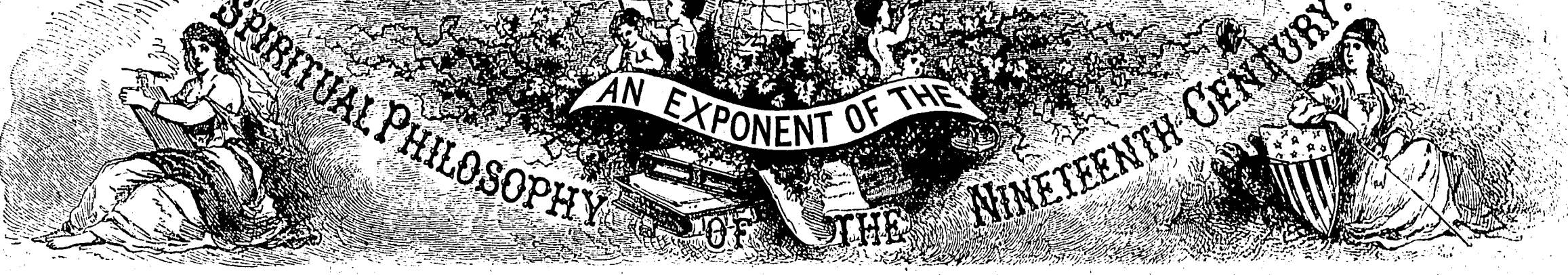


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

Written for the Banner of Light.
"NO WITNESSES."

BY S. H. BRADLEY.

"We have, and can have, no witnesses from beyond the grave. They are clothed in an impenetrable cloud; and whether they be dumb or not, they are all speechless. From them no word ever comes back to our longing hearts and listening ears. The mystery of mysteries must remain a mystery to us until we join those who have gone before, and then we, in turn, can send no message back."—New York Ledger.

When o'er the stream "the boatman pale"
Doth bear our friends away,
They come no more to those they've left,
Who mourn their night and day.

The "cloud" that hides them from our sight
Is dark with sombre gloom;
In "mystery" all things are clothed
Beyond the cheerless tomb.

To longing hearts and listening ears
No word from them doth come:
To all our calls they speechless are,
Remaining ever dumb.

A mystery it still must be,
Until we too shall go,
And then in turn no sign from us
Can reach the friends below.

Such is the faith by bigots taught,
To fill the mourner's need;
What wonder that the stricken heart
Rejects the barren creed!

"No witness from beyond the grave!"
What say the spirits bright?
"We are not dead—we still do live,
And from our homes of light."

"We come to aid the dear ones here,
Their happiness secure,
To bring a proof of future joy—
And this the promise sure!"

"In Summer-land, so bright and fair,
Where comes no wrong nor sin,
The 'mystic' voice, we'll meet once more,
And kindred greet with kin."

THE HARMONIAL CYCLOPEDIA:
A Repository of Useful Knowledge Concerning
Things and Ideas
PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

ARTICLE III.

Communism.—The incessantly tolling millions in the social organism find themselves, by force of circumstances, in a state of chronic antagonism toward the wealthy and powerful. Their interests, their tastes, their privileges, their prospects, stand in open opposition to each other. Capital tends to centralization; labor, to free distribution. Wealth seeks monopoly as its most natural fortification, and the reins of government as a means of its perpetuation; while poverty instinctively seeks freedom and democratic independence, as its most natural birthright and the only road to happiness. The first child of communism is christened "Cooperation," while the first born of wealth is called "Monopoly." The fight between these forces in society generally ends in the defeat of labor; because the centers of wealth can afford to "rest and wait," while the cooperative societies "strike and starve," and the contest ends by the surrender of dying poverty, which then yields everything—brain, bone, muscle, time, rights, principles.

Communism dreams of an equal distribution of the accumulations of generations; so that no one can be rich, while for only a brief period every one would be equally poor. Industrial and intellectual stagnation would be the immediate effect. The equal distribution of poverty is equivalent to paralysis of individual ambition for invention, conquest and emoluments. Wealth flows into reservoirs as naturally as water accumulates in lakes. The true philosophical remedy for social evils and injustice and the pains of poverty, consists in the application of the principles of love, justice, and eternal truth, to the Constitution of the general Government, and to the State laws under which society exists and civilization advances. To this end we welcome all those rebellions and threatenings of the working millions. Strikes, processions, communal outrages, international society combinations against both capital and government—all, all, are steps most indispensable to the reconstruction of Government and to the reorganization of Society upon principles of universal love, truth and justice.

Crime.—This is an effect of some cause, either immediate or remote; for it is not possible that crime is a spontaneous outgrowth of human nature. The mind, by a law of immutable growth and gravitation, goes straight to its destination. Circumstances may modify, education may restrain, interior development may change the form of the destiny; yet, by a sort of magnetic magic, the mind carries its possessor onward through space and time straight and certain to its own place. Thus every constitutional defect, like every acquired imperfection of feeling or character, will prevail and punish until it is absolutely overcome. The weeds of inherited crime spring quickly up, even in good social soil which has been carefully managed, and suddenly overtop the plants of wholesomeness and beauty. The poet Massieu thus analyzes one of the causes of crime in his "Tale of Eternity."

With bosom just a-brood o'er life-in-life,
Who in a fury-it snatched up a knife
And drove it at her husband. "Twas a bliss,
Though near enough to hear Death's arrow hiss!
She had not dived her hand in human blood,
But she had dipped her fingers in a flood
Of wrath that surged and smoked and flashed hell-flame;
Given her babe baptism in the devil's name;
Gained the pure thing of heaven a hush—
With fume o' the pit, the white star reddened through.
And from that mother-stricken life she grew
A murderer, whose own hand that mother slew."

A careful study of the causes of crime will, in the first place, exalt human nature above the degrading doctrines of innate evil. In the second place, the practical and just knowledge thus obtained, made part of public education in all schools, because inseparable from the science of society and life, will lead into that bright terrestrial era, longed and prayed for by the angels of both worlds, when men will scientifically and philanthropically overcome evil with good.

Bright's Disease.—It is gratifying to know that, at last, medical men, with the best information derived from science, observation and common sense, unite as one man against the excessive use of alcohol. They finally agree with the testimony of clairvoyants and medical mediums for the last twenty years, that liquors used internally in large quantities, irritate and congest the kidneys, and that the popular, fatal complaint called "Bright's disease" is an affection caused mainly by the excessive drinking of alcohol. Recent investigations in the metropolis have been summed up by the Scientific American as follows:

"Few are aware of the immense quantity of alcoholic liquors yearly consumed in New York. From the 1st of May, 1870, to the 30th of April, 1871, 7,410 licenses were issued for the sale of intoxicating liquors, the annual fees on which amounted to \$310,111.91. Estimating the population of the city at 1,000,000, there is one liquor saloon for every 131 inhabitants, men, women and children. If all the liquor saloons in the city could be placed side by side, they would extend a distance of twenty-six miles, or, if situated on Broadway, they would reach the whole length of the street, from the Battery to the end of the island, covering both sides of the way. Deducting the women and children who do not drink, an enormous quantity of liquor must be annually consumed by the remaining men, in order to support 7,410 saloons. Whiskey is the ordinary beverage drunk, and its effect on the kidneys is shown above. The records of the New York Hospital show that over fifty per cent. of the cases yearly admitted for treatment were caused by intemperance in the use of alcoholic beverages."

