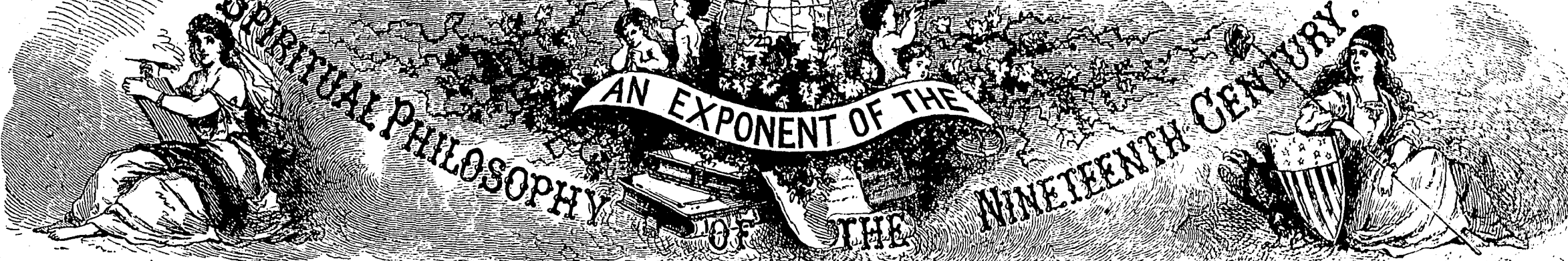


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 17.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE SONG OF THE BELLS.

BY HELLAS RUSH.

'Tis the calm still hour of the "Noon of Night,"
The raven-like, darkling, weird midnight;
And I sit alone, with only the light,
The quiet, shimmering, far-off light
Of star-beams, wandering through the gloom
Of the outer world, while in my room
Only the glow of a half-spent fire
Crimsons the shadows. I wake my lyre,
So long a silent and unused thing—
When, list! from each cell and each quivering
string,

A gush of strange music seems to spring,
And by me wanders a phantom throng;
Who sing, in passing, this dirge-like song:

Toll mournfully, mournfully,
Oh! bells of the Night,
For the Old Year lies dead,
In a shroud cold and white!
Ice-wreaths encircle him,
Still rests he below
The veil that hangs o'er him—
The beautiful snow.
He has gone with his treasures—
Toll, bells of the Night,
For the Old Year that sleeps
In his shroud cold and white.
The dark Winter brought him—
His cradle was Earth,
And the hearts of Earth's children
Rejoiced at his birth.
March winds once rocked him,
And soft April showers
Stained pearls on his bosom,
And decked him with flowers;
May blossoms then crowned him,
And roses of June
On the couch where he slumbered
Breathed forth their perfume.
The robes he next wore
Were of purple and gold,
And he ruled o'er the Earth,
Like a monarch of old—
But now he lies dead—
This kingly Old Year,
And the winds sing a dirge
O'er his snow-covered bier;
The season that brought him,
Has borne him away,
And the tombs of the past
Shall receive him to-day.
Toll mournfully, mournfully,
Oh! bells of the Night,
For the Old Year that lies
In his shroud cold and white!

Now fades from my vision the phantom throng,
And the echoes die to that mournful song;
But with the sound of its last low strain,
There comes to my spirit this glad refrain:

Ring merrily, merrily,
Oh, bells of the Morn,
And proclaim to the world
That a New Year is born!
Ring merrily, merrily,
Oh, bells of the Heart,
And sing with the angels
Love's musical part.
Awake ye! and tell,
With the echoes of thought,
What the Old Year hath done—
What the Old Year hath taught.
Thus summoned, they waken
The bells of my heart,
And they ring and they sing
With a magical art.
They sing of the Old Year,
And briefly relate
The events that he witnessed,
The thread of his fate.
They speak of him tenderly,
Saying, Old Year,
Thou wast one of Time's children,
No more to appear.
Broad were thy empires,
And mighty thy sway;
Dark and dread now thy mandates,
Then peaceful and gay.
Now to earth thou hast given
The loveliest forms,
Then dashed them to pieces
Mid whirlwinds and storms.
Thou hast brought us rich harvests,
Filled basket and store,
And left in Earth's garner
The seeds to bring more.
Waves did thy bidding,
And winds, at thy will,
Have urged their fleet coursers
O'er valley and hill.
Floods thou hast summoned,
And famine and fire
Have come at thy call
With calamities dire.
Mid seas of red flames,
Like a star from Night's crown,
At the breath of thy fiat,
Our Banner went down—
Our beautiful Banner,
Truth's star in the East,
That shone where our hearts
Held with angels love's feast.
Ah, Grief threw her mantle
O'er many a one,
When came the sad tidings,
"Our Banner is gone!"
But Joy kissed the hem
Of her black, trailing train,
When 'twas said that our Banner
Floated proudly again.
So we'll think of thee kindly,
Oh, kingly Old Year,

As we follow thy footprints
Still visible here.
Thou hast been at the bridal,
Mid music and mirth,
At the feast and the dance,
And the desolate hearth.
Death has been with thee,
And borne to the grave
The forms we have loved
Of the noble and brave.
Earth's heroes and sages,
Her children of art—
How many, oh, Year,
Are embalmed in thy heart!
Thou hast borne to his rest
The great statesman and brother,
Whose last message to earth
Was "Love one another."
Thou hast left but the casket—
The jewel is gone—
Of the pilgrim who said
Of his work, "It is done."
Thou hast been to the halls
Of the rich and the great,
And guided the helm
To the Ship of our State.
Thou hast shown to our nation
The blood-stains of war,
And warned them to follow
Love's beautiful star—
Thou hast whispered of perils,
And bade us beware
Of the foes to our freedom,
Now spreading their snare.
Thou hast sung of sweet peace
By the murmuring sea,
Till our hearts have been blessed
By a World's Jubilee.
All the treasures of art,
All the gifts of the mind,
That blossomed with thee,
In our hearts are enshrined.
Their memories brighten,
Their jewels still shine,
And teach us that truth
Is eternal, divine.
But now thou art gone,
Oh, kingly Old Year,
And the dear skies have wrought thee
Snow-wreaths for thy bier;
And to whisper thy story,
The bells of my heart
With the bells of the Morn
Have chimed forth their part.

