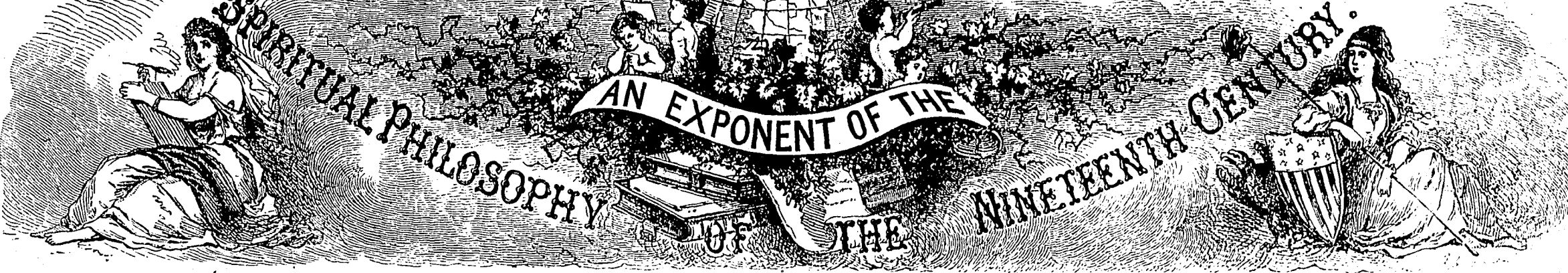


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## GILES COREY:

A Fragment from a Dark Page of New England History.

BY EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

Of all the pleasant, shady, well-ordered towns for which New England is preeminently distinguished, old Salem is *par excellence* the most shady, pleasant and attractive I have ever visited. Free from the whir of machinery and the unromantic commonplaces of factory life, this favored spot is at once a centre of commercial usefulness and home tranquillity.

Quiet without dullness, peaceful, and somewhat reserved without, yet neither unprogressive nor fossilized, Salem can display that remarkable combination of "modern improvements" and bygone memories which is so rarely found in American towns.

Handsome and convenient residences abound here; but close beside them, enconcealed, as it were, in sheltered nooks beneath their protecting wings, burrow queer little cottages, unsymmetrical old buildings, odd courts and crooked alleyways, leading to nowhere in particular, reminding us that Salem lived and had its being in days long past, and that, any time during the last two centuries, ere far more ambitious towns and cities were born or thought of, its streets were historic ground, its residences memorable as the habitations of historic personages, and its wild, pine-clad hills swept over by breezes whose revelations were destined to make history for all coming ages.

Chief of all the memories which imprint themselves in indelible characters upon the very walls and stones of Salem, are the ghostly legends which cluster around the dark and fatal gallows-tree which for two hundred years has cast its doleful shadow of shame and horror from "Witch Hill," a locality still pointed out to the curious, but whose original features are fast disappearing beneath the plow of modern civilization.

The "fearsome" and "mysterious" influences which once raged like a pestilence of horror in Salem and its vicinity under the name of "witchcraft," have been too fully and satisfactorily explained by the heavenly illumination of modern Spiritualism to leave any further doubt concerning the causes which led to the enactment of those terrible tragedies so peculiarly associated with this district: neither is it necessary to recall the general features of the dark drama so graphically described by Glanville, Upham and others; but, as very few historians have had the opportunity, or perchance thought it worth their while to make particular mention of those who were the victims of the hideous witchcraft persecution beyond a bare record of their names, it may not be uninteresting to learn a few details concerning one whose fate was rendered even more terrible than that of his fellow-sufferers, from the barbarous manner of his destruction. This unhappy victim was Giles Corey, an old man of eighty-one years of age, who was put out of existence by the torture of *pressing* between boards loaded with crushing weights.

Having become interested in this venerable martyr's fate by the perusal of a bright little poem written some twenty years ago by Fitch Poole, of Danvers, I have taken some pains to find out such biographical details concerning him as the antiquarian records of the district would afford me; and as I offer to my readers a share in the enjoyment I derived from Mr. Poole's genius, by subjoining a copy of his poem, I presume they will also consider themselves entitled to participate in my limited information concerning the "wizzard Goodman" who is its subject. From all I can learn, Giles Corey, in his early life, lived in Salem, inhabiting a house in that quarter where a large number of persons affected with what was then termed "the impious heresy of Roger Williams," congregated together. It has been asserted that Corey sympathized with that spirit of religious freedom and progression which drew down upon Roger Williams the wrath of intolerant Puritanism, and ended in his expulsion from Salem. If this be true, it is a little singular that then, as now, the gifts of the spirit should become most manifest in those who dare to do their own religious thinking, and that the sword of persecution should be also then, as now, wielded by those whose lives prove them to be destitute of "the gifts," but whose faith most stringently commands their exercise.

In 1690 Corey removed to a tract of fifty acres of land which he had purchased, and whereon he employed one John Norton to build him an house, "twenty foot in length, fifteen in breadth, and eight foot stud"—or high. The Corey farm was situated just at the point where now stands the station of the West Peabody Junction, on the Lowell & Salem Railroad.

The ground extended to both sides of the road, and the site of the house (now wholly obliterated) was somewhere about twenty rods from the station, on the south side of the road. In this most unostentatious building Giles Corey lived for fifty years, his stern and resolute character procuring for him many enemies, and his somewhat litigious nature exhibiting itself in sundry law-suits with his neighbors.

It would appear that some change occurred in his religious views toward the close of his life, as about two years before his death he joined the church, became an earnest and active church member, and when the trials for Witchcraft ensued in 1691-2, Giles Corey was one of the witnesses against the accused, and manifested a lively interest in the clerical prosecutions. His tone changed, however, when his own unfortunate wife, Dame Martha Corey, became one of the suspected, and finally was imprisoned, with

many others, on the charge of witchcraft. The annals of these gloomy proceedings tend to show that the presence of certain individuals, amongst whom Dame Corey was one, sufficed to produce upon those "afflicted persons," supposed to be bewitched, cramps, convulsions, cataplexy, a disposition to dance, sing, gesticulate, crawl, imitate the lower animals, and even bark and bite like rabid dogs. Sometimes it was alleged the "spectre" or wrath of the foul witch would appear visibly in the act of tormenting the accusers, and not unfrequently they were described as bawling, cattle, corn-fields and dairies, or causing sudden deaths and dangerous diseases.

Dame Corey came in for a large share of these wild charges, and when her Goodman with his usual vehemence and force of character attempted her defense, he himself became involved in the accusations, and, like his unhappy partner, was incarcerated in Salem jail.

The witchcraft excitement at Salem Village broke out in February, 1691-2, and when Sir William Phips, appointed Governor under a new charter, arrived in Boston in May, 1692, the jails of Salem, Ipswich and Boston were filled with persons committed for the crime of witchcraft, and awaiting trial. Many of them were the heads of families; their farm work was neglected, and, according to the custom of that period, they were obliged to pay their own jail fees and expenses.

It would seem that many of the sufferers who were incarcerated on the monstrous charges of witchcraft, must have languished in close confinement during the whole of the burning summer season, for the executions of Giles and Martha Corey did not take place until the following September. On the trial, Dame Corey, represented as "a gentle and pious woman," pleaded her innocence with the most solemn appeals to heaven to witness her truth. The frantic zeal of the age which condemned her is the only excuse that can be offered in extenuation of a sentence for which no shadow of justice, right or reason could be shown.

In the case of her husband it is alleged as a matter of history that he was not sentenced for the crime of witchcraft, but for his obstinate silence in refusing to plead, or answering in any way to the allegations of the court. Some light is thrown on what would else seem an act of willful contumacy on the part of the prisoner, when the law under which he suffered is understood.

According to the ancient theory of English law, it was necessary that a person accused of a capital felony should voluntarily "put himself upon the country" by pleading to the indictment before a trial could be had; probably this was required in order to give a "kind of sanction" to the subsequent conviction and execution. Where the accused party refused to plead, he was placed in close confinement (*in the prison of the court*), with hardly any sustenance, there to be kept "till he answered," "as those who refuse to beat the common law of the land." Afterwards the practice of pressing to death by loading with heavy weights was introduced as a sort of mercy to the prisoner, shortening the duration of his torture. As no conviction or judgment could be had in such a case, the forfeiture of property, which would result from a conviction of a capital felony, was avoided; and numerous cases have occurred in England where the forfeiture of estates has been thus prevented. It was generally supposed, during the witchcraft trials of 1692, that confiscation would follow conviction—and this would probably have been the case had the delusion maintained its sway long enough for such a principle to take effect.

We may therefore believe that Giles Corey, in enduring the protracted torture of being pressed to death, was actuated not by mere obstinacy—which would be wholly unaccountable and incredible—but by the determination to save his property from forfeiture, that it might be enjoyed after his death by his faithful sons-in-law, who alone had befriended him in this great emergency, while others of his family had deserted him.

The deed by which Giles Corey passed his farm over to his sons-in-law, Cleaves and Moulton, was drawn up and signed in the jail at Salem, where he was confined under the accusation of witchcraft. It is dated April 24th, 1692, and one of the three witnesses to the deed, which also had the character of a will, was William Doughton, keeper of the prison at Salem. It was finally executed at the jail at Ipswich, being acknowledged there July 25th, 1692, before "Thomas Wade, Justice of the Peace." The property is described as follows: "All my land and meadow lying and being in ye bounds of Salem Town," and "all my neat cattle and all my other stock upon the said farm or elsewhere, as likewise all my housing." He speaks of himself as "lying under great trouble and affliction through which I am very weak in body but in perfect memory, knowing not how soon I may depart this life."

The constancy of purpose and generous devotion which induced the octogenarian to choose a hideous form of death rather than sacrifice the interest of his heirs by pleading, and thus affording his persecutors the opportunity of forfeiting his property, displays a trait of feeling which elevates the character of Giles Corey from the mere victim to a foul superstition, to the nobility and grandeur of a martyr.

If all the tortures, mental, physical, and spiritual, which the unhappy persons accused of and shamefully executed for witchcraft, could be known, the halo of traditional glory that surrounds the memory of those who, in early time, suffered torture and death in defense of Christianity, might pale before the lustre of the radiance which should halo the names of those whom Christians put to death, for involuntarily

giving the signs of spiritual gifts which their Master charged upon them, to show.

Be it as it may, the tangled skein of ignorance, bigotry, miserable misapprehension alike of religion, science, and Scripture, which led to the murders perpetrated on Salem's Gallows Hill, would never have been unravelled, nor the positions of the several actors in the ghastly drama have been understood, unless Spiritualism had come with its clear, well-defined tokens of supernatural agency, to rend in twain the veil which has so long concealed from mortal sight the power, influx, and influence of the immortals.

This revelation is now complete. The crimes of those accused of witchcraft now loom up before us in a radiant lustre of spiritual endowments. The action of their tormentors extorts from us the Messianic prayer, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" and we gladly seek amongst the ruins of these long unhealed flames for such tokens of parallel phenomena as will illustrate the present by the past, make us draw the mantle of our modern civilization gladly and gratefully around our shuddering forms, and thank the Father of spirits that we mediums of to-day did not live in the times of Giles and Martha Corey. We subjoin the following poem, which, though a purely fictitious flight of fancy, aptly illustrates our subject:

## GILES COREY'S DREAM.

Presented to the Danvers Centenary Celebration, June 15th, 1852, by Fitch Poole, Esq.