Now, it is nothing less than moral darkness and social madness to perpetuate the manufacture and free drinking of alcohol. A government, either local or general, that lives upon revenues derived from the sale of this universal evil, is certain to end in bloodshed. In religion, it is hypocrisy of the darkest character; and such a religion will vanish in the blaze of its own merited punishment. The poor of the world are made poorer, and the wretchedness of the world is multiplied a thousand-fold, because both Church and State clasp and fold their hands piously and smilingly over the alcoholic hell beneath them! How long will such a Religion and such a Government continue to blight and corrupt mankind?

Altruism.—To profess to be what you know you are not, is to practice the vice of hypocrisy, which will soon become a source of torture. You wear a mask to deceive your fellows. You wish and study to appear wiser, or richer, or greater, or better than you are! How long can you keep up this fraud and dissimulation? It is a cloak easily torn—a vice and a crime certain to be found out; when, with speechless mortification, you will find that the hypocrisy of seeming to be good, or rich, or great, or wise, is infinitely blacker than the faults of misfortune, or than the evils of a bad organization, with which so many worthy persons are characterized through life. If there were no certain continuation of individual memory and consciousness, it might be possible for some persons to practice hypocrisy and escape final detection. But the future existence is as certain as the present; so it is certain that, sooner or later, all men will come face to face with their own past career, and be then and there rewarded or punished "according to the deeds done in the body."

Accuracy.—Men take a natural pride in being in the right, or rather, they wish to be believed as though they were true and reliable, even if the facts be otherwise. This innate passion for accuracy is prophetic of the coming excellence in human nature. The non-fulfillment of a prediction, as in the case of Jonah, even when the prophecy covers great disasters and suffering, is a source of vexation and disappointment. Such a prophet is angry and mortified, first, because the information communicated was inaccurate; next, because the prediction was in its every word erroneous; next, because the people would laugh at him for making the proclamation; lastly, because the failure throws a doubt over the entire profession of foretelling future events. Few men can bear the imputation of ignorance and dishonesty. They would rather be knowing and accurate than kind or good. This state is savage and cruel. But there is in time coming a sure progress into truth and right, founded upon a sincere love of what is intrinsically just and permanent.

Conjugal love.—Beyond yourself is your other self, from whom either happiness or misery is possible. Spirit is superior to the coupling halbits of animals. Feminine and masculine stand for principles and ideas. "Call no man master," is the spirit's command to woman. "Honor, love and obey" is possible only within the paradise of unselfish purity. Inferiority of the woman, and superiority of the man, are teachings of a barbarous era. In true conjugal love each heart is to the other "all the world." To love wisely is to practice the religion of eternity. Men and women who meet, and love, and hate, and abandon each other, are but apprentices and blundering servants in the temple of life. The universal dual conflict between the masculine and the feminine, is terrible; nothing less than a war of conquest between two equally armed powers, to overcome and enslave. Selfishness is the foundation of all such wars. The heavily married often begin by adoring; the cares of life tone enthusiasm to mutual respect and endurance; a quarrel, a fighting, and a miserable period is lived through; personal peculiarities and special rights become less prominent and less imperative; society keeps its omnipresent police (fashion and gossip) stationed near the garden gate and front door; religion, with its Sunday school, subdues the wife and children; habit conquers the husband and father; they privately look

and laugh at each other; they wonder how they could ever have loved each other so much, since it is now almost second nature to dwell together and love so little; then the heart wants to grow remarkably still, or they are mute with despair; worldly ambitions and sensuous tastes preponderate over the original want and wish for love; a hell tolls over the sacred temple—one is looking into heaven!

The wings of progress are spread over the slumbering spirit; the daily, never-ending conflict between the customarily married is at an end; the ascending one awaits the descending gods, with whom a new career is about to be opened; and so ends the superficial conjugalities of farmer, peasant, merchant, mechanic, lord, priest, king; so fade the dreams of housekeepers, servants, seamstresses, ladies, teachers, queens. Meanwhile the truly conjugal live on and love on, gratefully and faithfully, as when first they clasped hands at the altar and promised mutual affection and equal protection in the presence of witnesses. The true marriages, which constantly exist and occur here and there in the social organism, hold up before the eyes of all men the true standard, whereby all error and injustice between men and women, either married or single, are justly rebuked and everlastingly condemned.

Charity.—Human nature instinctively dreads poverty. Pity is the first feeling awakened toward the subject of charity. And pity is no more like sympathy than toleration is like the enthusiastic welcome of unrestrained hospitality. Charity is not benevolence, any more than impulsive generosity is uniformly just. Benevolence would, if it could have its natural way, destroy the causes of poverty; while Charity would, from mixed feelings of pity and pride, build great hospitals, and thus keep the very poor forever in the world. The productive race of mendicants is fed and clothed by the periodical discharges of religious duty. Duty is an obligation imposed upon you by institutionalized custom and circumstances. If you could avoid it, and not lose position, you would not discharge it at all; and yet, because before mankind you faithfully "do your duty," you pride yourself, and expect great reward in heaven! One act of benevolence, which is invariably born out of the heart's love of good for its own sake, is worth more than a thousand acts of charity. The poor will never cease out of the world so long as orthodox religion teaches the duty of charity as a palliative remedy. Benevolence, which is much higher than charity as bread is superior to a stone, will make extreme poverty impossible in the coming time.

Conscience.—Self-made men, as the saying is, are persons who have worked their own way through greatest obstacles to a position of equality with the best. They are usually possessed of a sound article of conscience—self-made, like the rest of the character—which is not often obedient to popular standards. These are the minds who promote the world's progress. They institute new laws, inculcate new morals, generate new maxims, and fill the air with new revelations of truth and principles.

But all manufactured men inherit consciences to correspond. Their ideas of right coincide exactly with the prevailing definition of right. If they be Jews by birth, it is right to underrate the Christians; if Christians by birth, it is equally right to oppose and berate the Jews. If they be born in slaveholding countries, it is right to perpetuate slavery; if freedmen by birth, it is right to pronounce eternal condemnation upon slaveholders. If born into the lap of Roman Catholicity, it is right to curse and destroy all dissenters as enemies of God; if born among hot-blooded Protestants, it is right to slander the ancient church by calling it the "whore of Babylon." Thus, all through and through the world, what men call "conscience" is a manufactured article, an inheritance, like the color of your hair and eyes, and as blind as learned ignorance always is as to what is in reality right and wrong.

And yet, deeper than all transmitted qualities and bias, is intuition; of which Washington said: "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience." This innate wisdom is beneath every man's inherited ideas of right and wrong. It is a dangerous power in the spirit. You cannot reason it down to death. After a prolonged silence, it arises in its own might, and by its internal condemnation makes a strong man feeble. When inspired by its approbation, one man can put ten thousand to flight. One man with a clear intuition of Right on his side is sustained as by the strong arm of Omnipotence. It is important, therefore, to know whether your views of right and wrong arrived with your blood, or from the fountain of all spirit—the infinite source of every good and perfect gift.

Action.—Activity may be nothing, but lack of self-government. Great mental activity is frequently compensated for by physiological indolence. A truly industrious person is seldom impulsive, or merely active. A change of position or employment for a brief period is all the rest such a person asks. But an idle character is restless, active in useless ways, egotistic, proud, untruthful, tricky, unprincipled.

