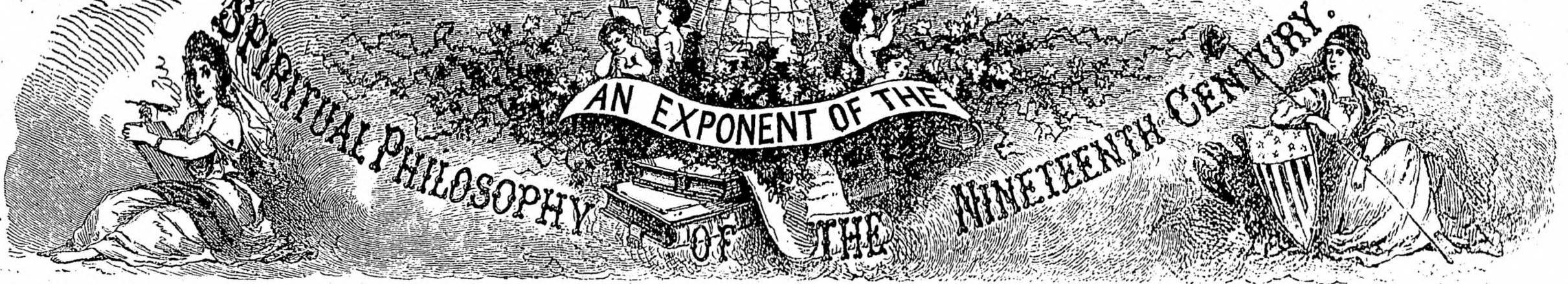


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Spiritual Phenomena.

### PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

BY MOSES A. DOW.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I have not given you any account of my experiences in Spiritualism since my article on Spirit-Faces at Moravia, N. Y., where I had the pleasure of seeing the faces and hearing the words of my friends, as well as those of other believers present at the time. But neither my experiences nor my faith have in the least diminished, but have become positive, and the evidences of the truths of Spiritualism are, to me, as to all true believers, stronger than proof of "Holy Writ," if the popular construction of that sacred volume is to be adopted. My object now is to relate some things I have recently seen of physical phases of Spiritualism in this vicinity.

There is, within a distance of two miles of the State House, a lady in independent circumstances, who has a son now nearly twenty-one years of age, which son is a medium of no ordinary powers. His sittings are attended by about fifteen personal friends of the medium, who meet weekly at his mother's house by special invitation, and no others are admitted except by special favor, as nothing is asked for admittance. I am one of those who have that privilege, and attend the sittings almost every week.

The company are seated around a table about four feet square, the medium being one of the number, having their hands connected. Soon raps are heard on the table, and the spirits are asked if they wish to communicate by alphabet, and the responses being in the affirmative, the alphabet is called, and their names and wishes are expressed. A little tea bell is put on the floor under the table, that is rung loudly, keeping time with the piano, which is being played by a young lady present. I will state what else has occurred, not confining myself to those of any one evening, but during the sittings of two or three successive evenings, affirming all I say to be nothing but the truth, for I have no motive whatever for representing anything in a different light.

After the simple matters which are here related have ceased, the medium is entranced by an Indian girl, whose name is given as "Snow-Flake." She is a shrewd little spirit, very much like the little spirit, "Willie," the controlling spirit of Mrs. M. M. Hardy, whose past teachings have become extensively known and acknowledged. I will relate Snow-Flake's words in plain English, though they are expressed in the Indian dialect. In the first place she says, "Let the window down from the top," which is immediately done by some one present. She then selects three or four of the most skeptical persons present, as a committee to examine the cabinet, to ascertain if there is anything that looks like deception or humbug, the medium all this time being in an unconscious state.

"The cabinet is made of dark cambric, about five feet wide, eight feet high, closed in front and the two sides, the back being the wall against which it is placed, the front having an opening about five feet high and eighteen inches square, made in such a way that the sides turn back and button to the curtain, which can be unbuttoned, and the hole is nearly closed.

The medium goes into the cabinet at one side, and takes a seat in a chair at the right, facing toward the center. The gaslights are almost extinguished, and a lantern placed on the mantel-piece, with the lens casting a light directly on the opening in the curtain. As soon as all is ready, the spirits make their appearance. My friend Mabel Warren is always present, and she has never yet failed to manifest at every opportunity given her to do so. She put her arm through the opening, the light striking directly upon it. The arm was dressed in a white cambric sleeve. There was a band around the wrist, and frills, about an inch wide, made of the same material, were on both sides, and the rest of the arm, up to the elbow, was covered by the same material, made up with great taste.

"Snow-Flake" said that Mabel would like to give us some music, and would first show us the instrument on which she plays. Instantly the beautiful hand appeared, holding between the thumb and finger a harmonica about five inches long, one and a half inches wide, black, with gilt edges, which shone brightly as the light from the lantern fell upon it. Her face was also seen much plainer than I ever saw it at Moravia, and the hand moved to the face, placing the instrument to the lips, and the tune of "Sweet Home" was played in a soft, plaintive tone, in company with the piano, which was also played in an undertone. As the sweet strain ended the face glided away from the opening, and the music was heard after Mabel's face passed from sight. The same beautiful spirit also holds a white handkerchief at the opening, and, sometimes throws it at the audience. At one time she did so, and "Snow-Flake" said, after it had been thus thrown—

"Now she is going to throw it at the one she intends it for!"

In a moment the handkerchief was sent with much force over the heads of the inside circle, and struck me on the breast. It had been rolled up into a ball so as to aid its progress.

A lady present had been promised, by a cousin who died about twenty years ago, that she should have some flowers. On this occasion a lady's arm appeared at the opening, dressed in a black silk sleeve, tight at the wrist, with a white band, a style in vogue when she passed away. She held in her hand some beautiful flowers, which seemed like natural ones. "Snow-Flake" says:

"She wants the lady to come and take the flowers!"

The lady stepped up to the opening and held out her hand, and received two roses, lately torn from some stalk, wet with the damp, cold atmosphere. She took the flowers to the company present, and all testified that they were real, natural roses, full of fragrance and beauty. The lady took the flowers home and kept them several days, until they were faded. The spirit afterwards told the lady that they were taken from a greenhouse near Mount Auburn. They were evidently brought into the room during the short time that the window was open.

Another spirit, of the masculine gender, put his arm out, in his white shirt-sleeve, and the button at the wrist could be plainly seen. He began to whistle, and would whistle almost any tune called for—"Yankee Doodle," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "Hail Columbia," "Star-Spangled Banner," "Mocking Bird," and various tunes that were new to most of us. Instead of raps, he would answer by whistles, three meaning yes, and one meaning no—the "no" being given with an accent that indicated decision, as though he meant no.

I would remark that, during all the time the whistling was going on, the medium had a handkerchief tied over his mouth, and his hands were tied to his knees. He was obliged to come out (still in a trance) to be released, knowing nothing of what had occurred while in the trance—not even that he had been so tied. Any one who knows either the medium or his mother is perfectly satisfied that they would do nothing to deceive.

This medium is being rapidly developed, and will soon, probably, come before the public, that all who desire may have an opportunity of witnessing his wonderful powers.

One other incident I will mention, and then close this already extended letter.

