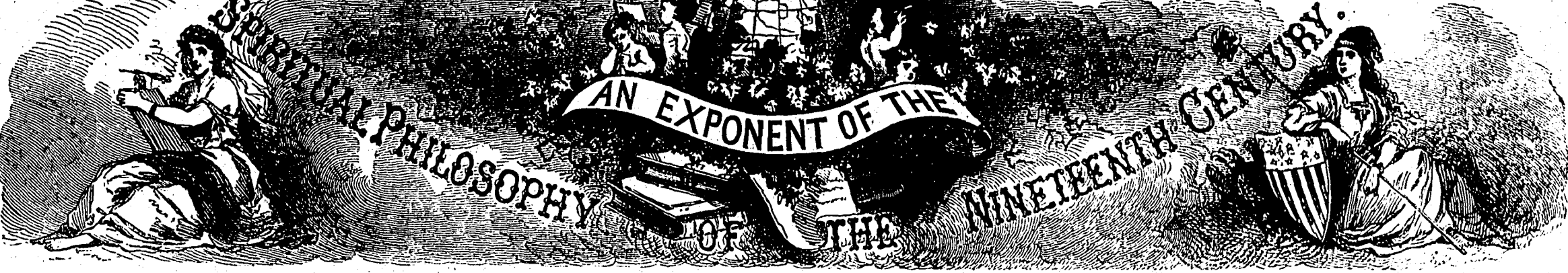


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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BEAUTY UNVEILED;

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF EDWARD POSTER.

The Enthusiast, the Philosopher, and the Lover.

BY CHRISTOPHER HARTMANN.

CHAPTER VII.

It was now twelve o'clock. Louisa had been reading that forenoon in the novel of Bulwer known as Pelham. She had just closed the book, and given herself to reflections on her own life, when a rap was heard at her door, and a gentleman announced in the parlor. "Ask him to send his name," said Louisa. The servant returned with the answer, "He says he is an old acquaintance of yours, and had rather realize the surprise of the occasion." The fact was, Cushing did not wish to reveal himself beforehand, for he wanted all the opportunity he could have to test the quality of his wife's affections. He designed an unmediated greeting from her. In this he was not disappointed. She received him with mingled surprise and gladness. He had altered some by the experience he had passed through, but gave many tokens of recovered manliness, and was evidently dressed for the occasion. His wife at first interpreted all this to his disadvantage. She thought that, having received her letter, he had taken encouragement from it to come on and seek her companionship again. She trembled for the result.

"You need not look so fearful, Louisa; I have come to you a reformed man."

The whole story of her sister's efforts which she gathered from letters and had heard from Edward then ran through her mind, and she more than half believed the report. She rose from her seat, went to him, and, looking smilingly in his face, said, "And is this really so?" He avowed that he was the very man he professed to be. He said that he had been tempted by the devil, but had turned strongly about. He ran quickly through the whole affair, spoke in the warmest terms of her sister's efforts, and of an influence that had come over him that was strange, mysterious, irresistible. And he frankly declared that he came back to live with her forever.

The heart of the once loving but now hopeful wife began to feel assured and tender toward him. And now, for the first time for a long and weary interval, she clung upon his neck and wept like a child. She avowed that she would take him at his word, but that the proof of all this must be in his constancy. After so long a time she demanded the reasonable privilege to gain by degrees the confidence which had been so destroyed. A wife's affections, she told him, when long tried and trampled on, could not all at once be the unwounded, unfeeling thing that they were. She promised faithfulness, but reminded him of the sad work of the past.

In the evening Edward was sent for. He had been previously made aware of Cushing's return, and was very anxious to see the man who had been with Mrs. Willard, and of whom he had heard so good a report. He became thus acquainted with many more incidents in the life of one he loved so dearly, but declared himself still unable to realize her departure. Cushing eyed him with the intensest interest, and seeing him so much improved since he had acted in the capacity of clerk to him, and noticing the poetic, ethereal character of his mind, ventured to question him a little on business matters. He found him in a better state, but still dissatisfied. The truth was, it was a business utterly unsuited to him. He could not prosecute it successfully without awful qualms of conscience, and he was fairly tired of it. Cushing reminded him also of his own deductions from duty while he was in the same occupation, and attributed his first departure from rectitude, which led to dissolute habits, to the temptations of such an establishment. He learnt to be there most remorselessly. But Edward was more scrupulous; he was very nearly that "fire proof" boy which his father was told about when he was inquiring of the wholesale merchant concerning a place for him. But it was now Cushing's turn to seek some new employment. He was prepared for it, and was worthy of it. He was determined, this time, to go sure.

"But what will you do?" said his wife anxiously.

"I don't know," he replied; "but just now Willard is on my mind. That man is no further gone than I was. He is more hopeless of himself, but I have seen enough of him to know that there is yet hope of him. He feels bitterly about his wife. But I have an appointment with him for to-morrow, and I mean to see to him."

Edward encouraged it by every consideration. Just at that moment his dream recurred to him. But Cushing determined to try him first. True to his appointment, he went to the hotel the next day and found him. He first told him the remarkable fact of the reawakening of his own memory. He gave him, too, the history of the little book; and, when he took it from his pocket, for he had taken good care to have it in readiness, Willard expressed a desire to read it. So he gave it to him, and charged him to read it carefully and prayerfully. He said he would, nevertheless he laughed some at the idea. Since, however, it came from his wife, he said that, as he felt then, he could almost adore the very covers of it. It was as a charm, a talisman, to him.

"What else," said he, "did my wife give you?"

"Nothing but her clothing and jewelry."

"Have you her clothing and jewelry?"

"She left directions for me to take all that was worth saving, with her rings, ear-ornaments and

plains, and deliver them into the hands of Louisa. I have done so; but"—holding up his hand and looking at one finger—"here is one ring which I wish to keep for myself as a memento, and I have Louisa's consent."

As Willard took his hand, and looked at it, he exclaimed, "Great heavens! that was our engagement ring. You cannot have that. I had it made on purpose. Never shall I forget when I put that upon her finger. Here is a braid of her own hair with mine."

All these circumstances so wrought upon him that his friend Cushing seized the favorable opportunity, and prolonged the conversation nearly two hours, strongly urging upon him the importance of a new course of life, and strengthening his appeals by citations from his own experience. On the evening of that day they all met again at the house of Cushing. Here the matter of business came up. What was to be done? What should Cushing do? It was proposed to see Goodman. He was engaged in a wholesale store, of the same kind of goods that Cushing was acquainted with, and it was thought that, possibly, through his influence, a place might be procured for him there. And Willard—what should be done with him?

"Mr. Willard," said Edward, "you are an excellent artist. Are you willing to give up drinking, move into the city, be received into our friendship, and, under our auspices, try to be yourself again?"

The man quailed at the thought. How can I, thought he to himself, when habit has got so strong hold of me? But, after hesitating for a while, he said, "If you will trust me so far as to try me, I will be frank with you, and say thus much: I will come into the city, take a room, and go to work as an artist. But I tell you, candidly, I cannot have full confidence in myself, I know myself so well. But I will try it again, if you will all stand by me. And, Foster, I shall look to you for many things."

Foster got up, extended to him his hand, and promised faithfulness to him forever. He made another beautiful allusion to the departed spirit of his wife, and seemed to recognize her influence with the rest. Poor Willard was now fairly in the grasp of the divine Providence for greater works than any that had been dreamt of. Suffice it to say that he moved into the city in just one week from the time of this interview, and took a room in what is now known as Tremont Row—but was then occupied by smaller buildings—in the immediate vicinity of Gardner Green's Garden. And in the meantime he had read the book. He had taken it with him into the country—at Burlington, Vt., I believe—and read every word of it with attention and seriousness. The effect upon him was different from that upon Cushing. At first he disbelieved it; he took it to be pure fiction; but he had not read far, before he obtained a different conviction. This must be real history, he said, for no man could write so and invent it all; or, at least, if it be fiction at all, it must be largely founded upon fact. But the chief point was, it came so near his own experience in many things, as to create in him a strong self-application. A leading idea of it was the abuse of superior abilities, as it bore upon our relations with the Creator, and the destiny thus involved. He had marked several passages in the margin—among others, this:

"I once knew a man eminent for his gifts and genius, but these things, which are the means of thinking well and doing well, were to him the means of thinking and doing evil; for he excels in genius and talent, has more things than others by which he may set himself against the Divinity, and against all those things which tend to goodness and peace. This man, however, run but a short course. He squandered the first few years of his manhood upon vicious and criminal indulgences, and when he died, confessed that if he had been an idiot, or a man void of common understanding, he should now be comparatively happy; but the reflection that he had been so largely gifted, and that he had made use of those very superior abilities to plunge himself still deeper into wickedness, was a source of the most bitter and painful regret to him."

I saw him in his last hours, and was well acquainted with him in life; and if ever I saw an object of pity and commiseration, it was that man— that dying genius— that never-to-be-forgotten wreck of all that was noble, going down into a darkness that even his genius was so well fitted to explore."

Willard did have a grim faith in some realities beyond the grave; and, to his own candid inspection, he had been a man intellectually fitted to go sounding through that dark abyss. And oh!—problem to all those who begin to set about in earnest for a good life—he felt; the more he dwelt upon the goodness of it, a discouraging sense of his own unworthiness. In other words, he began to see evil in its true light, which is the light of the opposite good. No man knows what evil is, truly and profoundly, who sees it not from a high point of goodness. The angels in heaven know what evil is, more truly than the devils in hell. There are thousands and millions who pass through this life without much sense of evil, from no other reason than that they are in it so deeply. And I speak not now of the lower, more criminal classes exclusively, but of the common classes, who enjoy the reputation of good citizens, and take their places with the so-called virtuous and respectable—those, I mean, who live an easy, quiet life, not troubling themselves about the past, nor having any anxious forebodings of the future, but who live in the present, and enjoy what it brings. They pass their time as listlessly, so far as any real anxiety for their moral or spiritual condition is concerned, as the animals that roam the fields amid the sunshine and the grassy boundaries of Nature. Indeed, they often appear, to one of a contemplative mind, to be in a sort of mere animal comfort—easy, unconcerned, so be it that they have good health, good digestion, good bodily

circulation, and a fair share of the goods and pleasures of the world—and thus to be almost enviable. "What makes the odds, so long as you're happy?" is the brief motto of their life; and, truly, it would seem sometimes as if there was but little difference, or rather, as if what difference there was was on the side of their philosophy, if philosophy it can be called. But let these same persons once be waked up to a sense of their moral relations to the eternal Author of all goodness and truth, and to a sense of the real, essential element of human depravity, which is selfishness, in all its forms—let them, in short, receive but the first impulses of a regenerate life, and it is astonishing how this easy, constitutional quiet is dissipated forever. The inner nature is now waked up; and it is so excited, let it be understood, by the influx of the divine spirit of goodness into their selfish and perverted souls. The flow of this goodness is it, that convicts them of evil. To be sure, it takes the form of truth first, and the fears of justice come along with it; but it is none the less goodness in essence; and this in a thousand mysterious ways and wonderful providences, of which the case we are now relating is one conspicuous instance.

The unfortunate Willard had begun to experience these inflowings of the divine mercy. Before, he was in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. Many more respectable persons are without knowing it. The difference between their case and this, is that, in the one, this sense of evil is blunted by a mere natural state—a constitutional good-naturedness—without any respect to the divine law, or even the divine Person, which keeps them in a thousand amiable and respectable habits which it is only necessary to test by something that crosses their interests, and you shall then see how the virus of selfishness is at the bottom of every one of them, or is the corruption of every one of them, and how all their virtues are put to flight by the application of a touchstone so powerful. In the other case, this sense of evil is not only blunted or obscured by mere naturalism, but the whole moral nature is so overgrown with corruption, so imbruted in gross sensualism, that the man becomes what every evil man would if left to carry out and ultimate his life's love in unrestrained indulgence—a mere brute of a man—a demon, frequently, in human shape.

Willard, I say, had begun to experience the inflowings of the divine spirit; and, to one so quick and imaginative as he was, even the first faint influences were so disturbing to his dark and sinful soul that he recoiled with horror from a deep which seemed already to yawn for him. He began to realize how black and evil a thing he was. He went on from this conviction into increased light. The sun of love rose higher and higher. He was greatly distressed; but, within it all, he finally felt a principle which he knew was the dawning of the day-star within his heart. In other words, it was the fulfillment of Edward's dream. When he looked up, he saw the star, and it brightened; when he turned away, it was obscured. The looking up was typical of looking within—to the great depths of the heavenly nature in every human soul.

One dark and stormy night, when the winds howled diabolically through the old trees that waved in front of the house where he was then tarrying for a day or two, a few miles from the city, as he was pondering the contents of the book which he had so absorbed him, and musing upon his own possible fate, he was overheard by a friend whom he had taken with him, to be walking his chamber floor, uttering aloud to himself something of the following soliloquy: "My God! my God! what am I? Is it possible that I can persevere? Why do I so intently dwell upon these phantoms? What is it that possesses me?" And he ended with a deep and fervent prayer for the salvation of his immortal soul. It was the first deep and agonizing prayer that the man had ever uttered. It was soon after this the arrangements were completed to have him board, in Boston, at the same house with Cushing and his wife and Edward. This was to keep him as much as possible under their influence, and to watch him narrowly. In the mean time, Cushing had seen Goodman, and had obtained a situation in a wholesale store in Kilby street at a salary of eight hundred dollars for the first year. This was the beginning of the return of his fortunes. He felt now, and his wife felt, that God had not afflicted her sister in vain; and by her means, directly and indirectly, both these men were to be restored to virtue and happiness—"They will be done."

[To be continued in our next.]

THAT ONE DROP.—For two years past I have been laboring to save an inebriate. After several relapses he became perfectly sober and gave hope of permanent reform. His wife remarked, "If he falls again it will kill me." Things went on smoothly several months. That nice darkened home had become once more a sunny spot. But one day the reformed man met an old friend, who invited him to dinner. At the table wine was furnished, and the entertainer teased the reformed inebriate to take a glass with him. He knew the man's former habits. The unhappy man swallowed one glass, and imbricated the demon in a moment. From that hour to this my poor friend has hardly seen a sober day, and nothing but a miracle of God's grace will ever lift him from the bottomless pit into which he has fallen. A glass of champagne buried him in an instant. In this case it is not difficult to decide who was the greatest sinner. The man who urges a reformed inebriate to touch a drop of intoxicating liquor deserves to be imprisoned in ten years at hard labor. He is not a safe person to run at large, for where is the moral defence of assassination with a knife, and assassination with a "social glass" of poison?—Dr. Cuyler.

Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie was a Swedenborgian, and a firm believer in spiritual manifestations. She used to assert most eloquently that in all her trials, after her first husband's decease, she was in direct communication with him, and that he guided all the important actions of her life.

PREVISIONS.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—The years now number more than twenty since my first reading of the PROPHECY OF ORVAL, a most remarkable production of a monk while a resident of the Abbey of Orval, a religious institution situated in the Diocese of Trèves, on the borders of Luxembourg, and the vaticinations of a Jesuit priest, communicated by him at the establishment of that religious order in the town of Poitiers, France, some time in the latter part of the last century, before the first French revolution. The name of this priest does not appear. It is said that he died at the city of Bordeaux, in the "odor of sanctity," not long after making his prophecies. It appears that the name of the monk, the Orval seer, was Philip Olivarius, and that his prophecies were printed as long ago as 1741, under the title of "Les Prvisions d'Orval." These utterances have been called to mind by the passing events of to-day, and a re-portal of them hath been had, being prompted by accounts of the battles of hostile armies and the flowing of hell-frenzied blood in Continental Europe.

I have transcribed some of these aforetime predictions for the benefit of the reader. If he cannot receive them except as the sayings of ecstasies, mystics, or madmen, and is disposed to treat them as the wild vagaries of disordered imaginations, or the hallucinations of fevered brains, let him accept them as such, but award to them, at least, the importance of a classification among "curiosities of literature," and that those supposed to relate to the past evinced an astonishing coincidence of foretelling and fulfillment. It is no more than reasonable to believe that, if what has been predicted of men and matters, now history, came to pass precisely according to prediction, that which required a future will find like fulfillment in the future.

Here beginneth the Chapter of Prophecy, whose voice comes to us from the walls and towers of ancient Orval, through the distance of more than three centuries, claiming to be "Certain Previsions revealed by God to a Solitary, for the consolation of the children of God." Read and say whether the language is oracular, and its monastic author inspired to unveil the future:

"At that time a young man, come from beyond the sea into the country of Celtic Gaul, shows himself strong in counsel. But the mighty to whom he gives homage will send him to combat in the land of captivity. Victory will bring him back. The sons of Brutus will be confounded at his approach, for he will overpower them, and take the name of emperor. Many high and mighty kings will be sorely afraid, for the eagle will carry off many sceptres and crowns. Men on foot and horse, carrying blood-stained eagles, and as numerous as gnats in the air, will run with him throughout Europe, which will be filled with consternation and carnage; for he will be so powerful that God shall be thought to combat on his side. The church of God, in great desolation, will be somewhat comforted, for she shall see her temples opened again to her lost sheep, and God praised. But all is over, the moons are passed."

The old man of Orval cries to God from his afflicted heart, and behold! the mighty one is blinded for his crimes. He leaves the great city with an army so mighty that none was ever seen to be compared to it. But no warrior will be able to withstand the power of the heavens; and behold! the third part, and again the third part of his army has perished by the cold of the Almighty. Two lustrous have passed since the age of desolation; the widows and the orphans have cried aloud to the Lord, and behold! God is no longer dead. The mighty that have been humbled take courage, and the temples of the Lord resound with many holy words. The ancient blood of centuries is with them, and resumes its place and its abode in the great city; the great man returns, humbled, to the country beyond the sea from which he came. God alone is great! The eleventh moon has not yet shone, and the bloody scourge of the Lord returns to the great city; the ancient blood quits it. God alone is great! He loves his people, and has blood in abundance; the fifth moon has shone upon many warriors from the East. Gaul is covered with men and machines of war; all is finished with the man of the sea. Behold again returned the ancient blood of the Cap! God ordains peace, that his holy name be blessed. Therefore shall great peace reign throughout Celtic Gaul. The white flower is greatly in honor, and the temples of the Lord resound with many holy words. But the sons of Brutus view with anger the white flower, and obtain a powerful edict, and God in consequence is angry on account of the elect, and because the holy day is much profaned; nevertheless God will await a return to him during eighteen times twelve moons.

God alone is great. He purifies his people by many tribulations; but an end will also come upon the wicked. At this time a great conspiracy against the white flower moves in the dark, by the designs of an accursed band, and the poor old blood of the Cap leaves the great city, and the sons of Brutus increase mightily. Hark! how the servants of the Lord cry aloud to him. The armies of the Lord are stirred in his wrath for the hearts of the wicked. Won to Celtic Gaul! The cock will efface the white flower, and a powerful one will call himself king of the people. There will be a great commotion among men, for the crown will be placed by the hands of workmen who have combated in the great city. God alone is great! The reign of the wicked will wax more powerful; but let them listen, for behold! the options of the men of Celtic Gaul are in collision, and confusion is in all minds. The king of the people will be seen very weak; many of the wicked will be against him; but he was ill-seated; and behold! God hurls him down. How, ye sons of Brutus! Call unto you the beasts that are about to devour you. Great God! what a noise of arms! a full number of moons is not yet completed, and behold many warriors are coming. It is done! the mountain of the Lord hath cried in its affliction unto God. The sons of Judah have cried unto God from the land of the foreigner; and behold! God is no longer dead. What fire accompanies his arrows! Ten times six moons, and yet again six times ten moons have fed his wrath. Voe to the great city. Behold the kings armed by the Lord! But already hath fire leveled thee with the earth. Yet the faithful shall not perish. God hath heard their prayer. The place of crime is purified by fire. The waters of the great stream have rolled on toward the sea all crimsoned with blood. Gaul, as it were dismembered, is about to reunite. God loves peace. Come, young prince, quit the isle of captivity. Listen from the lion to the white flower! Come!

