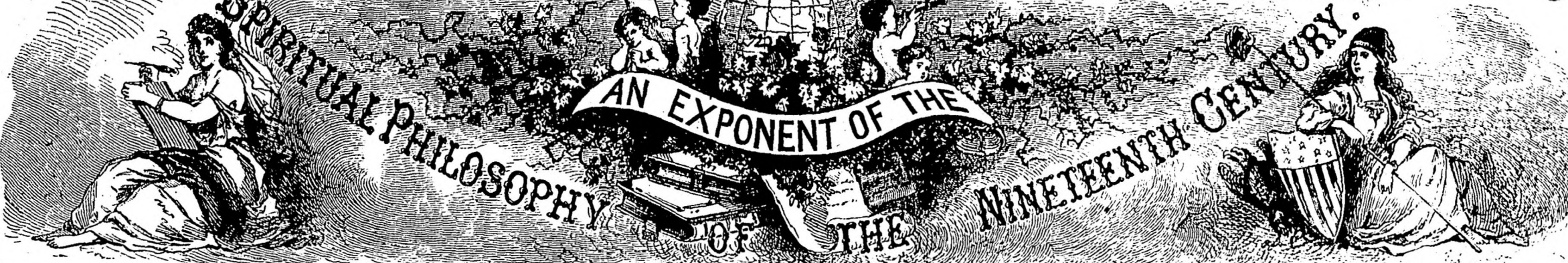


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 17.

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

BY BELLE 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
Rained pearls on his bosom,
And decked him with flowers;
May blossoms then crowded 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 *lively* 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 't was 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,
Seeming 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 I can this faith and such high commune
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 commune.
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 well may we 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 have 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 rosegate glow.
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 aligned;
Home is where affection dwells,
Filled with smiles the heart hath builded.
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 propen-
sities; 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, inharmo-
niously organized beings?
Nature creates everything in harmony and beau-
ty, 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 oftentimes 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. ROGERS.

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, irre-
pressible fear and tremblings, 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 partial 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, warning 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 minis-
ter 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 one—indeed, what logic can be more pal-
pable 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 it be discovered that the fiat of the Al-
mighty, by instituting 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
gentlest 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 noth-
ingness 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. *He rubbed his hands gleefully*; 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 ones 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 infused "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 shouldn't 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 promi-
suous 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 subphages of humanity, who
have (via 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 *Glacially*, and promenade about on the
point of a cambric 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 "cambric 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 whorlwhorl by other paths.

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

amid 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 Galley'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, condensed to notice Mr. Davis's work on the "Philosophy of Spiritual Inter-course." 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."

I 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 of finally correct or not. Certain it is that *incoherence* is not one of the marks of the prophets, and the indications of prophetic endowment, and of such utterance, violations of the force 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 harsh 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 (1 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 Secho; and he asked and said: 'Where are Samuel and David?' And one said, Behold, at Secho in Ramah. And he went thither to Secho in Ramah; and the spirit of Jehovah was upon him also. And he said to his eunuchs and to the prophets 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 decisive. The company of prophets among whom Saul *enjoins* are all naked, 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 prophets 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 saints 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 Obel-edom (1 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, Michal, 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 Michal, 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 hand-maids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly denotes himself!"

According to the oppositors, David's linen ephod became disarranged in an unseemly way, and the resulting exposure raised the ire of Michal. But musical skill and ecstatic 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 Michal. "And David said to Michal, It was before Jehovah, who chose me before thy father, and before all his house, to appoint me ruler. * * * Therefore will I play before the Lord."

Of the grave offense committed by Michal 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 Michal, 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 endearments 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, having no gentle Michal to tell him what was seemly; and moreover, there was no Jerusalem Times then published to give instruction in grammar and prophetic aesthetics.

