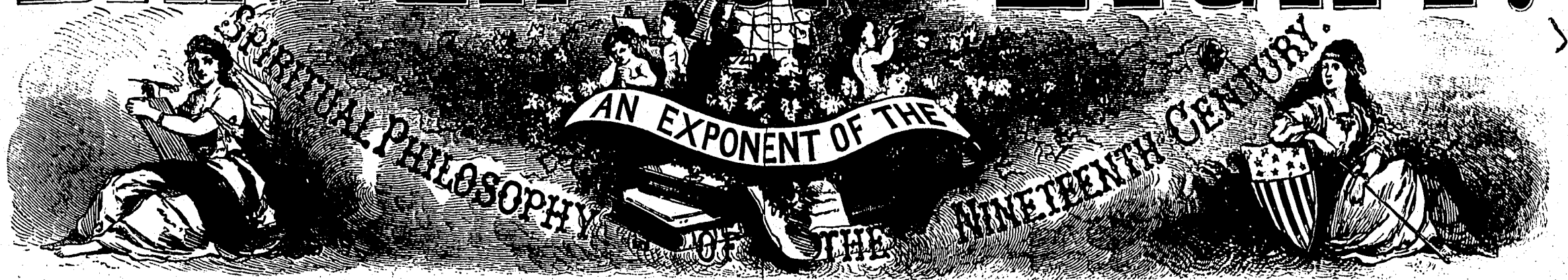


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Spiritual Phenomena.

ACCREDITED MANIFESTATIONS.

THE WHITE LADY.

BY MARIAN CARRUTHERS.

The story which I am about to relate has reference to a subject often discussed and little understood—the connection which exists between this shifting scene and the world of spirits. It is of little import to the reader whether I am a skeptic or a convert to the theory. It may be more material for him to be assured that he is troubled with the details on my own personal authority.

You know the Mannering of Cheshire, and remember their seat, Ashley Park. It was when I had just left school, that I accompanied my most intimate friend, Miss Mannering, on a visit to her mother at Ashley. Mrs. Mannering was a widow, blessed with an ample fortune, and great animal spirits, who laughed, and ate, and talked, and played the kind hostess, and delighted in seeing every one happy about her; who thanked heaven that she had "not a nerve in her body"; and hoped that she should die as she had lived—"comfortably." The house was crowded with company; and Mrs. Mannering made an apology for being obliged to assign to me, as my bed-chamber, the "Cedar Room." It was a large, fine old apartment, wainscoted with cedar, and from there being a door at each end of it, which led to different parts of the house, had on high days and holidays been used as an ante-chamber. There were no old pictures, no Gothic furniture, no tapestry, to predispose the imagination to superstitious feelings, or to foster in the mind melancholy forebodings.

The windows were sashed, the fireplace good, but neither Gothic nor over large; and the room itself, though of unusual dimensions, had the appearance of antiquity, unaccompanied by anything sombre. We had been dancing, and I went to bed in high spirits. It was between two and three in the morning, when I awoke with a start, and saw distinctly a female figure passing through my room. I inquired, without fear, who was there. There was no answer. The figure proceeded slowly onwards, and disappeared at the door. It struck me as being singular; but knowing the house to be filled with company, and that the greater part were strangers to the endless labyrinth of staircase and ante-room which over-run the mansion, I concluded some heedless guest had mistaken my chamber, or that one of the servants, forgetting the circumstance of its being inhabited, had literally put it to its old use—a passage-room.

"At all events," thought I, "it will be cleared up at breakfast;" and without feeling any alarm, or attaching any importance to the incident, I struck the hour by my repeater watch and fell asleep.

The next morning I was somewhat startled by finding both the doors locked on the inside, and by recollecting with what care I had turned the key the preceding evening. The breakfast-bell, however, disturbed all further ruminations; I hurried hastily down stairs, and thought no more on the subject. In the course of conversation, my kind hostess inquired how I had slept. "Very soundly," said I; "except that I was rather surprised by some one who, no doubt by mistake, passed through my room at two this morning."

Mrs. Mannering looked earnestly at me, seemed on the point of asking me a question, checked herself, and turned away.

The next night I went to bed earlier, and at nearly the same hour the figure appeared. But there was no doubt now upon my mind. On this occasion I saw the face. Its pale countenance, its large, melancholy, black eyes, its step noiseless, as it glided over the oaken floor, gave me a sensation that I can never forget. Terrified as I was, I fixed my eyes on it. It stood before me, then slowly receded; when it reached the middle of the room, stopped, and while I looked at it, was not.

I own it affected me strangely. Sleep for the remainder of the night was impossible. And though I endeavored to fortify my mind, by recollecting all I had heard and read against the theory, to persuade myself that it was illusion, and that I should see no more of it, I half determined to conclude my visit at once, or at all events, to change my room immediately. Morning came—bright, sunny morning—and the race-ball of the morrow, and a dread of the ridicule which would follow my determination, overpowered my resolution. I was silent, and—I stayed.

The third night came. I confess, as the evening drew in, I shuddered at the idea of going to bed. I made excuses, I talked over the events of the night, I played, I sang, I frittered away minute after minute, and so well did my stratagem succeed, that two, the dreaded hour, was past long ere I entered my chamber.

After a determined and minute investigation of the room; after a thorough examination of every closet and corner; after barring and bolting each door with a beating heart, a woman's fears (shall I confess it?) stole over me; and hastily flinging myself on the bed, I muffled up my face entirely in the clothes. After lying in this manner for two hours in a state of agony that baffles all description, I ventured to cast a hurried glance round the room. It must be, I thought, near daybreak. It was so; but by my side stood the figure, her form bent over me, her face so close to mine that I could have touched it, her white drapery leaning over me, so that my slightest motion would have discomposed it. I looked again, to convince myself that it was no deception, and—have no recollection of anything further.

When I came to myself, it was nearly noon. The servants, and indeed Mrs. Mannering herself, had repeatedly knocked at the door, and receiving no answer, were unwilling to disturb me,

My kind hostess was alone in the breakfast-room when I entered, and was preparing to rally me on my early hours, when, evidently struck by my appearance, she inquired if I was well.

"Not particularly," said I, faintly; "and if you will allow me, I return home this morning."

She looked at me in silence for some moments, and then said with emphasis, "Have you any particular reason? Nay, I am sure you have,"

she continued, as her keen, penetrating eye detected an involuntary tremor.

"I have no concealments," was my reply, and immediately detailed the whole transaction. She heard me gravely, without interruption, or expressing any surprise.

At length she said, "I am grieved beyond measure, my dear young friend, for the event. I certainly have heard strange and unaccountable

stories about that room; but I always treated them as idle tales, quite unworthy of credit. This is the first time for years it has been occupied, and I shall never cease to reproach myself for having tried the experiment. But, for heaven's sake," she added, "don't mention it; assure me, promise me, you will not breathe a syllable on the subject to any living being. If, among these ignorant and superstitious people, this inexplicable

partner. The dominoes are set up on the table, the game begins, and when the turn of the spirit comes to play, the required domino falls flat on the table, and is put in its proper place by the living sisters, and so on till the game is over. I do not remember of having ever read of such fact. This is of daily occurrence, and they are quite familiar together, but all manifestations cease if any of the aunts make their appearance, they being strongly opposed to Spiritualism, and more so since the development of their niece as a medium, saying that it is the devil who possesses her. The child is only ten years old, a quiet, well-behaved little girl, with more than her share of common sense, and I hope as she grows older she will make a powerful medium. May she ever be influenced by good spirits.

One answer to the question, proving how dearly our departed friends love us, is worth recording. I asked my wife, "How is it that you, being in the spirit-land, where certainly there must be more agreeable places than my house, are almost continually here with us? Would you not be happier in some better place?" "No; no, where can I be happier than with you and the children." Their undying love attracts them to us. God bless them.

Quebec, August 3, 1869.

MY POSITION.

BY T. L. WAUGH.

[The following was written to a pastor of a Methodist Church of which I was formerly a member.]

Since you wish to know the ground on which I stand, which you affirm to be "dangerous," I will give you a "declaration of principles" to which I hold.

The subject of modern Spiritualism has demanded my candid consideration, and I have been led to accept its teachings, as I believe them to be founded on immutable truth. Hence, many of the dogmas of the Church I have been obliged to renounce. No man can have an intelligent belief without a due conviction of its truthfulness.

Spiritualism teaches that the doctrine of a "vicarious atonement" is false, and a perverted conception of justice, to believe in which one can take upon himself the sins or guilt of another. This is what Orthodoxy calls "the mystery of godliness." Do you suppose that Jesus Christ could take upon himself sins that had never been committed, or even those that had been? The fact that he suffered agony of mind is no proof that he made himself a sinner in the place of another. This doctrine is a legacy from heathen mythology. Christina represented Christ, and the two accounts are identical.

You take your idea of the "trinity" from the same source. Parma, Vishnu, and Siva, were three reputed heathen deities; Vishnu, by some, represented Jesus, the second person of the Godhead.—(See "Nature's Divine Revelations," published by Wm. White & Co., Boston, 153 Washington street.)

We do not believe in what is called "a general judgment." Every one will be judged by his own conscience—in fact, we all are every day of our lives. But on entrance into spirit-life, men will see the deeds of their past lives more vividly portrayed. The criminal there experiences remorse, and he is taught that the only "forgiveness of sins" is reform, ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well.

As eternal progression is the order of all created things, we do not believe in "endless misery." We of course believe in "future probation." The other life we regard as but the continuation of this, but it behooves all to live so here that they may be happy hereafter. Hence you cannot accuse Spiritualism as being immoral.

We have the evidence that those who once lived on earth can, on certain conditions, communicate to us from their spirit-homes above, and impart words of consolation and cheer to the friends they have left behind; and thus give us fresh revelations from the angel-world far more satisfactory and convincing to us of the present, than those alleged to have taken place in the dusky past. Spiritualism is taught in your Bible. You can there find many instances of spirit communion.

Jesus Christ said that those that should come after him should do greater things than he did. They were to heal the sick by "laying on of hands"—precisely what is done by some of our mediums, J. R. Newton, for instance. They were to speak in unknown tongues. Inspirational media have done the same.

The Nazarene was rejected and despised because he taught what was considered heresy by the Jews; and I am not sure how much better treatment he would receive from his professed followers, were he to reappear on earth. Spiritualists meet with much of the same treatment, but that is nothing against them.

Therefore I cannot consistently support any of the sectarian churches, having withdrawn my influence altogether.

We are indebted to liberalism for the liberties we enjoy, for which all should be thankful.

POISON IN RED STOCKINGS.—M. Tardieu, the celebrated French chemist, has made some interesting and important experiments with red stockings imported from England. After extracting the coloring matter, he introduced a certain quantity of it beneath the skin of a dog, and he died in twelve hours. A rabbit similarly treated expired in eight hours, and a frog in four. Opening the animals, M. Tardieu reextracted the red coloring matter from their bodies, and with it dyed a skein of silk. In his report, communicated to the Academie des Sciences, M. Tardieu condemns the use of "coralline" (the mineral poison to which the fatal stockings owe their brilliant but deceptive hue) as an article of general commerce; and recommends that the importation of red stockings from England be absolutely prohibited.



THE WHITE LADY APPEARS IN THE "CEDAR ROOM."

occurrence should once get wind, not a servant would stay with me."

I assented; and on all her offers of a different room, pressing entreaties to remain, and promises of fresh arrangements, I put a decided negative. Home I returned that morning.

A long interval elapsed before I again visited Ashley. Miss Mannering, my kind and warm-hearted friend, had sunk into an early grave; and I had had in the interim to stem the torrent of affliction, and buffet with its waves. At length, a most pressing and personal invitation brought me once more under Mrs. Mannering's roof. There I found her sister, who with three young children, were laughing and reveling away their Christmas. Lady Pierrepont was one of those fortunate women, who, by dint of undaunted assurance, and "an unparalleled tongue," had contrived to have her own way through life. Her first exploit, on coming to Ashley, was to fix upon the cedar-room for the children. In vain poor Mrs. Mannering pointed out its faults. She "was afraid they would find it cold."

Her ladyship "wished them to be hardy."

"It was out of the way."

"So much the better; their noise would not be troublesome."

"I fear," went on Mrs. Mannering—

"Don't know what fear is," said Lady Pierrepont. "In short," she continued, with her imperious face, "this room or none."

And Mrs. Mannering, not daring to avow the real cause of her fears, yet feeling that further contest was useless, saw with feelings of horror the little cribs and rocking-horses, nurses, and nine-pins, formally established in the dreaded apartment.

Things went on very smoothly for a fortnight; no complaints of the cedar-room transpired; and Mrs. Mannering was congratulating herself on the happy turn affairs had taken, when one day, on her going into the nursery, she saw her little nephews busily engaged in packing up their playthings.

"What! are you tired of Ashley, and going to leave me?"

"Oh, no, dear aunt," they shouted one and all; "oh, no; but we are going to hide away our toys from the White Lady. She came last night, and Sunday night, and she'd such large black eyes—and she stood close by our cribs—just here, aunt. Who is she, do you know?"—for Fred says she never speaks. What does she do here, and what does she want?"

"What a wretched, miserable woman I am!" cried the panic-struck Mrs. Mannering. "Every hope I had entertained of this abominable room is dashed to the ground forever; and if, by any chance, Lady Pierrepont should discover—Oh, they must be moved directly! Ring the bell. Where's the housekeeper? I'll give no reason—I'll have no reason. Oh, my dear departed Mannering, to what sorrows have you not exposed your disconsolate widow!"

In spite of all inquiries, interrogatories, and surmises, moved the little Pierreponts were that very evening. Our precautions, however, were all but defeated; for one of the little magpies began after dinner, "Mamma, I've something to tell you about the White Lady."

He was instantly crammed almost to suffocation with sweetmeats. The rest were very shortly trundled out of the room, choking with bon-bons. And I shall never forget the piteous expression of Mrs. Mannering's countenance, as she passed me with her party, or her declaration—"Heaven have mercy on me! for I see very clearly this White Lady will put me in my grave."

The room was then shut up for some years, and I can give no account of what passed at Ashley

in the interim. The last time I was there was on the day on which young Mr. Mannering came of age. His mother had been receiving the loud and rustic but not on that account the less sincere congratulations of the tenants on the lawn, when she was told her more courtly visitors were awaiting her in the drawing-room. On this occasion the sins of the cedar-room were forgotten, and it was once more used as an ante-chamber. To enter it, throw off her shawl and bonnet, and run to a large swing glass which stood near a window, was the work of an instant. She was hastily adjusting her dress, when she started, for she saw—reflected at full length in the glass beside her—the figure of the White Lady!

It was many days before the brain-fever, which her fright and her fall brought on, would allow her to give any connected account of what till then appeared an inexplicable occurrence. Her reason and recollection gradually returned, but her health—never. A few weeks afterwards she quitted Ashley Park for—the grave!

PLANCHETTE AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—In making the following statement I beg to say that it comes from a rough hand, never accustomed to write articles for any paper, and that what I narrate are simply plain facts, which I probably would never have believed had some of my friends even acquainted me with them. I refer to the workings of "La Planchette."

Until yesterday I had no idea how this instrument was formed, and did not know any more of it than the name; consequently whenever there was any reference made to it in conversation—it being declared a humbug—I did not make any objection, taking it for granted that it must be so. I think differently of it now. Yesterday, one of my wife's friends, by some motive or other, brought one of these instruments with her. They had had it stored away for years, and nobody hardly ever thought of it. I must mention that the said friend had some knowledge of my wife's magnetic powers, though the latter had never seen a Planchette in her life, and evinced very little confidence in it. In fact, she laughed at it. How was it possible that such a simple contrivance could show any supernatural powers? There was nothing remarkable to be seen!

Well, we thought, as it was in the house, it would not do any harm to give it a trial, and so we commenced reading the instructions. When ready, we put the tips of one or two fingers lightly on it, and waited laughingly for the result. It did not work at first—of course we had forgotten to ask a question. Then we bethought ourselves that it could not answer unless asked, so we wanted to know whether any spirits were present. It answered by "Yes." Other questions of a minor character were asked, and all answered correctly. I must here observe that for several days my wife had been troubled with the vision of an unknown lady appearing to her at all times of the day, also in my presence. We asked Planchette what the vision meant. It answered distinctly, one letter after another, "Eliza is thinking of home." Who was Eliza? It was explained to us. The friend visiting us had a sister in Paris of that name, and to all appearances the vision was that of her. My wife had never known her, nor heard her name.

We continued: "Is she well?" "Middling," was the distinct answer. "What is she doing at present?" "Laughing." "Is she coming home soon?" "Not for some time." "Why is it that only my wife sees her?" asked I. "Because having power supreme alone to detect ethereal spirits loosened by earthly desires."