What is foreseen, that God wills. The ancient blood of centuries will again terminate long struggles. A solo pastor will be seen in Celtic Gaul. The man made powerful by God will be firmly seated. Peace will be established by many wise laws. So wise and prudent will be the collating of the Cap, that God will be thought to be with him. Thanks to the Father of Mercies, the Holy Spirit dwells again in her temples to the glory of one Lord Almighty.

Many lost sheep come to drink at the living spring. Three kings and princes throw off the mantle of heresy, and open their eyes to the faith of the Lord. At that time two third parts of a great people of the sea will return to the true faith. God is yet blessed during fourteen times six moons, and six times thirteen moons. But God is weary of bestowing his mercies; and yet for the faithful's sake, he will prolong peace during ten times twelve moons. God alone is great! The good is passed away. The saints shall suffer. The Man of Sin shall be born of Laplace races. The White Flower becomes obscured during ten times six moons and six times twenty moons. Then it shall disappear, to be seen no more. Much evil, and little good, will there be in those days. Many cities shall perish by fire. Israel then returns entirely to Christ the Lord. The accursed and the faithful shall be separated into two distinct portions. But all is over. The third part, Gaul, and again the third part and a half, will be without faith. The same will be among other nations. And behold! Six times three moons, and four times five moons, and there is a general falling off, and the end of time has begun. After a number, not complete, of moons, God will combat in the persons of his two just ones. The Man of Sin shall carry off the victory. But all is over. The mighty God has placed before us comprehension a wall of fire. I can see no more. May he be blessed evermore. Amen."

In the foregoing wonderful *apocalypse*, how plainly appear, as in panorama, some of the passing events of other days and years, now become the fixed facts of veritable history! The paragraphs and passages that glide before our view present principles and powers, potentates and princes. Are these personages who figure here the Bourbons? Are these the Bonapartes? Whose mighty army is this, overwhelmed in the frosts and snows of hyperborean regions? The names of what bloody battle-fields are these? Are they not Austrolytz and Jena and Waterloo, etc.? What are these that rise above the waters of the great sea? Behold Elba—St. Helena. Who is that stern, solitary prisoner of the rock, of military men? Do we see yonder a king in flight?—Is it not Charles X.? That other royal refugee—who is it but Louis Philippe?—both escaping from France to England. Do we discover here the President of the French Republic, forgetting his solemn oath, and, by the dash of his sword and the dash of his pen, in an hour producing a *coup d'état*, becoming thereupon the manager of an empire, and styling himself Napoleon III., Emperor?

The old monks of the bygone centuries cried aloud, *God loves peace*; and we have heard the imperial pet phrase, *The Empire is peace*; but today the tramp of soldiery and the thundering of artillery, almost at the very gates of the capital city of France, seem to demonstrate otherwise.

Here commences our citation from that later oracle, whose pages date in the past only about one hundred years:

"There will be a reaction, which shall be thought to be the cause of the convulsion. It will last during some years, so that people shall suppose that peace is already restored; but it will be only a patchwork—an ill-sewn garment. There will be no schism; but still the church shall not triumph. Then shall come disturbances in France; a name hateful to the country shall be placed upon the throne. It will not be till after that event that the counter-revolution shall take place. It will be done by strangers. But two parties will first be formed in France, who will carry on a war of extermination. One party will be much more numerous than the other, but the weaker shall prevail. Blood will flow in the great towns, and the convulsions shall be such that men might think the last day to be at hand. But the wicked will not perish; and in this dire catastrophe shall perish of them a great multitude. They will have hoped to have utterly destroyed the church; but for this they will not have had time; for the fearful crisis shall be of short duration. There will be a movement when it will be supposed that all is lost; but still all shall be saved. The faithful shall not perish. Such signs will be given them as will induce them to fly the city. During this convulsion, which will extend to other lands, and not be for France alone, Paris shall be so utterly destroyed that when, twenty years after, fathers shall walk with their children, and the children shall ask, 'Why is that desolate spot?' they shall answer, 'My children, here once stood a great city, which God destroyed for its crimes.' After this fearful convulsion, all will return to order, and the counter-revolution shall be made. Then shall the triumph of the church be such that nothing like it shall be ever seen again; for it will be the last triumph of the church on earth."

These events shall be known to be at hand by the sign that England shall begin to suffer throes of pain, even as it is known that the summer is nigh when the fig-trees put forth their leaves. England shall experience a revolution, which will be of sufficient duration to give unhappy France time to breathe. Then it shall be by the assistance of France that England shall be fully restored to peace."

Besides these *long sine* predictions of the Orval monk and the Poitiers priest, concerning the destruction of Paris, the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon, and the end of the Bonaparte dynasty, I have received from the tongue of a medium in my neighborhood—Mr. P.—L.—than whom there is no more honest man to be found, and but few better prophets—the declaration that Paris will soon experience a revolution, which will be a parallel, confederate, and Napoleonic cease to rule, by death or other cause. And this was told to me before the war-cloud had been seen, or any signs of war between France and Prussia had been manifested.

These prophecies—those of the monk as well as those of the Jesuit priest—are in remarkable harmony of present declaration. Do they not agree in predicting the downfall of Napoleon III., the destruction of Paris by fire, the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, and legitimacy to be manifested in the person of Henry V., Duke de Chambord? Are not the two parties spoken of the Moderates and the Red Republicans, who have been warring ever since the strife in the streets of Paris, in the memorable June of 1848? Will Paris become desolate by acts of insurrection and civil war, or by the capture and waste of a foreign foe—and that foe the one now on its march thither? Time must determine the problem.

HORACE DRESSER.

Original Essay.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE CROSS.
A Paper read before the Albany Institute, and presented for publication in the Banner of Light,
BY DR. G. L. TITSON.

PART THREE.

The *Argha*, with the *Linga* of stone, is found all over India as an object of worship. It is strewed with flowers, and water is poured on the *Linga*. The rim represents *Vai*, and the *gassi unicularis*, and instead of the *Linga*, *Isvara* might be represented standing in the middle, as they used to do in Egypt. (1)

Captain Wilford, when referring to the geography of the Orient, says: "The most remarkable feature of this system is Mount Meru in the center, the *Olympus* of the *Hindus*, the place of abode of Brahma and his *Sabha* congregation or court. This mountain made also part of the cosmographical system of the Jews; for Isaiah, making use of such notions as were generally received in his time, introduces Lucifer (in Sanscrit *Svarabhanu*, or light of heaven), boasting that he would exalt his throne above the stars of God, and would sit on the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the North. Meru has also the name of *Sabha*, because the congregation or assembly of the Gods is held there, on its northern side." (2)

In another place, when writing of the *Lotos*, Capt. Wilford adds: "The stalk originates from the navel of Vishnu, sleeping at the bottom of the ocean, and the flower is described as the *cradle* of Brahma, or *Argha* and *Nabhi*." (3)

The summit of Meru is called *Gharvatta*, or the circle of *Il*, which is the same as the Mount Ida of the Greeks, where Paris adjudged to Venus the prize of beauty, and is considered as a celestial earth, or *Swar-gabhami*, or *Svarga*, heaven of India. "and it is thus called to this day by the people of Tibet, the Chinese, and the Tartars, who, like the Hindus, hold it in the greatest veneration." (4)

Now there were four rivers flowing from this Meru, which is *Svarga* or *Indra* paradise; there are four also in Scripture; and we learn from the Elders that there were four rivers of milk flowing from the *navel* of the cow *Argha* *Argha*. "In all these accounts," says the article in the Asiatic Researches, "these rivers are only branches of an original one, called *Sarasvati*, or *Manu* in the Puranas; in the *Linga* all rivers derive their origin from that called *Argha* *Argha*; but in Scripture it has no name." (5)

The history and relations of Mount Meru and the ship *Argha* had not only extended from India into Syria, into Greece, into Egypt, but we find traces of them in Ethiopia. Mr. Waddington in his travels says: "As far as we could judge from the granite and other sculptures remaining at *Argha*, a considerable distance above Sene, which forms the boundary line between Egypt and Nubia, and at *Argha* of Berkel, the art of sculpture seems to have been as well understood, and carried to as high perfection by the sculptors of *Argha*, as it was afterward by their scholars at Thebes and at Memphis." *Argha* and *Meru* come here together again. *Meru* is an island in the upper Nile, and is doubtless an oval Mount Moriah, or *Meru*, a sacred spot. (6)

To make any place particularly holy among the Oriental people generally, it was necessary to have a Mount Meru; hence such a place was found in nearly the center of the city of Jerusalem, where the very hole is shown in which stood the column, the shaft, the tree of crucifixion. I visited the spot with Dr. Barclay, a missionary to the Jews, who had then resided in Jerusalem several years; he was not satisfied with the traditions concerning that locality, and probably not with the story of the finding of the cross by the Empress Helena, and he took me to the edge of a declivity outside of the gate of St. Stephens, and opposite to the Mount of Olives, and said he thought that *that* was much more likely to be the place where the great sacrifice was made than the former. Still, that under the great dome of the temple where the sepulchre of Christ is also shown, will be visited and held sacred for centuries yet to come, as the *Meru* of the Christians.

The Abbe Pluche mentions the *canopus* as a jar or pitcher of water, intended to make the people acquainted with the exact progress and increase of the inundation; and says that they used to mark these jars with the figure T, or a small cross, to express the increase and swelling of the river. (8) "Canob" is the Egyptian word which is rendered *canopus* by the Greeks; the information which this seems intended to convey, was so particularly necessary to the Egyptians, that it is no wonder it should, in the course of time, cease to be considered as a mere sign, and acquire a place among the deities themselves. The word *canob*, by the analogy of the Sanscrit language, becomes *cumbh*, which signifies a jar or vase; it gives name in the *Hindu* *Zodiac* to the sign *Aquarius*. This *cumbh*, *Gharvatta*, or jar, is the principal object in the celebration of Hindu worship. It is considered as almost the deity itself. It cannot be dispensed with, while the image of Durga may be omitted entirely. The *Vishnu* uses the sacred jar, which they mark with several crosses. "The *Salvas* mark the jar with a double triangle; one triangle signifies *Siva*, uniting in himself the three great attributes; the other triangle is his consort, with the same character and attributes. The worshippers of the *Sakti*, or female principle, mark the jar with this figure: These marks are called *Jantra*; they are in fact hieroglyphic characters; and there is a vast variety of them." (9)

There is in the Egyptian department of the Museum in the Louvre a bronze figure of a god or goddess, having its head surmounted by a perfect cross. The cross was also found in the temple of Serapis, the sun god, whose emblem was the cross. Indeed, when the Emperor Hadrian was aware of the Christian's predilection for the cross he called them worshippers of Serapis. (10)

Higgins, in his great work, *The Anacalypsis*, (copying from the *Isis*), says: "The cross of the Buddhists is represented with leaves and flowers, springing from it, and placed upon a Mount Calvary. . . . They represent it in various ways, but the shaft with the crossbar and the Calvary remain the same." (11) The tree of life and of knowledge, or the *Janba* (12) tree, in their maps of the world, is always represented in the shape of a cross. Captain Wilford says, "The cross, though not an object of worship among the Buddhists, is a favorite emblem and device with them. It is exactly the cross of the Manichaeans, and is placed upon a Mount Calvary, as among the Roman Catholics. It is represented to be eighty-four *yojana*, or four hundred and twenty-three miles high, including the three steps of the Calvary. This cross, putting forth leaves and flowers, (and fruit, also, as I am told," continues Capt. Wilford, "is called the divine tree, the tree of the gods, the tree of life and knowledge, and productive of whatever is good and desirable, and is placed in the terrestrial Paradise. Agapius, according to Photius, maintained that this divine tree in Paradise was Christ himself. . . . The divines of Tibet place it to the southwest of Meru,

toward the source of the Ganges. The Manichaeans always represented Christ crucified upon a tree among the foliage. The Christians of India and of St. Thomas, though they did not admit of images, still entertained the greatest veneration for the cross. They placed it on a Calvary, in public places, and at the meeting of cross roads; and it is said that even the heathen Hindus in these parts paid also great regard to it."

Capt. Wilford annexed to his work the drawings of two crosses from a book that had been given to him by a learned Buddhist, and are to be hereafter reproduced. He gave also a third figure, which represents the same tree, but somewhat nearer to its natural shape. When it is delineated as a trunk without branches, as in Japan, it is then said to be the seat of the Supreme One. When two arms are added, as in our cross, the *Tricorner* is said to be seated there. When with five branches, the five *Sugats*, or grand forms of Buddha, are said to reside upon them. (13)

Captain Wilford throughout his "paper" on the "Origin and Decline of the Christian Religion in India," and in fact by its very title, would seem to wish to have us infer that all there is in India bearing resemblance to the Christian religion originated with Christian disciples, such as the Manichaeans, who, going eastward into hallowed lands, carried the light of the new dispensation or gospel along with them; but, knowing that it would be difficult to make people believe in the humble Galilean tree of life, engrafted a few of its branches on the old trees of the Buddhist and Hindu faith. Now, so far as I have examined the subject, I am compelled to believe that the grounds for such a deduction are almost as faint and unsubstantial as shadows. Ask our missionaries what progress has been made in that direction in a century. Christianity has not maintained itself in its very birthplace. It has been driven from all its earlier strongholds, and the crescent has taken the place of the cross. Islamism, six hundred years younger, has very many more adherents. But among all nations almost, particularly in populous cities, there are those who are ever ready to adopt new notions—interest, curiosity, love of change being separately or collectively the incentive to action. Mormonism, literally in our midst, has its thousands of disciples, converts; and so would Islamism and Buddhism have if their missionaries should come among us.

"But let us return to this wonderful child," says Capt. Wilford—concerning whom is the treatise called the *Vicrama-charitra*, or history of *Vicrama-litya*—"who was to manifest himself to the world, when 3000 years of the *Cal-yuga* were elapsed, that is to say, in the 3001, answering to the first year of the Christian era, according to the *Cumadac-charita*, and the *Vicrama-charitra*. According to the same respectable authority, the purpose of his mission was to remove from the world wretchedness and misery; and his name was to be *Saca*, or the mighty and glorious King."

Now Mr. Wilford and other writers would have us understand that *Saca* was *Salivahana*, who was simply a Hindu prince, said to have reigned in Magadha or South Behar, and to have instituted an era which bears his name—an era, the beginning of which took place when 3179 years of the *Kali yuga* or the present mundane age had expired, corresponding with the seventy-eighth year of the Christian era. (14) But Mr. Wilford says (in another place) "that *Salivahana* (or *Saca*) was the son of a *Tueshaca*, or carpenter, . . . and that this carpenter was not a mere mortal—he was the chief of the *Tueshacas*, a serpentine tribe, famous in the Puranas."

If the latter portion of what has just been read has any significance—and I doubt not it has—is there any reason for supposing that an actual human being, reigning as an earthly prince as late as the seventy-eighth year of our era, could have been referred to? The serpentine tribe, from which this wonderful being descended, was famous in the Puranas. The Puranas themselves, some will say, are comparatively modern. The present form in which we have them may not bear an ancient date, but they contain internal evidences—scholars I think agree—that they were derived from alike compositions of an antiquity almost fabulous. But allowing that all the written records of Oriental forms of religion, doctrines and ceremonies are modern, we have stone and bronze monuments of the cross in various and remote parts of the world, that cannot be erased by the pen of modern criticism, nor blotted out by sectarian prejudices or bigotry, and they are, beyond all cavil, long anterior to the crucifixion of Jesus.

Whatever conclusions Capt. Wilford may adopt—and can any sectarian be without a bias? if, indeed, his reason and judgment be not wholly perverted—wherever his Christian education may tend, let us hear from him further on this subject: "I observed before," said he, "that the Hindus would have it that these prophecies were fulfilled long before, in the person of *Christna*. (15) In this they were wiser than the Jews, who, by insisting that the Messiah is not yet come, have plunged themselves into inextricable difficulties, and have been forced, at last, to give up any further inquiry into the time of his appearance. In this manner many of the Samaritans, in order to elude the prophecies concerning Christ, insist that they were fulfilled in the person of *Joshua*, whose name is the same with Jesus; and who, according to the Hebrew text, was contemporary with *Christna*, (about 1500 B. C.); and they have a book of the wars of *Joshua* with *Scaubas*, which may be called their *Maha-bharata*."

Capt. Wilford continues: "When I said that the Hindus conceived that the prophecies concerning a Saviour of the world were fulfilled in the person of *Christna*, I do by no means wish to convey an idea that he was Christ, from whom he is as distinct a character and person as *Joshua*, and whose name, with the general outline of his history, existed long before Christ. Yet the prolix accounts of his life are filled with narratives of a most extraordinary kind, and most strangely variegated. This incarnate deity, of Sanscrit romance, (16) was not only orated by educated among shopkeepers. A tyrant, at the time of his birth, ordered all male infants to be slain (and then, I may add, he was carried away and concealed among shepherds). He performed amazing but ridiculous (17) miracles, and saved multitudes, partly by his miraculous powers and partly by his arms, and raised the dead, by descending for that purpose into the infernal regions." Again: "It is declared, in the *Vicrama-charitra*, that the time of the birth of this divine child from a virgin had been foretold one thousand years before it happened—nay, some say

two thousand. . . . *Saca* (*Salivahana*) is considered under three different points of view, according to the three different objects or purposes of his mission; and accordingly he is said to be either an incarnation of Brahma, of Vishnu, or of *Siva*. . . . When the object of his mission is declared to be to destroy the kingdom and power of the *Daityas*, or demons, he is then said to be an incarnation of *Siva*. . . . In consequence of this destruction, a regeneration takes place, as attested in the legends of the good *Salustia*, or he who was crucified. *Salivahana* is then said to be an incarnation of Brahma; and this is the general opinion of the inhabitants of the *Dekhin*, according to Mr. A. Roger and others. When considered independent of these two energies, meek and benevolent, doing good to all mankind, he is then *Vishnu*; and this is the opinion of the *Salivahanas* in the provinces of *Benares* and *Orissa*. (18)

We have seen that *Salivahana* was the son of a *Tueshaca*. The *Tueshacas* had two countenances—that of serpents, and a human one, which they assumed at pleasure. "The chief of these," says Capt. Wilford, "is obviously the same with the serpent *Agatho-Demon*, the *Demi-urgas*, *Ophites*, and artist of the Egyptians, Greeks, Gnostics, Basilidians, &c. These sectaries asserted that the serpent was the father and author of all arts and sciences; and this serpent, they said, was the Christ, who was thus the son of a carpenter and artist, and at the same time, an incarnation of the great serpent, exactly like *Salivahana*, the *Saca*, or mighty and glorious King."

Here Capt. Wilford states, perhaps, more than he intended; for, if these sectaries, who must have known what they were saying, admit that Christ was an incarnation of the great serpent, "exactly like *Saca*," they must have felt assured that reference was had to two distinct beings.