Action, if suddenly arrested, develops heat and fire. Light, electricity, magnetism, psychic force, gravitation, come from a mass whose component atoms have been suddenly arrested in the sphere of its greatest velocity. This principle works alike in matter and in mind. You cannot impart an idea (i. e., develop light) to a mind until you arrest that mind's attention. When, in other words, you arrest motion, you evolve light. The saying is verified, "Still waters run deep." A too active mentality, while it is called "talented" and "smart," is punished in the end with superficiality and the disabilities of disease. But no forgiveness can be promised to the persistently idle either in body or mind. It is not only a fraud deliberately practiced against those who are compelled to work, but the condition of indolence is one in which all good principles stagnate until they breed spiritual darkness and corruption.

Literary Department.

THE OLD ORGAN; OR, THE WHITE SWAN'S DYING SONG.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY GRACE LELAND.

CHAPTER V.

On paralytic of a miserable man,
How many among us at this very hour
Do force a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true;
Here through the feeble twilight of this world
Glimping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!

—Tennyson.

A twofold existence,
I am where thou art;
My heart, in the distance,
Beats close to thy heart.

—SIR E. B. LYTON.

The twilight of that day seemed peculiarly a holy one. "It followed one of the most beautiful sunsets which was ever hung in the great gallery of Nature—that most magnificent of all studios, which is as free to the poor as to the rich. That great artist, who never repeats herself, who surprises us continually with her fresh and varying inspirations, is not niggardly of her teachings, but she whispers these inspirations to the humblest soul that will hush the grosser, harsher voices of his lower nature, so that he can listen to her still small voice."

My uncle and aunt had gone out to spend the evening with a neighbor, and the great house was still even than its wont. Mr. Lyne and I had been filling our souls with the beauty of the sunset, and as the twilight shades deepened we walked slowly back and forth through the great hall, stopping now and then at either door to look upon Mr. Tamar as she seemed to withdraw into the shadows, or to enjoy the air as it reached us from the garden laden with the fragrance of its flowers.

Our words were few because our hearts were so full. What I had been able to experience with a few dear friends in a limited way, I enjoyed largely with Mr. Lyne at times—that close, true spirit-communion, which seeks for no words, which needs no outward expression. Soul spoke, soul listened; soul answered; and only those who are able to talk to the angels do, can understand the thrill of pure delight which such soul-communion brings. He had grasped my hand, and we were walking thus hand in hand through the hall, when suddenly, as we were near the foot of the staircase, there floated out on the still air sweet sounds of melody which transfused us to the spot! Surely I had heard those strains before! It was the same mysterious music to which I had listened, years previous, in the far valley of the Housatonic! Mr. Lyne had taken my other hand in his; and we stood thus, his head bowed a little as he gazed into my face, and my eyes, upturned to his. As the sweet harmony stole forth from that mysterious upper room, and unfolded from its intricate chords the same tale of love which I had partially interpreted at that other time, the whole meaning now filled my soul, and his eyes—Mr. Lyne's—looking into mine, repeated the tale. On those invisible chords of angelic music he poured forth his hitherto unspoken affection. I could no longer look into his eyes, and as mine drooped, and dropped the burning tears, he drew me close to him, and his heart in its strong regular pulsations repeated the story which I had refused to read from his eloquent eyes. And it was thus he told me of his love.

Again I could not say how long the music continued. It entered my soul with its new meaning like a holy baptism. It seemed to me that there and then heaven and earth touched, and blended in perfect harmony. When it ceased, neither of us, for a few moments, broke the holy stillness which followed. Then Mr. Lyne led me to the garden door, and seating me beside him, said, in low, earnest tones—

"Florence, my heart spoke to yours. Did you hear it?"

"Yes."

"My own precious darling!"

"That was all he said. We understood each other."

The moon looked down upon us as if pronouncing a benediction on our heads, and it seemed that the flowers wafted a sweeter incense even than their wont from their tiny altars, meek for this holy hour.

At last I said, "Now please tell me the story of the old organ."

"Yes, this is the time for it," he answered, and soon he proceeded:

"Your grandfather, as you know, died before your birth. He was quite wealthy, but a short time before his death he met with great losses which necessitated the sale of the homestead. My father bought it on certain conditions—that the place should be retained in its original form as far as possible—only the necessary repairs being made—that two chambers, the large room over the parlor, and the smaller guest-chamber near by, should be reserved, and kept locked and undisturbed; and that as soon as either of the brothers should have possessed of the requisite means to do so, he should have the privilege of re-purchasing the property."

I remember the awe with which in my childhood I used to look upon those locked doors, and I sometimes accidentally overheard snatches of mysterious remarks, which but increased my curiosity; but it was not till I was a boy in my teens that the mystery was solved. Then I heard some of those wonderful strains to which we have just listened, and I went to my mother for an explanation. She told me the story, and I have since heard it more in detail from other lips.

More than forty years ago, when your father and his three brothers were all young men, the

eldest, your uncle Joshua, who had been married several years, and the next in age, Charles, were at home, assisting your grandfather in carrying on this great farm. Your father had finished his collegiate course, was married, and had settled in Boston. Frank, the youngest brother, was away at school. Your aunt Melvina had gone to the spirit-land three years before. Charles was passionately fond of music, and he owned the organ, which was at that time an unusually fine instrument. He taught himself to use it, and after working on the farm all day he would often spend half the night with his beloved music.

There was a young girl in the neighborhood, named Maude Lindsey, to whom Charles was deeply attached. She was an orphan, and had been adopted by one of the neighboring farmers, when quite a child. She was a very peculiar girl, and yet in some respects very lovely. "She was beautiful," she had that rare complexion in which the rose and the lily blend, and her hair had a tinge of the sunset—just enough of the golden or autumn hue to make it matchless in its beauty. You see that she had the sanguine temperament, with which the nervous blended; and this brilliant combination of temperaments, wanting the strength and fortitude which the bilious temperament gives, is, under unfavorable circumstances, often a fatal one. Persons possessing this combination of temperaments often die early, if great sorrow comes upon them, because the heart, from its exceeding activity, wears out too soon.

But little was known of Maude Lindsey's earliest years. She was of respectable parentage; and her mother had been a noted singer. Maude possessed an unusually rich, musical voice, and was by far the finest soprano singer in this vicinity. Papers which were found after her death, revealed the fact that the poor child, in her longings to cultivate her fine musical talent, had made herself wretched. She longed to learn to play, for the music in her soul oppressed, and almost overwhelmed her. She yearned, as only a child of genius can, to express her soul in music. But feeling, perhaps even too deeply, her indebtedness to those who had befriended her when a lone, friendless child, and knowing that their limited means could not procure for her an instrument, and feeling her strength already failing under her self-imposed tasks, by which she hoped to relieve them from the burden of her support, she hid these longings in her heart, and spent hours at night weeping bitter tears that no one suspected. Had she intimated her desire to learn to play, Charles would have been but too glad to be her instructor, and his organ would have been ever at her service, while she would very soon have become his teacher in turn. He had invited her, again and again, to come in and use his organ, as freely as if it were her own, but she was strangely proud, and had never so much as pressed its keys.