But what didst thou bring us in Belvidere?
What burdens, what sorrows were ours, oh Year?
Ah, many a pleasure and many a tear—
"Wreaths for the bridal and wreaths for the bier."

Oh, well I remember the fair young bride
Who, only last May, in her beauty died,
Leaving one bud of her life on earth,
Passing away as she gave it birth.
Then I think of the aged form of one
Who wandered "home" ere the flowers were
gone;

And then of others, the young and fair,
That sleep in our valley, now free from care.
I think of them all, and I wonder where
The shining homes of their spirits are.
And I wonder if they can return no more;
If the realms they have gained have an echoless
shore.

On which the billows of time in vain
Go sweeping, and voiceless return again,
With our ships of thought, all freighted with
love,

But bringing us never one carrier dove,
With a message sweet from the loved and lost—
Who have gone from us to the further coast,
Where they tell us the "mansions of God" are
found.

And the heavenly arches with praise resound,
Ah me! I dream that they oft return,
And I feel their love like a fragrant urn
Filled to the brim with a sweet perfume.
Of flowers that never on earth had bloom,
On my heart's lone altar all, all outpoured,
Till my thoughts in rapture have sung and
soared.

Seeing themselves like carrier doves,
Speeding onward to tell their loves
To hearts that are moaning and sighing here.
For the dead who brightened their homes last
year.

Ah, well may I say, I know, I know
They love us yet, and they come and go
In and out of the homes they left,
When our hearts were of only their forms bereft.
"They glide among us with noiseless feet,
They take beside us the vacant seat."

They feel our pleasures, they know our grief,
And they come with blessings and sweet relief.
They know our wrongs, and the dark stains all
That shroud the soul like a funeral pall.
They live and love us, oh, friends of earth!
They love us yet in their death and birth—
Their death to the duller things of sense—
Their birth to a higher recompense.

Oh, say! can this faith and such high communion
Come only to hearts that are out of tune?
Are the "sweet bells jangled" the only tones
That can feel the breath of our blessed ones,
And thrill to the holy love they bring
From realms where its purest fountains spring?
If so, then give me this high communion.
It were better than bells that are kept in tune
Only to things of sense and time,
Whose highest notes have a mournful chime.
Shall we say of our loved, they are dead and
gone,

While our hearts still moan and murmur on?
Shall we mock their love, in its backward flow,
That longs to meet with our heart's warm glow?

Shall we dream they are sleeping cold 'neath the
soil,
When they walk beside us the angels of God?
Or on pinions fleet as the wings of air,
They speed on errands of love and care?
Oh, friends, oh, mortals of earth, rejoice,
For the age has come that shall give them voice.
And ye may say that they love us yet,
For who to the spirit bounds may set?
And who may measure the wondrous powers
Which are theirs to use, and will yet be ours?
Shall we never believe what the Lord hath said?
Shall we call "his ministering angels" dead?
And when they come in the purple gloom
Of the twilight hour to our silent room,
When they walk with us in the waning light,
Or guard our rest at the "noon of night,"
When they meet with us in the hour of prayer,
And we feel that a blessing has met us there,
Shall we say of them still, they are dead and gone,
Nor own the work that their hands has done?
No, the world speeds on to a diadem
That shall bear them all, and every gem
In the royal circlet she then shall wear
Will the love and wisdom of God declare.
Then well may we welcome the circling years
That come with rejoicing, and not with tears,
And well may we wake a song of mirth
Each New Year's day that we greet on earth.

Ring then, joyfully, joyfully,
Oh, bells of the morn,
And proclaim to the world
That a New Year is born.
And ring merrily, merrily,
Oh, bells of my heart,
And sing with the angels
Love's musical part.
For a New Year has come,
And he brings to our door
Blessings to leave
With the rich and the poor.
Treasures unnumbered,
More precious than gold,
Will his presence to mortals
In season unfold.
He has secrets to tell,
He has brave deeds to do,
And blessings for all,
Who their duty pursue.
Oh, then, let us labor,
And joyfully wait,
For the angels to show us
Death's rosy gate.
Ring merrily, merrily,
Oh, bells of the morn,
For a new age is dawning,
A New Year is born.
Belvidere Seminary, Dec. 31st, 1872.

HOME INFLUENCE.

"Home" is not merely four square walls,
Though hung with pictures nicely fitted;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with smiles the heart hath built.
Home! a simple and oft spoken word, yet it is
a word that is fraught with the deepest meaning.
True homes and the lack of them are the primary
causes of all the good or ill there is in this life. A
true home is a place where dwells the purest,
most unselfish love, where lessons of goodness
and wisdom are inculcated in the youthful minds,
fitting them for the present and future life. How
pleasant it is, when returning from a journey,
or leaving the busy cares and bustle of the out-
side world, to think of entering pleasant, cheer-
ful homes, made so by the active brains and
hands and the willing hearts of love, whether
the dwellers therein are rich or poor in this
world's goods. If there were more true homes,
where principles of purity, truth, and honor were
practiced and taught, there would be less crime
committed and fewer sin-stained people inhabit-
ing this sphere in mortal form, and undeveloped
spirits hovering near those suited to their un-
happy natures. Ofttimes children are taught, by
precept and example from their earliest infancy,
to cultivate assiduously all their selfish propensi-
ties; to the utter neglect of their higher faculties.
With many children, as well as grown people,
home means merely a place where material food
and raiment and shelter for the night are obtained;
but food and rest for the soul and brain are never
thought of. Need we wonder, then, that the world
is peopled with so many selfish, inharmoniously
organized beings?

Nature creates everything in harmony and beauty,
and so would life be more beautiful if each
and every member of households would endeavor
to comprehend their own natures, to understand
the why and wherefore of their organism, to
learn what faculties they ought to cultivate and
what to restrain. The moral and intellectual
organs should be the rulers instead of the sub-
jects of the selfish ones. Parents and guardians
ought to teach their children to respect people for
their true worth, not for the fashionable gar-
ments they wear, the fine house they dwell in, or
brilliant, but ofttimes shallow, titles. If those
people that live a pure life and endeavor to help
others were better appreciated, there would be
more that would strive to follow their example;
but they have their own conscience and bright,
loving angels to approve and cheer them in their
efforts to enlighten and benefit humanity. Les-
sons of good or evil that are instilled in the minds
of children will never be effaced from their memo-
ry. Although sometimes, amid the trials and
temptations that assail them in life, the good
may seem, for a time, to be forgotten, yet in
some place the tree will bear fruit and ripen for
the benefit of some needy being, the result of the
good seed sown in childhood.