- (1) Asiat. Res. 8, 274.
- (2) Id. 284.
- (3) Id. 288. Navel in Sanscrit is *nabhi*. The Yoni and Nabhi are both denominated *Argha* or mother. *Argha*, *Nabhi*, and *Argha* have gradually become synonymous. The *Argha* (boat-shaped) is meant here.
- (4) Id. 314-15.
- (5) Id. 321.
- (6) Anacalypsis, i: 350.
- (7) Much that is interesting concerning this *Meru* (in connection with the cross) is to be given hereafter.
- (8) This has a parallel and significant emblem in pregnancy.
- (9) Asiat. Res. viii: 76.
- (10) Dupuis, *Origine de Tous Les Cultes*, v: 180.
- (11) Anacalypsis, i: 125.
- (12) *Shape of Janba*, like bottom of a sling. *As. Res.* x: 111.
- (13) *As. Res.* x: 121.
- (14) Some of our Enceps have adopted this theory.
- (15) The *Tueshacas* must have been before Christna, and hence could not be modern.
- (16) Could not the Hindus return the compliment when they read of our incarnation of God? They have more than once said that, if we would direct Christianity of its non-sensical superstitions and rubbish, we should be Brahmins.
- (17) To be recounted by-and-by; also, an explanation of the details sitting in the arms of the cross.
- (18) *As. Res.* x: 44.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

Name Nature, when her work was done,
And she had rested from creation,
Called up her creatures, one by one,
To fit for each his life and condition.
The ass came first, but dropped his ears
(On learning that the dame intended)
That he should bear for thirty years
His painter's care his labor ended.
So Nature, like a gentle queen,
(The story goes) at once relented,
And changed the duty to eighteen.
Whereof the ass was well contented.
The dog came next, but plainly said
So long he could not be hated;
So Nature gave him twelve instead,
Whereof the dog was duly grateful.
Next came the ape; but Nature, when
He grumbled like the dog and donkey,
Instead of thirty gave him ten,
Which quite appeased the angry monkey.
At last came man; how brief appears
The term assigned for work or pleasure!
"Alas!" he cried, "but thirty years?"
Oh Nature, lengthen out the measure!
"Well, then, I give thee eighteen more;
The ass or even the dog thou dost contend for."
"Nay," said the beggar, "I implore
A longer term." The dame consented.
"I add the dog's twelve years besides."
"It is not enough!" "For thy persistence,
I add ten more," the dame replied—
"The period of the ape's existence."
And thus a man's three-score-and-ten,
The thirty years at the beginning
Are his of right; and only then,
He wins what'er is worth the winning.
Then came the ass's eighteen years,
A weary yoke of toil and trouble,
Beset with crosses, cares and fears,
Which for so long a term he suffers double.
The dog's twelve years came on at length,
When man the best of every creature,
Bore of manhood's pride and strength,
Sits growling, toothless, in a corner.
At last, the destined term to fill,
The ape ten years come lagging after;
And man, a chattering imbecile,
Is left to theme for childish laughter.

The Barbarism of War.

Under this lead the Boston Post publishes extracts from a recent private letter written by a resident of Paris to a relative in this city, which admirably and clearly presents the true idea of humanity regarding that remnant of medieval times—war—which all reformers should unite to condemn to the hell of by-gone passion and ignorance from whence it springs. That the new light of love and harmony, is the legitimate work of our philosophy. Let Christians imitate their so-called "Redeemer," throw down the needle-gun and Chassepot, and listen to the voice which says, "Love ye one another."

"It is infamous that the ambition and mutual hatred of two individuals should be allowed to plunge hundreds of thousands, nay millions, into hideous suffering and death. And I believe it to be the duty of every man and woman who is convinced of the fearful accursedness of war, never to lose opportunity of writing or speaking against it, and endeavoring to arouse public sentiment everywhere against it. The public sentiment of almost all civilized countries has effectively abolished the duel, which was the arbitrament of brute force between individuals; why should it not in time put down that multiplied combination of all horrors, the arbitrament of brute force between nations? In some aspects, too, war is a horrible and horrible thing, though certainly it can cause suffering only in friends. Here are hundreds of thousands of children brought into the world, and all of them are brought into the world with instinct love and tenderness, educated with all the appliances of art and science in order that they may become great and good men and citizens; and then, when the long work is perfected, the objects of all this solicitude are driven out like cattle and slaughtered in the shambles of some great battle-field. If Satan, according to the Orthodox myth, does really go about exciting men to mischief and self-destruction, how must he roar with laughter when he sees hosts rushing to glory, and calling on him as the God of Battles. But sometimes I think men are nothing but cattle after all, as Jean Paul says, who go on with their heads down, browsing and chewing the cud, and all if half of the herd is struck dead by lightning, would only lift their heads for a moment, stare stupidly, and then go to chewing again. That this war may, like the lightning, having struck suddenly, also cease suddenly, is the only durable feature about it, but I suppose Europe may expect to be bullied by the 'Big Battery'; the human 'cattle' cease to emulate the brute race, and learn to use their tongues instead of their horns."

Davenport is the most populous city in Iowa, having a population of 20,065.

Free Thought.

"BEING DONE OVER."—No. 2.

As a rule, we do not believe in being "done over;" any more in reviewing a subject once discussed, than in human spirits being sent back to a life in the form, but we notice in the Banner of Sept. 10th, that Lita Barney Sayles takes exceptions to our former article on the above topic, and lest her case may represent that of others making similar dissent, we return to the subject, hoping to adduce additional reasons in substantiation of the negative of the question. Our language and illustrations may not at all times be the gravest and most serious, but, according to the merits (?) of the question, so will we endeavor to adapt and graduate our expression. First, a word in regard to Sister Sayles's profession of faith. She leaves us in uncertainty as to the amplitude of her platform, not denoting how many congruities, like re-incarnation, non-immortality, and Spence's senility theory of spirit-life, she restricts herself to, yet one thing she is sufficiently definite in, and that is, she is "death on" the chances of getting safely over Jordan to settle for life. She bests the road with Apollonians more dire than "Christian" was fated to encounter, or ever dreamt of in his wildest foreboding. For a person of moderate ambition and aspiration, one such pot as the above three would be a prodigious allowance; while the extra two would be decidedly too many to have on hand at once.

"Re-incarnation" is twin-sister to "transmigration," and both had their origin in the Greek Mythology. Cowper says,

"Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign."

We have seen a vast amount of dogmatizing on this hobby, but no reasoning. The supporters of it are about as sound in the premises as the young mouse who made the brilliant announcement that the best way to guard against the incursions of the cat, was to "place a bell on her neck, which at every move would give the alarm, and warn the mice to seek their holes." The announcement was hailed by the multitude as an oracle of wisdom, until it was asked—"but who will place the bell on the cat's neck?" This troublesome question instantly upset the value of the young pretender's strategy. It showed that a theory that looked well at the first blush, might not appear quite so well after scrutinizing its practicality. So with re-incarnation; as an unsubstantiated dogma, like the mirage, it makes a showy appearance at a distance, but approach it to scrutinize its substance, and it recedes and vanishes as viewless as impassable ether.

Re-incarnation has the self-imposed task of answering satisfactorily one of three questions, as a *sine qua non* to its possibility as a claim; to wit: Were the race created spiritual beings at first, since which they have undergone this process in repeated rounds? or has ordinary propagation produced a given number, which are continually being made over? or does a given per cent. of births consist of new beings, and the balance those that are done over? If the first is true, then the race has no accessions, but simply reproduces the old stock. If the second be admitted, how came it that, at a given accumulation, origination ceased, and repetition followed? Such a claim is worthy to be placed in the category of novelties with that of the inventive and economical genius, who proposed to construct his mill so that the water, after passing through the gate and turning the wheel, should run around into the pond again, obviating any need of a new supply; while if the third point be true, (the earth's population not materially increasing, while, one-half—say—of the births are a new coinage), the accumulation would become so great in the spirit-world, that the chances for re-incarnation would give the subjects needing this process, finally, about one in a thousand trillions, leaving the others in the predicament of the invalid in Scripture, who was supplanted at the pool by others "stepping in before him." Still again, of the vast number who die in infancy; if they are an old stock re-vamped—sent to earth to be purged of the dross of imperfection—where comes the benefit to them of returning to flesh, seeing that in some of these rounds they die again, before realizing the consciousness of a re-birth?

Another point: mark the practical workings of this new crotchety; a circle convenes, and Washington—say—is called for. The case is urgent, and his presence is indispensably required. He does not respond. Search is made for him at his wonted haunts and associations in the spirit-world, but still he is not seen. Finally, it comes out that "when last seen" he was in the act of dwarfing his transcendent powers, preparatory to becoming a babbling suckling again; all for the momentary purpose of—Reader, can you tell what? I can't! but why not Washington be "re-incarnated" as well as Christ; whom a controlling spirit at the Banner circle recently said had been, and meant to say so, when he told the Jews—"before Abraham was, I am?"

And still again: Bacon gets rusty in Spirit-dom, and needs rejuvenating by coming back to become again of the "earth, earthy." He buries his philosophic lore in the lethargy of forgetfulness, and returns to infancy. This time he turns out a clever blacksmith, known by the cognomen of John Jones. He waxes old and dies, and goes to the spirit-world. And who is he? Is he Bacon or Jones? The case has a life-like resemblance to that of the fellow who invented a magical salve. To test its virtues, he cut off his dog's tail and anointed the stump, and a new tail grew, then the tail and a new dog grew, when he was as much puzzled to tell his original dog, as Pat was his twins, whom he said he could not tell "either from which." He called to the new dog—"Maj!"—and the tail wagged in token of recognition, while the animal, by growls and snaps, showed that he was oblivious to all overtures of acquaintance; he chirped to the old dog, who made all manner of demonstrations of friendship and delight, but "nary a bit" would his tail frisk to please one it never knew. These illustrations are neither hyperbole nor exaggeration. They represent the exact state of the case—re-incarnation being an assumed fact. It is a universally-admitted fact that children represent not only the physical looks, but the mental and moral traits of their parents; how, then, could the individual idiosyncrasies of a spirit like Gibbs, the pirate, or Howard, the philanthropist, be transformed so as to coincide with those of the parents from whom they might chance to receive re-incarnation?

A French disciple of this doctrine, who appears in the Banner of August 20th, says of the done-over subjects, "by a benevolent dispensation of God, we forget our former existence; and again, speaking of the re-incarnated being sent as missionaries to evangelize the inhabitants of worlds inferior to that of the earth, he says, 'their task (the re-incarnated) will consist in helping on, by

the knowledge they have already acquired, the progress of the less advanced beings' whom they are sent to reform. Reader, if you can tell how they can "help on the less advanced ones by knowledge they (the reformers) have already acquired," when, "by a benevolent dispensation of God they forget their former existence," you can doubtless tell the philosophical effect of an irresistible body coming in contact with an immovable one. We confess to an obtuseness in the case that disqualifies us from attempting the achievement.

We have made allusion to the pretense that Christ affirmed re-incarnation in replying to the Jews, "Before Abraham was, I am." Such ambiguity at the present day would be regarded as a conundrum rather than an answer to a plain question. Nicodemus understood the words of Christ as implying a literal re-incarnation, for which he has had the sympathy of the Christian world ever since, as being a dolt; but Nicodemus—according to re-incarnation—will "laugh last and longest." But, he being right, what a stupendous farce the church has enacted in supposing, all the while, that Christ's words signified a spiritual birth, or, in popular parlance, "a change of heart."

To render re-incarnation at all receivable, it should also be married to its counterpart, transmigration, in order to render the steps in the descent to the rational and credible (?) as natural and graceful as the case merits. If sending a sinner back to earth, where he contracted his sins, lessens them, then why not dip a half-made candle into hot tallow to diminish its size, or roll a snowball in wet snow to make it smaller?

In the strenuousness of our dissent from the re-incarnation claim, we repeat what we stated in our former article—that we do not include in it any necessary objection, under reasonable restrictions, against non-immortality. The grounds for the two are world-wide; though Sister Sayles solicited herself on the supposition that, in assenting to one, we do to the other. The truth is, she throws in our path her gauntlets with such a promiscuous liberality that to take a step is to tread upon more or less of them in spite of one's self. It is not our place to advise her in what she takes into her mental system; yet the commonest regard for her welfare would prompt us to admonish against too marked incongruities. Affinities and antagonisms should be duly considered, lest overfervence ensue—as when the thoughtless individual took his Selditz powders from the same tumbler, consecutively. Our knowledge of chemistry is by no means equal to a Silliman's, yet it is sufficient to excite the gravest apprehensions against the safety of taking into the mental stomach more than one at a time of such relics as re-incarnation, non-immortality, and Spence's senile spirit theory.

In taking leave of this subject, we repeat, we have carefully read all that has appeared in its affirmative, and yet have only seen words without meaning, but dogmatism in superabundance, without alloy. Like the primordial elements of creation, it is "without form and void, and darkness" is its pavilion and canopy. We see no possible good that could come of it, were it true; while we can conceive that, were a longer probation necessary for man in the flesh, the Power that doth all things well would have lengthened the span of human existence to any period which man's spiritual exigencies required.

V. C. TAYLOR.

Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 16, 1870.

IN MY BIBLE CLASS.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—The writer of this article is a Methodist preacher—pastor of one of the largest churches in this part of the West. I have a Bible class in my Sunday school, in which I take a great deal of interest, as the members are mostly ladies of fine intellectual capabilities. Some of them are very frank and generous, and seem to be willing to go outside of the "Commentaries" for solutions to questions arising out of the historical facts recorded in the Bible. So on last Sunday we had for our lesson the "Devils cast out," and in the course of the investigation, I gave the class to understand that I believed in the literal facts of "possession," "obsession" and "control" by invisible spirits, that is, invisible to natural eyes; that such cases were common in the days of Jesus, and are of frequent occurrence at the present time. More than that, I told my class that I believed that Christ and his apostles and disciples "cast out devils," "healed the sick," and "made the lame to walk," and that the same thing has been done in hundreds of instances in this country during the last five years.

I suppose it was well for me and for the harmony of my class, and probably of my church, that no member pressed me to give the authors of such "wonderful works" for if I had told the class that these "mighty things" are done by what are called "spiritual media," the "fat would all have gone into the fire" for my class is not yet prepared—is not yet sufficiently advanced in the occult sciences to receive such strong meat.

But what I said to tell you, was to state a circumstance related in the class by one of the oldest members of it—a Mrs. B., the wife of a Methodist (local) preacher. It was to this effect: In Ohio, where the lady had formerly lived, she knew a young lady, about seventeen or eighteen years old, who was evidently "possessed of an evil spirit." She saved and fumed at the mouth, would try to climb up the wall of the house, and gave many signs of "possession," very similar to those mentioned in the "Lesson." She declared that she could see spirits in her presence, and that they were evil spirits, tormenting her, &c. The friends called a company of good people, two or three Methodist preachers and others, who sang and prayed with the young lady, who soon became quiet, and said that her tormentors had left her, and she was no more affected in that way, and felt happy, &c.

Now I would like to have your opinion as to whether or not this was a plain case of "possession," and of the "casting out of the unclean spirit?"

After the lady was through with her story, I related to the class a similar case that occurred in Chicago, related to me by a leading Spiritualist of Richmond, Indiana. It was to the effect that a young woman, unfortunately married to a brutal kind of a man for a husband, had obtained a divorce through the aid and interference of her father. The drunken and debauched husband swore revenge, continued to drink, and at last died of mania apople. Some months after his death the woman, his former wife, was strangely affected. Her friends thought her demented. The doctors were called, and she was physicked and bled and blistered, but to no purpose. The mother of the young woman had heard that in Chicago there was a lady of wonderful power to "heal," and told her husband that they would take their daughter down to the city, and see what could be done for her; so they took the cars, and on reaching the city, got a hack and drove to a boarding house. Here the father left his daughter in the parlor with her mother, while he drove quickly up on to Wabash avenue, to No. —, and halted in front of a grand residence, hit his horse,

The Banner of Light is issued on a sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1870.

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THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 110 NASSAU STREET.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. LUTHER COLBY, ASSISTANT.

Business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of L. H. COLBY, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed.

The Wrongs of Women.

It is no mere sentiment that actuates women in their present determined efforts for the improvement of their condition; it is because they know what others do not know and never can know of the tyrant necessities, hardships and injustices that doom them practically to a life of wretched servitude. No society could long continue that permits such a condition of things, whether seen or unseen. The prime necessity of a healthy society is, that all its members shall be free to help themselves. In our modern society, we find an alarming corruption and disintegration going on, principally because it denies to one-half of its members the opportunity to obtain an independent living by honest and reputable exertion. It shuts woman out of all the places where remuneration awaits her effort, and dooms her to sufferings of which, as a class, men have but a most dim and indistinct idea. Not until this great wrong is put right may we hope for the genuine reformation of the social condition. All other applications will be but as plasters to surface sores, while injustice is mining everything at the core and centre. We are well aware of the difficulty of reconstructing the entire social organization, even upon a single point, without time and deliberation; but this is a matter so perfectly simple and direct—merely the opening of a door to petitioners—that future generations will look back in astonishment to see the obstinate reluctance with which we finally acceded them their rights.

As illustrating anew the disadvantage to which the sterner sex put and keep the weaker one, we may instance three several cases which have been alluded to in the public prints of this city. Nothing could well be more cowardly, and even base, than the sentiment they disclose. One was that of a young lady who, being compelled to support herself by her own exertions, applied to the proprietor of a certain establishment of high repute for a situation as saleswoman. At the close of some talk on the subject, she was informed by the proprietor that she did not dress well enough to suit his purpose. To this she replied that she had had the misfortune to be some time out of employment, but that, as soon as she could again earn something, she should take pains to make herself faultlessly presentable. The proprietor answered her that she must do as other girls did—rely on some friend outside, and reckon what she would in the store as clear gain. The second case was that of another young lady, whose application for work at a fashionable establishment on another street was answered in precisely the same manner. The third case was a little different: it was not an application for work or a situation, but the voluntary expression of opinion on the part of the head man of a large retail dry goods establishment, who said he cared nothing how much the wages of the girls in it were reduced, as the most of them had some man outside to furnish the money to dress them. To these let us add one of our own knowledge: it is that of a poor woman in this city, who is the sole dependence of a helpless and sick grandparent, having a child of her own to support besides. Formerly she was a capable saleswoman in a large and popular dry goods store on a popular street, but received her peremptory discharge last June, for being absent from her place part of two days in succession by reason of sickness. She has been unable to obtain any employment since. Kind Spiritualists are assisting her in her distress; but they feel that society has no right to cast off its responsibilities upon them or upon any other individuals.

Now, here is a state of things calculated to excite the profoundest feelings of pity, anxiety and indignation. It is one, too, that cannot always continue without a remedy. There is so very much wrong in it that its mere weight will overturn any form of society that thinks to go on and carry it without trying to correct it. Who can reflect with anything like satisfaction upon a social plan in which such outrages against one sex are knowingly practiced without a lip of protest save by the women themselves? Are men so fatally short-sighted in their morals as not to see that they are sapping and destroying, by the tyranny of such selfishness as this, the very hopes on which the future is built? Do they not yet understand that injustice as flagrant as this reacts fatally on themselves, on all their interests in the social state, on their higher enjoyments, on their real prosperity? Have they given entertainment to the delusion that they can go on with the entire social scheme on their own shoulders, seeking only self-aggrandizement and self-gratification, and indifferent to the wrongs and sufferings inflicted on women, who are imploring for the mere privilege of helping themselves? No one can say that we are indeed civilized, or anywhere near to it, who views this spectacle, of which we have furnished ever so faint an illustration, without a shudder of astonishment bordering upon actual horror. As we said before, civilization must rest on abstract justice; and if there is the least semblance of justice in this, then barbarism itself may be styled civilization. Is it to be wondered at that woman pleads her own cause on the platform, as she is doing, when she has so little to hope for from the hand of man? Is it at all surprising that she seeks to obtain power for herself through the ballot, that she may command, by its agency, the correction of evils so gross and unreasonable? And she will persist until she at last carries her point. She will not always stand a suppliant to the society where she is entitled to equality. Her wrongs are her most effective weapons of warfare. The longer man permits them to continue, the more certain he makes the triumph toward which she is moving. He will discover that he cannot stand alone, and likewise that he cannot wrong woman without doing a greater wrong to himself.

The Banner of Light in Washington.

Our friends in Washington, D. C., can always obtain copies of the *Banner of Light* at the new bookstore of Mr. J. D. Adams, corner of 8th and F streets, opposite the post-office.

Return of Dr. J. R. Newton.

We, with thousands of others, cordially welcome the return of Dr. Newton after his six months' effectual labor in England. That he did a good work there is beyond all question. The *Spiritual Magazine* for October contains a full account of the farewell meeting tendered to the doctor just before his departure, which took place in Cambridge Hall, Newman street. J. C. Luxmoor, Esq., presided. Mr. Thomas Shorter proposed this resolution:

"That we deeply sympathize with Dr. Newton and his mission, and rejoice in his success amongst us, and fervently pray for the undiminished success of his efforts in the promotion of Spiritualism and for the good of humanity."

