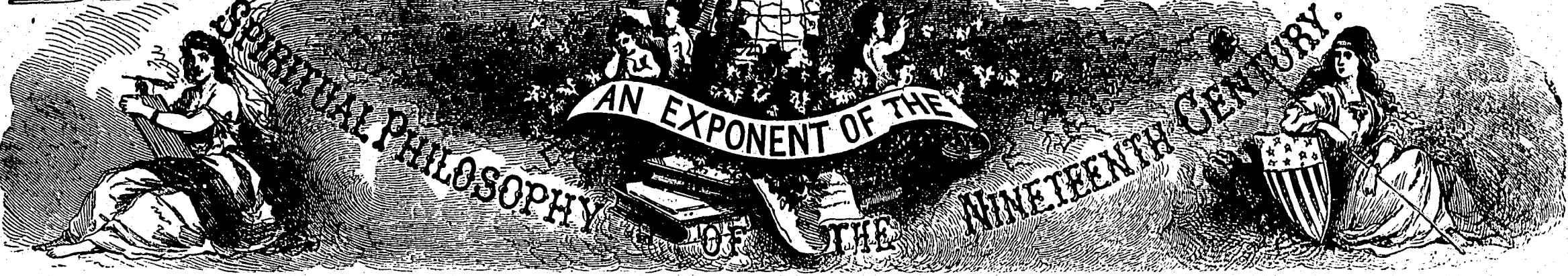


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXVII.

(WM. WHITE & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.)

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1870.

(\$3.00 PER ANNUM,
In Advance.)

NO. 21.

The Lecture Room.

THE UNITY OF GOD.

A LECTURE BY THOMAS GALES FORSTER,
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Feb. 19th, 1870.
Reported for the Banner of Light.

I am to address you this afternoon, my friends, upon the UNITY OF GOD, from the following texts: 1. John v. 7: "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one." John x. 30: "I and my Father are one."

One of the ablest of the British essayists has said:

"There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that church joins together the two great ages of civilization. This is the only institution left standing, the history of which carries the mind back to the period when the smoke of sacrifice arose in the Pantheon, and when the tiger and the leopard bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest of the royal houses of Europe are as but yesterday, in comparison with the line of her Pontiffs. The history of that line carries the mind back along the pathway of the ages, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth, and far beyond the time of Pepin, until well-nigh lost in the twilight of fable. She saw the rise of all the governments and church institutions that now exist in Europe or America. She was great and respected before the Saxon set foot in Britain, and before the Frank had passed the Rhine; when Grecian eloquence flourished in Antioch, and when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca, and it is her boast that she stands to-day where she stood centuries ago."

The history of the last seven hundred years in Europe, followed by the history in America, clearly evinces that the general mind has been progressing in every department of secular thought. But in religion you can trace no constant progress. Several times since the organization of the church in western Christendom, the intellect of man has arrayed itself against the power of the Catholic Church; and not always has she come forth from the conflict unscathed.

During the age immediately preceding what is termed the Protestant Reformation, the court of Rome had become a scandal to the Christian name. Her leading leaders, such as Leo X., had adopted the atheistical and scoffing tendencies of the Augustan age. But when her dogmas began to be attacked, when doctrine after doctrine was assailed, and when action after action withdrew from the acknowledged domain of her spiritual dominion, it became apparent that such leaders were not sufficient for the control and development of her power. Better men, however, arose—more spiritual and sincere—such as Paul IV., Pius V., and Gregory XIII.; and as these were the leaders, so the people became. And thus, while the Protestant Reformation was rapidly progressing at one extremity of Europe, a Catholic revival was being carried on as rapidly at the other. But alas for both branches, neither relied sufficiently upon moral and spiritual force, but, in their mistaken zeal, resorted to the sword for the propagation of their principles. The Inquisition was revived with new powers, and inspired with new energy. And though seemingly prosperous, the Mother Church was sowing the seed of her own destruction, and eventually in the overthrow of her temporal power, at least.

Thus much I have uttered mainly in the language of the author referred to, as partly expressive of my own views in regard to that wonderful institution, the Roman Catholic Church, because, in attacking one of her dogmas, as I propose to do this afternoon, I do not wish to be understood as condemning all her tenets, or as wanting in respect for the principles of truth that underlie many of the items of her faith. A beautiful vein of spirituality courses throughout her teachings, well-nigh covered up, however, with the dust of the darker ages, and very essentially counteracted by the materialistic influences arising from her ideas of ecclesiastical authority—for the maintenance and perpetuity of which authority, the Ecumenical Council at present assembled in Rome may be esteemed as the last dying effort.

The reader of ecclesiastical history is well aware that hitherto the treatment of Christian theology has oscillated between Church authority and individual impulse and feeling—reason throughout having played but an incidental and secondary part. The ablest writers agree in the declaration that the early misapplication of reason in the endeavor to determine, by way of speculative inference, the essential nature of the Deity, could only end in discomfiture. And that the Trinitarian controversy of the first centuries, which was but a hopeless entanglement, in which the mind, driven from point to point by its own ingenuity, could but eventually register the evidence of its torture and despair, in the unintelligible jargon of the Athanasian Creed! At the dawn of the Protestant Reformation, Reason again undertook to grapple with the dogmas which had gained possession of the Christian mind during the middle ages. But there is a well-grounded apprehension to-day, that this attempt has turned out as unfortunately as any former one. For although Protestantism claims for its adherents the right of private judgment, still it is rightly declared on every hand that no firm alliance can be said to exist in the present day between faith and reason—but rather a mystical coalition between the received dogma and the internal sentiment. So that, if a man cannot prove the truth of his position, he can at least school himself to feel that he is right—the dogma may be arbitrarily limited to meet the feeling, or the feeling enlarged to comprehend the mysteries of the dogma. Hence, a Protestant writer of ability has declared that Christianity in the present day "has dwindled down into a drivelling, feeble, desultory thing," a distorted burlesque of the original beautiful conceptions of the more spiritual-minded of the first century, which exhibits itself chiefly in Sabbatarian absurdities, hideous imaginings as to a future state, and a crazy infatuation as to the prophecies.

On the part of all candid minds, it is admittedly difficult to arrive at an impartial conclusion as to the exact nature of the faith that Jesus of Nazareth intended to introduce. It is said in Christendom, that Christianity is destined to regenerate the world. And yet, amid the conflicts of sectarian dogmatism, who shall decide what is Christianity? The question is generally answered by an arbitrary assumption, or by a random appeal to some isolated Scripture text! Hence the philosophic Spiritualist is justified in declaring the Christianity of to-day but the exponent of individual fancies or prejudices, and in urging that the searcher after truth should look well to his own spiritual intuitions, whilst he interrogates history unprejudicedly, in order to be able to distinguish the essence of religion from its mere appendages—its forms, its ceremonies and its dogmas. Jesus himself left no written record: his oral teachings and his living example inculcated a new spirit and a new feeling, but no new system of doctrine. His immediate apostles preached, but the best ecclesiastical histories agree in declaring the literary efforts ascribed to them as having little or no claim to be considered genuine! The idea is generally inculcated throughout Christendom, that the doctrine of the Trinity, as taught by the Catholic Church, and many of the Protestant churches, was the original doctrine of the early Christians, and that it is a sound biblical doctrine! Whereas, the testimony is entirely to the contrary as to the faith of the early Christians; whilst many of the best writers, both Catholic and Protestant, agree in admitting that this doctrine rests rather upon the "authority of the Fathers" than upon the Bible for its existence! The spiritual school, of the philosophy of which I am in part the exponent to-day, ignores this doctrine of the Trinity as taught in most of the churches of the land, whilst they are gratefully appreciative of the universal presence of an infinite God, one and indivisible. They are sustained and instructed in this belief by lessons from purer minds flowing to them through natural law, from the regions above them, and stealing gently into their hitherto doubting and distrustful souls. And they are likewise sustained in their own faith in this particular, and in the rejection of the popular idea, by the ecclesiastical history of the past. In proof of this assumption, I propose advertising to the history of the past—a history accessible to all—in order that we may perceive the very slight foundation on which has rested for so many centuries a doctrine at war with reason, contrary to the highest intuitions of man, and utterly subversive of any true conception of the infinite attributes of a Divine Father.

Permit me first, however, to consider the true significance, as well as the legitimacy of the first text repeated in your hearing. "There are three that bear record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one." You are well aware, doubtless, that this text is frequently quoted as infallible testimony in favor of the doctrine of the Trinity—and especially by those whose educational faith encourages the idea that the King James Bible, now in use by the Protestants, is *verbatim*, the revealed of God! But the testimony of the most profound thinkers and ablest writers of the day, as well as the best scholars, has satisfied the candid inquirer that the text as repeated in your hearing from the King James Bible, is absolutely a *forgery*! A distinguished and learned clergyman of the day, cites the following facts in proof of this declaration: 1. It is not contained in any Greek manuscript which was written earlier than the fifteenth century. 2. Nor in any Latin manuscript earlier than the ninth century. 3. It is not found in any of the ancient versions. 4. It is not cited by any of the Greek ecclesiastical writers, though to prove the doctrine of the Trinity, they have cited the words both before and after it. 5. It is not cited by any of the early Latin Fathers, even when the subject upon which they treat would naturally have led them to appeal to its authority. 6. It is first cited by Virgilius Tapsensis, a Latin writer of no credit, in the latter end of the fifth century; and by him it is supposed to have been forged. 7. It has been omitted as spurious, in many editions of the New Testament since the Reformation: In the first two of Erasmus; in those of Aldus Collocus, Zwinglius, and Griesbach. 8. It was omitted by Luther, in his German version. In the old English Bibles of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth, it was printed in small type, or included in brackets; but between the years 1566 and 1680, it began to be printed as it now stands.

Notwithstanding such testimony as I have just quoted, there are those still who defend the doctrine of the Trinity, as the original faith of the Christians, basing their arguments upon the spurious text referred to!

Other arguments, however, still exist, which render the falsity of this doctrine still more apparent to the candid investigator. Greek scholars will all tell you that the Greek word translated "one" in the text, is in the *neuter* gender, and cannot, therefore, be properly interpreted to apply to a person or being; but must be legitimately understood as conveying the idea of one object to be accomplished—one in purpose or design—one in sentiment or feeling—as all men and women may become one with God, in so far as the finite can comprehend the purposes of the Infinite!

And now, as regards the oft-cited "authority of the fathers," let us endeavor from historical data to ascertain what degree of reliance may be placed thereon, in connection with this unintelligible dogma of "Three in one!" Do not understand me, however, as making my references for the purpose of endeavoring to enforce a reliance upon the authority of the past in matters appertaining to the soul and its destiny—except in so far as the convictions of the minds of past ages, however transmitted to you, shall comport with the demonstrations of the present. The soul is normally, and in all time, the highest revelator of the will of God to itself. We advert to the authority of the fathers alone, that we may meet the objector

to the beautiful conception of the unity of God with arguments from his own standpoint.

Bear in mind, for ecclesiastical history warrants the declaration, that the Christian Fathers were by no means remarkable for the practice of those precepts that characterized the teachings of the Man of Peace, whose professed followers they were. Nor were they behind their sectarian brethren of the present day in the manifestation of the spirit of bitterness. Controversy arose very early after the dawn of the Christian era, and continued for centuries. One source of disagreement among the Fathers was with reference to the duration of punishment in the hereafter. Professed Christians of the present day are still disputing on the same point. The Spiritualist has risen above this controversy in ceasing to look upon the dealings of God with his children as primitive—believing in the evolution of eventual good through the operations of the Divine Economy, from out even the darkest conditions.

Another point of difference between the Fathers was as to whether the doctrine of the Unity of God should be declared to be Orthodox or otherwise. The bishops who favored the doctrine of the Unity of God were termed Arians, from the name of their acknowledged leader, Arius. Those who contended for the consubstantiality or equality of the Son with the Father, were headed by Athanasius, and were called Athanasians. The personality of the Holy Ghost, as now taught, was not even suggested in Council for more than fifty years after the controversy commenced as to the equality of the Son.

By reference to the history of this period, you will learn that, in 322, Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, convened a council of nearly one hundred bishops to deliberate upon the vexed question as to the equality of the Son with the Father. This council condemned Arius as guilty of heresy.

In 325, Eusebius, of Nicomedia, and other bishops held a council at Nicaea, and pronounced Athanasius heretical and Arius Orthodox.

In 325, Hosius held a council at Alexandria, and attempted to effect a reconciliation among the Fathers—but without success. This council pronounced no ultimate decision.

In 325 the celebrated council of Nice was held, presided over by the crimson-handled Constantine. This council decided in favor of the doctrine of Athanasius—the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father; but gave no decision, as has been believed by some, with regard to the personality of the Holy Ghost.

In 335 the council of Tyre was held. Sixty Eastern and forty Egyptian bishops were present. Athanasius was forced to appear at this council as a criminal, and, by decree of the council, he was deposed from office.

In the same year, the council of Jerusalem was held, and decided in favor of the doctrine of Arius—the unity of God.

In 338 the council of Constantinople was held. This council deposed the presiding bishop, and elected Eusebius of Nicomedia in his stead, because of the adherence of the latter to the doctrine of Arius.

In 340 a council was held at Alexandria, which decided in favor of the doctrine of Athanasius.

In 341 a council was held at Rome, which acquitted Athanasius of the sentence of deposition pronounced against him by the council of Tyre in 335.

Immediately thereafter, a council was held by Eusebius and his friends at Antioch. This council chose a bishop by the name of Gregory, to fill the See of Alexandria, which had been assigned to Athanasius, and sent him thither to seize the same by force. Athanasius hearing of this fled to Rome.

In the same year, a council was held at Sirmium, which decided in favor of Athanasius.

In 342 a council was held at Antioch, which declared the opinions of Arius to be Orthodox, and adopted a confession of faith, which omitted the Athanasian doctrine that the Son was "consubstantial with the Father."

In 345 another council was held at Antioch, which was Athanasian.

In 347 the council at Sardica was held—at which there were seventy-three Eastern bishops, and one hundred Western bishops. Those from the East made known their determination not to sit in council, unless Athanasius and his adherents were condemned, and excluded from ecclesiastical communion. To this the Western bishops refused to accede, and the Eastern bishops withdrew from the council. But reassembling at Philippopolis, they wrote a synodical letter, dating it at Sardica, addressed to all the bishops of the world, in which they brought the allegation of great wickedness against Athanasius.

In 353 the council of Arles was held, which subscribed to the condemnation of Athanasius. A few of the bishops refused so to subscribe, and were banished.

In 353 the council of Milan was held, at which three hundred bishops were present. This council condemned Athanasius.

In 357 a second council was held at Sirmium. At this council, the word "consubstantial" was rejected, and the Father declared to be greater than the Son.

In 358 another council was held at Antioch, under Eudoxius. This council condemned the word "consubstantial," or equal, as applicable to the Father and Son.

In 359 a third council was held at Sirmium, which declared in favor of the doctrine of Athanasius.

In 360 a council was held at Constantinople, which adopted a semi-Arian creed, rejecting the term substance as applicable to the Son.

In 351 yet another council was held at Antioch, which declared that the Son was not at all like the Father in substance, but that he was created of nothing.

In 362 a council was held at Alexandria—and another in Italy during the same year; in 363, a council was held in Egypt—and another in An-

toch during the same year; and in 365 a council was held at Laodicea. All of these councils decided in favor of the doctrine of Athanasius. Succeeding the year 365, the bishops favoring the doctrine of Arius held a number of councils. One was held at Synnada, one in the province of Pamphylia, one in Isauria, and one in Lycia.

In 381 a council was held through the Emperor Valens, which decided in favor of the doctrine of Arius.

This was followed by the council of Rome, under Damasus. This council published a synodical letter against the Arians.

In 381 the council of Constantinople was held. This council decided in favor of the doctrine of Athanasius—the equality of the Son with the Father; and likewise adopted, for the first time in the history of the Church, the doctrine of the personality of the Holy Ghost!

These councils, so hastily adverted to, comprise but a portion of those which assembled during the fourth century of the Christian Era! During this century there were nineteen councils that decided in favor of the doctrine of Athanasius—the equality of the Son with the Father—and nineteen councils, precisely the same number, that decided in favor of the doctrine of Arius, the unity of God! How little reliance, therefore, can be had upon the "authority of the Fathers" in the establishment of the doctrine of the Trinity! Besides, this doctrine, although adopted, as I have said, in the year 381, by the council of Constantinople, did not become the accepted faith of the Church until during the first part of the fifth century. And not even then, until physical force had accomplished its work of bitter persecution. From those facts, the inference cannot be escaped, that the mind of the early Christian world was deeply imbued with the truth and beauty of the doctrine of the Unity of God—the more especially when you reflect that, the further back in the history of these centuries the searcher after truth pursues his investigations, the more prominent becomes the grand and glorious thought of the oneness of the common Father!