Micah, a probable contemporary of Isaiah, when prophesying against Jerusalem and Samaria, according to his own story appeared in the same plight. "Therefore (Micah 1: 8) I will wait and howl; I will go stripped and naked; I will make a waiting like the dragons, and mourning as the owls." Imagining this worthy Hebrew gentleman sending through the highways and by-ways 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: 11, etc.) "and bear a son, and shall call his name God-with-us. Cream and honey shall he 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-swiftly-Rob-quickly; and I will take me as faithful witnesses, Uriah the priest, and Zechariah, son of Jeherechiah. Then I went near to the prophetess, and she conceived and bare a son. And Jehovah said to me, Call his name Spoil-swiftly-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 aught more of the sanctity of marriage than that between the prophet Hosea and Gomer?

(Hosea 1: 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 1: 3, 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 bought 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 urine 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 [urine]; or is torn in pieces; neither came the abominable flesh into my mouth." [He had not even eaten 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, could we 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.

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 widely 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 on 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 immense 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 Henslow'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 vermifuge, and died from its effect. Scurvy is produced by long confinement to salted provisions. Salt rheum is undoubtedly of the same origin. Salt or 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 also. It destroys vermin and a multitude 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.

760 Washington street, Boston.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

EDITORS 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 or 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 Spiritists—believers, i. e., in the reality of interference 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 interference, though not yet persuaded of its reality, I am ready to say that, taken together, these two classes would 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 sprang 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 tattoo 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 craniology, 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. Tyng. 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, INVESTIGATOR.

Spiritual Phenomena.

PHOTOGRAPHING A SPIRIT.

Messrs. 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 Mr. 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 had 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 in 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, Hamble, 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 in her 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.

Here 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 hug 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. BROOKS MUMRAY.

238 West 52d street, New York City, Jan. 7, 1873.

SEANCE WITH DR. GORDON.

EDITORS 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 as 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 graces 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-hall, 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.

Messrs. 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 from the barren, frigid wastes of creedal faith, to the clear waters and flowery meads of liberalism; and that manhood 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 not in bounding their faces or fancies; for that is but facility of softness, which taketh an honest mind prisoner.

The West.

Warren Chase, Regular Correspondent.
Office at his country, Reform and Liberal Bookstore, 211
North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE TRUE FOUNDATION.

It seems by the reports, that our Methodist brethren in high council, have been discussing the question of the existence and duration of hell, and most of them agree that it is the foundation of heaven, and that if the wicked cease to suffer in it, the righteous (Methodists) will cease to enjoy heaven. In other words, if the foundation is knocked out from under them, they may go down into hell or oblivion. This would be a sad catastrophe to many, who have faithfully served the Lord (the Church) for many of the last years of life, and raised large families of children who did not get into the church, and consequently, went into the foundation, and who might thereby be lost. There is an evident fear among the preachers, that the wicked may cease to exist, or cease to suffer the torments of hell, and that, consequently, the righteous may cease to exist, over their victory and rejoice in the salvation obtained for them by the "blood of the Lamb." A group of little boys wandering over the flight of soap bubbles would be as much important, and more consistent. If these stupid idolaters would open their eyes and ears, and be honest and candid for a few weeks or days, they could learn all about the condition of both good and bad in the next life, and also learn how to escape from the ridiculous position their absurd belief will place them in when they go there with it. It is a disgraceful picture of the enlightened condition of our country to find men that claim to be educated and intelligent, at this late day wandering over the duration of hell and the fate of sinners, when there is so much necessary and valuable work to be done, to correct the ways of human life. While they are disputing over matters of no importance, and on subjects that have no basis and no merit, the liberals are taking up the practical reforms and working for the true salvation of the race. It seems to us that nearly all that Jesus said to the Jewish priests of his time is equally or more applicable to our present priesthood. They are mainly engaged in keeping "clean the outside of the cup and platter" of their fashionable societies, and keeping up good reputations, at the cost often of good spiritual conditions.

CHAPLAINS.