I think there must have been also another reason for this. I can see how a peculiar nature like hers could not endure to give merely a slight vent to those musical inspirations of her soul. She knew well that if she gave them any vent at all, such would be the power of those long pent surges of melody, that they would burst all barriers, and flood her whole soul, so that the practical duties of life would become intolerable to her. Hers was a morbid nature. Could she have had some one who understood her, to lead her through the intricate ways of her life, she would, in giving vent to this music which filled her soul even to agony, have developed into a noble, harmonious woman. But the poor child had no one to lead her. No one understood the strange windings, and deep, hidden, recesses of her nature; and so she went on, facing the great sorrow of her life alone and silently, dying—slowly, but surely dying! This repressed music flowed out ever in the rhythm of motion. She was so graceful in every movement, that in the rare moments when she seemed to understand each other, Charles used sometimes, playfully, to call her "the White Swan." Alas! he little thought that the ancient tradition of that beautiful bird was so soon to be fulfilled in Maude's own death!

When, at last, Maude discovered that she loved Charles Kingsley, I can well understand the wretchedness which must have followed. You, with your fine intuitions, can see how, in her morbid mental condition, she must have tormented herself with alternate hopes and fears. True, he had expressed his affection for her in every way possible, excepting in a formal declaration, and that he did not do this also, was owing wholly to her conduct, which was to him and to others wholly inexplicable; for, blinded by her own fears, she could not see that love which was so apparent to others. She was seldom in his presence her true self. Her assumed indifference, and even coldness of manner toward him, would certainly have changed his feelings toward her, had it not been for the occasional glimpses of her real self, which, flashing out at times, surprised and delighted him. Could she only have been true to herself, and to him, and have been more natural, she would have saved them both much bitter sorrow. You can see how deeply such a soul as hers must have loved, and under the circumstances how hopelessly! This music, this poetry of her nature, ever repressed, and shut back upon itself, growing thus intense beyond the power of language to portray, found its only expression in her love for him, and thus deepened and intensified that sentiment till it gained the mastery of her spirit. Blended with all this were the natural reserve, and pride, and timidity of her nature, and you can easily see how these acted upon each other, till her young life held such a world of woe that we do not wonder at what followed.

Still I think that her reserve in not accepting his offer of the use of his organ, would have soon worn away, seconded as his kindness was by her own intense desire, had not such a decided misunderstanding finally arisen between them, as for a time to put aside the possibility of this. The misunderstanding was caused wholly by her own perverse conduct. Each, at last, was fully convinced of the indifference of the other, and though the outward

appearance of courtesy, and even friendship, was continued, each laid deep in the heart a woe unutterable that the other did not read.

This matter stood, and Charles had owned his organ but a few months, when one evening, Maude, with several other young ladies and gentlemen, was invited to her. It was said that never had she looked so radiant, beautiful as on that evening. The color in her cheeks and lips had for several months grown deeper and richer, and her bright eyes had grown brighter, till her friends looked upon her as a perfect being. But she felt, day by day, the secret pain working steadily at her heart, and its strange, irregular action, in the quick, unsteady gasps that no one noticed, and she knew he was doing his work slowly but surely. She was glad to have it so. A few papers found after her death revealed these hidden feelings, which no one had suspected while she lived.

She was strangely beautiful that evening. And when Charles played the organ, and they all joined in singing, sweet and thrilling was Maude's soprano, that one by one the other voices were hushed, till she sang alone, and all listened as if entranced. At last the color in her cheeks went and came again, alternating with a deadly pallor. Her eyes seemed searching for some far-off object, and her face, and whole mind took on something unearthly, yet at the same time impressively beautiful.

Charles could not see the change which had come over her, as he sat at the organ, idly touching a few chords, in the pause which followed. He was thinking that her singing was fit for heaven itself, and how she might make for him a heaven on earth, if she could only reciprocate his faithful love for her. His heart was heavy and sad, and unconsciously he struck chords which echoed his feelings in that moment of distraction.

Suddenly she laid her hand lightly on his, and looked into his eyes with an expression in her own which he had never seen there before; and the two words reached his ears alone—“Charles, I have something to say to you. Listen!”

Obeying her gesture rather than her words, he arose, and she seated herself at the organ.

The notes came first in a sweet ripple of music, as if it expressed the pure, glowing happiness of childhood; then a heart-broken wail crept in, and you could almost have seen the motherless child, looking out into the cold, bleak desert of her life, with frightened eyes and shivering soul. Then came strains of such heavenly melody as could come only from the invisible harp of angels. Its burden was *Love—Love*, so pure, so full, so deep, intense, and yet so *lovely*, that every one listened, breathless and awe-struck. Through it all there ran a pathos of sorrow, an undercurrent of heart-break, which none could fail to perceive. At last she sang, in sweet and clear tones, such as none there had ever listened to before, these verses, which burned themselves into Charles's memory, so that, in the years that followed, he recalled from line by line, and wrote them down. He allowed time to copy them years ago, and I will repeat them:

They are calling, calling,
They are calling me away;
They have come with words of greeting,
And I can no longer stay;
Oh, how I wish to see of mine,
How they dwell on my face;
Till I see those answering eyes,
And I know I have found mine.
They are coming, coming, coming,
Now to hear me on my way;
I can see the shining portals,
Leading to the realm of day;
Oh, that I could see them now,
Grateful will it be to me;
Sweet to see on angel's face,
From the earth's gates far away;
Still they call me, still they call me,
And these earthly things away;
From these dark and dreary shadows,
To the bright and radiant day;
Oh, how I wish to see of mine,
How they dwell on my face;
Till I see those answering eyes,
And I know I have found mine.
I will come to thee in due time,
I will walk beside thee ever;
I will be near thee in the night,
I will be near thee in the day;
As they are calling, calling,
All my doubts are put to flight;
Oh, the peace beyond expressing,
For no more will I be night;
I am going, going, going,
To the land where angels dwell;
Weep not! I will be near thee,
Loved of earth, farewell—farewell!

Her voice was singularly clear throughout, and every word was distinctly heard. All in the room, save Charles, listened as in a maze, knowing not what it all meant. He knew that he was listening to her life, thus set to music, and that its hidden meaning was for him alone. To him, every sound conveyed its full significance; its import, which they could not grasp, reached his heart; and now, at last, now, when all too late, he saw the depth and richness of her nature, and the fullness and intensity of her love for him! At last, he saw it all; but he knew, even then, that on that sea of exquisite melody, her soul was soaring out of his reach; the spirit was being severed from the body, to be broken away from earth, from his harsh discords and painful realities, thus to soar on music's wings to the better land, whose harmony knew only his radiant note! He felt this then, as he listened, knowing that she was slipping away from him, and yet knowing that Death, in taking her, would take her all his own! He was strangely calm, he thought only of what she was; of her love for him, of what she had suffered, and of the rest which awaited her just beyond those radiant, full moments. The time had not come yet, when he could think of himself; that came afterward!

As she ceased her singing, her fingers still wandered over the keys, bringing out a wonderful harmony and beauty from every touch, till, with a strain of music fit indeed to bear the soul to the portals of heaven, she closed this wonderful improvisation—*Her own life-song*. Her hands fell wearily, and she sank, gasping, into Charles's outstretched arms. He pressed his lips to hers in a fervent, lingering kiss, which revealed his long-hidden love for her, and her lips returned the pressure. They understood each other at last! In that passionate kiss, their souls were wedded, and even death could never separate them.

Tenderly he laid her on the couch near by. She was dead!

You have already seen the beautiful monument at her grave in the cemetery, placed there by Charles himself. He mourned for her as if she had been his wife.