Giles Corey lay in Salem jail,  
A stubborn wizzard he,  
Dame Corey slumbered by his side,  
A guilty witch was she.  
And as they lay one Sunday morn  
All in their place of shame,  
Giles Corey had a troubled dream,  
And told it to his dame.  
"My good wife dear, I've dreamed a dream  
All through ye-livelong night,  
And coming things were showing to me  
In vision clear and bright.  
I dreamed a hundred years were past,  
And sixty more were gone,  
And then I stood a living soul,  
Alas! I stood alone.  
I was among strange phantoms there,  
No living soul I knew;  
And you will hardly wonder, dame—  
'Twas eighteen fifty-two."  
Quoth she, "Dear Giles, what did you see  
In that far distant day?"  
Your dreaming thoughts I long to hear,  
Come tell me now, I pray.  
"My dear good wife, I'll tell my dream,  
If you will patient hear:  
How specters strange did stare at me,  
And loudly laugh and jeer.  
At length a ghost of pleasant mien  
Did listen to my story.  
I said, 'I'm called a wizzard man,  
My name is Goodman Corey.'  
I told him I was doomed to die  
By hanging or by pressing;  
The woe it all depended on  
My silence or confessing.  
'In Salem village once,' he said,  
'Such deeds they did allow—  
That dark delusion's had its day,  
And men are wiser now.  
You stand,' he said, 'upon ye spot,  
So sadly known to fame;  
No longer is it Salem called,  
But Danvers is its name.'  
'Ah,' said I, 'I was in my dream.'  
'I'll see this altered place;  
I long at once to look upon  
This boasted wiser race.'  
I traveled on to Blind Hole Swamp,  
The fields were bright and gay,  
From Skelton's Neck to Broosby's vale,  
I then pursued my way.  
Here goldens came, and I must own  
At first in terror bound me;  
I spake them fair and bade them come  
And gather quick around me.  
Full soon I saw that I had come  
Amongst a race of witches,  
For every man I looked upon  
Was destitute of breeches.  
'Eye! oh, eye!' said Goody Corey,  
And sharply spake the dame;  
'That you should look upon them thus,  
I blush for very shame.'  
'Pray, hear me out, impatient wyfe;  
For know these wizzard coons,  
Although they had no breeches on,  
Were clothed with pantaloons.  
But, ah, how queer the women looked!  
'T would waken your compassion  
To see what awkward clothes they wore,  
So strangely out of fashion.  
I looked upon ye ancient men—  
No footless gams had they;  
Their aged heads were never bald;  
Their hair was seldom gray;  
Now Martha Corey spake aloud,  
With most indignant frowne:  
'I do not believe a word you say  
About this Danvers towne.'  
Her Goodman said, with quiet tone,  
(A pleasant speech had he.)  
'Remember, dame, I dreamed of this—  
It thus appeared to me.  
I saw a man pull all his teeth—  
It took him but a minute;  
He oped his mouth and put them back—  
I thought ye deuce was in it.  
I saw a man cut off a limb—  
The surgeon's knife all gory;  
But yet ye patient felt no pain.'  
'T is false!' said Goody Corey.  
'T was in my dream I saw it, dame;  
I saw him take ye stitches;  
And then I knew I'd felt amongst  
A real race of witches.  
I met a man who'd lost an eye,  
And chose to have another;  
He bought one at ye nearest shop,  
Just like its living brother.  
I had a raging tooth to draw;  
To you 't will seem a fable—

I went to sleep, and then awoke  
And found it on ye table.

I looked upon this wizzard race  
With still increasing wonder:  
They drew ye lightning from ye skies,  
And bottled up ye thunder.

They carried news by lightning teams:  
Made portraits with ye sun;  
Used cotton for their gunpowder,  
To charge ye sporting gun.

A magic substance they have founde,  
And some ingenious lubber  
Makes everything save consciences  
Of patent India rubber.

To light their houses with flaming air,  
The elements they torture,  
And hope to get, by taking pains,  
Their candle-light from water.

I told them that to see the world  
I had a strong desire;  
They took me off in vapoury cloud  
And chariot of fire.

Full forty miles an hour they went,  
By power of naught but steam;  
Their shafts were iron and wheels they sent  
I saw it in my dream.

I saw these wizzards gather round  
To listen to my tapping;  
In white-mouthed wonder swallow all  
The wizzards of rapping.

It was, I own, with humble shame,  
A mystery to me,  
That souls in bliss should come to earth  
To say their A. B. C.

Oh, what a miracle it seemed  
In this world's advance,  
When spirits left their bright abodes  
To make a table dance!

To have this awful mystery solved  
I thought they might be able;  
The faith that would a mountain move  
Might also move a table.

Amazed, I saw how calm they were,  
With all this spirit rising;  
They only called these magic arts  
A kind of magnetizing.

So none for witchcraft met ye fate  
Of Pharaoh's luckless baker,  
Nor did they seek to drive or scourge  
A Baptist or a Quaker.

I got me quick to Gallows Hill—  
That fearful place to see,  
Where wizzards are condemned to die  
High on ye gallows tree.

I marvelled much that there I found  
The soil was smooth and bare;  
No mounds of freshly shovelled earth,  
No grove of locusts there.

I went into a dwelling house;  
I knocked every room;  
I could not find a spinning-wheel,  
Nor yet a weaver's loom.

They had no shelves for ye shelf;  
The dressers, too, had drawers;  
No pewter plates, well scrubbed and neat,  
In order brightly shone.

No settle by the kitchen fire,  
No sand upon ye floor,  
And when I asked for flunder-box  
In laughter they did roar.

I went into another house;  
The fireplace was a box;  
I looked within—instead of wood  
—Lonely found black rocks.

I walked into ye meeting house,  
Just as the psalm was read;  
The person had no surplice on,  
No wig upon his head.

I saw no trace of sounding-board;  
No hour-glass had they there,  
To prove the sermon two hours long,  
And measure off ye prayer.

No chorister with tuning-fork,  
No tything-man so grim,  
No worthy in ye deacon's seat,  
To denounce off ye hymn.

But see, within that sacred house,  
That place of humble prayer,  
What nodding plumes, what rustling silks,  
What scornful looks were there.

I read their cold and covinous hearts,  
Their shrewd and crafty dealing,  
Their worldly thought—in every face  
The lack of Christian feeling.

I asked a shade, Why is it thus  
That men in impious blindness  
Seem pledged to total abstinence  
From milk of human kindness?

I turned away with saddened thought  
And pensive feelings led;  
And sought ye place where living dust  
Soon mingles with ye dead.

I looked upon ye hillocks green,  
The winds were sweeping o'er,  
And ghostly shadows flitted by,  
Of forms belied before.

Remembered names were sculptured there  
On many an ancient stone;  
And one I saw, overgrown with moss,  
I looked—it was my own.

A sudden thrill came o'er me then,  
So fearful did it seem  
Such strange and witch-like scenes to view,  
If only in a dream!

A LUCKY DREAM.—It seems that dreams may be sometimes made of better stuff than is usually supposed. The Fort Wayne Sentinel wants us to believe this story: A gentleman in that neighborhood had a son who was a clerk in Omaha, who wrote to his father that he had been robbed of \$8000 belonging to his employer, while returning from a collecting trip. Then the father fell asleep and dreamed that he was sitting at a table of a hotel in Omaha, and overheard two young men talking over the particulars of a robbery in which they had been concerned, at the same time counting the proceeds with much exultation. Learning (as he dreamed) the number of their room, he (still dreaming) consulted the register and fixed their names in his memory. He wrote to his son (having waked up) to consult the register of the Omaha hotel, and to see if he found there the names of John B. Nelson and James Frank inscribed on its pages, under the date of November. Finding the said names there, the son caused the arrest of the said men, when they confessed the theft, \$8000 of the money was recovered, and the offenders are now in the penitentiary.—E.

## THE ORGANIZATION OF LIBERALS.

BY H. T. CHILD, M. D.

We rejoice to perceive that some of the Liberalists of Boston have taken the initiatory steps for a union of the liberal elements of this country, and it is to be hoped that this movement will be successful. Every one should feel the importance of it at this time, when there is comparatively little to disturb us. The old axiom, "In time of peace prepare for war," may be justified here, and we believe that a proper union of all liberal elements would be the very best means of avoiding a bloody conflict, which it is feared by many must ensue.

We look forward to the conflict of ideas with great satisfaction, and shall be glad, and do all that we can with pen and tongue for the maintenance of that freedom which Liberalism demands—the right of every man and woman to think and act according to the highest dictates of his or her conscience, without interfering with the rights of others.

The march toward freedom has too often been stained by the blood of martyrs, and we earnestly hope that the conflict which is upon us now may be carried on as an intellectual and spiritual warfare. For this end, we trust the movement which has been inaugurated in your city will be extended to other places, and that we shall have such a union of the liberal elements in this country as will at once disarm that opposition which would seek, in its blindness, to crush out man's noblest rights. If the conflict is permitted to assume a more dangerous character, we still hope that such a union of forces can be had, though it must be apparent to all that it is far better to unite now, and stand as a united front against the assaults of tyranny and despotism, under whatever name it may appear. We know that blind and bigoted intolerance has always been ready to crush out everything which stood in its way, and with a bloody and relentless hand has ever marked its career through the world. We trust that in this union of the Liberals there will be such wisdom and prudence as shall avoid everything calculated to excite to conflict.

The present aspect shows us three parties, and this has always been a cause of encouragement to us: first, the Catholics—the least numerous of the three, but having by far the most complete and perfect organization; second, the evangelical Protestants, as they call themselves, having numerous organizations, most of them weak and powerless in themselves; but in a conflict, they might sink their minor differences and form a more numerous, though less compactly united body than the Catholics. In such an emergency, a very large number who are now thought to be with them would rally with the Liberals.

The third army in this contest, the Liberals, is far more numerous, but without any well-defined organization. This view shows the necessity for just such an organization as is contemplated, for the maintenance and extension of freedom and the protection of the dearest rights of man, with out any unnecessary restraint. If such a union can be judiciously established and maintained, we think there is little to fear. The good sense of mankind is ever on the side of right, and if the cause can be fairly stated and calmly considered, the result will be in favor of right and truth.

## A New Paper—Its Views on Spiritualism.

We have received the second number of a new paper (a small-sized quarto) called the "Cathartes," devoted to the interests of education, science and literature. It comes from St. Washington Street, Boston, and is published by ASA PIZZ & CO., semi-monthly, at one dollar per year. Upon the subject of our faith it says:

Spiritualism, or Spiritualism, is a belief in the doctrine that the departed spirits hold communication with the living. The modern Spiritualists believe that all the manifestations which have been witnessed during the last twenty years, such as table-turning, raps, voices made by no known cause, and all other phenomena which have no earthly foundation, are produced by spirits who, under certain conditions, are able to make themselves known to their earthly friends. In proof of this, the "Cathartes" says: "mediums see the departed standing before them and hear the spirit speak of things which no mortal knows and which no mind present has ever thought of. This, with the writings made by unseen hands, and the music made by unseen fingers, prove that a way is open for the living to communicate with the dead on the earth. It also proves that the writings of many of the religiousists in regard to the state of the individual immediately after death are false; the living does not enter upon a life of unending happiness in heaven, or of unending misery in hell, directly upon the closing of his mortal eyes. For from the nature of his mind and of his bodily organization, he must remain on the earth until his whole being is prepared to enter the glorified condition which requires a pure and holy being, and chooses rather to mingle with his old companions on the earth, and be their guide in all the mischief they do, he is a 'evil spirit,' who forever at work upon mortals making them his subjects to do what he desires."

This view of spirit-life corresponds with the teachings of the "scriptures" both of the Old and New Testaments. King Saul and Ahab were both made the subjects of evil and malicious spirits, and so was Job, while the "righteous," Prophets and Apostles, received the visits and instructions of the good, and so manifested were they at times that their bodies looked like earthly beings. The modern mediums are nearly all controlled by spirits who have not yet changed their earthly views, and we should have no more belief in what they say than we should in an earthly stranger should speak to us. In fact the spirit is better able to deceive us, because he does not seem to be speaking to us. Hence the necessity of "rapping the spirits," as St. Paul says, "A subject so connected with our earthly and spiritual interests, is worthy the attention of the greatest minds." And we hope when the lies are sundered which blind nearly all men of science to look through theories, the true seeker after more truth will go forth and make known to the world what is truth in regard to spiritual matters.

Humanity has its head in the heavens and its feet in the mire. Its soul dwells with the angels, its senses grovel with the beasts; it plays on the mountain-tops, and wallows in the pit. In its heart are the right paradises and the corresponding hells. Imagination will hardly scale the serene heights where it communes with the Eternal; imagination will hardly plumb the gloomy abysses where it mingles with unclean things. —H. R. Frothingham.