We were dumfounded. My wife, who at first

had thought nothing of it, commenced realizing its value, and so did we all. Who would n't, after such proofs? I put other questions: "What is my sister Lina doing at present?" "Nursing babe; it is sick." I was somewhat anxious about the news, and asked: "Will the baby die?" "No." "What ails it?" "Colic."

I asked further: "Can we three meet in heaven?" "Yes." "What are the requirements?" "Virtue, faith, charity."

We put other questions, and were satisfied. I believe now, and hope that a few others will take warning, and not condemn a thing they do not understand, or which their gross minds cannot explain.

I must also state that when our visitor and I placed our fingers on alone (without my wife) it did not work; but I hope that as my faith increases my power will.

If you like to hear from me again, I shall be happy to give you further results, and remain meanwhile, Very respectfully yours,

H. H.
[The above may be depended upon as coming from a reliable source.—Eps.]

A BEAUTIFUL MANIFESTATION.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Last Saturday evening, Miss Katy Fox, (who is kindly making us a short visit,) my wife and myself were seated at a table in my parlor. The doors and windows were all closed, and we were holding hands, as usual at a dark seance. A pencil and some paper had been placed under the table, and we heard writing. It proved to be a communication signed by my mother, the purport of which was in keeping with what she then spelled out to me, and did with her own spirit hand. She said, "My dear son, I have been in your garden and brought you a flower. Take it gently." I put my left hand down by my side and soon received a lovely white flower, like some that are growing near my sitting-room door, which opens on my garden. I have said that the doors and windows were all closed. Miss Fox's hand nearest to me I held with my right hand, while her left was held by my wife. I do not mention our position because I have any suspicion of any trick, but simply to satisfy the skeptical. The lovely gift I placed on the table and subsequently in a cup of water, and it is still fresh and beautiful on my parlor table.

G. L. D., M. D.

Albany, N. Y., August 4th, 1869.

SPIRIT PRESENCE.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—It is long since you heard from me, although I have often written to Wm. White on business; but lately something has happened in my family which I think you will be glad to hear of, as I have unfolded quite a new phase in spiritual manifestations. Having lately bought a Planchette, I found that one of my girls was a medium. I set about using Planchette to get communications from my departed friends. I began in the usual way, asking, "Is there any spirit wishing to communicate with me?" "Yes." "Please write your name." "Mary Ann." (My late wife.) After several questions rightly answered, I asked, "Is there any other spirit here?" "Yes, Alice and Julia." (Two of my children, dead in infancy.) A great many questions and answers followed with which I will not trouble you, but what I wish you particularly to notice is the fact that my two living daughters actually play daily with their spirit sisters; they talk to one another, draw (with Planchette) most funny figures, and actually amuse themselves as if they were visible, knocking little tables about, to their and my great amusement. Lately they played dominoes, the two living sisters taking each a spirit sister for

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

Written for the Banner of Light.
Respectfully dedicated to the unknown sinner at the Walden Pond Spiritualist Picnic, Wednesday, July 28th, 1869.

BY JOHN WILLIAM DAVIS.

A bark on the waters is sailing,
In splendor and gladness along;
And fair hands like lilies are trailing,
And voices are blending in song.
They sing of that "beautiful river"
That flows through the emerald sea,
Where ecstasies and raptures deliver
Their praise at the footstool of God!

"Shall we meet by that 'beautiful river'?"
Fair voyagers, you're gathered to-day,
It flows where Youth's life-ripples quiver
In glory and gladness away,
And out where the wide-falling surges
Are lost in the blue of the dome
The flat of destiny urges
The soul to its evergreen home.

Friests tell of a dark, fuming torrent
That sweeps "death's dull wintry sky—
Where black, splinter'd cliffs shrink adoring,
And toll, savage breezes go by.
They tell us the roar of its billow
Rings back from a far, unknown land,
As we lie on death's tear-sprinkled pillow,
Struck down by Jehovah's red hand!

They err; for Life's stream is eternal—
It flows forever and aye!
From the shade of the earth-branches vernal
It winds to the starry gem-dim way.
There comes but a rush and commotion—
A dash on the far-spreading shore—
And Time to Eternity's ocean
Expandeth in light evermore.

Ye maidens who join in the chorus,
Oh list to the angels' refrain,
A-down from the azure depths o'er us
They bend to earth's orbit of pain;
Ye are gathered beside the bright river—
Come! launch the soul's bark on the stream,
And, trusting in God the life-giver,
Press onward to glory supreme!"

Boston, Aug., 1869.

Original Essays.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF RELIGION.

BY DYER D. LUM.

NO. XI.—DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF PRE-HISTORIC WORSHIP.

We have seen that religious rites and ceremonies originated as the natural outgrowth of man's conception of Nature, and not the product of fraud on the part of designing men, as some have stupidly asserted. The rude and primitive races, with minds open and free as a child's, to whom every object was a conscious living existence, were destitute of that experience by which we alone are enabled to rationally understand natural phenomena. "To the wild, deep-hearted man," says Carlyle, "all was yet new, unveiled under names or formulas, it stood naked, flashing on him there, beautiful, awful, unspeakable. Nature was to this man, what to the Thinker and Prophet it forever is—preternatural."

We have followed the natural evolution of religious thought from its first perception through Fetichism and Sabalism to the still higher conceptions of the Indo-Aryans. We have seen the child of nature giving life and personality to every object, and in their higher development as civilized nations, bowing down in adoration before the sun and planets. But side by side both exoteric and esoteric doctrines were being evolved. While rites were becoming more imposing and splendid, and the origin of their fasts and festivals was lost in antiquity, there was the same evolution of progress in those deeper and holier sentiments which underlie all religious systems. The connection between them and their gradual evolution and growth may be clearly discerned.

"It is obvious, in fact," says Blackwell, "that when a myth was intended to convey an esoteric as well as an exoteric doctrine, the former would generally be grounded on the never-ending strife of those antagonistic principles which pervade alike the material and the ideal universe, the realms of Nature and the manifestations of human intelligence. Men who were sufficiently enlightened to reduce the popular belief in elementary deities into a rational system, would be forcibly struck with the antagonism between light and darkness, summer and winter, good and evil, virtue and vice; between barbarism and civilization, obscurantism and intellectuality. Hence we may safely assume that most myths contain both physical and psychological doctrines. . . . It may also be taken for granted that the sages and philosophers of civilized nations, that are known to have possessed a competent knowledge of astronomy, clothed the truths of that science in popular myths, and that we are consequently warranted in making use of the astronomical method for the explanation of such myths, especially for those of the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Indians and other Asiatic nations."

This method we have used for the so-called "Turanian" religions, and find it not only satisfactory, but from the very nature of the case, we were led by *a priori* reasons to conclude that precisely such forms of worship would arise.

Based on the ever-recurring phases of Nature—the seasons, and the movements of the heavenly bodies—the same thought that thus manifested itself in legend and ceremonial would also, under the controlling influence of the same general law, become manifest in their moral conceptions and precepts, and shape their theological dogmas. Language being the result of ages of accumulated experiences and of natural growth, progressing in accordance with the development and mental requirements of the race, it is difficult for us, possessing a language so perfect, capable of expressing every thought and desire, to readily place ourselves upon the same intellectual plane with the earlier races and comprehend that what to us is superfluous, and regarded as poetic imagery, was to them the legitimate and necessary fruit of ideas for which there were no words.

Whatever may have been the origin of Cushite worship, and however gross their "idolatry," they were not altogether destitute of spiritual truth. Centuries before the dawn of "Semite Monotheism," Egyptian priests had chanted from their *Book of the Dead* the following sublime declarations:

"There is One who hath lighted the lamps of heaven; one who has woven the star-covered path (the Milky Way) for his servants the statues in the house of the Most Holy One; who hath lighted the heavenly lamps for you; who has woven the star-covered path for you; that is the Most Holy One, your sovereign!"

"I am the Weaver of the Heavenly Firmament, which is the place where walk the mighty gods; I am the Weaver of the lovely carpets which surround the heavenly dwellings. I am the exalted Creator God."

"Mine is the Government, men and women of Egypt! Mine, the Most Holy, Author of the services before the Most Holy in the temples of both Egypt, the Measurer and Weigher of sin; the Most Holy who condemns the sinners, who has made the magnificence of the Sun, the prince of the earth! Mine, the Judge and Weigher of evil

deeds, the Most Holy, the Condemner of the wicked, the Creator of the germs that grow on the surface of the earth!"

"Look ye upon Me, all men in the house of praise, and also on the multitude of Powers, on the brilliant woof of heaven, on the carpet of honor, the abodes of the Hosts of Powers!"

"I am Atah, the Creator God. . . . Therefore I will cut in pieces the garment of the crowd of the wicked, I whom no one is like, not even the princes of the people; (of those) who vex me the Houses, who torment me the Phatna, who howl against me the Thoth, who cut in pieces me the Tamo, (Creator) who twine bonds for my feet and beat with their fist I who call, Fear ye! Fear ye! No one is like to me, not even the princes of the people."

"I slaughter the holy offering of the LAMIN for thee at Tan-tatho, who burn it in my flames." (Glory upon thy face, Weaver of the plenteous of the lands of earth, oh Most Holy! Lord of all that breathe! Beautiful of the world! Let me praise the Architect, the Author of the fullness of the Worlds; who, at his time, let all things upon the earth and beyond this world exist, constructed them for me."

"Let me enter into thy people to all times!"

"I sing the works of Neb; delighting my heart as long as I walk in the house of Neb (Lord)."

"His is the End, as his is the Beginning!"

"Oh Good Divinity, Lord of Abydos, Thou givest fruit-bearing trees of all kinds, The splendor of the clouds of heaven And the light of sight, To those who pray to Thee and the leaders of the star-house, Devote to me, my God, a place of rest."

"Oh, men, live soberly, abstain from gluttony. Why do you precipitate yourself toward death, since you are capable of obtaining immortality? Fly the darkness of ignorance, withdraw from the light that is obscured, escape from corruption, acquire immortality. Conductor and chief of the human race, I will show it the ways of salvation, and will fill its ears with the precepts of wisdom."—(*Books of the Thrice Greatest Hermes, Champollion, Egypte, 143.*)

"The Egyptians lamented not the death of good men, but applauded their happiness 'as being to live ever in the other world with the pious.'"—(*Cleworth, l. 523, quotes Diogenes.*)

So I might continue with similar quotations, but space forbids me.

In the Mythology of Assyria we find Asshur called "the Great Lord," "the King of all the gods," "He who establishes empire." Ordinary titles of frequent recurrence are "the Lord, King of all the spirits, father of the gods, lord of the countries," "The Lord of understanding," "The Prince of Heaven."

Bar is both "the Supreme" and "the only-begotten son." He is "the chief of the spirits" and "He who like the sun; the light of the gods, illumines the nations." Merodach, "the first-born of the gods," Neb, Lord of lords, who has no equal in power, "the ever ready," "the eldest son."

The Chaldean God Iao was "the Light that only the mind can perceive." "The physical and Spiritual Light and Life-Principle."

"Say that the Highest God of all is Iao."

ORACLE OF APOLLO CLAUDIUS.

Champlion-Figear says, "Egypt believed in and worshiped but One God; and the great number of the divinities were but manifestations of his unity." The Bel of the Chaldean Magi is "Father."

But time presses. Let us hurriedly pass in review some of the more distinctive features of Cushite worship, and transmitted to our own day by adoption in Semite legends and systems.

I. The personification of the conflicting elements of Nature into good and evil powers, a Lord of Light and a Prince of Darkness.

II. The unceasing and eternal conflict waging between them, everywhere presenting the following characteristics: 1. A golden age or Paradise in the Past, when sin was unknown and happiness universal. 2. The appearance of evil (winter), and, correspondingly, the introduction of sin and death, and the degeneracy and fall of man. 3. The hope or faith in the ultimate triumph of the good, and the utter overthrow of the evil principle.

III. In legends; such as Deluges in the past, one of the most striking methods of describing the destructive power of winter—the rainy season—and the Great Conflagration of the future, arising from the destruction of the works of winter and his myrmidons, Frost and Storms, when the Spring Sun shall again return in the heavens in glory to sit in judgment on the world, and burn with his rays all evil.

IV. In Saviours. The Eastern resurrection of the Sun and overthrow of Winter, giving rise naturally to legends of Saviours—incarnate deities—whose mission was to redeem mankind from the penalty of their sins; to reveal the lost knowledge of the divine will, and usher in a reign of light and truth. In every religion of Ethiopian or Cushite derivation we find this idea emphasized: as Rama, Chishna, "the Blessed One," and Buddha, in India; Fohi, in China; Shakra, in Tibet; Zoroaster and Mithras, "the Mediator," in Persia; Osiris, in Egypt; Taut, "the Only-Begotten," in Phœnicia; Hermes or Cadmus, in Greece; Romulus, in Rome; Odin and Baldr, in Scandinavia; Manco Capac, in Peru; Quetzalcoatl, in Mexico; Bacab, in Yucatan; and Hnawatha, of the Iroquois.

V. In their characteristics. 1. These Saviours were each recognized as divine incarnations—God manifest in the flesh. 2. In widely-separated regions were represented as having been born of Virgin mothers who were impregnated by the deity, as Buddha and Chishna, in India; Fohi, in China; Zoroaster, in Persia; Bacab, in Yucatan; in fact, nearly all of the ancient Saviours were so represented as an illustration of purity. 3. They all come to an untimely end, falling victims to the powers of evil. 4. Their death generally attended with great convulsions of Nature. 5. Followed by their resurrection from the tomb and ascension into heaven, where they remain "to make intercession for us."

VI. In Festivals. In all lands we find festivals of sorrow, lamentation and mourning, in autumn; and of joy, praise and exultation in the spring, commemorative of the death and resurrection of their incarnate Saviours.

VII. In Rites. 1. In being "born again," all requiring the candidate to be buried—some in earth, as the mother of all life, others in water, as the revivifying principle of Nature. 2. In sacred feasts variously observed: In some wine, the blood, and bread, the body, as those of Bacchus, Ceres, and others, were partaken of.

VIII. In Symbols. 1. The cross being found alike in India, Egypt, Chaldaea, Phœnicia and Mexico, as we shall show in the concluding article. 2. The serpent, entering into so many systems as the type of evil and death. 3. Virgin and child, or the "Holy Mother of God," universally found in Cushite communities. 4. The Phallic emblem, or type of fecundation.

IX. In Holy days. The observance of the two equinoxes and the two solstices, as Christmas and St. John's day; Lady's day and the Jewish day of Atonement, in more modern parlance, or the "Ember day" of the church.

X. In a Trinity. As Osiris, Isis and Horus in Egypt; Anu, Bel and Ea of Babylonia, etc. The sun-god in Assyria, Rawlinson informs us, was represented in the Assyrian lists and "worshiped in that country under three different forms, at least, as 'the rising sun,' the 'meridian sun,' and the 'setting sun.'"

In closing this article let me assure you that all

of the "distinctive features" I have called attention to are pure and undiluted heathenism. Whether or not our Heavenly Father saw fit to subsequently "reveal" the same ideas, and thereby convert what was the blighted folly of heathendom into the glorious light of the Gospel, is a subject foreign to that laid out for me in these articles, and on which I venture no opinion. My task is only to show "how the heathen rave."

In conclusion, let me call your attention to the hymn of Martinianus Capella:

HYMN TO THE SUN.

Sublime Power of an Unknown Father, or his first Branch (Propagator) Ardo, who bestowest sensation, Source of the Soil, Origin of light, great Ornament of Nature, Affirmation of the gods, Eye of the World, Splendor of the bright Olympus: Thou who alone canst see thy Father above the heavens, and contemplate the Supreme Being. . . . Latium names thee Sun, since thou alone, after thy Father, attainest the pinnacle of the light. . . . As thou dost displace the darkness and illumine that which is in the azure of the heavens, they call thee Phœbus, thou who revealest the secrets of the future, and makest clear the crimes of the light. The Nile venerate thee by the name of the bountiful Serapis; Memphis sees in thee Osiris; the barbarous races Mithra, Pluto, or the cruel Typhon. Thou art the beautiful Attis, and the divine Boy of the bent and bountiful plow, Ammon for the sands of Libya, Adonis for Byblus. Thus the universal world invokes thee by different names. Hail, veritable image of the gods and of thy Father's face!

DELUSIONS OF SCIENTIFIC MEN, AND WHAT COMES OF THEM.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Your paper of June 5th contained an article headed as above, written by me, on which Mr. Henry M. Parkhurst, in *Haney's Journal*—July number—undertakes passing strictures, which you republish in your issue, July 24, with the inquiry, "What has Mr. H. to say for himself?"

I have this to say: first, if Mr. P. had wished to defend and preserve a well-established truth in science, he would have sent his strictures directly to the *Banner of Light*, where its numerous and thinking readers could readily refer to the original article and detect any misrepresentation, if such should have been made by him. The fact of his not doing so, and of having misrepresented what I said, also having founded his argument upon that misrepresentation, is respectfully submitted as proof of his intention to mislead the readers of *Haney's Journal*, or others, whose education had impressed their minds with the infallibility that prestige has given to mechanical theories, mis-called science.