The best religion to possess and teach to others,
is the kind that is practical and useful in every-
day life—not that so-called religion that wears a
mask of goodness one day in the week and on

some particular occasions, or in one certain place
called a "Church." The minds of children are
very pliable, and they ought to be instructed to
understand the truthful meaning of religion;
that it means "being good and doing right," and
that each one has got to be responsible, as an in-
dividual, for his or her motives, words and deeds
when he or she is conscious of and realizes what
he or she is saying or doing; that charity is beau-
tiful when wisely dispensed, and that each one
ought to earnestly cultivate his or her reasoning
powers and conscientious principles as aids and
guides to a truer, higher life. If "ignorance is
the mother of vice," wisdom is the mother of
virtue, for wisdom means knowledge rightly used.
Therefore, if people would learn to be really
wise, they would learn to be really virtuous. The
more knowledge each one gains in this life, and
the more good he or she strives to do by using that
knowledge rightly, the happier will be the condi-
tion in this life and the future spiritual life, that
will, in the coming time, be more clearly under-
stood.

Chelsea, Mass.

HATTIE M. RIGGS.

Free Thought.

SERIOUS TROUBLE IN THE METHODIST HELL.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

In the magnificent Mission Rooms of the Meth-
odist Book Concern, situated on the most fashion-
able corner of Broadway and Eleventh street,
the prosperous preachers of the denomination in
New York and vicinity hold regular weekly
meetings for the purpose of gossiping over church
affairs; and sometimes, by the merest accident,
they seem to approximate to the sphere of ideas,
at least near enough to smell the fathomless sub-
ject of hell, and to confess how exceedingly slender
is the thread of infinite grace upon which
they hope to reach the private Paradise of Meth-
odism, somewhere in the eternal world.
They have among them an agitator signifi-
cantly called Dr. True—which is his veritable
name—whose specific function seems to be to
stir up angry feelings, great consternation, ir-
responsible fear and trembling, and unutterably
horrible forebodings, by proposing for discussion
such soul-harrowing and heart-rending questions
as these: "Shall the wicked be finally destroyed?
Will the wicked in hell finally become extinct?
Are the future punishments of the wicked perma-
nent? Are the conscious punishments of the
wicked endless, or are the punishments of the
wicked in hell parallel to the eternal bliss of the
righteous in heaven?"

These frightful and wicked questions, which
are enough to overthrow the whole Methodist
Concern, were taken up last Monday (Jan. 6th),
in the Mission Rooms aforesaid; and the first
speaker, an elderly clergyman of some note, who
troubled in his every spiritual joint, remarked
that "the subject of hell must not be ignored.
The foundation of the Church stands upon this
question! Why shut out the light? [He prob-
ably meant the light of hell.] During the past
week," he continued, warming up to the healthy
subject, "I have been approached by the mem-
bers of my congregation, saying, 'I see that the
Methodists are dropping their eternal damna-
tion.' If the punishment of the wicked is not
endless, then the joy of the righteous is not.
One doctrine stands with the other. If the
views promulgated by Dr. True be allowed to go
unanswered, it will make me desperate. My
very soul is absorbed. It's an awful thing with
me. I propose the following: Do the Scriptures
give hope that the wicked shall finally cease to
exist?"

Some Spiritualist philosophers will here note
a gratifying "coincidence of genius," irrespec-
tive of partition walls and sectarian barriers—in
this: That, whereas the above-mentioned min-
ister is "desperate" lest the rule which accom-
plished the curtailment of the eternity of hell-
torments would reach over into the Methodist
Paradise, and result in a corresponding abridge-
ment of the joys of the Methodist angels, of
whose choiring hosts he flatters himself, he will
count on—indeed, what logic can be more pat-
table and taking than the saying that "a stick
that has one end, has two?" or, in other words,
that "whatever has a beginning will also have
an end"—consequently it follows that "if the
pains of hell and the joys of heaven have a be-
ginning, they must also, at some time, dry up,
unless they be discovered that the fiat of the Al-
mighty, by instantiating and keeping up a perpet-
ual miracle, regardless of expense, ensures the
eternity of the experiences appropriate to both
hemispheres of his universe. Prove that eternal
punishment will, at some time in the great fu-
ture, come to an end—in the annihilation of the
wicked, by "one fell swoop" of the wrathful
Infinite Power—and where is your evidence that
there will not be also, at some time, a total de-
struction of all the sweet Methodist candidates
of eternal happiness? In fact, this branch of
the subject is so appalling, to say nothing of its
pathos and the terrible tax it imposes upon one's
godliest susceptibilities, that the reader will be
good enough to pardon me if I refuse to dwell
longer upon it.

Let us, for a moment's relief, turn our mutual
attention to the remarks of the agitator, Rev.
Dr. True. He proceeded to say, in reply, that
there "must be a difference between utter nothing-
ness and destruction. For instance, a house
can be destroyed, or a tree, but it is a something.
I am so sanguine of my views that I believe the
whole Christian Church will sooner or later em-
brace them. If the other question does not meet

your approbation, try this: 'Does the future
punishment of the wicked imply their eternal
consciousness?'

"This question brought another minister to the
red-hot point quicker than you can boil an egg.
He sprang to his feet full of the power, and thus
relieved himself: 'We have had too much of
this at the last meeting, and the notices of the
press have occasioned considerable talk. There
is danger! (Cries of Amen.) We are now to
startle the religious community for ten weeks to
come, when we should devote our efforts to some-
thing higher.' *The devil is rubbing his hands glee-
fully*; he has never had a better chance than the
present. If this question be adopted I must read
up on hell, instead of warning sinners from the
wrath to come. Are we to begin the year with
this devilish or hellish excitement? I have no
objection that this theme be discussed in March.
I see reporters present from this city, from Brook-
lyn, Jersey City, Newark, and other neighbor-
ing places. I am not in favor of the discussion
of this question with open doors." (Sensation.)