MONEY: Money borrowed is a foe volent in kindly seeming; money wasted is a friend lost beyond redeeming. Consequently, it is like a guest who with anxious seeking, giving nothing for his board save the care of keeping. Spent in good, it leaves a joy twice its worth behind it; and who thus hath lost it here, shall hereafter find it.

GOOD APPETITE: Let all troublesome topics be avoided at meals. Do not dwell upon the delinquencies of domestics, or the discipline of children at the dinner-table, for a cheerful spirit not only gives relish for food, but a good start at digesting the same.



Written for the Banner of Light.

## WINTER.

BY MAY KENDALL.

Nature's night of death is found in us,  
Earth's life is found in us,  
And her cold and cheerless bosom  
Pursues her life beneath the snow.

Piercing blasts and bitter frosts  
Earthly life and joy have stayed,  
And all that once was bright and fair,  
In its winter sleep is laid.

Rest, oh Earth, from all thy labors,  
Sweetly sleep till comes the dawning  
Of that glorious, welcome promise—  
Springtime's resurrection morning.

Then shall change to life and beauty  
All that now is cold and drear,  
For the promise never fails us,  
And in love is always near.

And without a sigh of mourning  
For the stern cold, round out way,  
Trusting in that glorious future,  
While we wait the happy day.

In our hearts let sunlight gladden,  
In our souls the flowers bloom,  
In our spirit golden fruitage,  
Chase away the winter's gloom.

## Children's Department.

From "The Children's" and published by Wm. White &amp; Co., 310 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

## SUNNYSIDE.

BY GERTIE GRANT.

## CHAPTER I.

To the sunny side that is full of hope,  
And where the golden rays of love  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
Though the winter storm is cold and drear.

Mrs. Ruby Ray drove into Mapletown about sunset one May day, a dozen years ago. Her outfit was a two-horse wagon, packed and piled with boxes, chairs, tables, etc. She drove through the village, and drew up at a vacant cottage that stood on Maple Brook, near the town school-house. She took the harness from her horses, and turned them into the back yard. A large Newfoundland dog came sniffing along till he reached the loaded wagon, then stretched himself, like a weary soldier, on the ground to rest.

Mrs. Ray opened the cottage door, and then took the luggage into the house. The neighbors looked on, wondered, and surmised, limited and grew alarmed. They knew the cottage and ten acres had been sold to Mrs. Ray; that was all they knew, or all they were likely to know, for the town folks all her affairs. Some thought the woman was crazy; others said, "No doubt, she has left her family, and very likely, she is no better than she should be."

Mrs. Ray heard all about the ill-natured remarks. She never seemed angry, but would say, "How curious and how middle-some people are!" "I have come into Mapletown to stay, and mean to live in peace and comfort with old Herry, my faithful dog."

Mrs. Ray made her own garden, laid out flower-beds, trained vines, sowed off dead tree-trunks, mended broken fences, patched the old barn, whitewashed, painted and papered the house, and called the place Sunnyside. She was, as the villagers said, the queerest, quaintest, little woman alive. She had no likeness on the earth, none under the earth, but in the heaven. She was a dumpy little body, her face was as round and fresh as a peach, her wavy hair was as white as wool, and she was not yet fifty; her eyes were a little old—one was dark brown, the other two shades lighter. Her whole face was always lighted with smiles. One would have believed that the fairy sunbeams were playing hide-and-seek about her sweet face. And then one might put her down for shy or a saint, a hearty, hearty Christian. She knew all the world's going and crooked ways, and knew all that was straight in town. How she knew, no one could imagine. She stayed at home, and had but little company. She sang Dr. Watts's old hymns, and worked in her garden on Sundays. "The dear God works among the weeds and flowers on Sundays," she would say. "May I not go out with him and work and worship in my way?"

Mrs. Ray had a smile and a kind word for everyone. Everybody was in trouble, no matter how dark the night or how deep the sorrow, she would comfort and pity, and always add, "There's a sunny side." So the town folks called her Sunnyside. Well named. She had a sunny side to her life, and that side she let the world see; the clouds and shadows she kept out of sight.

The Mapletown folks were at first shy of Mrs. Ray; but when they found her genial and good, they were glad enough to have her for a friend. In fact, she was the sunny side of the town—the counselor and comforter. The schoolboys came to her with broken kites and wounded hopes; rents and wrongs were laid upon the Sunnyside. A pot of paste, a stitch or two, with a few soothing words, had a charming power over the rough boys and rude girls. I remember, one day, of seeing Willie Stone, the smartest little rowdy in the village, suddenly cowed from his marble grounds into a mud-puddle. Leo Strong called out, "Go, boy, to Sunnyside, and you'll get fixed up as good as new." The little fellow took the joke in good earnest, and was away like a streak for the cottage.

"Poor dear, how cold and wet you are," Mrs. Ray said, opening the door to Willie. "How did the little man get so wet and dirty?"

"Dick, Dick! I'm in the mud, he did, and then run off as fast as ever he could play his feet."

"Naughty Dick! What did he do that for? Did the little man do anything to Dick?"

"No, only I tried to thrash him for smugging. He said he won my two brown alleles, and he did n't, I won his. He ran, and I after him. When he got close to the mud and water, he stood stock still till I got a good lick at him; then he keeled me over, he did."

"Well, you never mind, dear. It will be a good thing for you in the end."

"Good to get smugged out of my best marbles?"

"Yes; because it may teach you not to gamble again."

"Is gambling mean? If it is, I do n't want to do it," Willie said, wiping the mud from his face.

"It is very wrong," Mrs. Ray replied; "but never you mind now, but pull off your jacket, and Grandma Ray will clean it for the dear boy."

The good woman set a plate of cookies and bowl of maple-sugar before the lad. These sweet things, and the soothing words charmed and cheered the dejected pugilist. His clothes and his spirits were all "tattered and torn." Mrs. Ray sponged and patched, and poured healing oil, in the meantime, on the bruised spirit. "My father gambled, and drinks too, like blazes, and he never says it's mean," Willie remarked, munching his cookies.

Mrs. Ray, in her sweet way, won the boy's love and confidence. When he left, he said, "I guess I'll stop being bad and fighting, and I'll pray father will stop beating mother, if he sees me good."

The young folks soon learned that they had a trusty friend and safe adviser in Sunnyside. They went to her with their hopes and losses. To the jubilant heart she would say, "Do not hope for all shine and no shadows. I have been young, and—but never mind about what I have seen; only set not your heart upon earthly things." When young maidens went to her with their heart-tribbles, she would say, "Dear souls, you have had an excellent loss. Love that is not genuine is not worth holding. Better know that the coin is counterfeit than to cling to it, thinking you are rich." To comfort the lovelorn ladies, she would often hint that she, too, had been caught in a love-net, and knew the way out.

It was not alone to minds diseased that Mrs. Ray administered. She had a remedy for all the ills and ails that torment the human family; and she had a row of paper bags hanging in the shed, filled with roots and herbs. She had catnip and peppermint for wind in the stomach, mayweed for colds, hops for those who could not sleep, yellow-dock and dandelion for torpid livers. "Nature is a dear, good mother," she would often say, "to provide for her sick children." In giving out her remedies, the good woman would often say, "Nothing is so sure to cure as a warm bath, plenty of sunlight, air, and a cheerful spirit."

There were but few books at Sunnyside; yet Mrs. Ray was familiar with authors, and loved some of them as if they were her own children. She seldom said "I think." In giving an opinion, but she would quote from some favorite author. Browning, Byron, Pope, Goethe, Shelley, and Swift seemed to live with her, to listen and make suggestions. So she would say, "I do not know just how it is, but I think so-and-so may be about right."

One day Mrs. Morton, a rich and haughty woman, called to thank Mrs. Ray for saving her son from drowning.

"That was only a little thing," Mrs. Ray replied. "I did not rich, but I like Pope's way of doing a little here and a little there. He said, 'I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good.' So I feel."

"You are always doing and giving. Who pays you?" Mrs. Morton asked, a little inquisitively.

"Who pays me?" Why, woman, the reward comes with the work. Pope said, 'I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it alive and seeing another enjoy it. I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if there was a wanting friend above ground.'"

Mrs. Morton went away happier, stronger, and a better woman for the hour she spent at Sunnyside.

Mr. Dix, one of the village ministers, stopped one day, as he was passing, to see Mrs. Ray's fine flower-garden.

"You live in a beautiful world," he remarked to Mrs. Ray, who was busy tying up a rose-bush.

"Yes," she replied. "Has n't some sweet singer said,

"This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;  
And if we but find out, it might be full of love?"

"The poets say good things, madam, but we all know that this earth is not so bright and fair as the worlds above," Mr. Dix answered, looking straight into the blue sky. And then the good minister went on to talk about clouds and thorns, and sins that came of Eve's foolish doings.

Mrs. Ray kept on with her work, and only made answer by saying, "A fine writer has said:

"There's no death of kindness in this world of ours;  
Only, in our blindness, we gather thorns for flowers."

"I well believe, Mrs. Ray, that you have little sermons and scraps of poems at your tongue's end," Mr. Dix said, smiling. "Do tell me where you find all of your texts and sermons."

"Here and there, sir, just as I do plants and seeds," Goethe says, "One ought, every day to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it be possible, to speak a few reasonable words." I try, in my quiet way, to help the world; to do it, the world must help me. If you give me a little seed, I put it into the warm, rich ground. I water and watch it till it blooms and gladdens the eyes of those who pass my gate. If I find a sweet bit of verse, or a happy thought, I take it home and read it, and give it again to some poor heart, to some hungry soul, just as I give the bloom and fragrance of flower-seeds to those who pass by. It is wrong to receive and never give. A good thought should not stay in my head or in your head. The good God gives to us without measure. Should we not give of our gifts?"

"The rich should do the giving, but nothing is expected of me, a poor minister; and you, I take it, are a poor widow."

Mr. Dix waited for a reply, saying to his soul, "Guess now we'll find out if she be poor, and in fact a widow."

Mrs. Ray walked up to where Mr. Dix was standing, tucked some strings into her pocket, and said:

"You and I may do but little toward feeding the great, hungry-hearted world; but I hold to the gospel, taught in a simple song:

"There be none of all the poorest poor  
That walk the world, worn heartless—none so poor  
But they may bring a little human love  
To mend the world."

It is not bread and gold the world most needs; it is human love and sweet charity. If we have these, we are rich, and may give as freely as the dull clod gives out beauty and sweetness.

"We may be rich in golden hours,  
If we do that show favor for the light."

Mr. Dix went home with his hands full of flowers, and his brain full-crammed with new and stirring thoughts. In relating his conversation with Mrs. Ray to a friend, Mr. Dix said,

"That lovely woman, working in her garden, opened to me the gate to a new and divine world—the world of glory, of beauty and harmony."

## CHAPTER II.

"Oh, hearts that break and give no sign  
Save whitening lips and falling tresses,  
Till death puts out his cold white  
Slow-dropping from misery's crushing press!"  
If singing leads to rebelling chords  
To every hidden pang were given,  
What endless melodies were poured,  
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!"

There was a little about Sunnyside one June morning a year ago. The neighbors were seen

coming and going. The doctor's horse stood at the gate. Mrs. Ray was sick, very sick. And then the news went out, "Mrs. Ray has gone!"

A shadow—a great, heavy shadow—followed the news. She had lived more than ten years in Mapletown. If we had not all learned to love this queer little woman, we had learned to venerate her, and we felt, too, that there was about her a wonderful charm, a sweet presence, as if she lived in a world of beauty, and heard only harmonious sounds. When the first news shock was over, we began, with one voice, to praise the dead. Every mother remembered some dead or word that had helped to bless or to save her child. The children told their stories of the flowers and fruits that had rejoiced their young lives; of the cakes and sweet words that Mrs. Ray had dealt out without measure. The men, young and old, had some little story to tell of the good woman's love deeds. She had taken home a girl who was charged with stealing, and a lame boy, who had been turned into the street by a wicked father. It had been said that both of these unfortunates were sent away to school at Mrs. Ray's expense. She had humanized the rough boys of the village, and devised ways and means for aiding many a poor family. If the risen spirit heard the praises that were lavished upon her past life, she no doubt, said,

"As strange we never prize the music  
Till the sweet-scented birds have flown."