His argument is founded upon the assumption that my measure was thirty inches of the base of the inclined plane to ten inches of its vertical height; while the contrary of his assumption could not have been more plainly expressed and reiterated than I had done in the verse from which he quotes. This is one of the tricks often followed by men of pretended science, and something can be learned of their practices by comparing his quotation with the original. He quotes: "To raise the cart vertically while it is passing three times the height, or thirty inches on the plane." Look now to the original passage from which he takes the above words for his argument. It reads: "The object of the inclined plane is, to raise the cart ten inches," &c.

By cutting the sentence in two where he did, he makes it have no meaning, consequently a good text to preach from, to prove the "golden rule" in mechanical science, to wit: "WHAT IS GAINED IN POWER IS LOST IN MOTION."

Let us figure a little on this "golden rule" in the case of a lever, and see if there is any coincidence between work done and motion of the power expended.

Suppose the lever to be five feet long, with a weight resting on the middle of the lever while it lays on the ground in a horizontal position. Every one will understand the power—when one end of this lever is lifted up—will be as two to one of the weight. Raise the end of the lever thirty degrees from its horizontal position, and then compare the vertical height the weight is lifted with the arc of the circle through which the power has passed. It will be found the weight has been raised vertically fifteen inches, while the power has passed through the arc of circle that measures 31.416 inches. It is needless to say the work done divides the motion of the power twice, and 1.416 inches remains; therefore the motion has failed to do as much into one-thirtieth part of the power as is required of it by the "golden rule" of mechanical power.

The point on which I materially differ from the popular theory of mechanical laws, is that there is but one device by which power is gained, and that is the lever. A wheel of five feet in diameter on an inclined plane of 30°, is a lever whose power is two to one, (deducting from the long arm the radius of the axle), therefore in making its motion up the incline 30°, it makes the gain of traversing it 31.416 inches, one-half of which is work actually done; therefore makes the work over one-thirtieth part what is required by the golden rule.

This last proposition will appear abstruse to those who have not given it a long and careful attention, but practical tests have demonstrated it to be a fact that must have a cause to produce; and to my mind—who have had it under long consideration—it is a sufficient cause. The first proposition is so plain that any one who understands the primary rules of arithmetic cannot help but see the force of reason that proves it.

One thing I wish to say to those who have such tenacity of faith in what men having the prestige of science have said: that is, nothing can be more illusive, as the demonstration here proven shows. This illusive theory is placed at the basis of physical science by a mere accident of partiality toward the opinion of an illustrious individual who, to say the least, thought over too vast a field to well weigh his thoughts:

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said Let Newton be, and all was light."

So we have religiously believed, without weighing the argument, while more careful and thoughtful demonstrations have passed unregarded. For instance, Galileo, before Newton's time, showed that one pound power in gravity would produce the same velocity, in falling bodies, that two pounds power would do.

Before Galileo, the same error that Newton afterwards entertained had been believed, and Galileo had to use the most conclusive demonstrations, that could no way be evaded, to get scientific men to believe him.

I have recently been favored with the perusal of a rare work on Astronomy, by Capt. R. J. Morrison, F.A.S.L., Commander R.N., published in London. The author is said to be nearly eighty years old, and for upwards of sixty years followed the sea. He follows the system laid down by the more ancient astronomers, that was latest taught by Tycho Brahe, of Denmark, in the later part of the sixteenth century, which makes the earth the centre of the solar system, and immovable. The force of argument sounds refreshing to one who has had his faith in the infallibility of more modern astronomers wrecked by their dogmatic assertions and positive mistakes.

I wish here to state a fact that has come under

my own observation: that is, that the results which must necessarily attend the laws of motion, are unknown in our science of the present day. The astronomical work above alluded to, reminds me of it. The motion that modern astronomers assign to the moon, is an unqualified impossibility, as the following statement will show:

About two years since the *Scientific American* got into an argument with its correspondents about the motion of a movable wheel that revolved about a fixed wheel of the same size. The question was how many revolutions on its own axis would the movable wheel make in one revolution around the fixed wheel. Some said one, and demonstrated the fact by diagrams; and others said two, and demonstrated the same in the same way. Nearly a year had gone by, and no solution of the dispute had been arrived at, but the parties became more numerous, to the amount, as it was said, of five hundred on each side. Scientific and non-scientific men argued the question both ways with unfaltering earnestness, without being able to bring a conclusive argument. Finally a pamphlet was published, and I was requested to give my views on the subject. They occupied only about nine lines in the pamphlet, explaining the nature of a revolution of a body on its axis, and of a body in its orbit. The disagreement was brought about by one party counting the revolution in the orbit of the movable wheel as one of the revolutions on its axis, and therefore making two revolutions out of one.

No more was said about the wheel motion, and probably both parties felt as if they had been exercising their minds about a simple thing, but the fact was they had got hold of a question over which scientific men had blundered, and which blundering is apparent, as I will show, in the popular theory about planetary motion. In fact, scientific men had not taken the question within their scope of reason.

Astronomers say, "the moon revolves round the earth, which is its orbit motion; it revolves in precisely the same period of time on its axis, and then it has another orbit motion with the earth about the sun." Next reflect on the nature of the axis motion and of the orbit motion. The axis motion is known by opposite sides of a body moving opposite ways. The orbit motion is known by opposite sides moving in parallel lines the same way. If the moon had an axis motion—that is, if opposite sides moved opposite ways—every side would be exposed to the inhabitants of the earth, but no eye from the earth has seen other than those same dark spots which distinguish one side of the moon.

Scientific men have deceived themselves by the supposition that if the moon revolved on its axis from the left over to the right—as it would appear viewed in the northern hemisphere—its axis motion would be kept from our vision by its turning—on its axis the same number of degrees, in the same time, that it moved in its orbit motion. But the fact is easily explained by proper diagrams, that the same result that it would fail to accomplish by its axis motion, would be accomplished by its orbit motion, and that in no conceivable case, with its poles situated as we suppose them to be, could it revolve both on its axis and in its orbit without showing all of its sides to the earth. It would be true that if it had such a motion as these men suppose, light from the sun could strike on every part of the moon only once while it moves in connection with the earth's orbit round the sun. That is, we should see but one full moon in one year.

On the contrary, if the moon moved on its axis from the right over to the left, in the same time that it is supposed to move in its orbit in that direction, it would show two full moons to every revolution in its orbit, with the exception of one more or less that would be added or subtracted every year by virtue of its revolution with the earth round the sun. This adding or subtracting one full moon would be on the same principle that circumnavigating the earth by an eastern passage would shorten the day by four minutes for every degree of longitude that was passed, or lengthen it by a western passage four minutes for every degree of longitude it passed. In the first case it would add one day to the time of circumnavigation, and in the second case it would subtract one.

These are facts as susceptible of positive proof as that two parallel lines will not intersect each other, or any other self-evident truth, although it conflicts with accepted theories of astronomy.

It would be much better for us if every individual would come to the conclusion that God had created her or him with a reasoning mind capable of investigating these abstruse things. I believe it is truly so. Also, in common with millions of others, upon occasions of thanks and praise to the Great Author of systems, I have from youth to the verge of old age devoutly stood up and said, "I believe in the communion of saints, and the life everlasting." Whatever mental reservation others may at times have had that would render the declaration of no effect, I had none, and my experience in investigating matters of science fully sustains me in that belief.

If immortality is not a delusion from beginning to end, we may without any charge of superstition believe that immortals take an interest, and from accumulated experience are capable of guiding us in the mysteries of science to philosophic conclusions. The spirit philosophy stands out foremost among the guides to truthful conclusions, and we may reasonably hope that greater developments of science will be the result of the present age than has been in any former age or time.

HENRY HARPER.

Butler, Ill., July, 1869.

Further Explanation.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—If the article from the New York Commonwealth in your paper of Aug. 7th refers to me, allow me to correct it, as I have had two copies shown me, the persons so doing presuming it alluded to me.

On the 9th of June, sitting with Mrs. L. F. Hyde, 433 6th avenue, her spirit friend said my sister Sarah and her husband William desired me to call and see a person who would soon be with them in the Summer-land, and that she desired to see me. That evening I sent a few lines to her, saying that if she desired to see me to inform me and I would call. The next afternoon a messenger from her called, saying she would like to see me immediately. I went and found matters as stated, and did what I could for her until her death, the 22d of June.

On the 15th of June, at Miss Fox's circle in my room, in answer to a question, I received the following:

"Ye, dear father, she is coming home. Do all you can to make her happy. We will all smooth her pathway. She shall have bright visions until she is one." (Signed) ARRA.

Immediately after the séance I went to stay with her during the night, as I had been doing, and almost the first thing she said to me was of some very beautiful visions she had just had, which she often spoke of afterwards. When she died, the 22d, I sent a telegram to the family, and the next evening accompanied the body to the north of the State, and attended the funeral. On the Tuesday evening following, at our regular circle with Miss Fox, the following was volunteered:

"DEAR — I have at last found rest in the arms of those who judge the erring kindly and with charity. I have found peace and hope. Ye children are here; they had a home prepared for me. I am grateful for all ye did for me." (Signed) ARRA.

Now if you will please publish as much of the above as is necessary to correct the Commonwealth, will you very much oblige Yours, &c., D. DOUGLASS.

459 6th Avenue, New York, Aug. 2d, 1869.

Free Thought.

POSITION OF REV. T. B. TAYLOR.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—My opinion is that Rev. T. B. Taylor has been misunderstood by many Spiritualists, and, hence, consequent injustice done him by claiming him as a Spiritualist. I did not understand Bro. Taylor, in his first letter to the *Indianapolis Journal*, that he believed in the philosophy of Spiritualism as taught and believed by Spiritualists, but that he simply gave his experience, emphatically declaring, also, his belief in the phenomenal part of Spiritualism, viz., that spirits out of the body do communicate with those in the body. This was, doubtless, a bold and manly step for him to take, and for which he deserves the admiration of every good-meaning Spiritualist, for there are, no doubt, many who have experienced the same that Bro. Taylor has, yet are governed by popular opinion, and hide the light they received under a bushel. Those that are acquainted with Bro. Taylor, and perhaps none in his own city, doubt his words for one moment. His letter was equal to the sounding of Gabriel's trumpet in arousing many from the lethargy into which they had fallen. Hundreds began the work to investigate the truth of the new Philosophy; mediums were consulted; the *Banner of Light*, books, papers, throwing light on the subject, were eagerly sought for, bought and read, that heretofore were entirely renounced and rejected as infidel and productive of evil.

I do not think that Bro. Taylor disowned his former position in his second letter to the *Messenger*, for he had never fully embraced or identified himself with the natural and scientific religion or principles as taught and believed by true Spiritualists; neither, indeed, can we justly ask him, in so short a time, to denounce the religion that, by education, has thus far supplied the wants of his soul, and adopt one of which he knows but little, at least, comparatively speaking. He, however, is man enough to let the world know that he believes the phenomenal part of Spiritualism to be true, and that he had positively demonstrated to his own physical senses that we do live after this life, and that there can be no doubt as to the immortality of the soul. As to the religion that we, as true Spiritualists, enjoy, he proposes to take his own time to study and investigate it for himself, and, I believe, will adopt the truth whenever he sees it, and the world shall know it, for his past course in life proves that he cannot act the hypocrite. This is a right that Spiritualists claim for themselves and are ever ready to concede to others, for as soon as a man is fully convinced as to the truth of our glorious Philosophy he will let the world know it.

I was for seven long years investigating the truth of the "Harmonical Philosophy," as it is sometimes termed, before I was enabled to or dared to venture to define my position. I was educated in the old church; it was hard to "kick against the pricks"; I was loth to leave the old beaten track. It is more difficult to unlearn than to learn. Bro. Taylor is no exception to this rule. I studied a profession and graduated with the highest honors of an Eastern college in much less time than I could have embraced and fully comprehended the Philosophy of Spiritualism as I now do, with a former and erroneous education entwining itself around the intellect, preventing further development. I hold that it requires a person of ordinary natural abilities at least five years' diligent and careful study to enable him fully to embrace and understand our religion—as it embraces every branch in science and every principle in Nature. If Bro. Taylor is let alone, and continues to think, reason, study Nature and obey his own interior promptings, he will, in the course of three years, be able to take a bold stand in favor of the Spiritual Philosophy. Just as soon as Bro. Taylor will admit the fallibility of the *Banner of Light*, or any other book or publication, the Bible, or even spirit-communication not excepted, then will he develop and progress rapidly, and in less than three years will have sufficient spiritual individuality established to stand superior to the age in which he lives, as every true reformer should. Christ was superior to the age in which he lived by nearly eighteen hundred years; so many other great men who distinguished themselves as reformers; yet it is not reasonable to suppose that even Christ could have laid down rules as a true guide for man for all time to come, as man is on the progressive.

Spiritualists do not adopt the Bible or any other book as a text-book, neither do they, in accepting the modern, necessarily reject the ancient evidences bearing on this subject. Take away the Spiritualism of the Bible, and the Christian religion falls to the ground; but you can take away the Bible and Spiritualism still stands, for its guide is reason, common sense and the laws of Nature. Several hundred different religious denominations adopt the Bible as their standard text-book, all differing from each other as to the true meaning of words, thus quarrelling about the literal, the material, losing sight of the spiritual, harping upon denominational merits and demerits, each claiming to be right.

It was the mere letter of the Bible that conducted the late war. Both sides preached the same Bible, the same system of religion, and yet how much misery and bloodshed! Spiritualists simply denounce the preached Bible, that system of religion by which men can go to heaven with their shoes and stockings on, in one moment of time. We do not teach that the violation of law, either physical or spiritual, can be forgiven in any other manner than by atoning ourselves for the sin committed. This, we hold, is also the spirit of the Bible. Christ said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." For a full declaration of principles read carefully the proceedings of the Convention held by Spiritualists at Plymouth, Mass., published in the *Banner of Light* of July 31st, 1869.

In conclusion, I would say that Bro. Taylor is right when he says, in his last letter to the *Banner of Light*, that he will not be "identified with any 'scallawag' without denouncing him, no matter where found, whether in the Methodist church or in any other organization." In this respect Spiritualists have been greatly imposed upon, for there are a great many going about, claiming to be Spiritualists and speakers, mediums, &c., who are low and unprincipled, and have been identified by Spiritualists, who have been disgraced by those impostors, injuring a great and glorious cause. I would advise all true Spiritualists to be on their guard. "Never fear to entertain strangers; perchance they may be angels," but look out! they may be devils in sheep's clothing.

I am yours respectfully, J. STOLZ, M. D.

Dayton, O., July 30, 1869.

It is an old saying that charity begins at home; but this is no reason it should not go abroad. A man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley, in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY.....WARREN CHASE.

AMONG THE BLUEBERRY BUSHES.

Toward the closing hours of the July month we were wandering among the well-loaded blueberry bushes in the cow pastures of New Hampshire, near the paternal home of the musical Hutchinsons, so long and well known both east and west. As we saw the berries at the Milford Station picked and packed for market, and saw the boys and girls carrying them in from the hillsides, we realized the beauty and bounty of Nature in her varied distribution of blessings. Everywhere she has provided for the wants in a supply—seal for the Esquimaux, moss for the reindeer, fish for the islanders, cocoa nuts for the monkeys, breadfruit for the lazy inhabitants of the tropics, berries and trout for the industrious people of New England's rocky hillsides. Add to these what skill and industry can do, and everywhere we have blessings of life, some more, some less, and all varied and different. We turn from the immense grain fields of the great prairie West, with its rude domestic life, to the social comforts of the mountainous regions of New England, and the soul and body rests in the blessed homes where are more real social joys than in the richer West. We of the West have not yet learned how to live and enjoy the beauties of Nature in that rich land, but New England has learned well the lesson of social and domestic life, and well do her people enjoy it. They do not work as hard as formerly, nor is there need of it, but the same rigid economy prevails, and secures the comforts no other people in the world possess. People live and have homes in New England. In the West they are moving and visiting.

"AMONG THE PINES."