That the minds of a number of the early Fathers should have adopted this error, is not so singular as might at first be thought, when their antecedents and surroundings are properly understood and appreciated. The best authorities state that Justin Martyr, Tertullian, and nearly all the early Fathers, were Platonists before they were Christians, and that it is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that their earlier connections should have colored, more or less, their later faith. Scholars tell you, and with truth, that many of the terms of the Platonic Philosophy became incorporated into the phraseology of the early Christians, producing much of confusion, and in some instances becoming the means of transmitting to succeeding ages a corrupted idea of the original truth and beauty of the new Religion. Among the terms in use in the Platonic Philosophy, was the Greek word "*Trinitas*," designed to convey some subtle distinction in connection with the Platonic Trinity, but not in any manner intended to apply to persons. "This word," we are told, was first used in the discussions of the early Christians, during the second century. It was translated into the Latin word "*Trinitas*," about the year 200; and of this word, the English word "Trinity" is a correct translation. The introduction of this and other words, had a deleterious effect upon the minds of the early fathers, ultimately in the substitution of the doctrine of the Trinity, as now taught, in lieu of the beautiful conceptions of the good man of Nazareth. In confirmation of this idea, a distinguished divine filling one of the Western pulpits, in a lecture upon this subject, quotes the following sentence from Augustine, one of the most celebrated of all the church Fathers: Augustine says—"I was in the dark with regard to the Trinity, until I found the true doctrine concerning the divine word, in a Latin translation of some Platonic writings which the Providence of God had thrown in my way!"

The doctrine of the personality of the Holy Ghost, first suggested, as I have stated, by the council of Constantinople, in 381, I assure you with equal certainty is not a doctrine of the Bible. If, therefore, this doctrine is retained as a part of the Orthodox faith of the future, it must so remain, as does the doctrine of the equality of the Son with the Father, through whatever reliance the mind may be enabled to place in the authority of the early Catholic Fathers. And in this connection, it may not be inappropriate to remark that the old Mother Church has at least the virtue of consistency in her claim, as an infallible interpreter for an infallible record! For it is worse than folly to suppose the existence of an infallible revelation, dependent for the application of its truths to the necessities of the race, alone upon fallible judgments! Therefore, whilst the spiritual school ignores entirely the idea of infallibility in connection with finite minds however much inspired, it adheres with equal pertinacity to the declaration that there can be no half-way ground, in the slightest degree tenable, between the Roman Catholic doctrine of the authority of the church to the soul of man, and the assumption of the spiritual school, of the soul's authority unto itself. The eventual war of ideas in the future, therefore, will be between these two extremes of thought.

But I have said the doctrine of the personality of the Holy Ghost is not a doctrine of the Bible. My reason for discrediting this dogma is easily stated. The Greek word in the New Testament, translated Ghost, in this connection, is "*Pneuma*." The precise meaning of this word is "*wind*," or "*breath*." It certainly is incorrect and unwarrantable to attempt the construction of these words into a personality; and the translators of the King James version of the Bible, in so doing, were either sadly ignorant, or lamentably biased by the prejudices of educational faith. The Holy Breath of God would certainly be a more appropriate and correct rendering of the Greek sentence tortured into "*the Holy Ghost*," in the existing version. The spiritual philosopher can readily

recognize the Holy Breath of God, in the universally operative laws of Nature—a sin against which cannot be forgiven, but is invariably succeeded by its legitimate penalty—from which there is no escape. And, too, through the same agency can be realized the omnipresence of the Everlasting Father.

With reference to Jesus of Nazareth—since I have denied that he is God in the Trinitarian sense—it may be asked in what estimation is he held by the spiritual school? I reply, among the Spiritualists, as a body of thinkers, there are, thank God, no authoritarians! We recognize no Pontiffs, great or small! Each individual Spiritualist accepts or rejects my utterances in so far as his own convictions of their truth or falsity warrant—and no offence is committed on either side. In the perfect freedom of the individual inculcated by our most glorious faith, we agree to disagree! I have no hesitancy, therefore, in giving you my own conceptions as to the character of the Galilean carpenter—the Hero of the first century. I estimate Jesus as standing forth in bold relief upon the unrolling panorama of the ages, as a beautiful example to those who have succeeded him. That he "brought life and immortality to light," I fully believe; but not in the sense in which the expression is used by the theologians of the day. In the time of Jesus (although entertained by a sect of the Jews who had derived it from the Persians) the doctrine of immortality was first propounded (to the Jews, as a subject of revelation, and became an article of faith. And thus was it declared, and with no other legitimate interpretation, that Jesus had "brought life and immortality to light." For this doctrine had been taught outside of Judea, a thousand years before Jesus was born! Plato, Pythagoras, Confucius—all taught the doctrine of a future state—and it was the certainty of a conscious individuality beyond the grave that cheered the heart of Socrates, the beautiful son of man to the Greeks, when forced to exchange the scenes of time for the glorious realities of a brighter world.

Neither have I any hesitancy in declaring my recognition of the divinity of Jesus, most fully, but not in the special sense in which this idea is interpreted in the pulpits of the day. Jesus was divine, being the son of God, and spiritually in the likeness of his Father. So are all mankind the sons of God, and to each of you I may say:

"His spirit dwells in thy spirit shrine,
As shines the sunlight in a drop of dew."

The term *Christ* appended to the name of Jesus, was originally used, not as a part of the name of the beautiful medium of Nazareth, but as a descriptive phrase—thus Jesus the Christ, as John the Baptist. The English word *Christos* is derived from the Greek word *Christos*, which signifies anointed. The Hebrew word *Messiah* has the same significance. The term was formerly applied to Jesus, in allusion to the Jewish custom of anointing with oil any who were designated for special or sacred duties. Every human being, therefore, is a Christ; for all human beings, from the nature of their origin, have been anointed at the over-living fountain of the Infinite! With regard to the special divinity claimed for Jesus, therefore, it existed only in the ratio that he outworked that divinity into practical life. And whether you reflect upon the devotion of his loving heart exhibited toward his beautiful mother, as in his last moments he consigns her to the care of his best-beloved disciple; whether you stand by his side in his moments of reflection, beneath the tall palm-trees of old Judea, or witness the tears of sympathy he let fall over the sins of Jerusalem, or whether you walk by his side as he climbs the hill of Calvary, and there sheds his brave blood for what he believed to be true—human appreciation can but admire the beauty of his self-denial, the great depth of his emotional nature, the divinity of his noble manhood—

"Then, do not call him God, while all can scan
Page after page, that proves him but a man;
But rather call him by his chosen name
The 'Son of Man,' who sought no higher aim:
Yet, let us seek in all that's good and great,
His noble life of love to imitate."
And though he was a man of favored birth,
A moral light-house in this darkened earth,
Yet he, like other men, was once a boy,
A helpless babe—his parents' hope and joy:
Which is the path that angels all have trod,
While we, with Christ and them, are Sons of God!"

After the full establishment of the doctrine of the Trinity by force and persecution, it will be recollected that comparative darkness spread over the face of Christendom, deepening in gloom, until the race seemed, for centuries, mentally wrecked upon a shoreless and fathomless flood! Upon the dawn of the Protestant Reformation in the sixteenth century, through the partially successful effort at the establishment of the right of private judgment, the beautiful conception of the unity of God again presented itself amid the conflicting dogmas of the period—a bright star, adorning the horizon of a stormy sky—and clearly evincing the fact that, through organic progressive tendency, all along the ages, beneath the rugged surface of Church authority, had been coursing the pure stream of spiritual truth, tending toward an ultimate confluence in the great ocean of universal acceptance! The doctrine of the Unity of God, however, met with opposition in this century, from both Catholic and Protestant—for it will be recollected that the learned and faithful Servetus ascended to a brighter world through the fires of martyrdom, kindled at the instigation of the cold-hearted Calvin! The Unitarian faith was held at the peril of a man's life, yet many were found to profess it, and Geneva, where Servetus was martyred, became, and is now, one of the strongholds of this faith in Europe! Generally, however, the believers in the unity of God have been comparatively few, for the doctrine has been unpopular and opposed by all the strength of the Christian world. But among them have been some of the brightest intellects that have contributed to the mental illumination of the globe—Sir Isaac Newton, John Milton, John Locke, Nathaniel Lardner, were all of them, prior to their departure from earth

believers in the unity of God; and even Dr. Isaac Watts became in the last years of his earthly existence a Unitarian! And to-day, in Boston, is cherished the memory of that golden-mouthed rhetorician, Theodore Parker, who, from the rostrum where I now stand, in the face of bitter persecution, so long and so boldly advocated this great truth.

Nevertheless, strange as it may seem, many who to-day term themselves Unitarians, are as bitterly engaged in outcasting Spiritualists, as ever the Orthodox were in prejudicing the general mind against them! Here in Boston—professedly the great center of free thought—are to be found those who, although terming themselves free-religionists, are the bitter antagonists of the spiritual school, which has really done more toward liberalizing the American mind, in the last twenty years, than has been effected by any other system whatever, since the opening of the century! Here, where surely this rostrum, as well as others in the vicinity, have given unmistakable evidences of scientific development and an expanding spiritual perception—here, where the inspired LIZZIE DORSEY has twined the image of her affections, SPIRITUALISM, as it bears gracefully against the pillars of time in the grand vatican of the divine artifice, with a living garland of immortal song—even here, and from such a source, the flat of denunciation has gone forth; and bigotry assumes to oppose an investigation of fifteen minutes duration with the Davenport's, against the combined testimony of millions of thinkers, whose experience has run through twenty years! Nevertheless, this glorious image, garlanded as I have said, shall continue to shed its benign and healthful influence far and near; until at length, all its opponents convinced by facts, and its enemies subdued by kindness, Spiritualism shall

—Weave its fabric rainbow round the sun,
And clasp its thought a globe round the world!—
In conclusion, what shall I say—what can a finite mind say as to the unsolved problem of Deity? The Spiritualist believes that Infinite Love and Infinite Wisdom combined is ruling throughout all worlds; that his God is omnipresent and all-powerful—the divine principle of intelligence, forever inspiring the world of matter and the world of mind. Reverently and feelingly he exclaims—

Infinite God! thy presence is made known
Throughout created things! The same unaltered,
Unalterable divinity of mind,
That animates all Nature—permeates
All space—and by laws with thy own being
Co-existent, all being the sustains!
Great Principle of God! thy presence is made known
Where existence varies born, and recreates!
Where'er is motion—whether in the thunder of
Earth's distant revolution, or the pulses
Of ocean, of granite life—and further still,
Within the depths of being vast, where thought
In the great infinitude is lost, and mind
Outstripped, essays on higher flight—say,
Throughout created universes, that roll
In grand sublimity beyond the boundary of thought—
There art thou felt and known, Eternal,
All-sustaining Principle!

Alas, the Spiritualist feels and knows his God
to be as near to the soul, as matter is to the sense;
that mind, like matter, is a unit—that all mind
is, in some sense, God's mind—each individual
expression coming in rapport with the highest
wisdom it is capable of attaining to, as successive
stages of development are evolved! Oh, then,
with what profound emotion and filial affection
can the Spiritualist adopt, under all circumstances,
the beautiful language of the poet—

Thou art the Life!
To thee, then, do I owe each beat and breath,
And wait thy ordering of the hour of death,
In peace or strife!
Thou art the Light!
To thee, then, in the sunshine or the cloud,
In my chamber lone, or in the crowd,
I lift my sight!
Thou art the Truth!
To thee, then, loved and craved, and sought of yore,
I consecrate my mind, my ear and eye,
As once my youth!
Thou art the Strong!
To thee, then, though the air is thick with night,
I trust the seeming-unprotected light,
And leave the wrong!
Thou art the Wise!
To thee, then, do I fetch each useless care,
And bid my soul essay her life's prayer,
And hush her cries!
Thou art the Good!
To thee, then, with a throbbing heart I turn,
And stand, and at thy fount hold my urn,
As age I do!
Forgive the call!
I cannot shut thee from my sense or soul,
I cannot lose thee in the boundless whole,
FOR THOU ART ALL!

SPIRITUALISM—PAYING SPEAKERS.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Will you permit me through the columns of the *Banner* to say a few words to the Spiritualists of Vermont? There is a partial misunderstanding in regard to our organization. Some are laboring under the conviction that they are excluded by our constitution from participating in the business of our annual conventions. Such is not the fact. All members of the Association can participate in its business, and the mere signing of the constitution secures membership. Certainly, all who wish to labor with us can do so. My suggestions in the report of the Glover Convention have called out, as was expected, some opposition.

Some of our best friends of the cause are not in favor of procuring paid speakers at our Conventions, and honestly believe that the annual State Convention is the place to train and drill the young speakers; and their argument is that otherwise we shall have no one to take the place of those who shall pass off the stage. Some, also, are afraid of book knowledge, as if a truth, fact or principle become contaminated and useless by being written or printed in a book. Now I would not be strenuous in the matter of paid speakers, but I see no other way of procuring laborers except to pay them in some way; and to leave our annual Conventions to be run by whomsoever and whatsoever may, by the force of circumstances, attend them, without any definite arrangement or order, seems to me to pave the way to a perfect failure; and I sincerely believe that the work that has been done by Spiritualists will pass, indeed, already has, to a great extent, passed into other and more efficient hands.

The radical wing of the Unitarians, the liberal Christians, and in great degree all denominations are preaching and teaching the leading doctrines of Spiritualism. I am glad it is so; but it is no credit to the Spiritualist that lets his labor fall into other hands by his inefficiency. Labor, and paid labor, too, will be required to keep the world moving. What if a great light has dawned upon the world, and the fact of spirit communion has been established—which is, I believe, the fact, although many still hide it under a bushel—even that will not satisfy a progressive age. Onward, is the motto of our philosophy. Ignorance is added daily to the world, and it must be met with knowledge and educational efforts, or ignorance will soon enshroud us. How long will a well-educated and useful man or woman remain such if he or she stops all exertion? Eternal vigilance and eternal activity are the conditions of freedom and progress. One of two things Spiritualists must do, either throw more soul and practical labor into their work, or lose their identity as Spiritualists. The old organizations will swallow

them up. I think it will be the latter, for several reasons:

1st. We have already too many religious sects, and a broader charity is desirable; and it matters not under what name the truth appears, so it be known. Yet it is a matter of regret that the heaven-taught philosophers cannot more perfectly embody their philosophy in actual life.

2d. The ignorance and selfishness of individuals prevent their uniting for the accomplishment of great practical purposes. If we would accomplish great results, something must be sacrificed of our money, our time, and our personal convenience. Spiritualists know better than they practice, and this is the reason why we do not command the admiration of the world. If we had our philosophy, and were willing to sacrifice all else to our convictions of right, unitary efforts might be put forth that would not only astonish the world, but command their respect and lead them to go and do likewise. How many years shall we be convinced of the truth and beneficial results of a certain course and neglect to follow it? How many years shall we do it to incur the merited reproach of the world, I know that much, very much has been done, but much more remains to be done. A well organized and well directed effort ought to be put forth, and all ideas of personal aggrandizement and the accumulation of individual fortunes should yield to the determination to move the wheels of progress.

We scatter our forces badly in many directions. I will only mention a few, and those plainly. We have too many spiritual papers. Every man or woman of some notoriety and talent, and some who have but little, are anxious to be an editor and publish a paper—a very laudable ambition, and no doubt there have thousands in our ranks who could edit a paper very respectably—but that is not the point. Every paper printed in our ranks should be liberally sustained. We have reason to believe that very few of them are, and many attempts to publish a paper have been failures. I believe, in order to make Spiritualism, as such, a power that shall live, we must be far more united in our efforts in this direction and every other. Let us have one paper well sustained, rather than many.

Again, we have no recognized community of brotherhood and association. We should be more honest and faithful to each other. Study to put business into the fraternity and pay our money there. We are now supporting other fraternities, and other Sunday schools, and other churches, and rapidly dissipating our powers. Let us learn wisdom from others, and from history, and by putting well-established principles in practice, make ourselves worthy to lead still the world's reform.

In the true spirit of liberty and progress,
GEORGE DUTTON.
West Randolph, Vt., July 23d, 1870.

NOTES OF PROGRESS.

BY E. S. WHEELER.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Growth ever seems slow in the present; the aggregations of geology make ages trivial, and the imperturbability of progress mocks our fretful impatience. Most sublime of lessons is it, to learn to labor and to wait! To me, it seems a soothing panacea for weariness to pause from time to time and retrospectively note what has been accomplished, for so we see with the lapse of time that movement which the passing glance may fail to discover. Since you heard from me last I have been called upon to deliver a course of lectures in the pleasant village of Norwalk, Ohio, where a thriving, harmonious society has been successfully formed. The movement originated immediately after the debate between the redoubtable Miles Grant and our friend, Dr. M. H. Houghton, followed by A. B. French in a most eloquent speech at the Court House to a throng of the citizens. The labors of Bro. Grant have had the good effect to create more interest and confidence in Spiritualism than Norwalk has ever known before. Friend Houghton labored at this point some months, and left many friends and much interest at his departure. Commencing in early spring, Bro. Cephas B. Lynn sowed the seed of free thought in this field most acceptably. In May my work commenced, and continued until July 1st, when our unrelenting friend, Mrs. S. A. Horton, followed in the work, where she will find herself as much at home as in the hearts of the people. Make a note of the good friend Grant has done; he deserves well of Spiritualists for his usefulness. Since that time I have visited the centre of this broad State, and spoken there to a large concourse.

Some months ago the worthy wife of our venerable and well known friend, Eli Nichols, of New-castle, Ohio, passed on and joined the happy and loving immortal. The notice of her decease, which friend Nichols inserted in the newspaper, contained a statement of his communication with her, as his good fortune.