At the last sitting, which I attended there was a gentleman present who had never witnessed anything of the kind before, and came out of curiosity. He was one of the wealthy men of Boston, and I think he knew a little more of Spiritualism when he left than when he came to the sitting. He sat at a distant part of the room. The medium, being under influence, pointed to this gentleman (who was not known to any one except the party he brought with him) and said:

"I see a cloud over that man's head, and on the cloud I see 'BOWLES'."

One of his companions said, "That is curious!"

It was surmised by those present that the gentleman had become somewhat involved by the failure of the Bowles Brothers, the great London Bankers—which was the dark cloud that hung over him.

Another manifestation at this last sitting was the audible talking of the spirits. Nice puns and pert answers to curious questions were plainly heard. The voices were of the same tone and fully as clear as any that I ever heard in Moravia. All this is true, and yet the timid unbelievers will sneer at these positive tests of spirit presence. Let them scoff; they will soon see more clearly.

### THE MANIFESTATIONS AT DR. SLADE'S.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Having frequently seen in the Banner reports of manifestations through the mediumship of Dr. H. Slade, 210 West 43d street, New York, and being in the city last Tuesday, I called at Dr. Slade's office for the purpose of witnessing for myself, if possible, some of the different manifestations that take place through the mediumship of this truly wonderful medium. I was very fortunate in finding the Doctor at home, and ready and willing to give me a sitting; and we at once went to his sanctum, which has so often been described in the Banner that it is unnecessary for me here to describe it. After lighting the gas (as it was nearly 6 P. M.), and removing the cloth from the table, we at once took our seats around it. I sat with my feet under the table and directly facing it, and the Doctor on the side at my left, with his feet entirely from under it and in full view from me. Almost immediately after joining hands raps were heard under the table and on my chair. The Doctor asked if the spirits would write on the slate, which was answered by three raps, which means yes. He then took a slate-pencil, broke off a small piece about half the size of a grain of wheat, and placed it on the slate, which he held with his right hand under the edge of the table, his left hand resting on the table with mine; but after waiting a few moments and getting no response, he placed the slate on the table with the piece of pencil under it, and immediately we heard a noise like a pencil writing on the slate, which soon ceased with three taps.

On turning it over, we found written on it, "My son, I am very happy to meet you here to-night," and signed N. Stillman. He then held the slate under the edge of the table, as at first, and immediately we heard the noise of the pencil as before, and when it ceased we found written on it, "I was not disappointed in my religion," and signed "N. S." I would here say that my father, N. Stillman, was a firm believer in the grand truths of Spiritualism, and that he passed to the higher life in November, 1866, the immediate cause being heart disease. He was fully aware that he would not recover from the fatal attack, and almost his last words were, "I have no fears of the future." This last communication would therefore seem to confirm the truth of the religion he believed in, in earth-life. I then had four communications in the same manner as the last, each signed N. S., (which initials I noticed were a fine simile of his writing in earth-life), after which the Doctor asked if the spirits would move the

chair in which I was sitting, and immediately I was gently moved back with the chair about one foot from the table. There was a chair standing at the side of the room opposite from where I was sitting, which the Doctor asked if the spirits would move, and instantly the chair was moved over four feet up to the table. The Doctor then took a small bell and placed it on the floor under the table, and directly in front of me, and in plain sight; he then took an accordion, opened it so that I could see that there was no machinery aside from the usual keys, and after closing it, he held it with his right hand with the end containing the keys suspended under the edge of the table, yet in my sight; immediately I saw it work back and forth, but it did not play a regular tune. Soon the Doctor asked if a certain spirit (whose name I have forgotten) would play a tune, and instantly a lively tune was played, the bell under the table meanwhile keeping time with it. Soon I noticed the bell thrust up in front of me under the edge of the table, still ringing as though held by some one under it, and in a few moments it was thrown up on the table, and then the music ceased, and the séance closed.

I have thus, Messrs. Editors, given you an imperfect description of a séance in full daylight, at Dr. Slade's. If any readers of the Banner should chance to be in New York, and have the time to spare, they would do well to call on Dr. Slade and witness the manifestations that take place through his mediumship, as I have no doubt the most incredulous would be satisfied.

Yours truly, SAMUEL N. STILLMAN.  
New Brunswick, N. J., Feb. 24, 1873.

### The Protection of Media.

Within the last eighteen months a vast proportion of the popular prejudice against Spiritualism has been removed, more especially in consequence of the publication of the report of the Disbeliever's Committee, and because of the recent disclosures of the subject in the Times and other newspapers. Undoubtedly also, a very considerable amount of prejudice still remains. Perhaps advantage should be taken of the improved state of feeling to make the lives of mediums more pleasant than has hitherto been the case, for there is not a medium of any importance whose life has not been chequered with public abuse. Who, for instance, has been more continuously abused, in the newspapers and out of them, than Mr. Home, simply because, through no fault of his own, some of the powers possessed by the prophets of old have fallen upon his shoulders. The younger Mrs. Mary Marshall for years was subjected, from time to time, to similar abuse. In fact, all colored mediums at times feel their lives to be burdensome to them because of the general bad treatment. Public and private mediums suffer alike, for in the latter case, though they may be unwillingly admitted visitors, after much pressure of guests, carrying nothing whatever for the better or disbeliever of the said visitors, the latter often make no scruple of considering themselves to be judges upon the bench, and their host or hostess a criminal upon trial; they also modestly consider that their own limited experience settles the whole question, not only as to the integrity of the unfortunate medium, but as to the genuine nature of Spiritualism itself, notwithstanding the experience of the millions of its adherents, and its enormous literature. Who does not remember how a person was admitted twice to Mr. Serpant Cox's house, and then made no scruple of denouncing Mr. Home as a fraud? The Times, on the other hand, recently permitted, as a very great favor, to have a séance with Mrs. Mary Marshall, who refused sittings to nearly everybody; she received the said correspondent as a guest, treated him handsomely in every possible way, allowed him to see certain startling phenomena which he admitted he could not explain, then he very coolly intimated in print that he believed Mrs. Marshall to have been too sharp for him. This is the one objectionable spot in the Times article, which otherwise did so much good for Spiritualism. Who, then, can blame the various non-professional mediums for the increasing stringency with which they close their doors to all but personal friends?

An improvement upon this state of things would be effected, if it were generally accepted and put into effect, that none but Spiritualists shall have access to the séances of any kind. This will be a boon rather than a hardship to the outside public, because professional mediums usually have great power, and great certainty in obtaining manifestations under adverse conditions, so that less time is lost by going to them first. But I should not believe anything I saw in the presence of a professional medium is a common remark with inquirers. They should be answered that if their interest in where they are going to suffer death is so slight, they had better not inquire into the subject at all, and it cannot be expected that private mediums who are nothing for them or their opinions, should allow them to see manifestations for the purpose of sitting in judgment thereon. Moreover, inquirers have the power of forming family circles in their own homes, and that is the very best way of beginning to investigate.

The proposed plan will be a great boon to Spiritualists. How many séances with Mr. Home have been spoiled because of the presence of one skeptic? Time is spent in "convincing" the unbeliever by allowing him to examine common table motions and raps, in which phenomena the experienced Spiritualists present feel comparatively little interest. After an hour has been consumed in this way, perhaps some of the more remarkable phenomena may be seen, weakened, however, by the want of knowledge of the inquirer, of the conditions which sitters should observe to get the best manifestations. It would have been better for the inquirer, and better for the Spiritualists, had the former been compelled to begin his experiences in his own home, or with a professional medium.