He never touched the organ keys after her death. He could not endure that other fingers should press the keys which had answered to her dying touch, making the air holy with harmonies from the spirit-land. He locked the organ, and carried the key in his pocket to this day. He returned from her funeral to that room, and spent hours there whose record is known only to himself and the angels, and to Him who knoweth all our hearts. Then he locked the door, with the request that the room, which had been his own study and music-room, might be regarded as sacred from all intrusion. His request has been scrupulously heeded by all, and the room is now as it was that evening forty years ago.

Charles could not remain at home after that. He went to the far West. In the course of a year, his father lost his property and was obliged to sell the homestead. Charles came on at once, and reserved the room endeared to him by such sacred associations. My father's family made no use of the guest-chamber adjoining, and that was also kept locked. The reason of this was that strains of music had already been heard from the closed room, and but few persons dared to occupy a room so near the haunted chamber.

A few months after this your grandfather passed to the spirit-land from your father's home in Boston. Your Uncle Joshua had purchased the farm in Vermont, where you have often visited him. Your Uncle Frank was just entering the ministry. From time to time, ever since Maude passed away so strangely, have those beautiful strains astonished the ears of listeners. It is not often that the whole is heard, as we have just listened to it. Only once before have I heard it the same, which I know to be the whole from the perfect finish of the composition.

“Mr. Lynde, I have heard it all once before!”

“Yes, years ago, while I was at my sister's home, on the banks of the Housatonic.”

“When was it?”

“It was the 15th of June, in 1863.”

“At twilight?”

“Yes.” And I told Mr. Lynde what you already know, reader.

For reply he repeated these lines of Tennyson:

“Dear friend, far off, my last desire,
So far, so near, in words and deed,
Oh, loved the more when most I feel
Thine is a lower and higher;
Known and unknown, human and divine,
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
Dear, heavenly friend, that canst not die,
Mine, mine, forever, ever mine!”

There followed a silence which all lovers will understand, which Mr. Lynde interrupted by saying:

“You heard it with me! I remember the date well. I was alone in the house at the time. I was looking into the future, picturing a home of my own, and that home's presiding genius, I knew that I had never met that angel, but I felt she was walking somewhere in the earth-paths, and that the Good Father would direct our steps to each other in his own good time.”

“Perhaps,” I said after a pause, and hesitating a little, “it was you who stood on the seashore four years ago, on the 21st day of August?”

“Let me see,” said he, “yes, I remember, well that afternoon, and the unutterable things that old ocean told me. But what do you know of it, dear child?”

“Truly know that while absorbed in a little lively discussion with some young friends concerning a matter of needlework, I suddenly found myself, in spirit, on the seashore. The great ocean lay before me, dotted with its white sails. I watched the waves as they rolled up on the beach, and listened to the voice of the sea. The cool breeze from the water swept over my forehead, and I even rejoiced in the salt odor of old ocean's breath, which had not in its freshness reached me all summer. I was certain, at the time, that some one with whom I was at that moment *en rapport* stood on the beach, enjoying the view; but I supposed it was some friend whom I already knew. I mentioned it afterward to several of my friends, and ascertained that it was with none of them that I shared the scene.”

“Did you recognize a human presence there?”

“No; I seemed to be alone. I thought I was, for the moment, absorbed in or blended with that other soul that touched mine from afar.”

“Strange!” said Mr. Lynde, “strange how closely we have walked together in spirit, while so far apart and unknown to each other!”

Again there was a pause, which I interrupted:

“Poor Uncle Charles! I knew there was a grave in his heart, but I did not dream of all this!”

“There has been a resurrection there. He holds things now as dead, an angel presence. He walks no more through life. Yet he is happier away from here, and he does not visit the homestead often. He was very anxious to re-purchase the property long before your father did so, but he has always been unfortunate in his business relations, as you know, and loses his wealth as fast as he gains it. Yet steadily, year by year, he amasses that spiritual wealth which cannot be taken away. He has much treasure awaiting him in heaven.”

“You know him well, do you not?”

“Yes; we have corresponded for years, and the story I have told you I heard from his own lips. He has spoken to me of you, Florence, and made me desirous, years ago, to know you. How your spirit must have drawn me to these old hills this summer,” he continued, “for I was intending to visit the Adirondacks, which I have not yet seen. I had sketched the beauties of this fine old town pretty thoroughly during my long residence here; but in a manner wholly inexplicable to myself, I suddenly changed my plans, and determined to pass the summer here, if I could induce Aunt Ruth to take a boarder.”

“But I was not here then?”

“No, but you were thinking of coming. And if it were not your spirit which directly attracted me, I believe it was some good angel who wished to see us happy in each other. Perhaps it was the loving Maude herself who whispered it to me.”

Another pause crept in, which he finally brought to a close by the question:

“Of what is my darling thinking now?”

“I was thinking, Mr. Lynde.”

“Not Mr. Lynde, Florence. I want to hear my other name, Chester, always from your lips.”

“I was thinking, Chester,” I said, with a little diffidence, for I had uttered that name only in the deep silences of my own heart. “I was thinking that you were like the strong oak; and I was reminded of an old oak tree that gave me strength once in a time of need.”

“Tell me about it.”

“You have heard me speak of my sister May, who is married and lives several miles out of town? She has been a great sufferer physically for years. At last a surgical operation was inevitable. My parents and I went out, in company with a surgeon, from Boston, to be with her. I can hardly endure to think, now, of those dreadful hours through which we passed so calmly then. I assisted with my own hands, and when consciousness returned to her—for of course she inhaled ether—I drove out from my face all traces of the pain and horror, so that she might not guess what that hour had been. I always go to my parents, especially to my mother, for comfort and strength under all trying circumstances, but I knew well, then, that the trial was even more bitter for them, if possible, and they would need all their strength for themselves. So I went out into the cold, piercing blasts of that December day, to draw from Nature the strength which I must have to enable me to go on with my duties, for I was to remain and take care of my sister for a few days. Everything looked so cheerless, as though mirroring my own weary soul. But I knew there was help hidden some-

where for me under Nature's bleak face, and I was determined to find it. So I went out, taking deep draughts of oxygen, and searching for all the beauty that glimmered out from the winter landscape. I remember how peaceful and white the distant spires gleamed from the villages in sight, and the sunshine was full of blessing. I saw an old oak tree in the distance, defying the rough blasts, and I hastened to it. It seemed to draw me to it with a strange, silent power. Its dead leaves, as I reached it, seemed to whisper comfort. I put my hand on its mossy trunk, and looked up into its branches with such a feeling of weary helplessness that the tears rushed over my cheeks. It seemed to me that that old oak was almost human, as it ministered to my need then, for I grew calm and strong and brave, and was ready to take up my duties again with renewed courage. Yes, and more than this; it seemed to me that I drew that strength through the medium of the oak tree, from some human soul afar off—some one whom perhaps I did not know, and never might know, but yet a soul so strong and so true as to be able to give me of its strength! In my heart I thanked that unknown helper, and prayed that the blessing of heaven might ever rest on him, or her, for I knew not which it was.”

“When did you have this experience?”

“I remember the exact day. It was the 14th of December, 1867.”

“Let me look in my memorandum book,” said Mr. Lynde, “I had an experience about that time, the date of which I wrote here.”

