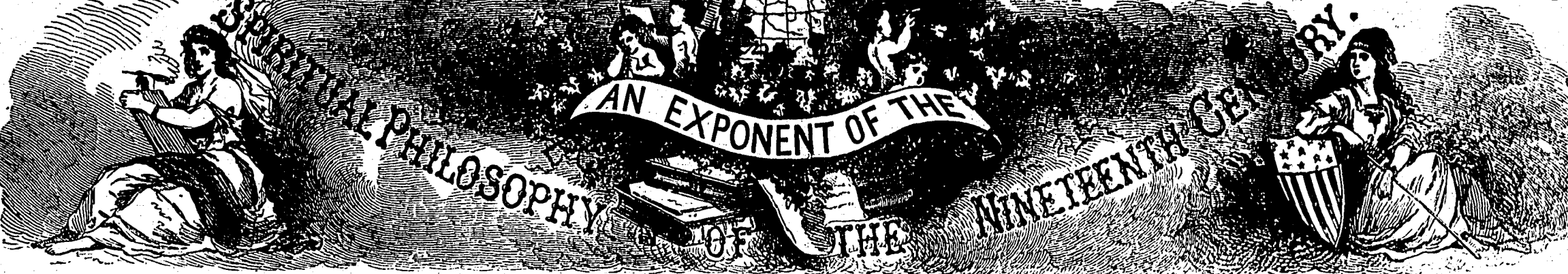


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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BEAUTY UNVEILED;

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF EDWARD FOSTER,

The Enthusiast, the Philosopher, and the Lover.

BY CHRISTOPHER HARTMANN.

CHAPTER IX.

As soon as Edward had arrived home, he met Mrs. Cushing in the parlor. She noticed that he appeared quite happy, and questioned him about his journey. Edward hung his head, said but little, thinking how it would do to reveal to her the whole affair as it had happened. But he restrained himself, turned off the questioning into other matters, and played very shy. The truth was, after leaving Miss Freeland, he had given himself up to profound reflections on the subject; and the first flush of excitement being over, he came in a degree to himself again. Mary seemed to come to him with a renewed power. The thoughts of her, the memory of her loveliness were all again present to his mind, and it seemed to him as if her sainted spirit was near him with a peculiar influence. "What would she say," thought he, "if she could now speak to me? What would she say of this new friend?" At times, he trembled for the possible consequences. What a crisis it might prove in his life! What long years of more or less mixed enjoyment, and—should it be misery, too, added to his lot? He wanted to reveal the affair to somebody, and to no one could he do it more fully than to Willard. He at first told him the main features of it. But Willard enjoined it upon him now to give his closest attention to business. If he expected to prosper in this world of stern reality, he must haul in his imagination somewhat, build no air-castles, plant his feet irrevocably upon principle, and go ahead. The description which he gave of Miss Freeland only satisfied Willard more fully of the necessity of this advice. The matter of a change of occupation from his present calling to that of an artist was discussed between them; but, for some fear expressed by Willard on this subject, it was soon given up, and other counsels prevailed. Horace Goodman had seen enough of his qualities to interest himself for him in some wholesale establishment like his own. A vacancy then occurring in the same store where he himself was, Edward was offered a place there. He accepted at once, and right glad was he to get out of the retail trade. His faculties were better suited, and his prospects for the world brighter. It was so agreeable, too, to be in the same store with Goodman! Much did they commune together, in leisure hours and on Sundays, and the old times were re-awakened with fresh interest. But business now engrossed a great share of his attention; and in the midst of it all was the practical and energetic Thomas, plying his faculties with all the instinct of a thorough-bred man of the world, to gather up wealth and accumulate a fortune. Not a particle relaxed from his tight grip upon sensual and tangible things—a dead enemy to all that was visionary, except the visions of gold that rolled through his mind and made him, at times, the veriest day-dreamer, to put in comparison with his more ethereal brother—this vigilant and persevering man pushed on.

Cushing, also, kept to the line of his rectitude. His reformation continued a success. Often were he and Willard together, in reminiscence of their similar fortunes; and it was remarkable how the example of Cushing stimulated and encouraged the effort of Willard, and kept him in the upward path. And the mutual satisfaction they both derived in tracing their recovery, thus far, to the excellent woman who had so providentially been connected with their destinies, was always a bright and joyous thought to both of them.

About three weeks had passed, from the time Edward returned from Woodstock, when a letter was received by him from Miss Freeland, stating that she had heard from her father, and, were it not for sickness in the family, he would be very glad to gratify her by a visit to Boston; but now, the only sister she had, three years younger than herself, had become very ill with an affection of the lungs, and was suffering from severe inflammation and debility. It made it necessary, therefore, that she should not protract her visit, but return to Rochester as soon as possible.

This was a serious disappointment to Edward. He showed it in his manner. He had not told, before, of the expected visit of his new friend to Boston, but now it broke from him by the force of sadness. He said that the lady had talked some of stopping a few days in the city, but now they would not be permitted the pleasure of seeing her.

"Why, Edward!" said Louisa, "why did not you tell us that before?"

"Oh, I thought I would let you be surprised, as I was," he replied.

"Was she coming to visit us?"

"Coming to visit the city."

after a sufficient acquaintance this way, he felt assured that a visit from him would not only be agreeable, but bring matters to a definite and full understanding. So he proposed to Goodman, during the dull season, a trip through New York State, both to recruit his own health and to drum up some country custom. The cat, however, was too strong and conspicuous for this bag, and the real object of his desire had to be fairly broached. One evening, as he was speaking to Willard about it, this earnest man could hardly contain himself. "Oh, ho!" said he; and, taking the likeness of his departed wife from his pocket, where he always carried it, he got up and showed it to Edward, uttering the ominous words—"You never shall look upon her like again." The effect was electric upon the sensitive mind of Edward. He tried to make pleasantry of it, but it was no use. The brooding spirit of Mary seemed to overshadow him. However, as things had so far progressed, there was no turning back now, and Goodman himself began to favor the project, remarking, jocosely, that the lady would undoubtedly afford Edward as much benefit as the change of air. * * * In one week's time he was off, to the astonishment of all. Louisa was most agitated about it than any one. She viewed the young man as evidently hallucinated. "Only think of it!" said she; "streaking away off there to Rochester to see that girl! I always suspected him, ever since he came from Woodstock. He never has been the same person. My patience! I declare I will write to him."