The question was, "Who will bury Mrs. Ray?" She did not go to any church, and paid nothing toward the preaching. The burial day was given out. The villagers turned out: men and boys, women and babies, were there. Some went from sheer curiosity; others for love's own sake. Mr. and Mrs. Dix were there, the moving spirits. The sweet sleeper was lying, with folded hands, in a rosewood coffin. She was enrobed in a black silk, with a lace ruffle, and some fresh geranium leaves at the neck. The soft, white hair was lying in waves on the marble brow; a wreath of flowers encircled the coffin. On the lid there was a cross and a crown of white roses and evergreens.

Beside the coffin lay Herry, his mute sorrow. The faithful dog seemed to know that his mistress was gone, and he had good reason for sorrow and silence.

"I'll warrant Mrs. Dix fixed up all that flummery," Mrs. Baxton said, fusing into the room where the body lay. "It is just like her; and then Mrs. Ray never so much as set feet into the church, nor give a dime when we got Mr. Dix up a donation party."

"That's so," responded Mrs. Barton. "Wonder what the Dixes will do next! Like as not Mr. Dix will preach a sermon, and send a woman to heaven who never darkened a church door in Mapletown."

"I reckon our minister won't dare to open the gate of glory to a soul that did n't go to meeting," remarked Deacon Small, who had overheard the conversation of the two women. "For my part," he added, "I am ready to own that Mrs. Ray has been a benefit to the town, and in a worldly point of view, a good woman; but she lacked saving grace." And then, I didn't like the looks of a lone woman coming here and giving no account of herself. It don't look just right, anyhow; that's my opinion."

The two ladies began to nod assent to the deacon's conclusions. When Mr. Dix moved through the crowded rooms, and stood by the beautiful sleeper, he began to talk about the need of brotherly charity and sisterly sympathy. "If our brother hangers, we may feed him; if he thirst, we may give him drink. But that is not all that is required of us. In the new gospels we may find other commandments, such as these: 'If strangers come among you, bless them with a welcome. Do not, by hint or look, by deed or thought, revile, insinuate, reproach. Do not pry into the stranger's heart history. Leave each soul to itself and to its God. Judge not. Speak well of all women and men, if you can; if not, be silent.'"

A few years ago a woman came among us. She has been a quiet, honest, working woman. She has paid her debts, given to the poor, healed the sick, and blessed in many ways the people of this town. What return have we made for all her kindness? I have asked myself the very questions that I ask you, and I stand condemned. Like some of you, I was ready to ask, 'Why has this woman come among us, and is she worthy of our confidence?' But what business had I or you with her history? Her joys and woes do not belong to us, only as she made free to open her soul and give them out. I have learned to love and to bless Mrs. Ray. When my people failed in paying me my dues; when my family was out of bread, and the boys out at the toes, this woman we call dear put money into my hands to meet our needs; when we were sick, she was our sheet anchor; when our darling Mary died, our hearts were very sad; this woman came with healing words. And then, not long ago, she came again, with her own affairs this time. She knew that her earth-life was near its close. She wanted to leave a little sum of money in my hands for a public library. She handed me five hundred dollars for books, with this proviso: 'No religious book is to be purchased with the money. Teach the people to learn of Nature, to keep her commandments, and they will be good and happy, were her words.' And then the dear soul opened her heart, and let me see how long and silently she had suffered. It was her misfortune to have a wicked husband. She brought him on her marriage day a small fortune. The laws of the land gave the man full power over her worldly possessions. The money was squandered, and the faithful wife was left, with two small children, to feed and clothe. She accepted her fate, worked on bravely, with a mother's heart, a woman's will. The children died. The mother buried them, saying, with a breaking heart, 'As God will, Mrs. Ray, by dint of industry, accumulated a few hundred dollars. To this sum a friend added a thousand. Mr. Ray learned the facts, and returned to his deserted wife, and demanded the money. 'Is it not mine?' he impudently asked. While the man was away to consult a lawyer in the matter, Mrs. Ray packed up and came to our little town. She came, hoping to live in quiet. Today we lay the mortal in the grave, believing that the spirit lives to work for those who need her helping hands and loving words."

When the hearse started for the grave, Herry followed. When the grave was covered, Herry alone remained, a watcher and a mourner. The poor fellow was found the next day dead upon the new made grave. The school children, who had learned to love Herry and his mistress, fetched a box and buried him close beside the new grave, and planted a willow by the headstone.

Sunnyside was given to the poor of the town. About it sunny memories will always linger.

The Digger Indians are never known to smile. They must be grave Diggers.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

From the Cleveland Herald.

## MORAVIA.

## If Not Ghosts, What Are They?—The Other Side.

EDITORS CLEVELAND HERALD.—I notice an article in the Herald of the 22d ult., copied from the New York Advertiser, by Eli Perkins, which is a gross perversion of the facts, and calculated to prejudice the minds of your readers in a wrong direction. I have therefore taken at random, from a large collection of reports by the best seers, entitled in this country, a counter article, written in a spirit of fairness and candor, of which the one referred to by Mr. Perkins is totally destitute. As there are usually two sides to a story, your uniform fairness in such matters will, I have no doubt, give it a place in your columns.

It is now about a year (more or less) since the proprietors of the N. Y. Sun, at considerable expense, sent an expert to the scene of these manifestations, with instructions to report nothing but facts, and, if possible, detect and expose the fraud. He remained a week, during which time every facility was afforded to test the manifestations that ingenuity or wit could suggest. His report occupied four columns in the Sun, giving a history of the Keeler family, with that of Mrs. Andrews, the medium, and detailing every circumstance connected with the spiritual exhibitions during his stay at the celebrated "Moravia" of Spiritualism. No coloring or ridicule was indulged in. In conclusion the writer remarks, in substance, that he is not prepared to accord to departed human spirits what he witnessed there, but could state positively that no fraud or deception was practiced by Mr. Keeler, or the medium, Mrs. Andrews.

Thomas R. Hazard, of Rhode Island, one of the most thoroughly unprejudiced scientific students that New England can boast of, investigated these phenomena and reported the result in a pamphlet entitled "Eleven Days at Moravia." I have the book, and can furnish any one with a copy that desires. So far as human testimony can go to establish a fact, Mr. Hazard shows; beyond all question, that he then and there met and exchanged congratulations with his spirit-wife and other near relations (not in the dark, but in a full lighted room) whose identity was established by evidence the same that applies in the ordinary affairs of life through the medium of all our senses.

Will you please give the following communication to the St. Louis Democrat, by one who had a visit to Moravia, a place in your paper? D. A. Eddy.

There are seven persons present to form a circle. Only three of these are strangers to me; the rest are natives who accompanied me hither. The light is now extinguished. The medium, Mrs. Andrews, sits facing us. I can easily touch her with my cane. My right arm rests on a piano forte. A lamp is burning brightly. It is nine o'clock in the morning, but we need the lamp, because the only window of the apartment is darkened, and the only door bolted.

The medium now remarks: "We first sit in the dark, and continue until the spirits call for a light." The light is now extinguished. The piano begins to play. It is not the medium, for I am conversing with her. Passing my cane along the keys I feel no one; still the playing goes on, and is directly assisted by voices, seemingly in the air above us, that join in with great power and sweetness. Mysterious lights are beginning to dance before us, describing curve lines and circles, and playing around each other in a way that makes one's eyes and ears feel as if they were being pulled apart. This beautiful display is going on, soft voices whispering things in our ears, and delicate hands thrill us by gentle touches and affectionate caresses. A familiar voice, long silent in death, as I had thought, said to me: "Dear brother, I come to greet you. Believe me, this is your own sister, Nancy. A fortnight ago you visited my grave. I stood by your side, though you saw me not, my spirit-body being invisible to the senses of air. How I wanted to speak to you! Thanks to Heaven for the present opportunity! Tender lips now kissed mine. I sat speechless, my heart swelling and throbbing, but directly found relief in gushing tears."

During the dark scene, white and purple clouds gathered above our heads and seemed in commotion. Their crimson edges now and then showed a light as if they were to see one another, and every object in the room. Out of the clouds came, at one time, a little dash of rain, accompanied by wind and the rich perfume of flowers. Immediately after this, a white figure that seemed a column of cloud, snowy, yet tinged with something bright and luminous, came down and sat before me. While I gazed, wondering what it might be, the figure bent toward me, and out came a luminous hand, which was gently laid upon my forehead. It remained but for a moment, touching my temple and cheek affectionately. It disappeared in the fleecy folds enveloping the mysterious figure, which now ascended and was lost to my view amid the moving clouds overhead.

After about thirty-five minutes of darkness, a voice in the air said: "Please strike a light." Being nearest the light, I complied with the request. The light was now rising from her chair, went into the cabinet, which is a thing looking not unlike a common wardrobe. It is made of plain, thin boards, and has folding-doors about three feet and a half high. Above the door hangs a black velvet curtain reaching down to the top of the shutters when closed.

Upon entering the cabinet, the medium requested me to close and latch the door after her. As I did so, I was surprised to see an armless hand, white as snow, come out from under the curtain, and tap me on the hand and arm, which it did quickly and several times, then darted back into the cabinet. Resuming my seat in the circle, we waited a few minutes, and the curtain of the aperture slowly moved aside while the face of a man appeared. There was nothing ghastly in the look or action of the apparition. Countenance, feature, complexion, and every movement of muscle, and motion of head, hand and lip were as natural. He bent his gaze steadily, and fastly upon a middle-aged man in the circle, who was a stranger to me, and evidently made an effort to speak, but failing, waved his hand and drew back from the light, letting the curtain drop. The gentleman at whom the apparition had looked so earnestly, now exclaimed: "That was my father! Oh, will he not speak to me?" Immediately the curtain went aside again, and the same face presented itself, and another effort—I thought a painful one—was made to speak. The mouth opened, the lips moved, but no sound of voice was heard. With a slight shade of disappointment on his countenance, the old man bowed his head twice, and putting forth his hand, waved an adieu in a most feeling manner. In a few seconds afterward, the curtain was put back by a hand resembling very much the armless one which had caressed me at the aperture. And now a face, fair and of one I had seen confided years ago by. Without speaking, I turned a glance upon my sister in the flesh, sitting by my side. She was trembling and weeping, so I felt sure she was not behind me in the recognition of the face at the aperture. It was our dear departed sister, the same who had spoken to us in the dark a few minutes before. She now uttered her own name in her own clear, familiar tone. How the blood tingled in my veins as her well remembered gray eyes met mine! Nor seemed the least moved than I. I could not keep my seat, but glided up to the aperture, when she, with manifest emotion, threw her arms around my neck. It was but for a moment. Releasing me, she quickly disappeared behind the curtain.

But I must crowd the facts and incidents I propose to give more closely. Of course I cannot set down all, nor even half, in an article like this, intended to be brief, which was elicited during an investigation kept up day after day for three weeks.

I saw many strange faces at the aperture—some days from ten to fifteen or twenty—the most of whom were recognized by some one or more present in the circle. It was near a week after the appearance of the sister just alluded to, before I

recognized another face, yet a number of apparitions professed to recognize me. At length two other sisters succeeded in materializing themselves, and appeared side by side at the aperture. The recognition was undoubted, my sister at my side recognizing them at the same moment I did; and strangers present remarked upon the family resemblance. But the certainty was made doubly certain when the apparitions mentioned incidents in their earth-life and ours which we readily and vividly remembered.

A few days subsequent, our mother appeared, threw open the door of the cabinet, and showed herself to us from head to foot.

Six times during the three weeks an old acquaintance, who died a materialist, appeared to me, looked and talked naturally; referred repeatedly to his materialistic notions, and how unhappy they made him; said much about his present condition, and its advantages over the former; tried to give me an idea of spirit-life, the pursuits, pleasures and amusements of spirits, as well as their institutions for doing good, educating the ignorant, and lifting higher the low and debased. I must give one more instance of recognition, and close my story, already, perhaps, too long.