“I will get a candle,” I said, rising; but he held me back, saying:

“No, thank you; this bright moonlight will be sufficient. Yes,” said he, after looking a moment, “here is the date, ‘December 14th, 1867.’ Now listen, little one, while I give you my share in that same experience.”

Business called me to Florida that winter. I was spending a few days in an out-of-the-way place on the banks of the St. John. It was a lovely spot, and I had sketched several views in that vicinity. I was busy on the most beautiful view I had found yet, and, dropping my pencil, I allowed myself to enter into the mood of Nature as I found her then and there. I seemed to penetrate into the inner sanctuary of her soul, and drank deep draughts from her inspiring influences. My soul was full of this harmony of Nature. The peculiar haze, and dreamy, poetic softness of that Florida atmosphere, seemed to mellow me down, till I became, as it were, a part of that great power which Nature was uttering, and to which, doubtless, even the angels were listening.

Suddenly I was conscious of a human soul—whether near or afar, I could not tell—that needed some of this beauty, some of this harmony. I felt that unknown spirit struggling with destiny, almost falling beneath a burden too heavy to bear; it seemed to be calling to me from depths of woe, for a helping hand, for a ray of comfort, and involuntarily I opened my arms, as if to take the weary, suffering one to a haven of rest and safety, and repeated aloud this little hymn:

I heard the call, oh, unknown child of sorrow!
Thou'rt weary, and I fain would give thee rest;
Oh, take from my full soul, and thus the morrow
May dawn for thee in brighter colors dressed.
Canst thou not see, though falling tears are falling,
That brighter days will surely give thee rest?
Canst thou not hear, even now, the angels calling,
Canst thou not yet God's hidden mercy see?

Dear child, whoever thou art, I give thee blessing;
Drink deep of all this love and harmony;
Here's life and strength for thee; then, onward pressing,
Life shall yield up its hidden sweets to thee.”

Mr. Lynde ceased. When I could speak, I said: “And those echoes from afar reached me, and helped me!”

“Yes, darling; and through life may I thus catch every pang as soon as it is felt, and give you gladness and peace in its place. It shall be my study to make life more beautiful and bright to you than ever before, my own little Florence!”

Reader, I will not transcribe this conversation further, because there was nothing said afterward but what belongs so exclusively to the communion of lovers, that those of you who have had experience in that line can easily imagine its purport, and the few who have not are doubtless looking forward to it, so I will not take from the reality awaiting them its charm of novelty.

I said to Chester, the next day:

“We speak of hearing ‘the old organ,’ but it cannot be that the instrument itself is used in producing that exquisite melody. The organ we listened to must have been made of matter too highly etherialized, or sublimated, even to be visible to mortal eyes, and yet the sounds certainly proceeded from that closed room upstairs.”

“Yes; the music is evidently produced there,” he answered; “in what manner, it would be difficult for us to understand. There may be still floating in the atmosphere, and around the objects in that room, and especially about the old organ, a peculiar magnetism which spirits can make use of in producing those harmonies. This is probably the case; still the question *how* it is done, remains unanswered.”

“I can see now,” I observed, “why I never questioned you or any one else in regard to the story of the organ. Many times I was on the point of asking, but I always checked myself with, ‘Not now! wait awhile!’—I am glad I heard the music before hearing the story.”

When I returned home, early in September, Chester Lynde accompanied me. I would like to tell you some of the pleasant incidents which occurred during the few days he passed with us, and also some things relating to my own happy home, and the dear home-circle, besides some of the experiences of those poor people whom my father made happy, by sending them into the country for a few weeks—but I fear your patience is exhausted, and if not, my time certainly is. You would not be surprised at this, if you knew what a quantity of sewing I have to accomplish before next Christmas!

CALIFORNIA.

Congratulatory Resolutions.

Messrs. Editors.—Hon. J. M. Peebles has just left us after delivering a highly successful course of lectures in Mercantile Library Hall, giving great satisfaction to our people, who turned out in large numbers to hear him. At the close of the lecture, last Sunday evening, the following resolutions were presented, and unanimously adopted by the Society:

Resolved, That we, the undersigned, well known in this country and Europe as a lecturer, traveler, and author of several books, has publicly ministered to us for several Sundays in Mercantile Library Hall to the satisfaction and edification of large audiences; and,

Resolved, Accompanied by his friend, Dr. E. C. Dunn, he is now on his way to fill lecturing engagements in Australia, with the ulterior purpose of visiting China, India, Egypt and other portions of the East; therefore,

Resolved, That our best wishes for health and success attend him during his journeyings in foreign lands.

Resolved, That, returning freighted with lessons of wisdom from the Eastern countries, he be invited to revisit California, spending such time in lecturing upon this Coast as conditions and circumstances may warrant.

ALBERT KENDRICK, President.
GEORGE W. LEWIS, Secretary San Francisco Spiritualists' Union.
San Francisco, Sept. 12th, 1872.

The Lecture Room.

The Evidences of Christianity Compared with the Evidences of Spiritualism.

A LECTURE BY WILLIAM DENTON,
Delivered in Music Hall, Boston, Mass.
Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.

THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

The evidences of the truth of Christianity are generally considered by the Orthodox to be so strong that God can justly consign the rejecters of it, who have heard them, to endless misery. It may be well, this afternoon, to consider what these evidences are, and contrast them with those that we have for Spiritualism, which the Orthodox so generally reject, and whose advocates they so strongly denounce.

Christianity depends upon Jesus. Take him away, and we have a morality common to all religions and superstitions that cultivated and unbiased reason would instantly reject, but no Christianity. Christianity also depends upon the Messiahship of Jesus—that he was the Christ, the anointed, the sent, the set apart by God to be the Saviour of all mankind. Take this from Jesus, and we have a half crazy fanatic, but no Christ, and consequently, no Christianity. The evidences of modern Christianity should include, first, clear evidence of the existence of Jesus; second, proof that he was the Christ; and, third, that the Christianity of the so-called Christian churches is that which Jesus himself taught.

Few Christians are aware how little evidence we possess of the existence of the individual called Jesus. I have no doubt whatever that a man lived, and preached, and was crucified in Judea, over eighteen hundred years ago; that was the nucleus around which Christianity grew; and yet, when I come to look at the historical evidence of the matter, I am not at all astonished that many intelligent men to-day deny that any such person ever had an existence on this planet. They class him with Romulus and Remus, Hercules, Orpheus and Bacchus. I believe that an individual called Jesus existed, about whom the stories contained in the New Testament were gathered; but, apart from the New Testament, it is really surprising how slight is the evidence we have that any such individual ever existed. We have, apart from the New Testament, no testimony from any one that ever saw him, or that ever saw any one who had seen him. If Jesus did the most marvelous deeds that were ever done on this planet; if his friends, his death, and his resurrection were accompanied by such wonderful and miraculous events as the gospels teach, and these in a densely populated country, and among a people who, as a class, were about as intelligent as any at that time on the globe, this is indeed surprising.