"Do not you do it," said Goodman; "let him have it out. Do not for heaven's sake do any such thing! Why, Louisa, you don't know how to manage these matters. I know about this affair, and I favored it."

"What! favored his going to Rochester?"

"Yes, to look up country custom, and recruit himself."

Louisa could not help laughing, and remarked, "An awful sight of custom I guess he'll get! A tough customer I'm afraid he'll find!"

"Stop your joking, Louisa; you don't know anything about it."

Edward was gone, any how. And he was not long in finding a good trade, particularly in the city of Rochester. He found the lady of his fate at her father's house, in a fashionable and retired part of the city, and, at the first sight of her, after so long a time, she seemed to him somewhat subdued from her former vivacity, but still extremely happy, and beautiful as ever. His first impressions were favorable. He had meditated all the way how she would receive him, how much she would construe this visit into any more serious intentions on his part, and how he himself should manage his part of the drama. Foster thought he discovered a thoughtfulness which rather added to her dignity, but with the same ease and abandon which had always characterized her. It was in the afternoon that he first saw her. The very first greeting that she gave him established his confidence. He told her that he had come to make a short visit, and to transact a little business by the way, and it sent a thrill of gladness through her to think that one whom she esteemed so highly, and whom she had first met under so singular circumstances, had now come to visit her at her own father's house. The scenes of the first meeting and acquaintance, with kindred topics, were pleasantly reverted to, but, somehow or other, there was a perceptible under-current of thought and feeling realized mutually. That same occasional abstraction, or slight inattention, whatever it was, was now more fully noticed. But Edward was too much elated to dwell long and critically on these peculiarities; he put aside his philosophy, or, rather, it left him; in the realization of feelings which he yielded to at once by the force of her presence and attractions. He felt assured now of another season of recreation and freedom. He put up at a new hotel in the place, and made his calculation to stop a week, at least, and give himself entirely to the pleasures of her company.

I need not state her feelings. She evidently felt now that her time had come. The matter had progressed too far to permit any other conclusion. Edward felt about the same. Still he wanted to see some more of her, and there was the opportunity. Little, however, did he realize that Cupid was so blind; but to any one else than him there might have been seen several things now, which were not fully in accordance with the fine exterior. In the first place, this slight inattention of manner would have appeared to an impartial observer as a vacancy of mind, an evident wandering from the matter in conversation, from an inability to keep the theme of remark, or, as certain philosophers would express it, the result of a difference of sphere in the two minds. And the reserve that Edward so frequently experienced was from a similar cause—a non-affinity between him and his company. This, however, he was not fully aware of himself, and attributed it too much to natural diffidence. He, however, delighted in lively company, and, I suppose, from this same difficulty of not meeting often with those of a kindred make, he more habitually gave indulgence to his lighter and superficial moods. Miss Freeland was evidently unable to accompany him into any very solid regions of thought, and seemed frequently lost in reverie of her own. On the former occasion, at Woodstock, this was not so manifest. Now a more serious occasion seemed to throw both parties more upon their true foundations. There was no lack of animal spirit, of hilarity, of glee, and of rich, enthusiastic sport. This was her contagion; no one could have been in her company five minutes without having the blues driven effectually out of him. Whether they would return again, after repeated or habitual trials, spite of anything she could do—that was the only question.

Occasionally, when sitting together, Edward would get thinking to one direction, and she in another, and there would be nothing said for long spaces of time; then he would start, as it were,

from a felt presence entirely foreign from his state, then lapse into himself again. This occurred so frequently that it became noticeable as a phenomenon.

We must be brief in this part of our story. The young admirer was now under the sphere of her influence, but, as it were, with a vast deal of reserve power pertaining to a region that she could not touch. However, it was more than a match for all his philosophy to analyze or control his feelings at the present time; he evidently drifted in the current of events. The family with which Miss Freeland was connected consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Freeland, one other daughter and two sons. The oldest was a clerk in a bank. The father of the family was a substantial merchant in the place, in good, thrifty circumstances; had a farm in the outskirts of the town, which was occupied by another person, but which was a great resort of the family in the summer; and it was here that Edward spent the happiest of his hours. Very much were the young couple together in the delightful shades and rambles thus afforded; and to say that Edward now passed the Rubicon is stating no more than a natural occurrence. He loved, and he declared his love. Miss F. thought she loved. Thought so? why, yes; isn't this a matter of thought? Of course she loved in a certain kind and degree. But, the truth is, she had not one quarter of the feeling that swayed and captivated Edward. There was something of a singularity in her nature. Persons of such remarkable spirit and life as she was, are apt to be distinguished, I believe, for some more passionate fondness for the other sex. But she had none—at least toward Edward. All her vivacity and sprightliness pertained to the common flow of the feminine nature, without even that anomalous quality which is apt to prevail in such temperaments. Had it not been so, it would have been a better match than it was. But it had not even this adaptive quality. Edward had it to perfection. And, reader, shall I be indulged in a passing remark here? It is true, then, that in a perfectly regenerated state, this propensity, or "organ," to use the phrenological term, so far from being the lowest, will become one of the highest—the cementing bond of all holy and beautiful affections which unite the sexes in their proper relations, and perpetuate usefulness and joy forever. It pertains to the spirit-world as well as to the flesh; and it furnishes an eminent instance of the illustration of the paradoxical truth, that the least shall be first.