This irresistible sensation extended to the seeth-
ing soul of another Methodist minister, the Rev.
Mr. Corbett (for some time located in Newark, N.
J.) who also said there was no use ignoring the
important subject under discussion. He thought it
was not endangering the salvation of souls!
"Rev. John Wesley," he affirmed, "did not hesi-
tate to speak of hell and damnation; why should
we? Perhaps there may be greater sins here
than he. I think this question should be discussed
for the salvation of souls. If the doctrine of de-
struction be accepted, I go about carelessly; but
make punishment eternal, and I go along care-
fully. I do not pretend to be an angel—(laugh-
ter)—I am liable to err, but when the doctrines
of the Church are assailed, I rise to arms for its
defense. You tell me to be calm. I cannot when
that which is so dear to me is wronged. I know
that the discussion will do good. The reason why
we do not get along faster is because WE DO
NOT HAVE ENOUGH HELL IN OUR RELI-
GION!"

It was to all a self-evident assertion that Meth-
odists would "get along faster" as soon as the
preachers refuse "more hell" in their beautiful
religion. A smile of satisfaction rippled over
every ministerial countenance. More hair put
into mortar makes it stick better; more yeast in
flour makes the bread lighter; why will not more
hell in one's religion make it more successful
among the ignorant and cowardly? Hell is an
invention of ancient Eastern priests, even before
the days of Zoroaster; why should not little evan-
gelical priests in our day have the exclusive use
of the invention of their respected ancestors? Bro.
Corbett is plucky; and pluck (ornamented
with audacity) will count for more in a prom-
ising crowd than an abundance of brains,
coupled with the calm modesty of wisdom. So
we sympathize with Bro. Corbett in his fifty-
horse-power hell-enterprise; and especially do
we mingle our tears with the elderly minister
who sees no hope for his ever securing anything
like eternal happiness, unless there be a sure
foundation of eternal suffering close by in the
neighboring Empire of his Satanic Majesty. This
reasoning is sound, to say nothing of its exalta-
tion of the character of God, and not to mention
its sweet, gentle humanity. We say, then, let the
modern priests (whose Oriental predecessors in-
vented both the devil and a hell,) have the unre-
strained use and benefit of both "foundations in
their religion."

In reply to Dr. Merwin, to Dr. Curry and
others, who thought the public discussion of the
annihilation of the wicked would endanger the
safety of souls present, Dr. True said that, "dur-
ing the seven years that I have accepted this the-
ory of destruction I have converted four hundred
and fifty souls. I have not lost an iota of my in-
terest for the salvation of mankind."

Here, again, we have reserved to us the sweet
assurance that, notwithstanding his heart-rend-
ing annihilation theory, Dr. True has "convert-
ed four hundred and fifty souls!" What beau-
tiful subjects these four hundred and fifty converts
would be for microscope investigation! Tyn-
dall and Dr. Buchner might make a few experi-
ments upon these sublimities of humanity, who
have *GOD* Dr. Corbett's ministry escaped the
fate of ultimate annihilation! What prismatic
splendors might be obtained by subjecting these
four hundred and fifty converts to the action of
the heat-beams of the sun! From a true Meth-
odist convert the brimstone has been eliminated,
leaving nothing but the pure, unsophisticated
simplicity of faith in the grace of God—*via* the
Methodist Episcopal Church. The exceeding
minuteness of the residuum, after extracting the
natural sulphurous qualities, makes it necessary
to employ a microscope. Four hundred and fifty
converts (if the old metaphysical fathers of popu-
lar theology were not mistaken) might sit com-
fortably *à la carte*, and promenade about on the
point of a caustic needle! And what is more,
(if some Spiritualist philosophers are not mis-
taken,) an army to the number of millions of
these same converted souls might sweep headlong
through the granite hills of New Hampshire
without impairing the compact crystals for build-
ing purposes! Since Bro. True's assurance
that his preaching for seven years has wrought
such wonders, I am half inclined to accept with-
out a murmur both the "caustic needle theory" and
the "spirit heading theory" also, and thus,
by gradual steps, prepare myself for the accept-
ance of the sweet boon of annihilation, in case it
be eventually demonstrated that the Methodist
Paradise is a close corporation institution, and
unaccessible to all who travel by other paths.

Still let us remember that while "there's life
there's hope." In the heart of New York,

and the benefits of free schools, surrounded by the achievements of science and art, in the last half of the nineteenth century, can any rational mind believe that any assemblage of ministers could be induced to display such wholesale ignorance of and indifference to the progress of ideas as is indicated by the speeches and discussions reported in the foregoing paragraphs? And yet we insist upon shouting triumphantly the heroic Galileo's maxim: "The world moves!"

CLEANLINESS OF THE PROPHETS.

The critic who does the book-reviewing for the New York Times, in the issue of that paper for December 27th, condescended to notice Mr. Davis's work on the "Philosophy of Spiritual Interference." After giving vent to his distress over an alleged disregard of grammar in the work, he remarks:

"There are those who disdain to accept a dirty saint as worthy of reverence. Still less will intelligent people give heed to an ungrammatical prophet. If cleanliness is next to godliness, so is grammar indispensable to prophecy. We insist that our saints shall be clean, and our prophets capable of expressing themselves in decent English."

Have no doubt that this critic would accept all the prophets of the Old Testament, and I am quite certain that he never can know whether they always expressed themselves in grammatical Hebrew. Probably the best scholars cannot say whether their grammar was or finally correct or not. Certainly it is that *indecipherable* has been among all nations one of the indications of prophetic endowment, and of such utterance, violations of rhetoric and grammar are indispensable accompaniments. Moreover, Mr. Davis has never given himself out for a prophet, or the son of a prophet, and so these imputations do not reach his case. But as the Times critic has set up *cleanliness* as one of the marks of prophets and saints, I beg leave to present a few samples of the decency and cleanliness of those ancient worthies, that the readers of the Banner may know how very decent and sweet some of the canonical saints were. They will pardon me for softening in some instances the bluntness of our accepted English translation, by substituting less *blatant* words than occur in it, and occasionally letting from a more recent version.

The older Jewish prophets were wont to perform their prophetic mission in a state of nudity. Thus (L. Sam. xix. 24, etc.) it is said: "Saul sent messengers again the third time, and they prophesied also. Then went he also to Ramah, and came to a great well that is in Sechem; and he asked and said: 'Where are Samuel and David?'" And one said, behold, at Nabeih in Ramah. And he went thither to Nabeih in Ramah; and the spirit of Jehovah was upon him. And he cast off his clothes, and prophesied before Samuel went on and prophesied. * * * And he stripped in like manner, and lay down naked all that day and all that night. Wherefore they say, Is Saul also among the prophets?"