We were asked by some members of the State Legislature of Missouri if we would accept a chaplaincy. It offered us by a majority of the House, which is probably a liberal, if not anti-church. Of course we declined, and begged our friends not to mention our name in connection with such a place. It is a sham, or rather a sop thrown to the Church, to keep its tongue tied on the subject of political views. In our legislative experience, we found the worst and most reckless cases invariably the champions of chaplain appropriations. We opposed the whole system, and supposed we had secured a prohibitory provision in the Wisconsin constitution; but it was evaded, and a precedent established by the very class of corrupt politicians that needed a chaplain. We believe that the whole system of chaplains in Congress and the States is in violation of the spirit of our national Constitution, and in support of sectarian Christianity. We are not aware that any State except Michigan (if that has) has entirely extinguished the chaplaincy in its halls of legislation; and yet there is no more farcical performance than the chaplain prayers in a legislative body that is about to vote on the election of a United States senator, or some legal enactment, on which the prayer has no more effect than the profane oaths of the janitor who builds the fires and empties the spittoons, and has good cause to curse the filthy habits of the lawmakers. Calling on God to assist such bodies in making good laws, is worse than praying for rain in a dry time.

There is, however, one point of legislation in our State, this winter, that the churches are interested in. The new Governor has asked for such action on the constitution as will allow the Legislature to exempt church property from taxation, as the present constitution does not allow it to be done; but we opine it will take more than one Governor and a score of chaplains to secure the amendment, as it can only be effected by a vote of a majority of the voters. We were surprised at the recommendation from the source from which it came, and shall be more surprised if the Legislature submit that question to the people, where it is sure to be voted down.

A CHURCH OF THE RIGHT KIND.

In Leavenworth, Kansas, is a home for the friendless women and children who are abandoned by society in poverty, and are in disgrace also if they seek to reform and become better and try to help themselves. This institution was founded in charity by some Christian women who evidently felt the force of the injunction, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto me," for they are certainly doing a religious work that we do not believe belongs exclusively to Christians. The institution is not sectarian, but claims to be Christian, as the matron, Miss Beach, assures us, as she took us through its well-filled rooms and showed us the little fatherless babes and poor orphaned mothers, and other poverty-stricken women. The building was built by a \$10,000 appropriation of the State, and the lot given in a \$2,000 present from the city of Leavenworth, and the rest is done by presents collected from various sources, but largely from Protestant churches. No questions of religious belief are asked patients, and no case denied relief on account of belief or disbelief, and among its board of officers we found our old and esteemed friend, Alice B. Stockham, M. D., whose energy and interest in the work are commensurate with her liberal religious ideas. To our friends in Kansas (and we have many) we recommend this institution as one doing a good work, a work better than all the praying in the city and fulfilling both the Scripture and true religion. Any aid or donations in books for its library, food for its patients, clothing for its needy or money for its expenses will be most thankfully received, and may be sent to the Home of the Friendless, Leavenworth, Kansas, or to Alice B. Stockham, M. D., for the Home.

We take especial pleasure in speaking of this institution, because we so seldom find any good work among our Christian sects that we can recommend, and find so many to condemn; such as baptizing people in ice water, lottery festivals,

camp meeting revivals, and worst of all, teaching errors to little innocent and ignorant children in the various Sunday schools, where and when no creeds or doctrines of any kind should be taught.

EXCELSIOR.

Once more we have been called to stand by the coffin of an aged and beloved friend, Capt. Jonathan Jackson, of St. Louis. He had measured his three-score years and ten, and was ripened in body and matured in spirit by nearly twenty years in our philosophy, and harmonized in soul by his own genial nature and spirit influences around him. Bro. Jackson had retired from the city to a beautiful home on the Gravois Road, about six miles west of the city, where with his loved and loving companion he was waiting that change that has come first to him, and left her still waiting her time to join him in the still pleasant home she knows he has reached, and where he awaits her.

WOMEN'S WILL NEVER CEASE. The Missouri Legislature has just surprised the people of the State by electing to the U. S. Senate our worthy fellow citizen, Louis V. Boggs, of the City Council, and a very respectable, talented, and politically limited citizen, but a good man as well as a rich man, and although a reputed Catholic, he will not favor the sectarian schemes of our Protestant enemies who would destroy religious liberty by putting the Bible in the Constitution and enforcing it with laws. We shall be disappointed if Col. Boggs is not found on the side of liberty in every contest, although in the unpopular political party.