Sunday.—Near Milford, in a thicket of pines, hemlocks, maples, &c., is a never-falling spring, where the red men of ancient times used to camp, and near it a large granite rock, which served as the back of their fireplace. On this rock, partly covered by a carpet of moss, our friends had placed a large box for a desk, and using the rock for a pulpit, had arranged in a semi-circle on the hillside seats for a large audience, and they came, and we held two good meetings. It was a romantic scene, and could we have procured a picture of rock, pulpit, spring, grove, audience, speaker, &c., we should surely give it to the readers of the *Banner of Light*. Many aged people were there, among them one who had often drunk at the spring over sixty-five years ago when on her way to and from church. During intermission the Indians came through a medium, and related the history of their visits long ago to the old camp ground, and rejoiced at our occupancy for the purposes for which we were using it. As the evening shades came creeping down the hillside the large audience drove and walked slowly and reluctantly away, evidently lingering and reflecting on a well-spent day. One devoted Christian, however, seemed disappointed, as he had asked us to explain how the soul was affected by the unpardonable sin committed against the Holy Ghost, which we had interpreted to be against the soul of each person committing it; and he seemed deeply to regret that we did not make the consequence eternal misery, but allowed that wounds on the spirit, like those on the body, would heal, and might be outgrown. Poor soul! there is not a peg to hang a hope of eternal misery on, in our religion nor in Nature.

RAMBLING.

By the kindness of a friend we were across the angle of roads and on the early up-train at Manchester, N. H., on Monday, and soon winding among the banks of Lake Winnepesaukee, and stopping at the little towns on the eastern side, if side there be to it, and at night brought up at Centre Harbor, certainly one of the pleasantest and most beautiful spots we have ever visited, and well worthy the compliments Edward Everett gave it. The gentlemanly landlord of the Senter House, with a house overflowing, and carpets covered with mattresses, found us a good room in a quiet private house, where we could rest and write, and enjoy the quiet and beauty of the place; but we advise people not to go at once to Centre Harbor, as it is not a place that can comfortably entertain over four or five hundred at a time, and it will be a wise plan to take along plenty of money. In heat and dust, wind and shower, on a crammed coach, (one of five), we jostled over the hilly road, and in one of the most rocky spots on the way stopped at one of the neatest eating-stands and domestic wine cellars we have ever found on any road in our country, a marvel in such place, and the only one we saw, except North Conway, a very pleasant village, made up of two long rows of boarding-houses wide apart, and a few private residences. They say no person dies there between the ages of ten and fifty except by accident, and occasionally one by consumption, inherited; hence people flee to this "mountain of Hepsidam" to escape the scythe of time, but we think old Nick will overtake some people even there, and advise them to stand and take it.

AMONG THE CLOUDS.

Winding slowly up the broad carriage road from the Glen House, we enjoyed a most delightful view of romantic scenery till we reached the clouds, about two miles below the summit of Mt. Washington, and by the time we were at the Tip Top House we were in mild winter weather, and a dense fog, or cloud, and we concluded, if the Orthodox heaven was up in this direction, we should prefer a lower seat, if compelled to have the body we now have resurrected, and sensitive, as at present, as we were already high enough for comfort in such body, even in summer-time. Pleasant company, good house and fare, but as there was no sun to set or rise, and only rocks and clouds to see, we were soon anxious to return to the land below, thankful at heart that when we go up higher we can go with a body not subject to cold or weariness, and glad that we have knowledge of the region where cold and heat are in the temper and affections, and where the hells burn out in anger, hatred and jealousy, and love fills the heart with the temperate enjoyment of life.

Writing at the Tip Top House, which is on the outside only a pile of rocks, on a larger pile, but inside comfortable, we cannot realize that we are near the fabled heaven, and hence do not listen for the tunes and tones of sacred music, but the winds are melodious, and sleep is sweet.

Summoned at four o'clock in the morning, find the clouds parted and a stratum of clear air between the upper clouds that hide the sunrise, and the lower clouds that are settled on the valleys, covering the roads, cottages and farms, for hundreds of miles, and looking like water. Between these two regions of clouds were all the hills far as the eye could see, and over them most richly variegated clouds, leaving, in this region of clear air and the clouds that border it, one of the most magnificent views we ever beheld, and well worth the cost and the shivering we took to get it. Nestled in a nook among the loose rock, and part-

ly sheltered from the cold wind, on the 5th of August, we enjoyed this rich scene for over an hour, when the cold, wet clouds again closed in upon us, and we were soon fed and loaded, and six horses rapidly taking us over the down grade to the Glen House, and before sunset we were under the shadow of Bowdoin College, wondering why this old and once popular institution does not cast off its crusty sectarian shell, and come out with a new skin prepared for the age in which we live, and fitted for the work required of it by the young men and women of Maine. Its managers ought to be ashamed of the position it occupies in this age, compared to the use it might be put to if freed from the superstitions of the past, perhaps once useful, but now an incubus.

To us it seems wrong to require the people to build more and new colleges to escape the tyranny of sectarian superstition, when we have plenty of them and plenty of room in them, with liberal endowments for professorships, and only so perverted as to render their practical utility almost worthless by a superstition that the people of this country have outgrown, but to which they are bound by the laws, rules, donations and endowment bonds of nearly every college in the country, and which were made by persons now in the other life, who would be glad to revoke them, and would do it if they could reach the crusty old fogies that now rule in those institutions and live on the means thus bestowed on them.

There is truly a "great gulf" between the living and the dead of the Orthodox Church, and they are still afraid to step out on this side on to the suspension bridge now completed, and over which Spiritualists are constantly carrying and receiving messages, and by means of which we can correct mistakes, and right wrongs between friends and foes of both sides. We often think what a blessing it would be if Girard and other donors of colleges could be listened to and allowed to direct or dictate in the disposal and management of means thus left for the education of the young. They have seen the uselessness of sectarian education, and would now stop it if they could give directions for the management of the schools they endowed. But we must "wait a little longer."

PURITY.

The human body, like the human soul, is sacred, and should ever be sacredly and solely in the keeping and under the control of the spirit within it, so long as that spirit is sane, rational, and has not been convicted of crime that requires confinement. No person can be made the owner of more than one body, and that should ever be kept pure and sound and healthy and sacred by its owner, and no law or gospel should ever give any other person a right to pollute it. Marriage cannot sanctify lust, and should never give a husband or wife the right to even touch the body of the other party without his or her consent.

Purity consists in abstinence from all that defiles or diseases the body or soul, and as every person has a right and a duty to be pure, and no one can decide for another hence the necessity of the sovereignty of the soul over its own body. Purity does not consist in abstinence from the proper exercise and use of all the functions of the organism, nor in the Shaker separation of the sexes, but in the proper use and *not abuse* of all the powers, without contamination or adulteration of the body or its organs. Hence every act is impure that defiles the body, whether it be eating or drinking that which diseases or pollutes the system—smoking, chewing, breathing or snuffing any substance that injures the health or impairs the body is of course an impurity. Sexual abuse of various kinds is terribly and destructively impure, both in and out of marriage, and the terrible effects are seen stamped on many of the children when they enter the world.

The false notions of purity set up by the church, in which a woman is taught that no sexual contact with her husband can be impure, or render her so, however corrupt or polluted or lustful he may be, has led society into a most degraded and diseased condition, since the teaching in connection with this has been that wives must submit to their husbands and give up the control of their bodies to the basest of passion indulgences, even to the destruction of health and life and the ruin of offspring. The thousands of little sickly forms that are annually dropped into the graves are a living protest against the impurity of our system of rearing children, or at least of generating them. The church relies on regenerating to save the adults, but the little ones go away too soon to be regenerated, and carry with them too often the curse of the parents in the sinful and impure act that started their forms into growth. Until every woman can own her body and have a right to keep it pure and holy, and every man feel that each body is a *holy temple* for the soul that lives in it, and both be made to feel the necessity of keeping these temples sacredly pure and healthy, we may preach and write in vain about "free love" and base passion and licentiousness, which, in our day, is mainly covered up by the legal garment of marriage. Woman must be legally protected, in as well as out of wedlock, to secure the purity of the race and better children.

We are well aware of the low state of moral purity in society, and of the false standard by which it is judged and both condemned and sustained; but as we look for the effects on society, and especially the children, and the causes that sustain the polluted and impure state of popular and public morals, we are compelled to see and feel that most of it arises from bad laws and the false teachings of the churches. The Indians were more moral and, sexually, far more pure than our civilized and Christianized Caucasians, and the naked inhabitants which Columbus and his followers found in Central America were far more pure than our generations of Christians in all that pertains to the relations of the sexes and propagating offspring. Even in the barbarous ages, when woman was bought and sold, her person was more sacred than in our own country, and the loose and licentious passions did not run riot as now, nor pollute as many of the offspring. The Church and State must be reformed, or the race is doomed.

WEARING MOURNING.—We long for the day, says the *Central Baptist*, when this custom shall be obsolete. It is unbecoming the truly afflicted one. The wearer says, by the black garments, "I have lost a dear friend. I am in deep sorrow." But true grief does not wish to parade itself before the eyes of the stranger; much less does it assert its extent. The stricken one naturally goes apart from the world to pour out the tears. Real affliction seeks privacy. It is no respect to the departed friend to say we are in sorrow. If we have real grief it will be discovered. Surely your sorrow will not be questioned, even if you should not call in the milliner to help display it. Do not in your affliction help uphold a custom which will turn the afflictions of your poorer neighbor to deeper poverty, as well as sorrow.

We are glad to see at last that even Christians are waking up to a sense of duty, as well as consistency, in the forms and ceremonies connected with the departure of persons to the spirit-life.

To us if ever did seem a ridiculous habit to wear black as a token of sorrow, and which was and is often most conspicuously displayed where there is no real sorrow, and which could not be taken as a real sign of mourning, but as a *fashionable sign* only, and often a real mockery. Persons often wear it to show they are or are soon to be in the marriage market, and are most ready on every occasion to announce that they have lost a wife or husband, and of course are trying to find another to repair the loss, making a mockery of mourning apparel and a screen through which to look after another companion or victim. This particular use of mourning apparel has for many years sickened us of the whole system, and induced us at first to look after its practical utility, which we never could find, and hence have for years written and spoken against its use.

TEXAS.

The Philosophy of Spiritualism.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—In compliance with the earnest solicitations of a number of the leading Spiritualists of this community, among whom are men of the highest intellectual culture, I have yielded my scruples to their wishes and pleasure, and beg to enclose you a transcript of a letter addressed a few days since to a brother of mine (residing in Corpus Christi, Texas), in answer to one from him expressing a desire to be more fully informed on the Philosophy of Spiritualism. Very Truly and Respectfully,

W. N. BRYANT.

Houston, Texas, July 6, 1868.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, July 4th, 1868.
MY DEAR BROTHER.—Your kind letter of the 16th ult., expressing a desire to gain a further insight into the truth and philosophy of Spiritualism, is to hand, and believing that such information as I am possessed of will contribute to that end, I essay to expound the principle of it and its ulterior objects and benefits, as imparted to me by and through impressions made upon my own mind; and considering that I am but a youthful follower, as it were, (my conversion having been recent), and the further fact that I have never read or heard its philosophy explained, it must be that these "impressions" are emanations from spirit-life. There are seven spheres in spirit-land, and each sphere is possessed of several degrees or gradations, which you may say is clearly proven in the Bible, where it speaks of the "seventh heaven," which distinctly implies that there are other heavens; but as the Bible designates the bliss, it is fair to suppose that this is, numerically, the highest and the most exalted sphere. The first sphere is that nearest the earth, and is not a place of happiness, although it is neither a place of torment.—It is a place of darkness, where, like a man who is benighted and has lost his way, he gropes about in bewilderment, in a vain effort to find out where he is and which way he should turn. And like a man who is expounding a riddle or unraveling a puzzle, he discovers its secrets by degrees, which seemed at first to almost defy his penetration; so it is with those who pass to the first sphere. As the truth forces itself upon them that they are benighted and bewildered, and as they are impressed to believe there are beauties beyond, which, by the exertion of proper means, may be attained and partaken of, they set about to find out the means whereby they may come in for and lay claim to their proportion of this inheritance. This object is accomplished by PRAYER—sincere, fervent, honest prayer—to the ETERNAL SPIRIT, the giver of all good; and the more knowledge he gains of the beauties beyond, which is in proportion to the degree of repentance he feels, the faster he progresses in the scale that qualifies him for passing from one sphere to another. The progression of some is necessarily slower than that of others. This depends upon the "deeds done in the body," and the atonement must be in proportion to the degree of guilt. If, for instance, a man has habitually set at defiance all laws, human and divine, the darkness with which his soul is enveloped is most intense. As everything earthly is of a corrupting nature, his soul will have a greater affinity for things earthly than for those things more pure and beautiful beyond; his repentance when it comes will be made with reluctance, and will be yielded with such regret at laying aside those corrupting influences acquired in earth-life, that the progression will necessarily be of the slowest. After progressing three or four degrees, I imagine the corruption of the soul is overcome, and their further progress depends upon the amount of good deeds they perform, which may be invisibly wrought by influencing mortals to do good, and the amount of good they perform depends upon the degree of earnestness they feel, and the zeal with which they labor. The thing which, like organic laws, is a system of rewards and punishments, but there is not necessarily eternal punishment, or a DEVIL, as Orthodoxy would teach you. The fear of these things may have a salutary effect upon society, and restrain man from the commission of crime, and yet it may reasonably be doubted, for if we search the prints we discover that a large proportion of the catalogue of crimes are attributed to the votaries of the various churches, and many even by the very expounders of these religious tenets, which exhibits a total disregard or unbelief in the existence of a hell. While the promulgation of a doctrine having for its foundation the DEVIL and HELL-FIRE may or may not do any great good, still I do not believe that it does any great harm, for after all, the various beliefs are founded on the Bible and Christ, which should be the pillar and corner-stone of every faith.

It is to be regretted that how ever patent a truth may be, it is impossible for all to accept it, and all to think alike. I am forced to the conviction, therefore, that though men's ideas of Christianity may be adverse; though the cardinal principles in the faith of one man may be diametrically the opposite of those of another, they may be equally sincere, and so the whole thing resolves itself into the conclusion that there may be different roads and avenues, and all converging to the same centre, and affording equal certainty of salvation if pursued with an honesty of purpose, notwithstanding the church teachings tell you differently; some of which are probably sincere, but are bigoted, (the result of educational prejudice), and some affect to believe there is but one road, and their preachers the only proper pilots, because they fear that to appear liberal will involve an abridgment of their power.

If it were possible to force the conviction upon the minds of the masses that the spiritual doctrine is the true faith, the various churches would no longer be regarded as exclusively the "houses of God," but every dwelling would become a chapel!

I wish to keep before you and impress your mind with the fact that Spiritualism is founded upon the Bible, with Christ for its corner-stone, because it is not unfrequently asserted by the disciples of Orthodoxy, sometimes from prejudice and sometimes from false teachings, that it is arrayed against the Bible. You will now know with what arguments to meet this class. Many ministers will tell you that to assert that spirits from another world would have character, and converse with men of reputed bad character, when men of pure minds and upright lives never realize the sacred privilege of holding converse with the departed loved ones—at once stamps the doctrine as an inconsistency, if not a heresy.—Christ said: "Those that are whole need not the physician, but those that are sick require his services." And again: "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." You can with these quotations totally defeat, ay, annihilate their arguments; for they cannot be answered.

As I understand it, the various churches differ very little as regards the ends and aims of religion, and in their opinions of the origin of the Bible and the New Testament, (if we except the Jews), and the differences—which indeed seem to be trifling, and which have produced the various creeds and denominations—all arise from a different conception and interpretation of holy writ. From this cause, therefore, (the diversity of opinion and the different constructions placed upon the reading of the Bible), may be attributed the establishment of the different sects. And though each particular sect embraces among its flock men of lofty minds and intellects, and it would be as reasonable to suppose that one sect could be

as nearly right as the other, still such a degree of egotism and prejudice is ingrafted into the minds of their followers, that they almost wage a war of swords against one another. The spiritual doctrine is a liberal one, however, although the others are not. The other creeds believe they are right, and would persecute those of different beliefs, while the spiritual doctrine, although born of a positive knowledge, and not a theory, like the others, accords to all other denominations honesty and sincerity of purpose.

Although, perhaps, you already know, I will explain why sectarians declare Spiritualism a heresy and a heresy. They believe in a HELL, and the DEVIL. The former they locate beyond the grave, and the latter is described as a seducer from the paths of virtue and morality. They contend that by yielding to the temptations of the latter all the tortures of the former are irrevocably entailed. Spiritualism locates HELL, here on earth, and it has for its abode every corrupt mind. The fact of man's being a free agent must necessarily create a HELL, for as all men cannot be good so must some necessarily be bad, and if the commission of sin does not create a hell in a man's mind, then must he indeed be more than human. But he does realize a hell, in the fullest sense, and continues to suffer here, and grope in darkness hereafter, until he has made atonement for his sins. Many will quote, to prove the existence of a hell, "except ye believe and are baptized, ye shall be damned." Now the word "damned" used in Scripture is like many others, merely a figurative expression, and means doomed—doomed to grope in darkness, and not partake of those blessings a life of abiding faith is sure to bring to all men. Baptism was inaugurated to evince the degree of sincerity which humility exemplifies. The word was employed in the paragraph quoted, no doubt, in a symbolical sense, and not to convey the idea that baptism is a necessity to salvation. I apprehend it was used to convey the idea that unless you continue abiding in the faith, and by humility crush out all ungodly thoughts, you will be doomed, as before rendered.