Well, Miss Freeland had friendship, with a sort of love, and a good deal of kindness. And Edward was so fine a young man, and it seemed so good an opportunity to establish herself in life, that she yielded to his solicitations.

It should be stated here, that although she had exerted herself to obtain the admiration and regard of Edward, being prompted by a woman's vanity and the manifest power she knew she had, and although she felt an evident satisfaction in his acquaintance, friendship and correspondence, yet when the time came for proposals she shrank a good deal from them. She was seized by a fear she never felt before, and her whole destiny seemed to hang upon this decision. She prayed and trembled and hesitated and questioned and wondered. Oh, there are times when our guardian angels do hover over us—times of danger, times of distress, times of a necessary and gracious warning, when, if we were aware of the source of these notions, and would heed the suggestions thus given us, we should save ourselves much misery. But the blind world is not in general aware of any such ministry, or, at least, how near and real it is, and so we smother the very feelings and thoughts of heaven, under a belief that they are no other than our own, and put them off by a thousand contrary persuasions. Yes, the much elated Miss Freeland now urged many considerations against the union, and even startled Edward himself into soberer thoughts of it. He thought it very commendable in her modesty, and argued against them. She thought, and very truly, that she was not a person that Edward would have selected for a wife, had all his circumstances favored a cooler judgment. But it was all in vain; Edward would hear nothing of the kind. He besought her, pressed her, till she yielded her hand.

He had delayed his visit now for two weeks, most of the time being spent at Rochester, during which the whole was ratified and sealed by over so many declarations, and ever so many scenes of soft and luxurious fancy. After the word was passed, of course there was more attachment on her part, and more freedom. Fears then subsided; confidence came in their place. She—poor thing—beautiful as a butterfly chased and caught by a boy, now gave herself all she could to his desires and attentions. She was kind to him—attached to him—but ah! sad and terrible truth—she never loved him!

I say she never loved him. Let us be careful, however, about that word. It is high, holy, and full of mystery. Of course she had a sort of love, but she misjudged it, both in kind and extent. Strange, is it, that a woman's heart should be so deceived? Not at all. The probability is that women are as often deceived as men. They are generally more correct in their intuitions, or rather have more of them—are more intuitional in their natures than men; but when men have them, they are as correct as women's. Women ought to know, and do know more about love matters in a certain sense; that is to say, the love qualities predominating in them, they are quicker in their detection of love when it exists in others, and more given to it themselves than men are; it is, too, generally, purer in women than in men; but in a world like this, where sense is so predominant over the spirit, and where true love is obstructed in its operations by a thousand checks and expedients and conventionalities; and where marriage is so often a matter of convenience and of worldly policy; and the dread and fear of a single life—often so miserable, and attended with so many privations—prevails so strongly; and where the whole must be established by law of

the land, as well as law of the heart; in such a world, it is no wonder that both women and men get miserably deceived, and are often put to their trumps in a case of such magnitude. Women, too, have not the liberty of men. They have the liberty of refusal, rather than the liberty of choice.

And with all their art in making their preferences known, many a woman has gone to her grave after a long life of loneliness, who might have been the happy partner of another, had she used the liberty which is now denied her, based—I will not pretend to say how much upon propriety and the fitness of things, and how much upon a false and perverted condition of human life. Sure we are that many fatal mistakes are made by the present inequality.

It is admitted, then, that were all things fair and equal, the intuitions of woman would not allow her to err so often as she does. But alas! almost all things are more or less unfair and unequal. Now it was the circumstances that influenced the consent, not the choice of Maria Freeland. She was light and giddy—had no great depth of mind, and not any of that spiritual and tender love which pertains to the inmost of the soul; she was able to exert over so superior a man; thought it a good chance in life; and so was led into the arena. It was her first experience, and a very rich one it proved.

And now let us look a little further on Edward's side. He had riveted himself to her forever—that is, so much of forever as is included in a lifetime, which is quite a little eternity in some folks' experience—and now she must be the central point around which all his chief thoughts of worldly interest must revolve. Let us see how he conducted himself. In the first place, after a charming and entrancing visit of three weeks, he took a very tender leave of his lady-love, and returned to Boston. He told so much of his experience as related to his protracted visit, and the agreeableness of everything concerned, but said not a word about the engagement. Willard eyed him through and through. "Edward," said he, "I fear it is a gone case with you."

"My good fellow, you need not have any fears at all. Do you suppose I should suffer myself to be imposed upon by a lady of this character?"

"Oh, the d—! how little does a man know what is in him! Why, Edward, when I first saw Mrs. Willard, I would have had her at all risks. I knew not fully what was the character of the woman. I concluded, of course, upon a fair, every-day virtue, and I believed in her amiable tendencies; but I was struck—hallucinated with her wonderful beauty. I chanced to get an angel. It was one of those possibilities, designed or permitted, I suppose, for ends that I saw not, but you now see something of the result. By a connection of events every way uncalculated, darkness has been scattered, and light is now streaming in every direction. Under God, I charge it all to her. I confess I feel now, sometimes, that her living spirit has yet some agency in these affairs, but what possible evidence have you of any such result in this affair of yours? Why do you talk so? Nay, is there not something that should make you hesitate, pause and consider, when you know your own tendencies so well, before you permit yourself to venture upon an ocean of boundless uncertainty and danger?"

The truth was, Edward was now under somewhat of a superstitious influence in this matter. His sense of wonder was continually stimulated, and from the very first, that element of mystery which so works in all matters of great importance, and particularly in love matters, was now excited to its fullest extent. Nobody but him, perhaps, would have taken the journey to Woodstock.

