its tendencies, and they are fearful of it, and many of them have given forth epithets of account of the name and not names are of little importance. The angel-world is more anxious to promulgate to this world the Christ-principle, the principle of doing good.

I will endeavor briefly to give forth something of the teachings and tendencies of Spiritualism. We find it started about two years ago, through the agency of woman. The physical manifestations have spread all over the world, and have laid the foundation stones upon which is being reared a temple whose spire reaches to the heavens. Its ministers are teachers of philosophy and science, and they are the only ones who have brought the demonstration beyond doubt of immortality to humanity. They are demonstrating the practical possibilities of a higher divinity in man, the unfolding of a higher nature. It comes to humanity as an educator, and it reaches out to all, without regard to sex or color.

These tiny teachings and rays are as significant as the telegraph in the outward. Spiritualism comes with its uplifting; it comes with its healing; it comes with its psychometric delineations and its inspirational influences. It comes through these and other means to develop and quicken the God within us, and this answers that God who is recognized as omnipresent, and whose voice speaks in all his works. It comes to give us a knowledge of principles—what is sometimes called the Christ-principle. We have often been misunderstood, and the churches have taken issue with us. While we accept the example and the principles set forth by Jesus, we do not accept the blood as an atonement; while we accept the incarnation of God by which all become sons of God, we do not accept this as only applicable to him who was spiritually the son of God, and beautifully represented the divine, or Christ-principle; we recognize him as our older brother, as a radiant worker for the reformation of the world, and because of the truths which he presented he was martyred.

The principles which he taught are those which are to redeem the world, and these principles are at work in us to-day, and as we practice them they will save us from all discord. Spiritualism teaches us the divine principle, which is to save us from penuriousness, injustice, licentiousness and oppression, and we are saved from these just in proportion as the God made manifest in our flesh is able to work for us.

Then again, Spiritualism has brought to us a clear and positive demonstration of a life beyond the grave; it proves that when the body dies the spirit is quickened; that we have a physical body and a spiritual body, and that as we leave the earth plane we land upon the immortal shores, and according to the deeds done in the body, we enter into the other life and are there identified.

Spiritualism teaches that inspiration has not ceased; that it has changed in its manifestations, and is better to-day than it ever was before, because the mediums or channels are better, and there is more inspiration to-day than there ever was before, and it is better understood. Hence we recognize that we are subject to the laws of aspiration that go out through our organisms, and the inspirations are dictated by the lives we lead, and this shows us the importance of purity of life.

Again, we find that in the philosophy of death, as revealed by Spiritualism, we have much of the philosophy of life, and this philosophy is satisfying many who have been infidels and materialists, and they are coming rapidly within our ranks, and we as workers are laboring in all reforms, political, social and religious. We are studying the rights of men, of women and of children—the rights of labor, of education and of reform. In this sense we are under the sunshine and dew of the angel-world, and as Bro. Davis has well said, that which is physiologically true, can never be theologically false, and we have our growth in proportion to the fulfillment of the mental and spiritual laws. We are intuitive beings, and it is through these avenues that we reach the spiritual; and the harmony and pro-

gression and happiness which flow to us through our intellect, come to us from angels, as the sunshine and dew in the outward world bring forth and develop the flowers.

My friends, we have met here, many of us, as entire strangers, and others who have not seen each other for years, while our principles have been spreading over this entire continent, and even to the European Continent.

We meet as workers, men and women with diversity of sentiments and of organizations, and we feel and know that we have a grand system that presents to the world unity in diversity—not that dead and stagnant unity that the churches would have, in which you dare not question anything, but yield blindly to authority, but that unity which recognizes that we are responsible beings, and have become developed to prosecute, as far as possible, the work that is before us. And at the same time, we know that we can no more think alike than we can look alike. We agree as to principles; we don't quarrel over them. We agree as to the communication between the two worlds. We look to God through Nature, and ask the angels to inspire us, so that we may give demonstrations of that principle which, through Spiritualism as the world's redeemer, has inaugurated this great movement, and as practical, energetic and uncompromising workers, we have entered into it. The great work we have before us is being done by our labors that the facts of the past, the promises of the future, with the inspirations of the present, are unfolding a higher divinity in man than has ever before been presented. We have its glimmerings, and the highest promise of its coming.

[The above is but an abstract of a very eloquent address.—REPORTER.]
Adjourned to Thursday morning.

Spiritual Meeting.

Agreeably to adjournment from Randolph, a quarterly meeting of the Western Association of Spiritualists of the State of New York was held at Springfield, Erie County, on the 23rd and 24th of September, 1887.

The meeting was organized in conference at 10 o'clock A. M., on the 23rd, in the old M. E. Church, by the appointment of H. O. Hammond as Chairman, and S. B. Gaylord as Secretary.

On motion, the following Committee was chosen to transact the business of the meetings, to wit: George W. Taylor, George Walker, Mrs. O'Neil, Mrs. Chillian Wood.

The principal speakers for the meetings were Bro. G. W. Taylor, of North Collins, N. Y., Mrs. E. C. Clark, of Eagle Harbor, N. Y., and Mrs. Carrie Hazen, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Singing and instrumental music by Bro. Deals, of Gowanda, N. Y.

Forenoon and afternoon sessions were held each day. Periods of prayer, devotion and song preceded the sessions. Appropriate remarks and suggestions were made by several persons during the conference preceding the lectures in the forenoon meetings. A goodly number of persons who were not Spiritualists were present, and paid respectful attention, and maintained perfect decorum throughout.

In the afternoon meeting of the second day, the Committee, through its Chairman, Bro. G. W. Taylor, presented the following resolutions, which were adopted without dissent:

Resolved, That the testimonies and attempts to be enforced by the Spiritualists, be such as to be in accordance with the facts, and that they should yield implicit faith to the same, without doubt or cavil, and ought not to be accepted as a satisfactory basis of the great question: "If a man die shall he live again?"

Resolved, That the state of doubt and belief in regard to the question of man's immortality, both in the present as in the past, demands a demonstrative revelation of the fact that man does not leave the body "early death."

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Children's Department.

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

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we are
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LITTLE HENRY.)

(Original.)

NELA HASTINGS.

CHAP. IV.—A DAY OF PLEASURE.

"Now, children," said Aunt Prue, the first morning of Lucy's visit, "it is a mild spring morning, and I propose we have a little extra pleasure. What shall it be, Nela? There's a picnic to the mountain, but I'm afraid it will be too cool to stay long out of doors. And there's a walk that might be taken into the woods, but Lucy can't bear the dampness. If there was only some one to bring out Dobbin and harness him, we'd have a ride over to Chester."

"Oh, grandma, I'm sure I can. Let me try. Dobbin is as gentle as a lamb with me, and if you'll only tell us how, Lucy and I will put in every buckle and fix every strap. Oh, won't it be fun, Lucy?"

"I think I should be afraid," said Lucy, with a little sigh.

"Why, you see we must learn to do everything that anybody else does, mustn't we, grandma? I mean to learn to sew now; it's real fun."

"You'd find fun in digging a ditch, I do believe," said Aunt Prue. "But I'm so glad you want to learn to harness a horse. No woman or girl should ever drive a horse until they know where every strap belongs, and just when one is out of place. So you may run and get the quart measure and a little meal or some oats, and we'll try having Dobbin put in order by your nimble fingers."

Nela was not long in throwing a halter around the horse's neck, and she led him up to the stone wall by the woods, and climbing on to the stones she began her first lesson in horsemanship. She had a quick observation, a nimble hand and a ready mind, and she brought them all into exercise in whatever she did. Her face glowed with real pleasure as she talked at the rather hard labor, for her grandmother left to her all that it was possible for her to accomplish. Lucy looked on with surprise. To see Nela work was a wonder, for she did everything as if her whole heart was in it, while Lucy toiled because she felt she must.

But a merry time they had, for old Dobbin had no idea of submitting readily to his anticipated task. He shook his head and rolled about his eyes, as if to say to Nela, "I have no mind to let such a little kit as you put me into traces." But Nela shook her head, too, and stamped her little foot, and patted and coaxed, while Aunt Prue occasionally raised her voice with a degree of severity, and at last the old-fashioned chaise was in order and attached to Dobbin with every buckle fastened.

Even Lucy grew enthusiastic now. It seemed so fine to be able to do so much, and to feel so independent of all the world. Aunt Prue brought out her large silk bag and a basket, for she said, "We will take a little time at the store, seeing we are to go so near."

The sun shone over the valleys, and lighted them up with a beauty known only to a spring day. The forests glowed with a freshness that seemed like a veil of beauty cast down from the skies; a sweet, tender light lingering on them, that was like a reflex of heaven.

"I remember a day just like this when Joe was little," said Aunt Prue, "and we took a ride over this same road. Oh, how long ago that was—and yet it is but yesterday. Let me see; I remember just what we talked about."

"Do tell," said Nela.

"Well, I was telling him a story about the wood-nymph that was shut up in a tree, and that tree was just like a mother's heart, but the wood-nymph would get out and roam away by itself, and Joe said—oh, I remember it well—I shall never go, mother, never; but he went, and he can never get back just as he was before." And Aunt Prue gave a sigh, but no trace of trouble lingered long on her face.

"Would it be much trouble for you to tell the story to us?" said Lucy.

"Not a bit. I'd really like to live over that day. While I tell the story, Nela, I'll let you drive. There's nothing like beginning young to do what is to be done."

I may as well explain to my practical little friends that I was thinking, as I rode along with Joe that day, of all the sweetness of that story of the maidens that live in trees, and find their homes in the great oaks. And I thought how much like that sort of a life is Joe's: his life lies close in my heart; it can't get away. Then I told him this story.

"But he did get away, didn't he?" said Nela.

"He's gone to Europe."

"That is just what I am going to tell you about. There was once a fair maiden who sighed for the best work to do in all the world. She was tired of just living; she wanted to be of some use to others. But she was not content in doing just what she found to do. But she looked up to the sky, and into the trees, and sought for flowers, and dreamed beside the running brook. She asked of everything she saw what she could do."

"Little bird," said she, "tell me something to do." "Oh," said the sparrow, "I have a nest to build; help me to find some soft lining for it."

"Oh, I can," sighed the maiden. "It is dull work to stoop and hunt around among the leaves and grass. Tell me, little bird, what shall I do?"

"Oh, I want some golden pollen for my comb. Go brush upon the flowers and make them ripen for my coming."

"Oh, that's stupid work. I should find myself gathering the flowers and winding them into garlands. Tell me, little butterfly—for your life seems an easy one—what shall I do?"

"Oh, little time have I for telling you of my labors; but most I want some one to brush the cobwebs from the thistles, and unwind the tangled webs from the clover-blossoms."

"I can't do that," said the maiden. "I should be as tired of it as I should of dusting the oak leaves, and so the maiden sighed and asked questions, but was never satisfied. Discontent filled her mind, and weariness, more and more. She wanted something to do, and yet would put her hand to nothing. She moped and sighed, and the constant dread of seeing her life fade away was before her. At last she said, 'Let me pray to the trees; perhaps they will hear me.' And she whispered gently to them, while her heart almost trembled with fear lest they should reproach her."