The Scriptures speak of a place of "outer darkness," which is unmistakably the first sphere of spirit-life.

What could more fully illustrate the truth of earth being the only proper hell, than where referring to the interment of Christ in Joseph's sepulchre, the Bible says, "He descended into hell?" To make my argument as brief as possible, each sect and denomination interpret the Bible to suit themselves, and as they understand it so they construct their creeds, and this is instilled into the minds of their youthful followers, together with a prejudice against all other sects and denominations; and so bigoted do some men become by these early teachings, that if unlimited power were conferred upon them they would establish a censorship over the press, and reinstate the inquisitions to-day, before which those of Catholic history would pale in the extent of their atrocity. Respectfully,

W. N. BRYANT.

CALIFORNIA.

Los Angeles.

DEAR BANNER.—I noticed a call in your number of July 3d, for all Societies to inform you what they are about, &c. We have an organized Society here, numbering some seventy members, and called the Harmonical Circle. We commenced by hiring a room; now we rent a nice new hall, and have circles Sunday afternoon and evenings for any manifestations that we can get. This is the fifth month, and we begin to feel secure in our position, and hope to be able to invite some good lecturer to come and labor with us. At present we are too poor to think of it, and shall be obliged to do the work among ourselves.

There is a great deal of interest manifested—people want tests. A good test medium would find a good field in Los Angeles to labor in, and good pay. Perhaps some of your eastern friends do not know the meaning of Los Angeles, (The Angels), and if we are given one-half what the spirits have promised us, you may expect to hear of some very beautiful manifestations in time.

The names of our officers are, respectively, President, Thomas A. Garey; Vice Pres., Mrs. A. D. Wiggin; Treasurer, Mr. Mayer; Corresponding Secretary, Frank Baker.

We have everything to encourage us in the good work: in point of numbers we can count the largest congregation in the city, and many are earnest seekers for truth. I have been here nine months, and rejoice at the progress that has been made since my arrival, and hope to see still larger numbers made steadfast in the truth. The *Banner of Light* is a welcome friend in our beautiful valley, and we hope we may have the pleasure to shake hands ere long with some of its managers in our own home, and show you a few "visions" not to be found at the "Tab." In your arduous duties and multiple cares, there are earnest souls co-operating with you in the principles of progression on the Pacific slope, whose motto is: "Never surrender the ship."

The churches are shaking with a kind of shake that old Mother-Earth don't send to them; and well they may feel uneasy, with so many minds that don't believe in creeds of any kind, and who have the soul with the right kind of workmen the harvest will be great. With a God-speed, I will close.

Your sister and co-laborer in the cause of spiritual progression, ANANDA D. WIGGIN.

"The Soul of Things."

WILLIAM DENTON.—My Dear Sir: When one has labored so long and so faithfully as you have for a great and beneficent purpose, he naturally desires to know how far his efforts have been successful.

On reading your very extraordinary work ("The Soul of Things"), I am struck with the great care exhibited in giving the exact truth—in guarding against every possible chance of self-deception, as well as at its astounding disclosures. I am surprised, and delighted too, to see that the understanding of the reader is prepared by his own experience to anticipate some of your conclusions even before his eye overtakes them. For instance, before I arrived at your treatment of dreams, I said to myself: "Perhaps the strongest power going to account for the otherwise unaccountable incongruity, the confusion, the absurdity of our dreams, that may get their cue from the walls of the room, the curtains, or the bed we sleep on, or the clothes that cover us." A little further on I find this to be your own idea and language, at page 293. Page 278.—Nothing of this kind is more common with my wife than while looking out of the window, to suppose that she sees certain persons passing; but in a minute or two she sees the same persons passing in the same direction, showing that the first impression is probably what you describe it to be; and now she is so accustomed to this that I think she would hesitate to take an oath in a court asserting the "real presence" of any person at any place at a particular time, if they reasonably may; that they might be led into wild and extravagant fancies, and mistake them for profound discoveries, only let them give sufficient attention to your own and Mrs. Denton's timely cautions, in connection with the experiments, and I think they will be preserved from that error.

With profound regard for your personal worth, and with gratitude as one of the human race for your invaluable contributions toward a higher civilization, I am your sincere friend, JOSIAH WARREN.

Cliffondale, Mass., July 18, 1868.

The Lecture Room.

CHARITY.

A LECTURE BY MRS. NELLIE T. BRIGHAM, DELIVERED IN NEW YORK, JULY 4TH, 1869.

"Bear ye one another's burdens."

Quiet, efficient goodness and pyrotechnic protestations are the characteristics of the charity of the day. That which gives not to receive, that bears another's burdens, is our pleasure to depict. Men seek happiness and honor in the walks of the larger virtues, overlooking the lesser ones abounding plentifully in their path. A religion hardly known in one land is carried to another, the work for which is more with the heathen at home than abroad. Not that we are to seek exclusively our own advantages, for life, like the tree, is designed to cast its leaves and fruits that others may grow; as stars, we shine for other stars; as rivers, run to fertilize fields besides our own.

The aid we render to others lightens the burden which we carry ourselves. Some deny that good deeds are ever repaid, and conclude, with Solomon, to live for themselves alone; but when we explore the depths or shoals of such natures, we find motives which could not produce glad results. Waiting in vain for the waters early to bring back the bread cast upon them, for the clasp of the hand and the music of gratitude in their ears, they feel injured and neglected, and selfishness seems to them the better way. Charity we define as a path that begins in an earnest desire to do good without reservation for a reward, and as such it is certain to bless the manifestor. Genius, greatness, goodness, in their first flower, the world fails to appreciate; but because of its blindness should they stay their discoveries or hide their truths?

The pursuit of praise is the poorest employ on earth. Aspire to do right, and the approval of the spirit within is our great reward. Selfishness makes its victim dark and unlovely—upon him a galling yoke—is the death of his peace. Equally fatal is the conceit that condemns another; tearing down to stand higher by the masonry of comparison, it is often killed by the falling rubbish; the tallest trees are first assailed by storms, so great natures are exposed to opposition; but he not dismayed when winds whistle about you. God's spirit is there sufficient for your support.

True charity would play no part in the punishment of criminals. Great and small wrongs are herded together, and no provision is made to discriminate and elevate their conditions. The question is not asked, what made them transgressors? Vice and crime, like clouds, hover over our streets; they meet scorn and repulse from the good, (?) instead of sanitary measures for their cure as a disease. The sun of purity cannot penetrate the fog, until a sound effort is made to correct the conditions that caused it. Opulent churches are unprepared, by whose gilded doors the social gutters flow, overrun with the wrecks they were founded to save. Employ some of the thousands from these misdirected piles, and rear rural homes where virtue can be fostered, and vice destroyed. Incalculable the good these deeds would do. Evil is hedged and housed up as though separate from the society which it infects. On its walls are writ, "the wages of sin are death," and "the way of the transgressor is hard." Scorn, toll, starvation of body, mind or soul, is our prison diet. Does this make the inmate better? The insane are regarded irresponsible. Equally so are the criminals. Hardship, sin, suffering, the lot of their parents, were branded on them at birth, and developed legitimately into vice.

The law looks not to causes, it faces the final sin, it passes over the history of the temptation. Our charity should be broader, deeper, converting our prisons into asylums and administering treatment to our convicts, equivalent to that bestowed upon the insane, supplying all the surroundings calculated to promote the wise, pure, beautiful and good. Wrong is simply the offspring of impure, imperfect conditions, and will yield gladly to a wholesome atmosphere and become right.

The wages of sin are not death to the sinner, but to the sin; through the process he is purified. Oh that the world might see this clearly; but slowly, surely, advanced minds are moving the truth into place. Though we speak with tongues of angels and have not charity, our words are as sounding cymbals. Without this quality, religion lacks life. We forget there is no one creed, country or church; the subjects to save are the sick everywhere, in prison and out of prison; the well need no physician. Misers never enjoy; they are consumed of their own stagnant abundance. In all investments, the American question arises, does it pay? This weighs and decides all things. Our goal is plenty and peace, but wealth as gained rarely repays us interest on happiness, from its false use, the fear it will take wings, and the knowledge the coffin cannot contain it.

A wise charity covers many sins. Some have a narrow mantle sufficient only for their own; its robe should reach all wrong, and the effort be made to remove it by word, deed and example.

Sandy soil and stunted trees are the best results of the conditions which produce them, but contain the capacity for their degree of perfection which patient labor will unfold; so the barren soul responds to culture, and blooms to the measure of its supply. Possessing the power, omit no opportunity to remove or rebuke an evil or give impetus to a good. The charity that is silent to a fault adds a layer to a rolling wrong. That only is kind that makes every condition better. Spectators of sin are often participators. Effort to extinguish an evil is two-edged; the blow for another is a blow for us. The struggling men in the webs about us are to be approached and extricated.

Bending over the brink, but not going into the ditch, extend the strong hand of succor, showing hostility to the vice, not the victim. Develop the charity of deeds, and the burdens of life will drop and roll away. Fear no personal peril in this endeavor. Life's loss is less likely than in selfishly seeking its safety. Its risk for the right is its best protection.

He who hath found his life shall lose it, but he who shall lose his life for my sake shall find it." Opuence hereafter is unselfishness here. The working soul sends his wealth before him, and carries a conscience that cheers him all the way. The fallen, the afflicted, the despairing, find in him friend and physician, and he in them treasure an ever increasing store. Heart to heart and soul to soul the links of life must be united, until all are gathered into societies of mutual interest and love; then the fruition will be whose foretaste we have long had, that in "bearing one another's burdens" we find entire exemption from our own.

Harlem, N. Y., July, 1869.

"I'm off when you talk of working" as the cork said to the ginger-pop.

NEW YORK SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

By MARY F. DAVIS.
FLOWERS AND MUSIC AT FUNERALS.

"Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed
 A crown for the brow of the early dead!
 For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
 For this in the woods was the violet nursed.
 Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
 They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers!"

Among Spiritualists, the gloom that once gathered away from the form of the departed, is passing away. Brightness and beauty have been substituted for blackness and deformity in the appointments and ceremonies of burial. Flowers are strewn where the pall alone once rested, and evergreens are planted where stood only the black enclosures of graves. This is in accordance with our faith in the reality of the life beyond—the better and higher life upon which the spirit enters when released from the body. Even Orthodoxy has caught a ray of light from that Summer-Land of the soul, and though its devotees still wear the "black habiliments of woe" when friends depart, they have converted "the silent cities of the dead" into enchanted gardens, where the music of trees, and the sweet ministry of flowers, helps to win the heart from its bitter anguish, and lift it toward the realm of light.

We are glad to see that the CHILDREN'S LYCEUM is doing its part in the way of introducing a rational and beautiful idea and method. The *Lyceum Banner*, Aug. 1st, contains the following record of the funeral of Corry Couch, aged eleven years, a member of Shore Group, in the Painesville, Ohio, Lyceum:

"Corry was a bright little fellow, and beloved by the whole Lyceum. He was the youngest child and only son of his widowed mother, who had been the leader of Ocean Group from the commencement of our Lyceum. The funeral was attended by a full Lyceum, that marched from the hall in regalia with banners, to the house of mourning, where the song, 'The Pure White Lily,' was sung. They then marched in procession to Evergreen Cemetery. The target of Shore Group was veiled in white crape; the bearers were four young men of Liberty Group, wearing white scarfs. On arriving at the grave, the Lyceum, headed by its officers, circled around the grave in stately file and sang, 'We are waiting by the river,' they then marched around in single file, each one throwing upon the coffin little mementoes of love and affection. After the filling of the grave with earth, the officers and leaders each placed thereon a splendid wreath of evergreens and flowers."

This beautiful ceremonial was in keeping with the genius of the Progressive Lyceum, and we rejoice that the Painesville School was brave and true enough to institute it. How significant was the white emblem with which the target of Shore Group and the bearers were draped! Yea, let robes of white, rather than black, be the symbol of a dear one's departure to the Land of Light. Let flowers and evergreens be wreathed about the still form, and placed upon the coffin by the hand of love, for they typify the immortal bloom and beauty of the spirit-home. Let the sublime apotheosis of a beloved spirit be celebrated by the ringing sweep of solemn and triumphal music, and the gleam of freedom's banners, under a sunlit sky. For there is no glory of the Orient or Occident but must fail to represent that fair and radiant clime which is forever the home of the departed. There is here no harmony of sweet sounds but must fall short of those divine melodies which are familiar to the angels. There is here no communion of souls so pure as that holy interchange of affection which there unites the members of the heavenly brotherhoods. And by all this newly-awakened tenderness of divine love, the emancipated spirit is impelled to return and bestow the blessings of guardianship on the beloved ones left to still grapple with the circumstances of earthly life. "Theodore Parker in spirit-life," is represented by Brother Willis as saying:

"That which I termed my spirit-body was outstripped by my spirit, by my love and affection, and the innermost, the very me, the indwelling power of my life, was instantly beside the being who now could not stay her grief, but felt all the desolation of a separation that to her was death. Now that I perceived this, I was strong and calm, for I knew that I could be strength and calmness to her who had always turned to me for them. It was then that I first recognized my power as a spiritual being. I exulted in it. Blessed God for me! I knew that my work for the world was not done; no, hardly begun for I felt the divine consciousness of power and desire. I could, I saw, be strength to the weak, calmness to the disturbed, and could draw the thought of man upwards toward a high and holier life."

How much are these words in keeping with the genius of that great heart that beat for humanity alone. To do good was Theodore Parker's constant and earnest endeavor here; in the Summer-Land that desire cannot but be intensified, and the joy of giving increased. "All that I had done for humanity's good," said the arisen reformer, "seemed linked to me in bands of light. All that I had failed to do, filled my heart with a great desire. I saw, as my greatest means of happiness, the purification and elevation of the human spirit."

With this belief in the continued existence of those we love, and in the reality of their angelic guardianship, we may well put away the symbols of gloom and the ceremonial of despair, and introduce beautiful emblems of the sublime destiny and eternal joy of the spirit. A little American girl who was seized with illness in a German school, and wasted away month by month in that foreign land, until she neared the borders of the grave, was consoled by the remembrance of a beautiful German burial service which she had witnessed. In that land of poetry and song, art has so triumphed over the night of error, that the body is placed in its last resting-place flower-enwreathed as if for a joyous festival, and softly-breathing music fills the mourner's heart with heavenly consolation. Remembering the spell of beauty which had enchanted her young heart, the little one wanted to be buried, that she might sleep among the roses. Faithful to her wishes, her schoolmates heaped the little coffin with rarest flowers, and chanted sweet songs around her grave. If to a child's pleasure at thought of being enfolded at last in Nature's fairest robe be added the joy of belief in a real future existence, which the Progressive Lyceum and Spiritualism proclaim—an existence in a world where the flowers are brighter, and the music is sweeter than we dream of here—with what rejoicing can the weary burden of pain be laid aside, and the freed spirit enter its new abode. Twenty years ago, Mrs. Child wrote with regard to Spiritualism: "For myself, I am deeply thankful for any agency that even momentarily blows aside the thick veil between the finite and the infinite, and gives me never so hurried and imperfect a glimpse of realities which lie beyond this valley of shadows." Since then, the open vision of anointed eyes has discerned, not by glimpses only, but by a full, calm survey, the realities of the Summer-Land; and it is meet that we bring flowers, and chant psalms of solemn joy, when one who is ripe for the wondrous transformation falls "asleep by the gates of light."

WHAT CAN WE DO TO MAKE OUR LYCEUM PROSPER?

The following excellent answer to the above important question is from the *Lyceum Banner*, and was written by the Leader of Liberty Group, Philadelphia. We commend it to the attention of all who are interested in the upbuilding of this nursery of spiritual progress:

"Let us first see that every member of it understands the nature and design of a Progressive Lyceum. I find, by reference to our Manual, which is our text-book, that 'It is an attempt to unfold and actualize on earth, partially at least, a progressive juvenile assemblage, like that in the Summer-Land; whither children are constantly going from the earth, and where they are received into Groups for improvement, growth and graduation.' I find that it means more than an ordinary Sunday school, and that 'It embraces within its plan the healthful development of the bodily functions, the conscientious exercise of the reasoning faculties, and the progressive unfolding of the social and divine affections.'"