Mr. Shorter then spoke at length in advocacy of the resolution. He was followed by Mr. Jones, after which Dr. Newton related some interesting cases of cures and spiritual manifestations. Mr. James Burns closed his remarks as follows:

"But the crowning feature of Dr. Newton's teachings was his fearless openness and thorough candor. He openly avowed the truth as it appeared to him, at the expense of cherished friendships and public approbation. I have traveled much with Dr. Newton this summer, and addressed thousands of people, and I am practically certain that Spiritualism is spreading at a very rapid rate, and never so surely and steadily as now."

Dr. Newton has opened an office in Boston, at 23 Harrison avenue, where he will exercise his remarkable gift. Let the afflicted give him a call, and learn the truth of present spirit power as demonstrated in the alleviation of human distress.

Interesting Subjects.

The frequency with which the plea of insanity has been set up as a defence in criminal cases, has agitated the public mind to a considerable extent, and created a reasonable doubt as to its truth and justice. The precise limits of moral responsibility in such cases ought to be better defined by unprejudiced experts, who have made the subject a special study. A lecture giving a thorough exposition of it was delivered last week to an appreciative audience under the auspices of the Anthropological Society in Worcester, by Professor Mead, late of the Cincinnati College. A vote of thanks was tendered, and a request made that the lecturer would visit that city again. Dr. M. has been for nearly thirty years engaged in that specialty, and has given ten courses of lectures upon it, in medical colleges, and before medical societies in the West. He is about to deliver a lecture on "Omnomania, or the disease of Intemperance, its curability, and our duty in relation thereto," and one upon interesting and anomalous phases of insanity. The unreliability of statements in published reports as to alleged specific causes is pointed out, and a comparison made between Spiritualism and religious excitement as exciting causes.

One or more of these lectures will be given in towns convenient to Boston, on application to Dr. Mead, care of Mr. Wm. Denton, Woblesley, Mass.

Spiritualism Popular.

When an unpopular cause becomes popular, thousands of timid people rush in "at the eleventh hour," and assert that they were always believers. Our cause having made tremendous headway of late, it is really amusing to observe the "eleventh hour" men making themselves prominent in our ranks. All right, gentlemen. We receive you with open arms. But you must not repudiate the noble PROPHETS who have so long and so tediously toiled to inaugurate the most glorious religion vouchsafed to the human race. Another thing: be generous with your funds, if you would have the world believe in the sincerity of your professions. Patronize our periodicals—the *Banner of Light*, the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, the *Present Age*, the *American Spiritualist*, the *Lucyann*, the *New Life*, etc. Let your good works become apparent. Lukewarmness and reticence among a certain class of Spiritualists have been a serious drawback upon the efforts of the zealous workers in times past; yet by great perseverance all obstacles have been overcome, and Spiritualism now stands forth before the world a fully demonstrated truth. Let us thank the spirit-world for its mighty aid in our behalf, and in behalf of down-trodden humanity. A new era dawns upon the race.

A World's Spiritual Convention.

The readers of the *Banner* did not fail to notice, in the report of the Seventh Annual Convention of Spiritualists at Richmond, Indiana, that Mr. Peckles earnestly recommended, in a letter addressed to the Convention, the holding of an international convention of Spiritualists, to take place in London, Paris, or New York, one year from this fall, or from next spring. The reasons leading to this recommendation were to be found embodied in the letter, though addressed to other topics and objects. Whether all things are yet ripe for such a movement may be allowed to be an open question as yet; but it cannot be denied that, when once the different nations meet by their delegated representatives and form a perfect spiritual brotherhood, the event, no matter if heralded by shouts of applause, will introduce an era for whose coming the world has long and hopefully been waiting. It would freshly inspire the human heart to witness a spectacle so full of promise to the happiness, freedom, and progress of the race.

Marriage of Emma Hardinge.

It will be seen, by the following notice, that the renowned lecturer on the spiritual philosophy, Emma Hardinge, has been joined, in matrimony to one of her own countrymen, Mr. Britton—a gentleman of high standing, worth, and liberal principles. We heartily congratulate our friends, and hope their wedded life may prove all their hearts desire. We are pleased to learn, from a note from Emma to her friends, which will be found in another part of this paper, that she will not withdraw entirely from the work she has been so nobly engaged in for the last fourteen years:

Tuesday, Oct. 11th, 1870, married, at Grace Church Rectory, Jersey City, by the Rev. J. Rice, Emma Hardinge to William G. P. Britton, both of London, England.

Mr. and Mrs. Britton will sail for England Nov. 23, but we hope they will soon return to this country. They carry with them the fervent blessings of thousands.

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Are a grand success. The large audiences grow larger each Sunday. Prof. Denton's lectures are more popular than ever. His discourse, Oct. 9th, on "The Philosophy of Death," was unusually interesting. Though thoroughly scientific, the subject-matter seemed to touch the hearts as well as the heads of the multitude, who gave proof of their feelings by earnest attention and frequent applause.

Prof. Denton's last lecture for the present will be given next Sunday afternoon, on "The Coming Day."

See card of Prof. S. B. Britton among our special notices. The Doctor is one of the most skillful practitioners of the age.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. M. S. Hoadley speaks in Hudson, Mass., Sunday, Oct. 23d.

The San Francisco *Pioneer* of Oct. 1st says that the talented Laura Cuppy Smith will shortly give in San Francisco a series of lectures. The public will no doubt greet most cordially Mrs. Cuppy Smith's return to the lecture field, although but for a brief period, as we regret to learn that Mrs. Smith will after these lectures leave us for sojourn in the Atlantic States.

Dr. P. B. Randolph, who recently gave up his office in this city, to Dr. Smith, having completed the writing of his two new works, has been prevailed on by his patrons to resume his practice, and he has accordingly re-purchased the establishment, and will be found at his office, 89 Court street, as per advertisement in another column. Dr. R. is also ready to lecture within a reasonable distance of Boston.

Mrs. J. H. Stillman Sovereign will commence a course of lectures on Spiritualism, on Sunday evening, Nov. 6th, at Howman's Hall, Milwaukee, to be continued every Sunday night until further notice. Under her spirited speaking we hope the people will be aroused to proper action on the importance of Spiritualism.

J. Madison Allen, it will be seen by reference to the list of lecturers, is again in the field, ready for energetic work. Mr. Allen is an educated gentleman, and his medium powers are well developed. As a trance and inspirational speaker he is taking position in the front ranks. His present address is care this office.

Mrs. S. E. Warner will attend the State Convention of Spiritualists in Lincoln, Nebraska, on the 28th of the present month. Will be glad to make engagements to lecture for such societies as may desire her services during the ensuing year. Permanent address, box 98, Cordova, Ill.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield is doing excellent work in Salem, Mass. His lectures are attracting great attention.

The *American Spiritualist* says: "We learn that Bro. O. L. Sutcliffe, one of Ohio's most earnest pioneer workers in the cause of Spiritualism, intends spending the winter East, with headquarters at Boston. For years a zealous Methodist, he became familiar with the Bible, which he now uses with telling effect, in proving the truths of Spiritualism. His explanations of the mysteries of that famous book, especially the prophecies and revelations, are original and highly interesting; and if there is to be a revision of its dim and dingy pages, we hope that Bro. Sutcliffe will be employed to do the work. By him, the 'pale horse and his rider' affright us no more; the gloomy picture of an angry God, the terrors of death and hell, melt away as faded myths before the spiritual power of a true interpretation. Those wishing to engage Mr. Sutcliffe's services can address him at Wooster, Ohio."

Dr. J. K. Bailey is intending to labor in the East this fall, and perhaps during the ensuing winter. He is now in the vicinity of Harrisburg, Pa., from whence he goes to Elmira, N. Y. He will answer calls to speak anywhere in Southern New York, or Northern Pennsylvania, along the Erie and intersecting railways. Address, till further notice, Elmira, N. Y.

G. Ames Peirce will answer calls to lecture anywhere in the New England States, within his means of traveling. His phrase of speaking is inspirational trance. "His health since last spring," he writes, "is so far recovered that his guides are anxious to be communicating their ideas of progress to the world." As a clairvoyant physician, healing and descriptive test medium, his services are said to be very "desirable and instructive." Address him, P. O. box 87, Auburn, Me.

Wonderful Spirit-Manifestations.

A correspondent informs us that on Friday evening, Oct. 7th, he, together with some twenty others, attended a private séance at the residence of Mrs. Cutter, 33 Dover street, Boston, and there saw many remarkable demonstrations of spirit-power in the form of the physical phenomena—such as rope-tying, personating, spirit-touch, &c. All these were done while the medium was entranced. Her hands were tied as no one in the form could have tied them. She gives (he says) every one a chance to examine for themselves, and there is not the slightest opportunity for deception or collusion with other parties, provided a disposition to do so existed.

Our correspondent is informed that Mrs. C. will afford an opportunity on Sunday evenings for the public to investigate the matter, and he advises all interested to avail themselves of the opportunity.

Discussion in Cincinnati.

A correspondent writing from Cincinnati says: "A correspondent informs us that on Friday evening, Oct. 7th, he, together with some twenty others, attended a private séance at the residence of Mrs. Cutter, 33 Dover street, Boston, and there saw many remarkable demonstrations of spirit-power in the form of the physical phenomena—such as rope-tying, personating, spirit-touch, &c. All these were done while the medium was entranced. Her hands were tied as no one in the form could have tied them. She gives (he says) every one a chance to examine for themselves, and there is not the slightest opportunity for deception or collusion with other parties, provided a disposition to do so existed."

Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association.

By a call in another column it will be seen that this Association will hold a Convention at the City Hall, in Haverhill, Mass., on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 22d and 23d. Preparations have been made to ensure a large audience, and good speakers will contribute interest to the occasion. A business meeting of the Executive Committee of said Association is called, to take place at the Free Circle Room, *Banner of Light* Office, Boston, at 3 P. M. of Wednesday, Oct. 19th. A full attendance is earnestly requested.

Only \$1.00 for A. J. Davis's New Book.

MESSRS. Wm. WHITE & Co.—Brethren: After a series of delays and expensive accidents, my "Fountain" volume is born into the world. In your last issue, I observe, you very justly remark that it cannot be sold at retail for less than \$1.25 per copy. That is very true. For a book, with even a few illustrations, containing 252 pages, this sum is considered very low. But I particularly request that you put the price down to \$1.00 per copy, so that everybody can afford to purchase one or more, and thus by larger sales make up for the losses occasioned by the while the "Fountain" was in process of manufacture.

Your brother, faithfully,
A. J. DAVIS.

Miss Glyn, the celebrated English tragedienne, has given three readings in this city, at Tremont Temple, to large audiences. "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" were read last week. "Othello" is to be given on the 18th, and "Romeo and Juliet" on the 21st inst.

Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.

Boston.—*Mercantile Hall*.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum still continues to hold its meetings here, under the direction of D. L. Ford, Conductor, and Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Quader. At the last meeting, Dr. W. A. Dunklee, Treasurer, reported a deficit amounting to over \$100, which he hoped the friends of the movement would unite with him in raising, that the organization may be able to free itself from encumbrances. No better object for pecuniary assistance is presented to any one having the means than this Lyceum, and let those possessed only of one talent of this world's goods seek to it that they are able to render a good account of its usage.

The session held Sunday morning, Oct. 9th, was varied and interesting, consisting among other things of declamations and readings by six children, and songs by Chas. W. Sullivan, Edna S. Dodge, Hattie A. Richardson. Mr. F. W. Locke sang one of his own compositions, relating a story before it, to show the circumstances under which it was written. The grand *Banner March* was excellent—about one hundred being in the ranks. Meeting closed with a song from the new *Globe*.

Organization of Evening Conferences.—On Sunday evening, Oct. 9th, quite a number of Spiritualists and friends of the cause assembled at Mercantile Hall, for the purpose of carrying out a plan proposed at a previous afternoon meeting, for the organization of a series of evening conferences during the winter.

The meeting was called to order by Dr. W. A. Dunklee. A. E. Carpenter, from the Committee appointed at the previous meeting to prepare rules of order for the course, made the following report, which was unanimously adopted:

1. Name.—Boston Spiritualist Conference.
2. Object.—To consider topics of various kinds bearing upon the general subject of Spiritualism.
3. The officers of this Conference shall consist of a Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer, the Chairman to be chosen monthly.
4. The speaker opening the question shall not be allowed over half an hour. Others shall confine themselves to ten minutes, and no person shall speak twice during one session if others desire the floor.
5. The opening speaker of each meeting shall be appointed by the chair. The question shall be proposed one week in advance, and each speaker shall confine himself to the question as far as possible.

The Conference then proceeded to the election of officers, with the following result: Chairman, M. T. Dolé; Treasurer, W. A. Dunklee; Secretary, John W. Day.

The following named members were appointed a Committee to present subjects for consideration and debate: A. E. Carpenter, H. S. Williams, and John W. Day.

The Chairman then announced the meeting open for remarks. A. E. Carpenter proceeded to read a paper which he had prepared on physical mediumship, as shown in the presence of Miss Mary A. Currier, of Haverhill, Mass., stating that there was no question but that the things were done by some power outside the girl. This account will be published by us hereafter. Mr. Carpenter then added a few remarks strongly supporting the phenomena generally, and saying he was glad to hear Prof. Denton at Music Hall, in the afternoon, speak as he did of the other life.

Dr. H. B. Storer, following, thought that the sincerity and depth of our belief in anything phenomenal should not be made a basis for others to rest on. Let every one examine for him or herself. It was the trouble of our time that persons took too much for granted. He desired that all should carefully examine for themselves. In the interests of truth it was our duty to investigate carefully whatever was said to come from spirits at dark circles. He said he probably believed as much as anybody concerning the phenomena, but that, in all cases, he must investigate for himself, and according to his own idea.

The remarks of Dr. Storer called forth replies from several. George A. Bacon endorsed the manifestations, citing several cases, among which was one where a perfect stranger (a lady) had at the late National Convention at Richmond, Ind., ascended the platform and showed to the President, Hon. J. G. Wall, the initials of his daughter, who had—unknown to the medium—promised him at a circle the night previous that on the following day she would manifest to him. He thought that in believing the spiritual phenomena we had the evidence of the majority of our senses.

Mr. Stuckney followed, giving his experience among various churches, in his search for a knowledge of immortality, which he found at last in Spiritualism.

John Wetberbe, being called for, responded by declaring that, to his mind, the subject of eternal life, as a matter of demonstration, could never wear out—it was one of the sides of which all earthly things sink into nothingness. He believed the true rule of conduct in spiritual as in other matters to be: Be sure you've got a fact, and then stick to it. A fact once demonstrated ought to stand for a million years. He quoted the experience of Horace Greeley, as given by himself in "Recollections of a Busy Life," wherein he, being present at a circle among strangers, received, as a test, written on paper (which was beneath the table, and which he himself declared it was impossible for any of the party to reach—his hands all being on the table) the name of his brother who had died forty-five years ago, and whom he had well nigh forgotten. Mr. Greeley expressed himself satisfied that no human agency did this, but summed it all up by saying: Let the affairs of each world be kept by themselves. Mr. Wetberbe could agree with Mr. Greeley in everything in the story save the conclusions he drew from it. He (Wetberbe) would stick to Spiritualism if every one went back from it. He knew there was some outside power at work, and he knew it could not be God—for he had just heard Prof. Denton in the afternoon—so it must be the spirit of man unclashed of the flesh.

Dr. Storer repeated his views that great caution should be observed. He had facts which he was convinced of. One test he had received from Mrs. Girdley had been the most reliable one he had had during his twenty years' experience; much else which he had received was unproven or untrue. He called the attention of all to the fact that he who points out the weak parts of the fortress is of more service than he who merely shouts around it, declaiming alone upon its merits.

Mrs. Young said that many mistakes which occurred in life were the stepping-stones of future progress; the errors of to-day would not be those of to-morrow. We learn that each sphere of thought attracts spirits kindred to it. Let us love and live for each other.

Judge Ladd and Mr. Campbell were present, but declined speaking, whereupon Mr. Dolé proceeded to speak of the great good done by the American Liberal Tract Society, which had, in the comparatively short space of its existence, published three hundred thousand pages of tracts, though with but limited means. He then read one of their issues, Tract number eleven: "Modern Phenomena," by William Lloyd Garrison, which was published originally by him (Garrison) as a book notice in the *Liberator* for March 3d, 1851.

H. S. Williams, from the appropriate committee, reported as the subject of the next debate: "Is the spirit-world objective or subjective?" He then proceeded to say that he endorsed the phenomena, but believed in caution in their investigation; and said that the shade of doubt sometimes coming over the mind of the old Spiritualist, itself showed the necessity of a full understanding of the matter, which could only be done by individual careful examination.

The question was accepted for discussion at the next meeting, and Dr. H. B. Storer appointed to open the debate; after which the meeting adjourned.

Temple Hall.—The usual circles for spirit-manifestations—morning and afternoon—at Temple Hall, were well attended Sunday, Oct. 9th. In the evening F. W. Locke addressed the Spiritualists on the subject of Temperance.

We have received from the Secretary the records of a late meeting held by the Boston-street Spiritualist Association for the election of officers for the ensuing year:

Regular Meeting of the Association.—President Higgins in the chair. The records being read and approved, reports were called for. Treasurer reported all bills paid, and a balance on hand of \$27.00. President reported the condition of the Association at the present time as harmonious and prosperous, notwithstanding the opposition it has had to contend with from outside influences; and if the good order and a crowded hall were indications of success, there was every reason to be encouraged.

The Association then proceeded to ballot for officers, with the following result: President, C. M. Higgins; Vice President, E. R. Tripp; Secretary, Abby N. Burnham; Treasurer, John Howard; Guards, James McCall, William S. Brown, George S. French.

It was, on motion, voted to unite the Lyceum, now meeting at Codman Hall, 170 Tremont street, with this Association, to be called "Temple Hall Progressive Lyceum." Officers: Conductors, J. M. Currier, William A. Dana; Assistant Conductors, Abby Joselyn; Secretary, L. Baldwin; Treasurer, J. Howard; Guards, J. Howard, Simpson, Baldwin.

Temple Hall, Boston, Oct. 3d, 1870.

of money or clothing will be thankfully received and faithfully distributed.

Lyceum Union Assembly.—This course of evening dances, carried on under the auspices of the Boston Children's Progressive Lyceum and the Lyceum Aid Society, was commenced on Monday evening, Oct. 10th, at Codman Hall. A full attendance signified the occasion—music by Hall's Quadrille Band—T. M. Carter, leader. In consequence of the success of the opening night, the parties will continue to be held at the same hall during the winter on Monday evening of each week, instead of every two weeks, as previously announced. Tickets may be obtained of M. T. Dolé and the officers of the Children's Lyceum at Mercantile Hall.

Churches.—*Granite Hall*.—Prof. William Denton continued his engagement at this place by a highly instructive and entertaining lecture on "The Soul of Things," Sunday evening, Oct. 9th. The course this year bids fair to be as successful as the last, and first-class spiritual meetings "thrusting" to become a standing ornament to the city, much to the alarm and disgust of many worthy churchmen.

Cambridgeport.—*Harmony Hall*.—The officers and members of the Lyceum at this place are hard at work for its maintenance. On Friday of last week alternately held either a lecture, meeting or session of the Lyceum Aid Society at private residences, and on each Thursday evening an assembly for dancing at Harmony Hall—proceeds afoot to sustain the organization. The winter campaign has fairly begun, and judging from its last session, Sunday morning, Oct. 9th, a good account may be expected from this Lyceum.

North Scituate.—*Conquest Hall*.—Daniel J. Bates writes, Oct. 10th: "Dr. J. H. Currier, of Boston, spoke at this hall on the 9th inst., to an attentive audience. Subject in the morning, 'Growth'; in the afternoon, 'Penance and the right.' The lectures abounded in sound logical argument; the latter discourse urging those who had accepted Spiritualism as their religious faith, not to falter or be afraid at any time to acknowledge it to the world, though it might be unpopular; but to say, I am a Spiritualist, and intend to practice my belief by a life of true manhood or true womanhood. The Doctor speaks at the same hall the last Sunday of January."