This candid statement by one of the best known, most respectable and intelligent citizens of the section, drew out an impertinent disclaimer from some self-appointed defender of the *no faith* of sectarianism. To this Mr. Nichols rejoined, until the disbelieving Christian found he had aroused a mind to whose knowledge and philosophy his curls were as a reed before a storm. Mr. Nichols is an old veteran in the cause of reform, whether in government, theology, or society, and through a long life his liberal energies, education and wealth have been employed in its behalf. The state of his mind preventing such obsequies as to his mind seemed proper, at the time of the good wife's death, he requested some time after to deliver such an address, in memory of the occasion, as the principles of our faith and the circumstances rendered fitting. Notice of the meeting spread far and wide among the hills, and when I came upon the ground, I saw before me from a thousand to fifteen hundred listeners. The meeting was held in a beautiful grove, since the house in the town would hold the fourth of the crowd. Outside of the army I never saw so many mounted men, and never at once so many women on horseback. The sons and daughters of Ohio, who they came pouring in! Such forms of men and such cool riders the women! Such horses! They would have gladdened the heart of any of our lower order of horse or human kind. And these people, although untaught in the theory of Spiritualism, became most profoundly interested, and a more attentive hearing I never had.

There were several of the clergy on the ground who were invited to come forward and take seats upon the platform, and to by prayer, open the meeting. But I was left to do my own praying; perhaps that made no odds, however, except to their unsoothed hearts.

At the close one of the brethren announced he would review my position in church that evening. Although the weather was fearfully warm, the church was filled, and the brethren, who by their whole soul were perceiving into an effort not only to demolish Spiritualism, but if he could have succeeded, the only ground of his own theistic faith. I made such reply as the time and his argument (?) admitted, and the meeting dispersed. The consequence has been an awakening of great interest in the region, and I am in possession of several invitations to hold meetings near there. Just now, however, I am resting. I intend to be at the meeting at Albion, N. Y., the 20th and 21st of July, when I anticipate a journey to your benign presence. I shall probably stay east a few weeks, and if any of the friends would like to hear my voice in speaking, I should like to be notified. October I am to speak in Washington, November probably in Baltimore, and the month of December in Philadelphia; which ends the eventful year.

Thus it is that little by little the cause of spiritual progress advances. The elements of politics and society rage and storm above and around us, but we, the ceaseless workers, are steadily building up, like the tower of Babel, the great foundations of the lifting continent of spiritual freedom. Every effort, every sacrifice, every noble impulse adds to its importance, and raises us and all humanity in the scale of being.
Cleveland, O., July 20th, 1870.

Free Thought.

GOD AS A LABORER.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Under the heading of "Free Thought" you have recently printed two letters from my heart, head and pen, on "God as a Man," and "God as a Woman." If, in your view, it is not an abuse of "free thought" and "free speech," the enclosed on "God as a Laborer" is at your service, to print or lay aside as your judgment shall dictate.

These three articles are taken from a work which I am writing, to be entitled, "Mind and Thine; or, God as a Human Being made manifest in Human Relations and Occupations." I have lived but to do what I could to inspire man with reverence for man. To this end I associate God, heaven, and all things sacred, with human beings and with all their natural relations and essential vocations. Reverence for humanity (for men, women and children) is the only safeguard of human rights. This was my first word to the world as a friend of progress fifty years ago. It shall be my last, as I pass to the sweet, dear, inviting life within the veil. Associate God with living men, women and children, and with living relations, and with daily occupations. See, love and worship God in living men and women, and in all the relations and vocations of home life. What I do to and for man, I do to and for God.

And this is an essential element of my spiritual life. This is the one great lesson of practical life taught me by the disembodied friends that are ever with me, to lead me on my pathway.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

GOD AS A LABORER.

There are three great branches of labor, viz:
1. The Farmer, or grower of the raw material.
2. The Artisan, or Mechanic, who prepares the raw material for use.

3. The Merchant or Carrier, who carries the raw material or manufactured article around the world.

Of these, the farmer is most essential. The earth must give us food and raiment. It can do this, to any great extent, only by cultivation. Then the raw material must be prepared. It must be manufactured into food and raiment. This food and raiment must be carried from house to house, town to town, state to state, nation to nation, and from continent to continent. Of all employments, those which produce the essential articles of existence, health and happiness, are the most honorable and divine. These are the most ennobling and harmonizing. The life, growth, health, wealth and happiness of individuals, states and nations are absolutely dependent on these occupations; for on these we depend for the raw material to feed, clothe, shelter and develop our bodies and souls. Then all the employments that prepare them for use are equally essential to our existence and happiness in civilized society.

All these essential occupations are as sacred and divine as are human beings. The latter cannot exist without the former. The labor that supplies us the means of subsistence is divine. These essential vocations are of God. God appoints them, and commands us to work at them. As we value life and happiness, so should we value those labors which enable us to live and be happy.

God is the most skillful and untiring laborer in the universe. He is, ever at work. He gives himself no rest, day or night. While man rests God works; and works to supply the needs of all beings and things that live.

GOD AS A FARMER, or a grower of raw materials. Of all occupations, that of a farmer and gardener is nearest and dearest to God; for without it life could not exist. The farmer who grows the raw material to feed and clothe us is the true man of God. He is a man after God's own heart. He is God's right-hand man in his labor to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked and to furnish a house and home to the homeless and homeless.

God has a great farm. He cultivates it wisely and diligently; to cause it to bring forth fruits of various kinds each in their season, he has to be busy all the time. He has no rest.

THE UNIVERSE IS GOD'S FARM. Suns and planets are but separate lots of that great farm. To each lot he assigns its productions. In each he grows those things to which it is best adapted. On the earth, he plants, sows and gathers such plants as it is adapted to produce. God as the head farmer attends to each lot, to till it and make it bring forth its natural productions.

God as a Gardener raises all sorts of garden vegetables that are needed. As a Florist, he grows all sorts of fragrant and beautiful flowers. His flower garden is vast. Its sweet odors fill the universe. Its beautiful tints make the garden gorgeous.

God as a Pomologist, or a grower of fruit, has a vast orchard. He grows an infinite variety of fruits. As a Shepherd—what a flock he keeps! As a Wool-grower, what a clip he makes! As a Herdsman, what a vast herd of cattle he brings into the world's great market. As an Emery, what an army of horses he keeps for use to those who need them. As a Poulterer, what a flock of birds God raises! How infinite their variety! How beautiful the forms of many! How gorgeous and attractive their dress! How sweet and cheering their music! God is a great Bird Fancier. He has a great bird cage. God rears birds to be of use to man in many ways, and to be an ornament to the earth, as are his flowers.

Thus God as a Farmer, a Gardener, a Florist, a Shepherd and Herdsman, &c., causes the earth and all the planets, or lots, on his farm to yield their appropriate productions for the use and support of all that need them. God works at all kinds of farm labor, to grow the materials necessary to human life and happiness. It is more pleasant and respectful to think and speak of God as a Farmer, a Gardener, a Florist and Stock-grower, than as a Warrior, a Priest or Politician.

God with a hoe or shovel in his hand, is far more noble and worthy than with a sword and spear. God wielding a spade or guiding a plow is far more useful and attractive than God wielding a sceptre or guiding a kingdom. God as a manager of a farm or dairy, is far more worthy the adoration of the heart than God as the manager of a government or a church. God as the President of an Agricultural Fair is more useful to human life and happiness than as the President of the United States. It is more honorable and acceptable to God and man, to think and speak of him as a preserver, than as a destroyer of life; as one who makes us happy, than as one who makes us unhappy.

GOD AS A MECHANIC OR ARTISAN. How infinitely varied and pleasing are his works! The universe is his work-shop. In it are many apartments where he carries on his operations. As an Iron-Smith he gathers up the raw material, and through human hands on this planet fashions it into all sorts of useful implements. God is a Goldsmith and a Silversmith and a Worker in all kinds of metals. He cooperates with man in

gathering up the raw materials and preparing them for use. God as a Carpenter, Joiner and Mason produces the materials for building, and puts them together into comfortable habitations. As a Cabinet-maker he furnishes them with useful and elegant furniture. As a Jeweler, God adorns his and our habitations with brightest gems. Thus God, incarnate in men and women, works at all trades that are essential to furnish us with means of life and happiness. He never rests from his severe toil for our welfare.

While the universe is his farm and workshop, and suns and planets are but lots in that farm and apartments in that workshop, our concern is with the earth. It is but a "one acre lot," so to speak, on that farm and a very small closet in that shop; yet to our life and destiny is the one thing needful. From the gases and forces that constitute this planet, God gathers up all sorts of materials and puts them together as rocks, iron, coal, and other metals and wood of all kinds to be ready for use. Then God takes the human form to till this lot or garden. Incarnate in men and women, God plants, sows and reaps; spins, weaves and clothes us. And thus through human hands, feet, bones and muscles, God works at all those trades that are essential to the existence, health, happiness, and progress of the race.

There are many occupations that are unnatural, and of course degrading. At these, God never works. He never works at the trade of a lawyer, judge or king, as these are generally regarded among men. God never works at the trade of a priest, doctor of divinity, bishop, cardinal or pope. These are his special aversion, because of their direct tendency to degrade all who engage in them, and because they deceive the people and keep them in ignorance of themselves. God never engages in any unnatural or hurtful business or calling. He performs only such labors as are essential to supply the demand of our bodies and souls, and are conducive to human elevation and happiness. God in human form prepares the harvest and gathers it in. God creates the demand and furnishes the supply, and inspires men and women to get it. God plants and sows corn, potatoes and wheat, and gives all things needed to feed, clothe, and healthfully develop the bodies and souls of human beings, and make them healthy and happy.

God never works at the trade of a lawyer or drug doctor or warrior. These callings are inventions of men to shield themselves from the natural and necessary results of mistakes or crimes against themselves and those in which they are determined to persevere. But God works incessantly to grow the raw materials, and manufacture them into various articles of use. These labors are essential to the progress and health of men and women.

Thus God, as co-worker with man, is ever engaged in growing the raw materials and fashioning them into implements of use to sustain human life and make us happy. God as an Ironsmith, a goldsmith, a silversmith, a joiner, a cabinet maker, a baker, a laundress, a seamstress, a mantuamaker, a housekeeper, and an artisan in all kinds of useful labors, is ever at work for the good of human beings. God's great farm and workshop are busy places. All the necessities of human life are supplied from them.

God, as a laborer in all these various departments, is far more useful and worthy of our highest love and adoration, than God as a king or a priest. God with a saw, a needle, or a broom in his hand, is more useful to us, and more worthy our confidence, than God wielding a sceptre or a sword. God carrying a loaf of bread to some hungry widow and her little ones, is far more lovable than God with a "face shining like the sun in his strength," and "with a sharp two-edged sword projecting from his mouth." God in human form, as a man, bearing a dinner of roast turkey to the six hundred prisoners in the Massachusetts State Prison, more powerfully appeals to human sympathy, and is worthy of more respect than "God as a king on a great white throne, with myriads casting their crowns at his feet and shouting 'King of kings and lord of lords.'" God with a broom in his hand, sweeping out the accumulated dirt of the house of some sickly, disheartened mother, or God with a needle and thread, sewing a patch on the ragged garments of a neglected child, is a grander, nobler and more glorious being, than God marching at the head of all the armies of the earth "with garments dyed in blood." A man or woman carrying a loaf of bread to starving outcasts, is nearer to God than he who carries a Bible to the heathen. To a man dying with thirst, water is of far more account than Christ.

Thus, my dear and honored friend, do I associate God as a laborer with the daily vocations of life, in which men and women must engage, or suffering and death must ensue. These employments are all as sacred and divine as the beings to whom they give a support. Away with all Gods whose "hot wrath" and "fiery indignation" can be appeased only by innocent blood. Away with Gods of war marching around the world flourishing a sword dripping with the blood of men and women.

I know those occupations are most highly esteemed by our Father and Mother God, which are the most essential to the life and happiness of their children. God, decked out as he is by the church and priesthood as an almighty harlequin or merry Andrew, is to be dethroned and numbered with the things that were; and God, as a diligent laborer, earnestly and proudly working through loving, self-forgetting hearts and hands, "to feed the hungry," "to clothe the naked," "to give water to the thirsty," "to minister to the sick," "to visit and say words of cheer to those in prison," is to be substituted for that furious "Man of War," that, by Christendom, is called and worshipped as God.

As the children of a human father and mother are dear to their hearts, so are the employments which are necessary to their life and health. God is the Father and Mother of us all. As we are dear to their united hearts, so are those callings most honored by them which are most essential to our happiness.

To a father and mother there is no service so mental which they would not be proud and happy to do for the good of their children. A wash-tub is far more necessary to the health and happiness of home than a piano. A broom, a dishcloth and mop, and skill and willingness to use them, are far more essential to the purity and comfort of a family than any fashionable accomplishments. Music, dancing and various amusements are healthful and pleasant in their places; but those vocations that are most necessary to furnish human beings with means to sustain life and health, are far more honorable and ennobling than those which contribute merely to their amusement.

Why is it that parents so generally wish to enable their children to live without labor? The greatest wrong they can do to them is to fix in them the idea that it is more respectable to live without labor than with it. It is a cruel thing to teach a child that it is right and honorable to live by the labor of others. Any kind of labor that

helps to supply the race with food and raiment is more conducive to true manhood and womanhood than idleness and living at another's expense. Earn your dinner, and eat it. Trust not to others to earn it for you. Man has no right to a loaf of bread he has not earned, so long as he is able to earn it for himself. Earn your coat, and wear it. Have you a right to wear it if you have not earned it? No! EARN IT, AND OWN IT. EARN IT, AND USE IT.

Why are vocations designed only to adorn and amuse, considered so much more respectable than those whose object is to feed, clothe and house human beings? Why is a play-actor, who mimics life, so much more honored and freely rewarded than a farmer or a blacksmith who live it? Why is a good singer, dancer or fiddler so much better paid and more highly favored than a laundress or seamstress? Why is it counted so much more desirable to be expert in a waltz, a polka, or playing a guitar, than in cooking food for the hungry and in making and patching clothes for the naked? Why is it counted more respectable to be a lawyer, a priest, or a doctor, than to be a shoemaker? Why is it counted more respectable to live by preaching and praying than by cooking and washing?

But this will not always be. God and heaven will be associated in the future with those relations and vocations of life that are essential to health and happiness, rather than with those which merely serve to amuse. God, as a mother, will never leave her children to the care of hirelings to go to a ball. God, as a father, will never leave his little ones with their anxious mother to go to grog-shops and to amuse himself with others. God will never leave his little ones to hunger and cold to go to places of worship. God will never be found in a church, no matter how large or how gorgeous its fixings, to witness and listen to the holy chattering and holy performances of priestly play-actors while his little ones are crying for bread at the door. God will always be found in prisons and penitentiaries, and in dens of infamy, to feed and comfort, with words of hope and cheer, the despoiled and the outcast, rather than in temples of worship. God is always going about to feed the hungry and bind up the broken-hearted. God is ever looking after thieves, burglars, murderers, the "publicans and sinners," the despoiled harlots and Magdalenes and those fallen among thieves, rather than in seeking notoriety among those who are clothed in "purple and fine linen," and who fare sumptuously every day, but who are in fact often more corrupt than the inmates of dungeons.

It is more replete with all that is true and beautiful skillfully to wield the hoe than a fiddle bow; to bake a batch of bread than to call off a quadrille; to give a good meal to hungry children than to be chief manager of a ball-room; to administer a roast dinner to condemned prisoners in their cells than to administer the affairs of a nation; and to give comfort and hope to the seduced victims of man's brutality than to manage the baptisms, the ceremonies, the masses, and superintend all the holy theatricals of the church universal. It is more ennobling to work with God, to emancipate the negro slave, to redeem the drunkard from his lost condition, to bind up the wounds made by Christian warriors, to minister to the necessities of those who are fettered in Christian dungeons, and to save the victims of passion from being strangled on Christian gallows by Christian hangmen, than to be a co-worker or priest or pope in administering the blood of Christ to cleanse souls of sinners from the taint and guilt of sin. It is a more Godlike work to rescue the neglected children of poverty from temptation, to lift up the heart of some outcast Magdalene, and to take the prodigal or the prisoner by the hand and lead him back to honor and manhood, than it is to wear all the crowns and mitres kings and popes ever wore. God is ever with those who seek to save, and never with those who seek to destroy.

God is made more gloriously and usefully manifest in peace and temperance societies in their efforts to save the drunkard and hush the tumult of war, than in David and Solomon in their efforts to build a temple for God on Mt. Zion, or in Paul on Mars Hill preaching salvation by the cross of Christ. The God of justice, love and mercy is far more truly and nobly manifested in Henry C. Dorsey in his energetic and heroic efforts to cheer the lives of those whom the laws of men consign to dungeons, than in those professors of holy priests who, in the name of their holy Trinity, plunge a man into water and call it baptism, and give to a man a bit of bread to eat when he do not want it, and call it a holy sacrament. The man who cheers the outcast and helps those who are fallen among thieves, is a man after God's own heart in a higher sense than David was. As a friend of publicans and sinners, he is God made manifest as Jesus was when he sought the society of harlots and other outcasts to feed them with loaves and fishes, and lead them from their degraded and self-condemned state to a purer and nobler life.