Thomas laughed, and Edward himself afterwards felt humbled by it. But the train of events was too well laid to allow of his escape, and it was this sense of destiny that kept up a mystical interest, all along, in the being he had found. It is astonishing how much this faith in destiny sometimes actuates the human will. It does not seem frequently to diminish effort at all, but rather to increase it, under the persuasion that what is to be, must be, and shall be. No one believed in destiny more than Napoleon Bonaparte, yet see what a will it upheld and generated in him! This very faith in destiny leads to an activity of the human will, quite as much, perhaps, in certain persons, as the extreme of the opposite faith.

Edward was very strongly influenced with such a faith. Nothing that Willard could say, and nothing that Louisa or Cushing could say, could divert him from his purpose one iota. Had they known he was already engaged, they would have restrained themselves, but now they could do nothing but caution him. He, however, had returned to his business, and for months' everything went on finely. It was now an established fact, to all human appearance, that both Willard and Cushing were reformed and successful men. Mr. and Mrs. Cushing realized in their reunion all that could be rationally expected from the average flow of married life; and, after the broken space in their fortunes, their experience was full of that more serious and settled character which comes so frequently from restored ruins and rebuilt hopes. Cushing became a religious man. He never forgot the strange experience, the almost preternatural awakening of his memory; it was such an opening to him of the Book of Life, as engraved itself upon his mind forever. It was the means of much after instruction to him. After he had got fairly settled and established in business, and his wife, true and faithful to her woman's love, had completely re-established her confidence in his virtue, he had his attention frequently turned to the investigation of such subjects as pertained to man's spiritual nature and immortal destiny. There was an acquaintance of his, to whom he had loaned the book which had been of so much service to him, who had heard of several similar experiences concern-

ing the memory. They mutually set themselves to work to inquire into the causes of such phenomena, and the facts evolved from their inquiries were these: that the soul being a substantial organism, really receives the impressions of all that it has ever experienced in life; that these impressions are, as it were, daguerreotypes upon it with the minutest accuracy; that whatever we have done, spoken, felt, heard or seen, all has had something to do with forming or characterizing the soul; and that this experience is so actual and vital in it, that it only needs the recurrence of similar states to bring it all out again in living reality. At the risk of diverting a little from the mere detail of the events of our story, it may be mentioned here that the truth of this theory is sometimes clearly evinced by extraordinary occurrences, during which the soul seems gifted with a power—or rather with the use of a power which was always latent in it—to take the retrospect of its whole past life. It frequently occurs to persons drowning, but who have recovered to relate their experience. It has happened to them in what would have been their last moments, had no means been taken to resuscitate them, that they have had a strange vision of the past, in which their whole life seemed to float before them in a single view. There is a case recorded of an English captain who fell overboard and was in danger of drowning. After struggling for some time against the winds and waves which threatened to overwhelm him, and endeavoring to approach a small boat which he saw in the distance, he was observed to give out, and then a noise in his ears, a choking, and general numbness succeeded, when suddenly this memory of the past was opened, and all the chief events, history, and experience of his whole life were exhibited before him with a particularity and minuteness of detail which both astonished and astonished him. So also of a case reported of a man who fell from his horse, and who received such a stunning blow as to start out this memory in him, when he saw as in a glance his past life, with the same vividness and accuracy. Also, in Dr. Quincy's writings there is mention made of how the guilty actions of a man's life have been exhibited before him in times of unusual excitement, with the greatest distinctness and accuracy. In like manner, in the well-known dream of Dr. Doddridge, who, after he had been conversing one evening with Dr. Watts, on the immortality of the soul, and querying whether there was not a similar variety of occupation in the spiritual world to what there is here, retired to sleep, and dreamed, among other very remarkable things, that, upon the walls of a white temple, as it were, he saw the record of his whole past life.

Numerous cases of the kind might be given, and there is no fact better attested in the whole range of psychological occurrences than this strange experience which pertains to the memory. In the cases of drowning and of injury, the fact may be well accounted for; and by a variation of the principle, it may be accounted for in every other case. It is, undoubtedly, that at such times the link which connects the soul with the body is somewhat loosened, which lets the man at once into his interior life. And there he sees, as in a flashing panorama, the scenes of his past experience. Years of life become condensed into a moment, and eternity opens this side the grave. Cases have also occurred in severe sickness where this partial separation has probably taken place, and the same results have been experienced.

Now, it was the investigation of such facts as these, to which Cushing was prompted from the remarkable experience which happened to him, that led him to pause seriously in the onward march of his life, and reflect upon its possible connections. "Truly," said he one day to his wife, "it seems as if everything that in any way ever gets into the mind, in some sense remains there, and cannot by any possibility ever get out again. It may be forgotten for a time, but it can be recalled. And there is no such thing as positive and eternal forgetfulness. The soul is as a sort of spiritual daguerreotype plate, constantly receiving the impressions of the fine things of life, and recording them with infinite exactness. I must be, then, forming my very soul—shaping it into beauty or deformity, for eternity, by every act I perform, and every feeling that I suffer to pass through it."

Yes, this was a true and philosophical conclusion, and it wonderfully affected him. How slight, too, was the point upon which all this turned! Had it not been for that apparently irrational and unpromising task imposed upon him of writing the little book, he might never have experienced anything of the kind, and never been led to such favorable results. It shows the importance of such acts, or rather it shows how, on a broad and universal scale, there is nothing small, nothing purely accidental, but that our whole life is woven into a connected tissue by a divine hand, and we are conducted, apparently by the smallest means, to the most glorious ends.

As to Mrs. Cushing, she, of course, participated somewhat in her husband's conversion, and felt more than ever the reality of a religious life. But being of a lighter and more superficial turn by nature, she never became affected to those depths that he did; his was an instance, too, where one who had most forgiven loved most. Louisa's love for Edward had now subsided into a steady and intimate friendship, in consequence of the renovated affections for her husband. But she always preserved a tender regard for him, and in the now evident attachment that existed between him and Miss Freeland, she could feel nothing but a strange and indelible impression of romantic destiny. Whisperings of the true state of the case between them had now led to much conversation about it, and in a vague and droll way she would say that Edward was no fool, and if he blundered once, it might be the best thing that could happen to him.