LYNN.—Samuel P. Parsons writes, Oct. 7th: "As I had leisure I thought I would write you a few lines from the City of Souls (Salem). It is not very often I can communicate from this place in the *Banner*, and you may think we are in silent slumber as regards Spiritualism, but this is not so. We are having good meetings, largely attended by the most intellectual, and persons from every church are investigating for themselves our noble theory. As an evidence, that our philosophy is doing its work here, I would say, the Orthodox church in Silsbee street is almost wholly deserted, and handbills have been distributed all around the city, giving invitation for all to come to that church and occupy the seats free; but Orthodox has gone up. It is a commodity that don't sell, even in this paper sale city. Rev. Mr. Holmes preached last Sunday in the High-street Baptist church, on 'Murray, and Modern Universalism.' He acknowledged the fact that Murray was a pious and devout Christian, and a true lover of his fellow-man, but was lacking in brain. The world moves, you see."

New Publications.

"THE BIBLE IN THE BALANCE" is the striking title of a thoroughly sterling work from the practical pen of Rev. J. G. Fish, who proceeds to weigh the matter with history, chronology, science, literature, and itself. Not to dilate on any other portion of this most able treatise, we must refer the reader to the chapters that recite the wonders of mound-building in the vast valley of the Mississippi, demonstrating facts respecting a race or races of which no records have been left. One should not fail to peruse such expositions with close attention, in studying the basis of his belief in the Bible as it is offered us.

WM. WHITE & Co. publish "THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN: or, Out of the Darkness into the Light," by J. William Van Name. It is a story of struggles and trials, doubts and triumphs, written under influence, conveying striking theories and conceptions in relation to life in and out of the form, and abounding with incidents which will not fail to arrest the attention and sympathy of all who will peruse it. The author is sufficiently well known by his previous productions to attract to this last one from his pen a host of appreciative readers, who will kindle at his glowing descriptions of what is universally dear to the human heart.

CHARLES AND EVA ROBERTS'S HOME IN THE WEST is number three of the popular "Charley Roberts Series" for young readers, from the prolific pen of Leo & Shepard, which firm is headquarters for the juveniles in New England. This little volume describes our young friends in a new and interesting light, and all their old acquaintances will take an eager interest in following them to the home they are to enjoy themselves in.

In the "Rosa Abbott Stories" the same publishers issue THE PINES AND BLUEB, being the sixth of the series. The title is so very taking, as Rosa Abbott no doubt knew it would be, that all the children will be tempted to peep between the covers to see the story itself; and, with their eyes once there, they will be sure to go through the whole volume.

THE LITTLE MATRONS OF OXFORD forms the sixth of the "Helping-Hand Series," from the same house. It is a pretty tale, and a worthy companion of its popular predecessors.

THE PROVERBS STORIES (Second Series) are likewise issued by the same publishers, their titles being as follows: "A Wrong Confessed is Half Redressed," "One Good Turn Deserves Another," and "Actions Speak Louder than Words." They are too well known among young readers, by their first series, to require any special endorsement from us. Coming packed in a neat box, they make a pretty present for those who are of the right age and experience to enjoy them.

No juvenile book made a greater stir in the time of it than "The B. O. W. C.," which went the rounds of the boys of every neighborhood. Who were ourselves as much interested in their excited talk-over it as they were in the book itself. It was wholly original and striking, and it took hold of their imaginations almost like a second "Tom Sawyer." We have before us the second volume by the same author, entitled "THE BOYS OF GRASSY PARADISE," published by Leo & Shepard. It will be enough to mention the simple fact, to engage the attention of the boys forthwith. They will be sure to have this follow to the next book as they will be to open their bright eyes to the other sunrise.

THE AMERICAN OIL FELLOW for October is a very interesting number. In its department for the Order are given the Grand Elders and Grand Secretaries' Reports, and a complete summary of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States, together with much general information of value to the Fraternity. Its literary departments are full of choice reading. This popular magazine is published by the A.O.F. Association, No. 100 Nassau street, New York.

THE BUILDING AND MANUFACTURING for October is recorded. It is a valuable publication.

Philip Hall.

[The following message was given at our Public Circle, through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, Monday afternoon, Oct. 10th, with the request that it be printed at once.]

I suppose I am not in very good condition, because I know so little about these things. To-day is only the fourth day since I was occupying a human body of my own. I died in Melbourne, Australia, four days ago. My name, Philip Hall, I was born in Charlestown, Mass. I was in my thirtieth year. I have a brother. I suppose he would be surprised to hear of my being here. I propose to surprise him. [An agonizing surprise.] No, perhaps not; but he will understand better than anybody else why I am anxious to live on again, for my dearest, for it will prevent his being involved in trouble in this way. I may as well tell. He had agreed to furnish me with a certain amount of money in case I should want it after my arrival in Melbourne. I know I should want it, and so informed him by letter on the day of my arrival. That letter has not yet reached him. I hope to let him know of my death before he takes any measures to send me money, because I know he will cram himself and bring trouble upon himself, perhaps more than he thinks for, by doing it. So you see I have requested the spirit in control here to allow me to have my message published. He told me I would not come in time for some weeks. By waiting, you see, I might as well not come at all. I am, says I can have my message published in your next issue. I had I want my brother to know is, that I have gone. I had been troubled with fits—a species of apoplexy. I suppose it was apoplexy. I had little or no consciousness after being it. You were not sick long? About fourteen hours. By thinking, so I was told. I feel

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER OF THE BANNER.—*First page:* Continuation of Story, "Beauty Unveiled;" "Previsions;" "The Antiquity of the Cross;" Dr. G. L. Dison; "Belong Done Over;" V. C. Taylor; "Barbarism of War;" "In my Bible Class;" poem by John G. Saxo. *Third:* "Curative Properties of Electricity;" W. Foster, Jr.; "The National Convention;" K. Graves; "Sealed Letters;" F. V. Powers; "Tribute to Henry C. Wright;" by Mrs. M. S. Hoadley; *Banner Correspondence*, and List of Lecturers, *Fourth and Fifth:* Editorials on various subjects, Warren Chase's Editorial Correspondence, *Sixth:* Message Department and Obituaries. *Seventh:* Business Announcements. *Eighth:* Prof. Wm. Denton's Lecture on "Growth vs. Creation;" poem by John W. Day.

The "Fraternity Course of Lectures" opened in Music Hall, this city, Tuesday evening, Oct. 11th, with a lecture from Thomas Hughes, the well-known English author and member of the British Parliament. The hall was packed to its utmost capacity. Wendell Phillips delivered the next lecture, on the 18th of October.

Jacob, the healer, is in London, practicing his profession.

CORRECTION.—Our reporter made a slip of the pen in writing the name of the new member of the Board of Trustees elected by the American Convention of Spiritualists at their recent session. It should have been Agnes Cook, instead of Davis.

The great Woman's Hotel of Mr. A. T. Stewart, in Fourth Avenue, New York, which is to cost \$3,000,000, has reached the third of its seven stories, and will be ready for occupation within twelve months.

Miss Susan B. Anthony begins her winter's lecturing at Dunkirk, N. Y., Oct. 24.

Mrs. JENETTE J. CLARK has returned to the city, after a vacation rendered necessary by exhaustion in the field of her spiritual labors. She writes us that her hours of recreation were spent among the Catskill Mountains in New York, in praise of which she speaks enthusiastically. While enjoying the beauties of the scenery at that place, she thought of the many who were crowded and confined in the hot dusty city—the poor laborers and destitute sewing-girls, who were bearing the cross of privation—and hoped the time would one day come when they would no longer be the slaves of the monopolist. Although not present at the Convention, her heart was there. She feels much encouraged by the fruits of her labors in former times, and is ready to resume them for the future, with confidence in the result.

IN HONOR OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—The Italian inhabitants of Boston celebrated the 378th anniversary of the discovery of America on Wednesday, Oct. 12th, in the forenoon, by a procession which paid its respects to State and city officials at the State House and City Hall, also marching to the Custom-House. A salute was fired in the forenoon on the Common.

A child, while walking through an art gallery with her mother, was attracted by a statue of Minerva. "Who is that?" said she. "My child, that is Minerva, the goddess of wisdom." "Why did n't they make her husband, too?" "Because she had none, my child." "That was because she was wise, wasn't it, mamma?" was the artless reply.

A Roman Catholic newspaper is announced in France with the title of the *Christian Era*, the object of which is, "to insist on the introduction of religious liberty into the Catholic Church, and its alliance with the genius of modern times."

Mrs. Laura C. Holloway has prepared a new lecture for the coming season, entitled "The Perils of the Hour." She will also repeat the sketch of Charlotte Brontë.

There are over five thousand papers in the United States; but there are persons still living who have seen Benjamin Franklin, the founder of the fourth newspaper established in this country.

DEATH OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.—At one-half past nine o'clock A. M., Wednesday, Oct. 12th, this well-known commander of the Confederate Army died at Lexington, Va., of congestion of the brain, at the age of sixty-three years, eight months and twenty-three days. Richmond dispatches, Oct. 12th, say:

"The death of General Lee has spread a deep feeling of gloom over the whole community. The city authorities have issued orders that the bells of the public buildings be tolled to-morrow. Governor Walker will officially communicate the sad event to the legislature. There will be a general suspension of business. The city council will meet to-morrow to take appropriate action."

General Lee entered the United States army from West Point in 1829; served in Mexico as chief engineer of the army in the war; resigned his commission in 1861, to accept that of commander-in-chief of the forces of Virginia then in arms against the Union; and from 1862 to the close of the war was Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate army. His latter days were spent in quiet retirement and the education of the young who were to come after him.

"Sir," said the astonished landlady to a traveler, who had sent his cup forward for the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee." "Yes, madam, I am," he replied, "or I should never have drunk so much water to get a little."

The *Republican*, published at Havre de Grace, Maryland, is winning its way into the affections of the Marylanders, under the editorial guidance of our friend, A. P. McCombs. It is now firmly established.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham has accepted the position of editor of Theodore Parker's unpublished works, and now has in hand the lectures on "Historic Americans," which have been so long promised, but which have not yet seen the light. We trust this will be the means of rapidly presenting the other writings of Mr. Parker, for all of which there never was a greater demand than to-day.

TEN THOUSAND CABINET ORGANS PER ANNUM.—Mason & Hamlin, the famous cabinet organ makers, are again obliged to add to their manufacturing facilities, which have been doubled about every three years since they commenced business. So great is the reputation of their work, and so large the demand for it that there has been no time for years when they have not been largely behind orders. Recently they purchased some two acres of ground in Cambridgeport, on which is now completed another large new factory. This, with their other factories, will give them capacity to produce two hundred cabinet organs each week, or over TEN THOUSAND per annum. They are, of course, much the largest manufacturers of their class of instruments in the world.

They are introducing improvements in their organs, the present season, which they regard as very valuable, and for which patents were granted them in June and August last.—*Boston Advertiser.*

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY WARREN CHASE, 501 North Fifth St., (cor. Washington Avenue) St. Louis, Mo.

AFTER DEATH.

A writer in the *World's Crisis* begins a long article thus:

"Among Christians it is a conceded truth that a celestial kingdom awaits the saints of God as an eternal home. But when they are to enter it, and where it is to be located, are points concerning which conflicting views are entertained. As these points come within the range of revelation, we should gladly inquire when and where are the saints to share the glory of futurity? We have a right to learn what God has revealed. Revelation is better than speculation. 'What is truth' on these points? We appeal to the book of God for a solution."

1. When are the saints to enter the heavenly kingdom?

The popular reply is, 'At death.' It is evident that this answer is not correct, because

1. Revelation makes no such statement.

2. As we cannot enter the kingdom unjudged, the judgment must precede our entrance into the kingdom, and the judgment is not due till the 'last day' (John 12:48), or till Christ's 'appearing' (2 Tim. 4:1); for if men can enter the kingdom unjudged, there would be no need of a judgment."

Surely "revelation makes no such statement," but, unfortunately for the writer, neither is there any revelation of what he calls the "conceded truth," but reliable revelations assure us that there is no such kingdom nor king in the spirit-world, more than in this; that monarchy is not the form of government there, nor rest the condition of the spirits. Neither has any one yet found an eternal home in any sphere yet heard from. The people who go from this country would not be reconciled to make a home under a monarchy. Our form of government is so much better that we have entirely outgrown monarchy. Moreover, we learn that kings who go there from this world are not better or more respected than citizens, or even beggars, unless morally, morally and spiritually superior. Old King Solomon, we learn, is not highly respected there, and we do not expect King George the Third is.

We think the writer is correct in his conclusions that the saints do not enter the kingdom at death, and we think it equally certain that they will not at the judgment; and those who wait for the resurrection and second coming of Christ we apprehend will never enter through either of those gates, so we see no chance for them at any time. The writer is also certainly mistaken in supposing that the judgment is put off till the "last day," for the judgment comes every day, and condemns his theory as emphatically as any judgment of God or man can condemn an error. "We appeal to the book of God!" What is the "book of God?" the foolish record of the six days' labor in creation, and its falsehoods, or the rock book which geology reveals with positive testimony of the millions of years in which the earth was attaining its present condition? Is it the history of the three male Gods who lived in heaven, one of which came to earth to find a female to become the mother of one of the others, that he might live and die as a man, and thus appease the wrath of all three against the poor human race, and save a few by a resurrection to a new life, after they had become totally extinct in death? Is it the revelation of John, who saw the four angels standing on the four corners of our round earth, holding the four winds, &c.? If this is what he calls the book of God we do not accept it as such, nor put any confidence in its stories about kings and judgments.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

The census is bringing some important facts before the country in regard to the importance and relative prospects of this great city, and fully confirming all our friend Reavis has said about it in his books, so far as it relates to its present status. It is now certain that in population it is the fourth city in the nation, and the largest inland city, having only New York, Philadelphia and Brooklyn ahead of it. In addition to this is East St. Louis, across the river, commercially tributary to it, and a large village, immediately adjoining it on the north, and a wide strip of thickly settled territory on the west, that must soon come into its limits. If this population depended on trade and transit of the country, or solely on commerce, we should not see a bright prospect ahead; but when we look at its manufacturing advantages, we cannot see a rival on the maps. Water power it has not, nor does it need it, as coal is so abundant and so near, and iron also, that steam could compete with water, if both were here. It has recently been ascertained that tin mines of value are near the city, and all that is needed for the manufacture of glass also, and we may soon expect new branches of business started here, to employ many more hands. Its railroad and river outlets and inlets are, taken together, certainly not surpassed by any other city in our country. Its climate is mild, genial and healthy, and the rich country around it on all sides can feed, at least, two millions of people at low prices with the necessities of life, and have plenty left to ship to distant markets. Considering all things, we feel sure it will be the largest city in our country, except, perhaps, New York, and we cannot see how even that can compete with it for a century, as its great commerce must be more and more divided with San Francisco and other commercial ports of export and import. In the very building where our office is located, (501 North Fifth street), are opened boxes of tea that were put up in Japan and China, and brought direct via San Francisco to this city, and, of course, other East India goods also come that way. California grapes and other fruit dried and fresh are in our market during their seasons, and distance seems almost annihilated in the rapid exchange with Atlantic and Pacific cities. Our great bridge is, like all great works of the kind, going slowly but surely to completion. The abutments are above high water, and night and day the noise of laborers is heard on the structure. It will unite us by wagon path, foot-path and rail track with the Mississippi bottoms and Illinois prairies and the East.

THE CLASH OF IDEAS.

"Is the American idea higher than this Church idea? No Catholic can pretend it; for to him the Church idea is Divine, and nothing is or can be higher than God, who is Supreme Creator, Proprietor and Lord of all things, visible and invisible. If then between the Church or Catholic idea and the American idea should happen to be a collision, which should give way, the higher or the lower? The Catholic idea being supreme, must be the law, the universal standard of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood, and consequently all ideas, whether Celtic or Saxon, English or American, that contradict it or do not accord with it, are to be rejected as false and wrong, as repugnant to the supreme law of God, even to God himself, and not to be entertained for a moment."—*Tablet.*

There certainly is collision between the Church idea and American ideas in very many points; and American ideas have not and will not yield, however much the Church may insist. For instance, the Catholic Church claims marriage as a sacred religious rite that no power but its own

can make or unmake; but the American idea sets its sacredness aside, and puts up and takes down the institution by statute. It is plain to every observer that in this and many other issues the American idea will not only not yield, but it will compel the Church to yield its control over human rights. There is certainly a collision on the subject of education, in which America will not yield, and over which no Church can prevail. The American idea is a self-life education unbiassed by any form of sectarian religion, and it will prevail. The spiritual authority of the Church over the temporal affairs of this life, is about at an end, and in these is the education of children and the bonds of union between parties to marriage contracts.

STATE FAIR OF MISSOURI.

Oct. 31, opened the State Fair of Missouri, at St. Louis, on the grounds fitted up at greater expense and said to be superior to any fair grounds in the nation. They are certainly on a larger scale and superior to any we have ever seen, and contain the finest amphitheatre in this country, at the platform of which we met that old veteran of reforms and prince of self-made men, Horace Greeley, who was to make the opening speech, and did to an immense crowd, not one in twenty of whom heard enough to know what he was reading about. Mr. Greeley looks old and careworn, and seems to do whatever he does mechanically, even talking without much mental effort or interest. He looks like the man that has ridden several hobbles to death, and is not likely to ever give up the last one—protective tariff—till he crosses the river.

The opening day of the fair was the day set apart for the free admission of all the schools of the city; and, of course, when the children of a population of 312,000 were mostly turned in, it gave thousands of young eyes a chance they will long remember and never have again of seeing Mr. Greeley.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

Somewhere in scripture it is said, "He that believeth not shall be damned." We believe it is conceded that the belief required is in the atonement through the blood and death of Jesus. This is literally fulfilled by the damning influence of the churches of all such unbelievers, wherever they have power to do it. Had the sentence said, all who do not believe shall be hanged, or burned, or gibbeted, or tortured, it would have been fulfilled also at an earlier age of sectarian tyranny; but now it is only the damning we get, with the fire and gibbet left out, for want of civil power to use them. Now, only the reputation is crucified, and not the person; and the earthly and spiritual damning both are without fire, as hell has been extinguished, and a remorse of conscience substituted. It is curious to see how efficient the church is in fulfilling the prophecies and executing the will of God on earth. We have seen much of this damning influence, and generally find it harmless to such persons as have stamina enough and means enough to be independent of the churches; but it often cripples sensitive and dependent persons.

Emma Hardinge to her Spiritual Friends and Co-Workers.

Yesterday, Oct. 11th, according to the established legal forms of this adopted country and England, the place of my birth, I, Emma Hardinge, became the wife of my countryman, Mr. William G. Britton. The long and highly cherished ties of mutual esteem and mutual dependence which have subsisted between my spiritual friends and myself, impel me to assure all who may be interested in my career, that the new bond thus entered into will affect their faithful friend and fellow laborer only so far as her own immediate circle of personal and social relations are concerned; that financially, intellectually and spiritually Emma Britton will ever be to the world the Emma Hardinge of the last fourteen years; that I am warranted in saying my dear companion feels desirous of assisting rather than retarding me in every good work for humanity, but especially in the cause which, in its highest and purest phases, is as much honored by him as it is dear to me—namely, SPIRITUALISM.

On the 31 of November next, we shall embark for our native land, in the Cunard steamship "Abyssinia," and on the first Sunday of December I hope to resume my public ministry as a spiritual lecturer on a London rostrum; but whether in the Old or the New World, I shall ever be found at the post of duty where my beloved spiritual masters placed me fourteen years ago; and in earnest of my undiminished devotion to this holy service, I desire hereby to add my intention of never publicly renouncing the name by which my spiritual experiences have rendered me known, and in some instances, at least, I hope, endeared to the kind and loving friends amongst whom my long pilgrimage has been conducted; hence, although in such scenes of private life as my busy ministry may permit me to enjoy, I shall require to be recognized by my husband's name, wherever I may now or henceforth be publicly identified with Spiritualism, I shall still be the servant of the spirits, and the friend of humanity.

EMMA HARDINGE.