Just as some of the best telegraphic instruments require to be under the care of a skilled electrician, and not an ordinary clerk, even so should a very sensitive medium be surrounded with experienced Spiritualists only, that the best results may be obtained. Then a person wishing to enter the ranks of Spiritualism will have to begin his inquiries at home, or with a professional medium. After passing through his first difficulties, and learning the impossibility of reducing Spiritualism to mechanics, a course of moral improvement will go on within himself. He will gradually be permitted access to higher circles, and at last, perhaps, enter the highest of all, composed of people who do not cheat each other—

who therefore require not ropes or chains to compensate for the absence of integrity within themselves, and who, consequently, have reached the mental and spiritual altitude necessary to permit the higher denizens of the next world to get near the circle, to manifest with great power. Sooner or later such circles must be formed, whether Spiritualists or disbelievers like it or not, for the very simple reason that the best manifestations cannot be obtained in the absence of these conditions. In Spiritualism matter is subordinate to spirit. A hard materialist who attempts to put physics before spiritual truth, does not see the finest manifestations, or the full extent of the power of spirits over matter. The phenomena, therefore, so operate upon him as to put him through an educational process, resulting in his own mental and moral improvement. There is not a materialist who has passed many years in the honest attempt to reduce Spiritualism to mechanics, but has found himself to have been made a better and a kinder man, through circumstances which appeared to him to be failures. Is not this result a better one for him, than if he had succeeded in applying a new force to the moving of carts?—such work, which might better be done by a donkey than by the spirits of the departed.

There is not a shadow of a doubt that manifestations are greatly strengthened, when there is a thoroughly harmonious, happy circle, all bound together by the affections, and not by the hollow conventionalities of the "Society." Systematic endeavors should therefore be made to furnish the best conditions for pure spiritual influx, to the greater happiness of the medium, and the greater benefit to the spiritual movement. The remedy for present troubles rests somewhat in the hands of mediums, who should limit the admission of non-Spiritualists more than at present, and not give séances away from home without first sanctioning what guests shall be present. Also, if the master or mistress of the house permit any rudeness to them, they should leave the house, and not enter it again. The result of this will be that guests will not be admitted so freely as at present, and will have very stringent conditions imposed upon them before hand as to their behavior. Any great man who thinks it to be a favor on his part that he consents to attend a spirit circle, should never be asked at all. Spiritualists are not street preachers, and we need not cheaply press an inestimable blessing upon anybody and everybody, nor is much real progress made by such unphilosophical forcing. All persons naturally Spiritualists will find their way into Spiritualism very easily; but attempts to force Spiritualism upon uncooperative minds result in weariness and vexation of spirit to all concerned. Indeed, it is doubtful whether taking no notice of the outside public whatever, and devoting energy to the work of raising the character of the spiritual movement, and elucidating the principles which govern the phenomena, would not result in quite as many converts being made as at present, without trouble or anxiety to any body.

What objection is there to the issuing of a manifesto to the effect that "because Spiritualism is true, and men may prove it for themselves in their own homes, Spiritualists have determined to attempt to make no more converts beyond bearing public testimony to the truth of the facts, and have resolved to expend energy instead in establishing institutions to aid in the work of self-improvement?" No theological sect dares to take such an independent position; but we, having so much truth with us, may just as well take advantage of the power. There is another point. Spiritualists have been battling with public want of knowledge for years to raise the movement to its present strength, and outsiders, who have done none of the work, have no right to claim to be admitted to our best spirit-circles till they have fitted themselves for entrance by passing through the necessary preliminary practical education. Professional mediums might save themselves from considerable annoyance by refusing to advertise, and by admitting visitors to their séances only by previous appointment and introduction, so that the general public shall not have the right to attend at pleasure. Whatever steps may be taken, it is high time that something should be done to relieve mediums from much of the abuse hitherto showered upon their devoted heads, and the remedy rests very much in their own hands, but partly in the hands of the great body of Spiritualists.—*The London Spiritualist, March 1st.*

### THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL ANGEL WHO COMES TO ME.

BY M. E. B. SAWYER.

There's a beautiful angel who comes to me  
With whispered words o'er the silent sea;  
Those words, they are to my heart's deep wells  
Like the distant echo of silver bells.  
They cheer, they soothe, they soften my pain,  
So I take up my burden and toil again,  
For I would not rest till the day is done,  
Then I will go home to that beautiful one.

There's a beautiful angel who comes to me  
He brings me gifts o'er the silent sea;  
For well he knows how earth's roses blight  
In the first cold frosts of a wintry night.  
I raise my cross; he covers it o'er  
With the flowers that grow on the "better shore,"  
And the sweetest buds round my path are strewn  
By the loving hands of that beautiful one.

When the hills were draped in a verdant shawl,  
And the roses had crowned the earth their queen,  
When birdlings trilled in the woodland bowers,  
And sweetness lingered on all the hours,  
The "silent waters" were parted wide,  
"My angel" passed to the other side,  
With only this whisper breathed to me,  
"We'll meet again o'er the silent sea."

When wearied my hands and bruised my feet,  
When fainter and fainter life's pulses beat,  
When I'm tired of striving for "better things,"  
And my spirit droops with fettered wings,  
I will carefully fold my autumn leaves,  
I will bind together my "humble sheaves,"  
Then I'll take them home o'er the silent sea,  
With the beautiful angel who waits for me.  
South Boston, Mass., 1873.

It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat; it is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned; it is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich.

A man is never so dignified by those qualities of his own as by those he affects to have.

## Spiritualism.

### REVIEW OF FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC JOURNALS.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light,  
BY DR. G. L. DIXSON.

*La Ilustracion Espiritista* is a new, joyous-looking little paper, in quarto form, that comes, via Vera Cruz, from the city of Mexico. After four hundred and two years of presumable silence, the spirit of the great Montezuma seems to resume its sway; and with no less power and wisdom than in days of old, a vast accession of territory of the spiritual kind may be added to his and to our domain. Indeed, I doubt not that we shall soon hear that "Chico, Tlatelco, Cuixtlan, Tzompahuacan, are aroused by the rush of spirit forces, and that a new empire of spiritual beauty, of record, of grandeur, will challenge the world's wonder.

It seems that *La Ver de Mexico* opened its strong batteries on our cause, and the *Ilustracion* has, as a portion of its reply, the following: "Since our former article, the task which we have imposed upon ourselves is to refute, in few words, the long and crude dissertations on Spiritualism and its works which *La Ver* has just published. . . . We have to contemplate how the best talent can be placed at the service of so absurd an idea as that of a demoniac (with the modern significance) intervention in our doctrines, practices, phenomena. Our illustrations opponent may, of course, handle our refutations as he pleases, and continue to speak of the *Diablo* as a being real and acknowledged; but not by that, most assuredly, nor by the most brilliant attacks, can Spiritualism be prevented its manifestations. The doctrine of Allan Kardec remains unbroken, and all that has assailed it has had a departure on a principle as false and absurd as that of the existence of a Satan." The writer then refers to the manifestations as announced by Messrs. Higgins, Cox and Crookes, when with D. D. Home in England, and establishes on the best authority, and with illustrations not to be gainsaid, the deductions of all the hypotheses he assumes; being conversant with the famous experiments of M. Cahagnet, (of whom I wrote some time since) and the phenomena recorded by Dr. Kerner in connection with the medium of Prevorst.