FAREWELL TO ERIN.

[The following lines are from the pen of our esteemed and excellent friend, Dr. J. O. Clark, an eminent physician of Manchester, Morgan County, Ohio, a native of Ireland, and a cousin of Dr. Adam Clark, the celebrated Commentator on the Bible. They were originally addressed to a sister in Ireland, and are alike creditable to both the head and heart of their author, containing sparks of fervid and genuine poetry, the invocation to the Deity in the closing stanzas rising even to the sublime. The Doctor is a firm believer in the Spiritual Philosophy.]

How charming and lovely the scenes of my childhood,
When memory's unfoldings present them anew,
The Daisy hill plantings, Myrore, and the Highlands,
And all the surroundings my infancy knew.

Though fate may deny me once more the wished pleasure,
To visit the shores of my native green Isle;
Yet memory will paint on the canvas of fancy,
The joyous bright scenes that waked youth's sweetest smile.

Should I pass o'er the deep and revisit old Erin,
How fond could be found that I once knew before;
For death and migration have scattered the number,
And thou only left a lone star on the shore.

Then farewell, my sister, and kindred (if any),
Your memory I'll cherish while life shall remain;
When we all shall have passed o'er the Jordan of Death,
We will meet in the Ganaan of promise again.

Farewell, loved Erin, thou land of my childhood,
The sunshine of youth still endears the view;
Thy green hills and valleys, how dear and endearing,
To him who must bid you a final adieu.

Exiled from thy bosom, bright gem of the ocean,
A mansion I'll seek 'mongst the just and the true;
Firm anchored by hope on my Saviour's promise,
'Till glories eternal leave full into view.

Then onward and upward, through endless duration,
In search of more knowledge and wisdom profound,
From the Fountain of that unapproachable splendor,
Where Dweller, though present, can never be found.

Impress me, Great Father of Lights, I beseech thee,
To reverence and love thee with awe and piety;
Though thy face be unknown, still by love and thy mercy
Extend through all spaces, unrestricted, unbound.

No vision created can ever behold thee,
No science unfold thy mysterious abode!
Inscrutable mystery enshroudest thy dwelling,
Thou everywhere present, thou Infinite God.

The Reviewer.

"The Career of the Christ-Idea in History," by Hudson Tuttle.

PUBLISHED BY ADAMS & CO., 25 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.

Many biographies of Jesus of Nazareth have been written; countless sermons upon him have been preached, yet the questions which he put to the Pharisees, "What think ye concerning the Christ? whose son is he?" are as perplexing to many minds at the present time as when they alluded to the learned Jews eighteen hundred years ago. Priests have failed to answer these questions satisfactorily, though they have for centuries claimed exclusive jurisdiction of the subject, laymen have quite recently investigated them and given their responses. That the mass of the people are not tired of the topic, and desire further knowledge thereon, is evident from the translations and extensive sales that have been made of Strauss' "Life of Jesus," Renan's "Life of Jesus," Schenkel's "Character of Jesus," "Ecce Homo," and other kindred works.

It is not surprising that this deep and wide pervading interest in the subject exists. Two institutions, namely, Church and State, exercising sway, securing or undoing by their laws and usages the welfare of every man, woman and child of every nation of Christendom, are more or less built upon and permeated by what are supposed to be the teachings, thoughts and ideas of Jesus of Nazareth. Is it a question of social institutions, of marriage or divorce, that interests a commonwealth? how many priests, blind leaders of the blind, go no further in their inquiries than to pore over the Bible to learn what Jesus may be represented to have said concerning it? Is it a question of human liberty that interests a nation? how unanimously the sects conform their precepts and practices to the musty texts and savage practices recorded and countenanced in the Bible. Very recently in the United States, so completely did a semi-barbarous state of society and church teachings harmonize, that it became a by-word in the anti-slavery contest, that the Evangelical church was the bulwark of American slavery. Is it a question of property, of its accumulation or use, that excites reflection? Ah, then, the words of Jesus, "Sell thou hast, and give to the poor," are hard sayings to Christians. Some of the rich ones strive to think that they undoubtedly obey the injunction by contributions to support missions and donations to that relic of the dark ages, that sepulchre of the traditions of the elders, which, of all human contrivances, the intuitive and sensitive Jesus would most quickly have shrunk from—namely, a theological seminary. Is it a question of life beyond the grave? Many people rest their belief on the alleged fact of the resurrection of Jesus, and the inferences they deduce from it. In all the ten thousand oaths administered in States, courts and custom houses, there is an appeal to that spiritual and invisible Judge spoken of in the Bible, and believed by many to be Jesus, who will punish or reward in the last day. At the present time the foundation of many so-called Christian institutions are critically examined, and it is not surprising that the chief cornerstone, namely, Jesus, should be the object of close scrutiny.

In the work whose title heads this article, Mr. Tuttle has not confined himself simply to an examination into the life of Jesus. His plan is deeper and broader. It is the "Career of the Christ-Idea in History" that he announces. The preface is not long. Here it is:

"The present volume was written because I was impelled to write. Said Jeremiah, the prophet, twenty-five centuries ago, 'His word is in my heart like a burning fire shut up in my bones. I cannot refrain.' Both of these words, the American as well as the Hebrew, speak as if they had a message to deliver—one that was not at their option, but must be uttered whether men would hear it or not. The poet sings:

"God sends his teachers into every age,
To every clime and every class of men,
With revelations suited to their needs,
Nor trusts his all of truth to one sole race."

If the poet utters truth in his song, it is evident that inspiration is not confined to one age, nor limited to Palestine. Many believe that divine influences have inspired men in the present age, and that these have come down, poetry, philosophy and religion not inferior to that recorded in the Jewish Scriptures. What is inspiration? how does it come? how affects its recipients? Many minds are not satisfied with the answers of theologians to these questions. Perhaps the following extract from a letter of Mr. Tuttle to a friend, written before his book was published, may in some degree illustrate the matter; it gives a hint which will interest many readers as to the origin of the work. Confession, I think, is not abused by its publication. Facts like that which it narrates belong to the race; no recipient can rightfully hold them as private property.

"Last winter," writes Mr. Tuttle, "Emma," that is, Mrs. Tuttle, "wanted to hear Anna Dickinson. She lectured at Norwalk, nine miles away. It was intensely cold. I came out of the hall warm, and I suffered exceedingly. We had great difficulty in driving, as the snow, partially thawed, was left in drifts, and only by care could we avoid accident to our carriage. We had arrived nearly home—in fact had reached our farm; I was shivering, only thinking of my horse and where he was going, when like a rifle ball the 'Christ-Idea' hit me; o o o and not only the grand idea, but the book as a whole came, and could I have written it out, one hour would have sufficed to have completed it."

Here is an instance of spiritual artillery. Not leaden rain and iron balls are the ammunition of the invisibles. Claws and teeth pertain to animals; swords and guns are used by humans; but thoughts and ideas are the weapons of the immortals. Their wounds are kindnesses, for they purge away ignorance, destroy prejudices, and vivify the soul.

Now what is this "Christ-Idea" which found its lodgment in the farmer and vine-dresser who wrote this book? The usual notion suggested by the word "Christ," after its etymological signification, is that of a divine mediator. It therefore imports a being or person who is mediated with, another who is mediated for, and a third being or person who intervenes as mediator. Job, the perfect and upright man of Uz, lamented thousands of years ago that there was not a daysman or umpire betwixt God and himself. Paul, the Jew of Tarsus, that zealous persecutor and proselyter, affirmed that there was a peace-maker between God and man, and that it was the man Christ Jesus. For eighteen centuries the utterance of the Jew has been repeated by Christendom, and its religious leaders have got nearer to his heart in their practices and precepts, than did the witnesses who merely laid their clothes at his feet, while they performed a religious duty upon Stephen. An angry God, a burning hell, man lost, and someone who as a Saviour, is the substance of the countless sermons which have been delivered for near eighteen centuries by priests and ministers to men, women and children as messages from God.

The title of Mr. Tuttle's book is significant. The word "Career," implies a beginning and an end. The author evidently selected the title with that implication in view. His work includes a sketch of the life, progress and termination of the "Christ-Idea." That idea, namely, of a mediator or god-man, he regards as a necessary outgrowth of a certain stage of mental development. It inheres in a certain subordinate condition of human intellect. It naturally arises out of one's fears and ignorance. It is very easy for a person who, as a child, has experienced rewards and punishments at the hands of parents and teachers, and in maturer life has witnessed the manifestations of external force and authority in states and governments, to hold on to the idea and believe that there is a personal governor of the world or universe, who, like earthly potentates, rewards and punishes his subjects. If this governor become angry with his dependents, they must suffer, unless his wrath vent itself on some other person or object. Thence arises the idea of a sacrifice or a substitute. The mediatorial or Christ-Idea very readily suggests itself, and it is almost impossible to escape its influence in a community psychologized by so-called Orthodoxy. The Evangelical road is a broad one; intellectually it is an easy one to travel, and thousands walk together there. But as the soul is enriched by new experiences, and the state of sensuality is outgrown, reason is developed, and illuminates the phenomena of life. Then mental darkness fades away, and with it disappear the borders of doubts and fears which had previously embittered the consciousness of existence. Man then perceives more clearly his relation with the external world; he conquers or acquiesces in its difficulties. He gradually learns that mystery of all mysteries, himself. As he knows and comes into harmony with himself, he perceives that he needs not, and that there cannot be, external or church Saviours for him. With him that notion is ended; its career is run. Rightly did the wise men of Greece select the precept, "Know thyself," as most fit to be inscribed in golden letters upon the portals of the great temple at Delphi. The whole scheme of Evangelical religion proceeds on the idea of an outside God, and hence

the necessity of its mediator and Saviour. When one finds God within him, and appreciates that the habitation of God is with men, the Christ-Idea, as connected with an external Saviour, or an historical personage, is ended.

"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he Who finds himself, loses misery." As in the world of matter, forms, such as plants, animals, and types of men, have a beginning, unfoldment, and an end, so in the sphere of mind ideas rise, flourish and expire. That the mediatorial idea is one which naturally springs up and runs its course in certain stages of human development, Mr. Tuttle illustrates by examples of its rise and progress in different nations. The remarkable story of the Hindoo Christna is strikingly to the point. The parallelism of the history of that personage to that of Jesus of Nazareth is surprisingly circumstantial. He also briefly alludes to Confucius, the god-man, or mediator of the Chinese; to Zoroaster, the god-man of the Persians, and to the beneficent Quetzalcoatl, who brought the golden age to Mexico. He makes no reference to Mahomet, or to the founders of Mormonism, though he might have drawn further confirmation of his view from both of these sources.

But by far the larger portion of the volume is devoted to a somewhat critical examination, from a rationalistic point of view, of the life, works and words of the great Jewish reformer, as recorded in the Bible memoirs of him. He is far from agreeing with those scholars who deny that the historical personage known as Jesus of Nazareth ever existed. On the contrary, he insists that there must have been a man Jesus, and that he was more than an ordinary prophet. But though Mr. Tuttle thinks that Jesus lived, it may be fairly doubted whether he believes that Jesus restored to life Lazarus of Bethany. Mr. Tuttle perceives, as clearly as any one else, the mythical element which pervades the gospels; he detects and makes apparent their contradictions. He knows how to separate wheat from chaff. The simple question whether a person known as Jesus of Nazareth existed about eighteen and a half centuries ago, is one of no practical importance. The real question is, whether, at that time and place, any one was born, lived, spoke and died, as is recorded of Jesus in the New Testament gospels. Confining the inquiry to that issue alone, and allowing of no division of it, doubtless Mr. Tuttle would be as positive in his negation to it as are those who affirm that Jesus is a purely mythical character, and so far they would agree. The determination of each and every one of the particular matters involved depends on historical evidence, and peculiarities of mind in the person judging of that evidence. Historical evidence never yields demonstrative certainty—only probability. So the other questions, as to what precise words and deeds Jesus did say and do, can never be demonstratively verified, can only be matters of opinion, and like many other queries may finally be laid aside as of no special value.

Nearly all the important questions relative to Jesus, which are of interest among Protestants, Mr. Tuttle discusses with impartiality and great shrewdness. He devotes a chapter to miracles, and to the Christian position that miracles are God's credentials of his messages to mankind. The sermon of the mount is also analyzed, and the similarity of its sentiments with those of other advanced spiritual minds is pointed out. He does not, however, allude to the conversation on the second birth which Jesus had with Nicodemus, as narrated in the gospel of John. His views on that matter, would have been especially interesting to many persons, who believe that Mr. Tuttle is favored with more than ordinary intercourse with the spirit spheres.

The book is a valuable contribution to the cause of liberal ideas. It contains a fund of instructive facts which are elsewhere distributed through numerous volumes, not easily accessible. Its criticisms are keen, yet made with entire fairness. There is a generous and healthful philosophy permeating and enveloping the volume, which cannot but tend to enlighten and liberalize every candid and intelligent reader.

Before concluding this article, it may be well to enrich it with a quotation, pertinent to the subject, from Ralph Waldo Emerson's address at the Second Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association in Boston: "The earth moves, and the mind opens. I am glad to believe society contains a class of humble souls who enjoy the luxury of a religion that does not degrade; who think it the highest worship to expect of heaven the most and the best; who do not wonder that there was a Christ, but that there were not a thousand; who have conceived an infinite hope for mankind; who believe that the history of Jesus is the history of every man, written large."

It is interesting to observe the harmony of ideas on this subject of the sage of Concord with those of the Walpole Grove farmer. The following extract from Mr. Tuttle's book will make it apparent: "Far better for us to feel that Jesus is an older brother than that he was an incarnation removed from our sympathy. So far as Jesus possessed the truth he was divine. If the Holy Spirit can anoint one man, it can anoint another. If it came in contact with the earth in one age, it can in another. If one man can be inspired, it is possible for all men. If one man is divine, so are all men. Here human nature touches and blends. All have a divine nature. Jesus is a shadowy ideal of the real. He actualizes the capabilities of every one."

"Boundless capabilities, infinite progress, are the birthright of the human mind. It does not look without for its redeemer, but within. Man, if redeemed, must redeem himself. Sin cannot be forgiven, it must be outgrown."

Speaking for myself, I do most emphatically and gratefully thank Mr. Tuttle for his book. ALFRED E. GILES, Boston, 1870.

CONNECTICUT.

Report of the State Missionary.

To LYMAN BARNETT, Secretary of Connecticut State Association of Spiritualists, and to the Spiritualists of Connecticut in general:

Again it becomes necessary for me to give in my quarterly report of work done and money received, and also to address a few lines to the Spiritualists of Connecticut.

April 1st I left Bridgeport for Seymour, Birmingham and Waterbury. In these places I gave both public and private lectures, receiving little or nothing by way of remuneration. Birmingham I visited for the first time, and only had an opportunity to speak one evening; could give them little else than an introductory lecture. My audience, though not large, was intelligent, and manifested a spirit of inquiry, so much so that I left them reluctantly, for the soul still there is prepared for the seed; hope it may be scattered in good time by competent dispensers. In Waterbury I have often spoken to large audiences, and with good results; but since the excitement caused by Read's exposure (real or pretended), it is difficult to get an audience there, except it is made up of a certain percentage of loafers, who attend more to disturb than to listen. Still Spiritualism is far from being dead there. I think the spirit of inquiry is rather on the increase. Spiritualism can know no defeat; only excitement like that gotten up over the exposed seer to create within people a skepticism to instigate to open inquiry.

My next appointment was at Bristol, where I spoke with the usual results. Thence to New Hartford, where I gave three lectures, nothing worthy of note transpiring, though there was the usual confabulation attendant upon these lectures. I was hospitably entertained by Mrs. Cyrus Hanson, at whose house I have before found rest and shelter. His good lady possessing many qualifications of a medium, occupied the office of chairman, and introduced me to the audience in a most appropriate manner.

Next I proceeded to Winsted. Here I found the order of the people somewhat abated since Hull and Grant's discussion. I made little effort there, (except to give two lectures, for which I received good collections), as the Spiritualists had been rather heavily taxed to sustain their lectures and the discussion, and also for another reason—I find people's brains are like their stomachs, they won't bear an overdose. Burrville I visited, speaking twice, throwing such radical truths among them as to produce an effect similar to that of a bombshell thrown into camp. Here my audiences were small, but many afterwards expressed regrets that they did not attend.

I next revisited Bristol, where I spoke the first Sunday in May, the spirits being invited to speak on the following Wednesday evening on the subject of temperance. Accepting the invitation, they accordingly took up the subject, and I alluded to the entire satisfaction of the Spiritualists, and I think the audience. The Bristol Corned Beef Band being present, gave life and animation to the meeting, and a cheer on the platform requited themselves nobly.

Terryville I visited, giving one lecture to an audience which was more in "quantity than quality." My next engagements were at New Haven. Here I remained two Sundays, but did not succeed in getting up as much interest as in the winter. The reporters, as usual, were on hand to burlesque the lectures, and do their part toward prejudicing the minds of the people against them.

To Westport I next repaired, where I gave one lecture, after which a paper was handed me, in which I read that my lecture, learned for the occasion by Mr. Cyrus Hanson, in a style that would have done credit to a Webster, before a large audience of worthy citizens, who attended more as a pastime than because they cared or wanted to know anything of Spiritualism. The month of June I spent in Canterbury and vicinity. In Scotland I spoke one Sunday, the Universalists extending to me the free use of their church, as last year. I had, as I have reason to believe, the entire congregation usually worshipping there, as well as those who were present.