229 East 60th street, New York City, Oct. 12th.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 90 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Spiritual Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cts. THE MEDIUM AND DAYBOOK. A weekly paper published in London. Price 5 cts. THE RADIANT PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by B. S. Jones, Esq. Price 8 cts. THE LYCURIAN BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cts. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 6 cts. THE SPIRITUAL MONTHLY AND LYCURIAN RECORD. Published in Boston. Price 15 cts. THE PRESENT AGE. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 8 cts. THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 20 cts. per copy.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Entrance on Tremont and Winter streets.

Oct. 23, Lecture by Prof. Wm. Denton.

The fourth course of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism will be continued in the elegant and spacious Music Hall.

EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AT 2 1/2 O'CLOCK, until the close of April, under the management of Lewis B. Wilson, who has made engagements with some of the ablest spiritualists, trance and normal speakers in the lecturing field. Prof. William Denton, Mrs. Cora L. V. Taylor, Thomas Gales Porter, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Miss Lizzie Dotson (probably), Ed. S. Wheeler, J. M. Peabody and others will lecture during the course. Vocal exercises by an excellent quartet.

Season ticket, with reserved seat, \$5—now ready for delivery at the counter of the *Banner of Light* office, 158 Washington street; single admission 15 cts.

The Massachusetts Spiritualists' Association will hold a Convention at the City Hall in Haverhill, Mass., on Saturday the 22d and Sunday the 23d of October. Good speakers will be present, and the friends in Haverhill will make necessary arrangements for their accommodation and entertainment, so far as possible. We hope the friends of the Society will take special pains to be present, as a general good time is anticipated.

H. S. WILLIAMS, Sec'y.

To Correspondents.

We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications that are not traced.

G. A. FRANKLIN, Mass.—We beg to assure our friend that the quotation from the *World's Crisis* which he would correct as false, was made from memory, as the pen ran, rather than from the exact text, and that, however he may except to it, it carried all the meaning, and nothing more, to be found in a literal quotation. No perversion of meaning was thought of, or effected. In this view, the matter calls for no particular correction or criticism, and that is the sole reason why his suggestions have been filed away instead of being embodied in an article which we have at present no occasion to write.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 32 West 29th street, New York. OI.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, Test Medium, No. 29 West Fourth street, New York City. 15-OS.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps. OI.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FINE, 102 East 12th street, New York. Returns \$2 and 3 stamps. Money refunded when not answered. OR.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

S. B. BRITTON, M. D., Treats chronic diseases by the use of subtle remedies. He has devoted many years to the scientific study and practical application of

Electricity and Magnetism as Remedial Agents. Professional services and board for the winter may be had at his own residence. Address as above, P. O. Box 561, NEWARK, N. J. Oct. 22-4w

A PECULIAR TIME.

We live in a "peculiar time." That no one will deny. The world abounds in sin and crime. "Among both the low and high: Men live for self, and not alone; Some caring for another, Some reckless they were never known, But Fanny plods his brother." "Sill" "Captivity" Boys from head to foot, He looks like a very day, Corner of Beach and Washington street.

LIBERAL, SPIRITUAL AND REFORM BOOKSTORE.

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AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

Notice to Subscribers of the *Banner of Light.*—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each year's names, as printed on the *Banner of Light*, and as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time for which you paid has expired. The additional number is unnecessary, and should be renewed before the figures correspond with those at the left and right of the date.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion.

NOTICES.—Thirty cents for first insertion and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions per line.

BUSINESS NOTICES.—Thirty cents per space of one line, each insertion.

Payment in all cases in advance.

For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Tuesdays.

DR. J. R. NEWTON,

Practical Physician for Chronic Diseases.

Has resumed his healing at

No. 23 HARRISON AVENUE,

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DR. NEWTON'S power of imparting life force and health to any part of a diseased body is in many cases certain, especially in the following maladies: Heart Disease, Nervous Debility, Diabetes, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Weak Eyes, Falling of the Womb and all kinds of Sexual Weakness, Weak Spines, Ulcers, Loss of Voice, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Hemorrhoids, Felons, and all kinds of Lamentations and Weakness of Limbs.

Dr. Newton does not receive pay except from those who are amply able. All others are cordially invited to come and be cured without fee or reward.

Oct. 22.

THE HEALING INSTITUTE, AT DAVID'S WELL.

LOCATED near Bristol, Penn., is now completed and ready for occupation. It has been erected for the purpose of accommodating patients who desire to drink the "Mystic Water" from David's Well, freshly drawn from the great depths, who are desirous to rest, and to have charge of this house, who is possessed of healing power, who is capable of giving hygienic instruction, who is a true Spiritualist at heart, and whose energy and tact to manage a family of thirty to forty in number, and whose aspirations would be more in behalf of suffering humanity than in making the enterprise a mere money-making scheme. My object has been and still is, to do good to the human family; and I wish some one who can sympathize with me to have charge of the Institute.

D. B. TAYLOR.

N. B.—For further information, address, D. B. TAYLOR, LADDER, No. 11 North 31st street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Oct. 22-2w

30 NEW RECEIPTS, Arts, and Ten Ballads.

sent free.

T. F. WOOD, Vernon, N. J.

Oct. 22-4w

MRS. LITTLEJOHN, Medical, Business and

Physician, Clairvoyant, 26 Hanson street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 22-4w

MRS. N. E. STAFFORD, Medical, Prophetic

and Business Medium, 54 Hudson street, Boston. Oct. 22-4w

HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS, by

A. A. PLUMMER, Healing Medium, 563 Washington street, Boston. 1w-2w-2w

SEASON OF 1870-71.

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CABINET ORGANS.

IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS.

Patented June 21 and August 23, 1870.

REDUCTION OF PRICES.

THE MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO. have the pleasure of announcing IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS in their Cabinet Organs, for which patents were granted them in June and August last. These are not merely meretricious attachments, but enhance the substantial excellence of the instruments. They are also enabled, by increased facilities for manufacture, to make, from this date, a FURTHER REDUCTION OF PRICES on several leading styles.

Having completed and added to their former facilities a LARGE NEW MANUFACTORY, they hope hereafter to supply all orders promptly.

The Cabinet Organs made by this Company are of such universal reputation, not only throughout America but also Europe, that few will need assurance of their superiority. For years the Company have been unable to supply the constantly increasing demand for their instruments, being always largely behind orders, though producing about twice the amount of work of any other maker of instruments of the class. This extraordinary demand is evidence that they have been successful in carrying into effect rules which it is their purpose to adhere to rigidly, so that they may be able to principles of their business. These are:

1. To make the very best work, and only the best; availing themselves of the best results of inventive genius, every improvement, wherever effected, and every facility which highest skill, ample experience, and liberal use of abundant means can command.

2. To sell organs at the lowest possible price, reserving to themselves the least remunerative profit. As cost of production is diminished, prices are reduced, and they always print their lowest prices, which are thereupon reduced, to no discount.

The extent of their business and enormous number of Cabinet Organs which they now have occasion to produce, enables them to employ various machinery, and to work in such a manner as to enable them to produce in great quantities, and at a low price, without such extraordinary facilities.

They now offer FOUR-OCTAVE CABINET ORGANS, in quite plain cases, but equal according to their capacity

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was written by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of

Mr. J. H. Constant.
While in an abnormal condition called the trance, these Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth—passing into a higher condition—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. 155 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock, services commencing at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

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

Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room are solicited.

The questions answered at these Seances are often propounded by the audience.

These Seances are held at the residence of the chairman, are read in by correspondents.

Invocation.

Oh Lord, our God, thou great spirit whose saving grace falls into every life, redeeming it from sin and making it to praise thee, we, thy children who have tasted death, come to thee this hour in behalf of those who have not; and we ask, oh Lord, our God, for greater strength and greater wisdom, greater love and greater charity, and greater patience with which to instruct thy children who are still in the valley and the shadow of mortal life. Oh Infinite Spirit, thou knowest their needs. A great cry for light—more light—has gone up to thee, and the answer has come. Many, many souls have heard the answer, and have joyfully accepted it. Oh Beautiful Spirit of Life, we thank thee for the power with which thou art revealing thyself to thy children in mortal life. We thank thee, oh Lord, for the life-giving spirit of something which is more than faith—ay, which is knowledge—that is flooding the land and causing thy sons and thy daughters everywhere to worship thee in spirit and in truth. And we ask for these thy children, that, when they have done with this life, and have entered upon the realities of that life that is to come, may they look back with no regrets, but may a song of praise be upon their lips and prayer in their hearts. Oh our Father, thou saviour of every soul, hear our prayers, and as seemeth best to thee, answer us. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Have you questions, Mr. Chairman?

Ques.—If Spiritualists ever organize as a body, must it not be based on absolute and personal freedom?

Ans.—The very nature of any and all organizations prohibits such entire personal freedom as seems to be necessary to many souls in this age. Therefore it is not probable that Spiritualists, till they have learned a few more lessons concerning life and its uses, will organize. They seek forth, and it is well; but their steps have thus far been attended with failure, and they will be till the time has arrived when they shall be wiser in spiritual things than they are at the present time.

Q.—Has not the Christian church, so called, been an all-grasping and high-handed political despotism, the world over, wherever it has held the supremacy?

A.—With shame I answer the question in the affirmative. Religion, that garment of the Holy Spirit, has been desecrated, soiled, dragged in the dust of politics, and maimed has been its throne. But there is a religion, pure and unfeigned, that has ever found a resting-place within the soul. It has remained there unsoiled, pure as its eternal source; and it is that that will save the soul and give it a heaven hereafter.

Q.—Is G. M. Ramey's theory regarding the polar centres correct?—and was Salt Lake, Utah, formerly one of these centres?

A.—No, it is not correct.

Q.—In H. W. Beecher's Friday evening—June 10th—remarks, he took occasion to allude to the outgoing of Charles Dickens, wherein he says: "Whether he was personally and experimentally a Christian man, God knows—I do not. There is one class of men whom we believe to be Christians. They are producers of spiritual influences. We have no doubt about them. There is another class that we are as positive have produced no spiritual influences. And there is a great class between them; and it is always difficult to say whether they are a little one side or the other." From the above, it would seem Mr. Beecher had somewhat of a doubt as to Mr. D. being a Christian. Now, in what does Christianity consist? Does it belong especially to Jesus Christ? And could not he effect with his pen what Jesus Christ could not by his words?

A.—It seems that that American divine is in doubt respecting the Christianity that Charles Dickens possessed. Your correspondent says Mr. Beecher declares that he does not know whether he is a Christian or not. Well, that is very fairly, very candidly stated; and he might, with equal truth, affirm the same of every other living soul. No soul can determine concerning the Christianity of any other soul. It is for each individual soul to determine for themselves whether they are Christian or not. No one else can do it. That Christianity which is in existence at the present time, cloaked with fashionable churches and creeds and dogmas, it is hard to define; for each one defines it to suit themselves—no two alike. The Christianity of a Henry Ward Beecher may not be that of a John P. Smith. They would differ, doubtless, in many essential points; and yet each would consider themselves Christian. Now, this proves conclusively, to my soul, that we must be our own judges concerning what Christianity is, and whether we have it or not.

Q.—Had Mr. Beecher the moral right to judge the religious status of Mr. Dickens?

A.—Socially speaking, he had; spiritually speaking, he had not. Christianity teaches us to judge not; and if our Christianity be spiritual, be something more than the letter, surely it means precisely what it says—"Judge not, lest ye be judged."

Q.—The N. Y. Times London correspondent has a letter wherein he states: "Mr. Dickens was strongly averse to Spiritualism." Has the intelligence knowledge as to its truth or falsity?

A.—Yes; the intelligence has knowledge as to its truth or falsity. Mr. Dickens was not an outspoken Spiritualist; but, in his faith, he leaned strongly upon the spiritual side. He denounced the phenomena of Spiritualism that are floating upon its surface to-day. He denounced many of its theories; but the fundamental truths of Spiritualism, Charles Dickens believed and honored.

Max Williams.

In response to a call from several of my friends who still remain on the earth, I am here to-day.

They ask me several questions, which I shall answer truthfully. The first is: "Were you a suicide?" I answer, "No"—emphatically, "No." I had no desire to shorten my earthly existence, nor did I, except by accident. The second is: "Are you aware of what has transpired among your own people since your death?" I am aware of it; and, contrary to the expectation of those who have asked the question, I will say I am not sorry for it. The intelligence was received by me with joy. "Did we receive a message from you which was written in Venice?" Yes; you received that message, and it was written by myself, although it did not contain all the truths upon the subject in question that I had intended to give; for, as I said at the close of the message, "My subject has suddenly failed me in power, and therefore I am obliged to stop." "What can we do to inform ourselves concerning Spiritualism?" Read those spiritual works that will inform you concerning phenomenal Spiritualism; first, then those works that treat upon the grand philosophy of Spiritualism. Then visit those mediums or spiritual subjects who seem to be best adapted for giving general intelligence from the spirit-world, and in that way inform yourselves. But, at all times and under all circumstances, reserve for yourselves the right to decide between right and wrong, taking the say-so of no spirit, however high or low, when it clashes with your own sense of right. My name when here, Max Williams, a native of New York City.

Polly Cutts.

[How do you do?] I am very well, only I am a little discontented. I don't have so much to do as I want. All my business seems to be cut off, and I don't have enough to do to keep me from getting dissatisfied. [I thought you could always find enough to do on your side.] Well, I suppose some folks can, but I can't. I ain't used to the way things are done here in the spirit-world, and I can't get used to 'em very easily. [Your mind was upon material things?] Yes—yes, I had my mind on money and real estate and such things—have got it on it now, and can't seem to get rid of it very well. I want to do business now, but there don't seem to be any for me to do. I come back here a little while ago, and I told some of my relatives I could assist them, but they don't seem to accept the offer, so I've been waiting round, hoping for something to do. [Can't you associate yourself with some one on earth who is following that kind of business?] Well, that's what I wanted to do, but I'd rather associate with my own folks than with anybody else; but I can't get near enough to 'em, and that's what troubles me—can't get near enough; could help 'em a good deal, and help myself, too, if I could only get near enough, but something shuts me out. [Perhaps they hold the same belief that you did—] I didn't have no belief—didn't know anything at all about it—didn't think much about it. I lived between eighty and ninety years, but I didn't think much about it—wish I had—I wish I had. Perhaps if I had, I should have found more to do here, and been happier. I ain't happy at all—I ain't happy—I don't like here at all. The longer I stay, the more I dislike; but I can't get out of it, as I see. [You must make the best of it.] Well, I'm trying to make the best of it.

I come here to-day to tell my nephew William that I should like to talk to him. I been looking all round to see where was a good place—a good medium—can't have this one, only here, and that's aggravating to those that can't find any one else that they like so well. But I've found a man down here in Salem. He is there now. I seen him in New York. I don't know what his name is—yes, Foster, I believe. [Charles?] I don't know his name—big, fat fellow—most choked me with smoke. Well, he is a good medium. I can use him; and if William will go there, I will do first rate for him. He won't be sorry, now, I tell you. He needn't be afraid to come, because it ain't nothing will hurt him, and if he don't like after coming once, he needn't have anything more to do with it, that's all.

You don't know me, do you? I am Polly Cutts. How do you know me? [Oh, yes, I am glad you have come.] I am glad to come—anything to get out of that—oh, dear! I don't know. I was active enough in the old days in real estate, buying and selling, but there ain't nothing I can see doing here about it—nothing at all. Can't seem to get used to the benevolent ways of doing things here. They tell me there's enough to do, but I don't get used to it doing it.

[A gentleman in the audience asked: Will you tell William where he can find that bible that belonged to Sir William Phipps?] Well, I will. If he will go there, I will tell him. I'll do all I can.

[CHAIRMAN.—You will come out all right by-and-by.] Well, it's pretty hard to have everything struck away from you all of a sudden, when you have had so much all your life. [You know, now, how some feel who have nothing here.] They do not miss it, if they never had it. I should do different if I was here now. [If you had given some of your money to aid others when here, you would have found enough to do on the other side.] Should I? Well, I suppose I should. No use preaching about it now. Don't go to preaching about it; it do not do no good. Can't mend the matter now. You print my message, won't you? [Yes.] You won't charge anything, will you? [Oh, no.] Aint got anything to pay with.

June 27.

Clara Darwin.

I have an earthly father, and I wish to reach him, to enlighten his soul, and lighten the burden of human life. His soul is fluttering between the two worlds. He knows that he must soon leave the body. He does not regret it, for this life has had more shadows than sunbeams for him, and he is now between eighty and ninety years old, and is poor—very poor—and is waiting for the death-angel to release him from poverty and from suffering. A friend has told him of the beauties of the spirit-land—has told him that the dead can return, and in his soul he has prayed an earnest prayer that if that friend told him the truth, that the great good God would reveal it to him.

Forty-nine years ago this very day my own spirit took its flight from the mortal body. I passed out by accident, if any such there is in life. I was returning to my home, having been sent of an errand by my mother. I was then not quite twelve years of age; and a runaway team suddenly came upon the sidewalk. I was thrown down and so badly injured, that after a few hours I passed on. My father doubtless thinks that I live in the great hereafter, I am so far away from him that I could not come. But I have been near him; I have watched over him. He was very, very dear to me, and, as a child, I was very, very dear to him. Our souls harmonized, and by the great law of spiritual attraction I have returned to him.

I want him to know that there is a beautiful spirit-land, that he has a home there better than he has ever had here, and that all his hopes and his expectations concerning God and a better life will be more than realized. I want him to

lay down the armor of this life peacefully, happily, and to enter upon the other life joyfully. I want him to know that I shall meet him, that others will meet him, that he will receive a welcome such as his heart has sought for these many years, and that a home will be ready for him there. It is long since he has had one here. But he will have it there. Let him have no fear, and speak of these things freely to those who may visit him, if he has faith—which I know he will—and seek to inspire those who have not, and have no fear concerning the hereafter. He has lived a kind life to all with whom he has dealt; he has given when he has had scarcely anything to give from, and all his kind deeds have been treasured up, and a record faithfully kept by the angels, for which he will be justly recompensed. Clara Darwin, to William Darwin, who is at present in the city of New York. The friend who has spoken to him concerning these beautiful truths, will please deliver the message to him when it is published.

June 27.

James Denny.

It is pretty hard to be obliged to come back and give bad news. [Do you bring bad news?] Why, yes; it is bad news to hear that one of your friends is dead, isn't it? [Bad news to the living.] Yes, oh yes. It is not at all bad news to themselves. You see what brings me here is this: I have a brother who has got as far as Liverpool, and he is waiting for money from me to bring him over to this country. I got sick and died; and that's the end of it. And I was told the last time you met here—I was told by the priest I met here—if I would come with a communication, that it would be received by my brother, and he would understand then why he is not receiving anything from me. How is that? [I think it may be so.] Well, then, his name is Patrick Denny. Mine is James. And I want him to know I am dead, so he will not expect I can do anything for him, of course. I was took sick with fever, and had no chance to send any word at all. I was sick when his letter came, saying that he had got as far as Liverpool, and had not a cent to get any farther. And he is there waiting for me to send for him. I want him to know I am dead, and if there's anything I can do in this world, I will. Of course I can't do what he is wanting. I want his confessor to tell him about it. Do you see? [Yes.] Good day, sir.

Seance conducted by John Pye Smith; letters answered by C. H. Crowell.

Invocation.

Thou Infinite Presence in whom we are spiritually made, and in whom we spiritually live and have our being, thou, our Father in wisdom, and our Mother in love, we come to thee this hour, thanking thee for thy blessings, praising thee for the gift of life, for the crown of immortality which thou hast placed upon our brows, for the spirit of truth which thou hast put into our natures, and for the scriptures of Nature which thou hast opened unto us. Oh loving and wise Spirit, thou hast no need of our praises, but we have need to praise thee. The fountain of our being seems full to overflowing, and we must tune the harp of our being to praise thee now. We thank thee, oh Lord, that the lines of our lot are again cast upon the earth, that thou hast commissioned us to wander again through the valleys of mortal life, giving us the power through human lips to speak peace to thy children, to tell them of a hereafter, of a home beyond the tomb, of a land where death is better understood than here. Enlighten us, our Father, still further in thy wisdom, and unfold to us to understand thy truths, and give us strength and wisdom to bear all the crosses with which we may meet in life. Father, accept our praises, and give us what we need—nothing more. Amen.