"You want something to do, little one, and yet you will not work. Then come to us, for we neither toil or spin, and yet our work is beautiful and holy. We stand forever as the beautiful messengers between the good of the earth and the beauty of the air. Come to us; we will keep

you forever and love you. But you must never go from us; you must live in our very heart, and speak only through the winds in our branches."

"What a silly maiden," said Nela, "to go and be shut up, rather than to work a little!"

"Well, silly enough I think she was. But she was much loved by the great trees, and through them she sent out much beauty to the world. The great trees wrapped her about in their strong arms; but she had still a woman's curiosity and hope, and often she peeped out to the sky and the clouds, and wanted to know what was going on in the world."

The great oak was so envied by the other trees that they too sought to entice young maidens to come and dwell with them, giving them love and rest but no work, or hard, exacting duties, until at last all the trees of the forest had their heart-maidens, their quiet, silent, indolent maidens, who could do nothing but look out to the white glory of the summer sky, or whisper in the leaves. Whole communities lived and grew in the great forests who asked for nothing but the breath of heaven and the fall of the dew.

When many generations of them had passed away, there came a little active, stirring body among them, who was not content with just being. She had freed herself from the bondage of indolence. She wanted to set the world free."

"Who was that little body?" asked Nela.

"I should call her self-will," said Aunt Prue.

"She wanted every one to act for themselves, and a terrible time there was in the old forest. All the fair maidens of the forest began their sighs and their whimpers, and at last there was a revolt, and the little ones said they would no longer be shut up to do the will of others."

One beautiful day, when the little birds were singing and the bees humming and the butterflies sipping their honey, one little maiden went out of the heart of the oak, and declared she was free to have her own way; and she began with a ready zeal to labor like the bees and like the birds, and she grew strong in the beauty of usefulness. The moment she ceased labor, the great trees seemed to be drawing her back to her indolent life again. She told her story to all the other maidens, and many a poor tree lost its heart; but the maidens gained their freedom.

I thought I heard one preaching the day I rode out with Joe. She said, 'There is no way to be free but to labor. If you want to be of any sort of use in the world, don't say you are fit only to live in indolence and be loved; go to work, and find the great good of living.'

I thought the trees grieved at these words, and I said to Joe, 'Do you think you shall ever wish to be a great strong man? Would n't you rather stay with me, and let me love you and keep you from all harm?' I guess I'd be a nunny if I did, said Joe with a comical face. 'No, ma'am, if you please; I think I'll just go to work as soon as I'm big enough. The boys call me mamma's apron string now.'

After that I let Joe have his own way a little more, and I set him to work, and as soon as I could I put him out into the world. Sometimes I shiver as I think about it, as the oaks did when they lost their hearts, but I don't try to get him back any more. I won't make a fool of you either, Nela."

"But I think the maidens must have had a better time being loved, than in dusting off the leaves and washing the grass," said Lucy.

"Oh, fudge," said Nela; "they could n't learn to harness Dobbin, or run of errands to the neighbors, or hunt eggs in the barn. Catch me being a wood nymph. I'd rather be old Mrs. Twimble, who washes from morning till night."

"Whip up the horse a little," said Aunt Prue. "Here we are at the village. Don't go jogging into anybody's town, but put on a smart appearance; it makes the world lively."

Old Dobbin felt the enthusiasm of the arrival at the village, and pricked up his ears and held up his head as if he smelled the oats in the stable. Nela's face glowed with the excitement of driving, and Lucy laughed a merry laugh as they teetered up and down in the old chaise.

"Auntie," said Lucy, "how nice you make everything seem. I'm just as glad as I can be."

"Bless your little heart," said Aunt Prue; "and here's a sixpence, and one for Nela, and you can buy just what you want."

No mine of gold could have seemed greater than did this small possession to the girls, but what could they buy? Once in the store with money in hand they were entirely bewildered. Nela whispered to Lucy of the wonderful things that they might possess. But at last she went shyly to the clerk and asked for a little sugar heart with a dove on it, for Lucy, and a little painted tree for her grandmother, because it looked as if there might be a maiden in it.

And Lucy bought candy and sugar-plums, and put them into Nela's hands. Then Aunt Prue called them to choose which piece of calico should be cut for each of them a dress, and the important question was decided by Nela, who asked which would wash best.

"Now," said Nela, "we'll have them made just alike, and grandma will cut them, for she makes them real big, so we can swing in them."

Aunt Prue ordered a lunch at the tavern, and they were waited upon by a little girl not much larger than Nela, and with the sweet promptings of children they were soon introduced to each other by the means of little smiles and pleasant nods. This little girl's name was Rosa. She looked tired, and had on only half decent clothes, but her face had a radiant beauty that was quite charming.

Once together in the garden, Nela soon learned Rosa's history, for the child's heart has no secrets. She had no father or mother, and her aunts and uncles got tired of her, and put her out to work. She was very weary sometimes, and cried for some one to love her, but she had a dove and a pet chicken, and went to school sometimes, and had a new book.

Nela looked at her with her tender, loving eyes, and put her arm around her, and Lucy hunted for a piece of candy for her. At last Nela went back to her grandmother, and sitting half in her lap, half in the arm chair, she began in a coaxing sort of way, "You see, grandma, I don't think I need that new dress very much, do you? There's my old one, is just good enough to work in, and then there's my gingham."

"A pretty child you are, to begin finding fault already. If you did n't like the dress, you should have said so."

"Oh I do like it. It's so nice to have one like Lucy, but then—"

"Nela, I don't understand you. I thought to give you a little pleasure."

The tears glistened in Nela's eyes.

"Dear grandma, I was only thinking that Rosa had to see so many people, and she had n't any nice dress, and perhaps she could have mine to wear to school."

"Oh you little blessing," said Aunt Prue; "the world wants you and such as you. Rosa shall have her dress, and you shall not lose yours."

The garden was like to heaven, as the little girls laughed and talked in their innocent delight

The promise was gained to have Rosa come over to visit Nela, and with laughing and glee the little ones parted, and Dobbin with submissive mien turned his course homeward.

"I think I wouldn't be a wood-nymph," said Lucy, as they went through the forest; "but I am so sorry for Rosa, she has so many dishes to wash."

"But her heart is not hurt," said Aunt Prue; "and we will cheer her up a little when she comes over to visit us. Hurry on, Dobbin; it is time for us to see the mountain, and the village nestling at its foot."

[To be continued.]

INKLINGS OF MORAL TRUTH.

ARTICLE THREE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

The sentiment of Moral Truth is born of experience, as a thing of sensibility;

GLIMPSSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

What mist is this that hangs before my eye,
And hides me from the faces that I love?
What form is this that to my side draws nigh,
And hovers o'er me like some phantom dove?
My recollection reels, and through my brain
My wandering thoughts like orphaned children
creep,
While round my form I hear a sound like rain,
For so the angels' steps appear in sleep.

What light is this that glides this opening morn?
What sweet, robed train now waits around my side?
And why this waiting for the day's young dawn?
And why this waiting for the soul's sweet bride?
A form I see from out this blessed throng,
As now she pillows me upon her breast,
My guardian one whose hush shall tune my song,
Who loving me attends me to my rest.

And this is Death, that once so much I feared,
Disarming the mantle that I wore;
And those the forms that all my life have cheered,
Now bearing me where all of death is o'er.
With sweet discourses they chain my listening ear,
And tell me now of this sweet land I see,
Till into pearls they crystallize each tear,
And all I feel is one vast melody.

But yet, oh earth! again I turn to thee,
As now, with clearer vision I behold
Each loving form that still doth cling to me,
Whose smiling hearts leave all their griefs untold.
I go; for, like the autumn leaves the wind
Has gently loosed upon each bending bough,
Have griefs around this heart of mine entwined
And loosed the hold my life has felt till now.

Yet not in sorrowing my spirit greets
The forms that bear me through these clouds away,
But as the chrysalis its summons meets,
Or flowering fields to greet the low-born day;
I go, but in that land, to us no more;
As near the flower is to its budding stem,
I too will linger round my loved ones here,
And round their couch in triumph wait for them.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Spirit Manifestations at Newport—Music Improvised with Spirit Instruments—Brilliant Display of Lights.

Having heard for some time past that wonderful spirit-manifestations occurred at the house of Mr. Robert Crandall, Bath road, in the city of Newport, and with minds open to receive the truth, believing that facts are of superior importance to theories, we accepted the invitation of Mr. Crandall and wife to be present at one of their circles on Monday evening of last week. The circle was formed by the members of Mr. Crandall's family, a few neighbors and ourselves. Previous to its formation we were invited to examine every part of the house, to convince ourselves that there were no concealed instruments or evidences of fraud. The circle room and adjoining rooms were carefully examined, and no instruments found. The doors were then closed, and all in the room joined hands excepting the gentleman at the piano. The light was then extinguished, leaving the room dark, but not totally so, as the forms of part of the circle were clearly discernible. The piano top was raised previous to the sitting. The piano was played by the gentleman at the instrument. Presently the bones were played, apparently in different parts of the room, and soon a bass viol was heard keeping time with the piano and bones. Next followed a sound seemingly from a stringed instrument, also other instruments, apparently the triangle, tambourine and cymbals. A bass drum was struck in tune with the band, producing a full volume of sound. This was unmistakable; and a number of other instruments, played upon at the same time, produced the effect of a regimental band. Every few moments, while the instruments were being played, we each reached and found the medium in her place, next to her husband.

The lights were called for, the instruments playing to the time the lights were struck, and the medium was found upon the top and under the cover of the piano. No instruments were found in the room. The light was again extinguished, and a moment after, the light being struck, revealed the medium in the circle.

After the circle one of our number attempted the feat of placing herself inside the piano in the position in which the medium was found; but, although smaller in person, better dressed for the experiment, and having longer time for its performance, she entirely failed of doing in the full light what was accomplished by the medium in darkness.

During the musical part of the sitting the same instruments were played upon many times, and to a variety of tunes. Had a door been opened large enough for the admission of a bass drum, we think it would have been clearly discernible from the fuller light in the adjoining rooms.

Next, another spirit purported to control the medium, and an exhibition was given of

BRILLIANT SPIRIT-LIGHTS.

Whatever may be said of dark circles for other classes of phenomena, it must be admitted that darkness is requisite for this, as light is only distinguishable from darkness, and the lesser pales before the brighter light. The exhibition commenced by lights about the size of a candle-light, appearing in different parts of the room, sometimes one and sometimes two, four and six at a time. These would gradually increase to the size of a person's head, changing in size, form and place of appearance. A luminous veil was called for, for one of the circle, when jets of light started in the direction indicated. After this we witnessed a beautiful expansion and contraction of lights—expanding to the size and shape of a fan and contracting to the size of a candle-light, keeping perfect time in the movement with the music upon the piano. The exhibition of lights in various forms lasted some twenty minutes, and they were continually seen for nearly all this time, not disappearing until the very instant that the room was fully lighted by other means.