At Brooklyn the Rev. Mr. Stone (Unitarian) invited me to

occupy his pulpit, which I did, himself conducting the preliminary services.

Hampton I visited; spoke twice to small audiences, and took collections to my expense.

Wareham and Central Village I visited, speaking to thoroughly skeptical people, who I believe were favorably impressed with the practicability of my religious principles, though they were not prepared to believe that the lectures were given in earnest.

Besides these here mentioned, I have given very many lectures in school-houses, empty tenements, and a large hall of farm-houses, to the curious and the inquirer; and those who have heard of them, giving not only rest and shelter to me, but providing ways and means for the dissemination of the soul-clearing truths of the "angel ministrations." I shall ever hold in grateful remembrance, and look upon them as benefactors of my kind.

Spiritualists of Connecticut, the time is approaching for the annual meeting of your State Association which has been in the past little else than a business meeting. The interests of the cause demand a Convention this year, or an extended meeting, in which to present the claims of the Association, and if possible to raise funds for carrying on this movement in the State. We cannot have such a meeting without speakers, and those who understand the nature of the work to be done and have the ability to do it; but there is no money in the treasury to hire such speakers. I would therefore solicit the assistance of Spiritualists in getting up this Convention, either by their personal influence or contributing to pay speakers; and should there be any who feel disposed to extend their services gratis, or by having their expenses paid to the meeting, to be held some time near the 15th of August, should be most happy to arrange with them. Address the President, Allen Hitchcock, Winsted, Conn.

Below is a list of members received, with by collection and subscription, for the last quarter, commencing April 1st, ending June 30th.

Collectors.—Bristol, three lectures, \$18.40; New Hartford, three, \$7.30; Winsted, two, \$12.20; Burrville, two, \$7.45; Terryville, one, \$1.35; New Haven, four, \$17.42; Westport, one, \$4.52; Baltic, one, \$5.38; Canterbury, two, \$5.20; Scotland, two, \$4.04; Brooklyn, two, \$1.47; Hampton, two, \$1.50; Wareham, one, \$5.75; Central Village, one, \$2.64; Private donation, \$1.50. Total, \$85.01.

Subscriptions.—Edwin Blackledge Waterbury, \$2.00; A. J. Robinson, Bristol, \$1.00; Geo. Norton, do, \$2.00; B. A. Douglas, Forestville, \$2.00; H. N. Orsban, do, \$2.00; J. A. Churchill, do, \$2.00; W. G. Spenser, Thomaston, \$3.00; Mrs. Minnie Easty, Terryville, 50 cents; Lucius Parker, Manchester, \$1.00; Mrs. J. W. Smith, \$1.00; Mrs. Cornelia Canterbury, \$1.50; John Smith, do, \$4.00; Mrs. Anne Warren, Norwich, \$5.00. Total, \$35.00.

E. KENT HINMAN, Agent of Connecticut State Association, Ellington, July 10th, 1870.

NATURE'S SECRET.

BY D. N. FORD.

In the tiny rosebud nestled,
In the acorn's hoard secured,
In the dewdrop brightly glistening,
Shining with its brightest ray,
Lies hidden Nature's secret,
And no mortal man has found it—
It will ever hidden be to
All except the God of day.

Eye of man is penetrating:
Man can fathom mighty oceans,
He can read what's plainly written—
Nature's pages loves to pore;
But there's much that's far beyond him,
More than he can now discover,
Which the eyes of risen angels
In the future must explore.

Man is wise and ever learning,
But shall never reach perfection,
Though his march is onward ever,
Upward toward the heavenly throne,
Where the fount of love upspringeth,
Where the tree of Wisdom spreadeth
Wide its branches o'er all the
Children of the great unknown.

What is man, that thou art mindful,
Mighty Father, great Creator?
Hear the answer, coming out from
Ocean, earth and atmosphere—
Man of God is part and parcel,
He is God's embodied presence;
If existence you deny him,
God himself will disappear.

Lovely spirits, sweetly smiling
From their realms of light returning,
Shed upon our darkened vision
Gleams of glory, bright and pure.
We'll receive them, and we'll bless them,
We will open our bosoms to them;
Come, oh angels, tune our harp-strings,
Enter ye the open door.

God our Father, God our Mother,
We would tender thee thanksgiving
For the blessings that are showered
On us as we linger here.
Keep us, guide us, lead us onward—
Onward to the golden portals
Opened by thy love so boundless,
Love which casteth out all fear.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

BY DEAN CLARK.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:
Once again am I among the everlasting mountains, nay, not everlasting—for the poet truly tells us "The mountains themselves decay with years"—but the ever Green Mountains of dear old Vermont, the land of my birth where first my wondering eyes gazed upon the splendor of a natural scenery they have yet found unequalled, though our many a picturesque and romantic landscape they have roamed with delight, as my pilgrim footsteps have borne me through valley, o'er hill and broad prairie, while traversing fifteen of the United States.

I have seen far richer and more fertile fields in the great West, whose gigantic forest trees reach higher from the surface, and whose golden grasslands spread wider to the view; but these green-carpeted intervals, these cozy nooks, these meandering valleys, these murmuring brooks clear as crystal, these towering hills and more lofty mountains, now clad in vernal splendor, have a charm for my spirit that probably faintly foreshadows the ecstasy that thrills the enfranchised soul, as it first gazes upon the "Evergreen Mountains of Life" that lift their flower-crowned summits in the beautiful "Beyond."

Again have I visited the scenes of early years, and as one familiar object after another seemed to respond to my warm recognition, how freshly came the stanza from my reading book of school-days:

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-angled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!"

Ah, what a long train of associations were awakened, and moved with panoramic precision before the interior eye, as the outer vision rested upon scenes and forms that in years gone by had witnessed my childish gambols! In the vast picture-gallery of the soul, Memory, the "Recording Angel," ushered my rapt spirit, and as if by enchantment, the companions of other days stood before me, and the transports of Auld Lang Syne were lived again, as though it were but yesterday that the childish fancy painted the roseate hues of life's young morning.

But ah, what a change came o'er the spirit of my dream, when I retraced my way down the vista of years and stood alone among these emblems of the past. Here were the same physical objects that years ago had painted their forms indelibly upon the soul's white tablet, but the spirit that now viewed them had changed with the growth of years of stern discipline, and it now beheld them from a different standpoint, though perhaps with no less pleasure, if with less of passionate ardor.

The duties of my calling led me back to the very spot where, twenty-eight years before, my "young idlers" first "learned to shoot" at the curious symbols called a-b-c's; and as I there stood in the higher capacity of a teacher of "chil-

dren of a larger growth," and under an inspiration from still higher teachers, poured forth ideas which, though big with significance, can all be represented by those same comparatively insignificant characters, I could but reflect how wondrous a thing is the human mind, that first labors hard to grasp the form and name of simple alphabetic signs, then gradually expands till it can mount to the stars and read with ease the hieroglyphics of the heavens, or descend into the depths of sea and earth and decipher the thoughts which God has inscribed on rock and shell long ages ago, and when it has learned to think the thoughts of God after him, can grasp the winged thunderbolt for a courier, and send them round the world in the time it once consumed in pronouncing—A!

How little then did I dream what the future had in store of labor and of pain, of duty and of change in all the relations of life; how little did I dream that the same vocal organs that then could hardly articulate the rudiments of the vernacular language, would in after years there speak fluently the thoughts of angels by inspiration given!

So goes this world, but here I am again after the strange vicissitudes of eventful years, on the very spot where the vestal fires of a living inspiration were first lighted upon the altar of my young soul; here where the angels of mercy and wisdom, in answer to the earnest prayer of an invalid youth, came "with healing on their wings" and soothed the aching nerves, cheered the drooping spirit, and after years of discipline, gave the commission to go forth and proclaim the glad tidings to suffering humanity that angels have again come "for the healing of the nations."

Why should not these grand old mountains be as much the haunts of the gods as those of classic Greece, the land of poetry and eloquence, "where burning Sappho wept and sang?" Indeed it cannot be presumption to claim a truth which both poetry and history will attest. Here are the altars on which the beacon fires of freedom have ever burned. Here the spirit of liberty dwells in every home, pulsates in every heart, floats on every mountain streamlet, whispers in every mountain breeze and fans the flame of patriotism in every heroic soul!

No wonder that the "Green Mountain Boys" occupy a proud position in our Nation's Temple of Honor, nor that laurels, green as their native hills, should deck the brow of her living heroes, who have drank the spirit of heroism from the same pure fountains where Stark, Baker and Allen quaffed their inspiring draughts!

These mountain dells, these sylvan groves and crystal streams are indeed "fit haunts of gods," and the Goddess of Liberty, whose statue surmounts the State Capitol, has ever made these verdant hills at least her "summer resort," and breathed her own breath of life into the living soul of every maid and matron, sire and son, who is truly "to the manor born!"

Many of her wandering daughters and sons, besides Stephen A. Douglas, have felt that "Vermont is a good place to be born in," and with no childish pride, but with a filial gratitude which does "honor to whom honor is due," they trace to her, and to an ancestry whose spirits were—

"Plant as needs where streams of freedom glide,
But firm as her hills, to resist oppression's tide,"
the spirit of daring enterprise and valor which has won them trophies in national councils, on battle-fields, and in every industrial pursuit where courage, industry and skill win the goal. Since mountains have ever been the resort of the world's inspired teachers, from the days of Moses and Jesus, the Grecian Poets and India's Seers, down to A. J. Davis, when they would be baptized with the fire of a living inspiration that perpetually glows on these heaven-crowned altars, why marvel that the mantle of the immortals has fallen upon so many of the brave sons and daughters of Vermont? Why wonder that many of the most conspicuous champions of the New Dispensation, and heralds of the New Era of Liberty and Progress, should have drawn their natal breath among these pillars of God's great temple?

Having quaffed "the nectar of the gods" from these crystal fountains, having inhaled "the breath of inspiration" that flows down from these heaven-pledging summits, 'tis no marvel to me that from these verdant hill-sides and flowery valleys should come forth such illustrious evangelists as Miss A. W. Sprague, Mrs. Hoadley, Horton, Hyzer, Brigham, Wilsey, Wolcott, M. A. C. and A. P. Brown, Pratt, Manchester, and others, (whose names memory does not furnish) and also such fearless champions of human rights and FREE RELIGION as A. E. Simmons, J. M. Peabody, S. S. Jones, E. B. Holden, Dr. Dutton, S. P. Cheney, A. E. Stanley, all public exponents of our philosophical religion, besides many more equally worthy, laboring in a more private capacity.

While contemplating the grandeur of this scenery, with Byron I can truly say:

"My altars are the mountains and the ocean, earth, sky, air
All that proceeds from the Great Whole
Who hath created, and still receive the soul."

And as I once more "worship in spirit and in truth" before these altars upreared by the Divine Architect, I believe as he did that—

"Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar of the high places and the peak
Of earth's o'er-gazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unvalued temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honor shrines are weak
Upreared of human hands. Come and compare
Columns and Idols-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on dead abodes to circumscribe thy prayer."

But I must turn from the contemplation of these sublime natural objects to speak of things personal and general, relating to the great cause to which for four years my entire energies have been devoted with an earnest purpose to enlighten and bless my fellowmen.

As I have before intimated, Spiritualism is indigenous to these exalted regions, and it dwells in the hearts as well as heads of many of the denizens of this Puritanic State, but thus far its votaries have manifested their true Yankee characteristics of individual independence, and little cooperative effort has been made to promulgate its facts and principles.

The effort to establish a State spiritual paper was (as I predicted, and strenuously declared to its projectors would be the result of so untimely and unnecessary a project), an abortive one, but yet perhaps afforded a necessary and wholesome lesson of experience to those who had not gained the wisdom of the Indian whose trust had been betrayed till he exclaimed, "White man is mighty on earth."

The missionary effort, too, as in other States where injudicious measures were adopted for its maintenance, proved a financial failure, and from a like experience I can sympathize with Bro. Cheney, whose pockets are as much depleted of cash as our bodies were of vitality by such an exhaustive, nomadic life! When will leading Spiritualists learn that this great movement has a secular, as well as a spiritual side, and that business tact and financial ability are as essential in its management, as in any of the great industrial and educational enterprises of practical life?

For one, I am heartily disgusted with the servile and imbecile dependence upon spirits to do what belongs to sensible mortals to do themselves,

which is so often seen in enthusiastic but impractical Spiritualists! Were the officious but inefficient managers of our meetings and conventions themselves the sufferers, and not the mediums, by their neglect of proper financial arrangements beforehand, whereby, as is too often the case, they (the speakers), are obliged to depart as empty in purse as of vitality, which they have freely given, then there would be less cause of complaint, and I opine the error would soon be corrected. But in the present loose and injudicious way that meetings are often conducted, speakers must content themselves with the meagre pittance collected, when perhaps half of the audience has dispersed! Thus much of "scolding" (if you will have it so), by way of "pointing the moral," if not "adorning the tale."

It was my pleasure recently to attend the State Convention at Glover, where I renewed the acquaintance of many old friends and co-workers, who are still faithfully "fighting the good fight" with antiquated errors and moss-grown superstitions, and while en route, stopping at Montpelier, had the good fortune to form an acquaintance with Dyer D. Lum, whose erudite and instructive articles have frequently graced the columns of the Banner. It was indeed a feast of reason and a flow of soul to converse with this modest, but already scholarly young man, whose studious habits and originality of genius will give him a high rank among the thinkers whose names are already enrolled in the Pantheon of progress.

By this way, (begging his pardon,) I noticed that he, like many—if not most—of our "biggest guns," is physically small in stature; and here let me indulge in a little pleasantry by way of self-defence.

While in the West I was frequently hantred by those whose expectations were not fully realized in a view of my own Lilliputian contour, with such gibes as: "Why! I thought Vermonters were all giants!" "So they are," I would reply, "but in these days of chemical extracts and concentrated essences, you must remember that some of them are condensed into the mold of Stephen A. Douglas, 'the Little Giant!'" Surely such illustrations as Bros. Lum, White, Hayden, Stebbins, Hull, Finney, et al. prove that power cannot be measured by the bushel, nor manhood by a tape-line, nor capacity of mind by the physique; for, though it may be a vulgar expression, 'tis nevertheless a fact, that brains require much less space than biceps! Since lightning is bottled in vials, gold is found in particles and nuggets, and angels may be developed from monads, I solaced my untalented pride with the unctious of the Latin phrase, *multum in parvo*! (Alhem!)

But pardon my descent from "heights sublime" to minor considerations. Necessity often compels us to come down from mountain-tops of contemplative thought to the valleys of labor, where the stern duties of life engage our energies and absorb our time. Let me say to the Spiritualists of New England, I have returned among you not only to be refreshed by the pure air and quickening magnetism of your inspiring scenery, and more genial souls, but with the earnest desire to labor for you in the cause of progress and reform, and in all the interests, private and public, individual and social, that are involved within the scope of our humanitarian religion. But natural modesty deters me from imposing myself upon any Society as a claimant of their patronage, and I have only to say if you want my humble services for the ensuing fall and winter, you can have them by soliciting them at once by addressing me at the Banner of Light Office, and as I desire to complete my arrangements soon as possible, I request an immediate application.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BEAUTY.

BY LONDON EXCEL.

Beauty, shadow of delight,
Through the day and through the night
I have sought thee everywhere,
Let me know thy dwelling-place,
Let me gaze upon thy face,
This has been my constant prayer.

On the human face I've pondered,
Into quiet Nature wandered
To catch a glimpse of thee.
But though faces often seemed
The ideal of what I've dreamed,
And though Nature cried me "look,
See! here's beauty in my book!"
Still thou dost deceive me.

Lo! soft a spirit voice dost come,
How it revives my senses numb,
And drives away my care.
For eyes it says, in accents low,
"They who carry me as they go,
Will find me everywhere."

D. D. Home, the Spirit-Medium.

It was Alexander Dumas, says the *New Life*, who introduced Home to Count Koucheff. Dumas was paid largely to visit St. Petersburg, in company with the Count, and then write one of his exciting, sensational novels—giving a picture of Russian life, that was to be published in a review which the Count contemplated establishing. Home was persuaded to accompany them—and soon the Count became greatly attached to him; he seemed never to weary of the society of this wonderful youth, who was apparently as familiar with the World of Spirits as with the scenes of earth. Home had been but a few months in St. Petersburg when he married the Count's sister, a beautiful girl with the dowry of a princess. In about a year she gave birth to a child—and so distinguished was the position of this noble family, that no less a personage than the Imperial Czar was deemed worthy to stand a godfather to this infant.

Count Koucheff was reckless in his waste of money. His income was estimated at \$400,000 gold per annum, yet he became so hopelessly embarrassed that he was compelled to reduce his expenses to only \$100 per day.

At the death of his brother he was again on his feet, but this time with an increased sum at his disposal; \$600,000 being now the proper limit of his expenditure.

The recent demise of this wealthy nobleman leaves an immense estate descending to Home's only child.