There is a design and meaning in the name of every group, in the color of every badge, and the shape of every target; so that our march and banners are not designed as a mere pageant, but all our ceremonial and equipments are 'outward and visible signs' of what should be a high order of physical, intellectual and spiritual fruition. A Progressive Lyceum is not only an educator, but it is also a reformer. It virtually says, 'If our habits of eating, drinking, or mode of dress, hinder the healthful development of our bodily functions, they should be changed; if our occupations unduly engross our attention, or our amusements rob us of sleep, or dissipate our minds, so as to hinder the conscientious exercise of our reasoning faculties, they, too, should be changed; or if we indulge in selfishness, pride, censoriousness, or any unworthy thoughts or feelings that check the unfolding of the social and divine affections, they should be rooted out. So that, if we wish to make our Lyceum prosperous, we must strive to make our physical exercises serviceable to us in giving health and strength to our bodies, symmetry to our forms and grace and elegance to our motions; our intellectual exercises serviceable by enlarging our powers of thought and increasing our stores of knowledge; and our spiritual instruction of use to us, by making us kind, charitable and just to each other and all the world, and by becoming, individually and collectively, an embodiment of that purity and harmony that pervade the Lyceums of the Summer-Land."

If we can attain this in any good degree, our Lyceum will indeed be prosperous, whether our numbers be few or many, or our treasury contain little or much.

E. L. HOWARD.

Jottings by E. S. Wheeler.

Editors BANNER or LIGHT—Did you mean anything particular when you headed my last note to you, "Wheeler on the Ball"? Was that "Dignity" or "Jo Coe"? Well, I forgive you: may all your "wheels" and "Wheeler's" keep "on the track," your "driving wheels" never "slip," nor you "fail to make connections," until, with your "Banner" waving over your head, you "draw brakes" in the "Dignity" of Everlasting Content, and find yourself at home on the "Evergreen Mountains of Life." Now if you like, you can head this WHEELER OF THE TRACK, and if there should be no poetry in it, it will be truth.

Last Friday night I slept over the Erie Railroad to Olean, from Cleveland. May I report, for the benefit of the rest of the itinerancy, that N. B. at Olean you can get a good breakfast for half a dollar? Came to Olean, via Owego, and then fourteen miles over the hills behind such a fine team. The air was cool, the scenery delightful. How refreshing it was! Onward and upward we came, until at McLean I found the village filling up for the "Fifth Annual Meeting" of the Spiritualists of this county. What a welcome I received! The friends who had looked for me via Courtland, had given up my coming, and I was the only speaker, so I was truly acceptable. I had a fine time. I had left Cleveland down sick, and my journey was a weary one, but the kindness and sympathy I met gave me strength, and made my labor a success. We had a large assembly, from fifteen hundred to two thousand, some of whom came thirty miles. I believe in these Annual Meetings, and wish they might multiply. The good they do is too obvious to need elaboration.

Now I have been here some days, and all this time, thank heaven! I have not heard a whistle or smelt a whiff of brimstone smoke.

The far-off hills are blue, the nearer valleys green. The only sound is the distant clatter of a mower. Red raspberries line the roads and skirt the woodland; and I, "off the track" for the time, am "up to my eyes in clover." I grow better every day; I can fairly feel my nerves and veins swell with the vital magnetism of Mother Nature's breast. It has been cool, 50° last night at sundown. Corn is of no account; everything else magnificent; "heavier crops than for fifty years," so says May Day. McLean is a liberal community, and Spiritualism is making a conquest of the whole region round about. Here our mutual friend, J. M. Peebles, began his career as a Universalist preacher, and many are the pleasant memories he has left behind him; yet though his home now may be elsewhere in "The Universe," yet he has an abiding place here in the hearts of friends.

I have a little while to stay here, speaking a few times, then must take the iron line once more. Meanwhile I hear of wonderful phenomena I must investigate, and I saw Cornell University, which I am invited to visit. Possibly I may learn somewhat of interest concerning both; if so, you shall hear.

Sincerely yours,
 E. S. WHEELER.

McLean, Tompkins Co., N. Y., August 6, 1869.

Here and There.

Editors BANNER or LIGHT—Among the beautiful hills of New England, surrounded by the relatives and friends of our childhood, we have gained a new inspiration during the past few weeks.

This is the scene of our early life, and the fires of affection's altar have been rekindled, and the chords of sympathy and love stronger grown.

Not alone have we rejoiced with those still in the form, but a communion blessed in its reality has been our experience with loved spirit friends, and the veil of the physical senses has yielded to the spiritual vision, and this material earth faded before the beauties of the spirit-land here revealed to us.

How blessed this communion of spirits! How wonderful the results accruing to mortals from a knowledge of it.

July 27th we lectured in Stoughton, Mass. The Lyceum here is in a flourishing condition, and presents a goodly number of smiling faces from Sabbath to Sabbath.

August 1st was passed in the Randolph Lyceum. This we consider one of the very best it has been our good fortune to visit. Harmony Hall, in which it is held, is large and nicely furnished. The officers of this Lyceum disclose one secret of its success by their interest in and management of its pupils. Its discipline is excellent. The cause of Spiritualism will not suffer in Randolph if the present interest is maintained in the Lyceum.

We purpose going West this coming season. The invisible guide, with his silent attendants, bids us go forth, and we shall strive to obey his wish.

Most cordially thine,
 WILLIE F. WESTWORTH.

Address during September, Schoenectady, N. Y.
 Stoughton, Mass., August 9th, 1869.

Baltimore Lyceum.

DEAR BANNER—Doubtless many readers of your valuable paper will be pleased to hear from the Lyceums now in operation in the sunny South. Notwithstanding the opposition that Spiritualism has met with in this city, it has made rapid progress in the past two years. In the summer of 1867 our worthy brother, Mr. Jacob Weaver, and J. H. Weaver, started No. 1 Lyceum, with thirty-five members. Since then it has increased to ninety-four, and No. 2 was formed from No. 1, and they are making rapid progress. We have had two exhibitions, both of which proved a decided success, and we have just returned from our first basket picnic on the waters of the beautiful Chesapeake, all highly delighted with our day's pleasure. Our Lyceum meets every Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, in the Law Buildings, corner of St. Paul and Lexington streets, Baltimore. Weighing to be remembered by our sister Lyceums, I remain yours in truth,
 MRS. E. J. WILHELM.

Guardian and Secretary of Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1.
 Baltimore, Md., July 23, 1869.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY,
 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W. C., London, Eng.

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
 LAWRENCE WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of LUTHER COLBY, to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

Our Unknown Influence.

The influence which we knowingly and deliberately exert over others is astonishingly disproportionate to that which we exercise unconsciously. The question of Confucius, "How can a man conceal himself?" finds some visible share of its answer in the consideration of a fact that is so well established. There is a secret, silent, incalculable influence streaming forth continually from our characters, to which that from our actions is just to be properly compared. It is what we are, much more than what we do, that stamps our impress on other minds, colors others' sentiments, and helps to shape others' actions. Nor is it at all singular. It is a divine law that the most effective forces always work silently. Friction only indicates that something is in the way, and that the law is troubled with the obstruction; perfect smoothness and silence, on the contrary, indicates the unchallenged and thorough operation of the forces, and that the law works precisely as it should. We catch the hint clearly enough from the Creator himself; what he does he does without noise or proclamation, through established agencies, unseen, and never spoken of except in results. It is not the combative charges of electricity in opposing clouds that testify to his ever present power, so much as the subtle, secret fluid which everywhere charges the earth and the atmosphere, and, though unseen of mortal eye, is nevertheless a necessary condition of human existence.

Throughout the entire web and network of social life, this secret, unconscious influence radiates from us upon others whose lives are more or less affected by the contact. It begins in the family, and ends in the business and the government. It works from the private to the public, from the unseen to the seen, from within outwardly. We do not begin to compute the influence of the mother over the child, in speech, in action, in manners, in the whole character. The effect is never so positively visible as it would be if it were produced by a single process, after an effort which we could trace at a glance from its inception to its conclusion. The teacher exerts a wonderful influence over the pupil, and just where no effort is made and nothing is expected. The influence of legislation is not altogether that which is visibly aimed to be compassed, but something more and very different. That of the public man, of the speaker and teacher, of the individual who stands forth prominently in the community, of the author, of the man of business, of the professional man—the lawyer and physician, is beyond the reach even of their own control, not at all what they intended or even thought of, operated unconsciously, and effective above everything else. And so with the spoken word; it is not what is actually uttered so much as the expression which accompanies the speech; not so much the language of the lips as of the eyes and face; not the sound that goes into the ear so much as the indefinable impression it makes on the watchful spirit that tells of the actual influence. And yet how little is ever thought of this, and then not seriously. The feeling lapses finally into that of wonder merely, and we try to content ourselves with saying that we do not comprehend it.

Look at the strange and potent influence of fashion over the human mind. We laugh at sheep that all go through the same gap in the wall after their leader, but is there anything in it one half as ridiculous as the slavish pursuit of these arbitrary, unreasonable and ridiculous rules of costume which are periodically proclaimed by nobody knows whom, and followed so blindly by all classes and characters, ages and sizes in the community? Look at the silent influence of a calmly enthusiastic nature, that does not run to surface froth, but retains and still imparts more than ordinary natures are capable of even receiving. How singular it is that the presence of one such person will soon kindle into a flame, that gives both light and heat, all the sleeping elements of others' natures, the moment he comes in contact with them. And the secret influence of the face—what a wonder it is! We commonly suppose its features are under our control, when they utter an entirely different language from that spoken by us. It is the soul that speaks this time, and not the voice. The latter may be trained to deceit, may express too much or too little, but in such a case the face honestly refuses to sustain it. The true expression, and, therefore, the one that gives forth the real influence, is what the face offers, for that is from below the surface, from the very depths of the nature. And all this teaches us the perfectly simple lesson that there is one certain way to always secure perfect harmony between the outward and the inward expression; by cultivating the ever-living principle of good in our hearts, and thus bringing it to the surface on all occasions. And the truth further appears, in connection with this whole matter, that it is the spiritual part alone which exercises all the real influence, and exerts all the actual power with which our characters, words and deeds are to be credited.

Peebles a Consul.

Mr. Peebles informed us some months since that he expected an appointment from the Government as consul to Trebond. We now learn from *The Universe* that he has received his commission. It is a wonder he was not rejected on account of his belief in Spiritualism. This appointment gratifies us exceedingly, as it is a proof that bigotry is lessening its hold on the minds of men in authority, and that justice is sure to achieve victory in the long run. How will our ecclesiastical friends like this appointment? Not remarkably well, we opine. Progress is ever onward, however, and those who attempt to retard it, through selfishness or bigotry, will surely be crushed by its ponderous wheels. May success attend Bro. Peebles in his new mission, is the sincere wish of his hosts of friends.

Spiritualism in England.

The investigations of the London Dialectical Society have been brought to a close for the season. At the last meeting Mr. Percival stated that for many years before Spiritualism in its present phase had been talked about, he was subject to supernatural influences; once when he was anxious to decide whether he should enter as a student at Cambridge, Oxford or Dublin, he had a vision. He saw a collegiate room. In it were himself and a person peculiarly robed. Certain incidents took place, and the vision vanished. He decided on going to Oxford, when he was puzzled as to the Thirty-nine articles. A friend with whom he conversed invited him to his chambers. He went, and found he was in the room he had seen in his vision, his friend dressed in the same manner, and all the incidents occurred as foreseen.

Mrs. Anne Blackwell, of Paris, said she had seen at her own home interesting phenomena, which amply proved that they were produced by unseen intelligent powers; that doubtless there were diabolic spirits as well as the opposite, who produced the phenomena; but that as far as her experience went, she was opposed to treating them as "accursed"; that by kindness of feeling and advice tendered to those who behaved themselves wildly, she had results such as elicited from them expressions of thankfulness.

Mr. Hain Friswell declared that he had witnessed on one occasion that which appeared to be diabolic possession of several persons in a room, and that he by abjuration caused the whole phenomena to cease. In answer to a question, have you seen mesmerism will-power exercised without any invocation? he stated that he had not any such experience.

Mr. J. S. Berghelm stated that he was accustomed to the phenomena arising in mesmerism and biology, and that persons unacquainted with them should not imperiously denounce spiritualistic phenomena as diabolic till they had made themselves practically acquainted with the unseen powers of their natural life; that he had seen spiritual phenomena, and that he in one instance had seen a shoeblack close to his office "possessed"; that he put the crowd back quietly, took the boy's hand, and firmly requested (mentally) that the spirit should leave him. At once it did so, and the boy was at once restored to his right mind.

A lady who is called the Countess of Pomare protested that it was not fair and not consonant with the character of the Deity that all spiritual beings not Trinitarians should be considered diabolic.

The thanks of all present were presented to Dr. Edmunds and Mrs. Edmunds for their kindness to the members of the committee, witnesses and visitors during the several meetings of the Dialectical Committee on Spiritualism held at their residence.

We have had for the past fifteen years experiences similar to those related above by Miss Blackwell. Those denominated "diabolic," are people who have passed to spirit-life in an inharmonious or undeveloped condition—they are simply human still; but by manifestations of kindness and sympathy on our part, they speedily acknowledge the power of kindness—a law that is potent in such cases. And these unhappy ones have promised us "to cease from evil and learn to do good." Some of those who first came to us with evil intent, supposing they had no friends on earth, are now ever active in works of love. Our sympathy goes out to them continually. Oh that the inhabitants of earth would but put in practice daily the golden rule, then we should hear no more of Old Theology's devil "roaming up and down the earth seeking whom he might devour." On the contrary, the whole spirit-world would become a heaven indeed, and earth a paradise.

Be Up and Doing.

The article with the above heading, extracts from which we give below, was written by Oliver Jones Gerrish, who was formerly in our employ, and who "passed on" to the spirit-world some two years since, in the full faith of angel-communion. A correspondent writes us—and we endorse it fully—"Oliver was one of the finest men in heart and mind that ever lived on the face of the earth." He suffered greatly ere his transition, from consumption, but finally entered his rest sustained by our glorious spiritual gospel, which has been so often a "lamp to them that sit in darkness."

"To brook the subject of Temperance by calling attention to an address, or an article pleading its claims, or by soliciting personal cooperation in some movement calculated to advance its cause, or in any way seriously to allude to it, is, too often, to be met with the indifferent or perhaps scornful reply, 'Played out!' And to urge the vital importance of enlisting, in some capacity, in the army of temperance reform, is to be reproved for 'preaching out of season.' But the class of people who thus evade any attempt to enroll them under the temperance banner, is made up mostly of those who, in their own persons, or estates, or hopes and happiness, have not felt the heavy hand of the great destroyer, and are so in different or short-sighted as not to perceive that they are neglecting one of the most momentous duties and responsibilities that can devolve upon a human being. For no one with a decent claim to humanity, and anything like a perception of the relation, which we bear one to another, can lightly regard the subject, or withhold whatever he can contribute to its advancement."

Philosophers tell us that so intimate is the sympathy and so strong the connection between these human spirits of ours, that while there is one victim of sin, and consequent unhappiness in the universe, the joy of no other can be complete. If this be so, then how immensely must the progress of the human race toward happiness be checked by the use of intoxicating drinks! But whether or not this be true to its full extent, one thing we know—that a community of drunkards is not a safe basis for the liberties of the State. A wise and virtuous conduct of governmental affairs requires that every one who has any influence in molding them should be master of his faculties, and able at all times to discharge the duties devolving upon him. Many a man who was no representative at all of the better sense and purpose of the people among whom he lived, has owed his elevation to a place of power and responsibility solely to the agency of rum; and many a time has government—city, State and National—been crippled in consequence. Here, then, is an argument for the patriot, and every well wisher of his country, to exercise his influence in every way to purge our land of this, its greatest curse, intemperance—this tree of death, whose roots, to a greater or less extent, are in every household, and whose branches drop their dreadful fruit in hell."

A Discussion of Spiritualism.

D. W. Hull is to have a public discussion with a prominent Presbyterian minister, Rev. Mr. MacCarthy, at Salem, Ind., commencing September 6th, and continuing every day until the 11th, at noon, four hours each day. The theme is embraced in the following propositions:

Resolved, That the phenomena of modern Spiritualism proceed from spirits of the departed.

Resolved, That the Bible is the basis of moral obligations.

We learn that quite an interest is already stirring in regard to this discussion. Mr. Hull, we understand, is arranging for another discussion, to take place early in September, with the noted Elder Sweeney, of Chicago, a "Christian minister."

Newspaper Critics.

Every experienced newspaper editor necessarily has pass through his hands a very large amount of correspondence in the course of a year. Much of it would amuse the general reader were it put in print, especially the advice proffered from time to time. But without further remark here, we will give several specimens in brief:

No. 1 ironically writes: "I don't like your paper—stop it."

No. 2 says: "We cannot get along without the *Banner*—it is the best paper printed."

No. 3 remarks: "We don't like the illustrations in your paper—shall be obliged to stop it unless you discontinue them."

No. 4 says: "What a great improvement it is to your paper to give us pictorial illustrations of the spiritual phenomena; you manifest enterprise commensurate with the spirit of the age by so doing."

No. 5 (authoritatively, manuscript underscored,) informs us that he "wants more philosophical and scientific matter in the *Banner*—the paper is too eclectic," etc.