Flavius Josephus, the Jewish historian, was born about the time that Jesus died. Many of his friends must have been living at the time that Jesus was preaching in Judea, and performing his wonderful miracles. He wrote a history of the Jewish nation, from the earliest times to his own day, in which he refers to all the remarkable events that had transpired, and yet he never says one word about Jesus or his disciples, neither does he mention the name Christian. And this is the more surprising, because he was not a bigoted Jew, but a man whose mind had been expanded by a knowledge of the general literature of his time, and by intercourse with the Romans, by whom he was highly esteemed, and among whom he lived at the time when his history was written. Before he was thirty years old, he was appointed Governor of Galilee, the very province where Jesus was born, and where many of his “mighty works” were accomplished, if the New Testament tells us the truth. It is true that we find, in our common editions of Josephus, something said of Jesus, but we also have reason to know that this is a Christian forgery. Let me read you the statement:

“At this time there exists Jesus, a wise man—if he allowed us to call him a man; for he performed wonderful works, and instructed those who received the truth with great joy. He thus drew to him many Jews and many of the Greeks. He was the Christ. Pilate having punished him with crucifixion, on the accusation of our leading men, those who had loved him before still remained faithful to him. For on the third day he appeared unto them, living anew, just as the prophets of God had announced, who had predicted of him few thousand other miraculous things. The nation of Christians, named after him, continues even to the present day.”

This passage, as Anthon in his Classical Dictionary says, “placed in the middle of a work written by a zealous Jew, has all the appearance of a marginal gloss which has found its way into the text; it is too long and too short to have formed part of the original text. It is too long to have come from the pen of an infidel, and it is too short to have been written by a Christian. St. Justin, Tertullian and St. Chrysostom have made no use of it in their disputes with the Jews; and neither Origen nor Photius make any mention of it.”

Gibbon tells us that it “was inserted into the text of Josephus, between the time of Origen and that of Eusebius, and may furnish us with an example of no vulgar forgery.” It is rejected by the best Christian critics; among them Ittigius, Le Clerc, Bishop Warburton, Lardner, the great Christian evidence writer, and Adam Clarke, the Methodist commentator. Eusebius in the fourth century is the first to quote it, and it is very probable that he forged it.

There is another reference to Jesus in Josephus, where he speaks of “James, brother of him who is called Christ,” but this is judged by Le Clerc, Lardner and other Christian writers, to be also spurious. The silence of Josephus is very remarkable. Had Jesus healed the sick, fed the multitudes and raised the dead, as the New Testament record declares, Josephus must have known of it, and could hardly have failed to refer to it in a befitting manner. The Christians in the time of Josephus were still Jews, as Jesus had been, and zealous for the observance of the law, and these wonderful deeds of Jesus would have shed lustre on the Jewish nation. Fear of the Jews could not have prevented his declaring the truth, as he was under the protection of a foreign nation, and had sufficiently offended the Jews already by accepting that protection. Had a star appeared in the East on the birth of Jesus, of such a character as to guide wanderers from a distant country to the place where the child Jesus lay—had Herod slain all the children of Bethlehem “from two years old and under”—had darkness covered all the land for three hours at the crucifixion of Jesus—had the earth quaked, and the rocks rent, and above all, had the bodies of the saints come out of their graves and walked about Jerusalem, as Matthew affirms—how could Josephus have failed to notice these prodigies—and especially if he accepted of Jesus as the Christ.

But Josephus informs us that there was a historian of Galilee, Justus, who wrote a history of the Jews, commencing with Moses, and ending with the death of Agrippa, before whom Paul was tried. Both Justus and his father lived on the shore of Lake Genesareth, and his father—who, Josephus says, was naturally of a good and virtuous character—must have known of the great deeds done

by Jesus, living as he did within almost eight miles from Capernaum, where we are informed that Jesus did such wonderful deeds, that if they had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented in dust and ashes. The works of Justus are not in existence, but Photius, the learned patriarch of Constantinople, who had read his history, informs us that “he makes not the least mention of the appearance of Christ, or what things happened to him, or of the wonderful works that he did.”

We can most reasonably account for the silence of Josephus and Justus by supposing Jesus to be such an obscure individual, or such a wild fanatic, that they did not regard him as of sufficient moment to intrude into their histories. The few ignorant Galilean fishermen who believed in him must have appeared to a man like Josephus or Justus as of very little importance; while pretenders to the Messiahship were so numerous that they must have appeared to them, unless there were very particular circumstances connected with their pretensions, quite unworthy of notice. So numerous were the impostors who had set themselves up as Messiahs among the Jews, that had Josephus attempted an enumeration of them even in the briefest degree, a book five times as large as the one he wrote would have been required.

Philo Judæus was an Alexandrian Jew, in the prime of life about the time Jesus was crucified; he was a religious man and a philosopher, a man well acquainted with general literature, and with Palestine, and had traveled extensively; yet though his works are very voluminous, he never mentions Jesus or the Christians.

The elder Pliny and Seneca, Roman philosophers, were both living at the time of the crucifixion of Jesus. Both were attentive observers of Nature, and have recorded the most remarkable natural phenomena of their times, yet they say nothing of that remarkable darkness at the crucifixion—which they would certainly have noticed had it occurred. Neither of these individuals seem to have been aware of the existence of Jesus, or of any one who had faith in him.

Tacitus, who wrote A. D. 107—that is, seventy-four years after the death of Jesus—is the first, apart from the New Testament and Christian writers, who bears witness to the existence of Jesus and of Christians; though the genuineness of the passage has been doubted by some. Speaking of a people whom Nero had punished “commonly known by the name of Christians,” he says: “They had their denomination from Christus, who, in the reign of Tiberius, was put to death as a criminal by the procurator Pontius Pilate.” Allowing the genuineness of this, it simply proves that in the time of Nero, about thirty years after the death of Jesus, there were in Rome men who believed in Jesus, and were called Christians, and who taught that he was put to death by Pontius Pilate.

Suetonius, who wrote A. D. 110, in his life of Nero, says: “The Christians, a race of men of a new and villainous, wicked or magical superstition, were visited with punishment.”

The younger Pliny, who wrote at the same date, in a letter to the Emperor Trajan from Bythnia, where he was procurator (a province in the northern part of Asia Minor, and about one thousand miles from Judea), more than seventy years after the death of Jesus, refers to the Christians, who appear to have been numerous in the province, and speaks of their religion as an “ancient and excessive superstition,” but says nothing about Jesus. All we have from Roman writers for two centuries are very meagre notices, such as the most obscure sect might receive from a living historian.

Even when we turn to the New Testament, the evidence from those professing to be eye-witnesses is very slight. The author of Matthew never speaks in the first person—never says, “I was there,” “I saw,” and where Matthew is personally referred to, he writes in the same indefinite manner which characterizes the whole gospel, and indicates that its writer was but recording the traditions of his time. It is not pretended that Mark and Luke were eye-witnesses. Luke, in fact, clearly indicates that he was not; he merely relates what others had seen and informed him of. The writer of John's gospel professes, on some occasions, to describe what he saw; and we will allow his claim, though there are grave doubts of even John's gospel having been written by an eye-witness. Then we have a few expressions in the epistles of James and Peter, indicating their belief in Jesus rather than their knowledge of him, and this is absolutely all that we possess from those that we can presume to have been eye-witnesses. “What wonder, then, that many intelligent minds, reflecting on the want of proof apart from the early Christians—knowing these early saints to have been amiable liars, [laughter] who repeatedly forged books to prove their doctrine—should utterly deny that such a person as Jesus ever did exist! But for myself, I have no doubts of his existence.” The evidence of this fact I may give at another time, but to-day the point at issue is to see what evidence Christianity has to offer from eye-witnesses or persons living at the time in proof that he lived, and then, so existing, that he was the Christ, the sent of God, to make known to us that which in no other way we could obtain. [Applause.]