Dr. Wm. Penrose, the successful healer, who has been treating patients in Mobile, Ala., for some time past, has gone to Savannah, Ga., to practice for two months, and our friends in that section will do well to give him a call, as they will find him a gentleman of rare ability in many respects.

A HAUNTED SCHOOL-HOUSE.

The Newburyport Mystery—A Ghost by Day-Light—Phantoms in a Primary School—Wonderful Manifestations—A Mystery.

In our issue for December 21st, 1872, we adverted to the occurrence of a "haunted school-house" in Newburyport, the immediate ground of our information being a paragraph from the New York Tribune. Since that date developments of a highly interesting nature have arisen, which we now lay before our readers, as given by a correspondent of the Boston Post, under date of—

Newburyport, Jan. 13th, 1873.

So far as has been heard from, Newburyport is ahead of the rest of the world in ghostly revelations. While in less favored places these shadowy visitants cling to the traditional hour of midnight to make their early roosting, here they appear fearlessly about in mid-day, confining their visits to a school-house, where about fifty little arches are busied in overcoming the difficulties of the primer, and the more abstruse complexities of Sargent's First Reader. And it plays mad pranks enough to set the whole fifty by the ears, and the noise it makes would be sufficient to turn any well-regulated school topsy-turvy with excitement. What whimsy it do choose this particular place for its ghostly abode, no mortal can tell, not yet understanding spiritual ways; but no doubt it had a sufficient reason, if it would only condescend to impart it. The manifestations commenced about a year ago; the first that was heard was noises from the attic, a screeching and tumbling and dragging, as of pieces of wood. At first the teacher supposed it to be rats, and she set innumerable traps, but nothing was ever caught, and still the noises continued. Of course the quiet of the school was sadly disturbed, but there was no alarm felt, as the teacher assured the scholars that it was only the rats, believing that it was, and annoyed that nothing could be done to rid the place of them. The first suspicion she had that it was not these mischievous vermin was one day last summer, when one of the blind boys violently open, and on going to shut it, another on the opposite side of the room opened as suddenly, while the teacher was simultaneously. For a few minutes the blind boy had it all their own way, flying back and forth with almost lightning rapidity. There was no breath of air stirring, so it could not have been the wind; all the children were in their seats, and it was utterly impossible that they could have played such mischievous pranks without being detected. She then stationed some of the children outside, but nothing was seen, and her suspicion became more and more confirmed. To amuse her was alleged, but the matter was as much a mystery as ever.

The building is an old-fashioned one, a story and a half in height, with a collar and an unfinished attic. A wide entry opens into the schoolroom, and from it lead the stairs, both up and down; a window opening into the schoolroom from the entry gave a full view of the doors, so that from their seats the scholars can see when any one opens the outer door and comes into the entry. The seats in the schoolroom are old-fashioned single benches, that were once painted green, but the paint has worn almost entirely off, and only one little spot now remains, a faded and faded green. The benches and desks have been polished by the rubbing and mending of the hundreds of boys who have occupied them since the schoolhouse was built, and their wood-colored surfaces are marvellously smooth.

Overhead is a round aperture leading to the attic, which serves as a ventilation. The teacher's desk formerly faced the pupils, and stood exactly in front of the window opening into the entry; but since the demonstrations have become so marked, Miss Perkins has moved the desk so that now she can command both the entry and the schoolroom. A short time after the affair with the blinds, a crash was heard in the entry, and on opening the door, the brooms and dust-brushes were found engaged in a sort of war-dance, and hurled by some unseen force, the dust-pans came flying into the room, executing a series of back somersaults that could have driven a gymnast wild with joy, could he have witnessed it. The children were frightened, but she quieted them, and then commenced her search for the disturbers of her peace. Up-stairs and down-stairs she went, searching every corner, but there was no one to be found, and she returned to her desk more puzzled than ever.