June 28.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—I know a man to whom the spirits have given great wealth. He is converting it all to worldly and personal ends. I also know another man who would actually give an angel could ask him to, who has worked hard for years, and received the very humblest fare. Why is this?

Ans.—The whole machinery of life, whether here or there, is carried on through chemical laws. It is the chemical affinity that exists within your human bodies for certain articles of exchange that attract those articles to you and make you rich men. The want of those particles, or that power, in your system, makes you poor men. The presence of it gives you power to obtain wealth. The absence deprives you of that power, and you may labor as long as you live in the physical body to obtain wealth, but you cannot obtain it. This is a fact well-known in spiritual science. The scientists of this earthly life have not yet reached it, but they will by-and-by, and when they do, it will be the very cornerstone of a mighty structure, grander and more perfect in science than any that has yet been reared.

Q.—This is why in the hands of certain men everything turns to money. You think it is not owing to their superior ability?

A.—It is all owing to the action of chemical laws; dependent upon them entirely, whether rich or poor.

Q.—If Jesus Christ is not God, why does he not come back here as other spirits do, and deny the statements made by the so-called Christian world, that he came to save sinners, and that through his blood alone we can be saved?

A.—Supposing he should come in propria persona. What then? Would it add one whit to the faith that you already have? Perhaps in a few isolated instances it might. But they would be very few. What if I were to tell you that this same Jesus the Christ ministered all over the land to-day? Would you believe it? A very few would. The majority would doubt it. Names, titles, amount to nothing. If you receive a truth through Thomas Paine, that truth is just as dear and just as sacred as if you received it through Jesus Christ.

Q.—When Christ said, "But that ye may know that the son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins: he said unto the sick of the palsy—arise, take up thy bed and go unto thine house," did he intend to convey the idea that he (Christ) was the son of man, and forgive only physical sins, and that other men would have the same power to forgive sins that he had, namely: by healing people of diseases that they brought upon themselves by sinning physically?

A.—Yes, to my mind he meant to convey precisely that idea.

Q.—Have we any account of Christ's ever speaking of original depravity or the fall of Adam?

A.—No, I think not. At least, I have never seen any record of such an account.

Q.—The Bible says God made the first man from a lump of dirt, and the second—or woman—from a rib bone. Now was there ever a higher formation without the two forces, the positive and the negative, the masculine and feminine, or father and mother of the universe? Does not this

law or principle hold good everywhere through the realms of Nature?

A.—Yes, when this biblical allegory shall be looked at by the light of spiritual science, it will be better understood; and, instead of believing in a literal hell, you will understand the spirit that underlies the letter. You will be able to translate correctly the meaning of many passages, if not all, that are so mysterious, so much so that theologians pass them by as belonging to the mysteries of God, and therefore sacred. We should not question them, but if we have anything to do with them at all, believe in them just as they are, without alteration, without speculation.

Q.—Are the moral principles taught by the Nazarene intact and original in the New Testament?

A.—No, they are not. On the contrary, they are deformed and warped to suit the caprices and the ignorance and the bigotry of that class of priests who compiled them long after his decease.

June 28.

Harriett Porter.

I have friends in Savannah, Georgia. I wish to reach them. They are not relatives, but very dear friends. Their names are Charlotte and William Kelsey. [How old are they?] Probably between fifty and sixty years of age. [Did they go from this section of the country?] I believe they did. [I formerly knew a man of that name.] Perhaps it may be the same. They have lived in Savannah, I think, over twenty years. My name was Harriett Porter. I was engaged as a teacher in their family, and left there just about the time of the breaking out of the rebellion. Their only son had just entered the Southern army as I was leaving. He fell in one of the first battles, and I have to report of him that he was not treated by the Federal troops as was reported. He died very soon after being wounded, and was cared for as well as it was possible to care for the wounded at that time. So he tells me. Knowing as I do that if his parents could understand that he wishes to return and communicate with them, that he would be made happier in his spirit home for it, I have taken it upon myself to come here to-day and plead his cause, because I could do it better than he. I ask that they may open wide the doors of their hearts and their minds, that they may investigate, and know whether their William can come or not. Give him the privilege. Open the door for him, and if he don't come and satisfy them, I shall be very much mistaken. He longs to soothe that mother's aching heart, and would give to her that consolation which she can find nowhere else; and the young sister—he would be a spiritual guide to her, leading her along gently over the rough paths of human life, shutting out the shadows and letting in the sunlight. He asks that they will seek to know whether he can come or not; they pass judgment. I ask as much. I died in less than one year after leaving them.

June 28.

Eben Perkins.

My name when here was Eben Perkins. I am from Fredericktown, Pa. I come back here to satisfy, if I can, the anxiety of a dear old aunt of mine, who thinks I am in hell, and for this reason: I was a whiskey manufacturer, and as a natural consequence, I sometimes got drunk. I belonged to no church. I made no profession of any kind of religion. This dear old aunt—who brought me up, by the way, my parents having died when I was quite young—considers that my soul is lost, that I am certainly in hell. Well, I am not in heaven, that's certain, because I'm not as happy as I'd like to be. But I am certainly not in hell—not in that kind of hell that that dear old lady thinks I am in, a literal hell of fire and brimstone. She is a believer to the fullest extent in that miserable old dogma.

Now I thought I'd come here and just warn her that I propose to give a series of manifestations at her home, which shall convince her—unless she is invincible to truth—that spirits can return, and that I am not in hell. I have selected my subject, and I know pretty well how much power I can use through him, and I think I am safe in saying that, unless the old lady is thoroughly invincible to truth, I shall shake her Orthodox notions to their very foundations. Not wishing to startle her, not wishing her to feel that something terrible is going to happen because of these unnatural things that are going to take place—she will call them unnatural—I have come here to tell her what I am going to do. I don't propose to ask her to seek for herself, but am going to bring the truth face to face with her. Let her deny it if she can. If she can't, let her receive it and bless God for it.

I manufactured whiskey when here, but I will manufacture a different kind of spiritual truth now I have got where whiskey is not a marketable article. Perhaps if it was I might continue in the business, but as it is not, of course it is no object for me to have anything to do with it. I want that dear old lady to know that while we are in the body we must obey the laws of that body, whether we will or no. That body has certain laws which we must render obedience to, just as there are certain laws governing our spirits which our bodies must render obedience to. I lived in accordance with the laws that were marked out for me, and if it had not been the pleasure of an all-wise God for me to walk in that way, why didn't he turn me the other way. If he was God he had the power; if he had n't the power he was n't God. This dear old aunt used to tell me that I was sinning against God every hour I lived. I used to tell her that I believed that I lived and acted in and through God, and that without his approbation I could not take a single step in life. I believed that he fore-ordained that I should be a whiskey manufacturer, just as much as he fore-ordained that this round, rushing world should keep the orbit that it does. I don't believe in these hap-hazard things—not at all; never did when I was here, and I am sure I have everything to make me believe, since I left the earth, that all things are under the spiritual control of an all-wise Power that will take care that everything comes out right in the end. Good-day, sir.

June 28.

Nellie Burns.

How do you do, mister? [How do you do, little one?] I am pretty well now. I was awful sick before I died; am pretty well now. I have been dead three weeks. My mother told me to come here, if I could, just as soon as I could, and she has been disappointed and cried a good many times because she didn't see my name, when she thought every week I'd come. But I couldn't; I didn't have the power; I wasn't adapted to conditions any time till to-day. My name is Nellie Burns. I lived in Cincinnati, and my mother knows that people can come back after they die. I died of inflammation of the lungs; got a dreadful cold, and I was sick fourteen days, and mother knew I could n't live, and so she made me promise to come back here and let her hear from me, and tell her I lived with, and how I liked. I live with Aunt Olive, but I go all round everywhere I like. I have got four teachers beside Aunt Olive. First I was taken into the children's hos-

pital to rest; and I rested there till I got fit to move about myself, and then I had my teachers and went with Aunt Olive; and I like her splendidly, tell mother. I would n't go back if I could, only to take her. But if I could take her I would mighty quick; yes, I would, because I know how much she wants to come, and how hard it is for her to stay without me.

Father went into the war and was killed. I don't live with him; I don't know why. I never loved him very well when he was here and I was here; he was cross to mother and to me, and didn't take care of us good at all. [You have seen him?] Yes; but I don't know where he lives. Tell mother I don't know where he lives, only I don't live with him, and I am glad of it. I suppose God knew I would n't want to, so he didn't make me.

Tell mother I do n't know when she is coming; nobody has ever told me. If I did I'd tell her. But when she does come I shall be all ready for her, and I shall come to her just as often as I can, till she does, and she must n't cry any more about me. Only think, yesterday I spent my first birthday in heaven! was n't it beautiful? It was the best I ever had. We have everything nice here, tell mother, and she won't have to work, and she won't have to worry about anything. I wish she was here; I don't see why God don't take her, [You will see a good reason for it some time.] Well, I don't now. If I could I would take her very quick. [You must try not to feel badly about it.] Well, I do, only I think of it. [You feel lonely?] No, I don't; oh, no; I feel dreadfully for her; I don't feel lonely for myself; you can't feel lonely here in the beautiful place where I live, but I feel so bad for her, she feels so lonely. Good-by. I was ten years old yesterday, and I suppose mother was feeling dreadfully because it was my birthday in heaven. But I had a grand time.

June 28.

Seance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by C. H. Crowell.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, June 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: William M. Thackeray; Henri Lemoine, to his brother in Paris, France; Anne Browne, to her mother; John Brown, to his mother; Sarah Frances Hammond, died in Frankfort, Germany.

Monday, Sept. 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Henry C. Wright; Alcinda Wilhelm Slade; Jean McGregor, of Glenaville, Scotland, to her mother; James Barry, to his mother; Mary Brown (colored), of Boston, to her mother.

Tuesday, Sept. 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Ralph Fairbank; Katie Johnson, to her mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Thursday, Sept. 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James Paine, to William Paine, of Boston; James Hild, to his mother; Sarah Jane Shaw, of Andover, Mass., to her grandmother; William H. Burton; Capt. William Carter, of Portsmouth, N. H., to his daughter.

Monday, Sept. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Dennis Lane, of New York City; Henry Brown, of Perry, N. H.; Mary P. Loxley, of West Philadelphia, Pa., to her relatives; L. J. P. Paine; Patrick Power; Philip Stevens, of Galveston, Texas, to his friends.

Tuesday, Sept. 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Alexander Clark, of Galveston, Texas, to his relatives in Maine; James Jackson, of Boston, to her mother; Capt. Barrett, of the ship "Java," to his friends.

Thursday, Sept. 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Maudie Barrett, of St. Louis, Mo., to her mother; Edward M. Stanton; Arthur P. Lapham, of New York City; Philip Collins, of Bostonville, Texas, to his brother.

Monday, Sept. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Costello, of Lowell, Mass., to his brother; William Newman, of Boston, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Tuesday, Sept. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: William Henry Ford, of South Boston; Hiram Patterson, of Philadelphia; Joshua Beck, of Portsmouth, N. H., to his relatives; Anna M. Brown, to her mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Thursday, Sept. 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John H. Gould, of Boston; Hiram Stevens, of Fond du Lac, Wis., to his relatives; Hattie Gilman, of Harrisburg, Penn., to her mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Monday, Sept. 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: William McDonald, of Boston, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Tuesday, Sept. 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Allen Allen, of Long Island, to her mother; James Butler, died at the Tomb, New York City, to his friends.

Thursday, Sept. 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Margaret Warner, of New York City, to her mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Monday, Oct. 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Margaret Warner, of New York City, to her mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Tuesday, Oct. 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Henry Trevelyan, of Boston, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Thursday, Oct. 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Thomas Bennett, of Boston, to his son; Jennie Johnson, of New York City, to her mother; Rev. Lyman Beecher, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Monday, Oct. 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Samuel May, of Boston, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Tuesday, Oct. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Margaret Warner, of New York City, to her mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Thursday, Oct. 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Monday, Oct. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Tuesday, Oct. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Thursday, Oct. 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Monday, Oct. 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Tuesday, Oct. 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Thursday, Oct. 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother; John Brown, to his mother.

Monday, Oct. 3

Mediums in Boston.

MRS. M. A. STICKNEY,
Clairvoyant and Business Medium,
225 Cambridge Street, Boston.
Oct. 15-17

HATTIE T. HILLS,
MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,
1243 Washington Street, Boston.
Oct. 15-17

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,
AT NO. 218 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.
THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please
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the address, and state sex and age. 15-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-1794-1795-1796-1797-1798-1799-1800-1801-1802-1803-1804-1805-1806-1807-1808-1809-1810-1811-1812-1813-1814-1815-1816-1817-1818-1819-1820-1821-1822-1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829-1830-1831-1832-1833-1834-1835-1836-1837-1838-1839-1840-1841-1842-1843-1844-1845-1846-1847-1848-1849-1850-1851-1852-1853-1854-1855-1856-1857-1858-1859-1860-1861-1862-1863-1864-1865-1866-1867-1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2192-2193-2194-2195-2196-2197-2198-2199-2200-2201-2202-2203-2204-2205-2206-2207-2208-2209-2210-2211-2212-2213-2214-2215-2216-2217-2218-2219-2220-2221-2222-2223-2224-2225-2226-2227-2228-2229-2230-2231-2232-2233-2234-2235-2236-2237-2238-2239-2240-2241-2242-2243-2244-2245-2246-2247-2248-2249-2250-2251-2252-2253-2254-2255-2256-2257-2258-2259-2260-2261-2262-2263-2264-2265-2266-2267-2268-2269-2270-2271-2272-2273-2274-2275-2276-2277-2278-2279-2280-2281-2282-2283-2284-2285-2286-2287-2288-2289-2290-2291-2292-2293-2294-2295-2296-2297-2298-2299-2300-2301-2302-2303-2304-2305-2306-2307-2308-2309-2310-2311-2312-2313-2314-2315-2316-2317-2318-2319-2320-2321-2322-2323-2324-2325-2326-2327-2328-2329-2330-2331-2332-2333-2334-2335-2336-2337-2338-2339-2340-2341-2342-2343-2344-2345-2346-2347-2348-2349-2350-2351-2352-2353-2354-2355-2356-2357-2358-2359-2360-2361-2362-2363-2364-2365-2366-2367-2368-2369-2370-2371-2372-2373-2374-2375-2376-2377-2378-2379-2380-2381-2382-2383-2384-2385-2386-2387-2388-2389-2390-2391-2392-2393-2394-2395-2396-2397-2398-2399-2400-2401-2402-2403-2404-2405-2406-2407-2408-2409-2410-2411-2412-2413-2414-2415-2416-2417-2418-2419-2420-2421-2422-2423-2424-2425-2426-2427-2428-2429-2430-2431-2432-2433-2434-2435-2436-2437-2438-2439-2440-2441-2442-2443-2444-2445-2446-2447-2448-2449-2450-2451-2452-2453-2454-2455-2456-2457-2458-2459-2460-2461-2462-2463-2464-2465-2466-2467-2468-2469-2470-2471-2472-2473-2474-2475-2476-2477-2478-2479-2480-2481-2482-2483-2484-2485-2486-2487-2488-2489-2490-2491-2492-2493-2494-2495-2496-2497-2498-2499-2500-2501-2502-2503-2504-2505-2506-2507-2508-2509-2510-2511-2512-2513-2514-2515-2516-2517-2518-2519-2520-2521-2522-2523-2524-2525-2526-2527-2528-2529-2530-2531-2532-2533-2534-2535-2536-2537-2538-2539-2540-2541-2542-2543-2544-2545-2546-2547-2548-2549-2550-2551-2552-2553-2554-2555-2556-2557-2558-2559-2560-2561-2562-2563-2564-2565-2566-2567-2568-2569-2570-2571-2572-2573-2574-2575-2576-2577-2578-2579-2580-2581-2582-2583-2584-2585-2586-2587-2588-2589-2590-2591-2592-2593-2594-2595-2596-2597-2598-2599-2600-2601-2602-2603-2604-2605-2606-2607-2608-2609-2610-2611-2612-2613-2614-2615-2616-2617-2618-2619-2620-2621-2622-2623-2624-2625-262

Banner of Light.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE GRAVEYARD AT BAY VIEW.

BY JOHN WILLIAM DAVIS.

"A thousand years shall pass, and then
I mean to try that road again."
"Hast thou a year for burial love—
A wish for transient power—
All that a century left above—
The road it is an hour!"

It stands upon the hillside's crest,
And smiles to greet the tranquil sea;
The day's last splendors fling the west
With Tithen's glorious tracery;
And, red as sunset's waning glow,
The maple leaves are fading low.

And boughs of green and jolly gold
Still leave their treacherous flags on high,
As over the path we tread of old,
Our careless feet so rustling by.
"Twas years ago, in summer hours,
When last we brushed the clover flowers.

They lie within each narrow bed—
Our stern old sires who walked the earth,
By Calvin's black "election" led,
Or calmer Wesley's "revived birth."
Like halcyon warriors, stern and still,
The headstones thank the rising hill.

For them the parson's wailing cry
Swept quivering down the sombre years;
"Great is the Lord," his mystery
Is darkly writ in human tears.
But he shall stay all weeping here
When time is dead, and earth no more."

And shall stout Gabriel's blast awake
The slumbering dead beside the sea,
As, by old Grotti's cave and lake,
Shall spring to life the dauntless "Three."
When slaves on Sutter soil are born,
And vengeance thrills the Alpine horn?

Ah, no! they rose long years ago—
Nor shroud, nor tomb, nor grave-mould's clod
Could stay the spirit's onward glow—
Like sea-bound streamlets—to its God.
Land, wave and sky have not a spot
So bleak, so sad, where they are not!

They come with loving words to cheer
The soul that laves at sorrow's shrine;
To all might's wild and jarring sphere
With heaven's own harmony divine;
To whisper death's dread baptismal spray
From forehead bright with endless day.

Dear friend, when, passed the Jordan's tide,
We reach the spirit's Canaan land,
On many an earth-bound breeze we'll ride
And walk the golden land in hand,
And as the wild flowers fade the air,
Give gladly back a perfumed prayer.

Boston, Oct. 1870.

THE LECTURE ROOM.

GROWTH vs. CREATION.

A LECTURE BY PROF. WM. DENTON.

In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Oct. 2, 1870.

Revised for the Banner of Light.

Those who have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will remember that, when Topsy was asked, "Who made you?" she replied, "Nobody, as I know of; 'speaks I growed." It was a very fitting answer—true of Topsy and true of a great many other things as well. The questioner represented a class who believe that everything in the universe was made by a direct creating power—a class who believe that there was a time when there was nothing—not even chaos itself—nothing but the Great First Cause, who out of nothing spoke into existence all that is. He plowed the eternal fallow, and sowed it with millions of blazing suns. Then sprang the planets into existence, called out of nothingness by the word of Omnipotence. Then came the globe, ridged with mountains that were never heaved; filled with rocks that were never agglomerated, with their fossil contents just as we find them—fish that never swam, reptiles that never crawled, birds that were never hatched and never flew; fossil trees, with rings of annual growth that never grew—never had root, though we find them provided with this necessary appendage. All these were made at once, just as they are, when Omnipotence spoke and it was done. There stands the world, bare, naked, desolate; but Omnipotence speaks again: "Let there be grass; let there be trees," and the rocks melt into soil in an instant. Up comes the grass; and a carpet of verdure smiles where, but a moment before, the hard crust appeared in its native deformity—a blooming paradise instantly succeeds a gloomy desert. "Trees four hundred feet high, with rings of century growth which they never knew, lift their foreheads to the sky; rivers, with deltas which, of necessity, a million years would have to labor to produce, flow sounding to the sea."

And the same is true of the human race, viewed through this lens of creation. Milton said—and he is almost as good authority among Christians as the Bible:

"The earth obeyed; and straight
Opening her fertile womb, teem'd it with
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
Limbs and full grown; out of the ground uprose
As from his lair, the wild beast where he dwells
In forest wild, in thicket, brake or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd.
The cattle in the fields and meadows grew;
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pecking at once, and in proud herds upspringing.
The grassy clove now calves; now half appeared
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His blinders, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The ibex, and the goat, as the male
Rising, the crumpled earth above them threw
In hillocks; the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head."