In conclusion we would say that we have only aimed to give a truthful statement of what we saw and heard. The motive for fraud is not apparent on the part of the residents of the house, as they never receive compensation, and the circles are formed of neighbors and invited guests. These manifestations have been witnessed by quite a number of the scientific men who visit this fashionable watering-place, and are doing their work in breaking down the dark conservatism and exclusiveness of the place. Mr. Crandall and his wife offer to go to another house where the inmates will be sure there are no musical instruments, and do not doubt the results.

We tender our thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Crandall for their courtesy and hospitality, and design accepting their invitation to give the subject further investigation at some future time, wishing only to know the truth, and holding to our right to learn facts and accept their logic wherever found.

C. FANNIE ALLEN,
L. K. JOSEPH.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 7, 1867.

What word is always pronounced wrong?
Wrong, of course.

The Lecture Boom.

Theodore Tilton on the American Woman Question.

In Mr. Tilton's Fraternity address in this city, Tuesday evening, October 8th, he spoke upon the woman question as follows:
Trusting to the well-known liberality of his auditors, in regard to opinions that they might not entirely endorse, he had brought to them a subject which a century ago would have been received with derision. Lord Bacon has said that every great question has its day. The great question for the past generation has been the negro, but that question has been settled, and the absorbing question for the generation to come is woman.

The question has now reached that point when Congress are needed to plead for it, to write for it, and hearts to beat for it. In the past, the woman's place was at the foot of man, but in the present she has been raised to a coequal place with man.
Considering the value that society and every organization of society places upon women, the question of the proper political status of women, in a country where they are most favored, becomes a most interesting one. There is a popular clamor for equality before the law, but he would have more than that. He would have equality behind the law, the power for all to affect the laws. American legislation denies women rights before the law and behind the law, and these rights ought to be regarded and must be regarded. Under the leadership of John Stuart Mill there had been sixty-three affirmative votes in the British Parliament upon the question of extending the franchise to women. The question has never been brought before Congress, but he would predict that when it shall be brought before that body there will be more than sixty-three affirmative votes. In New York and Michigan the question has come up before Constitutional Conventions, and has met with a considerable degree of favor. One legislature in Wisconsin has proposed an amendment to the State Constitution, allowing women to vote, and in Kansas, even while he was speaking, there were probably a hundred voices pleading for the success of this great question.

But why is the ballot denied to women? Not because they are not citizens, not because they are not orderly members of society, not because they cannot read and write, for nine-tenths of the men in the country have been taught to read and write by women. There is no reason for denying the right of suffrage to women, except that which exists in the prejudice of the voting then he ought to claim suffrage for women as a natural right, for he did not know that any one had a natural right to vote. But if white men have any right to vote, then black men have the same right, and if men have any right to vote then women have the same right. He did not claim that women were angels, for he knew a great many most excellent women, and not an angel among them. It was of no avail to discuss the equality of the sexes, for that was a question that was without a limit. But as woman is equally joined in wedlock, and performs equal duties in society, she ought to stand equally with man in the State. Now women are an anomaly in the American State, for there is no place for her, and no civil rights are bestowed upon her. Women are taxed, but they have no representation, and he would endorse the statement of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, that if the white male is to do all the voting then he ought to do all the tax paying. The old principle of trial by jury provided that every one should be tried by a jury of his peers. But women are tried by men, and men cannot be regarded as the peers of women until women are accepted as the peers of men. The men of America are not yet ready to vindicate the right of trial by jury, and still they deny that same right and principle to their wives and daughters.

It is said that women are virtually represented by men, but the statement is not a correct one. She is not represented by men, but she is represented. There was formerly a law in Connecticut forbidding a woman to kiss her child on Sunday, and the men who framed such a law as that certainly did not truthfully represent the humanity of the women of that generation. It is said that women need not vote because they have influence enough already; but we might as well tell Jenny Lind to influence her husband to sing, or tell Adelaide Ristori to influence her husband to act tragically, as to tell women to influence their husbands to vote instead of voting themselves. If women are to have the more demand that they should vote. If women were only butterflies, reading novels all day and darning all night, it certainly would not be worth while to give them the ballot. Husbands do not hesitate to take their wives to crowded lectures and theatres and read the newspapers, and yet they hesitate to take them to the ballot box? He would prefer to have every voting place as quiet and orderly as the Old South Church communion table; and he believed that when decent women went to the polls, indecent men would stay away. The women who are asking and pleading for the right to vote are every whit as womanly and housewifely as any of their sisters. Anna Dickinson can make as good a loaf of bread as anybody can, and there is no nearer cottage than the one over which Lucy Stone presides. The argument is raised in New York that the Irish women would add to the already too large Democratic majority, but it matters not upon which side women would vote—the right is theirs none the less.

Allusion was made to the inequality of existing laws in regard to the bestowal of property and custody of children, and pleading for a new way to give woman the same rights which her husband has in these respects is to give her the ballot. Women are wronged in the matter of wages, and nothing can improve their condition in this regard but the ballot. Nine-tenths of the prostitutes in New York have been driven to the debasement of their present position by hunger and want. Give women the ballot and they will be able to command wages commensurate with the value of the service they render. The ballot given to woman will enable her to protect herself, will open to her thousands of new avenues of employment, will enable her to feed and clothe her children, and will secure her that place in society and in the State which God designed her to fill. Women need the ballot, and the ballot needs women.

God created man, but woman completed that creation. Woman has purified literature, and she will purify politics. She drove Dean Swift out of literature, and she will drive John Morrissey out of American politics when the ballot is given to her. Men may wear their heads as much as they please, and women may wear their tails as much as they please, but they will not be able to make a vote by their sex, unless they and the boys and girls who go to school side by side to-day will surely go to the ballot-box together in twenty years from now.

"A PLEA FOR MARRIAGE AND FOR HOME."

Rev. A. A. Willis, of Brooklyn, N. Y., lectured before the Mercantile Literary Association Wednesday evening, on the subject of "A Plea for Marriage and for Home."

There was one tendency of our times, the speaker said, which must be evident to every careful observer, and was apparent and alarming to every well-wisher of his country; this was a disposition of many of our people to neglect the simple purity, the happy, the unexpressed affections and joys of domestic life. Though the lecturer was a man of progress and believed in growth, there were yet some of the old-fashioned possessions and virtues which he would have preserved and perpetuated. Among these was home. It had then well as that the old-fashioned virtues in the language were home, mother and heaven. He said that it ought to be the ambition of every young man to find a home—a model home. His next ambition should be to find a partner for it—a neat, tidy, nice, good-looking woman. If there was any young man before him who had not this ambition, he was ashamed of him. Man was made to love. He who has none is a monster; who has none to give is a picture of despair. He believed in the Biblical injunctions concerning marriage, and that man needed the conscious affection of a female heart to soften the asperities of his own and to give completeness to his being. One of the most joyous things in married life was children, the pledges of real affection, which recalled the early scenes in our own life and made us live that golden age over again. Let no man, he continued, in health and enjoying a moderate income be afraid of marriage. The trouble now-

days is, that young people want to start in life too early, and that there would be more beautiful marriages and more husbands and wives, more and keener. Do not board unless you want to be bored. Having got a home, the next thing is to try and make it happy. To this end it was advised by the lecturer that the husband live in his home as much as possible. The next great thing in married life was to be true to the household altar a sweet and loving temper. Both husbands and wives should bear this in mind and not relinquish, because they were married, those little attentions which all lovers show to one another, and which are so sweet to the recipient.

Shakers.

SPIRITUALISM CONFIRMED—LETTER NO. 2.
In a former communication we said we had manifested among us previous to their going to the west—and what were those manifestations? They were "departed spirits," coming in and taking possession of instruments, of both sexes, and holding converse with those in the body. These manifestations commenced at North Union in August, 1833, ten years previous to the "Rochester Rappings." In small children of both sexes, who were entirely incapable of working any deception, or making the astonishing gifts which came through them.

They continued for eight years or more in succession, and every individual among us, from the eldest to the youngest, male and female, whose physical organization would admit of mediumship, were used as instruments, to speak and act for the "spirits"—and the only regret was that we had not instruments enough to take them in, for it was the greatest manifestation we ever experienced to witness on earth.

They came from all nations—from Europe, Asia, Africa, China, Japan, from North and South America, and from the islands of the sea, and they pitched their tents around us; and to us it was the greatest camp meeting ever known on the Continent of America. They came from Spain, Portugal, Arabia, Norway, Sweden, Lapland, and the choicest of the Aborigines of our own country, and great numbers from Brazil, in South America, and so great was the crowd that if we had had a thousand mediums we could not any more than have supplied the demand, nor hardly begun, which will appear from the following letter received at that time from the Spirit-World, dated May 4th, 1844, copied verbatim:

To the King or Bishop of North Union:

REV. SIR—I have lately been awakened from a deep sleep by the sound of a loud trumpet. I followed the sound of it, and here it directed me. I am a stranger to you and your followers; but I am a friend to friendship and to peace. I wish to take the liberty of conveying to you a letter, for the purpose of gaining information respecting the manner of your living, faith and doctrine. I am a priest of the Catholic Church, from the place called Rio Janeiro, of Brazil, in South America. I am a priest of the Catholic Church, from the place called Rio Janeiro, of Brazil, in South America. I am a priest of the Catholic Church, from the place called Rio Janeiro, of Brazil, in South America.

I was at that time about the age of thirty-five. I lived there as a priest until I was about sixty, then died of a sudden cold, and have slept ever since, unless awakened by holy angels sounding their trumpets. I have given you a little description of myself, as I am a stranger in a strange land.

I have heard the complaints of the Brazilians, and I would write to you for information. They tell me they are told that they might come here and confess their sins, and thereby gain a treasure in the heavens which would be a lasting treasure to them. They say that they have been here some time, and do not find any privilege (for the want of instruments to take them in); they know not what to do. How is this, sir? Will you endeavor to explain this matter? They seem quite disappointed, and I should like to have it understood.

I feel a great disposition to inquire into the truth of these matters. I feel anxious to know about the light of God poured upon your subjects. How is it that "departed spirits" again enter bodies and converse with you? Surely it must be a miracle, or the work of God, for me—a spirit—to write to you, and you are able to receive it. But I was told if I should send my letter to one of your instruments it would be safely conveyed to you.

Would it be possible for me to enter a body on earth and converse with you? If so, I should be willing to pay you any sum of money as a recompense. Will you please listen and answer my inquiries? If you will you will greatly oblige your friend,
DUX-MO-NESQUE.

On being asked the object of their coming to us in such numbers, they said, (through interpreters) to learn of us the way of God as we had been taught; "that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, and live according to God in the spirit." Some of whom had been dead hundreds of years, or what we call dead, but had never passed on.