[To be continued in our next.]

Original Essay.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE CROSS.

A Paper read before the Albany Institute, and prepared for publication in the Banner of Light, BY DR. G. L. DITSON.

PART FOUR.

Again, Capt. Wilford says: "There is a curious account of Sallabana and of his crucifixion in the *Raja Tarangini*, or history of Casimir." (11) And again: "Though the punishment of the cross be unknown to the Hindus, yet the followers of Buddha have some knowledge of it, when they represent Deva-Tai (2) crucified by order of Buddha upon an instrument somewhat resembling a cross, according to the account of several travelers to Siam and other countries." (3)

Now, if these peculiar tokens of a religious faith, these expressions of a universal conviction, these signs and emblems, were all subsequent to our era, then there would be a fair basis for a belief that a knowledge of Christ's crucifixion and all that pertained to his history were spread throughout the Orient by able and expert missionaries, who, with wonderful success, such as is not known nowadays, turned Brahmins and Buddhists to a new religion, erected vast temples and commemorative columns, and decorated them with sculpture illustrative of it.

I said, a page or two back, that this incarnate deity of Sanscrit romance (according to Capt. Wilford) was not only brought up among shepherds, but that a tyrant, like Herod, at the time of his birth, ordered all male infants to be slain. Now, in the temple of Elephanta, there is a huge sculptured figure, holding up in his right hand one or more of these children, while in his left is a glaive, or scimitar, with which he is about to inflict the punishment of death. This is, I must think, commemorative of the story of the murder of the innocents; but of what date is it? No doubt exists, I believe, that it is by many centuries older than our records of Herod's atrocities.

It would seem that Mr. Bentley at one time entertained the opinion that what related to Christ, his birth, crucifixion and incarnation, was borrowed from India; but I find this on the 25th page of the *Anaclypsis*: "If any dependence can be placed on Mr. Bentley's own words, he was at last satisfied that the story of Christ's having been copied from that of Jesus Christ—of which I have treated in my 'Celtic Druids,' and also before in this work—was not to be supported. In a letter from him, published by the Rev. J. Marshall, D. D., in his *Elements of the Chinese Grammar*, is the following passage: 'July 11, 1813, Krishna was contemporary with Yodhishthira, and the epoch of Yodhishthira's birth was the year 2524 of the Cali Yuga of the present astrologers, or about 375 years before the Christian era.' The fact of Christ's living more than 500 years before Christ at once disposes of the nonsense, both oral and written, about the history of Christ being copied from that of Christ. This removes the only plausible objection to my theory, and shows that my explanation of the Janampati of Christ is correct."

After this, in another letter to the same, Mr. Bentley goes on to show, by astronomical calculations and proofs, that he is correct, and that Christ was certainly, as he had before said, more than two years before Christ. (15)

"The notice taken by Mr. Maurice of the descent of Christ into hell, and his return to his proper paradise, is striking. It can scarcely be believed that he did not know of the crucifixion noticed by Monsieur Crenier." And, "The publication of the plate of the crucifixion and resurrection of Indra or Buddha by the learned Jesuit (Georgius) with the permission of the Roman censor, is, however, attempted to be explained away by him." (16)

In Mons. Guignaut's work occurs the following passage, which I will translate as literally as possible: "There are various accounts of the death of Christ. One remarkable and couched for tradition makes him perish on a fatal tree, where he was pierced with a dart, and from which he predicted the evils that were to fall upon the earth in the Cali Yuga." Another tradition adds that the body of this man-god was changed into the trunk of *chandanu*, or sandal-wood; and, being thrown into the Yamuna, near Mathoura, he passed into the holy waters of the Ganges, which carried him to the coast of Orissa, where he is still adored at Jagannatha, or Jagrenat (a famous place of pilgrimage), as the symbol of reproduction and of life. "It is remarkable," says a commentator, "to find Siva and Krishna reunited at Jagannatha, which means land of the master of the world—otherwise *Khetra* (7) an epithet of Christ." Egyptian mythology offers an analogous tradition regarding the body of Osiris.

Mr. Moore describes an Avatar, called Witoba, who has his foot pierced. He says that "a man who was in the habit of bringing him Hindu deities, pictures, etc., once brought two alike of which he gives an engraving, plate 181. Afflicting indifference, he asked the pundit what Deva it was. He examined it attentively, and after turning it about for some time, professed his ignorance of what Avatar it could immediately relate to, but supposed, by the hole in the foot, that it might be a Watoba. The subject of plate 181," he continues, "is evidently the crucifixion, and by the style of workmanship, is clearly of European origin." The date of the workmanship is here of no consequence; we are looking for the sources of a theme which has this peculiar expression, as a shadow or a light (depending on our view of it), on the verge of the remotest antiquity.

"This incarnation of Vishnu or Christ," says Higgins, "is called Witoba, or Balakrishna. He has a splendid temple erected to him at Pundarpoor. Little respecting this incarnation is known." After referring to Moore's representation, he adds: "In another print, he is represented exactly in the form of a Roman crucifix; but not fixed to a piece of wood, though the legs and feet are put together in the usual way, with a nail hole in the latter. There appears to be a glory over it coming from above. Generally the glory shines from the figure. It has a pointed Partian coronet instead of a crown of thorns. I apprehend this is totally unusual in our crucifixes. When I recollect the crucifix on the fire-tower in Scotland, with the lamb on one side and the elephant on the other, and all the circumstances attending this Avatar, I am induced to suspect I have been too hasty in determining that the tower was modern because it had the effigy of a crucified man upon it." All the Avatars or incarnations of Vishnu are, according to Sir Wm. Jones, painted with Ethiopian or Partian coronets. This in Moore's Pantheon, just described—the crucifixion of Witoba—is thus painted.