Here perfect nudity is one of the evidences of the prophetic mission. The passage with the context is, however, the company of prophets among whom Saul *was* not, and when the gift of prophecy comes upon him, he strips himself of clothing to show that he has a good title to a place among them. In this respect, the older Hebrew prophet held ideas in regard to the sanctity of nudity, which had been current long before in India. Down as late as the days of Alexander the Great, certain of the sages of that country went naked, and hence were called by the Greeks *Gymnosophists*.

David, when particularly strongly influenced by "the spirit," appears in the same guise. When the ark of the covenant was brought up to his city from Obadiah (II. Sam. vi. 14, etc.), "David danced before Jehovah with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod." * * * And as the ark of Jehovah came into the city of David, Michael, Saul's daughter, looked through a window and saw King David leaping and dancing before the Lord; and she despised him in her heart. * * * And Michael, the daughter of Saul, came out to meet David, and said, How glorious was the King of Israel to-day, who denuded himself to-day in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly denudes himself!"

According to the expositors, David's linen ephod became disarranged in an unseemly way, and the resulting exposure raised the ire of Michael. But unsual skill and estate utterance were in that day criteria of a prophet; and the prophetic spirit being on David, he could do no less than show that for the time being he was a prophet, by divesting himself of clothing. That it was done purposely, is evident from his excuse in reply to Michael. "And David said to Michael, It was before Jehovah, who chose me before thy father, and before all his house, to appoint me ruler, or, * * *. Therefore will I play before the Lord."

Of the grave offense committed by Michael in criticizing the dancing antics of her prophetic husband, we have evidence in his threat and its recorded fulfillment: "For David goes on to say: 'And I will yet be more vile than thus, and will be base in my own sight; and of the maid-servants which thou hast spoken of, of them shall I be had in honor.' Now follows the penalty: 'Therefore Michael, the daughter of Saul, had no child till the day of her death.' That is, this prophet who prizes so highly the sacred privilege of indecent exposure of his person, bestows his conjugal endowments thereforward upon his female slaves instead of his wedded wife. For which conduct there is this apology: that it occurred before the Gospel dispensation was ushered in by that descendant of his who was to be born of his line through concubinage and adultery."

Three hundred years later nudity is still in good repute as one of the badges of a Hebrew prophet. "In the year (Is. xx. 1) that Tartan came unto Ashdod * * * at the same time spoke Jehovah by Isaiah the son of Amoz, saying, 'Go and loose the sackcloth from off thy loins, and put off the shoe from thy foot.'" Isaiah followed this graceful line of conduct for three years, leaving no gentle Michael to tell him what was seemly; and moreover, there was no Jerusalem Times then published to give instruction in grammar and prophetic aesthetics.

Michael, a probable contemporary of Isaiah, when prophesying against Jerusalem and Samaria, according to his own story appeared in the same plight. "Therefore (Micah i. 8) I will wait and howl; I will go stripped and naked; I will make a wailing like the dragons, and mourning as the owls." Imagine this worthy Hebrew gentleman sending through the highways and byways of Samaria and Judea, hooting and howl-

ing in token that he is sent of God. Seen even through the vista of more than twenty-five centuries, it is clear that nothing but "distance can lend enchantment" to such a picture. Such a display under the windows of the Times newspaper in Park Row, would raise serious doubts even in the mind of Mr. Davis's critic of the genuineness of the prophet's mission. But the decency of the performance would be beyond all question.

PURITY AND CLEANLINESS.

About 745 B. C., according to the accepted chronology, the Jewish king, Ahaz, was seriously troubled in view of an expected invasion from the confederates Rezin and Pekah, kings respectively of Syria and Israel. To allay his fears the same Isaiah prophesies as follows: "Behold a damsel shall conceive" (Is. vii. 14, etc.) "and bear a son, and shall call his name God-with-us. Cream and honey shall be eat when he shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good. For before the boy shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land before whose kings thou shrinkest shall become a desert." (Is. viii. 1, etc.) And Jehovah said to me, Take thee a large tablet, and write upon it with the style of the people, To Spoil-swifly-Rob quickly; and I will take me as faithful witnesses, Uriah the priest, and Zechariah, son of Jeherechiah. Then I went near to the prophets, and she conceived and bare a son. And Jehovah said to me, Call his name Spoil-swifly-Rob quickly; for before the boy shall have knowledge to cry, My father and my mother, men shall carry away the riches of Damascus and the spoil of Samaria before the king of Assyria."

The rights of the mother and child are not even thought of in this transaction. The child comes into being merely to illustrate a prophecy; and is there any reason to suppose that the relation between Isaiah and the prophetess had anything more of the sanctity of marriage than that between the prophet Hosea and Gomer?

(Hosea i. 2.) "And Jehovah said to Hosea, Go, take unto thee a wife of whoredoms [a harlot wife] and children of harlotry: for the land has committed whoredom, departing from Jehovah. So he went and took Gomer, the daughter of Diblaim, who conceived and bare him a son." (Hosea ii. 1, etc.) "Then Jehovah said unto me, Go again, love a woman beloved of her paramour, yet an adulteress, according to the love of Jehovah toward his children. * * * So I brought her to me for fifteen pieces of silver, and for an homer of barley, and an half homer of barley; and I said unto her, Thou shalt abide for me many days; thou shalt not play the harlot; and thou shalt not be for another man; so will I also be for thee."

It is evident that the relation between Hosea and both these women was merely a temporary union, invested with all the privileges of marriage, so far as Hosea was concerned, without the consecration of true love. And what is more, the relation is alleged to have been commanded by Jehovah. What shall we say of its decency?

One more instance of prophetic cleanliness will suffice. To show the evils that were to befall Jerusalem, Ezekiel was commanded to perform certain symbolical acts. Among them was the following:

(Eze. iv. 10, etc.) "And thou shalt eat [his meat] as barley-cakes, and thou shalt bake it with ordure that cometh out of man, in their sight. * * * Then said I, Ah, Lord, Jehovah! behold my soul hath not been polluted: for from my youth up, even till now, have I not eaten of that which dieth of itself [carion], or is torn in pieces; neither have I defiled mine flesh in to my mouth." [He had not, even often pork.] Therefore it seems there was a little mitigation of the severity of the first command.