A little while later, until then nothing had been known outside of the place, the children had not mentioned it, because rats in an old building like that are nothing marvellous, and the teacher had said nothing, wisely concluding that the best thing to do was to await further developments, and not create an excitement until there was something definite to become excited over. But by degrees the story leaked out, and was received by all who heard it with amused incredulity. The thought of spiritual manifestations was not entertained even by the teacher, who has always been very skeptical regarding all manifestations of this kind, and the idea of a ghost would have been laughed at as entirely absurd, except a very substantial ghost in the shape of boys who were trying to play tricks on her. She never doubted but this was the case, and set herself to work planning how she should catch the mischief-makers.

One day, a little over two months ago, the children saw a face looking into the room through the window from the entry. They called to the teacher, and she looked quickly around, but there was no face there. She asked the children if it was any one whom they knew, and they all said, No—it was no boy of the town, and no one whom they had ever seen. In a moment, it appeared again; all the children saw it, but it vanished before the teacher's head was turned.

Turning now to face the window, she saw it herself—her face, gazing earnestly through the window into the room. She sprang quickly to the door, and threw it open, and there the boy stood—a little fellow about eleven years old, with a pale face, and the saddest, sweetest mouth. Miss Perkins says, that over she saw in her life, looking fearlessly up into her face out of a pair of blue eyes. He retreated into a corner. She followed him; and just as she was about to lay her hand on him, he vanished. No door had opened, and yet he was gone. Into the schoolroom she went again, and sat down, frightened and perplexed. An exclamation from the children made her look up, and there was the face looking down at her from the attic, through the ventilator. The frightened children huddled around her; some fainting, others cried, and the rest clung, pale and trembling, to her dress. She comforted them as well as she could, assuming a calmness she was far from feeling, and succeeded in quieting them and restoring the room to order. This appearance, of course, made a great excitement in the town, and the little schoolroom was besieged with visitors, until it became necessary to forbid persons an entrance. The children recovered from their fright, and now talk of the ghost as rather a good joke. It has been seen once or twice since then, and heard much oftener, but the children are so used to the noises that they do not mind them in the least, and are seldom distracted from Primer and First Reader, unless, on some occasions, when it is necessary to turn him for a few moments by a cessation of lessons. The ventilator has been closed and the window covered, so that his appearance, unless in their very midst, is quite impossible, and as yet he has not ventured inside the schoolroom. His amusement at present seems to consist in turning the attic into a ghostly carpenter's shop; and he saves, hammers and planes, whistling in the meantime to himself, but quite loud enough to be heard down stairs.

When these demonstrations are at their height Miss Perkins will go up stairs, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by one or two pupils, but they find nothing but the dusty old attic, as quiet and as cobwebby as old, unused attics usually are—nothing but the spiders that seem to have any life, and surely they cannot cause the terrible commotion, that is always stirred as soon as any intruders appear. Nothing seems ever stirred from its place, and the most thorough search serves to reveal nothing. What it is, no body can say, although plenty are found to sneer at the whole thing, and to speak of it as the result of a diseased imagination. This theory, perhaps, might hold good, were it only the teacher who heard and saw these things, but when forty or fifty children see and hear the same thing, the imagination can scarcely be the cause. The teacher, notwithstanding her former skepticism, is convinced that it is all produced by supernatural agency, and believes that the apparition she saw was a very real ghost. Whether she is a gullible medium or not, certainly the appearances never come to her anywhere except in this schoolroom; in other places she is free from all demonstrations of the kind. Probably a Spiritualist would claim that she was highly "mediumistic," as they term it; very highly indeed, for it is to but very few that actual presences are seen out of a trance. Miss Perkins is a delicate looking girl, rather pale, with a striking face, not so pretentious as most of our "mediums," but of which is the eyes. They are dark brown, with a sort of abstracted, far-away look, as though she were seeing out from beyond her actual surroundings. She is evidently a very impressionable girl, with an excitable, nervous temperament. She speaks very quickly, showing her intense nervous force in her manner of speech. She disclaims any knowledge of the manifestations and their causes, and is utterly powerless to control them. She can neither will them to come or go, so they are entirely out of her mental power. They no longer frighten her, but she takes them as a matter of course. Her coolness has its influence over the children, and they are now as fearless as she. The school continues with the usual routine of the day, and the manifestations some days their visitor is noisier and more troublesome than others, yet the sessions continue, and the pupils advance well in their studies.