*La Luz en Mexico*, another little paper, with evidently great capacity for demonstrating the truth and crushing out error, has come to hand (Nos. 6 and 7). It continues its able articles on "Eternal Life," by Camille Flammarion, and "Allan Kardec"—the historical part of Spiritualism. In the latter is an assertion which I have often had from the "Unbeliever": "The spirits communicate, generally, with pleasure, and it is a satisfaction to them to know that they are not forgotten by us; describing voluntarily their impressions on leaving the earth, their new situation, the naturalness of their joys and sufferings in the world where they find themselves. Some are very happy, others *desolados*; some undergo horrible torments, according to the manner in which they have employed their time for good or evil, till or until."

No. 10 of the same journal says: "It is with great pleasure we read your (the president's) letter of the 12th of October, announcing the important and rapid spread of Spiritualism throughout Spirit. Various motives obliged us to suspect, (*La Ilustracion*), but other respects of Camille Flammarion lay to the breach, and notwithstanding the anathemas hurled at us by the clergy, the work was continued to its second period; but unfortunately the opposition *materialista*, that the Romanists set up against the enlightenment of the ignorant masses—carrying on their black intrigues even to a violation of the postal service—produced the desired result." But the work went on and the banner of Spiritualism was soon floating from Yucatan to the northern frontiers of Mexico. . . . Spiritualism invaded all classes of society. The church became alarmed at the advance of the new faith, and a solemn excommunication from the bishop of Queretaro was proclaimed, prohibiting the use of magnetism, of turning tables, of media, &c.

All that comes from Mexico has an important outlook. The Montezumas, and spirits long anterior to them, will be able, I trust, to unfold an entangled and obscure history, and unearth the records of a strange people who seem, as yet, to have few or no similitudes in the Orient. The *Verne Spirit*, of Paris, is full of interesting matter. The first article—"Conscience and Free Will"—has choice paragraphs, with appropriate quotations from Bernadine de Saint-Pierre, Lacordaire, and the grand orator who said, "Genius is, with conscience, the noblest gift of humanity; one can despise a man of his power, his fortune; but his genius, like his conscience, is invulnerable."

The second article is headed: "An Act of Intolerance," and goes on to say that a Mademoiselle L., who for twenty years has lived with her family in North America, recently returned to France to visit her relatives and friends. She is now at T— (Nord), where, as a well-developed medium for physical manifestations, she has been holding séances. By putting her hand upon the piano it plays marvelously. After some "sittings," which were at the house of her parents, the abbes of two parishes launched their anathemas against "this adept of the devil, who, by diabolical incantations, came to T— to propagate these abominable tricks." Curiosity was of course aroused, and now, thanks to this *reclame des esprits*, so well made, all the women of the village wish to witness the produe-



tion of these remarkable phenomena." The writer adds: "I am happy to see that our adversaries beat the big drum in our behalf."

A letter from Canaan announces that admirable success has attended the use of a glass of water in developing or aiding "seeing media."

An article headed "The Mysteries of Mithraism" should be placed in the hands of all, if the investigation into these mysterious had been completed. The March number of the *Review* will probably throw more light upon the matter, as it now appears the spirit has been playing the waltz with assertions of the vilest kind against well known honorable men and innocent girls. Upon one house, M. Canaan's, the "Notice" stated that Mr. C.'s will would be burned before the end of the month, and, though the whole village was on the alert as against a common enemy, on the 31st, at ten o'clock in the evening, flames burst from the building, and it was with difficulty any of it was saved. It was also announced that his books, his records, would be burned, in spite of any precaution he might take. Mr. C. did take such care in collecting them—placing them in the depth of a secretary in a room very difficult of access—he thought the threat would not be put into execution. The 25th of July the records were found in the secretary, burned, crumpled, and torn in pieces. How the author of this mischief could have penetrated to the place, how found the documents, how burned them and not be discovered, redoubled the mysteries and the mystery. Arrests have been made, and there is a bare possibility that a being in the flesh has had a hand in this growing wonder. We shall see.

*Le Comte de La Fère* enters upon a grand theme under this heading: "Revelations and commentaries on the primitive world, on the first ages of humanity, on the great cataclysms of which our planet testifies since 120,000 years that man has inhabited it; on the period of the Atlantis and the deluge that engulfed it; on the formation of the Mediterranean, of the sea of the Sahara, of the Atlantic; on the existence of a Northern continent inhabited on the disappearance of a great Southern continent, on primitive religion, peoples," etc., etc. "The learned

writer upon his third paragraph in this way:

"The world has only six thousand years of existence, say the good believers of all the Christian faiths. An antediluvian civilization, an Atlantis such as Plato and Diod. Siculus, echoing antique traditions, have described, is an absurdity which some geologists have proudly affirmed. We will leave them to their beliefs and fictions; but to others we will say: Since you admit, from irreducible facts, the excessive antiquity of the earth, and of the presence, established by the debris of industry, of skeletons even of man in the beds of the earth whose age is counted by cycles of ten thousand years, why not admit the possibility of an overgrown continent, and of a civilization that has disappeared?" Wise men, and learned, as the illustrious Comte de Cuvier, Sylvain Bailly, Bory de Saint-Vincent, the Marquis de Fortia, etc., and many others, have come to the support of Plato against the inconsiderate and light words of modern writers. But what would these have said if they had delved into the curious facts developed in India, China, Tartary, Egypt, Abyssinia, Central America, Europe, Siberia? Of immense villages destroyed, and at profound depths in the soil, of lake-cities of an incredible antiquity, of astronomical observations made more than twenty thousand years ago, of subterranean temples with sculptured stones, of marvelous workmanship, symbols of a religion anterior to all historic records.

When we come to these ruins discovered by Humboldt, Deland and d'Orbigny, Dallas, Raper, Dupuis, Bruce, Valentia, etc., some in the solitudes of Asia, of Africa, of America? When these immense ruined fortresses of vast cities in the most savage regions of the Old and the New World—in Mexico, in Peru, in Yucatan?

The writer seems to think—and doubtless with a multitude of facts to sustain him—that America may possibly have pertained to that Atlantis which many have thought to be only a fancy of the earlier historians.

I regret that I have not the space necessary for the whole of this historically interesting and reasonably speculative production; other articles of no little moment are claiming attention: Mr. Chavaro has some good words on re-incarnation that I will try, though very briefly, to reproduce: "It is a subject of the highest interest to know from the spirits themselves that which touches their spiritual life; and it is under this aspect I send you a communication from one whom, by a four years' intercourse, I have most perfect confidence in. Three hundred years ago this personage, largely conversant with the learning of his day—but haughty and vindictive—by a marriage in which jealousy arose, was led to poison his dearly-loved wife; and he enjoyed the slow and fatal issue. He lived a long time afterward, highly respected by his compatriots. Recently (three centuries having passed) he discovered the innocence of the one he had so much loved and murdered. Pure and luminous, she came with pardon on her lips to aid and purify him. The reader should here observe that, through these three hundred years, neither had been re-incarnated. On his quitting his earthly envelope the murderer suffered an anguish that was not only moral, but material, and he was transported into a region or state of thick darkness. After an unknown length of time this obscurity gradually lessened, and he seemed floating in deep misery, and was helpless. Then he observed that he was surrounded by a multitude who mocked him, and he was filled with a desire to return to his body and to things pertaining to his former state. Remorse was upon his soul, and the horrible apparition of his poor Wilhelmina stood before him. By-and-by new light approached, and he heard some one speak of God and repentance; but this enraged him, and he blasphemed, and deep, noisome obscurity followed. Vile reptiles horrified him; then another light was developed, and in it he recognized his father. His words were heeded, and repentance began. Prayer seemed to lighten his burdens. The first light that had manifested itself to him in his deep misery—lessening the darkness—now returned, and it proved to be of him who was destined to be his guardian during his terrestrial career, saying that every spirit had a mission to accomplish in the mortal sphere—the replacing of evil with good. He returned then to earth, aided, suffering, fulfilled his mission, but, as he said, with-out any love for humanity. This endured for a seeming infinity of time, when he was allowed to communicate with the narrator. His guardian angel was the messenger of peace, and, in purity of pardon, M. Chavaro had even been to him as a bright bow of promise, uniting him again with mankind. He suffered, however, sadly, from time to time, but it was not of long dura-

tion—his anguish being promptly dissipated by prayer."