"Then he said unto me, Lo! I have given thee the order of the cow for that of man, and thou shalt prepare thy bread therewith." If it were not so asserted in the Bible, who could believe that Jehovah ever ordered such cookery? But how is that for clean? And is Hosea generally regarded as a holy prophet, or is he not?

"We insist," says the critic, "that our saints shall be clean." The foregoing are specimens of some of "our saints." D. L. Washington, D. C.

SMALL POX.

By GEO. DUTTON, M. D.

The prevalence of this disease at the present time calls for investigation concerning its nature, that the best means of prevention and cure may be wisely known. Inoculation for small pox, once extensively practiced, has, since the days of Jenner, given place to inoculation for cow pox, which is still somewhat popular, although waning in the public mind. We believe and pray that this also may pass away, and the true mode of prevention which we shall indicate in this article be finally adopted. Vaccination is simply inoculation for small pox with matter taken from the teats or udder of a cow that has been inoculated for small pox. There is then no very essential difference between vaccination and inoculation. Things should be called by their right names, and then the people will not be deceived. People talk of pure virus without knowing the meaning of the word. Call it by its right name in English, "poison," and people will begin to inquire if there is not some better mode of prevention than to poison the blood of the entire people and lower the standard of the public health. The cow has the small pox in a mild form for the simple reason that her habits are good and blood pure. Keep the cow confined for months in a filthy stall, and feed her impure food, then inoculate for small pox and she will die. It is a fact beyond dispute, that persons whose habits are good and blood pure, are less endangered by any contagion whatever. The law of contagion may be stated mathematically as follows: a disease is contagious in direct proportion to its malignancy, and in inverse proportion to purity of blood of the person exposed. Consequently, the greatest security against disease of every form—except mechanical injuries—is purity of blood and strong vital forces. This being an indisputable fact, the whole force of the people and health officers should be directed to maintaining and securing the greatest purity of blood and the most vigorous circulation. More attention should be paid to removing all offensive substances soon as possible, securing purer food by inspection of the markets, and correcting the habits of the poorer people. One great law exists in Nature that we cannot ignore with impunity: It is that society is a unit; and when one member suffers, all must suffer more or less. We have now indicated the direction of effort to suppress disease. In regard to small pox we will speak more specifically. And first, the public should bear in mind that small pox does not always spring from contagion.

It is developed otherwise: as it is manifest that the first case was not one of contagion. If we can discover its origin and remove the specific cause, we certainly can prevent the disease. Now I claim that the poison of small pox comes from the sea, and will state some facts that point in this direction. The sea is the earth's wash-bowl. All bodies of water on the globe that have inlets and no outlet, are salt. The heat of the tropics takes up fresh water only, leaving all impurities behind to be worked up by an innumerable number of animals low in the scale of life. By feeding on these animals, instead of tilling the soil for bread, man becomes diseased. Physicians have long noticed the fact that salt water fish produce a rash upon the skin, and in many cases sickness and vomiting. Twenty-one kinds of poisonous fish are mentioned in Dunglison's Medical Dictionary. Salt itself is a poison to most of the lower forms of life, and in doses of half a pound or more will kill a grown person. Dr. Christison, of England, relates a case of a lady who took half a pound of salt as a vomitive, and died from its effect. Scoury is produced by long confinement to salted provisions. Salt rheum is undoubtedly of the same origin. Salt brine destroys most kinds of grass and vegetation. The farmer sows it upon his field to improve his crop without knowing why. It kills the vermin that prey upon the crop, and in any considerable quantity kills the crop also. It destroys vermin and animals in the human body, but taken often, and in large quantities, corrupts the blood, acting as a poison. Salt water will not pass so readily through animal membranes as fresh. Fresh air, fresh food, and fresh blood give a fresh countenance.

700 Washington street, Boston.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

EDITORIAL BANNER OF LIGHT—I am not of those who have "had the spirit-rapping fever." I cannot even, with consistency, claim the name of "Spiritualist." My means of exact information regarding the statistics of the "great religious sect" which "sprang up as the result of this superficial folly," are not so full as to give knowledge upon the progress of decay of what is known as Spiritualism, during the year just past. But, in the course of the year, in the discharge of duties involved in my position, I have been brought into direct contact with numbers of people in all circles of society, and I am free to confess that the vast number of those who from one cause or other may justly be classed among the "Spiritualists," is far beyond my previous conception.

By Spiritualists, I mean only those by some called Spiritualists-believers, &c. In the reality of intercourse between disembodied and embodied spirits. If to these real believers there should be added the thousands of investigators who are already admitting the probability or possibility of such intercourse, though not yet persuaded of its reality, I am ready to state that, taken together, these two classes will constitute either a majority, or a tremendous minority, of our entire population. And this I say solely upon my own observations in different parts of our country. I say it also as the culmination of observations during an experience of four or five years.

The Liberal Branch of the Christian Church is ever ready to seize upon and parade through the columns of its journals, every fresh evidence of the impregnation of old theology with progressive ideas. It is as ready to complain against the "prejudice" and "bigotry" of the Orthodox, for refusing to acknowledge the spread of liberalism. It cannot repress its indignation, when some ranting diviner upon the platform of Tremont Temple denounces Unitarianism and Universalism as infidelity. Their demand—at least the demand of the most sensible among them—is not for recognition by these arrogant and arrogant partisans, as "sound in the faith." It is only *Fiat Justitia*—let justice be done.

Ignorance of the real state of the religious mind, while the only defensible plea of the Orthodox, is never allowed, even were it claimed. If you do not know the facts, you are blame-worthy, say the Liberals to the Orthodox; if you do know them, and suppress them, you are shame-worthy. And whatever of consequence may be attached to the differences between these parties in the Christian Church by those not of either party, it is patent that this claim for justice—simple justice—must receive the approval of every candid mind.

What, then, shall be said of these words, which are found in the leading article of the Liberal Christian—a prominent Unitarian weekly—for Jan. 11:

"Then we had the spirit-rapping fever, and to many seemed on the eve of direct and immediate communication with departed spirits. A great religious sect sprung up as the result of this superficial folly. But it seems as if good sense and quieter nerves had for the hundredth time again laid this periodical cock-lane ghost, and we hear very little in intelligent circles of the new Revelation by tallof of tables and floors."