No. 6 adverts to our "original essays" as too astute for the common comprehension; the writer hopes we will omit the philosophical and scientific matter altogether, and fill the space with the spiritual phenomena.

No. 7 declares that the phenomenal matter is of no consequence, and would have us "print love stories—no matter whether true or not."

No. 8 thinks light literature proceeds from the devil, and therefore should not appear in a "spiritual" paper.

No. 9 is of the opinion that if we would print more articles on Shakerism there would be less "shaking of the dry bones" that Deuteronomy speaks of.

No. 10 admonishes us that if we would publish articles ignoring the marriage relation altogether, we should soon have a large accession to our subscription list.

No. 11, on the contrary, applauds us for adhering to the monogamic system of marriage, and assures us that we shall lose no patronage by continuing to stand upon that platform.

To all which we answer, that we edit our own paper, in our own way, and are not in the least biased by the vagaries of critics, whether male or female, old or young, rich or poor, white or black, married or unmarried, Christian or infidel. What one dislikes, another likes, hence our object is to give variety, in order to suit the general public. Be, therefore, patient, ye sapient critics. We know the great laws of Nature admonish us of change, ever-recurring change, and change we shall our editorial tactics... when we think change is demanded; and we feel confident that we are quite as competent to determine that eventful epoch as those who volunteer gratuitous advice. We do not say this in the least spirit of acrimony. Oh, no; for we are aware that many of our advisers are good sincere souls, who think they are doing us great service. Some are for, some against our course. The scales are about equally balanced. We are satisfied.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT IS SENT ANYWHERE WITHIN THE UNITED STATES ON THE RECEIPT OF THREE DOLLARS.

The Lesson of the Eclipse.

Those who happened to be on that comparatively narrow track, only one hundred and forty miles wide, in which the total phase of the eclipse of the sun was seen, may readily imagine what would occur to the earth and all its inhabitants, in the event of that, or his being blotted out of the heavens altogether. Suppose the terrible fact to be an accomplishment. Darkness reigns everywhere. How long could vegetation subsist without light, warmth, and electricity? How long could the animals live, deprived of the regular bounties of nature, fit the shape of harvests? How long could man continue an existence, which he would have to pass without inflating his lungs with pure oxygen, without feeling the penetrating and inspiring influences of the solar magnetism, without having his eye brightened or his cheek flushed by the sun's rays, without an aim or a stimulus, a hope or genuine health—if there were no great lamp hung in the heavens to divide the day from the night, to shower its subtle but all-powerful magnetic rays upon the race and the planet it inhabits, to start all things into life and motion, to fill the world with sounds and sights together, to give energy, to renew, to uphold, to cheer, to save? These are reflections which it would be well for all to take home to our hearts and minds, that by their help we may better appreciate the good gifts of the great Creator on whose free bounty we continually feed.

We print on our eighth page an interesting account of the eclipses which have taken place, including that of the 7th of August, 1869.

The Proselyting Business.

Certainly, it is precisely as much a business as anything that is done after the purely commercial style. The Pacific Road was hardly finished, the crowning golden spike hardly driven into that laurel sleeper, when we heard "this church and that, wide awake to the chances for swelling their numbers and stretching their tent-roofs, talk with marked energy about 'planting the gospel' along that great transcontinental route. They went into the details of the plan with remarkable gusto; calculated how badly the 'gospel' was needed out in that still uninhabited country, and what a victory it would surely be to get in with their ecclesiastical organizations before any of their competitors could do it. Yet here at home, at that very moment, too, they were making sorry complaints that religion was dying out—that their ministry was unfruitful—that converts failed to come forth—and that everything was going as fast as it could to the dogs of infidelity. Now the very natural question suggests itself—If these organizations—called Orthodoxy, in the mass—cannot sustain themselves on their own ground, at home, what is the necessity or sense of their going abroad? Does religion, pure and undiluted, consist in gaining over members, "converts" so called, to churches—or in perfecting the life and cultivating the soil at home? "What answer?"

A. E. Newton.

We published in our issue of July 31st the declaration of principles passed by the Spiritualist Convention at Plymouth in 1859, but inadvertently omitted to mention that the resolutions, which we so fully endorsed editorially, were drawn up by Mr. Newton. It is not however too late to do him justice. Although not an active worker at present in the broad field of Spiritualism, yet nevertheless Mr. Newton's heart is in the work as devotedly as ever.

A SPLENDID VARIETY OF VERY POPULAR BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE. SEE ADVERTISEMENTS; ALSO SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUES.

The Annual Spiritualist Camp Meeting takes place at Pierpont Grove, Malrose, this week, full particulars of which will be found in a card on our sixth page.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the **Banner of Light** was claimed by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of—

Mrs. J. H. Conant.
while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate the way to the future, whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles
Are suspended during the hot season. They will be resumed on the first Monday in September next.

Invocation.

Oh Lord, thou hast tuned our lips to praise thee, our hearts to understand thee, and our hearts to worship thee. By thee, we mean all that is good; all that can lead us to higher estates; all that can show us the way of duty, and strengthen us to do it; all that can cause us to think more of our neighbor than of ourselves; all that can make us feel that divine love toward our enemies that Jesus, our brother, could feel; all that can make us more humane; all that can teach us charity and love; all that is elevating justice. Our Father, our Life, thou art an ever-present God amongst us; whether we are away from earth and its scenes, or whether we are dwelling in the midst of human life, thy power is present with us, thine everlasting wisdom meets us on every hand. Oh grant that we may understand it; grant that we may feel that divine inspiration that goes through all thy Scriptures everywhere. May it enter our hearts; may it become absorbed by our being; may it lead us away from all creeds, and lead us to that pure and undiluted religion that standeth apart from church formulas; that knoweth no creed; that hath its altar everywhere; that there is a human heart. Oh our Father, in the darkness of despair we do sometimes fear that thou art absent. But even then there is something in our inner and better natures that teaches us of thy nearness, that whispers, "I am here; I am here." Almighty Spirit, let the dew of thy divine inspiration fall like summer showers upon these mortals. May it revive their hopes; may it strengthen their faith; may it give unto them that of which they stand in spiritual need. And in times to come, may angels, holy and pure, be their attendants, and when this life is closed, may the other open to them with joy and not with sorrow. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—In conformity to your custom, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to consider whatever queries you may have to present.

Q.—If, upon leaving the body, the spirit gravitates to a congenial sphere, how can it be unhappy? or, in other words, how can you reconcile congeniality with unhappiness?

A.—I do not understand that spirits at death are ushered immediately into a congenial sphere. I do understand that they may gravitate, each one to their own proper sphere, whatever or wherever it may be. No one can occupy the sphere belonging to another. It is congenial to their needs, to their state, but not to their desires, therefore it does not provoke happiness. The second state of existence, or that which is so understood to be by you, is a very natural state, devoid of all the lines of castles and creeds, and conventionalities of this state. Here, people, by virtue of the needs of this life, dwell in states that do not belong to them spiritually. It is not so in the other life. Gold cannot buy place or position. Wealth, that wealth that is recognized to be such by the soul, purchases only for the soul that that the soul is ready to receive, nothing more.

Q.—Is the spirit-world a definite locality, or is it anywhere and everywhere?

A.—It is anywhere; it is everywhere. Life is spirit, and as life is everywhere, the spirit-world is everywhere.

Q.—What did Jesus mean by asking to be clothed with the glory he had with the Father, before the world was?

A.—He doubtless recognized his prior existence, knew that he had come from a pure, divine and holy state. His spirit recognized that fact, no doubt, and while it struggled through the clouds of mortality, his spirit prayed to be restored to that state of purity and happiness and peace. At another time he says: "Before Abraham was, I am," clearly determining that he recognized a previous life.

Q.—Was that previous life something peculiar to him?

A.—Oh, no; it belongs to every one of us.

Q.—A conscious life?

A.—Consciousness is a function, and it acts in harmony and sympathy with its surroundings, with the organic life upon which it plays. It is dependent upon the organic life by which it is surrounded, for expression. We do not always remember that this has been with us, and yet we have come up through an infinite number of gradations in life. We cannot remember when we were babes, and yet we were babes.

Q.—I do not understand where you mean to say that he had a conscious existence prior to his earthly birth or not?

A.—I do mean to say that he had a conscious existence prior to his earthly birth.

Q.—Do you mean to say that of all others?

A.—I do, certainly. I mean to say it of you and of myself.

Q.—It seems that Jesus was conscious of this pre-existent state, and that none of us are. Does not that mark a superiority of Jesus over all others?

A.—No. Pythagoras was conscious of the same. Confucius was also conscious of the same. Socrates and Epimenides were conscious of the same.

Q.—Will you refer me to any particular place in their writings, or in history, that will prove this?

A.—No. I cannot refer to any that will prove it.

Q.—That will testify to it?

A.—I am quite sure that you will find such facts relating to those persons laid down in the work by Mr. Farley, entitled "The Lives of the Seers." And again, you will find it in ancient history, both sacred and profane. With regard to such a memory in the life of Confucius, Chinese records speak very largely.

Q.—Are these records within our reach?

A.—Many of them have been translated—many have not. Those that have, are within your reach.

Q.—Is it within the power of the controlling influence to refer to the page?

A.—No, it is not. I have it not in memory just now.

Q.—Do we recognize each other in the spirit-world?

A.—Certainly, we do.

Q.—Can our friends that have passed away have any influence over us for good or evil?

A.—They do, certainly, have a very large influence, both for the good and for the lesser good, which you call evil.

Q.—Can we know the good from the evil?

A.—You can only determine concerning the good or the evil by your own spiritual sight. That which clearly defines itself to be good to you, is such to you. It may not be so to the world, but to you it is good. It will be safe to follow it.

Q.—Can you tell us what Shakespeare meant when he said: "To die, to sleep no more?"

A.—Shakespeare was a very gifted agent, standing between this world and that which is more spiritual than this; and because he was, he uttered many sayings which those who were around him could not understand. They were vague, misty, indefinite to those who surrounded him; but to him they were great truths, infinite in themselves.

Q.—Can you answer the question directly—give the meaning of the sentence, "To die, to sleep no more?"

A.—It is impossible to tell just what he meant. To me it might mean one thing, to him it might mean quite another.

Q.—It has been said through the medium that disembodied spirits would return to rehaunt the earth. Is that an individual opinion, or is it a fact of which spirits have positive knowledge?

A.—Judging from the experience of other spiritualized or etherized planets, it is a positive scientific fact, not a mere speculation.

Q.—Persons lose all remembrance of a previous existence, do they not?

A.—Not always.

Q.—What is the meaning of those signs I see in the sky, of all kinds and colors?

A.—Visions, doubtless, given you by those spiritual beings who are in rapport with you.

Q.—Shall I ever know their meaning?

A.—Doubtless you will in the future life, if not in this. They are probably the symbols of some idea that your spiritual attendants desire to convey to your mind.

Harry Sherburne.

I feel pretty strange here. I am from Dunkirk, New York, sir. Harry Sherburne is my name. I was in my thirteenth year. I went away last February. I've got an aunt here that was a believer before she died. Has been trying ever since she died to come back here, as she promised to if her religion was true. She said she would come back, and she has never been able to. So she says that all the folks think of course it is n't true. She has been trying to have me come back ever since I came here. She thought I could better than she, and I can, you see. I should like to see my mother and talk with her a great deal better than coming this way, but I was obliged to come this way. I could tell a great many things about our family, but I don't suppose they would want to have me here. Should like to tell mother that I have found father, since I came here. That is, he is n't in this world with me, but he is in mother and I found him. And I found here in this spirit-world my cousin Hattie, that died just before I did. It is Aunt Margaret that is here that believed in these things before she died, and she wants the folks to know that it is all true, and she is going to redeem her promise just as soon as she can.

I am happy here, now. I was n't at first, because I don't understand things so well, but I am now, and don't think I'd come back to stay if I could.

Good-afternoon, mister. [You might give your mother's name.] Martha. Her mother here says she was christened Patty, but I never knew she had that name at all. I always thought her name was Martha.

Nancy Clark.

I don't know scarcely anything about this way of return. I used to live in Eastport. My name was Clark—Nancy Clark. I lived here seventy-six years, and I thought I was a Christian. I don't know now. They tell us here that Christianity don't consist in going to meeting and saying your prayers, and that like. It consists in obeying the spirit of Christ, not the letter. So I don't know—I don't know; can't say as I was a Christian. I went to meeting, and I thought then I was a Christian, but I don't know now; suppose I wasn't. I had two sons, and I had a daughter, and there was a strange story connected with her. She went away—well—well—

I must say I was to blame. It worried me terribly for years. I don't think I was a Christian. I don't think I was. She is living now in Illinois. I want to meet her if I can. I want to reach her. I don't care so much about the boys. I don't feel so about them. Abijah, he went South and got into some speculation about negroes. [You thought that was all right, didn't you?] No, I didn't think it was all right. You are mistaken there, I didn't think it was all right. I told him the Lord would punish him, and I guess he has, pretty good too. I'm glad of it—glad of it. But my daughter Melinda—I want to reach her. I want to tell her I don't think I was a Christian. She said I was n't. She told the truth. I want to tell her I've found out she told the truth, and I'm sorry. I am sorry. I shall feel better now. Why do you know, if almost made me crazy. I knew I was n't doing right there. I knew I was n't, but I felt so pesky worked up I couldn't get any different there. My human nature got the better of my Christianity. I don't know but what it was always uppermost. I think it was. Tell her I want to talk to her. Tell her to find me a medium and let me talk to her. I shall be glad. Tell her I have repented. Oh, I have repented through and through for what I did. I told her to go away and never let me see her again. I did. It was a terrible thing, and I suffered terribly for it, too. Well, we don't know, do we, till we suffer? [How long have you been in the spirit-world?] I been here high on to nineteen years. Long enough to know better. Long enough to get my eyes open. I can see you suffer all this time? I have. And there don't nobody need to go to any worse hell. They'd get hell enough if they been where I've been. [You will be able to go to your daughter now if you wish to.] Oh, I do; I want to so much. [You can go directly and stand by her side. You have n't been able to, have you?] No. Another punishment for me. God would n't permit it. [You can go and influence her, perhaps, to get this message. Do you know exactly where she is?] No; I did n't know for fourteen years before I died. She was gone fifteen years before I died, and I did n't know for fourteen years. I suppose she married Eliphaz Wilkins.

Gilbert Cummings.

I am not at all acquainted with this way of communicating to the friends we have here, but I am very anxious to reach my son. I hesitated a good deal, and tried to inform myself about these things, but I have come to the conclusion that the longer I wait the further off I shall be from what I desire to reach. I believed in no kind of religion when I was here. I had no faith in any future state of existence, so my life here in the spirit-world since I came here has been rather unsettled. I have been drifting about without a ruler. The greater portion of my life here on the earth was spent as it should be. My principal occupation was in buying and selling of ardent spirits. I know very well, you will say that was a very poor occupation. I don't blame you. I don't blame you. I've been trying very hard since I come to the spirit-world to throw off the unpleasant conditions that attended me to this world on account of my manner of life on earth. I have succeeded as well as I could expect, but I am not out of the shadow, by any means. I lived here on the earth long enough to have known a better way than that, but I somehow or other could n't seem to get out of the groove I was in. I made several attempts, but was unsuccessful. It seemed as if some fatality was binding me to that one business. I could n't get out of it. I aspired, God knows I did, to something better than that. I seemed compelled to remain in and go out of this world in this unhappy condition. I am better off now.

My son is a minister of the gospel here. He went away from home under very peculiar circumstances. He was wild, and inclined to drink, and why should n't he be? I brought him up in that element. But suddenly he took it into his head to go away. He went; he reformed; he became what they call a Christian; he studied for the ministry. I was very glad to hear of it. Although I had no faith in what he believed, yet I was very glad to know that he had reformed, and was very glad to know that he had shaken off, to a great extent, the darkness that was thrown around him in his early life. I want to reach him now, if I can. I really wish that you would be kind enough to direct a paper to Rev. Gilbert Cummings, and send it to Westboro, Mass., for me, when it comes out; I will be very much obliged to you. I want to talk with him. I want to come into communication with him. I can make him better for it, and I can gain a great deal myself. I want to do good by coming, and not evil. I want him to understand that. Good-day, sir. Gilbert Cummings. [Did you reside in Boston?] I did. [How old were you?] Nearly threescore. June 24.

Prayer and questions answered by Cardinal Cheverus; letters answered by William Berry.

Invocation.