The water swarms with fishes that were never spawned, and life everywhere is brought into existence at once. Man, of course, was made in the same way. God had only to call him into existence, and of course he came—with hair that never grew; teeth that never were cut, with the appearance of twenty-five years of age, though he was only five minutes on the earth—there he stood, in all his beauty. And woman came too, but in a more clumsy fashion—made out of the rib of a man! No sooner did Adam awake and see the beautiful creature God had given him than he said: "This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; thou shalt be called woman, because thou art taken out of a man." And I can imagine Eve making a low bow, and saying, "I'm very much obliged to you, sir." [Laughter.]

Those persons who believe that the universe was spoken out of nothingness must, of necessity, believe that, in the beginning, things everywhere were created by the word of Omnipotence. But is there any truth in this so common notion? This is the question that comes up for consideration to-day. Those who believe that man was created full-grown, believe that religion was called into being in the same fashion—like a pair of boots made for him—and men must receive this as true, under hazard of penalties eternal if denied, and believe in a Bible made for man, and perfect at the beginning, so that no man may add

to or take therefrom—the last completed attempt of Omnipotence to reveal itself to mankind.

The speaker said these two propositions rested on the same foundation. If we could overturn one, we could the other also. Now, what says Mother Nature on this subject? We may behold it. What says the universe of all this? Did ever man see anything created? No man ever did. No man pretends to. Whence the belief that all these were created at the start? Is there, for this, any foundation in fact? Science to-day is teaching us that our planet never came into existence in the way these people who so believe suppose. It is telling us that it came into existence by law, and it points out the very laws by which these grand results were produced. The speaker then went back in time to the days when all matter was in a nebulous condition—a fire mist—and traced the formation of the universe of worlds—thrown off, by the law of centrifugal force, in rings, from the bosom of grand revolving suns—drawn into spherical shape by centripetal attraction—throwing off, in turn, new rings to form other planets. This was the nebulous theory, which was accepted by nine out of ten who had made it a study. Then sprang our planet into existence, a child of the sun, and, as fiery as its father; the moon, the child of the earth. That the earth was originally in the condition which it must have been in order for such formation, could be seen by many indices existing to-day: the heat, increasing as we penetrated toward its heart, the boiling springs, the multitudinous chimneys of the volcanic ranges, all testified to the primitive fiery condition of our planet.

In proper time the crust cooled, the water gathered in the hollows of the hard surface—at first boiling hot—and steamy clouds enveloped the sky. Ages passed ere the first living forms made their appearance in these primal oceans, during which the lifeless globe swung round the sun. The silurian period, with its shales, limestone and sandstone, its corals and graptolites, its shells innumerable; the devonian period, with its primitive fishes, its beds of conglomerate and shale, its limestones and sandstones crowded with the fossil remains of extinct inhabitants of the deep; the carboniferous age, during which were deposited the mighty supplies of the coal measures, were all traced by the speaker with the powerful hand of one accustomed to such delineation, and the march step by step onward was described, from the Giltie and cretaceous periods, with their swarming reptilian forms, to the first mammal, not much larger than a rat, and till we came to the monkey, the prophet of the man. No such speculations as Moses wrote of, and Milton sang of, would do for the mind of the scientific investigator to-day. Man is allied by lineal descent, and only by growth became as we find him at the present hour; he is the product of ages, the fruit of the vast tree of life, whose root can be traced to the sediment of the old silurian seas, which blossomed in the tertiary, and fruited at last in the man of to-day.

The speaker said it had taken Nature millions of years to write the first chapter of Genesis in her Bible. How it differs from the story so frequently taught in the name of Moses for the good of humanity! Everywhere growth, nowhere creation, everywhere law, nowhere miracle, is the voice of Nature's manifold teachings. "There is a river, thirty feet broad," you say, "leaping from a mountain—a river that never grew." I have seen them myself. But let me, my friend, take you into the caverns in that mountain's heart, and you will perceive a multitude of trickling rills, flowing in darkness, to make up in the aggregate the outer stream. There is the oak tree—the grand monarch of the forest—once a seed, poor, neglected, trampled into the soil by the foot of the passing deer. Watch it with a microscope daily and hourly, and you cannot see that it changes, and yet, by an imperceptible process, carried on through centuries, it expands to a beautiful tree. In such natural lessons the speaker perceived the truth that growth was everywhere. If a savage in the primal forests had never built a log hut, the beautiful hall wherein the present assembly convened would have been an impossibility. A savage, sitting after dinner on the green carpeted earth, blows through a hollow reed, and that is the source from which proceeds the majestic organ, whose tones of melody vibrated on the ears of a Boston audience to-day. The monotonous chant of his fellow savages was the prophecy of the sweet voiced singers who would one day arise, and the rude stamp which accompanied the lugubrious strain of those early men was the fountain head, from whence flowed the modern dance, which had truly been called the "poetry of motion." Art and manufactures had to grow. The cloth coat on a man's back to-day could never have been, had not the wild savage of the far past clothed himself in the skin of his wilder brute cotemporaries; the watch in his pocket had to grow—a wheel had to come before the watch could start; the early ones were nearly as large as a dinner plate, and as clumsy as a mouse-trap; it had taken years to bring forth the delicate workmanship of the present hour. The singing tea-kettle was the seed of the steam-engine, but it needed time and the labors of Newcomen, Watt, Fitch and Fulton to bring it to the practical use and enable it to do so much of the world's work to-day.

And what is true of all these things with which man is concerned, is just as true of man himself. Twenty years ago it was the heresy of heresies to teach that man was not put on the earth full fledged. To-day it is almost Orthodox to teach that he came as an apple comes on the matured tree, as the proof of its advanced stage of growth. We can to-day trace the course through which life has advanced from the gelatinous polyps of the early seas, through the fish to the lower mammal, the higher mammal—the man! Every part of man is the result of growth; we cannot point to one which has not been the result of gradual expansion and development throughout the ages. The speaker then proceeded to make citations from the zoological kingdom in proof of this assertion, stating that the crinoids, with their five, ten, twenty (or some multiple of five) fingers, the five toes of the batrachians, the five-boned paddle of the plesiosaurus and ichthyosaurus, the paw of the monkey, (coarse as it was), the rude palm of the primitive savage, were all indices of the perfect human hand which was to come in our time. It took Nature ages to make man's hand, and she threw away a million models before she found a suitable one from which to fashion that of the nineteenth century. So with man's heart, which pumped life at every stroke through his frame. Go down to the lowest forms of life and they would be found destitute of a heart; they drew in the water of the ocean, through the skin or from the stomach, direct to the various parts of the body. Come up to the lowest forms of the mollusks, and the cold, colorless blood was forced through their bodies by an instrument corresponding in its office, but far removed from the human heart; the snail would be found possessed of an auricle and ventricle; in the fish could be traced a still more perfect heart; in the reptile existed

the first indication of two auricles and two ventricles, approximating through the bird and the mammal to the perfection of man.

Man's brain was also the result of growth, as well. In the protozoa no nerve could be found. In some of the radiates we can trace nervous ganglia. In the cephalopods among mollusks we obtain the first idea of the brain; the fish presented the two hemispheres and the cerebellum or little brain—which man possesses. In the reptile the brain was enlarged, and still more so in the bird; in the lower mammal it was of still larger extent, attaining as we passed on to the monkey more of the appearance of the human brain. Man's brain, said the lecturer, has been made ago after ago. In some cases—as in my own—it is lamentably deficient, [Laughter] but Nature is by no means done with her labor, and man is by no means yet her finished workmanship.

If, then, man was the subject—the result of growth in his every part—those things referring to him must also be the subjects of growth. Religion was not made for man full grown. When man was a baby, he gave us a babyish religion, and the Bible gives an idea of what that religion is. The speaker then proceeded to trace the growth of religion away from the traditional history and inculcations of the Jewish cattle raisers, (some of whom were as rude as the cattle they herded) as given in the Bible, which was handed down to posterity as the last attempt of God to teach the human race—to the present time, when circumstances were demonstrating that if the Bible was not a thing of growth, and its adherents so declared it, then men would grow out of the Bible. The snake in the garden of Eden, he said, had become magnified to the arch enemy of all souls; the fire kindled outside the gates of Jerusalem came to be the everlasting fire in which all the enemies of the faithful were to be burned forever outside the gate of the new Jerusalem. Step by step it grew hotter and hotter till it reached its highest point, but for the last twenty years it had been gradually cooling, and now promises to become in time a comfortable place of abode.

So you see when we appreciate this principle, what grand results inevitably follow. "Why," you say, "if nothing has been created, all things have grown; then there is no need of an Almighty Creator!" Exactly so. "What, no Almighty Creator?" No, nothing of the sort. The work was done without it, because the universe is the source. The only God there is, is Nature, and nothing outside, or back of, or beyond it. Suppose you make a being to make a universe, what have you done? You are worse off than before. Who created this being? whence came he? It is the very same question my boys ask me whenever they get up to three years old: "Father, who made God?" Who shall answer it? We know nothing back of the universe. The universe we know, and we claim that it is all sufficient; we know of no being back of or behind it; all else is pretense. If a man says there is such, ask him for his evidence, and you will find there is no foundation for the assumption, save such as is recorded in that old Jewish story-book, the Bible. "But," says some one, "what becomes of my Heavenly Father?" I can't get along without my Heavenly Father. Why, my friend, how long have you got along without a heavenly mother? I could get along without a Heavenly Father better than a heavenly mother. Do you suppose if there had been a heavenly mother, she would have let that snake into the garden of Eden to tempt and destroy the children a Heavenly Father stood ready to curse for what they could not help? Not she, indeed. She would never have allowed her charge to fall under the terrible denunciations God was about to inflict. She would have seized that serpent and scotched him in an instant! Would she have made a hell wherein to plunge her children for eternal ages? Not so; and if the Heavenly Father had done it, her tears would have drowned his sins forever! Nature, I say, is all there is—father and mother, the one just as much as the other; sister and brother, yet not perhaps in the same signification these words have to us. There is no Father, in the sense in which we have an earthly father and mother. You can tease your father into doing this and that to please you; your mother will strive to shield you from the inevitable results of your own doings; but the laws of eternity are enduring and abidant, and you cannot escape their results.

I am satisfied to accept the universe as I find it—Nature superior to the God of the Bible. Dearest to us, better to us than any of the foolish gods that man has made, we accept this as the only God there is. Nature never changes; never turns to the right or left; and when men come to that conclusion they won't talk any more to God. When men and women come to understand that they cannot change the operations of natural law, long prayers will cease. Our inward desires of course will exist, the soul will breathe them; this is natural, but no attempt will be made to change the laws of the universe by prayer, for the man who could change the operation of law by prayer would be God of the gods themselves.

No creation; no creator; nothing ever was created; all things are the result of growth—have come as the inevitable result of the operation of these natural laws from the beginning. Now you begin to see what follows, if this is accepted. You see man never fell; he has been ascending from the start; there is no go back. Man could never fall in the intended sense any more than the eagle could go back to the cracked shell from which he came, or the oak to the acorn which it split five hundred years ago! And the old story connected with it is false. Man never fell! Then he never needed Jesus to save him from the ruins of the fall. Away, then, go the conceptions of the theologians, for the law of our being is growth, and to such every soul shall attain. We are here on this planet to expand for the ages, and whatever wars with man's growth we must condemn.

One of the principal objections I have to Christianity is, that its creeds are as iron boxes around the human soul. The speaker proceeded to trace the effect of the creedal teachings upon the human aspirations after truth—the darkening effect of the fears of God and hell which were piled up by a paid priesthood before the gaze of the trembling believer—and said that every grumble from the sufferer was greeted with, "Be still! Hell awaits you, and you will never get to heaven." Hands off, inquirers! Give the soul fair play. It was made for growth and development, and it must have it. All this restriction is put on, all these things are done, under pretense of an absolute necessity—man must have them to prevent him from running riot and suffering eternal penalties. Take an acorn, and put it into a flower-pot in a lady's parlor; water it with tempered water; never allow the winds of heaven to visit it; watch it and nurse it, and what do you have for your pains? A miserable, sapless, stunted bush—a parody on its original. But put it out upon the moor, let it struggle with the storm and the tempest, and it will expand to a tower of strength and a country's pride. There is always a possibility of it, but not so in the former way. So with the soul: God made it for freedom and

growth; let it have a chance, even though the consequences be as disastrous as the lightning to the oak. Nature demands it, and the tendency of the age is to make it worthy of its origin.

The law of man's growth is within him, not outside of him. In the growth of the oak, it is not necessary to make holes in its trunk to put the limbs in, and to fasten on the acorns with glue. This is the way many are doing in their lives to-day, and they are constantly blaming the sun of nature because it melts the glue of artifice, and the fruit falls to the ground. Man's development is within him. The progress of this planet, and man's ultimate progression also, do not depend on the systems of mankind. This world existed before we came.

The lecturer then drew a powerful picture of the past history of the globe; of the oolitic times, when great reptiles crawled up and down the earth, besliming it with their loathsome track, and quoted the language of some cranker who might then have raised his voice, proclaiming in effect, "This world will never be anything. I have watched it as the fires have burned it, the waters overflowed it. The earthquake has rent it, the volcano has shaken it. I am sick and tired at the prospect that lies for it in the future." But out of this seeming darkness, the great principle of growth developed the age wherein man walked the earth with all the great possibilities that lie within him, and the grand future before him.

The lecturer had no doubt that there were those who would go away from the hall, wondering that a man could talk so, but the very fact that he was allowed the freedom of speech to do it was a proof of the growth of the human mind. When the war between the North and South began, the prophets of evil were croaking everywhere, and yet America never saw a brighter day than the one that shines on us now, and the next Sunday will be better, for we shall have advanced that much further on the road of progress. This is no time for despair, but for hope, for joy and rejoicing at what Nature is inviting us to partake of. We have grown in the ages past; shall we now stand still. Have we reached the best possible position that Nature affords? Why, we have only just started—kittens, who have just opened our eyes to take a look around us—but there is the bright sun above us, there is the great, grand future before us—we want a chance to grow. There is an everlasting home for the soul, a home where all the aspirations that have never been met shall be fulfilled in the world that is to come.

When I see the crimes so prevalent to-day, I ask myself what is the cause of them? What made this or that man bad? Look at his head. Compare the shape of it with the head of a philosopher. Did he order his head before he came? No; he had to take the best head Nature could give him. What then? Why, go back for the cause to his parents, his father, his grandfather. There is no more necessity to create a demon to make evil, than to make a God to create the universe. Evil is undeveloped growth; it takes time to bring the lowest propensities into subjection to the higher powers of the brain, and make them do that which is best for themselves and best for all concerned with them.

Then, this accomplished, comes the age that poets have looked forward to—the millennium that Christians have been praying for and prating about, but which can never fall from heaven; the grand height to which man is to attain by marching from age to age. There is no possibility of bringing man forward in a moment of time; all that can be done is to allow the higher nature to govern the brute nature. Shall those men who are basely born—those men who never had a hundredth part of a chance on this planet, ever have an opportunity for expansion in the future? Is there only a place for them where suffering and torture are to afflict them forever? If so, I can understand them as questioning the wisdom and cursing the act of the power that placed them there. Shall these wretched beings never have a chance in the ages to come? They shall, every one of them! [Applause.] Nature has doomed us—if I may use the word—to eternal justice; placed before us in the great eternity something that will compensate us for all the past, however horrible it may have been. [Applause.] There is a life to come, to which we are all tending—a life of progress, of soul development. There is glory for us all. I heard some Methodists singing "glory" at a revival meeting last night, and it seemed to me that in view of this future for universal humanity we might also shout "glory!" The portals of the future open, and all souls shall find themselves at last at home! [Applause.]

Matters in Europe.

But little of interest is to be gleaned from the telegrams up to the time of going to press. During the week several brilliant attempts were made by Buzine to cut his way out of Metz, but each time he was repulsed. Some advantage was gained by the French over the Prussians in an action at Arzenay, near Orleans, in which the French were beaten. This has caused a scare at Tours.

There are rumors of serious disaffection in the French armies. The ultra Catholic party is enraged because Garibaldi is to have an important command. General Flourens has resigned because his soldiers cannot be armed with Chassepots, and for other reasons.

Paris is invested closely, and news of bombardment hourly expected, the troops within the walls being full of confidence.

A London special dispatch, dated Rouen, Oct. 11th, says that the provisional government is more anxious to effect the relief of Metz than even that of Paris. The former fortress contains eight hundred thousand Chassepots, immense quantities of ammunition and other stores.

Gambetta escaped with important dispatches from Paris by way of a balloon, and reached Tours in safety. His balloon brought out of Paris nearly thirty-nine thousand letters, each weighing about four grains. There were still sixteen thousand such letters waiting dispatch at the Paris post-office. Carrier pigeons have considerable more than they can carry.

The French official despatch defers the elections to the Constituent Assembly until France is free from invasion. Garibaldi has been received in France with much enthusiasm. Bismarck is said to desire to enter Paris by negotiation, which he still believes possible, while the King and others have no faith in diplomatic success.

King Victor Emmanuel has issued an address setting forth the excellence of the unity of Italy just accomplished, and promising protection to the Pope as a spiritual potentate. The English court-martial, on account of the loss of the iron-clad "Captain," have exonerated all parties concerned. The statement of the gunner, who, with seventeen others, escaped, was that a heavy shell struck the ship, which yielded to its force and exploded. Captain Burgoyne was on deck at the moment. He ordered the topmasts to be lowered, and the boats to be hoisted up as the vessel lay over the bottom of the hurricane deck was exposed to the full force of the wind, and acting as a huge sail, pressed her lower and lower into the water until she turned completely over. Her deck was burst in by the immense weight, pressing upon it, and she filled with water and went down like a stone.

A dispatch dated Tours, Oct. 12th, says that the ministry has just received the following news of an important French victory. The courier who brought the intelligence was permitted to pass through the Prussian lines. A battle occurred on Friday, the 7th inst., between Fort Mont du Valier and St. Cloud, on the west side of Paris, the French under Gen. Ducrot having made a sortie in force. The Prussians were completely defeated, and were forced to retreat to Versailles, entirely surrendering the position they had lately occupied, and from which they might have shelled the western part of Paris.

Berlin dispatches announce that, at the capitulation of Strasbourg, eleven hundred guns, of all sorts, twelve thousand chassepots, three tons of ammunition, and fifty locomotives of the Metz and Strasbourg Railroad, which had been collected there, fell into Prussian hands.

Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

The Executive Board of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association will hold a business meeting at three P.M., at the Banner of Light Office Room, on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 19. A full attendance is earnestly requested.

H. S. WILLIAMS, Sec'y.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 7th, Mrs. Celia Dickard, aged 33 years, and her only son Clarence, aged 13 years. Cause as yet a profound mystery. On Saturday morning the bodies of Mrs. Dickard and her only son were found in their bed, cold in the embrace of death, with their throats cut in a most inhuman manner. Mrs. Dickard was a devoted, hard-working, and pious woman, and had been suffering from poverty, for long and weary years after the death of her husband from disease contracted in our civil war, until she had with the help of the small amount received from the Government as pension and bounty, placed herself beyond the need of cold charity. The dawn of better days seemed to be right at hand, and she seemed to assume a new meaning for her, as a sum of money had been left to her only child, by his grandfather, and she had made all the arrangements to send her son to college, and to place the following morning and receive her son's bequest. The carriage had been ordered to take her to the depot, her articles of apparel had all been carefully packed, a place secured for the son to board in his absence, another person selected to fill her place of labor while absent, and she might remain on her return; and yet after all these careful preparations these bright prospects for the future of the present life, a cruel fate had overtaken her. Her only son, a fine, well educated, and successful young man, had been in her strength and support in her darkest hours. She could feel the presence of spirits, and knew they would ever be with her to counsel and to bless.

W. W. C.

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