The paragraph containing the above is introduced by this assertion: "Some of the questions that agitated us a few years ago have subsided, to the great relief of sensible people, not by suppression, but by a larger experience." It will thus appear the intention of the writer—probably Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York—to convey to his readers the impression that this "question" of Spiritualism, which follows, in enumeration, the "question" of cranialogy, and is followed by the "woman question," has, with them, "subsided, to the great relief of sensible people." Dr. Bellows, it is likely, cares not a fig for the "Christian recognition" of Dr. Tng. The Spiritualists, doubtless, care as little whether the pastor of the Church of the "Holy Zebra" recognizes them as honest religionists, or as "superficial fools." But common honor, common courtesy, a mild sense of justice, alike combine in resenting the manifest misrepresentation of the Spiritualistic movement in this country, which appears in his article.

Are Spiritualists "a great religious sect"? Is it courteous to speak of a science which baffles the wisdom of the Dialectical Society, though the Society admits the facts as produced, as a "superficial folly"? Is this "periodical cock-lane ghost" "laid," for even the first time? Do "intelligent circles" have nothing to say about the New Revelations? And how the question of Spiritualism in any sense or in any degree "subsided"? Have your papers a smaller circulation than formerly? Are there fewer public speakers in the field, to defend this "folly," in January, 1873, than there were one year ago? Are the organized bodies less or greater in numerical strength than in 1871?

If to these questions, all and several, the truthful answer is, Yes, then are my observations at fault. But I cannot believe it if I would. *Fiat Justitia*, Bro. Bellows. Blameworthy or shame-worthy—which? Yours, INVESTIGATION.

Spiritual Phenomena.

PHOTOGRAPHING A SPIRIT.

MESSES. EDITORS.—The latter part of September last, while Mrs. W. H. Mumler, of 170 West Springfield street, in your city, was under trance condition, treating for disease one of her patients, she suddenly stopped, and remarked to me that, when my photograph should be taken by Mr. Mumler, there would appear upon the plate with me the figure of an anxious wife, holding in her hand an anchor composed of flowers, who was seeking to impress her husband of her existence; that she had sought in vain for a channel to reach him, but now believed through me she could do so. Mrs. Mumler added, "There will appear on the plate, visible only with the aid of a glass, the letters, 'R. Bonner.'" I asked if it was Robert Bonner, and got no reply.

When I did proceed to sit for my picture, I was, myself, as never before, overcome by a trance, and resisted Mrs. Mumler's efforts to place me in position. He could not induce me to sit up and use the iron rest. Therefore I was taken in the condition he will exhibit to you, and the female figure, with the anchor and the letters composed of flower-buds, appeared as promised; but I knew no person named "Bonner" who could be the one wanted.

Returning to this city, I mentioned the above facts to several. One lady said to me that she lately accidentally met a Mr. Bonner from Georgia, and wished a picture to show to him. Two weeks after, she sent for me to call at her house; and, soon after, a gentleman—a Mr. Robert Bonner—entered, and said the picture was that of his wife. He had seen it in the lady's possession, and the image was perfect. No one here disputes the perfection of the likeness to a photograph Mr. Bonner has taken two years before her death. But this is not all.

On first seeing my photograph referred to, Mr. Bonner wrote a letter of inquiry to his wife, and, securing it against being opened, sent it by the mail to Dr. Flint, in this city. Next day came back the letter, unopened, and with it a reply of seven pages. In it, Mrs. Bonner gives her name—Ella—and says she did ask permission to appear on my plate, and did so appear. She says Mr. Bonner's brothers, William and Hamilton, are with her, and also his old friend, rough but good, Sam Craig; that she will, before long, write, through Dr. Flint, a letter to her little son, Hammie, of whom she said Mr. B. was taking good care; also, she begged him to go to Boston, to the spirit artist, and she would go with him, and appear on the plate with him, holding in one hand a wreath of flowers, on her head another wreath, and with one hand pointing upwards. I read this fir letter; and Mr. Bonner added, "To-morrow I go to Boston; and, reaching there, I shall give no clue to my name for any one." Four days later, Mr. B. made his appearance at my house. He had been to Boston, mentioned his name to no person, but had procured the promised photograph, with the promised "wife" upon it, all as stated.

Any inquirer can see these photographs at Mr. Mumler's, in Boston, or by applying to me, in New York.

There is an admirable combination of circumstances which vouch for the truth of spirit communication, and, at the same time, that both Mr. and Mrs. Mumler, of your city, and Dr. Flint, of this city, are the true prophets and mouth-pieces of the spirits. Mr. Bonner says that he, himself, is widely known in Georgia and Alabama.

Any person who knows me, knows I have nothing to gain or to ask for by presenting this statement to the public, and I vouch for its correctness. They who prefer to shut their eyes to what goes on in the world can lug to their hearts the cherished hope (?) that, after this life, comes ignorance, or endless sleep, or roasting or broiling, or what they will; but he who has the mind of a "little child," willing to learn, can learn in this day, as in the past, what the spirit-land says to earth-people.

238 West 52d street, New York City, Jan. 1, 1873.

SEANCE WITH DR. GORDON.

EDITORIAL BANNER OF LIGHT.—It has been my good fortune to attend several public and private seances held at Dr. H. C. Gordon's, 406 4th avenue, of this city, and, from personal knowledge of the truthfulness of his mediumship in all its phases, it becomes my solemn duty to report through your valuable paper at least the occurrences of one evening's seance with the Doctor—that of Dec. 23d.

There were present about fifteen ladies and gentlemen; and, after singing by the company, the medium, being entranced, offered a prayer, and shortly after wrote the following communication:

"The celestial home, resounds with notes of praise as, one after another, earth's children become born into a knowledge of the sublime law, and progress in wisdom and holiness toward perfection. We come now to do all in our power for your development; be as harmonious as possible, and we will do all we can. We will give as much light as conditions will bear, and approach as near as possible."

Before proceeding with this report, I shall first notice the medium's altar, and some of the peculiarities of the controlling guide; for this will be interesting, instructive, and, to some extent, necessary to a proper understanding of the surroundings where spirits do come back clothed with gross and palpable matter.