Of this Witoba I will say a few words more: In an earlier copy of Moore's Pantheon than the one Mr. Higgins at first consulted, and which he found at the British Museum, he discovered something, he says, "which Mr. Moore has not dared to tell us, viz., that in several of the icons of Wit-

toba there are marks of holes in both feet, and in others of holes in the hands; and what is very remarkable and illustrative of our subject, figure 6 has on his head a Yoni-Linga." Of figure 97 Mr. Moore says: "This cast is in five pieces; the back lifts off of sockets and admits the figures to slide backwards out of the grooves in which they are fitted; it is then seen that the seven-headed Yaga (cobra), joined to the figure, continues its scaly length down Balaji's back, and minding two convolutions under him, forms his seat; a second shorter snake, also part of the figure, protrudes its head, and makes a seat for Balaji's right foot, and terminates with the other snake behind him. Unless this refer to the same legend as Krishna crushing Kaliya, I know not its allusion." (9)

Mr. Higgins, who was a judge on the English bench, and subsequently devoted ten hours a day for twenty years to archaeological researches, affirms in his great and marvelous work, often quoted here, that much concerning India has been suppressed by an interested priesthood. He says, "Now we see why our slave-trading, church-building government, which cares as little for religion, except as an engine of state, as it does for the man in the moon, sends bishops to India. They are sent to superintend the Asiatic Society and the press at Calcutta, to prevent them from falling into mistakes in what they publish." This sarcasm was called out by his ascertaining that in McKenzie's work sent home, "there was no account of the rites and ceremonies at the famous temple of Tripetty or Tripeti, of the temple of Balaji, of the crucified Witoba, within sixty miles of Madras, the very center of Col. McKenzie's survey and particular inquiries." (10)

"In Travancore, not far from Madras, a very peculiar festival is celebrated in honor of the Trimurti. . . . and it is in these Southern countries that the worship of the crucified Witoba chiefly prevails." (11)

Figure 1, plate 91, of Moore's Pantheon, is a figure that has a hole in one foot, a nail through the other, a round nail mark in the palm of one hand and on the knuckle of the other, and it is ornamented with doves and a five-headed cobra snake. "It is unfortunate," continues Mr. Higgins, "perhaps it has been thought prudent, that the originals are not in the Museum to be examined. But it is pretty clear that the Romish and Protestant crucifixion of Jesus must have been taken from the avatar of Balaji (Witoba?), or the avatar of Balaji from it, or both from a common mythos." (12)

In Calmet's *Fragments* "Christa has the glory. 'Some of the marks in the hands of this deity,' says Higgins, 'I should not have suspected to be nail marks, (for some naked Buddhas bear a small lotus flower in the palm of the hands and on the center of the soles of the feet) if they had not been accompanied with the other circumstances. . . . The mark in the side is worthy of observation and is unexplained. I confess it seems to me to be very suspicious that the icons of Witoba are nowhere to be seen in the collections of our societies.'"

Mr. Moore gives an account of an influence endeavored to be exerted upon him to induce him not to publish the print, for fear of giving offence. If it were nothing but a common error, why should it give offence? (13)

"To suppose that Buddha and Christa are said in the Hindu books to be crucified, and yet that there are no particulars of such crucifixion detailed, is quite incredible." (14)

"The monk Georgius (Antoine Auguste), in his *Thebanum Alphabetum*, has given plates of the God Indra nailed to a cross with five wounds. (15) These crosses are to be seen in Nepal (16) especially at the corner of roads and on eminences. (17) Indra is said to have been crucified by the keepers of the Hindu garden of Paradise, for having robbed it. Sir William Jones, remarking on the engravings in Georgius's book, says, 'They exhibit a system of Egyptian and Indian mythology, and a complete explanation of them would have done the learned author more credit than his fanciful etymologies, which are always ridiculous and often grossly erroneous.' Higgins replies: 'Georgius did not give an explanation because he could not give it, not understanding it; but he did not suppress, but published the fact which Sir William Jones, to all intents and purposes, suppressed. He then censured the Jesuit for his candor in having printed it. It was not angry because the Jesuit did not explain it, but because he published it. . . . When Sir William Jones made the observation, or accounted for the events in the life of Christa by their being copied from Apocryphal Gospels, he knew and concealed the fact of the crucifixion in Nepal.' (18)

I will quote here—though it might do better in another place, perhaps—the remarks of a learned writer who appeared under the name of Nimrod (19) "Candace," he says, "denotes, as I believe, the She Hawk of the Wheel, that is, the Ahiuna Mundi or Divine Spirit of the world's rotation. We read in Pindar of the venerable bird, (the Venus bird, I suppose) Ixyn bound to the wheel, and of the pretended punishment of Ixyn. But this rotation was really no punishment, being, as Pindar saith, voluntary, and prepared by himself and for himself; or if it was, it was appointed in derision of his false pretensions, whereby he gave himself out as the crucified spirit of the world." (20)

A drawing in the second volume of the *Anaclypsis* represents this. The four spokes of a St. Andrew's cross are adapted to the four limbs of the extended bird, and furnish, perhaps, the oldest profane allusion to the crucifixion. This same cross of St. Andrew was the *Thau*, which Ezekiel commands them to mark upon the foreheads of the faithful, as appears from old Israelitish coins whereon that letter is engraved. The same idea was familiar to Lucian, who calls T the letter of crucifixion, and seems to derive it from *taurus*. Certainly the veneration for the cross is very ancient. Ixyn, the bird of Mantle inspiration, *taurus*, bound to the four-legged wheel.