How much more wonderful than the wildest tales of romance have been the experiences of this young man.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1870.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 3, 2d Floor.
AGENCY IN NEW YORK,
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 NASSAU STREET.
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, EDITOR. LUTHER COLBY, ASSISTANT.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. LUTHER COLBY, ASSISTANT.

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

News in Religion.

There is hardly an organized set of the modern times that does not, in one form or another, confess to the necessity of renovation in its spirit, whatever may become of the kernel of its forms. There is no difference between one sect and another in this matter. So much, therefore, is universally conceded to the position taken by reformers—conceded by the very parties and persons that insist with the loudest clamor on the needlessness and falsity of professed reformers. It would be a strange form of religion, or of anything else, that doggedly planted itself within its own chosen limits and boundaries, and declared that outside of these was all untruth and delusion. It would be an already dead organization, that refused to look out in the front, to search for more sources of vigorous life than is now possessed or controlled, to move forward to untold ground because of a blind belief that what it now occupies was all that was stable and safe in the universe. Yet while Orthodoxy does take precisely this position before the world of life and progress, it nevertheless acts from sheer compulsion in a totally different spirit, and flings on after the army of advancement and discovery with what grace it can, and hopes at the last to secure the actual goal without taking the risks of the struggle.

Every religious creed that has been proclaimed testifies to-day, whether willingly or unwillingly, to the movement that is going on, forcing them all to keep within hail of its courageous leaders. There is an unnamed something in the spirit of the age which is much greater than all mere proclamations of belief, and shrivels their expression when they fail to convey its full and living meaning. The fact is as inevitable as sunrise and sunset. All the learning of all the divinity doctors cannot alter it one iota, and simply because it is a secret power to which they are as completely subject as their creeds. What makes the church in one century differ from the same church of a century earlier? Why are doctrines once received without a wry face now shuddered at as abominable? What has brought about a newer, fresher, more profoundly humane style of preaching? What has sent the old controversial writings on theology entirely out of the fashion, so that its dead authors are scarcely any better known than if they had never lived? Have any of these changes been wrought within the church itself, without any aid from outside power? Has all this notable reform been compassed within the religious organizations rather than without them?

To ask these and related questions is virtually to answer them. They find their response in every candid and reflecting mind without the least trouble. Every one of ordinary intelligence knows that the church has always been reformed from without, rather than from within; knows, too, that it is the expanding progressive spirit of each age that is caught, though ever so slowly, by the church; that it is, after all, the world that contains the seed principles of real religion, which exclusive ecclesiastical companies are compelled from time to time to adopt, and assimilate; that men are everywhere as good spiritually as their teachers and preachers; and that humanity is broader and deeper than any organization that claims to contain and control it, and will always make its own independent forward steps, lay down its own precepts, inculcate its own faith, and steadily advance, no matter how powerfully obstructed, to the realization of its own destiny.

Hence we are everywhere and under all circumstances to be looking out for the newer and the better, which have invariably been placed just beyond. Aspiration means simply that. Prayer is the very expression of that identical aim and purpose. We all admit that progress is the law in material things; in science, in the subjection of rude nature, in the diminution of distance, the shortening of time, and the multiplication of every manner of facilities in physical life. Can it be that Heaven has ordained so visible and irrefragable a law in relation to the outer and material side of life, which is its perishable, but denied it to the immortal principle which is divinity itself incarnate in man? As we are permitted to reason from the less to the greater, every consideration forces us to answer in the negative. We may at least be sure that the nobler and holier is the better cared for. And as this is our conclusion which cannot be swept away by any sophistry, it only remains for us to adopt and practice on the faith in a newness of spirit that must be the beginning and end of all religion.

Remarkable Case of Spirit Sight.

We are informed, on reliable authority, that recently a child of some eight or ten years of age entered a store in the town of Stoneham, Mass., and while there, regarded a certain lady whom she met with a peculiar expression and evident interest; finally breaking silence, she said, "There is a little baby near you who wishes to lay its head on your bosom." The lady did not take any special notice of the speech of the little clairvoyant, and the child began to cry, evidently sharing in the sorrow of the babe, who thus felt itself thrust from the maternal breast whereon in life it had been accustomed to recline. Soon after the child appeared to be playing with the babe, and to be very much pleased with it—probably succeeding in pacifying its feelings. The lady in question had recently (some four months since) "lost an infant by death," as described, and though not a Spiritualist she afterward expressed herself as much comforted by the knowledge thus given that her babe did live and love her. The incident has created great interest among the friends who are acquainted with the circumstances, and we trust they will be led to examine a subject which else they had not allowed a place in their minds. How cheering would be the assurance, if welcomed by all, that those who are mourned as banished exiles to a realm of shades, or cosmopolitan tourists among the spheres, are in reality around us on earth, loving us, and aiding in the degree of their power our every advance toward rectitude and purity of life.

A Criminal Discipline Congress.

On the eleventh of October next will be held in Cincinnati a national Congress of Penitentiary Reform and Discipline, at which it is given out that the results of European study of prison reform will be read by their authors, and prominent individuals of this country will take an active part in the expositions and discussions. The committee of arrangements have likewise put forth a programme, which contains a declaration of the "Principles of Prison Discipline," to which they invite special thought and discussion; and if this shall receive a tithe of the attention it deserves, we shall in all likelihood have mapped out before us something like a chart for future reference in this whole matter.

The administration of prison affairs, with a distinct and single view to the proper discipline of confined criminals, is a theme of profound interest to all who feel at all for the progressive interests of humanity. In the first place, politics should be sedulously kept out of the whole business. Then there ought to be the highest care exercised in the choice of keepers, overseers, and the like individuals, to whose hands are confided the care of criminals. They should invariably be men of cool heads, of perfect self-control, of sound practical judgment, and inspired with the profoundest faith in humanity and its possibilities, however overlaid with misfortune and crime. Above all, every taint of party spirit, equally with that of violence of temper, should be expelled from our penal institutions. There will be numerous collections of experiments in the various home and foreign prisons presented to the notice of this congress, from which principles can be deduced and rules of administration newly shaped and directed. And we expect confidently to see the central principle of humanity so forcibly set forth, as the sole inspiration of success in prison administration, that it will no longer be a subject of question in any mind that brings ordinary intelligence and sympathy to bear upon the matter.

But we know already, both from home and foreign prison testimony, that the one living power to which the occupant of the penitentiary owes everything like progress and improvement during his term of enforced confinement, is hope. That is what receives the most support in all that is written on this subject by European students and observers. The first step to be taken with the prisoner is unquestionably to make him feel the operating rigors of the law, but over in connection with his own act of disobedience. Solitary confinement for a brief period starts him on his career with a greater or less stock of reflection. Then occurs another step, by which he is enabled to see the connection between his crime and the penalty that attaches to it under the law. So far, then, he has a fair understanding of the meaning of his confinement.

Now to make that confinement a source of discipline, that is, of reformation. If we succeed in doing that, the whole domain of justice and of humanity is satisfied at once. Let the convict realize that he belongs to a community that is all the time trying to improve itself, and to shorten its term of confinement; he will very soon become improved from the mere force of contagion. He has both example and hope on his side. Then let education—both moral and intellectual—be applied, and act, as it necessarily must within so confined an area, with concentrated power, and it would not be long before substantial progress would be visible. This reformatory state might be divided into separate stages, but all would tend to a single end and result. The details of the theory we shall have spread before us in due course of time, and we shall not fail to note and comment on the discussions of the Congress with unusual interest.

The Social Evil.

This one crime against society, now more openly discussed than ever before, is evidently to become a subject for press and pulpit to treat with the care which is due from those assumed guardians of the common health and happiness. We are told that one hundred and thirty-five women were received in a single year into the State almshouses, to give birth to illegitimate children. But it is not all of this guilty class that bring children into the world. Prostitution is so utter and completely the crime against nature, that child-bearing is forbidden to it as by a law of fate, as if it were an unpardonable sin to conceive and bring forth children in the very bonds of iniquity. There is a general inquiry making about the most efficient means of checking its fearful social ravages. The Springfield Republican proposes to affix to it the penalty of several years imprisonment, instead of the few months in the House of Correction now imposed on but a very few of the guilty ones at the most. That might do well enough, if it could be proved to the general satisfaction that the prostitute is the only criminal. It would manifestly be a hard thing to punish with exemplary severity one party to a crime, while the other is allowed to go scot free. And such injustice would be the very thing to bring the law into contempt.

There is no sort of dispute about the physical, moral and social evils which this abhorrent vice too directly begets. It is responsible for a great deal of misery that at present goes without a name. But we are always to consider out of what a false social sentiment it springs. When it has come to be regarded as foolish for a young man to marry, because he either cannot support a modern wife, or is rich enough in expectancy to live clear of family cares as well as joys, we have the first cause of the prevalent laxity in social morals and the perilous practices that undermine the health with the character. The axe needs to be laid to the root of the tree. Let the preaching begin with first principles. Our young men and women of the better class should be taught firmer morality. It should be esteemed an object of life to marry, and for love instead of money or position. Such examples would have their positive effect upon those most easily influenced by such things. The necessities of our modern life tend fearfully to relax the family restraints and lessen the sanctity of domestic life, but that is the best reason why they should be the more sacredly guarded and preserved.

Return of Dr. Main from Scotland.

We had a call last week from Dr. Main, of this city, who had just arrived from a visit to his native land, Scotland. He looks strong and vigorous, and evidently the journey and respite from labor has done him good. He met Dr. J. R. Newton in Glasgow, and reports that he was successful in his treatment of the sick, and had performed many remarkable cures. Dr. Main says the people of Scotland are beginning to think; that the shackles which have bound them so long to the ideas of the past are loosening, and the liberal sentiments which are gradually working their way to the hearts of the few are destined ere long to sweep over the whole country with even greater rapidity than in our own land of free thought and enlightened sentiment. We hope it may be so.

Our Public Free Circles.

As has been announced, these meetings have been suspended during the warm weather of July and August, to be resumed in September. We have made several appeals, during the past year, in behalf of these Public Circles, which it is well known are held at our office, in Boston, three times each week, and have been gratified at the response from time to time made by the forwarding of various sums to us by our patrons. The expenses attending the continuance of these circles are very great, and we were constrained to ask pecuniary assistance in their support. Spiritualists should reflect that the action of our Message Department is two-fold—it gives an opportunity for all skeptical visiting Boston to obtain, without expense, a practical knowledge of the workings of spirit power—thus it occupies the position of a local missionary—and when the utterances of the medium are published, they go forth on an errand of mercy, giving consolation to many hearts who recognize their friends, and the great truth of spirit return, and at the same time furnishing undeniable proof of the existence of those whom credulists had consigned either to a fiery hell or a distant heaven—in either case, too much employed to find time to revisit the earth.

We hope our friends will bear this in mind, and as far as consistent with their views, grant us their pecuniary concurrence in the maintenance of these circles.

We give below extracts from letters containing donations for the Message Department—the money in each case having been acknowledged in a previous issue of the *Banner*.

James M. Evans, writing from Middleport, O., June 24th, says:

"Enclosed please find five dollars, three to renew my subscription to your indispensable paper, I cannot conceive how any true Spiritualist who has ever read the pages of the *Banner of Light*, can think of doing without it.

"The other two dollars are for your Free Circle. I have intended for some time to remit you some for this purpose, but procrastination is not only the thief of time, but frequently steals away our good resolutions as well.

"I will try and do more after a little, for I do not wish to have these circles go down or fall for want of means. And if we do anything, it is easier to do it systematically, I am willing to contribute every month, or every three months, at the rate of two dollars, per number, if any number of others, from six to six thousand, will join me in doing so. If a few thousand Spiritualists alone would only look at this matter in the right light, and then act, they might enable the managers of the Boston Free Circles to be free from all embarrassment, and to feel that they are not performing an unthankful task.

C. W. Cotton, Portsmouth, O., says, under date of June 27th:

"Enclosed please find one dollar for the benefit of the Free Circles. You can count on me for a small donation yearly. I have made considerable exertion to extend the circulation of our glorious *Banner*, in this place, and with very fair success considering the sentiment of the people in regard to our philosophy. There are now about twenty taken in the place, where there was but one two years ago."

Joseph Sanderson, Newport, Ky., writes, June 20th:

"I am a constant reader of the *Banner*. I should be excited to see the Message Department, to be discontinued for want of support—it is unspeakably valuable; it would be a lasting disgrace to every reader of the *Banner of Light* to let it go down. It would be saying to our friends that have gone before, 'we want no more of your messages.' I enclose one dollar, with a promise to do the same every year to keep up the Free Circle. I am marching up to the border line between the two states of existence, sixty-six years of age—means rather limited, or else I would do more for the good old *Banner*."

W. A. D. Bume sends us his offering under date of Cleveland, O., July 12th:

"It is an old saying that 'God helps those who help themselves,' and I know of no better way to help myself, than to forward you fifty cents every year from this date on, for the support of the *Banner Free Circle*. Therefore, you can set me down as a regular contributor for the above amount. Long may the *Banner* wave.

This life is not all to him who gives, though blessed he is with the receiver; his life is true who truly lives; it is the richest of the giver."

Mrs. Anna Wright, in a letter dated "Reno, Washoe Co., Nov., July 14th," sends, with money for a renewal of subscription, fifty cents for our free circles, saying:

"It would be to our everlasting shame did we, as believers in this great and holy cause, let these circles cease to exist, thus shutting from earth that magnificent flow of light which is shed upon us from the realms of the Summer Land. I trust that day will never come, but, instead, other circles spring into existence, thus causing the divine element to shower upon us like dew from heaven."

Premotion of Death.

Under the above heading the *Ohio Democrat*, (New Philadelphia), for July 1st, gives the following remarkable cases of interior warning, copied from the *Nashville* (Tenn.) *Union*:

"William Jones, an old citizen and an octogenarian, of Sumner County, died near Sandersville, a short time since, with singularly accurate premonitions of the approaching event. He was at that place on the Sunday before his death, and in unusual good health. On his return home he remarked to his wife that as soon as his son John returned from Robertson County (where he was on a visit) that he wanted his grave clothes sent for, as he would soon die. Mrs. Jones asked him why he thought so; that he was looking well, etc., but he adhered to his predictions that he would soon die. His son returned on Monday, and he repeated his directions as to his grave clothes, with the additional instruction to go into the lot and he would find some stones that he had gotten up setting against a certain tree, and that he wanted them put up at the head and foot of his grave. They were found as he stated, one of the stones being white, the other being of a different color. He was taken ill the same day, and Dr. James Franklin, a skillful physician, was sent for. He was administered to, but died the following Thursday, and was buried on Friday. Among the members of his family at the funeral was a daughter, Mrs. Campbell, a widow, about fifty years of age. She stated that a sister, after the funeral, that she would be the next to be buried there. Her sister replied that no one could foretell when death would come. She replied, 'Yes, that she knew very well that she was to die soon, and sure enough, in a few days she was laid by the side of her father.'"

Pierpont Grove Meeting.

Prof. William Denton spoke to a good audience at this place, Sunday afternoon, July 24th, considering in his remarks the old question of the jailor of Thyrtira: "What shall I do to be saved?" Prof. Denton will speak at the same place, next Sunday (7th August), at which time a new feature will be introduced.

A Conference Meeting will be commenced at the Grove at half-past nine A. M., to continue till evening—the Professor's lecture being introduced therein at three o'clock P. M.

School and Academy.

The Vermont School and Academy for physical and mental culture, will commence its fall term on Tuesday, September 6th, at West Randolph. The Principal, Geo. Dutton, A. M., M. D., is a gentleman of fine abilities and peculiarly fitted for the position of teacher. The school is not sectarian; the opinions of all are respected, and a broad and universal charity inculcated.

Gone Home.

On Tuesday, July 26th, the budding spirit of Sarah Amanda Waterman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Waterman, and sister to "Rose" and "Lily," at the age of 2 years passed on to join her kindred on "the further side." The funeral obsequies were attended on Thursday A. M. July 28th, by a large number of sympathizing friends—who were eloquently addressed by Miss Lizzie Doten—at the residence of Mr. Waterman, 616 Tremont street, Boston.

There are circumstances in relation to the birth, life, and transition of this little one which claim attention from those interested in the faith of the spirit's return. At the time previous to her birth, the mind of her mother was strongly exercised on the subject of Spiritualism, and in obedience to the law of pre-natal influences the child when born was, so to speak, a natural medium, developed from its first moment. In the earliest dawn of intelligence the babe would seem to see interesting objects, invisible to others, and as she increased in age, she would be pleased and entertained by spirit children around her, especially her sister Lily—the same having been often seen by the mother through her own mediumistic powers. The disease which caused her departure was such as in ordinary cases would have produced convulsions terminating in death, but in her case she was influenced to such an extent, that, as was clairvoyantly seen by the mother, her spirit was separated from the body, having only a thin bond of connection thereto, so that at the final moment there appeared to be but a small amount of suffering, if any, ere the little one went to play in those gardens of spirit flowers whose treasures had been brought to her interior senses to cheer her sick bed while yet in the form. Ere her departure she was seen to raise her arms to go with those who beckoned her away. The consolations of our blessed knowledge—strongest when mere earthly faith grows dim—he with our brother and sister whose child has gone forth from them only for "a little while."

How About This?