It would seem that the suffering, the repentance, the purification had been in the spirit-world, that there, too, without the re-incarnation of either, through centuries, wife and husband—through the glory and beauty of forgiveness on the part of the former—were in harmony if not reunited.

*El Mensajero*, of Liege, of Feb. 1st, has a continuation, though brief, of the valuable contribution which appears under the title of "In the world all is Spiritism."

*El Critico Espiritista*, of Madrid, for January, has a large quantity of interesting articles, notably a "Retrospective Look at 1872," vastly encouraging when we examine the record of what has been done for our cause in so short a space of time as that in which the freedom of speech of the press, of religion, has been allowed in Spain; with much to be proud of when we read the list of learned works Spanish authors have favored their countrymen with. Notably, also, the history of "Animal Magnetism," which goes back to the most remote period of recorded history, giving us the Brahminical, the Persian, the Egyptian theories, and practices, with the sayings of Celso, of Strabo, of Justinian, Eusebius, Origen, Janabius. In the time of the Emperor Valentinus there was an old woman who could cure the most obstinate fever by laying on of hands. The history of Apollonius is full of narrations that cease to have a supernatural aspect when magnetism is considered. The Druids cured also, by the imposition of hands. From the time of Gregory of Cesaria, celebrated for his cures by this process, to Paracelsus, and down through Astruc, Goulen, Goulen, Goulen, Goulen, Goulen, a vast deal of good has been done by this curative faculty.

I would like to quote from the "Bibliografia" and the "Noticias" of "El Critico," but must await a better opportunity.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 28th, 1873.

## Free Thought.

LIBERALISTS, AROUSE!

BY W. F. JAMESON.

One by one the infidel forces of our nation are being obliterated by Christians. And what are Liberalists doing to prevent the bigots from overthrowing the "rights of man?" Almost nothing. It is pitiable. The stolid indifference to the danger which menaces our liberties, the assurance which passes from mouth to mouth, that "there is no danger," is one of the greatest trials to those few Liberalists who are aware of the most terrible calamity that ever threatened the American Republic—RELIGIOUS RULE!

In many States meetings to secure the religious amendment have been and are being held. The Christians report that a "fine meeting" was held in Blakesville, Pa. Meetings have also been held in Allentown, Easton, Reading, and other important towns in Pennsylvania; also in Hackensack, Paterson, and other points in New Jersey. They further say that in some towns the people give God-in-the-Constitution the "heartiest endorsement." Rev. J. C. K. Milligan (a gentleman whom I met in the Oklahoma Convention in 1869), inaugurated a meeting in Paterson, N. J. "The town seemed to be carried with overwhelming enthusiasm." In Allegheny City a meeting was held about the 5th of February. A Christian paper reports it as follows:

"Rev. Thos. Johnston, a Presbyterian minister of the neighborhood, was present, and warmly opposed the movement. A very excellent discussion followed. The meeting finally adjourned to meet in two weeks, in Mr. Johnston's church, to finish the discussion. On the evening of Feb. 19th, the church was crowded to overflowing with an excellent audience to listen to the debate."

Rev. J. Crozier first introduced the subject, and was followed by opposing speakers from Mr. Johnston and W. T. Moore, a lawyer from Pittsburgh. Prof. J. R. W. Sloane, who was present, then replied with a telling speech of great power.

The clergy engaged in the movement are fond of comparing it with the Anti-Slavery Cause, and are everywhere rejoicing over the fact that the National Religion-recognition has made moral progress in the same length of time that Abolitionism did. They are jubilant, and they say, sure of success. Some of the Christian editors say: "We are sure that the marvelous success of this winter's work, thus far, has been in answer to prayer." But it is noticeable by those of us who are on the watch, that they add to their prayers "works." In Elackville, N. Y., there is a local society for the recognition of God-in-the-Constitution, which numbers three hundred and seventy-five persons! Christians are pouring money into the National Christian Association Treasury, and the cause generally, which shows they are confident of victory. The Christian Statesman says: "Many generous subscriptions have already been sent in." "Subscriptions come pouring in, in sums ranging from two dollars to one hundred dollars!" I italicize the last three words. One "friend" to Christianity sends a letter, saying, "Enclosed please find draft at sight for one hundred dollars, with the prayer that you may be blessed, and that our land may soon be Emancipated land."

The fact is this Christian movement is taking the minds of the people by storm. A Methodist minister at the Paterson meeting exclaimed, "It needs only to be fairly presented before the people, and it will go like an avalanche." The battle is close at hand. Shall the Liberalists be found asleep? Those secular papers opposed to the movement, yet treating it as scarcely worth notice, are recreant to their post of honor as guardians of liberty. Let liberty be overthrown in America (as it may be), and where would it dare to raise its head? The people of Europe (as I can prove by European prints) are watching this scheme of the clergy with the deepest interest. Liberalist, consider this advice of the man who was hated by the New England clergy: "LET THE EYE OF VIGILANCE NEVER BE CLOSED." Treasure this maxim of Thomas Jefferson, the man who would not, as President of the United States, proclaim "fastings and thanksgivings," who gave us the amendment, the first, which guarantees us religious liberty, and saved us from Christian rule.

W. F. JAMESON.

I say what I believe to-day, if it contradicts all I said yesterday.—Emerson.

A man cannot do otherwise and be honest. Emerson's way one must take to attain royal and rugged stature. For if a man can do that, he will have access to every fresh air that is astir, will hear all the voices that speak, and see the face and sparkle of every star that peeps over the horizon. The supplies of faith always come from the front, and never from the rear. Emerson has faith, and so can let go that which is behind.—Ex.

## Children's Department.

TOP O' TEA.

Please, dan'ma, dive me a top o' tea.  
Water's so cold and I see so hot;  
I've been playing with dan'pa's Jack,  
Most to the tower lot.

Ma's down away, she 'ont care  
I 'ont see, too, dives it to me;  
Ten's so good, 'oo drinks it there,  
Please dive me just one top o' tea.

Lots o' sugar; 'little bit more,  
I 'll be just as good as dead;  
I 'ont play with dog no more,  
But yell 'bout 'till ye get yiden-hood.

Dad I isn't she for won't to out,  
Naughty old 'shag, I 'll take his head;  
If I 'll take 'em, I 'll take 'em out,  
And shooted, and shooted him dead.

I 's sleep, wish my ma 'ould toun,  
'Dan' take me upon 'till knee  
When up's 'till boy turn to my home,  
I 'll dive 'oo dead, but top o' tea.