Tergaevan Olyvov
Ev atera Cythraena crucif.
gives the notion of divine love crucified. The wheel denotes the world of which she is the spirit, and the cross the sacrifice made for that world. Ixyn is used for love, desire, appetite, and thence the Latin word *ixyn* or *yungo*, I unite, and our name for the age of sensual love, Young—*taurus*, *taurus*. Having explained this much, I may add with Columella (21):

"Tine Anythoplas, docuit quem plurima Chelron, Nocturna crucibus volucres suspensit, et albis Culminibus vultu ferat carmina fere." (Thus far Nimrod.) Higgins adds: "I shall make no observation upon the crucifixion of the dove of Venus, the man and fanatic bird—born at Aekelon and on the Enphrates—of divine love, before Christianity existed; and then, after referring to attempts that had been systematically made for almost two thousand years to destroy this testimony, says, 'that *taurus* or divine love was the first begotten son of the Platonists' (22)

To what did Justin Martyr (23) allude, when he declared that, according to Plato, the Son of God, or Jesus Christ, was expressed or Decussated up-

on the universe in the form of the letter X? (23) I will here remark, though I wish to refer to it more at length by-and-by, that when the sun crossed the equatorial line for the last time in the sign Taurus, the cross in this form was made, and the bright emblem of salvation to the Oriental people was considered to be crucified in the heavens. Thus crossing he rose again as Aries; and he was again crucified when he crossed in like manner from Aries, and rose again in Pisces. (24) "Was the sun born at the winter solstice?" (according to Catholic ceremonies at the present day for the Son of God) "and crucified when he crossed the line at the vernal equinox? From this crucifixion did he rise, triumphing over the powers of darkness, to life and immortality?" Was he thus, as Justin Martyr said, described on the universe in the form of the letter X? (25)

"The cross has generally been thought," as already stated, "to be emblematic of eternal life. It has also been considered, from a fancied similarity to the member virile, to be emblematic of the procreative powers of Nature. The general opinion, I think, seems to have settled upon a union of the two, that it meant eternally renovating life, and this seems to agree very well with the nature of a cycle—with the Neros, which eternally renovated itself, and of which it was probably an emblem. But in my opinion," continues Higgins, "it is much more probable that it became the emblem of generation and regeneration, from being the emblem of the cycle, than from the resemblance just alluded to; and that it was the emblem from being the figure representing the number of the cycle." (26)

Mr. Payne Knight says, "The male organs of generation are sometimes represented by signs of the same sort, which might properly be called symbols of symbols. One of the most remarkable of these is the cross in the form of the letter T, which thus served as the emblem of creation and generation." (27) "In some inscriptions," says Higgins, "particularly at the end of one of the oldest with which I am acquainted, from Cyprus, that given in Ponce's description of the East, as a monogram, is the cross and 5 circle of Venus or Divine Love." Cyprus had in its center a Mount Olympus, now the Mount of the Cross, where, as might be expected, there is a monastery. "The cross was the Egyptian banner, above which was carried the crest or device of the Egyptian cities. It was also used in the same manner by the Persians. According to Oriental traditions, the cross of Calvary, and that supposed to be set up by Moses in the wilderness, were made of the wood of the tree of life in Paradise." (28)

Young Horus in Egypt held the cross in his hand, as the infant Jesus is represented doing in Catholic pictures. He was the infant Saviour, and his birth was annually celebrated by the Egyptians, who may, for a similarity of sentiment, be considered as regarding him as the incarnation of the great god, Osiris, representing with all the force, the energy, the power at their command, the resurrection and the new life; indeed, if the pictures which I have seen on the monuments adorning the banks of the Nile, representing the goddess Isis holding in her arms the infant Horus—if these sculptured figures were placed today in the Catholic churches, they would be mistaken for Mary and her infant, and would be as appropriate as the statue of Jupiter, or JANUS, which, as St. Peter, plays an important role in the ceremonies of St. Peter's church at Rome.

I will finish this number by several quotations from the *January number of the Edinburgh Review*: "From the dawn of organized Paganism in the Eastern world, to the final establishment of Christianity in the Western, the cross was undoubtedly one of the component and most sacred of symbolical monuments; and, to a remarkable extent, it is still in almost every land where that of Calvary is unrecognized or unknown; . . . it appears to have been the aboriginal possession of every people in antiquity. . . . Of the several varieties of the cross still in vogue, as national or ecclesiastical emblems in this and other European States, and distinguished by the familiar appellations of the Maltese, the Greek, &c., there is not one amongst them the existence of which may not be traced to the remotest antiquity."

Going somewhat beyond my views, however, are those of Mr. Haslam (29) quoted in the same magazine, where he says, "The cross was conceived when the redemption of man was designed, or over the tempter was changed into the form of a gliding serpent. . . . and I will venture yet further and say the cross was known to Adam, and that the knowledge of it, as a sacred sign, was imparted to him by the Almighty." The Reviewer here comes to my relief by adding, "Both the Hebrew and Samaritan Scriptures are utterly silent on the subject of this extraordinary revelation. Nor do the later Jewish records countenance it in any way."