The editors of the Banner of Light, published in Boston, Mass., will know how to appreciate the truth of the foregoing communication, from the fact that they are publishing similar ones every week in their message department. We are confident that the department has been misinterpreted by some, and rejected by others, because the messages from Tom, Dick and Harry, as they call them, or spirits who have never progressed any—just as they were in the body—rough, uncultivated, and some unreliable, and some of recent date, yet they carry out the face of them more truth than many of those do in the form who reject them.

Supposing some discrepancies and even contradictions are found among them, is it any more than what are found among those in the form? and shall they be rejected on this account? If they are on the same principle we may reject the Bible, wholesale, because there are discrepancies and contradictions found in the sacred volume. But we do not reject either that or true. Let the Banner exclude the message department, and the new phenomena coming out, and they will exclude many of their subscribers.
JAS. S. PRESCOTT.

North Union, Sept. 18, 1867.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

Physical Culture.

In no other city in the United States is so much attention paid to physical culture as in this. Boston will ever enjoy the enviable distinction of being the pioneer city in this great reform. For this distinction to no one of her citizens is she indebted so much as to Dr. Dio Lewis.

There is not an intelligent person in the United States who has not at least heard of his system of gymnastics, and thousands and tens of thousands in all parts of the country have practiced his system with the most beneficial results. It has been introduced into hundreds of schools, and will be to thousands of others. Had gymnastics been known and generally practiced a few years ago, the writer of this would have been spared a life-long invalidism. Thousands of young people lose their health every year in consequence of the non-requirement of daily systematic exercise in our schools and colleges.

Notwithstanding the greater attention given to his important part of education in this city, how many there yet remain for improvement! How many persons do we daily meet with stooped shoulders, contracted chests and pinched up waists. We would advise all such persons, and especially those afflicted with the last named deformity, to attend a course of gymnastics at No. 20 Essex street. They will find a course of lessons there, splendid for the health, but very bad for corsets and tight dresses.

And we would further say, make no delay. Your lives are endangered by this deformity. Far more sensible, and less injurious, is the Chinese custom of compressing the feet, than our custom of compressing the vital organs. Oh, that American women would cease this suicidal practice, which is now sending fifty thousand of them to untimely graves every year! M. W.

A spirited young lady who was about to marry a man whose purse was longer than his head, said she preferred his dollars to his sense.

Correspondence in Brief.

W. D. NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The readers of the Banner of Light should number five hundred thousand instead of fifty thousand.

ISAAC HOAG, RENSSELAERVILLE, N. Y., writes for mediums to come that way who can lecture and give tests.

JOSEPH G. MOORE, ST. JOSEPH, MO., writes that there is great need of good physical mediums in the West; that great numbers are waiting and longing for chances to get spiritual manifestations, and investigate the philosophy of Spiritualism.

H. V. DEMETER, ZANESVILLE, OHIO.—The house of Rev. W. G. Pratt, Baptist, Zanesville, Ohio, is said to be haunted. The sound of heavy blows are heard throughout the night, seeming to come from the cellar.

MRS. M. ARMSTRONG PRAY, OGDENSBURG, N. Y.—Enclosed you will find six dollars, to pay for two Banners one year—one for myself, and one for some poor fellow-being who is not able to pay for the noble treasure.

Mrs. J. M. T.—The best I can do is to get harmonious within myself; to do all the good I can for others; to be true to the pure impulses of my own soul, regardless of opinions and man-made laws, hoping that better days than these may soon dawn upon the earth.

Mrs. R. E. WOOD, CHARLESTOWN.—Spiritualism is a great change in the whole being of its believers. It strips off bigotry, inhumanity and uncharitableness. It liberalizes our opinions, softens the harshness of our hearts, and widens our views of morality and religion.

J. A. WOODMAN, GARDEN, N. Y.—After carefully examining the New Testament and finding what a belief in Christianity is, I do not find a single sign or evidence of it now existing in the Orthodox Church, but I find all the signs or evidences of a belief in Christianity, as set forth by Christ himself, existing in Spiritualism.

JOSEPH CHAM, HAMPTON FALLS, N. H.—I hope there will not exist any strife among our mediums to see who shall be greatest. Let all strive to become meek and humble servants, laboring to spread the truths of Spiritualism. Let not the lecturer, the more highly educated, say to the medium for physical manifestations, "We have no need of you, no, no."

E. C. RICHMOND, VA.—The higher classes in this city are readers of the Banner of Light. It is a glorious paper. Every family should take it. Mediums and lecturers are needed here. They say, "how happy should we be if we knew that it was true." They are afraid that its teachings conflict with the Bible. But this is a great mistake; for the Bible gives license to every belief.

Mrs. L. A. F. SWAIN, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I have read in your paper extracts of letters from various parts of the country with pleasure and profit, and have gathered from them strength and encouragement. Those who live remote from cities and large towns know how to appreciate your paper. My pulse is quickened and my heart inspired by the electric spark of another's thought, however distant, brought to me by the Banner. [We would gladly print personal history had we room.]

ELIJAH W. LAKE, MARION, IOWA.—Spiritualism is fast gaining ground in the West, and the demand is constantly increasing for good speaking and writing mediums, also for the circulation of reliable books on the philosophy of Spiritualism. The clouds of bigotry and superstition are beginning to pass away. Cures that are made by the laying on of hands, and the sure evidences of the communications of spirits and angels which the clergy and unskilled people from their creeds.

J. C. BALLOU, WOODSOCKET, R. I.—Your valuable paper is being extensively read in this vicinity, and is well appreciated. All the reading matter of your journal is valuable to every thinking man, as so much of it relates to immortality, a subject which all spirits have interest in. As the communications of spirits and angels which it publishes weekly are instructive, and are fast gaining the attention of the people, and its God-given philosophy consoles and elevates us, pointing us to a truer and higher life.

C. B. MONSON, MASS.—One of the members of our circle had a communication relating to the sin against the Holy Ghost, as follows: Father, Son and Holy Ghost are one in three. The cause or principle that produces life is the Father, the child born in the flesh is the Son, and the spirit that lives after death is the Holy Ghost. All sins are sins against the flesh only, and all sins are punished in the flesh. The flesh dissolves, and returns, purified to its former elements. The soul cannot be sinned against, for it is a part of God. So there is no sin against the Holy Ghost.

E. PRATT, GARDEN CITY, MINN.—When I think of the darkness of the moral and the ignorance of the religious world, I would gladly spend the remainder of my days in spreading light and truth abroad. But what can I do? I am not a medium, and I am not a lecturer. I am over sixty years old, and I have always worked hard and have laid up no treasures here below. I have thought I might publish books and spread the light and truth that others have given to the world. But I have no means to commence with, but would do so if some one would advance enough to start the work. When I think of the many noble souls who are giving time, talents and lives to benefit the world, I am ashamed of the little I have done. I feel anxious to do something in the future.

E. J. L. BOSTON.—The doctrines of the ancient sages were the spiritual reflection of man's immortal nature. The inner life is man, an enigma. The outward life is man, a pretension. The truth and rest is God, a spiritual being. God's life is Nature in everything which does transpire. Nature is the only teacher—the only preacher—the only true interpreter—the only fountain for the true worshiper. Men may talk and men may tell of heaven in God's own keeping, but they forget that all men are mortal, and that the life of the soul is what life is in its experiences tell man he must conform. The true conception of God's laws gives to all men a proper understanding of a future unseen world. The immortal life is God, a power. No man exists who is not God and a spirit of the living things pertaining to a life of unending bliss. The soul of man is a fortunate vessel of his future destiny. Every thought is made to tell in all his life a truth which men despise.

JOHN W. McDONALD, HOUSTON, TEXAS.—I read in one of our best city newspapers, not long since, an article which stated that of the twenty thousand white inhabitants of Houston, not more than five hundred were members of the church on Sunday. Well, as I belong to God's church, that is, love all good people, and pity the ignorant, I find here many who would certainly investigate our philosophy, and I think if we could have a good medium to lecture and give tests we would soon have the largest society in Houston, because I am satisfied that the most of the twenty thousand people here are of that character that would readily embrace truth if it were only put before them. But they know nothing of it but the falsehoods told by the preachers. And those and other falsehoods are frequently told in the pulpit of driving the thinkers out of the churches. I know that good mediums, and in fact most of the people of the Northern States, fear to come here because their persons are not safe in the South. Now I can safely say that such is not the fact. I would not fear personal injury or insult here, because of opinion, as much as I would in Boston. I can't say to such a medium, Come, as all such pioneer movers are subject to pecuniary expense and failure. My wife was developed to heal by laying on of hands in June last (1866), and she has since healed minds did as she healed bodies. She had the gift, she feared to call it Spiritualism, and counseled me to say nothing of spirits. But I not only did not do so, but began by impressing every one that it was all done by and through the agency of spirits. And now that she has healed over eight hundred, and my house is daily crowded with patients, M. D. and D. D. are coming to be healed, saying, "Call it what you please; I will believe in the healing part, if she cures me," and they are cured of all kinds of diseases. The blind, deaf, lame, etc., all acknowledge themselves healed by the spirits. Now let all who are in the wild woods, and all the printed light you can, and we will try to reciprocate.

Notes from a Lecturer.

As this beautiful September month is coming to a close, and as with its close ends my labors here, for a few months at least, I cannot feel satisfied to leave the hospitable homes and the warm hearts that have welcomed me in my first regular New England engagement since my return from the West, without expressing publicly my thanks for the encouragement these earnest souls and ready workers for the cause have given me.

Leaving my good Quincey home at Mr. G. W. Kenison's, where I had rested so well through August, and which, by the way, I would recommend to all who truly desire a home for comfort, I came here the first of September. My heart felt warm when I came, for this is not my first visit to Williamette, by any means, and I know, by a pleasant experience, of the friendly hearts that would greet me. I was not disappointed, and when, Sunday morning, I entered their glorious Lyceum, I felt at home, and knew at once I should not be obliged to labor here unaided. My afternoon and evening lectures have been well attended, and we have had the satisfaction of seeing the audience continually increasing through the month. The best of feeling prevails, and I think I can safely say that Spiritualism never stood so high, or promised so well in this place as now, and that is saying much, for Williamette has not, by any means, been backward in this matter in the years that have passed. A manufacturing village of between four and five thousand inhabitants only, yet a village of much enterprise, of which it gives evidence in a rapid growth, and an uncommon amount of liberality of thought, it possesses one Roman Catholic Church, like all Roman Catholic Churches rigid in its forms; one Baptist, not "running" just at present, or, at least, only run by its second engineers, the deacons; one Congregational, exceedingly respectable, whose pastor has been so long settled he is getting quite fossilized, and which is only spasmodically active through the ministrations, now and then, of some sensational revivalist; and last, but not least, a Methodist Church which "seems" with camp-meetings and yearly revivals for the floating population, and which, strange to say, has at present a pastor who is very broad in comprehension, and liberal in thought; a scholar and a gentleman; and one who, I suspect, by many little things, feels quite as much at home with intelligent Spiritualists as with his own congregation.