SUGGESTIVE STORY FOR GIRLS.

CHAPTER II.

Ring, ring, ring!  
"Who can be calling so early?" soliloquized Julia Winters, one morning, glancing at her jeweled watch and discovering it to be ten o'clock.

Arising, she stood before a full-length mirror smoothing the dark folds of her splendid hair, and arranging the rich tassels of her blue silk morning-dress, and turned to meet the visitor announced.

"Mr. Leslie!"  
He was a tall, fine-looking man of perhaps twenty-five years of age, with a handsome, intelligent countenance, and an air of true politeness which distinguished him as a man of sound good sense, combining the fashionable air and manner with rare mainly excellence and true merit; not passing with power along among the gay and heartless, but also among the honored and the learned.

After the compliments of the day were passed, and he had apologized for this early call, on account of business taking him from the village to be gone some length of time, he inquired for Louise.

Julia touched the bell, and ordered the servant who obeyed the summons to call Louise.

"Place ma'am, but, indeed, Miss Louise cannot have now, for she's got her hands in the parlor, bless her sweet soul!"

"Obey me, this instant!" commanded Julia, and the daughter of the Emerald Isle closed the door with a bang, and descended to the kitchen.

"I am truly ashamed to say, Mr. Leslie, that my sister has some very strange notions; that of assisting the cook a certain number of hours every day, for instance. I am afraid," she added, gayly, "you will be troubled with her very much before you can rid her of them; for when she is Mrs. Leslie, you will have a little idea of my anxiety on her account."

We will here inform the reader that Mr. Leslie and Louise were betrothed. There was a slight curl of the gentleman's lips, but he made no reply.

"Louise is a strange girl," and Miss Winters played nervously with her watch-chain. "Do you not think," she continued, "it is a singular as well as foolish idea, that a young lady should understand all the mysteries of the kitchen, Mr. Leslie?"

There was no reply, for the door was thrown open, and Louise entered. She was dressed in a simpleingham, plain and neat, with a thin collar and silk apron. Her soft curls were thrown carelessly back from her sweet face, flushed with exercise, and a playful smile wreathed her rosy lips as she extended her hand to the visitor.

"I did not keep you waiting to make a more approved toilet, Mr. Leslie," she said, gayly. "I have been busy in the kitchen this morning with Jane—which, according to my views, is a very pleasant as well as profitable way of spending a forenoon."

"So you find housework pleasant?" Young ladies generally pronounce it drudgery," replied her lover, smiling.

"Indeed!" answered Louise, "it can be made a drudgery, as well as all other things, and to one inexperienced, without teacher, it would be truly so; but I enjoy myself very well thus engaged."

"But do you really think it pleasant?" persisted her companion.

"I truly do; one should know how things should be done—and learning is not a disagreeable task."

"But work in the kitchen is tiresome."

"Not more than that of the parlor. We often see young ladies too weak to make a bed or dust a room, who practice many hours at the piano, and dance a good part of the night without acknowledging themselves weary."

"You see how very set she is in her way, Mr. Leslie," remarked Julia, who was, no doubt, very much shocked at Louise's "vulgarity," and wished to change the subject. So the conversation turned into a general chaff, and soon Mr. Leslie arose and took his leave.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kind readers, let us pass over two years. Louise is married, and now occupies one of the handsomest residences in this city; for Mr. Leslie is quite wealthy, and his bride enjoys every luxury that wealth can purchase. Yet her domestic education is very useful; she presides over her own household. Although they live richly, nothing is wasted. The elegant rooms show plainly Louise's taste and skill, while she possesses that knowledge which enables her to know how to direct her servants, and to judge if things are done in the right manner. I need not say how much benefit she would derive from her domestic education in the case of a reverse of fortune, for that will be very easily seen.

And Julia—the bright, beautiful Julia—had, too, found one she loved for herself alone; a man noble and good, with talent of a high order, and a lawyer by profession; he is far from being rich, but Julia considers her large property will make them independent; and they intend, after their marriage, to remove to a neighboring State, there to find a home in some village or city.

It was but a few weeks previous to her intended bridal that Julia sat by the window of her luxurious apartments, playing carelessly with the heavy curtain tassels, and gazing out upon the moving crowd on the pavement, when a servant opened the door, and informed her that her father wished to see her in the library.

With a light and graceful step Julia obeyed the summons. She found her aged father reclining in his easy-chair, his trembling hands pressed over his furrowed cheeks, and his silver hair floating above his careworn brow. There were tears coursing down his face and trickling between his fingers, and his whole form trembled

with emotion. With many dark forebodings Julia approached him. He drew her upon his knee, and, smoothing back her dark hair from her brow fondly, he gazed into her eyes, a moment with a sad, heart-broken expression.

"Julia," he said, at length, "can you hear ill news—very ill, my darling? I have lost all that I once possessed: not a penny remains! My going security for Morris has ruined me."

Julia heard no more. With a deep cry, she sank down in a swoon. The surprise was so sudden, and the misfortune so great, she could not but be greatly affected. When she returned to consciousness, she was told that her father was dangerously ill with a brain fever. For days he lay in a wild delirium, and at length the death-angel released him from his sufferings.

After her father's death, Julia made her home with her sister for a few months, when she was married to her affianced lover, Charles Harvard, and removed with him to the West. They found a pretty little cottage for a home in the suburbs of a rustic village, and Julia imagined that a cottage would be a palace with her good and noble husband. Ah, Julia! you made a sad mistake when you supposed you would always enjoy luxury and ease. Reverses of fortune will come, and you, of all others, are least prepared.

CHAPTER III.

Yes, it was a pretty little cottage with its white walls and green blinds, its lattice entwined with clinging vines and shaded by a few ornamental trees. The front yard was enclosed by a pretty white fence and rose-bushes, and a few choice flowers bordered the little path leading to the gate.

The cozy little parlor, too, with its simple white draped windows, plain carpet, and prettily papered walls, with its simple but tasteful furniture, and a few choice pictures, presented a most cheerful and home-like appearance; there sat Julia from day to day at her embroidery, while the trusty Jane attended to her household affairs; but, alas, a change came at length to Julia, for Jane was summoned home, and where could a girl be found to fill her place? Mr. Harvard now started off in search of one, and Julia was in a dreadful state of anxiety.

At length a violent ring summoned her to the door.

"The top of the morning to yer, ma'am, and sure an' is it yourself as is wantin' a girl?" asked a rosy daughter of Erin, bowing and courtesying violently.

"Did Mr. Harvard send you?" asked Julia, with ill-concealed vexation.

"Sure, and it was his own blessed self, as my name is Biddy McCrackin, ma'am; an' it's me that will do yer work right well." And Biddy followed Mrs. Harvard into the kitchen, where she installed herself forthwith.

Now was not attempt to describe the scene that followed. Biddy had previously attended to chamber-work alone; but as she was out of a place, concluded to try her hand in the kitchen. Did Mrs. Harvard order pudding, custards, or any kind of pastry, they never bore the least resemblance to what they were intended. Bread, meat, vegetables, were entirely ruined in the cooking; the kitchen and dining-room were always in the utmost confusion and disorder to say nothing of pantry and cellar; the parlor and sleeping-rooms were but slightly put in order; everything became disorder, and Julia, tired and sick of the management, grew peevish and sullen, greeting her husband to the dirty, dusty parlor and uninviting table with an ill-concealed frown.