- (1) As. Res., 10: 52.
- (2) Tat is Buddha, says Higgins.—*Anaclypsis*, p. 702.
- (3) As. Res., 10: 52.
- (4) Understood by Higgins to be the astrological calculations of Christa's nativity.
- (5) *Anaclypsis*, v. 1, 250.
- (6) Id., 444. The crucifixion of Balaji, or Witoba, will be further noticed by-and-by.
- (7) *Anaclypsis*, 1: 145.
- (8) Mr. Moore gives the different names of this in different districts, viz.: Tergat, Tak'hur, etc., etc. Tergat he elsewhere calls Tripat.
- (9) *Anaclypsis*, 1: 146-7.
- (10) Id., 750.
- (11) Id., 751.
- (12) The seven-headed Cobra in one instance, and the head of the serpent in others, unite him with Sura and Buddha.—*Anaclypsis*, 1, 147.
- (13) Id., 14.
- (14) Id., 14.
- (15) Vol. of *Anaclypsis* has a copy—
- (16) Nepal lies between 26 deg. 20 min. and 30 deg. 20 min. N., and 77 deg. 40 min. and 80 deg. 40 min. E.
- (17) Id., 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

INCREASED HEAT OF THE SUN'S RAYS IN PASSING THROUGH CLOUDS.—FORBES, in his travels through the Alps of Savoy, made the observation that when the sun was slightly obscured by thin clouds the temperature of his rays was higher than after the cloud had passed—an announcement which has recently been verified by careful experiment. Thus, in one instance, on the 12th of May, 1868, at about ten o'clock in the morning, the sun being unobscured by any cloud, the approach of a light cirrus caused the thermometer to rise about four degrees; and when completely covered by thin clouds an additional increase of three degrees was observed. At eleven o'clock, the sun being still behind the cirrus clouds, the thermometer indicated a temperature of one hundred and one degrees Fahrenheit; but it fell nine degrees in three minutes after the cloud passed away, rising again six degrees more as a small cloud passed over the sun. The air during these experiments was perfectly still.—*Harpers Magazine*.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HOPE IN TRIBULATION.

BY E. H. BLAKE.

Sad child of earth, unveil thy face—
There's heavenly light above!
God's universe proclaims his grace,
Yet we are blind to love!
In vain the sun would pour its light,
While darkly veiled our eyes;
Roll up the curtain—clear our sight—
All hail! the glowing skies.
So greet the fair expanding view
Of life's transforming scene:
Where tears are drops of nursing dew,
And griefs bring days serene.
Who loves the most lives nearest God,
From doubt and gloom afar;
Our weep, our pang—the scourge, the rod—
Are Triumph's rambling car.
Oh, mind perturbed! oh, shrinking heart!
Oh, feet that cannot climb!
Oh, song that wakes no counterpart
Of life's responsive chime!
Seize, oh my soul, and make thy good,
The truth so well belied;
The bread made bread alone is food;
Truth lived is truth received!
New Bedford, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Spiritualist Convention at Haverhill.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

[Continued from last week.]

A. E. Carpenter, speaker of Spiritualism as a scientific religion. He believed many of the statements of fact recorded in the history of Jesus. They grew naturally out of his organization, and were not inconsistent with what Spiritualism has revealed to us. Just as far as the religious ideas which Spiritualists entertain logically grow out of the facts which are proved, they are scientific. J. H. Powell said the Religion signifies binding. It has to do with the binding of all religions, manifesting the secret places of religion. There is no use of talking about scientific religion. After science has done all that it can do in the way of discovery, there will yet remain conscience and aspiration and all the feelings of the soul after God, that make up religion, of which we are conscious, and which science cannot account for. You cannot chain man to material facts. As well attempt to regulate love by the bumps upon the head. It was once told by a phrenologist, and I believe somewhat in phrenology, that love and marriage would one day be regulated by it. Fancy the picture of people going about with feeling of each other, and to know who they might love. It is absurd. Love exists by a deeper power, and Religion exists by a deeper power than that of science. There is a tendency in this exclusive devotion to science, to Atheism. But the instinct of religion is in all men, and will find expression.

H. S. Williams.—Religious emotions are common to humanity. The Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and the devotees of all religions, manifest the same emotions, which are the natural attributes of the human soul. If this feeling be natural and common to all religions, then in what consists the superiority of Spiritualism? We have imagined that it was in advance of all religions of the past, all of which are founded upon some sort of tradition, bible, &c. Spiritualism builds upon solid facts, discovered by investigation, observation and experience, from which is born a beautiful philosophy, in harmony with nature and reason—a scientific religion—and all religion that is unscientific is false. Bro. Powell thinks there is "no use to talk about scientific religion," and defines the word "to bind, binding." To this definition I do not object, but would ask, are not the principles and laws which govern scientific investigation binding, and are we not more strongly bound by the conclusions of the human reason, by facts, by the undeviating laws of Nature, than by any other forces? By studying, are we not "feeling after God" through the intellect, and approaching as near the great First Cause, as through the emotional nature? He thinks "Religion has to do with devotion," and that "science cannot reach the secret places of religion." Who can tell the secret places of religion? Although we are in the infancy, the natural sciences furnish all the practical knowledge we have in this life, and reaches forward to the life beyond. Is there no science except that which the mere materialist appreciates? A science as much superior to the physical sciences, as the spirit-world is superior to the material world, which can comprehend the life in this world and continues through eternity? What are our learned and scientific minds of the past doing in that other and better life? Can we suppose they are less interested in their favorite studies? Less interested in making discoveries in science, now they have entered upon a larger field of investigation than when they were in this world, opened their intellects quickened, and their reason matured? With better facilities for discovering the secret springs of life, the secret causes of all effects, the hidden principles behind all facts, they are doubtless more active in that real life than ever before. Who shall limit them, or declare that they can never enter the sacred precincts of religion, scientifically discovering its secret forces, and thus bring to light a scientific religion?

Dr. H. B. Storer said that in his view all science, spiritual and material, tended to modify religious ideas. Religion was based upon a sense of dependence, and this was universal and natural to the soul of man. We had no sense of having created ourselves, and no absolute power to create an existence without support. Neither did we make the universe. Hence came the sentiment of cause, outside ourselves. Religious ideas originate from this sense of dependence, and our emotions of hope and fear, desire and satisfaction. Ignorance of facts and natural laws, was the origin of false ideas concerning what we are dependent upon

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East Madison, Nov. 19th, for the benefit of meadows.
all must be in their seats at 10½ o'clock A. M., and be pass-
to the influences; and no-one will be allowed to come in
go out after the circle commences, until 12 o'clock.
Oct. 21, 1870. WM. BARKER

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