

as the physical to the outward eye. The natural man and the spiritual man are both recognized, and the one just as positive as the other. One of matter—the other of spirit. One of earth—the other of God. One mortal—the other immortal. Thus it is in this life and from spiritual and logical deductions believe with Lillis Brown in the immortality of the soul, and that there is nothing to disqualify but everything to qualify it, and not only reasonable but justifiable conclusion through practical, natural and spiritual study of our relationship with the Divine. For we know God and the soul—that they are immortal spirits, and their relation not dissolvable—because one is of the other, lifting man in his association with his fellow-men into conditions not attainable outside of Divine aid. Hence God is a Spirit, and His immortal children receive life, food and raiment that causes them to glorify Him, for He hath shown that we are His legitimately, receiving dowerage immediately from Himself and never ending—because spirit hath no end. H. G. M.

FAITH.

For the REVIEW.

Light is Truth! Light is Heaven!
Light is Spirit! Light is God!

The light spoken of by most Christians means merely the light of certain creedal statements, certain dogmas to be preached. The light of the world means to them only the external words of a cold and formal faith. The existence of a real light, of a shining, spiritual element, that can be perceived and recognized and known, is not considered by them. *Within himself* man possesses the elements that shall constitute him a perfected spirit. But while he is in the condition of mere animal life, before his interior or soul life is quickened, he is in a state of darkness. Let him advance into the higher state of spiritual life, where his affections and his intellect triumph over gross matter

and light is born within him. Around his soul will exist the conditions when high spiritual life can unite with his and through his being thrill the voice: "Let there be Light." When it has arisen in his mental understanding there is no more darkness, but forever shines the eternal sun of life and faith in God.

PHILIP S. DORLAND

OUR COLORED BROTHERS.

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Perhaps all of the readers of the REVIEW have heard of Abby D. Munroe, who is head of the Mt. Pleasant, S. C., School for Colored Children, and founder of a Colored Orphan Asylum, the only one in the South. At the time of our Quarterly Meeting (which is held at Chappaqua in 10th mo.) she was with us—a guest at our home—and gave on Fourth-day evening a graphic account of her work among the "lowly" ones of South Carolina. She described the progress of her school, its burning and rebuilding, the starting of the Orphan Home from one family of six children left with one to care for them, and how finally about fifty have been redeemed from almost certain wreck. Her power of description rose to eloquence as she spoke of a large evening camp meeting she was invited to attend. We could fairly see the circle of tents against the black background of the forest, in front of each a mound surmounted by a burning pile surrounding all the turbaned black faces with tears streaming down the deep furrows in their cheeks, swaying back and forth as they were moved by the power of the colored preacher's eloquence. She said she had sometimes been led to question the wisdom of the means taken to release the slaves from bondage—whether it paid, but that night when the preacher closed his wonderful sermon with the words: "I am sorry for the blood shed, but I thank God for freedom," and the cry "Thank God for Freedom" was taken up and rang throughout the immense con-