The Spiritualist Society here, of course, does not call itself a church; it has, however, a regular organization (creedless, thank heaven!) and is working slowly, but surely, into the hearts of the people. Many of the best and most intelligent men and women here are connected with it. The "Ladies Social," associated with the Society has among its members, or regular visitors, at least, members of Orthodox Churches, who seem to enjoy themselves highly at its gatherings, without fear of contamination. Bro. Burnham only a few years ago represented the town in the State Legislature, and this year it has been represented by two of the Society, Bro. Gates and Tarbox. The Lyceum is in a flourishing condition, and is recognized as a regular Sunday School, by those at least, who are soliciting for benevolent purposes—the desire for money readily overcomes their prejudice in this direction, I find; and, wonder of wonders! "tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Ashdod!" a few weeks ago your humble servant, with the "other ministers" of the place, received, with the compliments of the Methodist Pastor, a free ticket for an excursion to Long Island by the Sunday School of his church. I, of course, accepted, and passed a very agreeable day. I suspect, however, the broad liberality of the pastor had more to do with the invitation than the liberality of the church at large; but these little things are all evidences of a recognition of our power, at least, and are cheering to those who have combated these years against active foes without, and lazy friends within.

I think you can set down Williamette as a liberal place, and when the Spiritualists here erect a building of their own—which they intend to do on a lot which they already possess—you may look to see them taking the lead in numbers, which they already take in intelligence.

I go from here to Worcester, for October, where I anticipate a pleasant time, and from which place you may again hear from me. I am glad to see that you have such a list of good speakers for Boston the coming winter, and feel satisfied that they will do a work which will tell for good. We should all throw aside little petty jealousies and personal feelings, and work together for the promulgation of liberal thought. With united action we are a host; then let us encourage one another while doing each her or his distinctive duty, and so we shall see the great temple of harmony going up grandly, without hindrance.

Yours for the truth, N. FRANK WHITE.
Williamette, Conn., Sept. 27th, 1867.

Matters in Pittsburg.

On Sept. 1st and 8th Rev. J. G. Fish filled our desk, to great acceptance. May his earthly sojournings be long continued, and all his efforts crowned with success, as they surely must be.

He was followed by M. Henry Houghton, the young orator, whose eloquence, logic and burning inspirations come with a goodly grace (being only twenty-one years of age), placing him beyond all peradventure in the front ranks with the gifted of our land.

A new interest is manifest among us, quickened by the bitter opposition that has been of late rolling in upon us from theological pulpits. We have a little girl here among us, (whose name as yet we are not at liberty to mention) that is finely controlled for physical manifestations. She is destined to rank second to none in this "very useful" sphere of action.

And now in closing, dear Banner, we wish to thank you for the rich fruit of Spiritualism that hangs weekly upon your folds like grapes upon the vine. May you continue a bright light huring human life on to the grand conception of earth and its necessities, immortality and its blessings.

DR. D. C. DARE.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 9, 1867.

"PORTABLE CURLED HAIR"—A new material for beds has been discovered in California, that country of so many and such valuable productions. It is asserted that there is at present dug out of the mountains of the Sierra range a better material for beds than is now available in the markets of the world, fully equal to curled hair, and making comfortable, useful and healthful beds. This material is the "soap root," which grows in unlimited quantities in California. It is described as a bulbous root, enveloped in a very tough and supple fibre, resembling somewhat the husk of coconut nut in color and appearance, but nearly as tough as whalebone. The roots are dug chiefly by Chinamen, bound in bundles of one hundred pounds each and brought on poles to the factory. The first work is to put the roots through a picker, similar to a threshing machine, which is run by horse-power. This separates the fibre into a bulk of eight to ten inches long, which is placed in a large vat or stamper till it becomes flexible, and is freed from all gummy or glutinous matter. It is then dried in the sun, put through another drier picker, then taken and twisted into ropes, and then stemmed again, which sets the curls. The ropes are bound in bales, and are ready for the market. The natural color is brown, but it is colored black, and an expert would find it hard to tell it from curled hair.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the SPIRIT whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 128 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circles room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

MRS. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

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

Invocation.

Our Father and our Mother, we would adorn the brow of this handsome day with a chaplet woven of our best thoughts, outwrought in our best deeds. We would lay aside all bitterness that has been born of injustice, and entering within the holy of holies of our own souls, we would commune with thee. We would there gather strength from that unfailing fountain of strength with which to meet successfully all the issues of life.

We thank thee, oh Lord, that there are bitter experiences in life; that there are shrouds as well as cradle blankets; that there are wreaths of cypress as well as those of roses and lilies. We thank thee, also, for the bitter experiences that crime brings, for that experience becomes a teacher unto the way-worn soul and gently assails it up the mountain of life, till at last it is free from all stain and its robes are spotless. Our Father, we would worship thee in all humility, ever remembering that thou art the great law by which we are sustained and from whose life we have come, ever remembering that thou art the sunlight and the shade; that thou holdest the seasons and our thoughts in thy grasp; that thou dost lead us as it seemeth good unto thee, and lendeth us through mysterious by-ways oftentimes, that our souls may be perfected thereby. We remember, oh Lord, that we can never fully understand thee. Thy manifestations we may perceive, thy law we may endeavor to analyze, yet it is greater than our wisdom, it is far beyond finite comprehension. Therefore, oh Lord, because of thy greatness, we will feel secure in thee. We thank thee that the nations of earth are steadily marching up the mountain of science. We thank thee, also, that they are carrying their religions with them, and that priest and prelate everywhere seem disposed to marry religion and science. Oh Lord, for this we most fervently thank thee. We cannot but praise thee when we behold even thin angels stripping off the dark garments that have so long enshrouded the pure sunlight of truth. And may thy children everywhere on the earth burst forth into a new song of thanksgiving, remembering that they dwell in the midst of light and not darkness, remembering that their brows have been bathed by the waters of angelic life, that their ears may hear the soft strains of angelic harmony in the higher life, that all their senses may become so finely attuned that they shall, in the land of the soul's life, gloriously attain it. Father and Mother, receive our prayers; accept the deep gratitude of our souls, and in thy own way lead us into the kingdom of peace, the haven of everlasting rest. Amen.

Sept. 12.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have any propositions, Mr. Chairman, we will consider them.

Q.—Is the physical geography of the stars—the planets of the solar system as well as the more distant spheres—similar to that of the earth? and are they inhabited by beings like ourselves, dwelling in mortal bodies? May I also ask—if these questions be proper—whether there are not worlds, whose antiquity being far greater than our own, that have attained an enlightenment and advancement in arts and sciences incomparably beyond the descendants of Adam?

A.—All the heavenly bodies progress in accordance with the external law by which they are surrounded, and also in accordance with the internal law upon which they revolve. Each sphere is attended by the law of infinite progress. It comes into being attended by chaos. It becomes slowly rounded to perfection, until at last we find it able to sustain animal and spiritual life. It continues to revolve upon its own internal axis, and in accordance with the laws by which it is surrounded, for an indefinite number of cycles; or you may call these cycles years, if you please, but they stretch away almost to eternity. But there is a difference between crude matter and etherialized or spiritualized matter through which all worlds pass. Having once passed that boundary line, the world, or sphere, or globe, or whatever you see fit to term it, becomes spiritualized, fit only to sustain spiritual life. But your human senses can scarcely grasp the vastness of this idea. We ourselves cannot understand it. It is decided by certain scientists in the spirit-world and here, that a great number of the heavenly bodies are inhabited by forms similar to those that inhabit this earth. We believe their theory in the main to be correct. We believe, also, that the physical and intellectual life existing upon all planets depends upon the physical condition of that planet. Thus all forms are but the outgrowth of planetary conditions. So then these bodies must bear the necessary constituents of planetary growth from which they have been born.

Q.—Do all spirits who have left the human form, after they arrive in the world of spirits, have the power to communicate through mediums here, or do only those who were the most mediumistic while here in the form have the power to communicate?

A.—Those who were the most mediumistic while here have the most power in making these mundane manifestations. However, it is a gift that all may avail themselves of, if they seek so to do.

Q.—By one of the audience: The saying is, that like attracts like. Still we do find the opposite sometimes. What are the causes that attract spirits to persons of an entirely opposite character?

A.—The causes are legion. It would be impossible to enumerate them. Sometimes a disembodied intelligence or spirit is attracted to a sub-

ject or medium in consequence of the external surroundings—surroundings that are in no way connected with the medium. Sometimes it is in consequence of some physical ailment, sometimes the contrary. Sometimes the quiet mind of the subject attracts them, sometimes the turbulent mind. Indeed, the causes that are in constant operation to attract all classes of spirits earthward are innumerable.

Q.—If you will allow me I will give a closer statement of the case. I have been sitting with three other friends, two positive and two negative, for some six months, with the utmost reverence and an earnest desire to attract a class of good spirits. None of us ever use tobacco or any stimulants whatever. We have been very harmonious; never an unpleasant word spoken among us. We have all aspired to something higher, nobler and better; and still there was a time when just the opposite influences from those we sought were called around us. What the causes were that produced this I do not know, and would wish for an explanation, if you can give it.

A.—It might exist in the atmosphere, in the physical bodies of the sitters, or in their minds, unconsciously to themselves.

Q.—Does Spiritualism teach the immortality of the soul, the fact of man's life after death? It is generally believed, but there are many who do not understand the meaning of immortality as it should be understood if it be a fact.

A.—Spiritualism proposes to teach the immortality of the soul, and it proposes, also, to demonstrate what that immortality is—in what it consists, and how you are to take advantage of it even in this world. Spiritualism proposes to strip off the external garb with which life has been clothed in the past. It proposes to set a light at every man's and woman's feet, showing them the way they are to go. Spiritualism proposes to do more for the soul than everything else has ever done.

SPIRIT.—A query has come to us, as emanating from the late National Convention at Cleveland, and it is this: "What do higher intelligences in the spirit-land believe concerning the manifestations of the Davenport and other mediums through whom similar manifestations are given? Are they genuine spirit-manifestations, or are they jugglery?" Well, whatever your speaker might assert would be simply an assertion. Whatever belief belongs to him, as a spirit, belongs exclusively to him. Therefore whatever opinion is offered belongs also to him, and he alone is responsible for it. The manifestations given through the Davenports, and other so-called physical mediums, are, in the majority, genuine and of spiritual origin. And whose desire to understand this thing for themselves, have only to put the manifestations in one scale and their reason in the other, and the solution will come as a natural sequence.