"Can't you learn Biddy to keep a neater house and cook better?" asked Mr. Harvard pleasantly, one evening, as he sat by the little fire, and pointed to the pretty lamps all covered with grease and dirt. The remark was not intended as a reproach, but Julia answered sharply:

"I think you might have known better than to get such a girl as Biddy. Can't I learn her? I never was brought up for drudgery."

"You know I could find no one else," answered the husband, still more pleasantly; "and moreover, I always supposed a lady should know how to superintend household affairs herself."

"You might have known I was not acquainted with such work."

"It would have been better if you were," was the quick reply.

"Yes, I suppose you want to make a mere drudge of me," answered Julia, sharply.

(Concluded in our next.)

Troy Lyceum.

Messrs. Editors.—Knowing that the Lyceum interest ever has prominence in your regard, I venture to place at your disposal a brief reference to the cheering aspect that the glorious angel-school in this city now presents. Its Convention-days command, from month to month, as large an attendance as the majority of Lyceums attract at their exhibitions, and they are eminently worthy such attentions. Taking all the exercises into consideration, certainly the Troy Lyceum excels all others that it has been my privilege to attend. Particularly is this the fact with regard to the order prevailing, and the wonderful proficiency in the direction of declamation and recitation. As the honored and loved Conductor (Bro. Benj. Starbuck) summoned each group in succession, the response was almost universal, some of them sending forth three, and in several instances four representatives to the rostrum. It was a sight calculated to thrill with delight every progressive mind, as it surely did that of every bright angel bending over the scene, with an appreciation of the inestimable value of the advantages thus being attained. A distinguishing peculiarity in this favored band is, that a large proportion of its present leaders have ascended through the various groups, thereby securing the most competent and deeply interested officers, and thus actualizing the Lyceum plan as it was given from the Summer-Land. Another remarkable feature presented is a brass band composed of twelve members—nine of whom are graduates from the groups—who, with their admirable leader and instructor, Prof. Holcomb, at their head, are indeed an honor to the institution which has fostered and encouraged their musical genius.

The beautiful fraternal feeling that pervades this Lyceum follows even the retiring member; as was recently evinced by the presentation to the former leader of Excelsior Group, Mr. Barto, of a token of loving remembrance; and I understand that a like measure of appreciation awaits another, who is about to be severed by the circumstances of life from this highly-prized connection. But, to my mind, the crowning point of excellence of this Lyceum is the operation of what are called "The Moral Police Force" and "The Aid Society," whose members, together,

search out the needy, and minister to their wants in every department of being. Who can estimate the amount of far-reaching good which this working institution accomplishes, as, from week to week, collecting destitute children, if clothes them properly, and introduces them as members of this beautiful school of the sky? May we not exclaim, "Well done! good and faithful servants," and fervently pray that such blessings as this Troy Lyceum may ere long be found in every community of our land? Men and angels speed the auspicious era, is the entreaty of

CARRIE GRIMES FOSTER.

Troy, N. Y., March, 1873.

New York Matters.

(Letter from our Special Correspondent.)

Miss Jennie Leys is drawing large audiences at Apollo Hall. Her last Sunday evening lecture was pronounced by all as one of the grandest efforts ever listened to. She is truly an inspired woman.

I am informed that our good brother, Thomas Gales Foster, on account of ill health, will be compelled to stop lecturing for the present.

COMMONS.

has come out in a letter to the "World," denying the charges made against him, and affirming that the images that were taken from his house were brought there by the persons who exposed him. These persons are righteously indignant, and he will probably be prosecuted. The punishment that would be most fitting for him, in my opinion, is a severe letting-alone. The people have been fully informed of his trickery by the press, and now I would say, leave him to himself. However, if people, having a knowledge of the facts, will patronize him, let them do so and run their own risks of being humbugged.

SLADE.

is very busy, and giving the usual satisfaction. He has held seances for several Saturday evenings past, on 5th avenue, where all the various manifestations of slate writing, materializing, &c., have been produced. Many of the communications upon the slate have been written in pure French—a language that Slade knows nothing of.

MANFIELD.

I hear, is working quietly at his table, getting communications from the spirits for the many who call upon him and send him sealed letters to their spirit-friends, from all parts of the world. Hundreds of mourning souls are cheered and comforted by the loving messages from their departed friends, given through his remarkable medium powers.

R. W. FLINT.

is highly spoken of as a medium for answering sealed queries. He certainly must have excellent medium powers, if I hear of him is true.

DR. LOUIS SCHLESINGER.

magnetic physician, is doing a grand and noble work, healing the sick and relieving the poor and suffering in this great city, where there are so many needy ones. He expresses in his life that practical sympathy and love with which the angels are constantly seeking to inspire us. The one purpose of his life seems to be a desire to do what he can to help lift the burdens from the weary ones about him, and make humanity better and happier. If we could all realize how much more happiness would come to us, to say nothing of the joy we could give to others, did we thus practically work out our beautiful faith, the world would be the better for it.

PATERSON, N. J.

Your correspondent lectured in the above place to full houses last Sunday afternoon and evening. They have a society organized there, which bids fair to be a success, as its numbers, I am told, are constantly being augmented. The hall they at present occupy will not answer for them much longer, as a large number of the audience, in the afternoon, were obliged to stand. Mr. Wells, the president of the Society, is a true, earnest worker, and he has associated with others equally devoted, who, having put their hands to the plow, will not turn back.

BROOKLYN.

Miss E. Annie Hinman lectured for the Brooklyn people last month, to good acceptance; and this month Dr. Hallock is giving them the benefit of his cultured inspiration. The Lyceum is doing finely, thanks to the noble workers who have it in charge.

NOOKS.

I have now a fine supply of all spiritual books and papers on hand, and am also prepared to furnish any other works at publishers' prices. "Mrs. Conant's Biography" and "Flashes of Light" are selling rapidly, as they deserve to. Every person should read these wonderful books. Truly Mrs. Conant's life, with the wise teachings that the angels have given through her to the world, are among the marvels of this marvelous age.

A. E. CARPENTER.

437 Fourth avenue, March 11, 1873.

What the Country Needs.

It is seldom that we find in a religious sheet words so full of pith and moment as the following, from the columns of the Christian Union:

"In the young days of the Republic, civic honesty went hand-in-hand with simple, God-serving ways; but the hot sunshine, the relaxing influences of prosperity, bring disintegration. The intoxication of success makes goodness and meanness. Infidelity is the name of prosperous America; not that infidelity which questions the ritual and shakes the rails about the channel, but the deeper infidelity of heart and life, that bows down every day before the Golden Calf, let the Sunday service be what it may; that infidelity which makes religion a sealed compact of the soul, instead of the living sacrifice of the selfish and sensual in man. Pestilences are not averted by long prayers, nor by carrying 'the host' in procession through plague-stricken streets. Purification, cleanliness, chloride of lime and fresh water are the only sure offerings for an offended physical law. So in the moral world. The Modoc Indian, at home among the mountains, recks nothing of Atheism, or the Thirty-nine Articles, or the Synod of Dort; but he can understand the meaning of a broken pledge, of discarded faith and slighted guarantees. The patriarchal Mormon, waxing fat in the material prosperity of flocks and herds and wives, snaps his fingers at Republic, but consecrates the tables of the money-changers, and challenges its Christianity to the proof. The words that are needed to be inscribed on the Constitution of every State, on the manual of every legislative assembly, and on the conscience of every citizen, are Honesty and Honor! A French Republic may deny or reaffirm, in archives of State, the existence of a God; Republican America best shows by her fruits, by her walk among the nations, her faith that he lives and rules."