A few days before I left the place a gentleman came there, bringing with him two little girls—his own daughters—the elder perhaps eight years old, the younger about six. Before going into the séance room he said to me: "When about leaving home my wife observed, 'I would go too if I thought mother would show herself there; but as she was always opposed to Spiritualism, I'm sure she'll have no desire to make any manifestations.' The last one I should look for," he rejoined; "she was so bitter against everything of the kind." But lo! after the light scene began, who should appear first at the aperture but this same old grandmother. She bent her eyes affectionately upon the children. The little girls gazed at me in mute astonishment, then both at once clapping their hands in ecstasy, exclaimed: "Keep still, Grandmother! Grandmother!" "Keep still," said the father in a low tone of voice, and evidently much moved; then to the apparition said, "You didn't believe in this a few weeks ago."

"No," replied the spirit, "but thank God it is true!" These words were uttered very distinctly and with a peculiar stress of voice, indicating earnestness and deep feeling. The old lady had been dead three weeks.

I could give many more remarkable tests through recognition, but must close here. ISAAC KEISO.

Alton, Ill.

## PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN PORTLAND.

DEAR BANNER.—A few weeks since you kindly published my letter in regard to Mr. Henry B. Allen's mediumship. I have now to inform you that he is still in Portland, holding séances nearly every evening, while all candid, thinking minds, who have thus far investigated the "manifestations," are thoroughly satisfied that they are produced without any physical agency on his part. Since he has been here his mediumship has rapidly improved, and I am convinced that, ere long, the inhabitants of the other side of life will in his presence materialize as rapidly and as perfectly as with Mrs. Andrews, Dr. Slade, Dr. Gordon and others. On the evening of the 22d I was present at one of his dark circles, in which the musical manifestations were better than I had previously heard. After it closed, and the room was lighted, he stepped into a small closet, at the door of which was suspended a curtain, with an aperture about twelve inches square in it. Over this aperture a small curtain was arranged. This was lifted repeatedly, and hands of various sizes thrust out. I was requested to sit close in front of the curtain, and did so; the invisibles, expressing their satisfaction by emphatic raps. I asked if a dear friend of mine was present, and received an affirmative reply. I then asked, "Will you shake hands?" "Yes," I then held my hand partially through the aperture, when it was gently and kindly clasped by a warm hand, which patted mine, while I felt distinctly something totally unlike a hand, as soft and smooth as velvet. This I spoke of, when Mrs. H. remarked that perhaps it was little Kattie's face. Three emphatic raps declared that it was. (Little Kattie is our child, two years old, who went home with the angels last September.)

I then asked if it was she, that I might be permitted again to touch the face. Instantly little baby fingers were laid on my hand, while a slender female hand took mine and laid my fingers across a little forehead, which was distinctly felt, as were the brows and nose of the little one. This was repeated several times, to my intense joy and satisfaction, while Mrs. H. wept with joy that her darling still lived—and the joy was shared by the spirits, who expressed their pleasure by loud raps. Mrs. H. then came forward by permission, and felt the same little face; Mrs. B. also.

The next day (to-day), Mr. Allen came to my house. We improvised a cabinet by darkening a small bed-room opening out of our sitting-room, and suspended shawls at the door. Mr. Allen took his seat behind the shawls, while myself and family took seats immediately in front. Very soon I saw a little baby hand between the shawls pointing down to me, and eager raps said yes to the question, "Is it little Kattie?" I then thrust my hand inside at the side of the door, when it was taken by another and held to a pair of little lips and kissed. This was done repeatedly, and one after the other every member of my family was lovingly greeted in the same way, all hearing the audible kiss. As if this was not enough, my hand was taken and laid on a forehead, while the little fingers were tenderly laid on the back of it. My hand was patted, another hand snapped its fingers at the top of the door, then another was heard striking the medium, while a fourth was pounding on the wall several feet away, and all at the same time. Our little Willie, only four years old, held his chubby face close up to the curtain, when it was pulled aside and a kiss imprinted on his cheek—audible to us all—and the little fellow said, "The spirit kissed me!" Words cannot express the pleasure this little séance has afforded us all. Surely when the loved ones gone before can come and kiss us, "the kingdom of heaven is indeed at hand."

Mr. Allen is preparing for publication a sketch of his life and mediumship, which will be very interesting. He expects to have it ready in a few weeks. Yours truly,

Portland, Jan. 26, 1873. JOSEPH B. HALL.

## MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH MISS MARY E. CURRIER.

This remarkable medium for the musical phase of spirit-presence, has, as is well known, since her removal from her former residence, 300 Main street, Charlestown, to the place of her nativity, Haverhill, (and subsequently to Bradford, on the side of the Merrimack, opposite the city), retired from the field of public séance-giving. This was mostly owing to want of physical vitality to bear the burdens her mediumship laid upon her; but it now appears that the step had a double significance, the spirits controlling her organism having given out that, when her strength was sufficiently restored, they should, aided by others,



commence her development for another phase of mediumistic demonstration. In obedience to spirit-direction, a private circle has recently been formed at the house of her parents, Walter W. and Elizabeth L. Currier, which is being made use of in fitting the instrument for her new vocation in the spiritualistic field.

On the evening of Thursday, Jan. 30th, it was the privilege of our reporter to make one of a small circle, consisting of the father and mother of the medium, and Maggie (sister of N. Frank) White, at the residence of Miss Currier. The room was thoroughly darkened. The party took seats in a corner of the room, at least twelve feet from the medium, who sat at the piano. Around her were arranged, upon the floor, bells, tambourines, etc., etc. The party, having clasped hands in a circle, sat for awhile, listening to the rapid and difficult variations on popular airs executed by the medium, who was in a normal state, both of her hands being unmistakably employed in playing during the entire seance.

The bells soon began a tremulous motion, and were finally lifted from the floor sufficiently to allow of their clear ringing—sometimes three at once being distinctly heard, and two beating time correctly with the music of the piano.

The tambourine next appeared instinct with life, and rose from the place where it was deposited. It purported to be operated upon by an influence giving the name of "John," and who was well known at her former seances as a powerful spirit. The finger nails and the hand of the spirit distinctly drummed an accompaniment to the selection being executed on the piano at the same time. The instrument was brought to the corner of the room where the circle was seated and vigorously beaten, the wind caused by its rapid gyrations being distinctly felt by all, and finally thrown with great violence to the floor beneath the reporter's chair. The piano was lifted, one end at a time, in such a manner as to accord with the music played, the heavy sound of its descent being plainly heard, and the room was shaken violently, so much so as to be apparent to all.

During these manifestations of bodily strength, which would have been beyond the power of the individuals present in the circle to have unitedly performed, the medium was constantly playing the piano, and the spectators preserved a firm clasp of each other's hands. For the skeptical to attribute these operations, then, to the physical power of the weak and sickly young lady in whose presence they occurred, is foolish in the extreme, and a thousand times harder path to the solution of the problem, and more repulsive to the action of reason than that which claims (as she does) that an invisible power outside of her organism performs the astounding feats which have characterized her seances in the past. That that power is intelligent, and not blind magnetism or electricity, is evidenced by its correct answers, when questioned, and its ready compliance, in most cases, with the desires of the company. That it is wholly independent of the medium is proved, in that frequently when sitting in private but few if any manifestations can be obtained, even though asked for by those present. The future development of her wonderful powers will be watched with interest by a host of personal friends, and cannot fail of bringing additional evidence in behalf of those phenomena which are the true basis of the philosophy of proven immortality.

#### A MYSTERY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The river hummed with leaning trees  
And through its meadows green;  
A low, blue line of mountains showed  
The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all,  
Clear into sunlight sprang;  
I saw the river of my dreams,  
The mountains that I sang!

No dew of memory led me on,  
But still the river of my dreams,  
A feeling of familiar things,  
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag  
Could lean the blasted pine;  
Not otherwise the maple foot  
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foot-hills  
The mountain road should creep;  
So, green and low, the meadow-foils  
Its red-haired kinsfolk sleep.

The river wound as it should wind;  
Their place the mountains took;  
The white, torn fringes of their clouds  
Were no unwelcome look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim  
Was pressed by foot of mine;  
Never before mine eyes had crossed  
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,  
Walked with me as my guide;  
The skirts of some forgotten life  
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream?  
Or glimpse through mists of time  
The secret which the mountains kept,  
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed  
A tender hope I drew;  
And, pleasant as a dawn of Spring,  
The thought within me grew.

That love would temper every change,  
And soften all surprise,  
And, misty with the dreams of earth,  
The hills of heaven arise.

—Atlantic Monthly.

#### Lycium Exhibition Book.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I have concluded to endeavor to originate and compile a book that will serve as an assistant to our Lyciums in giving exhibitions. I have long felt the necessity of a book containing suitable matter or exercises for use in the exhibitions of our Lyciums. We have taken enough in our ranks to originate as good or better declamations and dialogues than we find in editions we now have. We want something new and original, prepared expressly to suit our opinions and belief. As it is, we too often take either old and hackneyed pieces, or else those that conflict with our teachings. I am confident that the Lyciums throughout the country have already originated enough to make more than one book.

I wish to ask our Lyciums, speakers, editors and authors to forward me such contributions as they deem worthy of such publication and use. If I receive sufficient to warrant the publication of the book, I promise to do so. The kind of contributions I desire are as follows: Declamations in poetry and prose; Dialogues in poetry and prose; Fairy Operas; Tableaux Vivants; Recitations; Silver Chain Recitations for a given number and for the whole school; short Fables, Burlesques, etc., etc.

Believing that this book would prove a benefit to the Lycium and to the family of each Spiritualist, I earnestly hope my request as above will meet with response.

Yours for progress, G. W. KATES.

Cincinnati, O.

## Banner Correspondence.

### Children's Lyciums.

DEAR BANNER—I have been, as you are well aware, an enthusiastic worker and a sincere believer in the Children's Lyciums; and although I have not been of late so much identified with them as in the past, still my interest in them and faith in the good work they are accomplishing is undiminished. Possessing this interest, I have visited the Philadelphia, New York, and Brooklyn Lyciums, and take up my pen to tell you something of them.

The Philadelphia Lycium we all remember in the past—while under the conductorship of Bro. Dyott and his worthy lady—was regarded as the model Lycium in the country, both in numbers and perfection of drill. For several years it sustained its reputation, and finally the hard working officers became weary, and at last, like many others, the Lycium ceased to exist only in name. I am happy to say, however, that it has been reconstituted, and is at work once more. I was with them two or three Sundays, and was rejoiced to see that there were signs of sufficient life and vigor to enable this Lycium to become all that it ever has been, and even more. The present Conductors are a talented, faithful and earnest worker, instructing the children by example as well as precept. The Guardian enters into her duties with her whole soul, and labors untiringly to keep up the interest of the children. The Assistant Conductor, who labored with Mr. Dyott through the years that he had charge of the Lycium, has been a most efficient worker. This exercise, as well as the marching, was as good as I have ever seen. Some fine recitations were given, and I remember particularly that there was an essay read by a young lady, of her own composition, on the subject of temperance, that would have done credit to the highest cultured mind in the country. The attendance was quite good, and the exercises increasing. May the angels bestow all their gifts, and talents, and children, to get all the blessings which a faithful exercise of their glorious privileges will surely bring to them. And this prayer will answer for all the Lyciums in the country, as well as the one in Philadelphia.

In New York, where the Lycium work was first initiated by Bro. Davis and his companion, Mary, the Lycium has had an interesting history. From being the first and finest in the country, under the leadership of its illustrious founders, it dwindled down, until its active life suspended altogether. Within the last year it has been called into being again, and at present sustains a feeble and uncertain life by the earnest efforts of a few noble souls, who realize the necessity of doing something for the dear children. They have lately elected a new Conductor, and the old, is well fitted for the place; and, assisted by the Guardian and other reliable and devoted workers, let us hope that the New York Lycium may become all it can be.