These or analogous manifestations have had existence throughout every condition of intelligent being. There has never been a time in the history of the world when these so-called physical manifestations have not been in existence in some form or some peculiar phase. It is absolute folly, and betrays the sheerest ignorance on the part of those who deny their genuineness, or assume that they are entirely dependent upon trickery, jugglery, or whatever else term you may see fit to employ. I say it betrays ignorance, and still more, it betrays a certain something which is akin to Church bigotry—for there are other bigots than theological bigots, and quite as many bigots in Spiritualism as in any other ism. We are sorry to be obliged to affirm this so forcibly, but it is absolutely true. We will go still further, and declare that there are more bigots among those who have come out from the churches and declared themselves free from all kinds of bigotry than there are to be found in the churches. The Presbyterian is bound hand and foot by a certain kind of belief, and he sticks to it, in most cases, very rigidly. The Spiritualist is bound in the self-same way, for we find them here, there, and everywhere setting up certain very rigid standards of their own and declaring that they are absolutely right, and there is no appeal from their standard. They have got the highest, the best and the only genuine Spiritualism, when the truth is the churches have had experience in it, and those who have no belief in any kind of God have had it. It is as free as the air. It is extensive as life. Spiritualism means something more than what is bound up in the simple name. It means the science of life. It means that life God manifests through every kind of form, through every possible degree of thought. It means that God can rap upon a table to convince you that you will live after death, and not degrade himself, as he can speak through the highest angel in the courts of heaven. Spiritualism of itself is humble. It takes upon itself no crowns. It is exceedingly simple. A child may understand it. But they who prate so loudly against these lower manifestations, as they are pleased to term them, simply betray their ignorance—ignorance of God and His laws—ignorance of the alphabet of life. They would fain destroy the ladder over which they have ascended, because forsooth they need it no longer, or because they have entered the temple by some other way, though thousands and tens of thousands have need to enter it in this way. They in their foolishness determine that God does not understand his business, and because he does not they are going to guide the car of progress for themselves. But poor, puny humanity will find by-and-by that God is God, despite all forms and ceremonies, and he descends to the simplest manifestations of life without losing his Godship. He blooms in the violet—is heard in the tiny rappings. His voice is in the thunder, and his wisdom with the angels. He is everywhere.

Yes, these manifestations are, in the majority, genuine, absolutely genuine, and whose says they are not, says what is false.

Sept. 12.

Sarah Ann Searle.

I hardly know how to speak, I have been away so long—nineteen years. I went from Townsend, and my name while here was Sarah Ann Searle. What makes me come here is because some of my relatives and friends that I used to know when I was here have convened around a table and called for some of us. And they called for me, and I could not come, and they said because I did not, that perhaps I had gone away so far beyond these scenes that I could not. That was not the reason. I did not know how, and their medium was not just right for me. One of the questions they asked was, if I could, would not I tell what was the last thing I done on earth—would not I tell what it was? Well, it is pretty hard to go back into these little insignificant things, but I suppose I can do it. I called for my Bible and selected a verse for the foundation of the remarks at my funeral—and they thought it was so very strange I had no fear of death, you know. They could not understand how I could be so calm, and talk about it as if I were only going away to come back again. But I had—I had an inward perception of the spirit-world, and that inward perception took away all the fear of death, and as I did not have a great many pleasant things here in this life, I was anxious to

go, and when the time came for me to go, I very naturally talked of it as if I was pleased. I had no fear—no, none at all. And they could not understand it, and some of them do not to this day. It was because I had no fear. I had a strange belief of my own. And they would like to know if I have changed. Yes, I have changed, but I am very glad I entertained the belief I did while here—very glad indeed. It was strange then, but it has got to be quite popular now, they tell me. I was a Universalist. I know some of the folks thought it was a terrible belief, but it was good enough for me. And I am not sorry, even at this late hour, that I embraced it and carried it along with me to the spirit-world. I am a Universalist in my spirit-home, only I am a better one than I was here, I trust. There, good-by. Sept. 12.

William Hudnot.

A short time since I was here, in the possession of my own body. I was participating in earthly scenes. But I seem to have passed through a very radical change. My purpose in coming here, Mr. Chairman, is to reach, if possible, my friends. Our home was situated about seventeen miles from Alexandria, before the desolation of civil war swept over it. But I shall endeavor to reach my friends from that point. It was known then as Hudnot's plantation. I am William Hudnot. I thoroughly believed you Yankees were entirely in the wrong, that although you were very willing to take care of whatever interested you, you were also very ready to help take care of what should not have interested you, namely, the interests of the South. I believed this, and was conscientious in going to war against you. But it is over now, and although there are some sad recollections which will sometimes force themselves upon the returning spirit, yet I think the most of us that are here endeavor to divest ourselves of all hard feelings in the matter. At all events, I, for one, feel satisfied. And were all my friends as well off as I am myself, I should be very glad that things have turned as they have. There are some doubts among my friends concerning the manner of my death. I would say I was wounded and taken prisoner, and died, I think, about twelve hours after being taken. In justice to my captors, I would say I was kindly treated, and everything was done to smooth the way to the other side that could be done. I now wish to come into clear communication with those who remain on the earth who knew me, that by coming to them I may benefit myself and them—may show them something of the condition that they may expect to be ushered into after death, and do, perhaps, a great deal toward robbing them of the fear of death. At all events, I believe it is right that I should return. I believe also that it would be right to seek to understand this law of return, and make it of use to them in clearing away the fogs that have been induced by a false religion and a false understanding of God.

You will remember the station, Mr. Hudnot's plantation, between seventeen and eighteen miles from Alexandria. Good-day. Sept. 12.

C. C. Colchester.

I come for the first time since my death to pay my respects to the good Boston people. [We are glad to meet you.] I assure you it is a novel position to occupy. It is one thing to act as a medium between the two worlds, but it is quite another thing to use one of the mediums. I left some of the good people here in Massachusetts rather unceremoniously, and with perhaps no very pleasant feelings on their part with regard to myself, and the manner in which I was led to conduct myself. But I am very glad to be able to say to all those people, "I thank you for your kindness while I was with you here. I thank you for the kind reproofs for the mistakes I made in life, and I thank you also for the bitter reproaches that reached me from all parts of the country, first coming from here, for they stimulated me to do better perhaps than I otherwise should have done, and were a sort of check-rein over my not very good propensities. I am very glad that I am free from this world and its unfortunate surroundings. I am very glad to be free from the conditions that sometimes attach themselves to an individual whether he will or no, and force him for the time to go rather in a downward direction. I am now free from all the circumstances that made me sometimes perform acts that I regretted afterwards. I would say to the friends here and in the West—all with whom I was acquainted here in America—I shall be very glad to do all in my power now, as a spirit, to aid you in obtaining truth concerning the condition of the soul after death.

I have need to be especially grateful to the kind friends with whom I was when I died; my many dear friends in Dubuque. Say to them I am powerless to thank them as they ought to be thanked, and if ever I am permitted to meet them on this side of life, I shall try to have some suitable reward ready for them. I will be their most humble servant all through their natural life, if they demand it, and then shall only feel that I have half paid them for their kindness to me.

I am Charlie, just as I was then—C. C. Colchester. Oh I have got a host of friends I would like to meet personally, here and elsewhere. But they must all take for granted that I have not forgotten them. Good-by. Sept. 12.

Bertha Clark Polley.

It was beautiful to die, and it is beautiful to return again. I thank God that I am enabled to perceive the perfectness of God's laws even through suffering. I thank God that I did suffer while here, and I thank God also that I remember that suffering in my spirit home, for it makes greater the joys of that spirit home, and it has washed my spirit clean, and has assisted me to ascend rapidly from one condition of being to another, till to-day I am enabled to say I thank God for all the experiences of life. It is but a few brief years since I was here acting in the capacity of spirit medium. I was used by the angels to proclaim the truths of God, and although I was led through many dark places, although my spirit drank deep of the waters of human sorrow, yet there were times when even on earth I lived in heaven, for my angel guides were enabled to so open the spirit-land to my view and to so enfold me about with the conditions of heaven, that I did really enjoy heaven, even while I dwelt in the midst of hell. I return to-day to say to the dear friends I have left, "Fear not for the dear little boy who is with you, who was mine and is mine still. He will remain with you, and the powers that seem to be round about him need not fear, for it has pleased the Great God to give a mediumistic life to the child, and when he tells you, 'I see my mother,' you may know he does. When he tells you, 'My mother comes to me when I am sleeping,' you may know I do come to him. And when he stops in the midst of his childish play and says, 'There is my mother,' do not fear that God is going to call him to the spirit-land, for this is only an unfolding of the powers that belong to his nature. And oh, as you value your own happiness, as you value

the happiness that will belong to him in the higher nature if he is rightly trained—oh, as you value all that is good and holy in life, train him in a spiritual direction. Oh give him to drink of the clear waters of the spiritual life, and never, never seek to shroud his little spirit with the darkness of theological bigotry. Let him grow, naturally, and strengthen all those powers that have a tendency to reach out into the other world. They will not draw him there too soon. You need not fear."

I am Bertha Clark Polley. I have friends, a husband, and many, many dear friends in Boston who cannot fail to recognize me. But my family and the friends of my childhood, they are not here, but I hope to reach them. They did not believe in these things when I was here, but I hope to unfold their vision and make them know that Spiritualism is true. Good-day. Sept. 12.

Séance opened by Theodore Parker; letters answered by Sylvia.

Invocation.

Come, Holy Spirit, come and let the sunlight of thy presence enter the consciousness of every soul gathered here. Let that sunlight disperse the mists and fogs of superstition, of doubt, of priestly error. Let it show them the faces of their loved ones who have passed through the shadow called death. Let no soul pass from these walls doubting thy nearness, and folding to their hearts that fear of death that is born of ignorance. But let every soul feel that thou art everywhere; and because thou art, there is no death. Let them understand that the land of souls lieth so near them that there is no line that can be drawn between the two worlds. Oh let thy mortal children everywhere learn to worship thee without fear in the beauty of love and holiness. Let every soul bow down before a shrine of its own erecting, worshipping the God it can understand—never worshipping a God it cannot understand. Oh, thou Holy Spirit, whom we see in the sunshine; whose power we behold in the tempest; whose life is with the seasons, and with every soul, receive our prayers, accept our praises, and lead us at last out of ignorance into thy wisdom; out of darkness into thy light; out of all evil into all goodness; for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Sept. 16.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—Has the spirit body corresponding organs, anatomically considered, which pertain to the mortal body? And when the spirit enters the spirit-world, has it the same desires, inclinations and tastes that governed it here? And further: Is the spirit body an exact likeness or counterpart of the mortal body, of a well developed mortal body at the ultimate of its mundane life?