Great hearts are God's best arguments; for, at their greatest, God is greater than our hearts.

Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure, and the conquest of evil the most glorious triumph.















much of truth as they possess—no more.

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th inst. in relation to the proposed sale of the *Western* and *Northwestern* editions of the *Practical Treatise on the Diseases of the Horse*, by *William White, Chiropractor*.

Questions and Answers.

[illegible]

I am requested to visit this place, making a statement concerning my belief in matters spiritual, before my death. That would be a hard thing to do inasmuch as I find none absolutely

I think now, as I thought when you said it, that the subject of *Modern Spain* is a dangerous one, and for this reason: unless one can take up to the hilt (and honestly, and just as it is) to the things that they cannot solve. They are not at every step by something with which they are unacquainted. They are apt to get disconcerted, or what is worse, to justify themselves, even, by saying, "They are not at all as I am." I think now, as I thought when you said it, that the subject of *Modern Spain* is a dangerous one, and for this reason: unless one can take up to the hilt (and honestly, and just as it is) to the things that they cannot solve. They are not at every step by something with which they are unacquainted. They are apt to get disconcerted, or what is worse, to justify themselves, even, by saying, "They are not at all as I am."

for it demands considerable time and close attention in order to get at anything like a thorough analysis of what it is. It is a vast subject ; it is a grand subject ; it is the subject and source of many a fair, honest and sterling, therefore valuable, contribution to the literature of the nation. (Oct. 31, 1890.)

...with those they have left here. Oct. 31.  
...ance, conducted by Father Fitz gerald, re-  
...answered by "Vashti."  
**Invocation**  
...from, then Almighty King,  
...help us to praise  
...spiritual blessings,  
...and joyful work,  
...Abraham of days.

the sunshine of thy presence, of thy love, of thy wisdom, of thy power; therefore give us, O Father, and give unto us, forever and forever, oh thou, our

Q—Can individualism be acquired naturally?  
A—Yes. It is something natural—a right of God.  
Q—Does the spirit ever leave the human body?  
A—No. It is a part of the human body.  
Q—What is the meaning of that dread mystery?  
A—What is often a most daily.  
Q—What is the meaning of that dread mystery?  
A—What is often a most daily.  
Q—What is the meaning of that dread mystery?  
A—What is often a most daily.

Q.—Will our eyes ever behold that solemn mystery, or look into that Holy of Holies within our-

"Q—I find in the narrative, 'I should like to ask  
 if we can be any nearer to God at one time than  
 at another.'—A—No, not seeming nearer, yes; and in  
 fact, by that we mean to come near to an un-  
 derstanding of Godness, of truth, of love, of  
 those attributes that reach out from infinity  
 to us, and that we shall ever come nearer to  
 them. Q—Is there a multiplicity of fairs in one  
 fair?—A—To some people, there is; to others, there  
 is not. Q—Does God dwell in the human creature,  
 or not?—A—He dwells in the human creature,

Q.—I believe every-thing that is by God. —

A.—Are we to suppose that everything that is, is right?

A.—Right to the producing cause; not right to those who stand opposed to the cause—who do not understand it. It is right in one sense; it is right to get drunk and to beat his wife; in another, it is absolutely wrong.

Q.—Is not God in the man beating his wife, just as much as in the man who stands in the sacred desk to pray?

A.—Certainly. No one can disprove that fact.

When the elements, that those elements may become elaborate through which they shall rise to better things, and become ministering angels of truth.

Q.—[From the audience.] And otherwise destroyed?  
A.—[From the audience.] Yes, destroyed.  
Q.—[From the audience.] On the 13th day of  
February there was a communication given here, and  
published week before last in the Banner, pur-  
porting to come from a gentleman, of my ac-  
quaintance, now nearly sixty years of age, of  
that name, only his name is spelled differently—  
He says he never knew any one of that  
name except himself. I judge he knows very  
little about these things; but I am interested in  
ascertaining the truth. Can the individual in-  
questioned be another individual in  
Spain—the very last name?

of my friends took exception to that statement, and declared that I never was laid there; and now again they ask me to come here and state the time, as

place—Szechuan. "Thing says to Whang, "When  
me and my old friend—whang, "me and my old  
friend—Szechuan. "Thing says to Whang, "When  
the good Whang man comes for "thing to go, he go to the  
Middle man's place in the Eastern State, and  
"—send you a letter."

(7) "He goes down here [pointing to the earth].  
[Whang] says he is coming man's death. He re-  
turns down here : so Chinese man have good things  
there : no American man have Chinese man there.  
Always good. When goes out of the way, there  
be no trouble, does down here. Chinese man  
leave him here, so when Whang come there he  
leave him here : no effect, no effect, plenty  
there : big place there : no effect, no effect, plenty  
there : plenty there, good more. Whang goes  
down here."

Scence conducted by John Pierpont: letters answered by "Vashti."

[illegible][illegible]

92.10 Mrs. J. A. Pittman, 1909  
 92.11 J. E. Dorr, 1909  
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[illegible]

Brooklyn Institute, The Children's Hospital, S. Y., Brooklyn, N. Y., Progressive Lyceum, 100 West 12th St., New York, N. Y., and the Children's Hospital, S. Y., Brooklyn, N. Y.

[illegible]

ATLANTIC, Mich.—The spiritualists hold meetings Sunday in Buckle Hill, Main street. J. C. Moody, president; H. M. Smedley, Secretary; L. S. Winslow, Treasurer.

[illegible][illegible]

*Jenkins's Hall.*—Meetings at 10½ A.  
other Sunday. Speakers engaged:  
Thursday: April 6th, George A. Fuller  
; May 4th, Miss Nellie L. Davis; 18th

to the fact that the majority of the population is still illiterate, and that the majority of the population is still illiterate, and that the majority of the population is still illiterate.

**Assured to Spirit-Life:**

[illegible]

miss her bodily presence, may he feel

any section in this department will be glad to receive you. For every day of the summer, we are open to the public, and according to the season, we have a variety of goods for sale. We are open to the public, and according to the season, we have a variety of goods for sale. We are open to the public, and according to the season, we have a variety of goods for sale.

The annual meeting of the State Society will be held on Tuesday, April 24, at 10 A. M. in the hall on the business premises of the State Society. The State Society will be present. The annual meeting of the State Society will be held on Tuesday, April 24, at 10 A. M. in the hall on the business premises of the State Society. The State Society will be present. The annual meeting of the State Society will be held on Tuesday, April 24, at 10 A. M. in the hall on the business premises of the State Society. The State Society will be present.







Some friend of God in man to invest two or three thousand dollars in a bathing and magnetic healing and curative institute in St. Louis — one where spirit influence and counsel can be appreciated and applied to the restoration of health, and where the poor of both sexes can be treated without charge, and those who are able required to pay enough to keep up the institution. The

built four book-racks in each of their coaches, and a Bible can be found in each rack. We are put into the Constitution Christian train, and preachers will probably be agents on all our conveyances, and we shall have the old story, sin, death, darkness, damnation, and hell dinned into our ears at all times. With the bayonet on one side, and priests on the other, and sev-

It is announced that Gerald Massey, of England, is preparing for publication a work on Spiritualism.

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