The two past Sundays have found me with the Brooklyn Lycium, which I am happy to report to be in a prosperous condition; in fact, I never have visited one whose general appearance gave me so pleasant a view of the future of the Lycium. The arrangement of group-seats is easy and social; and really I felt as though the spirit and purpose of the Lycium movement were finding excellent expression under the intelligent interpretation and execution of the leading spirits of this school. Order and quiet prevailed among the groups, and a prompt and cheerful obedience to rule marked the exercises. One thing was especially noticeable and commendable, and that was, nearly every group-member had a response to the general question. The Conductor—Brother Wilson—seems to be a sort of encyclopaedia of useful knowledge, which he has a pleasant way of telling to the children. Then the Guardian is a lady whose heart and soul are in her work; and, mingling this to the fact that her husband is a worker in the cause, she has a special interest in her to write most of the dramas that make up the entertainments of the Lycium, we have in her a woman eminently fitted to fill the position she occupies. There are other officers faithful and true, and their works will bless them, and the angels crown them with wreaths of peace and love, together with the many others who do not forget their duty to the little ones. Of such is the kingdom of heaven. A. CAMPBELL.

New York, Jan. 28th, 1873.

### Wisconsin.

MADISON.—F. W. Paulk writes, January 18th: I notice in every copy of your valuable paper letters informing us as to the progress of the spiritual phenomena in almost every State in the Union, and deem it necessary that others should have some knowledge concerning the progress of their sister State. In this beautiful city are numerous Spiritualists—indeed, they are well acquainted with these phenomena—but so careful are they in speaking out in favor of their religion, that a stranger would think perhaps that there were no Spiritualists within the borders of this lake city of the West; but I can assure you that one-quarter of the people here are our brothers in the good and noble cause. We hold regular exercises, and are having splendid developments. Among some of our oldest and best mediums I call attention to Dr. Charles F. Harrington, who has practiced in this city nearly three years with unparalleled success—indeed, the wonderful powers that lie within the Doctor have never been realized by the community at large. He receives letters from all parts of the United States from patients asking him, while the Doctor gives with a sure guarantee of infirmity success and cure. I doubt if a better physician can be found anywhere. The Doctor has just been burned out; nevertheless he will carry on his business as usual, and in a few months have another residence. A person of his ability can never be stopped by fire or flood, but like your noble banner, will press forward to give joy and relief to thousands of our brothers and sisters.

GENEVA.—The venerable J. N. Ford writes, Jan. 18th: The United States census returns, recently published, contain some interesting facts which are worth thinking—especially that class who have moral courage enough to make use of their reasoning powers. One item gives the aggregate value of church property in the United States at \$39,619,780, which amount should, at the rate we pay taxes here—one cent on a dollar—yield a revenue to the Government of \$3,961,978; but the said church property is exempt from taxation, and thus the oppressive laws of the several States and Territories where the church property is situated. This large additional amount is assessed and collected on other property, without any reason or justice. I know of but one class in the community who oppose taxing church property, and that class, as far as I am able to ascertain, take their sentiments heartily from their own consciences, who thought it right in their day, when they had the power, to hang their brother man for difference of opinion, not using reason enough to see that a man's opinion or belief is not an act of volition, but comes and goes by reason or through evidence over which man has no control. Since the Christians are moving all their combined forces to unite Church and State, so that they can again burn witches and hang Quakers, perhaps we had better tell them that, if they do not behave better, we shall soon make them pay taxes on their church property. The fact is, the clergy have been petted so long, and humored in all kinds of usurpations of special privileges, that some of them do not actually believe they are good citizens in society, men, in fact, I know of several clever, smart men, who think the clergy, as a class, are the most dangerous to American liberties, not excepting the class in favor of chattel slavery, for that only enslaves the body, whereas priestcraft enslaves both mind and body, and seems determined that no natural law shall ever enlighten mankind.

### Texas.

LINDEN.—Alex. King writes, Jan. 8th: The dear old banner of Light has again come to hand, looking as bright and fresh as ever. I am truly glad to welcome it. The number for Dec. 21st is full of good things, among them "Letters of Travel," by J. M. Peebles; "The Old Bible and the New," by Mrs. Emma Harding-Britton; and "The Young Author," by Mrs. H. N. Greene. But, which promises to be quite interesting. I hope the friends of Spiritualism will rally to your aid, and see that your subscription list is at least double what it has been in the past. I have just received the first number of Prof. S. B. Britton's "Journal of Spiritual Science." It contains 141 pages of excellent reading. I hope Bro. Britton will get a large list of subscribers among the readers of the Banner of Light.

### New York.

The Central New York Association of Spiritualists met at Norwich, N. Y., agreeably to notice, and had a large and interesting meeting. Speakers present were: Warren Woodson, Mrs. Kimball, H. R. Parker, I. P. Hoag, R. Y. Ketchum, and others. We need not say that the flow of thought was good. The Spaulding House made a pleasant and very comfortable home for visitors. Several press correspondents were present, and reported truly or falsely according to their several predilections. Two special meetings were voted by the Association, one to be held at New Berlin, N. Y., and the other at West Winfield, N. Y. The time of the former is fixed on the 15th and 16th Feb. Time of the latter not yet determined. This meeting, like all its predecessors, was characterized by great harmony and good feeling. L. D. SMITH, Sec'y.

ALBANY.—Mrs. H. M. V. Chapin writes, Jan. 24th: "We have been having very interesting meetings the month past. Mrs. Laura C. Smith is one of the finest speakers in the lecture-field. We all liked her very much when she was here last spring, but now she is doubly endeared to all who have had an opportunity of hearing her. She goes from here next Tuesday to Melrose, Tompkins Co., N. Y."

WAVERLY.—Dr. H. P. Fairfield writes, Jan. 25th: I am happy to inform you that the life and power, the love and wisdom of the angel-world are manifested, recognized and appreciated by the citizens of Waverly. Reform and progress are the universal watchwords. Spiritualism is uppermost as a religion in this place; in fact, there has been for the past year a continual revival in spiritual things. The clergy, the church and the "Devil" have had no good part in the work. "The people are learning to get along in the journey of life without them. I have been speaking for the Spiritual Society here for the past month, and have found them to be a working order. I have had large and interesting audiences; should be glad to remain longer with this people, but am engaged to speak in Wilmington, Del., through February. Am ready to make engagements for the spring and summer months. Address Dr. H. P. Fairfield, Anconia, Camden County, N. J."

NEW YORK CITY.—It is understood your paper, Messrs. Editors, has not income since the fire sufficient to meet its expenses, because you are supplying the paper upon old subscriptions. Well, the remedy is easy; send us all new bills, date them on the day of the fire, let them be for one year, in advance. We are sure the mass of your patrons will respond in money and approval. A. SCHMIDT.

A capital plan. We hope that it will be adopted. It would be a great source of relief to us.—Eps. B. or L.]

### California.

LOS-ANGELES.—Dr. W. R. Josephy writes, Jan. 10th: Away in this pleasant valley of San Bernardino it has been my good fortune to meet with another band of faithful workers for our glorious philosophy. Though isolated from the great highway of travel, they have not been unmindful of the necessity for a home of their own, wherein they have the right to meet for the free expression of truths connected with life's wonderful philosophy. Neither have the spirits been unmindful of them. There are mediums in many households. Clairvoyant, seeing and speaking circles are held weekly in the pretty circle that forms the platform of the hall. Around it runs a continuous band of light, and the standards of the organ, around which the singers group; above is a blue-vaulted dome, studded with golden stars. From this platform of Liberty Hall I delivered five lectures and improvised twenty poems, and answers to as many questions, which were well received.

I. W. Smith, M. D., a classical scholar and clairvoyant, is the gentlemanly President of the Society. Mr. Lord Blackburn, a young man of ability, is Organizer and Secretary. Among the many earnest Spiritualists here is the Widow Blackburn, an estimable lady seventy-three years of age, grandmother of the Secretary, at whose age I am right glad to see your cheerful face again.

CHILD-BEATING, AND INTERFERENCE OF THE SPIRIT-FATHER.

There has recently come to my notice a shocking affair, which, though it occurred many years ago, has yet its living witnesses and actors. A worthy man, passing to the spirit-world, left to the care of his brother a number of young children, among whom we will signalize two, and call them John and Mary. John was a restless, active boy, and often excited the irritable temper of his uncle. One day he ran away to go in swimming in a pond some two or three miles distant. The uncle, soon learning where the boy had gone, followed him with a rawhide, and, seizing his clothing on the bank, ordered him out of the water. John came, not mistrusting the severity of the chastigation that awaited him, for his enraged relative no sooner started him on his way homeward than he began belaboring the poor little fellow, cutting the naked flesh at every blow of the lash, covering him with blood from head to foot; and thus, a most pitiful spectacle, driving him back through the town to his very door. But the fiend was not yet satisfied; so when he had got John within the house, he threw him down upon the floor, and renewed his brutality. When he had done this, he rushed into the room, threw himself upon his lacerated form, and received two of the terrible blows that were intended for her brother. The uncle then passed out of the room into the hall, where he fell helpless and insensible. Being taken to his bed, and a physician called, it was found that his right side was wholly paralyzed. When he was able to speak, he said that his brother (the deceased father of the child) had met him in the hall and struck him to the earth. This man still lives, a mournful cripple—the physical frame succumbing slowly but surely to the progress of this retributive visitation. The boy, after a long illness, recovered, and went to sea, saying that, if he ever became big enough, he would whip his uncle in return for what he had received. After a number of years John came back a strong, healthy man. He visited first those most dear to him; then proceeded to see his uncle, on whose shoulders and back he vigorously applied a rawhide.

The above narrative I have from a perfectly trustworthy friend, whose wife received it one upon the back of her head and neck—which the uncle had intended for her perishing brother.

G. L. DRISCOLL, M. D.

The thirst for truth cannot be quenched with the dry sand of facts. Facts are dead. They were true once; but when we say, "They have happened," their truth is gone forever. What we want is that which is *always* true, and this is the principle, the idea, the thought, of which facts are but the transient form.

## SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

ALBANY, N. Y.—The First Society of Spiritualists meet every Sunday in Common Council Room, City Hall, Albany, N. Y., at 7 o'clock. President, Dr. J. A. Peckham; Treasurer, A. C. Barker; Recording Secretary, A. C. Barker; Corresponding Secretary, H. M. Briggs; Chaplain, Capt. H. H. Hildreth; J. M. Briggs, M. V. B. Conwell.

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one. If you must worship an old Hebraic record, you had better have it as it was originally, not as it has been since the manipulation of your priests at the Council of Nice.

1990

Figure 1 is a line graph titled "Percentage of total population in the labor force by age group, 1970-1990". The vertical axis (Y-axis) is labeled "Percentage of total population in the labor force" and ranges from 0 to 100 in increments of 10. The horizontal axis (X-axis) is labeled "Year" and ranges from 1970 to 1990 in increments of 10. There are six data series representing different age groups: 15-24, 25-34, 35-44, 45-54, 55-64, and 65+. The 15-24 age group starts at approximately 25% in 1970 and declines steadily to about 15% by 1990. The 25-34 age group starts at approximately 15% in 1970 and rises slightly to about 20% by 1990. The 35-44 age group starts at approximately 10% in 1970 and rises slightly to about 15% by 1990. The 45-54 age group starts at approximately 5% in 1970 and rises slightly to about 10% by 1990. The 55-64 age group starts at approximately 2% in 1970 and rises slightly to about 5% by 1990. The 65+ age group starts at approximately 1% in 1970 and rises slightly to about 2% by 1990.

100

[illegible]

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26



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The first lecture, Jan. 16th, was on the origin of all things, reviewing the religious theories and contrasting them with the deductions from science, Nature, and the testimony of spirits, which seems to conflict with the former, and agree with the latter. The Christian theory, which is derived almost entirely from the Pagan, with ancient mythology and Egyptian astronomy and astrology, gives the origin of all things as the direct and special work of a God in producing them out of nothing, and with no material until he created it. No account of his being or doing is given of him in the vast eternity of time before he made matter with which to play and make playthings in the forms of worlds, and the bodies and souls of finite beings, some to praise him eternally for creating them, and some to wait in eternal agony for his glory.