A.—Externally, the spirit body corresponds to the natural body; but there is a constant internal change going on. As the spirit, mentally, becomes larger, more advanced in wisdom, the external takes on the changes of the internal; becomes more beautiful, more perfectly formed, more in accordance with the needs of the indwelling intelligence. The characteristics of the soul are the agencies entrusted with the formation of the spirit-body, and they were never known to forget, never known to make false representations; on the contrary, they are very precise, and they always give a delineation in the external from the internal. Whatever a man or woman is in the spirit-land, the representation appears upon the external. They cannot seem to be what they are not. There is no such thing as disguising one's soul-characteristics after death. All things are governed by stern, immutable law, and the soul is not exempt from law; form is not exempt from law, but all move by virtue of law, and law that is adapted to their unfolding. Every form in being changes its external characteristics according to its own internal law. These human forms that exist upon this continent to-day are not exactly what they were many, many years ago. No; there are certain marked characteristics remaining, but a close observer, a critical analyzer can behold a very great change. Yes, the spirit body does retain the external organic life so far as form is concerned, if you speak of it as belonging to human life. All the various organs are represented in the spirit body. And if they are represented in the spirit body, they are for use. Yes; and the soul has need of them. But the necessities of the soul are not exactly the necessities of the physical body. One may need the grains and fruits and animal life of the sphere to which it belongs. There is a difference. One is the crude, the other is the refined, the ethereal. One is the outside life, the other is the inside life. The mechanic in the spirit-land deals with the thoughts of the mechanic; the fruit-grower in the spirit-land deals with the thoughts of the fruit; the artist deals with the thoughts of the beautiful representations that you have here in mortal life. And yet thought is present in tangible form in the spirit-land, clearly and brightly and lawfully defined. It is not a world of imagination. It is not a vague, unsubstantial, unreal world. No. It is a world substantial and real. It is a step beyond this mundane physical world. It is the beautiful perfection of this world. If the rose is beautiful here, it is far more beautiful there. All forms that are represented on the earth—and these physical forms are no exception—and also a representation in the spirit-land. You will all learn the truth of my statements sooner or later. To-day they may seem to be vagaries, founded upon nothing, but by-and-by you will realize their truth, their soundness, and know by experience what you can never know by theory.

Q.—Will the controlling spirit inform us if a spirit without an embodied can act independently out of the body without an intermediate agency?

A.—Spirit in its absolute essence is not bound by the restrictions of the body. But the great God has seen fit—or the great spirit power, the great law governing everywhere has seen fit to make all things subservient to the spirit. All things, therefore, are its agents, and so far as the spirit understands the law governing the forms that have an expression on earth and in the spirit-land, so far that spirit can make those forms obey its law. There is no vacuum in Nature—none in the earth-life, none in the spirit-life. Every form is connected with every other form. Every soul is connected with every other soul. Every thought is connected with every other thought. For God is all, and in all. His dwelling place is in all forms, and His manifestations are everywhere. Therefore, God being everywhere, all things are united; and as spirit is superior to matter, so matter can become, and is, the legitimate agent through which the spirit manifests.

Q.—Would it not be better for the world, and for the mediums who possess such bad health or bad dispositions, as to attract only evil spirits, to give up their mediumship? Ought not mediums to be a pure and holy class to do much good?

A.—Your correspondent talks of giving up

mediumship, as if it were a thing easily done, when the real truth is, it cannot be given up, any more than it can be taken on. Mediumship—genuine mediumship—is the gift of God. He gave it, and He alone can take it. When we hear mediums, or those who call themselves such, declaring that unless the people and the spirits do thus and so they will give up their mediumship, we know that such are not what they purport to be; for as mediumship is of God, it is God who guards it, and God alone who can take it from the subject. The spirit-world is peopled with a vast variety of intelligences, from the highest to the lowest, and it is a law of divine life that every soul shall unfold or perfect itself through the agencies of being as best it can. Now, then, if some depraved souls find that they can unfold more readily by returning to earth and manifesting through media, who shall say they shall not come? Who has the right to determine concerning their coming? It is vain for you to declare that no undeveloped or depraved spirit can return unless there is some attraction within the medium's life. Jesus, the purest of all mediums, either ancient or modern, attracted to himself a legion of undeveloped spirits; and he taught them—he preached unto them—he liberated them from their dark surroundings—he led them by his own light up the mountain of Transfiguration. He was their Saviour. But if he had banished them, could he have been? Never. Go ye and learn of him, and if darkness comes to you praying for light, even if its manifestations are of the most diabolical kind, turn not a deaf ear, but listen, and perchance you may catch the notes of an angel even there. Extend the hand. Though thy brother or thy sister be in the very depths of hell, if you are all right they cannot harm you. Be sure that your own garments are spotless, be sure of your own internal holiness, then no filth can attach itself to your external lives. Though you may walk through all the darkness that ever closed around the depraved spirit, it cannot harm you.

The following letter was read:

I have a dear friend in spirit-land who has visited me through a medium here. I asked if the spirit would manifest itself through Mrs. Conant, that the message might be published for the satisfaction and convincing of a certain friend. The reply was that it had tried, but the crowd was so great that it could not get a chance, but if I would write her, saying it would be there, and like to communicate, it might help to secure the opportunity. I don't know as this will do any good, but if an opportunity can be given to the dear one, it will be a great satisfaction to many friends. Truly yours for the cause,

T. C. SNOW.

A.—We will endeavor to give attention to this subject, and if possible will assist the spirit to return and manifest to the friends who so earnestly desire it.

Sept. 16.

Capt Jacob Burns.

I am hardly well posted enough in this way of coming back again to the scenes of one's earthly life. It is new to me, for I have been away between twenty-one and twenty-two years. I hail from New Bedford, but I died in Boston, and was, when I was here, Capt. Jacob Burns. I don't know I, but I suppose I had a paralytic shock. I had n't the power to speak for quite a number of days. But I don't mean my folks shall understand that I am paralyzed where I exist now, but I was thinking very strongly whether I could speak if I came here, and they say that is the very thing that upset me. But I will get along pretty well, I think.

I want to get into communication with my son William, if I can. And I should like, too, to reach my daughter Clarissa, I should, and I think I can give some ideas that will set the matter right about the brig. I owned part of her, and I left things rather unsettled, and the result was, there has never been a very harmonious state of feelings between some of my folks since I left. I will tell you how it was. My son William is a son by a former wife, and I received a little property by that wife that started me. But Clarissa is by another wife, by whom I received no property. William says because I received the property, all I had, by his mother, I always told him that all I had should go to him. And he did not know how, but somehow or other it has turned out so. He has got it, and I do not think it is just fair. I never remember of saying so, but perhaps I did. I can tell him to a farthing how much I received from his mother, and how much I made myself. So he can have, if he wants to settle it in that way, what I received from the mother, with interest, and the girl must have the rest. And I cannot be very well satisfied here till it is made straight. Some of my acquaintances have said, "If spirits ever come back and straightened out their earthly affairs, I should think that Capt. Jake Burns would come back and straighten his, because there is pretty strong need of it." And that very thing is what has brought me back here—the very thought on their part.

I had a little besides what was in the brig, and I do not know how, but somehow William has got it all. I don't want you to think that I am so worldly that I am bound up in earthly things. 'Taint so. But I like justice now, just as well as I ever did, and if a man would only convince me that a thing was right, I was pretty sure to be a friend to it, whatever it was. And I never was afraid to speak my mind. I know what I give won't be very acceptable to my boy. I know that; but it makes no difference. I am able to speak, and able to say what I want to, and there is nobody here to say, "You can't do it, Jake Burns."

You print, do you? [Yes.] That is what I was told. I will go now till I get ready to come again. Good-day.

Sept. 16.

Ida May Storey.

I reckon I should say I am ten years old now, and Charlie is eleven. I did n't live here, I lived in Rockford. [Illinois?] Yes. I died there, too. And Charlie did, too. We wanted to come right back as soon as we got strong, but we could n't. We did n't have anybody to speak for us and help us. But I joined—I joined the Lyceum now, and the teachers help us here, they do. And those that want to come—that is best fitted to come, is elected and helped, and I wanted to come, and Charlie wanted to come, too, but I could not. I was most nine years old; I was eight, going on nine, when I was here, and Charlie was nine, going on ten. [You mean that you are ten now?] Yes, I mean I am ten now, for they said I had been here so long I know I was ten now. Do n't we have birth-days here? [I presume so.]

Oh dear me! I had the diphtheria, they said, and Charlie, too, and my throat is horrid sore now. I thought I had got well—that I was well. Do you always get sick when you come back? [Not always, no.] Do you know what my name is? [No.] Well, it is Ida May Storey. Now do you know? [Yes.] And my mother will be so glad I have come back, and my father, too. Do n't you think so? [I do.] I know they will. They have waited so long. It's so long they have most

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:

J. M. PECKHAM, EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Letters and papers intended for us, or communications for publication in this Department, etc., should be directed to J. M. PECKHAM, Local Editor, at the West. Receiving Office, and should be accompanied by a note of the name of the contributor, and the address to which all communications should be sent. Persons writing us should mark their letters. Persons writing us should mark their letters. Persons writing us should mark their letters.

Pre-existence—Eternal Existence

REPLY TO W. A. DANKIN.

Beautiful a brotherly interchange of thought, and intellectually profitable every war of ideas, when chief claims, fame and unnecessary personalities aside, draw the mental steel for the exalted purpose alone of eliciting truth. Such was the real soul-aim of Bro. Dankin in his able critique upon and some score or more questions relating to a late article of ours concerning pre-existence, as constituting not only the most philosophic formula for immortality, but the most rational basis for a clear and satisfactory belief in a future eternal existence.

"All immortality are circular in form." The incarnation of the soul is truth divine. The endless process was each being's norm. The whole creation would at last become a line. Americans being Englishmen under new skies and new circumstances, we may in the commencement indulge the trite saying of one "native and to the manner born," that "it is easier to ask than answer questions." And yet it is generally conceded by our soundest thinkers that the power to propound an inquiry implies, in a good degree at least, the possibility of a consistent answer. Moreover, our critic, in the native kindness of his heart, coupled with deep intuitions, acknowledges that if pre-existence were true, "it would be grand and beautiful beyond his present powers of conception." He further terms it a "magnificent theory." Noble admissions! When sectarians pronounce Spiritualism a magnificent theory, when they admit it to be grand and beautiful, we construe their concessions as prophecies, their ideals unwittingly expressed as pledges of future realities, and think them already within the portals of that divine temple—the Harmonical Philosophy.

Friedrich Schlegel cannot see that the idea of prior conscious existence has any "intelligible basis." Well, perhaps with us unlearned mortals, buried under earthly incrustations, the purely logical basis of this principle is somewhat meagre; at present, just as in the bare beginning of all the scientific developments, of even the most superficial truths. Nevertheless, as we grow into unfolding consciousness, the science and the logic of the matter appear and form an impregnable base, upon which is reared the beautiful structure of truth and wisdom.

But suppose for the moment there be (not to say no logical basis) but an insufficient basis of this kind, are we necessarily to conclude that the idea in question is a false one? If so, we wholly discard the existence and office-work of intuition, which is the eternal and inseparable counterpart of logic. Furthermore, in the absence of school logic or science, it is the legitimate function of intuition to reach out and up; to put forth a feeler into higher spheres of truth, and seizing principles, bring them down to earth, rooting them in the logic of *terra firma*. Unless there were this intuitive reaching out for principles in advance of science, the soul would never inquire after facts or logic as the basic foundation for those principles to rest upon. While we acknowledge, therefore, that the full logical basis or science of past ultra-sensory existence is yet wanting in the minds of the masses, we are far from admitting there is no such basis for this magnificent theory. By virtue of an intuition absolutely irresistible, though partially inexpressible, as well as by the deductions of reason, whose processes are not in the least shallow, we are forced to the conclusion of man's pre-existence. It is to us a *positive conviction*. And to minds thoroughly awake to self-consciousness, given to self-inspection, and accustomed to the introspective analysis of their own mental operations, there is nothing strange or startling in the position. And then again, what is not intuitively or consciously obvious with an individual, or the majority of mankind to-day, may be to-morrow.