Literature abounds with examples of the mood of inspiration, both in writers and orators, which the unthinking have been content to ascribe to gift, talent, or something else of which they know just as little. In his life of Pope, in the "English Poets," Dr. Johnson comments on one of the poet's epitaphs—that on Gray—in the following strain. It is really a square confession of the fact of impression from superior sources, a very common phenomenon with the human mind, and one with which true Spiritualists are perfectly familiar. Says Dr. Johnson—"As Gray was the favorite of our author, this epitaph was probably written with an uncommon degree of attention; yet it is not more successfully treated than the rest, for it will not always happen that the success of a poet is proportionate to his labor. The same observation may be extended to all works of imagination, which are often influenced by causes wholly out of the performer's power, by hints of which he perceives not the origin, by sudden elevations of mind which he cannot produce in himself, and which sometimes rise when he expects them least." We need not appeal to Dr. Johnson in particular for corroboration of a fact which is well enough understood by intelligent observers. But it is interesting to go back a hundred years and read such opinions even then.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Dr. Samuel Crover has changed his office and residence to No. 23 Dix place, Boston. For the last eight years the Doctor has had an office at No. 13 Dix place, and lived out of town with his family for fifteen years, but now they have concluded to try city life altogether. As a clairvoyant physician Dr. Crover ranks high. He has the largest practice of any physician in the city. Besides his outside practice, during the past eight years, he has had twenty-two thousand calls at his office. He spends nearly his whole time, day and night, to relieve the sick and suffering.

Mrs. Emma Harding will lecture in Geneva, Palmyra, Milan, Farmington, and other adjacent points in Ohio during August; in Cleveland during September; address for those two months, care A. A. Wheelock, Esq., office *American Spiritualist*, 47 Prospect street, Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Harding speaks in New York during October. Permanent address, 229 East 60th street, New York. No more engagements can be made.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook will lecture in McLean, Tompkins Co., N. Y., on the four Sundays of August. She will also speak week evenings in the vicinity, if desired, on Woman's Suffrage, or other progressive and reformatory subjects.

Moses Hall speaks August 6th and 7th in Vineyard, N. J.; 10th to 15th, at Corry, Penn.; 21st at Westville, Ind.; 26th to 28th, at Hobart, Ind.; September and October in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. S. A. Jesper in St. John, N. B.

We are informed by a correspondent, under date of July 17th, that this lady medium is at present located in St. John—address Athol House—having arrived there on the 8th of June. A few believers in the spiritual philosophy, and some who style themselves free thinkers, reside in the place, and from them she received a hospitable welcome. A number of circles have been held, producing interesting manifestations, and a few promising mediums are being developed. Mrs. Jesper is giving good satisfaction as a healer, and will remain in St. John for a short time longer.

Thomas Brintnall.

A spirit bearing the above name entranced Mrs. Conant, Sunday evening, July 24th, while she was at Ixte Beach, and informed us that he belonged in Charlestown, and died of heart disease. He was anxious to communicate with his wife, and requested us to inform her that he was happy in his new home; found everything true that had been given him in regard to the spirit-life, and his joy in consequence was unspeakable. When a favorable opportunity offered, he should have much more to say to his companion in the earth-life, and others, in regard to the beautiful religion of Spiritualism.

Maine.

A letter from John Pierce, dated West Embden, July 21st, states that Spiritualism is spreading in that vicinity. Mrs. Priscilla D. Bradbury delivers a course of lectures there several times a year, with good effect. Mrs. Kosenath Gould, a test medium and lecturer, also Mrs. Wentworth, of Knox, has visited there and awakened a deep interest in the subject of Spiritualism. The opposition of the credulists to anything like liberal sentiments, is very bitter.

The National Convention.

It will be seen by a note from the Secretary, published in another column, that the time for holding the National Convention of Spiritualists has been changed to Sept. 20th, instead of the 27th, as previously announced. The reasons are given for this change to one week earlier.

The Magazines for August.

THE *GALAXY* keeps up to its high standard of literary merit. The August number contains the first five chapters of a new and very interesting story. Thurlow Wood has a paper on "Diplomatic Incidents." John C. Draper treats of "Ireland and its Autodidact." Frank P. Foster discusses the important subject of "Vaccination." W. A. Thompson has a short story, entitled "Sister Diana." Richard Grant White, Justin McCarthy, Jas. F. Eliza, Margaret J. Preston and others also contribute to this number, and a portrait of Mark Twain graces its pages.

PETRAM, as usual, presents a rich table of contents. Dr. Conant contributes the second part of "My Early Life among the Cannibals." "Yachting." "The Life-Magnet." "Can an Inebriate Conquer Himself?" "Our Earliest Ancestor." are titles of some other excellent articles. Prof. Godwin Smith has a valuable essay on "The Constitutional Crisis in England." Chapter eight of the story of "A Woman's Right," together with several other good articles, complete *Petram* for August.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August is on our table. The reading public are well aware of the reputation of this periodical, and the present number fully sustains a place in the interesting list. For the tourist in the country, and the unfortunate in the city who "can't go," it is equally amusing; the one finding excellent miscellany in the table of contents, such as the "South Coast Bannisters in England" and "Friedrich the Great" (illustrated), poetry, short stories, and the various attractive pages, headed "Editor's Easy Chair," &c., &c.; the other being able to laugh at the mishaps of those who are in the country, as portrayed in the facetious article (illustrated), displaying the wanderings of "The Raquette Club" among the Adirondacks.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August is received. It abounds, as usual, in sketches of public interest and labored and searching articles on current topics. "Some Memories of Charles Dickens," wherein his reportorial life, his favorite authors, his hilarity and kindness, his industry and method, skill as an orator and reader, &c., are spoken of; articles by Harriet Beecher Stowe, and James Russell Lowell, "The French Claims," an ode "read at the festival celebrating the birthday of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, held by the New England Women's Club, Boston, May 23d, 1870." G. P. Cranch; a hopeful poem by Bayard Taylor, reviews, literary notices, &c., &c., make up a highly entertaining number.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for August presents to the reader a varied table of contents, prominent among which are a story by Florence Marryat; an illustrated article by Edward A. Pollard; "Southern Society;" part IV of a story by Anthony Trollope; a continuation of an article by Prof. Edward D. Coker; and "Our Castles," by Edward Spencer. The "Monthly Gossip," and "Literature of the Day," close this substantial issue for the present month.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for August begins with a fine frontispiece, "The Birthday Dinner," and follows it up with colored fashion plates and diagrams of various patterns of dress and ornamentation of the same. Interesting articles both poetical and in prose are presented, as well as a musical selection: "Paddle Your Own Canoe."

THE NURSERY for August commences volume eight. It is a superb work for youngest children. John L. Sherry, the publisher, has removed the office to 36 Bromfield street, Boston.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS is steadily growing in favor. The August number keeps up its well earned reputation.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS is very popular with its namesakes. Oliver Optic's new story is commenced in the July number.

GOOD HEALTH, a popular journal on the laws of correct living, is worthy the attention of every one, especially the heads of families. Read the August number, and see if we are not right. Published by Alex. Moore, 11 Bromfield street, Boston.

New Publications.

THE MODERN JOB is a poem of a bold character, published in good style, and is endorsed by some of the first of our popular poets and authors—such as Whittier, Baker, Bayard Taylor, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Grace Greenwood, and others. It discusses life questions in a dashing and infinitely way. No easy matter, as will convey to the reader a just idea of its merit. Tristram has to catch it as the author comes to that branch of his theme, and every topic in life that falls under his discussion is handled with edge and courage and brilliant effectiveness.

The National Publishing Company have just issued a handsome volume, entitled "LIFE IN UTAH; or, the Mysteries and Crimes of Mormonism," by J. H. Beadle, editor of the *Salt Lake Reporter*. This purports to be a full and authentic history of polygamy and the Mormon sect from its origin till now; and whoever would understand intimately the character and workings of this great national nuisance in the very heart of the continent, would do well to consult these pages for fresh, authentic and graphic information. It is embellished with numerous handsome illustrations, which fully accompany the revelation made of the religious rites and customs that are practiced in Utah. The book is sold only by subscription, and agents are wanted in every county.

There is much in a convenient little volume, entitled "GOSPEL OF GOSPELS," published by Turner & Mignard, of New York, to invite the attention of the reader, and it will impart valuable information on the delicate subject of which it treats, that should be more or less impressed on the minds of the gross and unthinking. It is a translation from the third French edition of Berget.

MATERNITY is the suggestive title of a popular treatise for young wives and mothers, by Dr. Vordt, of Washington, whose titles and memberships certainly should recommend him to the popular confidence as an instructor and guide on the important theme he has undertaken to touch. The volume treats frankly and fully of the various matters belonging to the subject thus generally stated, and from this every reader can gather the character of its contents in detail. Its teachings will be found of great value to the class of women who are especially in need of enlightenment on a topic that is at the foundation of all others in society. Published in very handsome form by J. B. Ford & Co., New York.

Lee & Shepard have from the University Press of New Haven, a scientific treatise in few pages, from the pen of James Hutchinson Stirling, entitled, "AS REGARDS PHOTOLAB, in relation to Prof. Huxley's Essay on the Physical Basis of Life." Mechanically, it is a little gem.

Dr. Paul Caster, of Columbus, O., publishes a sketch of his "LIFE AND PRACTICE," which explains many of the assumed mysteries of the laying on of hands. It is a worthy personal memorial, or record, from an earnest and sincere worker of good to his fellow-men.

A little pamphlet, published at the Springfield Union Co.'s office, will show the "PRACTICAL METHODS OF ACCURATELY ADJUSTING WATCHES TO HEAT AND COOL, Isochronism and different Positions." It ought to be useful to every one who carries a time-keeper.

Lee & Shepard publish a compact and convenient treatise, interesting to every consumer of fuel, entitled "PEAT FUEL; How to Make It, and How to Use It; What Costs, and What It Is Worth." It is by T. H. Leavitt, who is doing excellent and timely service in seeking to reduce the price of fuel to the people. The ideas contained in this little pamphlet will be of wide usefulness.

Chester, Pa.

The Chester Independent, of July 16th, devotes considerable space to reports of seances held in that place by Mrs. R. K. Stoddard and her son, Master Hough, of Hartford, Conn., the noted physical medium, and Mrs. E. McNeill, of Philadelphia, test medium. The public seances were held at their rooms, in Dyer's Hotel, and were crowded every evening, after the first exhibition. Their success was complete, and a healthy interest was created in regard to the subject of Spiritualism.

Labor Movement in Vermont.

Dyer D. Lum, an able writer, and a young man of great promise, has been appointed by President Trevellick, as "Executive of Vermont, of the National Labor Union," with power to organize the labor movement in that State, and grant charters to local Unions. He wants the address of the friends of labor throughout the State. He intends to take hold of the work in earnest.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was prepared by the Spirit who gave it, and bears through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

Persons receiving such messages are requested to inform us how far the statements made agree with the facts, as known to them.

Special Notice.

The Banner of Light Public Free Circles closed Thursday, June 29, in order to allow Mrs. Conant her usual vacation during the heated term. They will be resumed the first Monday in September.

Invocation.

Infinite God, thou Spirit who movest upon matter and it lives, we presume to address thee from the dark valley and shadow of human life. Surrounded by human doubts and fears, we come to thee in prayer, oh Lord our God. Having ourselves had part in the first resurrection, and finding ourselves endowed with power to return to those who have not, we ask of thee that we may have power to inspire them with faith in thy promises—promises that are written in every soul, promises of future life, of immortality, of happiness, of heaven beyond the grave. Oh, Infinite Life, we ask thee for strength with which to perform our duties toward those who still remain in darkness. Looking over the earth we behold many of thy children in the deep shadow of spiritual darkness. Oh, Lord, our God, give us the power to bestow spiritual light upon them. We ask that our right hand may be strong and our hearts may be willing to go down into the hells of life, leading up thy children where the angel of truth can baptize them. Hear us, Father, and answer, and we would praise thee forever and ever. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—I will answer your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—Are not our present criminal laws one of the causes of the very crimes these laws punish?

ANS.—Yes; laws which have an existence on earth for the punishment of crime may be said to be the fostering elements of crime. You take the criminal from the various conditions of life, and instead of taking him to a place where he can reform, you take him to a place where his crimes are constantly kept before him, where every step he takes hardens his nature and makes him cry out at every breath with curses. Instead of softening the hard places of his nature you render them more hard; instead of enlightening him you throw the shadow still more deeply upon him. But, thanks be to the powers that are, this will not always be. It is a child of ignorance. When ignorance passes away it can give birth to no more children. By-and-by, in the hereafter, your laws will change, and the criminal will be treated as he should be; crime will be considered in a different light; and, instead of having prison-houses, such as you have now, you will have houses of true reform.

Q.—Is it not contrary to the law of Christ that murder shall be punished with death?

A.—Yes, it is. Christ said, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." Now if you truly loved these poor unfortunates would you commit a state murder upon them? No; it could not be done. The law of Moses inaugurated capital punishment; the law of Jesus sought to do away with it, but it has not as yet.

Q.—What is the office of the spirit to the body?

A.—The office of the spirit to the body is to manifest itself. Simply that, and nothing more.

Q.—Is it not to educate the body?

A.—Matter cannot be educated.

Q.—Can it not bring spirituality out of matter?

A.—No.

Robert McCulloch.

I have lived and died, and I return a living spirit. I was sergeant in the 35th Massachusetts, Co. C. Robert McCulloch, my name. I am not used to long speeches, in fact not used to any at all, but, having tried various ways to send some intimation to those I have left, that I wish to communicate with them—if I can, if they so will—without success, I come here hoping to be successful. I lack a certain necessary element which I am told could be supplied only by my coming into rapport with those who knew me here. I think you understand. I could do better than I can without them. All spirits who have a desire to return have that desire because it is necessary that they should return; it is best for them to return. They have something to gain or something to give.

George A. Snow.

Poor Bob! He died with a sentence half finished, and came back here and went out the same way. [You knew him?] Oh, yes. I helped bury him. My name is Snow—George A. Snow. I stood near, rendering him what assistance I could, so when he unceremoniously left I was unceremoniously drawn in. So I will add for him that we buried him on Peabody's farm. We gave him a soldier's burial as best we could. [Where was that?] In Virginia. He died giving us a message to his friends, which we filled out as best we could and sent. I don't know with what precision the law acts in this case, but it seems to be that precisely as you die, so you will come back through mediunistic life if you come at all. I have no message to send to any I left here, because I know very well it would not be received, and I am not going to waste the time and the strength of another in sending words that would amount to nothing. I come to help my comrades, and having accomplished that, it is all that is necessary, so good day.

Ruth Adams Story.

In 1836, in the month of February, I was suddenly sent to the world of spirits, by accident. I had lived to reach my eighty-first year. My home was on Grand street, in New York City, and my name was Ruth Adams Story. I fell down stairs and received injuries that resulted in my death in a very few hours. I come back because some of my relatives are seeking to know the truth of this philosophy, and I thought it might be well for me to open the way for them. One who is now in a quiet, secret way seeking to know whether this is true or false, is a young lad in the house where I died, who always remembered the circumstance, and remembered me. If I remember right he was about thirteen years old. If they pursue the right course they will be satisfied that there is a life after death, and that those who reach that life can return to this and report their condition.

May 2.

"Duke of Wellington."

I was Major Robert Brown of Georgia's servant. I was in the family, not Maj. Robert's family, but right along the same family—that is, he did not own me, you know, but I went from one generation to another, till I came into his family. And when I came to him I had the same name that one of his other house servants had, and so he changed mine. He did not want to change his, so he changed mine; called me the "Duke of Wellington." Well, when the Lord saw fit to make a war on the Philistines, I was pretty old, but I said what little strength I had I'd give, and I told Massa Robert I was going to run away and join the Union army, and going to fight agin him. "Well," he says, "what do you expect to do?" "In the name of the Lord God of Israel, I expect to conquer," I said. "Well, I do not think you will do much at it. At any rate, I shan't give you your liberty." "Well," I said, "I'll take it the first chance I get."

Well, I got a thrashing for my impudence, and did not get a chance, not for a good while, to get away. I think 'bout a year and a half, afore I got a chance, but I went, and I did all I could. I was with a surgeon in the Union army; I was his servant, waited upon him. His name was Harris, and he told me he come from Massachusetts. [Do you remember his other name?] No, I do not. Never know 't. Can't remember it. Did not know it. So I did what I could. I lost my life. That was n't much—that is, my body. It was n't much, but all I had to give.

I come back here to-day to tell Major Robert the Lord God of Israel conquered, and the black man is free, both in the spirit-world and here too. Blessed be the Lord God! He said I'd never see that time. I seen it, bless the Lord! I seen see that time. I want him to know I come. I could not rest—got no rest here at all, till I come back and let him know it. Bless the Lord! I've seen that time. [Is he on the earth?] Yes, yes, he is on the earth. Went into the war, and come out again. I went in and did not come out. (To the chairman.) God bless you, massa. God bless you, and when you come into the beautiful spirit-world may a great company of angels meet you with all the goodies that your soul can ask for.

Mark Colbath.

Say that poor old Mark Colbath, of Newington, N. H., would be glad to have a chat with those who knew him here. He was ignorant in this life, but has learned something in that. He can teach them now. No pauper now. No, no, I am no pauper now, but as rich as anybody need to be. Sixty-one years here; nine years gone.