This theory, mainly heathen, but adopted as Christian, is utterly without authority in science, nature, or reason, and has only the Church for its source, with not even a claim, in its original script, of a divine origin. The Word does not say, I, God, made the world out of nothing, but a third party says, "In the beginning, God made the heavens and the earth." No one even claims to have seen him do it, or to have heard him say it, but simply says he did it. If a modern writer should say God took a huge rock from the Alps and threw it into the sea, no one would believe the story; and yet we are taught, in childhood, to believe these old, silly, and absurd fables are God's truths, given by his authority to man, and that we must accept them without question—the divine origin of all things, by the word of God, made out of nothing, in the midst of nothing, but eternal time. Not even light, which is material, was in existence, and hence God lived (if he lived) in utter darkness, and yet had eyes, as he made man in his own image and likeness. What use could he have had for eyes, or ears, or nose, or hands, or feet, or form, if there was no matter in the universe for these organs to use?

The whole theory is simply ridiculous, and it is thus a retrograde step, a step backward, or rather on half pay, to give place to the scientific and spiritual theory of creation, progression, and development.

This theory sets forth that there never was and never can be any increase or decrease in the material of the universe; that the quantity and quality of essences and simples remain the same forever; that neither God nor man makes more nor less in any time or place, since infinite space and eternal time are full, and there is no place for more or less; that as matter is eternal, soul forms, in the infinite variety, are, in their combinations, ephemeral, and hence worlds and plants have their times of birth and death, growth and decay, and all forms and bodies pertaining to them have also their respective periods of duration, before and after which the elements combined in them are, in their respective activities, forming parts of other bodies; that this law, so far as science can go, is universal, and, so far as spirit's know, is as general in their world as in this, and among the finer as well as the grosser forms of organic life; that the materials of our world have not increased nor decreased since its subduable birth from the atmosphere of the sun, but, in the many changes, have changed places so as to make the varied conditions of adaptation to the different fauna and flora of its surface; and that the changes are now going on, that will adapt it to spiritual life and intercourse, to which it is not adapted in the past; that the present condition for intellectual life, and its results in travel, commerce, and literature, was not like that of the period of the savants and crabs and monster ferns of the carboniferous era, nor like that when our ancestors had tails like monkeys, were all covered with hair, and both sexes whiskered alike, as Darwin assures us was really the case; that the changes of positions and relations of particles make all the varieties we discover, and that these are ever going on in what we call progression, to infinite intelligence, is only change, that these changes have ever been and ever will be without cessation, and are the only creation there ever was, or that ever can occur; that in the absolute, creation and annihilation are as impossible to God as to man, being impossible in the nature of things; that all simple substances are eternal and eternally unchangeable; only changing places and phases to make the variety of forms, and expressions that meet and momentarily greet each other; that those scientists and rationalists who pursue this subject thus far, and rest their conclusions and theories here, find in chance for man's eternal existence, as a conscious being, and hence are what the Church calls infidel, or materialist, or pantheist, or atheist, &c.; but as man's immortality forms the question of another lecture, this subject was closed with these theories apparently ending in annihilation of conscious individual intelligence, out of which it is to be rescued hereafter.

The second lecture, Jan. 17th, was on Revelation—Divine, Natural and Scientific. Treating of Divine Revelation in the sense in which it is claimed by our churches, there is none. Not one truth has been made known or revealed to mankind by the Word of God, nor in any message or communication from that source. What ever has been claimed as revelation in Jewish or Christian history, when applicable to our earth, our bodies or our souls, has, so far as the truth has been reached, proved to be almost invariably false, not even true as often as an ordinary Yankee guess. The ignorance of the age, and the people of the age, were invariably to be found in the God's Words of the time, and which were adapted to the people who pretended to receive them, and they were correspondingly incorrect.

Nature's revelations are entirely different. They furnish us all we know of God in the order, beauty, harmony and variety of so much of the universe as we can reach with our senses and limited capacities, and bring to us, in the law of uniformity and mathematical certainty in the starry heavens and in the varieties of animals and plants, the evidence of intelligence and wisdom. The pistils and stamens in plants enable us to classify them, and the structures of animals enable us to divide them into orders, genera, and species with accurate mathematical certainty. Minerals, vegetables, animals, intelligences and

worlds all bear unequivocal testimony to DIVINE INTELLIGENCE and general superintendence, and it is all the revelation we have of God, and beyond it we have none from any God.

Nature does not reveal the secrets of her operations to us, but leaves us—endowed as we are with intelligence—to search out by science the causes of the phenomena she presents to us. She presented us the rainbow for ages, and the God's Word revelation claimed it as the production of the gods. But at last science wrenched it from the clutches of superstition, and taught us in the schoolroom what the Church would never teach or allow us to know while she could prevent it. For ages the God's Word revelations held the lightnings for the manifestation of wrath, and used them to drive the people to prayers; but at last science seized this also, and explaining the causes set the people to putting up metallic rods instead of prayers, and they prove much more safe protection for our dwellings; but the Church would never have taught us this, as she had no revelation of its causes, and only the phenomenon as Nature presented it. Superstition only blinds us, but science opens our eyes, and her revelations bring us reliable truth. Nature presents us the lily and the rose, produced in her laboratory from earth, air, water, and some light; and as yet no chemist can produce them with the same ingredients, science has not reached it, and the God's Word never has and never will. The phenomena are Nature's, and the revelation must be that of science if attained, as all revelations have been thus far in human progress.

All we know of our world and the worlds around us, of our bodies or our souls, is revealed by science, and through the experiments, experiences and the communications of our fellow-beings. Not one truth from any other source. Why, then, should we continue to support over forty thousand clergymen and the enormous expense of our church system, when they teach us nothing we can rely upon, and when we have to go to the schoolroom, the laboratory, the shop of the mechanic, the artist and the halls of science for all our information? Why not turn our churches all into schoolhouses and shops, and make them contribute to human knowledge, human wisdom and human happiness? Why not stop the endless confusion of babel voices bawling for creeds as Divine revelations, when we have the best of evidence that none of them have a single revelation from any God, and not one reliable truth except such as are derived from Nature in phenomena, and science in explanation, and which are obtained in the schoolhouse, and never from the church? What is the utility of converting souls, when they know no more after being converted than before, and when there is not one iota of evidence that any God requires it or needs it for his glory or their happiness?

Science—which now, in Spiritualism, is trenching upon the forbidden ground of souls and the spirit's life and condition after its separation from the body—will soon wrench the last vestige of power from the church, and she will have no mysteries with which to blind the mind and stultify human reason. Science will let in the light, and the darkness of superstition will depart.

The third lecture, Jan. 18th, was on the origin and destiny of man, and an argument to prove eternal life as inherent in the race, and hence never precarious or uncertain, nor depending on the will of God or an atonement for man. The Adamite theory of man's origin, as accepted by Jew and Christian, is wholly ignored by all rational and scientific minds, and needs at the hands of Spiritualists no additional refutation. It belongs to and goes with the Pagan fables of person-Gods visiting the earth and becoming the fathers of earthly children in a variety of ways; and in this instance, there being no females on the earth, the God made a son of dust, and a woman from his rib, and thus started a race through which he could, in due time, have one child or more in a partially natural way. No comments are necessary on such stories in our meetings, as they are unworthy rational and intelligent minds.

The theory of Edward Beecher, in the "Conflict of the Ages," is equally absurd, and needs no review, as it is not accepted by any church authority. The theory of Darwin and the monkey origin of the race is entitled to far more serious consideration, as it has at least a historic and scientific basis not easily set aside. In tracing the race backward, we are able to follow its footprints through the historic period, and through the barbaric and prehistoric periods, to one in which very few traces of superiority over the monkeys and kindred species; and out of this man seems to have arisen slowly by progression, while his neighbors, the monkey, gorilla, and orang, seem to have remained without progression; and whether this can be a law of species, or whether man is a distinct kingdom, we leave to science to decide, while we believe man a superior order of animal, with the form-gems in the protoplasm of his developing life. The germs of all organic forms—mineral, vegetable, animal and human—seem to exist eternally, and to remain essentially the same; and hence all forms follow the law of these germs, which, with the quality of eternal activity, never cease to seek and to find materials for attaining and ripening in their respective forms of creation, progress and change. Herein lies the philosophy of eternal life and perpetual change in which we were, and are, and are to be forever; not on this earth, which is itself of limited duration, like our bodies, and subject to change even out of its individual existence, but never one particle of it or of its causes to be, or to act a part in the universe of matter and mind.

When we are born into our soul or spirit-life, and educated, developed and matured in that life, we shall be enabled to know more, both in memory and philosophy, of the parts we have taken in former existences in other worlds as individuals, and shall then know as we now believe, that there is no death nor cessation of existence for any finite being; that we always have and always must exist as intelligent beings, with momentary suspension of consciousness, as in natural sleep, and with as little fear as we have when we lie down to sleep at the foot of a weary day's toil or enjoyment, with both of which we live about equally.

No one form of bodily covering is eternal, and no one world or cycle of being eternal; but the Divine Essence within us constituting the protoplasm of human life is eternal and eternally the same, both in form and substance, and hence not progressive, as the body is, which finds its end in perfection at last—buds and perhaps blossoms in this life, but only fruits and ripens in the spiritual sphere and life that succeeds and transcends this, but is not more eternal than this, although of vastly longer duration. The blossom lasts

but a few hours or days, while the fruit is months in ripening. So of our bodies and spirits.

This lecture also contained an explanation of accountability, and the doctrine of "Whatever is, is right," which we need not sketch here. The Fourth Lecture, given Sunday morning, Jan. 19th, was on the Rise and Progress of Spiritualism. In it, mesmerism and psychology were reviewed as stepping-stones to Spiritualism, and many of the scientific facts and deductions drawn from them which are now embodied in and pertain to our philosophy. The opening of our era of spiritual truth in its literature was in "Nature's Divine Revelations," which came to us through A. J. Davis, followed by a vast amount of the best and purest morals, philosophy and instruction in the succeeding volumes from his pen, which cannot fail to enlighten any candid and intelligent reader. A large amount of standard literature from other authors has also been published and found a good sale, and is still finding better sale than the sectarian books of any church, except in the forced sale by church authority.

Every department of American and European literature has become "contaminated" with spiritual philosophy, although bearing often some other name. The poetry is most fully imbued with it, and the novels are being more and more filled with spiritual stories, and many Spiritualists writing them for the popular papers and their readers, who, while their prejudices are still strong and bitter against mediums and Spiritualism, are almost daily reading their productions, and are admiring them also. The stage and the pulpit are also becoming "contaminated" with the evil, they have so often warned the people against, and as these both live and feed on popularity, they show by this that the public mind is fast changing to its favor.

The phenomenal phase has also largely widened, increased and improved since the days of the odious Rochester knockings, which brought such bitter denunciations and loud anathemas from the churches. They have neither been silenced nor diminished by Church opposition, but have steadily increased and improved during the quarter of a century they have been among us, and give no promise of ceasing, but rather that they will establish beyond even controversy the fact of spirit-life and intercourse, and bring the evidence to all who want it. More and more plain and convincing become these phenomena, and each year brings us new and additional evidence that our churches are wrong and useless, so far as testimony of the future life is concerned. From our spirit-friends we are constantly learning that there is no practical value in Christianity, so far as another life is concerned, and that the infidel is as well situated in that world as the Christian, and even better, if his life is as pure and harmless, since he is free from the superstition that enmeshes the mind of the latter.

We are surely on the verge of a new religious era, which has its advent in Spiritualism and through our mediums. Every sign in the heavens and the earth gives evidence of it, and we rejoice that the reign of Christian terror and bloody conflict is nearly over, and the reign of peace and good will is to succeed it.

The Fifth Lecture, Sunday evening, Jan. 19th, was on Mediums and Mediumship, reviewing the varieties and changes since the celebrated Rochester knockings, and the terrible war made upon them by the Christian churches, which have been defeated in every attack, and in every effort to get explanations and expositions through books, pamphlets or sermons.