Our brother asks for a "plain intelligible basis" for this dogma. We'll try. The basis that underlies the relation of numbers, is found in arithmetic; of form, in geometry; of quantities, in mathematics; of mental relations, in logic; and of pre-existence in the soul itself. That is to say, as the basis of our knowledge of chemistry lies in chemical manipulation and demonstration, so the basis of all knowledge touching the soul's pre-existence lies in intuition, consciousness, reason, and the more interior perceptions that crop out in life's mystic experiences.

Said Jesus: "Before Abraham was, I am. . . . I testify of myself." Said Plato: "The soul is its own witness." In connection with the above, we call attention again to the expressed consciousness and memory of moral chiefs, philosophers, poets and sages, referred to in our former article. Their testimony must not be overlooked. As addenda, we cite the following. Plotinus says:

"The soul of divine origin and proceeding from on high, becomes merged in the dark receptacle of body. It descends hither through a certain voluntary inclination for the sake of power, and to become more outwardly conscious of inferior concerns."

Empedocles, writing of souls descending into these inferior regions, says of himself:

"I fled from deity and heavenly light. To earth I came, and in the realm of night."

The inspired man says in Ecclesiastes I: 3:

"So I returned, and considered all my oppressions: for I was alone, and there were none to help me; therefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive. Yea, better is it (than both) which hath not seen, nor seen, nor seen the evil work that is done under the sun."

A poet of the Orient writes:

"On painless, the head of birth. Each house displays the kind and worth. Of the desires I loved before."

Prof. H. J. Slack (F. G. S.) gives his testimony as follows:

"All finite souls existed from the beginning in the Divine soul, and all the individuality which has been, or will be, had, its pre-existence, has its present existence, in Infinite Being."

But Bulwer Lytton speaks of that "strange kind of inner and spiritual memory which often recalls to us places and persons we have never seen before, and which Platonists would resolve to be the unquenched and struggling consciousness of a former life."

Tennyson's poems abound in the teachings of pre-existence. He writes of

"Glimpses of forgotten dreams—Of something felt, like something here; Of something done, I knew not where; Spoke as no language may declare."

That they are conscious of having lived before; others distinctly remember it. Shelley had a very vivid memory of that life, and it is the memory and consciousness of it that constantly "haunt" Mrs. Child; while Jesus spoke of the matter as one whose being was filled with this ever-present truth and the glory of it. To his spiritual and harmonious being it was axiomatic, and ultimately it will be thus to us all.

Suppose, however, there were no memory on the part of any human being on this planet of a previous existence. What then? At first flash, it might seem against the idea. But consider. At first thought, the sun seems to rise and set. On reflection, we know it does not. So want of memory of other states of life is simply a "seeming" against the facts. While sleeping at night, we have no external memory of the days before. This whole physical life of ours is the night and the sleep to those prior degrees of heavenly being. Earth is the shadow-land of realities; the grave of past eternities. Each wakes to the scenes, memories and knowledges of the past as he goes inward and upward toward celestial life, oneness with God.

"If I have lived, I must have lived in action. I must have acquired. Where are all my acquisitions?"

Certainly, you lived in action; the minutest mental as substance (spirit and matter) lives in action; where there's action, there's life, and where there's life, there's consciousness; even plants are conscious on the vegetable plane of existence, God being the Infinite consciousness of the universe. Be sure you "acquired"; but as to the precise "where" of "all your acquisitions," you should know better than we. The gift acquisitions of your first year's birthday were doubtless not inconsiderable, but where are they? Permit us to turn inquirer. Was your ante-natal life one of action? Did you acquire? Where are all those acquisitions?

"Why, if my existence has been eternal—organically and individually, I mean—do I retain no trace or sign of all the glories of the past?"

Have I not some love or affection of the past? Have I not some memory of the affections as well as the intellect failed to retain a single impression of former associations?

If I have lived, organically and individually, in all the past, why have I no memory of place or places that I must have called my home?

Have I not some memory of "locality," no attachment to the place where I have lived, that I should root up and cast out all memory of the endearments which must cluster, in greater or less degree, around every spot called home?

The fallacy underlying any position deducible from the above questions, consists in our brother's making his personal experiences a standard by which he proposes to judge, approving or disapproving of the experiences of all others. The "localities" of that prior existence are of minor importance. Spirits, the more exalted at least, take little cognizance of space or time. Not entirely foreign to this subject of "place" and "time," we may mention the Brahminical priest that, discussing some two hundred years since, the dogma of metempsychosis with Francis Xavier, termed the apostle of the Indies, turned to him, and, half-enraptured, said, "Xavier, I knew you six hundred years ago in Greece; you was a scavenger then in the streets. A scavenger still are you in theological lore!" So nicely adjusted is the spiritual consciousness and those inner memories to the conditions of that pre-existent state of being, that they are seldom intruded into the outer courts of life's physical temple. But because individuals have no "memory" of their first year's life, of their first two or three childhood years, with their prattle, their smiles and tears, is it logical to infer they had no existence? When death's cold scalp removes the film of earthly shadows, permitting our essential self to approach nearer that great central Sun that knows no setting, we expect to retrograde the scenes of our previous existence, as well as this, *ad libitum*.

Do not connect this position of ours, relating to pre-existence and eternal existence, with transmigration as taught in China, or with the metempsychosis of Egypt and certain Indian tribes. It has little or nothing in common with those superstitions, from which originated the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the body. Matter, through processes diverse and inverse, continually ascends to higher degrees of refinement, but souls, divine souls, allied to the Infinite something, as drops to an ever flowing fountain, descend.

We have met those—one an eminent judge—clearly and distinctly remember several circumstances of their prior life. The affirmation of that "professional gentleman of distinguished talents," referred to by the Rev. Dr. Alger, is to the same import, as well as the pointed evidences of many of the great leading characters that have crowned all the past ages. Against this strong array of positive testimony then, from representative minds both in the past and present, all the negations to the contrary ever babbled or booked amount to no more than the hum of passing insects. What is it to astronomers though a thousand blind men testify they never saw dark spots upon the sun's surface? That Homer was sightless was Homer's misfortune.

Something or nothing are the only two possible postulates. If something, substance; if substance, eternal, for all substance has in itself the divine energy or quality of endlessness. Therefore, once in existence, always in existence. Forms only change. The converse is equally true: once out of existence, never in existence. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*; from nothing nothing can come. If an individual, then, were absolutely once out of existence, as a conscious individuality, tell us how he "got" into existence. The telling will solve the startling and heretofore inexplicable phenomenon of something from nothing—something from nobody.

Again, if a fortuitous concourse of atoms, or prearranged conditions, circumstances or relational incidents, conspired to make this thinking, conscious individuality, MAN—"mark well," man—not his physical tenement, but his more etherealized, spiritual body, for this, throwing off coarser particles magnetic substances, continually accretes, taking on finer, thus completely changing in from nine to eleven hundred years in the spirit-world—but man—essential, divine man, may not future, prearranged conditions, or more potent circumstances, conspire to unmake him? May not beginnings have endings? Our position remains then: man a pre-existent being! man an eternal being!

It is our purpose to devote a future article to the discussion of

The form of man in that pre-existent state; The reason of the soul's descent; The method of incarnation.

A New Speaker.

I take pleasure in introducing to lecture company Mrs. Eliza C. Crane, of Sturbridge, Mich. This lady has spoken in Sturbridge several times during the summer months, to excellent acceptance. She speaks in Almont, Mich., during November. Address her accordingly. See permanent address in lecture column.

O. B. L. Sturbridge, Mich., Oct. 10, 1867.

Mr. Ellis Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," has left Old, and returned to New England, where he proposes to spend the remainder of his days.

Call for a New England Lyceum Convention.

Having learned that the efforts of the different Lyceums in New England are unanimously in favor of having a Convention for the purpose of mutual acquaintance, and comparing notes, devising the best means to promote the interests of the Lyceum, and organization, and a large number of friends of the Lyceum, we have decided to issue the following Call:

A Convention of the officers, members and friends of the different Lyceums in New England will be held in Horticultural Hall, Worcester, Mass., on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 29th and 30th, 1867, commencing at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the first day. Although this is called a New England Convention, a cordial invitation is extended to Lyceums in other States to come and take part in our deliberations.

A. E. CARPENTER, Putnam, Conn.

DR. A. H. RICHARDSON, Charlestown, Mass.

E. R. FULLER, Worcester, Mass.

It is desired that notice may be given the people in Worcester of the number of delegates from each Lyceum, so that arrangements can be made to entertain them as far as possible.

Address E. R. FULLER, Box 671, Worcester, Mass.

Notice.

A State Convention for the State of New York will commence in the city of Rochester, N. Y., on Thursday, Nov. 7, at ten o'clock A. M., in such hall as shall be designated in the city papers of said city, and hold two or more days. All societies in the State of New York, entitled to representation in the National Organization of Spiritualists, are requested to send the same number of delegates to this Convention to which they are entitled in said national organization, and the friends of the cause in localities where there are no organizations are requested to meet and appoint some one to represent them. We hope and expect a pleasant, useful and profitable meeting.

WARREN CHASE, Vice President for New York.

Corry Mass Convention.

CHANGE OF TIME.

The Third Annual Convention of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress of Northwestern Pennsylvania will be held at Corry, Erie Co., Penn., in the Academy of Music, on the 27th, 28th and 29th of December, 1867, for the free discussion of religious and reformatory questions. Selden J. Finney, of Corry, N. Y., will deliver the opening address, and other able speakers are expected to be present. All communications should be addressed to Mrs. W. H. Johnston, Cor. Sec.

By Order of Committee.

Corry, Pa., Sept. 26, 1867.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Spiritual Progressive Association, of Summit County, Ohio, will be held at West Richfield, commencing Saturday, October 26, at 10 A. M., and continue on Sunday, 27th. Friends in the adjoining counties are cordially invited to attend and participate. Speakers' mediums will be present to occupy a free platform.

DR. C. A. UNDERHILL, Committee to call the meeting.

LECTURES' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

Arranged Alphabetically.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore has been prepared by persons who are competent to give appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should any name appear in this list of a party known to be a lecturer, we desire to be informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.)

J. MADISON ALLEY, Chittenden, Mass., will lecture in Haverhill, Mass., during October.

DR. T. T. AMOS will speak in Masonic Hall, New York, during October. Address, box 300, Rochester, N. Y.

DR. J. H. ALLEN, will lecture in Providence, R. I., during October. Address, box 300, Providence, R. I.

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