May 2.

Séance conducted by Rev. George Whitefield; letters answered by C. H. Crowell.

Invocation.

Almighty and ever-present Spirit of Good, we pray thee to deliver these thy mortal children from the deep damnation which follows a life of selfishness and ease. Oh lay thy crosses, great God, upon them, and give them strength to bear them. Bring out, our Father, all the strength of thy soul natures, that they may stand erect in wisdom and justice and love before thee even in their earthly lives. May they wash their garments in the pure waters of truth while they are here; and, oh Lord, may they step by step come nearer to thee, learning more and still more of thy kingdom of righteousness, so that when the angel of change shall announce that time is no more they may receive the summons with joy and thanksgiving, fearing nothing, knowing that they have done their work well, and therefore they may reasonably expect happiness and a home hereafter. Mighty Spirit, may the ministry of angels never cease with this life till every soul shall know thee and love thee and serve thee divinely. Grant that justice may be understood by thy children—not that which finds expression through the halls of jurisdiction in this life, but that which thou dost express through Nature to thy children, in thy great book. Oh may we read it aright, and learn by it to serve thee more faithfully. But, Father, for ourselves we ask nothing. Thou hast greatly blessed us here in this life, and in that which is now ours. Thou ever hast led us. We have been guided, oh Lord, tenderly by thee, ever cared for, oh Lord, our goings out and our comings in. We ask nothing of thee. Thou givest us all we need. Amen.

May 2.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—Why do our spirit friends appear to the seeling medium sometimes the age they were when leaving this world, at others, bearing marks of years passed in the spirit-life? If a person has been there hundreds of years, is he able to define it in the spirit form?

ANS.—Spirits who return to this life presenting themselves in form to be recognized by those who knew them here, generally assume, as nearly as it is possible for them to, the form which they bore when last on earth. This is not always so, but generally it is, for should your media see them in their true spiritual state and describe them thus to you, you would not know them. It would be love's labor lost.

Q.—Can the power of healing be conveyed through a staff of wood?

A.—Certainly it can, through everything; for everything, all matter is a conductor for spirit, for magnetism, for electricity, notwithstanding I know your science says that there are some things which are non-conductors. It is not so. I deny it. There is nothing in all the realm of matter that is not a conductor for spirit, and all the imponderables that exist in life.

Q.—Are not some things better conductors than others?

A.—Certainly.

Q.—Are not some woods positive and others negative?

A.—Yes, but all are conductors in some degree.

Q.—What is the best conductor for spirits to use in healing?

A.—The human body.

Q.—A clairvoyant?

A.—Not necessarily.

Q.—Is not a clairvoyant preferable?

A.—Under some conditions. Not under all.

Q.—By what power can healing be performed at a distance?

A.—By the same power that it can be done by the touch. The atmosphere can convey the healing element from one point to another at any distance.

Q.—By will-power?

A.—Yes, by will-power, precisely as spirits pass from one point to another. They do so by exercising their wills. The mesmerizer, the healer, in desiring to mesmerize a subject at a distance, necessarily thinks of that subject. The thought is for the subject, and it goes directly to the subject.

Q.—Suppose the healer does not see and has never seen the subject?

A.—It makes no difference. Jesus did not see the ruler's daughter.

Q.—Can spirits act through some persons at a distance, without the instrument knowing in what direction their power is being used?

A.—Yes, certainly; but this is not generally the case. It can be done, and often is, by spirits taking from the healer, and conveying the healing power to the one that needs it. And again it is done by a natural action—the chemical action, if you please, upon the part of the patient. For instance, you are sick; you desire to be healed. You send out an earnest desire to be healed, to be restored to health. That desire is taken up by some one or more of the ministering spirits whose business it is to attend upon poor suffering humanity. They act upon it. They go to some healer. They extract healing properties from them and convey them again to the sick one.

Q.—Some call it spiritual telegraphy?

A.—Yes, you might call it that.

Q.—Does this reduce the strength of the healer?

A.—Not always. Sometimes it does. But the natural healer receives as fast as he gives out.

Q.—Must one be in perfect health to be a good healer?

A.—No, that is not necessary.

Q.—Is great strength of muscle needed?

A.—No, that is not necessary.

Q.—Is the age important?

A.—No.

Q.—Must they be conscious of their power?

A.—No; the healing power is oftentimes exerted through a subject upon a sick subject by spirits; they know nothing about it, or in other words, they are mere tunnels through which the healing influence is poured from the spirit-world.

Q.—Is it possible for a clairvoyant who sees, not to heal at the same time?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Can a person be healed more readily by being thrown into a mesmeric state?

A.—No.

May 3.

John Henry Baxter.

I got my head all smashed up. [When was that?] When I got killed. I got killed, and then I went away from my mother, and she did not know where I am, and I got father to bring me back. He has come since I went. I have been gone two years. The cars run over me—the street cars run over me. [Where?] At the corner of Canal and Broadway. [In New York?] Yes. I fell down. I was seven years old here. My name, all of it, was John Henry Baxter; and father wants to come. His name is Alexander Baxter. He got the consumption in the war, and died after it. He come home sick, and has died since I did. He thought he would come to-day, but he could not; and we want mother to know that we did not go away, and that we come to see her, and we can speak; we can come back this way; and tell her that Uncle Jonas is not dead. He isn't dead. [Jonas Baxter?] No; Jonas Hovey. He is not dead—her brother. They heard he was dead. He lived in China. He was a clerk there, in China, and they said he was dead. Somebody told mother so; but he isn't dead, and mother must write to him. He has written to her, but she never got it; and she must write. Tell mother that my head is good now; just as good as it ever was here. Good-by, mister.

May 3.

Mary Kane.

Mr. White, is it? [Yes.] You don't know me, I suppose. [No.] I knew you—was a little while—while a girl was away—I done washing for your family. Mary Kane. The priest has kindly helped me back, because I was so anxious to come. I have only been gone a few months, and I come back to tell Dennis—that's my old man—that I want my mother to have all I left. I gave her some before I died. Since I died, he has seen fit to get married again, and I want her to have all I left. She was good to me—took good care of me when I was sick. She is an old woman, and unable to do for herself, and I don't want her turned out into the world without anything. I want her to have all I left, and nobody else to have it. If Dennis do not comply with my wish, I shall appeal to the priest; I can, and I shall do it. Thought I would come here first. [Did you leave any children?] No.

May 3.

William Sherman.

[How do you do?] I am all right, thank you. [You came in quickly.] Yes; what's the use being all day about what you can do in a few minutes? Well, to begin with, my name is William Sherman—begin with William Sherman of the United States army, because I think I am a good deal better than he is, or ever was. [You ought to be capable of judging.] If I ain't, I don't know who is. He is a bunch of froth, and I take it I am something more solid. He knows how to work in Indian rings, and in that way, fish for the Presidency. I was employed in better business—buying and selling horses in Illinois. That was my business. [Aint you telling tales out of school?] Telling what is true. [Is it always best to do that?] No; but this is a branch of it that, I take it, should be told. I say that Mr. Sherman is fishing for the Presidency. He is doing it through the Indian ring, and I know it. We folks that are out of sight can see pretty clear. He do n't care to shoot Indians any more than you do. He do n't care to get up an Indian war, only as it may push him along politically, he thinks. But let him do it. It will be the sounding of his death knell, politically. The great sorrow that is being got up now about this expected big Indian war is all got up for this purpose: first, that there may be no decrease in the army; that the army bill may not pass. So far as that goes, it is all very well. It is all right that it should not; have n't got too large an army now. If you had had a bigger one when this war broke out, you would n't have had to take so much time to get yourselves ready. But when it's got up to make money, to raise the price of corn and wheat, and all those articles that you folks must have in order to live—when it's got up for political purposes, to shove Mr. S. into the Presidential chair, and Phil Sheridan as Secretary of War, it's quite another thing—quite another thing—ought to be shown up; and I may as well come and do it as anybody else. Grant is no fool, and he sees it, and if he is a man he will trip it up, but if he is a knave he will let it go on. So you can easily tell which he is by waiting a few months. Well, I did business down in Texas, and I got sick there; and the powers above, I suppose, concluded that I'd better die, so I died. Did n't have much time to square up any of my accounts here; but I see they are being squared up, and all right. I am satisfied. I had some fears, when I first went over, that there would be some waiting, and parties that could ill afford to be kept in hot water would be; but I see it isn't so, and I am very glad of it, and very thankful to my brother-in-law for his prompt action. Hope he will give me a chance, when it comes convenient, to have a chat with him. I think I can put him in the way of getting good and doing good. It was rumored that I was put out of the way—that is, that I was poisoned—but it isn't so, I took sick naturally, and died of fever incident to the climate. Good day, sir.

May 3.

Séance conducted by Lorenzo Dow; letters answered by C. H. Crowell.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, May 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Herbert H. Heckwith, 5th Mass. Regiment, Co. L, to his brother, George Heckwith, in Sidney, New South Wales; Caleb Brown, of Hallowell, Me., to friends.

Monday, May 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Anna, of Mass., to friends; David Mearns, of Philadelphia, to his relatives; Jennie Abbott, of Lawrence, Mass., to her mother; Michael Daly, of Boston, to friends.

Monday, May 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Thomas H. Fairbank, died in California, to his friends; Mary Ann Mitchell, of Boston; Patrick Farrell, 25th Mass. Regt., to his mother; William Styles, of Windsor, Conn., to his mother; Eliza Pickering, to her nephew, Luther Colby.

Thursday, May 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Albert J. Howe, N. Y., of Boston; Capt. Williams, of the "Onondaga," to his family; Eliza Thomas, of Blue Hill, Me., to friends.

Monday, May 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; James B. Field, of Taunton, Mass.; Matthew Foyle, of East Boston, to his brother; Margaret Daley, of Fall River, Mass., to her brother; Thomas Murphy.

Tuesday, May 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Edward Johnson, (colored), of Boston, to his family.

Thursday, May 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Joseph C. Adams, died in Liverpool, Eng., May 18th; Nathan Walbridge, of Charlestown, Mass., to his relatives; Susie Tyler, of New York City, to her mother.

Monday, May 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Frederic Schelzle, of Boston, to his brother Henri; Arthur Gaines, of Hallowell, Me., to his family; Edna Sturges, of New York City, to her mother; Elizabeth Remondy, to her brother.

Tuesday, May 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John H. Gilley, of Boston; Major Elliott; Annie Maria Carroll, of New York City, to her mother; Elizabeth Remondy, to her brother.

Monday, May 31.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John Williams, to his brother; Annie Page, to her Aunt Mary, in Brooklyn, N. Y.; Margaret Welch, James L. Haggood, of Columbus, N. Y., to his friend Arthur Davis.

Monday, June 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Annie Louisa Crane, of Augusta, Me., to her sister; John Albert, of Runcorn, N. H., to his family; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to his friends.

Monday, June 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Peter Richardson, of Uxbridge, Mass., to his wife; Minnie Warren, of Cambridgeport, Mass., to her mother; Thomas Barrett, of Waltham, Mass., to his friends; Edward H. Parsons, of Boston, to his wife.

Tuesday, June 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; James L. Hartup, died in Rome, June 7th; Nellie Williams, of Cambridgeport, Mass., to her mother; Elizabeth Remondy, to her brother.

Thursday, June 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Joseph Adams, of Portsmouth, N. H., to his children; Edward Richardson, of New Bedford, to his father; Edward H. Clemence, of Liverpool, England, to his family.

Monday, June 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Thomas Hunt, of Salem, Mass.; Caroline Phillips, of Williamsburg, N. Y., (died in Frankfurt, Germany, June 8); Johnny Joyce.

Donations.

In aid of our Public Free Circles from various parts of the country.

J. A. Willard, \$50; James Kent, \$50; A. Spruitland, \$50; Betty Vandeyck, \$50.

More "Plain Talk" from Lois Walbrook.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—In my last article I said something about the difference between ourselves and the Universalists. I took ground that it was not the belief in spirit-communion. I have just been reading the sermon by Rev. J. H. Tuttle, preached before the United States Convention, held at Buffalo, N. Y., on Wednesday, Sept. 22, 1869, as reported in the *New Covenant*. The text is found in Rom. xi: 17-18: "And if some of the branches be broken off, and thou, being a wild olive tree, wert grafted in among them, and with them partakest of the root and fatness of the olive tree; boast not against the branches. But if thou boast, thou bearest not the root, but the root thee." The speaker seems very liberal, at the first, makes some very fine concessions, takes ground that any Spiritualist could and would accept; but before he is through, he reminds me of a story told by a Baptist brother in Chicago, two or three years since. He said, "A colored brother once prayed that my head might be nailed to the wisdom-post; and, brethren, that is just what we want to do with these young colored brothers," referring to their schools among the colored people South; "we want to nail their heads to the wisdom-post." This "wisdom-post" was the Bible; and it is evident that Mr. Tuttle's is the same, and that he recognizes the fact that their denominational colors are nailed to it.

He says, "If we cut so far down as to destroy Orthodoxy altogether, then with it over goes our own church. Any people had better beware of trying to stand on any other foundation than that which is laid, and was laid ages ago."

Can't do it, brother, if they do try. God's foundation is too broad to be overstepped by man; still we may hide it somewhat with rubbish of our own gathering.

"A word of warning might be spoken here, but spoken kindly, against a class of persons in our day, who seem in such haste to uproot all churches, and all religions which have ever been, that their reform becomes complete annihilation. They cut so deep and so wide as to sever us from Christianity itself. * * * It is a theory of horticulturalists that even the best variety of fruit will retrograde, both in quantity and quality, if not well cared for. * * * This tendency to self-exhaustion may be seen in the religious world, also. * * * If a century, or a half dozen centuries, have not been sufficient to extract the best life from a church and leave it in a state of decay, it was because its relaxing energies were often revived under the electric influence of something outside. Few churches can long find fuel enough at home for feeding their own fires."

Ay, ay; and so you would persuade your neighbor to let you have his wood, and give him the privilege of sitting by your fire, if he will be careful not to punch it too hard? Well, if they are foolish enough to do so, let them, till they have learned better.

After speaking of the growing tendency of one of our older churches toward papacy, he says, "This church needs grafting. The Tyngs and Cheney's have commenced the work, but it must be finished by yet bolder hands. A church that has begun to look backward, must suffer under the conviction that it is not easy to go forward."

Ah, indeed! and why did you not think of that when expelling Barrett, Fishback and others? But perhaps the above is given as a warning which the "powers that be" will so heed that they will cease to "offend" in this direction. We shall see.

"As Christianity is the finality of all religions, and contains the truth of all religions, so Universalism is the finality of Christian beliefs, the fulfilling of all beliefs in their true essence."

No need of grafting that stock, then. But let us not be unjust to the preacher. We will give his definition of Universalism: "That faith, which found in our organization or elsewhere, which teaches the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, and the eternal progress and final happiness of the whole race."

Look out, Bro. Tuttle, or you will be cut off as a dead branch, or severely pruned, lest you should overshadow the rest; for, according to your definition, all the Spiritualists in the land are Universalists; and if the "powers that be" could n't tolerate two or three, do you think they are going to accept the whole? But how does this compare with "If we cut so far down as to destroy Orthodoxy altogether, then with it over goes our own church?"

the position taken at first, my brother, to wit: that "a belief in and a feeling of dependence upon a superior power" was the real root, the starting point of all religion, and in speaking of Paganism that "there is a brotherhood of religions as surely as there is a brotherhood of blood"—if you had maintained that position, you would have done well enough. But, as you pass along, you really make the *Orthodox* branch the root, acknowledge that you have been grafted into it, and of course if it is cut down you are gone. We, on the contrary, claim the root itself as our foundation, consequently we are an independent branch upon which others may graft if they wish and can; but we do not choose to leave the root, for the sake of drawing its life through another branch.

From the Macdonaldian.

HOW TO REPLENISH THE CHURCH TREASURY.

Let Anna buy one ribbon less,	\$4.00
And Fanny give one ring;	5.00
Grace sacrifice one old dress,	50.00
One sash and fancy string,	3.00
Let Julia from her next new suit	
One lace trimmed ruffa spare,	3.00
The time required one such to fute,	
Let it be spent in prayer. [Blessing invaluable.]	
Let Mesdames A, B, C and D,	
Their household budgets with care;	
Each save from waste (thrift) one ounce of tea,	
One needless luxury spare. [50 cents per week.]	
Let Kate and Rose each take her turn,	
With their white muslin's content,	
Each for one week, three dollars earn,	0.00
(As Bridget left in Lent.)	
Let Mary once with Jane forego	
Their pleasant carriage drive, [saved 5.00]	
And help dear sister Abigail sew, [earned 5.00]	
Thus save and double five,	10.00
Let Sarah watch the "Sunny Side,"	
That makes her husband's face,	
And when he joins next groom and bride,	
Receive and give the fee,	5.00
Let Susie save her furs with care	
To serve next winter's cold,	
And guard her dress from stain and tear	
That she may save her gold,	20.00
Let Lizette stop and think again,	
Free she consents to buy,	
"This diamond's cost might save ten men!"	
"I'll give its price—and try."	500.00
	900.00

ANOTHER WAY TO REPLENISH THE CHURCH TREASURY! Given Inspirationally through Dr. Charles Put, of Sturgis, Mich.

100