Spiritual mediums and lecturers are doing what Jesus is said to have commanded his disciples to do when he sent them out to preach, and commanded them to say, "The kingdom of heaven" (spirit-world) "is at hand." So we say, not because Jesus ordered it, but because we have found it true. "Heal the sick?" So we do, not miraculously, but where we can, as Jesus and his disciples are said to have done where they could, but in some places they, like us, could not do much on account of the state of unbelief or opposition. So we find it, but we do cure many cases, and the churches forbid us, as Peter forbade those he found healing without using the name of Jesus, but the Master rebuked him and told him not to do it again. We are not doing it in the name of Jesus, but by the same power and in the same manner, if the stories are at all reliable, or had any foundation in fact. "Cleanse the lepers," a species of healing scrofula, or cleansing the body. "Raise the dead." Not the dead bodies from the graves and send them back to their former homes, for such was not the work of the disciples, but raise or call the spirits of the dead, as they did, and we do—not because they did, or were commanded to do it, but because we find we can call them to assist us in healing, and in comforting the mourners and the sorrowing of earth, and by this means prove that our preaching is true—that the kingdom of heaven is at hand, or near us, even though the blinded churches cannot see it, and are too much hardened in heart to feel it.

Many things are performed through mediums that we cannot explain, and the spirits do not give satisfactory explanations, either from their ignorance of the law or from the obtuseness of our minds. But this does not justify us in denying what we see, or hear, or feel, and know through our senses. The same is true in Nature, where the phenomena are often observed for centuries before we are capable of reaching the causes and explaining the law that produces them. Spiritual phenomena seem to be no exception to the general law. Man is left with reason and intellect to ferret out the causes, even though the instruments are spirits of our departed friends, or even when they take part with Nature and with us in bringing about the phenomena.

In healing, a variety of theories are given, none of which fully explain all the cases that occur, and the same is true of other phases of mediumship. As no two mediums are exactly alike, so no one theory explains all the varieties of manifestations; but amid it all one truth is clear, viz., that the spirits of our friends are near, and often with us, aiding us in our good desires and efforts, and trying to check us in our evil and wicked ways, and that they would, if they could, correct many of our erroneous views, and give us the truth about the world and life they are in, in place of the errors we have learned from our churches and Christian teachers. Truth is mightier than the mighty churches, and will prevail over them, and that at no distant day, for the ram's horns are already sounding around their walls, and they begin to crumble to a final fall.

An Ohio young lady not long ago made by letter a formal proposition of marriage to Thomas Nast, giving references, etc. The artist responded with a cartoon of Mr. Nast and the children, labeled, "The only objections."

## WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

### The Spiritual Platform—Spiritualism in Detroit, Michigan—Notes.

The full-orbed spiritual life is attained by slow and precise processes. The same law applies to spiritual perception. True, there are times when intuition scales all barriers, and introduces one into the ideal realm, so that personal contact with great truths and eternal principles is experienced. And yet the power of intuition is intensified under the sway of proper educational influences. Prayer, a holy life, humility, a charitable spirit—these are the stepping-stones to an exalted spiritual condition.

The march heavenward is made by gradual approaches. It is not accomplished in a day. The victory comes after many trials and much tribulation; and after the goal has been reached there is not a momentary "rest" for anybody. New fields for exploration lie open before the human mind, and the work of the scholar becomes the ambition of the saint.

It is an undeniable fact that the genius of the spiritual platform of to-day is misapprehended by the masses. And even among its so-called friends there can be found many who make sad failures in defining the purposes of the spiritual movement. A few have mistaken a single ray of light for all the ineffable splendor that is reflected from the heavens.

There are several thoughts to be emphasized in this connection.

First, the spiritual platform is of great antiquity. Its roots are to be found in the very first effort that was ever made to evolve from superstition anything like a type of rationalism. Our constitution, therefore, embraces the reformers of all time. We are in royal company.

Second, the spiritual platform is comprehensive. Progress in theology is not its only cry; nor are religious reformers its only luminaries. The devout scientist is at home on the spiritual platform, and the philosopher secures an attentive and respectful hearing. The poet finds appreciative readers—persons who realize how vital and substantial are the ideals that find expression in mystic rhythm, that seems ready to blossom out into seraphic song. The artist gathers new inspiration for his work. He learns from the spiritual platform something about Nature being the visible manifestation of God. Art immediately acquires a spiritual significance and beauty never dreamed of before. The divine mission of music is also proclaimed. The great masters of harmony, of the long ago, are round modern media, and cause them to produce melodies that thrill and inspire.

Third, the spiritual platform teaches an exalted idea of unity. It does not insist on the belief in any dogma to secure fellowship. Do you love liberty? Do you believe in spiritual emancipation? Yes? Then you are in the new brotherhood.

But has the spiritual platform any special element or basic idea? Yes! It affirms that the fact that man survives the death of the body is a matter of scientific demonstration. All phenomena that have any bearing in this direction the Spiritualist considers himself morally obligated to critically examine.

### DETROIT, MICH.

There has been a great awakening in Detroit, in all that relates to liberalism and Spiritualism, during the last few months. Mr. J. Jamieson opened a course of lectures in October. Crowds flocked to hear him. His bold words startled many souls. Soon it became evident that a larger hall must be engaged. The Society then hired Coyle's Hall. Mr. Jamieson was re-engaged, and the old success continued to mark his ministrations. During January he was our privilege to address the Detroit friends. Never have we met such appreciative and enthusiastic audiences. Pleasant memories of our tarry in Detroit will ever linger with us. The earnest souls who have labored in private so unselfishly, do not need or care for newspaper notices, as a reward for their fidelity. God's angels know them, and know their motives that is enough.

Mr. Jamieson is speaking again in Coyle's Hall, this week. Mr. Frank White is engaged for April. It is to be hoped that the present revival of Spiritualism in Detroit will be of permanent duration. Mr. Jamieson has a right to be proud over his Detroit victory.

### MEDIA.

There are many excellent media for spiritual phenomena, both physical and mental. In Detroit, Emma Martin can be found at 64 Grand River street. Mrs. Mollie resides on Fort street, West, near the corner of 7th. Mrs. Cartwright lives at 410 Fort street, East. All these ladies receive multitudinous callers, and many skeptics are converted.

### NOTES.

We continue to hear good reports of the labors of the Missionary Board of Michigan. Bros. Todd and Barrett interest the people. They have visited Grand Rapids, Hastings, Allegan, Plainwell, Battle Creek, and other localities. Bro. Todd's permanent address is Charlotte, Eaton Co., Mich. Friends, give the missionaries a cordial welcome and generous financial support, for they are worthy of the confidence of the people, and are true and competent exponents of Spiritualism.

Our friend Giles B. Stebbins recently delivered a lecture on "Scientific and Industrial Education," before the Toledo (Ohio) University of Arts and Trades. It has been published in pamphlet form, and deserves an extensive reading.

Gov. Washburn, of Wis., has gained considerable notoriety on account of his anti-church lottery views. Some of the clergy think it almost as responsible as Anti-Christ. It is too bad that gambling is not proper when carried on within the church. But it is not—so says modern free thought. And that settles the question.

The free hall in Bredsville, Mich., will be dedicated Feb. 21st. We thank the friends for their kind invitation to attend and participate in the exercises. Other engagements call us elsewhere; but we shall be in B. in spirit. Mr. Skimmens, who built the hall, is beloved by all. His assistance upon him for this one of his many sensible acts.

Mrs. A. E. Mossop has been very successful in her labors in Bay City, Mich. Mrs. M.'s engagements are as follows: Waverly, N. Y., during March; Troy, N. Y., during April; Albany, N. Y., during May and June.

A regular meeting of the Branch County Circle, Michigan, took place in Coldwater, Jan. 4th and 5th. Miss L. Augusta Whiting was the speaker for the occasion. Mrs. Cushman also took part in the meeting. The gathering was full of interest. Jan. 19th, Miss Whiting was in Detroit, and favored the Spiritualists with a brief address at the evening meeting, in Coyle's Hall. Her permanent address is Albion, Mich.

The Rev. C. H. Brigham, of Ann Arbor, Mich., is spoken of as a man of scholarly attainments and liberal theological ideas. He is a missionary from the Unitarian Association, and has an important post. Ann Arbor is supposed to be the Boston of Michigan. There are a large number of ambitious and growing young people searching for wisdom through the medium of the Michigan University. There are quite a number of Spiritualists in Ann Arbor. Bros. Barrett and Todd should visit the city.

Dr. A. B. Spohny, formerly of East Saginaw, Mich., a practitioner of sixteen years' experience, has established himself in Detroit, at 221 Woodward avenue. The Doctor occupies two chairs (Anatomy and Physical) in the Detroit Medical College. Dr. Dumont C. Dake is at his Chicago Institute from the 15th to the 31st of each month. 15 Ellis Park is the place.

Moses Hull's new work, from the press of Wm. White & Co., is an elegant looking book (as a matter of course). The book is worthy of Moses's head, and that is saying a good deal, for our Moses is a thinker, and, in the great domain of Bible Spiritualism, he is unapproachable.

Frank McAlpine, one of the most promising young speakers in the West, has committed matrimony, and has settled down in Bredsville.

Mich. He speaks in the country round about. In coming years we shall hear more of him.

Bro. Jamieson has been throwing his heresy around promiscuously in Port Huron. He delights in combat with old foggy notions, and therefore it was with decided pleasure that he answered a Port Huron minister who pronounced dancing a thing fearful and diabolical. Mr. J. started off like this:

"There are some of our fellow travelers in the journey of life who seem to think 'this world is all a fleeting show, for man's blessing given.' They speak and act as if life were a stupendous failure; as if every member of the human family should hourly repeat:

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound:  
Mine ears attend the cry!"

Or, by way of variation:

"Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,  
The land of the living, and believe they will be able to do so.

Justice has built a dismal hell,  
And laid her stones of vengeance there."

To look solemn, to walk our beautiful earth as if it were a post-humous, appears to be the estimate of a truly religious man. To such the hearty, unrestrained laugh of the good-natured man, equivalent to the wail of a future demon; the rippling, silvery laugh of a woman a prude to agonizing screams in the fabled land of lost souls."

CEPHAS.

## PUBLIC MEETINGS, ETC.

### Quarterly Convention at Rochester, N. Y.

A Quarterly Convention of Mediums, Speakers and others, will be held at Good Temple's Hall, corner of Myl and Munford streets, Rochester, N. Y., Saturday and Sunday, March 1st and 2nd, commencing at 10 o'clock, and holding forenoon, afternoon and evening sessions each day.

We are assured that the Rochester Spiritualists will try to entertain all in attendance, and believe they will be able to do so. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all interested in this great Spiritual Revolution. Come early, brothers and sisters, from all parts of the State, and let us have a profitable reunion in this Bethlehem of Spiritualism. Come with hearts and voices attuned to harmony, and please bring along your text-books of spiritual song; also come prepared to hear the Quarterly Convention, good speaking and good music may be expected.

J. W. SEAYER, {Committee.  
A. E. TILDEN, {  
Geo. W. TAYLOR, }

### Quarterly Meeting.

The Van Buren County Circle of Spiritualists will hold their next Quarterly Meeting in East S. Skimmings's New Hall, in Bredsville, Mich., on Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 23rd and 24th, 1873, at which time the New Hall will be appropriately dedicated to the cause of Spiritualism and Free Thought. A Dedication Party will take place on Friday evening, the 22nd, and Dedication Services at the Hall the day following. The services of S. Frank Whitmore secured for the occasion. Other speakers are expected to be present. We hope to see the largest gathering of Liberalists ever assembled in Van Buren County.

J. H. TUTTLE, Secretary. R. BAKER, President.

### New York Association.

The Central New York Association of Spiritualists will hold a special meeting at New Berlin, Chemung Co., on the 15th and 16th of February. Good speakers will be present, and a good turnout is expected. Let all classes come and hear what can be said for Spiritualism.

L. D. SMITH, Secretary. E. F. BEALS, President.

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