About eighteen or twenty feet from where the circle is seated, just beyond the entrance of another and adjoining room, is an altar decorated with flowers and with silver candlesticks filled with wax candles. The cross is prominent among various other emblems. This altar, with its tasteful decorations, and the doorways festooned with lace curtains and trimmed with flowers, are a surprise to first visitors, who do not expect to find such symbols in use by a spirit medium. In the course of the evening, the medium is clothed with a superb crimson velvet robe trimmed with lace, or a blue brocade satin, and again with black or white robes, and one is set to wondering and inquiring what all this means; and as opportunity affords, we learn from the "controlling guide" (Bishop White) that these things have an entirely new and reasonable significance, differing from that which the Church puts upon them. Strange to say, the medium, in his normal condition, cares nothing for all this paraphernalia.

Singing being called for, the medium conducted a lady present to a seat in the middle room, about ten feet from the circle, and then made his way to the altar, in front of which he appeared to be engaged kneading the air with his hands; and, after operating in this way several minutes, there

came above his right shoulder the head of a female. This spirit-form advanced with the medium to the lady seated as before explained, and she, as seen by all present, was allowed to put her hand on the spirit-head, which shortly after disappeared, and in a few moments reappeared, and again permitted the lady to gratify her sense of feeling by placing her hand on its head; after which, the medium conducted the lady back to a seat in the circle, and then took a gentleman to the vacant chair. He, too, was allowed to touch a materialized spirit-form, and, returning to the circle, he reported that the hair and head upon which he had placed his hand felt entirely natural.

The medium again operating near the altar as before described, there appeared the head of an Indian squaw said to be "Pocahontas;" she had on a head dress of colored feathers, and advanced with the medium to within twelve feet of the circle, and retired apparently dancing; some moments after, there came in sight the form of a smiling and beautiful young lady wearing a jockey hat trimmed with flowers, dark ribbon, and a black lace veil, a portion of which hung below the hat on the left side; this lady was recognized as a relative of a gentleman present, who addressed her familiarly as "Frank." Next (and this was the fifth,) there came with the medium to within five feet of the circle, the form of a young lady, bowing and smiling; she was recognized as "Hattie," the daughter of a lady present. Now there appeared advancing with the medium an Indian squaw not recognized; she wore a head dress of feathers and large gold-drop ear-rings. This spirit stayed about four minutes before vanishing, and in about five minutes reappeared, accompanied by Pocahontas, the Indian squaw first mentioned; these two remained in sight about two minutes.

The ninth spirit-form now appeared, a middle-aged female with a white handkerchief thrown over her head and tied under her chin; this spirit was known to some present as having made her appearance several evenings previous, and was then recognized by a lady as one that met her death by drowning; the question was asked if she was the spirit that was drowned? To this she replied by "diving," and disappearing.

After an interval of about eight minutes, a venerable form appeared, with snow-white hair and beard, clad with Episcopal robes. This spirit advanced to within five feet of the circle, and is known as Bishop White, the controlling guide of the medium. The Bishop remained about four minutes, and then vanished. After singing again, the seance closed for the evening. In conclusion, I will add my own testimony to the above. I have been granted the blessed privilege of placing my hand upon the head of a dear aunt of mine long since passed to the summer-land, but who has demonstrated the life beyond by materialization through the mediumship of Dr. Gordon.

Yours for the truth,
MRS. MARY E. JAQUA.
3d avenue, New York City, Dec., 1872.

MANIFESTATIONS IN PRESENCE OF MISS SUSIE A. WILLIS.

MESSES. EDITORS.—I wish to give your readers an account of a wonderful manifestation of spirit power which took place in my parlor last night. We had been told, if we would entirely darken the room, that we might expect to see some striking manifestations. We did so very thoroughly; but, the night being bitter cold, the small wood-stove was filled with wood, immediately previous to commencing the circle. Although the rest of the room was effectually darkened, the burning wood in the stove created quite a brilliant light, although we used every means to prevent it. There seemed to be no other way except to entirely put out the fire. That would not do, on account of the intense cold; when Miss Susie A. Willis, of Lawrence, Mass., one of the mediums present, said, "Mike used to put out fire for me. Now, Mike, I want you to put this fire out, or fix it so it will not light up." In less than one minute, every particle of light had disappeared; and although the circle continued more than an hour afterward, not a particle of light was visible, although we could distinctly hear the fire roar, and felt the heat as before. The circle consisted of ten persons. The mediums present were Miss Susie A. Willis, of Lawrence, Mass., Wm. O. Davidson, of Manchester, N. H., J. Wm. Fletcher (my son) and wife. The above, to me, is the most striking demonstration of spirit power I have ever seen. After the darkening of the fire, spirit lights were seen, raps on the table were heard, etc., etc.

Very truly yours, M. H. FLETCHER.
Westford, Middlesex Co., Mass.,
Dec. 28, 1872.

A Voice from "Brimstone Corner."

Rev. W. H. H. Murray, of the Park-street Church—an institution well known in Boston's past history by the euphonious name which heads this article—lifted up his voice on Sunday, Jan. 12th, in the remarkable query: "Why do not all men and women in our community come to God?"—and proceeded to answer his own question in a way that at once demonstrates the weak and slippery position in which the thinking religionists of to-day find themselves placed. His first reason is that religion is not clearly and forcibly argued. Religion never required so much argument as it does to-day, and never was so poorly defended as it now is. The second reason is the difference in beliefs. The third reason is that religion is advertised wrongly, both in the way it is stated and in the actions of those who profess it. Happiness is the object of nearly all men's seeking, and the trouble is that, as religion is not made to indicate such, they are repelled by it, and shrink away, and that is the case with seventeen-twentieths of the children we have educated during the last forty years.

But we desire to add that the coming of a new and beautiful dispensation, which

"—transcends the old
In signs and tokens manifold,"
has wrought the surprising change, and caused "so many warm-hearted, well-disposed men and women to cease to become 'professed Christians,'" that children are naturally attracted to the clear waters and flowery meads of liberalism; and that mankind finds, in the revelations of those gone before, the assurance of that ultimate happiness which the church could never bestow. The race is coming to God—the assertions of our friend Murray (who is nevertheless exceedingly liberal in his tendencies) to the contrary—but it is to Nature's God of Love, not to the Orthodox Jehovah of Sinai.

Seek the good of other men, says Bacon, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies; for that is but facility or softness, which taketh an honest mind prisoner.

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