Whether the mystery will ever be solved, and what its solution will be, just now it seems more of a mystery than ever, and Newburyport is still exercised over its daylight ghost.

Portsmouth, N. H.

The Spiritualists of Portsmouth having reorganized, I send you a list of the officers of the Society: President, Philip S. Mizer; Vice President, Albert Bingham; Secretary and Treasurer, Joseph G. Harvey; Directors, Eliza Tripp, Joseph Walton. Services held Sunday afternoon and evening.

The second lecture of the course was delivered by Bro. George A. Fuller, of Natick. Being a young lecturer in the ranks of Spiritualism—young in years and experience—I feel it a duty to say that he is an eloquent, terse and logical speaker. January 10th was his first appearance in this city, and he has already made many friends. He is to speak for us the first Sunday in February again. We can cordially recommend him to all Societies needing a good speaker. In behalf of our Society I thus speak of him, and you can do as you see fit about mentioning him in your paper. Being a young man of much promise, we think he ought to be more thoroughly known.

Yours fraternally,

JOSEPH G. HARVEY.

A Spirited Discussion.

The discussion between Rev. Moses Hull and Dr. Morrison on the following question, "Do the spirits of the departed revisit this earth and communicate with their friends?" closed last Friday evening. Large audiences have been present, the question has been ably discussed by both disputants, and everything passed off with the utmost good feeling on both sides. On Monday Mr. Hull lectured at Richardson's Hall on the "Ministration of Angels," and on Tuesday evening at Century Chapel, on "The Miracles recorded in the Bible." He is an able lecturer and debater, and his lectures have been quite instructive. —Cape Ann Advertiser, Jan. 17th.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, the following resolutions were adopted: Resolved, that the present eminently opportune and the demand imperative for a declaration of our attitude in relation to spiritual questions that are now struggling against the bigotry of our associates to obtain a hearing from the public restraint; Resolved, that we hereby announce to all whom it may concern that our platform is free for the discussion and presentation of all subjects having for their aim the enlightenment and elevation of all classes of men, to the attainment of a free, pure and noble life. Resolved, that on Jan. 18th, 1873, and on the same day on Jan. 25th, 1873, at 7 o'clock, P. M., at the Baptist Church, in Philadelphia, Pa., the following subjects shall be discussed: 1. The Soul of Man. 2. The Soul of God. 3. The Soul of the Universe. 4. The Soul of the World. 5. The Soul of the Nation. 6. The Soul of the Race. 7. The Soul of the Individual. 8. The Soul of the Church. 9. The Soul of the State. 10. The Soul of the World. 11. The Soul of the Universe. 12. The Soul of the World. 13. The Soul of the Universe. 14. The Soul of the World. 15. The Soul of the Universe. 16. The Soul of the World. 17. The Soul of the Universe. 18. The Soul of the World. 19. The Soul of the Universe. 20. The Soul of the World. 21. The Soul of the Universe. 22. The Soul of the World. 23. The Soul of the Universe. 24. The Soul of the World. 25. The Soul of the Universe. 26. The Soul of the World. 27. The Soul of the Universe. 28. The Soul of the World. 29. The Soul of the Universe. 30. The Soul of the World. 31. The Soul of the Universe. 32. The Soul of the World. 33. The Soul of the Universe. 34. The Soul of the World. 35. The Soul of the Universe. 36. The Soul of the World. 37. The Soul of the Universe. 38. The Soul of the World. 39. The Soul of the Universe. 40. The Soul of the World. 41. The Soul of the Universe. 42. 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