Our Father, give us to drink this day from the fountain of truth, and may we receive that bread which cometh from the which shall nourish our souls for eternity and strengthen us in the way of our duty. Thou Holy Spirit, whose infinite life is shed upon us every hour, what shall we ask of thee that thou hast not already bestowed upon us? With life thou hast given us many blessings, and with what men call death thou hast crowned us with the knowledge of immortality, and steadily thou art leading us on, holding us closely in thine embrace; wherefore, then, shall we fear and tremble? Oh Lord, we would stand face to face with thy greatness, and worship thee truly. Oh Lord, we would stand face to face with thy justice, and learn what justice may be. Oh Lord, we would stand face to face with thy mercy and thy love and thy charity, and learn what they are with thee. Grant, our Father, that we may long visit the earth, fulfilling our

duty and ministering unto the needs of those who are in want. Oh life of this hour, oh strength of our weakness, we would cast all our shades and sunbeams at thy feet, and we ask thee to baptize us anew with strength, with faith—not that that is without works, for that amounteth to nothing; but give us that faith that goes hand in hand with works. Give us that distinct realization of thy love within us—thine holy spirit an ever-present blessing. Grant that we may praise thee as the flowers praise thee (alluding to a bouquet on the table), to thy beauty as they exhale their fragrance upon the air. Oh grant that our praises may be as simple, as perfect and as divinely true. Oh our Father, may our prayers be also like their prayers. May we ask only for what we need. And if, in our ignorance, we should call for what we do not need, we know that thy wisdom will withhold it. Father, receive our poor thoughts, bless in thine own way, and lead us according to thine own wisdom. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—How do spirits obtain the food they use? What equivalent do they give for it? Do they work for it as we do here? and if so, are they subject to the terrible reverses humanity experiences upon this earth on that account?

A.—It is said that it is the order of Nature, in the physical life, to obtain bread by the sweat of the brow, by toil, by exertion; and we may add further that to obtain anything that ministers either to our pleasures or our needs, we must exert ourselves, we must toil. There is a kind of labor that belongs especially to the physical body, the physical, organic life, and there is another kind of labor which belongs to spiritual life. This kind is desire—ardent, earnest desire. You are not well at the kind that belongs to physical life. You are not unacquainted with the toll of the hands, of the feet, the exerting of the members of the body to obtain what is necessary to sustain the body. But you are not so well acquainted with that which belongs more especially to the spirit; although you have eat, many, perhaps all of you, in the primary school of that spirit-labor, yet you have hardly crossed the threshold. Yes, spirits do labor to obtain what is necessary for them to have. They labor by earnest desire, but they do not meet with those terrible reverses that are met with here. The soul's needs in the soul-world stand out prominent and clear, and they demand a supply. And as the great Father Spirit has furnished an adequate supply for every want, no desire can have a fruitless birth. It must draw to itself that which the soul has need of. A very large class of spirits, who are as yet magnetically attached to the earth and earthly conditions, obtain much of their sustenance through the action of human life, through the magnetic conditions that belong partly to human life, or stand as agents between this world and the world of souls. This subtle element called magnetism is the agent in the hands of those who can understand it; and a very powerful agent, too. Poverty is known to the spirit after death, but not that kind of poverty that is experienced here. The soul can possess itself at will of all that is necessary for its good, for its advancement, for its unfoldment. The law of mine and thine is done away with in the spirit-world. Let us thank the great Father for that. No soul can hug to its bosom any more of God's than that it has need of. No one can have more of the beauty of the spirit-world than it can well appropriate. Therefore you see there is enough for all.

Q.—Am I right in believing that the body serves to develop the spirit or spirit-body, and, having answered its purpose, fades and dies—the spirit-body, having attained its maturity, remains firm, not blurring in the slightest degree in the decay of the material body, and presenting the same appearance when the man dies at the age of ninety that it would if he had died at thirty-five or forty?

A.—Your correspondent is very nearly correct. The spirit-body is indeed, to a very great extent, a production of the physical body and physical, magnetic life. And that spirit-body is not always matured here in this life. The infant possesses the spirit-body of the infant, and that spirit-body matures after death, perhaps just as well as before that change.

Q.—Do the souls of men and women essentially differ, independently of the conditions that surround their bodies?

A.—Not as souls; in essence they are one; but in the manifestation that accrues from the essence they are more than one.

Q.—What is the difference between spirit and animal magnetism?

A.—The difference is in degree. One is more refined than the other. Animal magnetism is that that is adapted to animal life; more crude, more dense than that adapted to spirit-life. In essence they are one. They differ only in degree.

Q.—Is the power emanating from healers of the sick this spirit-power, or is it blended with physical force?

A.—It is sometimes pure spirit-power; at other times it is pure animal power; at other times it is a blending of the two.

Q.—Do our thoughts originate in our own brain, or are we impressed with them?

A.—I do not believe that, in the absolute, we can originate a single thought. I believe that all mind is connected, and that each seemingly separate and distinct manifestation through human life is connected with all other manifestations, and, therefore, affected by it. So, then, we cannot tell how far we are impressed from outside sources, or how far we may claim the thought as our own. I do not believe in any absolute originality of thought.

Q.—Here, then, does accountability come in?

A.—We are accountable because accountability is the order of Nature. We are accountable to ourselves for every deed we perform, for every thought we think. We are not divested of our accountability because we are connected with God, because God holds us, because he overshadows us and determines concerning our every act, by no means. Since we have reason, that will hold us accountable for every deed and every thought.

Q.—Will not the reason he has given us, and the influences he has put around us, render us fit to answer for that accountability?

A.—Yes, certainly; it will educate to a standard whereon we shall be capable of being our own judges, and of deciding concerning our acts and thoughts. God has placed a different educator within every soul.

Q.—If God works within us both to will and to do, how can we work ourselves?

A.—Since we cannot separate ourselves from God, or God from us, we must work in consonance with God, if we work at all. Our works are essentially God's works; can be no less.

Q.—Does everything take place by necessity? Could there be, by any possibility, a different state of things as regards human action?

A.—The doctrine of "whatever is, is right," when divinely considered, is true, because all the manifestations of Nature or of mind are of necessity, all children born legitimately from the Father. That a thing is, to me proves that there was a necessity for it.

Q.—Has not our early education more to do with molding our religious sentiments than anything else?

A.—Yes, it has almost everything to do with it. In fact, all the religious opinions on the earth are the result of education. Every soul possesses a religious element, and it depends upon outside circumstances or education for unfoldment. It turns whichever way you call it. Take whatever children you please, you can educate them just as you please. You can make them Catholic or Protestant. You can cause them to bow down in sincerity and truth to idols, or you can cause them to worship the spirit, God. Education is the great master-workman that chisels out all your religious statutes.

Q.—What then is the best method to counteract the prejudices of the different sects that now exist in the world?

A.—There is no special standard, to my mind, that can be erected, that will serve well for all. Some souls have need to germinate in this life under the shadows. They can be better unfolded under the shades of error perhaps than in any other way. It is better to have the religious element brought out, even though erroneously, than to have it remain ununfolded for the unfoldment. The golden rule, as given by Confucius, and in later years practiced by Jesus, is the only standard that can in any degree minister unto the needs of all, that I know of. That, so far as it goes, will answer for all, for every living soul, and in my opinion for all time.

Ellen Maria Barrett.

I wish to reach my sister, in New Bedford. I was Ellen Maria Barrett. I was born and died in

New Bedford. I was a daughter of James E. Barrett and Mary Ellen. I was educated to believe in the gospel as taught by Elder Howe, of New Bedford, the Christian Baptist pastor at the Bethel—Moses Howe. It is so strange to me that one can live such a long life and not become more spiritually enlightened. I used to say to them that there were many strange inconsistencies in the Christian religion, but I was taught to believe that those inconsistencies were the mysteries of God, and we should not meddle with them. In my childhood I once told my mother, it was said, that if ever I went to heaven and became acquainted with Jesus I would ask him if certain forms and ceremonies attached to the different religious faiths were true, and I would ask him if he originated them, and if he did, what he was so foolish for. Well, I have not had the privilege of conversing with him, but I have of conversing with those of equal spiritual stature with himself, and they have told me that the religion of a people always corresponded to the spiritual unfoldment of that people. They cannot embrace a religion that they are not spiritually unfolded to embrace. The Catholics are Catholics because they are spiritually unfolded to be such. They do not receive anything, but that. The religion of each soul depends upon its unfoldment as a soul, and the religion of a people is fashioned and molded by the intellectual and spiritual culture of the people. I have met John Calvin, and I was bold enough to ask him how he could have found it in his heart to stand by and see Michael Servetus burned at the stake as he did. And his answer was, "My poor child, I was spiritually blinded, and I thought I was serving God by doing as I did, but I found in later years I was only serving my own ignorance." I have seen a good many other religious people, and I have talked with some of them, yes, a good many of them, and they all told, in substance, the same story.

Now I want my mother and my sister to depart from the old way and enter the new, and instead of believing in form and ceremony, to believe in a divine rite, believe in that baptism of the soul as a divine rite in that which does not lie in outward form and ceremony, but which comes to us and baptizes us for every good deed we do. We receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost for every benevolent deed we do, for every holy thought. I used to think so when here, and I was called strange, and very many times I have been called sacrilegious because I would at times meddle with what was called the mysteries of godliness.

I only lived twenty-three years here in earthly life. I would have my mother and sister know that I did not have to wait for the fabled resurrection day, for it so happens that the soul is resurrected when it parts with the body. And in a certain other sense we are perpetually being resurrected. Whenever we are satisfied that a certain course is not the best course, that certain ideas are not the best ideas, and we leave them for others that are better, we are resurrected. Christ is born anew in every soul every day and every hour. I thought so when here—I know so now. Tell my mother that I have come back to preach religion. I used to say I would like to, for there was a something in my spirit that seemed to overleap many of the dark shadows that are attached to all the religious faiths that I ever heard of.

No consumption here, in this beautiful spirit-world. No fading of the body such as is seen in earthly life, but a perpetual spring-time. Oh it is glorious, and my mother need not expect to find her friends in the spirit-world old and infirm. Dear old grandmother is just as beautiful as in her young life here. So mother need not look to find her as she went out of this life—physically enfeebled. Farewell, sir.

Patrick O'Brien.

I'm pretty well, sir, and how is it with yourself? [Quite well, thank you.] Faith, I was never fond of being a long while about anything. If I was going to do anything at all, I was always up and going to do it right away. Well, sir, my name is O'Brien. [The first name?] Patrick, sir. Yes, sir. Now you see, I've a brother here in this city—Boston, and I have a wife (this was given, in a very loud voice)—oh, I forgot; I thought you was deaf. [Oh no, I only want you to speak loud enough for the audience to hear.] Yes, sir; well, I will do that, then. You see that the chap who has control here, he told me to overcome the difficulty that I might find because of the lady who left him just now. I'd have to speak very loud. Well, I don't see any difficulty at all. I am all right. Now, then, what I want is to get at my brother James, if I can—communicate with him some way, and I'd like to communicate with the old woman, if I could. [I think you may.] Faith, I don't know. [You can address your message to the priest, and ask him to inform your wife.] Yes, sir; I am thinking the priest will have his hands full if he carries all the budgets that's carried to the confessional. He will have as much as he can do all the time. It's all right. It's good for him. Might as well be carrying them as carrying the hod—won't hurt him any more. What I want is to communicate with my brother, that is, I want him to know I can come, and provide a way so I can come to him. [Call on some medium, whom you can control.] Yes, sir, that's it; that's what I want.

Now about the old woman. I don't know. You see, I like to say some things, but I suppose—well, maybe it not be just the thing to say what I want to say. I don't know. [You must be the judge.] Faith, well, then, I might as well—well, she sometimes takes a drop too much. Yes, sir, and it's not so much herself I care for, not so much that, as for the boy and girl. I care for them. One six, the other eight. Not large enough to know anything about these things; but it's a very bad thing to have 'em seeing their mother taking too much. And that's what brings me back more nor anything else at all. Now, you see, what I want is this: that the priest will refuse her absolution unless she gives that up, out and out. That's it. One may as well make a clean sweep as any way. That will fetch her to her tea quicker than anything else. Pretty good O'Connell, drunk or sober.

Well, I have n't been here—most four years. It's a pretty late day to be coming back. I s'pose you'll say, Faith, I was going to say so late as some of the chaps I was coming back. [Where did you die?] In Boston. I have a kind of a bilious colic or something—died with that. Pretty tough way it is, too; I took too much cold water and green things—a mess of stuff I ate. I got out pretty quick, I know, that's all. [How old were you?] Thirty-two. Well, you have it all, have you? [Yes.] Well, sir, then I will take my departure, because I never want to be staying idle.

Francis Freeman.

I was called Francis Freeman when here. I was born in Illinois, in Springfield. Early in the rebellion I went South. I was what was termed a Northern rebel. I sympathized with the Confederacy, although I was from over the line. I do not care to say what influences were acting upon me, if there were any, inducing me to take the course I did. Suffice it to say, I took it, as my friends know. And because I did, there was more or less estrangement between me and some of my friends even went so far as to cut me off entirely, saying they never wished to see me again or hear from me, that I had become lost to all sense of justice, and was no longer entitled to their sympathy. Well, I am not here to-day to plead for sympathy. I am only here to say that it is impossible for us always, as individuals, to successfully stem the tide that seems to be carrying us on to a certain point. Influences over which we have little or no control, sometimes determine cases for us. I presume if I was here on the earth and was influenced to do the same that I did when here, I should do the same, notwithstanding I now see it was not the best course. I took it. I died away from my friends, and some of them are to this day mourning over my fate, and wondering why I took such a course. This religious philosophy will be new to them. They do not understand it. They will think very strange of my returning in this way. Therefore, you see, I must arm myself with a sufficient amount of evidence to identify myself. When I had made up my mind to go South, my friends said, "You are arranging for your funeral." I said, "It may be so, still I can't help going on with the work." One of my friends gave me a Bible, on the fly-leaf of which was written, "Cursed is he who abandoneth his country in the hour of need." Another gave me an American emblem, the stars and stripes, a pin enameled in colors, with the prayer that when I looked at it I should

abandon the Confederacy and be loyal to the old flag. Still I persisted in my course. I have only spoken of two gifts. There were others, but I only speak of these because of the peculiar circumstances attending them. I declare if these persons are not so greatly prejudiced against this manner of return, that they will give me the privilege of speaking, not to plead my case, not to ask for their sympathy, but simply to make a statement which shall be in all respects true. They have heard, no doubt, of the manner of my death, so there was no need of my speaking of it here. Good-day.

Lucy Peterson.

[The spirit seemed to hesitate to speak, and the Chairman said, "Do not be afraid; say what you please."] To my mother, can I? [Yes.] Well, tell my mother that George and I are alive. My name is Lucy Peterson, and George is my brother. Tell mother we are alive. We did die, but we came to life again. [When?] Last spring, in March. We died with diphtheria—both of us. George died first, and before three months I died, too, and he was all alive before I died. He had all come to life. [Was he ready to meet you?] Yes, sir. He was most ten years old, and I was eight. Nettie and the baby did n't take it. Tell mother, won't you? That we are alive, and that she must n't cry about us, and tell people we are dead. [You are often with her, are you not?] Yes; and George wants to come too, and tell her that next winter he wants her to give his new sled to some little boy that can't get any. It is the Gen. Grant, and it's got a red cushion on top. He had it new, but he did n't use it any, did n't have any chance to go out coasting. [Where did you live?] In New York city. [Will your mother get this message?] Yes, sir, father will, and then she will. He is in Philadelphia; he is an agent, and is there on business, George says. [Does George travel with him, sometimes?] Yes, sir, and he gets cross, George does, because father don't know it. [Tell him to be patient, and perhaps he will understand it by-and-by.] Yes, sir; good-by.

Prayer and questions answered by Cardinal Cheverus; letters answered by William Berry.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, June 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edward Ferris, of Boston, to his mother; Nathaniel Nichols Simpson, of Boston; Annie C. Stanton, to her brother, in New York city.

Thursday, July 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Richard Garby, of New Bedford, to his mother; William Koulston; Nettie Brooks, of Waukegan, Ill., to her mother.

Friday, July 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edward Ferris, of Boston, to his mother; Nathaniel Nichols Simpson, of Boston; Annie C. Stanton, to her brother, in New York city.

Saturday, July 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Walter A. Williams, of Dunkirk, N. Y., to his parents, in Savannah, Ga.; Minnie Thayer, of Provincetown, Mass., to her father, Captain Thomas Thayer, of New Bedford, Mass., lost from the bark "Elba," 16 years ago; Johnnie Jones.

Sunday, July 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Richard Sims, of Savannah, Ga., to his father; Florence Stevens, of Norwich, Conn., to her father; Lucile Austin, of San Francisco, to her parents.

Tuesday, July 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Thomas Garby, of New Bedford, to his mother; S. H. Mary Ann Swazey, of Alfred, Me., to her friends in Boston.

Thursday, July 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Albert Field, of Taunton, Mass.; Mrs. Abbie Pike; James L. O'Brien, of Missouri, to his sister; R. Ericsson; Jennie Reed, of House's Point, to her mother.

Sunday, July 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Albert Field,

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