Socrates, who preceded Jesus more than four hundred years, is real to us, a man whose existence no man acquainted with the facts concerning him could doubt. He seems like one of us, a genuine flesh and blood human being. But the life of Jesus, written apparently by men who never saw him, and who regarded him as a supernatural being, has an air of unreality about it that leads the critic to doubt his real existence. What evidence is there—supposing his existence to be real, as I believe—that he was the Christ, the miraculously sent of God? It is claimed that he was distinctly prophesied of, with more and more clearness, until, in the “fulness of time,” he made his appearance—the grand centre toward which pointed the prophetic rays of two thousand years. I am told that the proof contained in these prophecies is so plain that “he who runs may read.” But when we come to examine them, we cannot find one that will bear criticism; and many of them are too silly for serious consideration. If you were not told, you would not dream that these prophecies of the Old Testament referred to him. The first is God's curse pronounced upon the serpent: “I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.” The simple meaning of this is: people will hate snakes, and kill them by crushing their heads, while the snakes will of course bite their heels. This, written in a country where people wore sandals, and before boots were made, was a very natural thought. It would require a wonderful pair of theological spectacles to see that Jesus is meant herein. This saying has no more reference to Jesus than to a locomotive on the Worcester railroad. Weak indeed must be that cause which seeks to rest itself upon such poor evidence. [Applause.]

The next wonderful prophecy is in the blessing of the dying Jacob: “The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from between

• We do ourselves wrong, and too meanly estimate the Holiness above us, when we deem that any act or enjoyment, good in itself, is not good do religiously.—*Hawthorne*.

the final result, as theology is, of ancient dead fic-

ons. And it is also something worth recalling that "all characters" find shelter under its adoptive wings. Peter! call thou not *unclean* anything which the Lord-God has made. Dr. Sheldon will remember the great story of the great ark: Did it not contain (by the Lord's express instructions and commands) two of every kind of four-footed beasts and a pair of every variety of creeping creatures? Odds and ends of all creation? and specimens of every character? Why, then, all this antagonism to the ark of Spiritualism? We do not want to put to sea in any vessel that is not

and provide comfortably for the whole human family; composed as it is of all characters, of all reeds, of all absurdities, of all and everything.

faithfully to the bosom of Nature.

to the truth-telling Dr. Sheldon; simply expressing the hope, that he will continue to lead his congregation toward the gates of light.

Mr. Alcott's Concord Days.
A beautiful volume from the press of Roberts Brothers, Boston, has just appeared, bearing the

the author is well known to many Spiritualists, for his large sympathy with many of their views, while among metaphysicians and philosophers his reputation is deservedly great. Having now passed

is threescore years and ten, his teachings have the authority of a sage. Mr. Alcott, like Socrates, has always preferred to make conversation the vehicle for communicating his philosophy of life and religion. His published works are not nu-

as taught, not formally stated, but given to us in

umpuses and matches, conveyed in a brief, sonorous style very attractive to those who require a sensational atmosphere than that of the sensational novel.

A writer who has practiced on the principles set forth in the following racy passage from Mr. Alcott's book, must in the nature of things be worth reading:

"Burn every scrap that stands not the test of the left glands of criticism. Such lack longevity. What is left gains immensely. Such is the law. A very few things are thought admirable at the writing, and hold good over night. Sleep on your writings; let them take a walk over it; scrutinize it of a morning; review it of an afternoon; digest it after a meal; leave it sleep in your drawer of a twelvemonth; nevertheless whisper about it to your friend, if he be a friend; and then, if you may and sometimes cannot, tell a sensible woman—if young the better; and if he be a friend and these trials, you may offer it to a publisher and think yourself fortunate if he refuse to print it. Then you may be sure you have written a book worthy of type, and wait with assurance for a publisher and reader thirty years hence—that is, what is the best authority that needs neither a publisher nor publisher."

Among the various subjects treated in this volume, at once pleasant and profound, are the following: Diaries, Theocrit, Emerson, Recreation, Margaret Fuller, Childhood, Pythagoras, Plotinus, Goethe, Carlyle, Phillips, Greeley, Hawthorne, Coleridge, Collyer, Beecher, etc. Here is diverse territory enough, one would think; but Mr. Alcott has not been content with unfolding the inner thoughts of these authors of antiquity. We cordially commend him to the attention of thinkers.

Verification of Spirit Message.

The following letter tells its own story concerning the reliability of a very peculiar message concerning the split ship, not long since published of our sixth page from Capt. Willmot Selders, of Boston. Owing to the length of the communication it is not here reproduced, but as will be seen it is recognized and endorsed in every particular by those who should know concerning the man who destroyed the Banner.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—It was with pleasure that we perceived in the Message Department of the Banner of Light, dated Sept. 21st, 1872, a communication from our brother, Capt. Willmot Selders, as delivered at a seaport held May 14th at the Free Circle Rooms. We desire to bear witness to the fact that the identity of the man who has so far as our information extended, our brother passed away at sea, as stated in his characteristic way, and we are assured that Mr. Conant could not by any possibility have obtained the knowledge concerning his demise in any other way than is claimed—viz.: That, by spirit, or otherwise, he twice favored our brother, Selders, and we are certain, never heard his name, which is a very peculiar one. He was once or twice incidentally referred to in her presence "as the big canoe man" by an Indian influence controlling Mrs. Campbell—no mention of his relationship being made as

that in time he would return through her, and

thus offer a test of a perfectly convincing character which could not be attributed to the previous knowledge of the medium. This wish of ours has been fully met, and we are deeply grateful to him for the opportunity to the medium of communication through which his words have reached us. We remain, sirs, Respectfully,
 MRS. FRANK CAMPBELL,
 MISS M. A. SEIDERS,
Sisters to Capt. Willard Seiders.
Boston, Mass., Sept. 22d, 1872.

Medical College for Women.

New York now offers all the manifold advantages of a medical education for women, free of expense; such an opportunity as is not offered elsewhere on the continent. The first regular winter session of the College proved a perfect success, and the second regular session commences on Tuesday, Oct. 15th, to continue twenty-one days. Surgical and medical treatment will be

given during the whole session. Patients are prescribed for in presence of the class. Obstetrical

A room for practical anatomy will be open during the session, New York supplying the abundant material for dissection. The conditions on which diplomas are awarded are plain and reasonable; attendance on two full courses of lectures being required, the latter at this college. Candidates must likewise have studied medicine three years under the direction of a regular graduated physician, including attendance upon lectures, and also have attained the age of twenty-one years. They are likewise expected to write a thesis on some subject well connected with the science of medicine. This College is located at No. 125 East Fifth-Third

street, where applications may be made after Oct. 1st. We rejoice at the success of a project that

"We rejoice at the success which she has achieved, and which opens a new career for woman in the field where she is most needed."

Debate.

Dr. M. Henry Poughton and Dr. A. Morron agreed to debate, *pro* and *con*, the following subjects:

Harwich, Mass., for six evenings, commencing Oct. 1st, which no doubt will draw large audiences:

"That departed human spirits, or the spirits dead, hold tangible and mental intercourse with persons now living on the earth."

Dr. Houghton affirmative for the first three nights; Dr. Morron the negative.

"That the phenomenon of Spiritualism can be accounted for without the aid of departed spirits."

Dr. Morron affirmative for the last three nights.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of

MRS. J. H. CONANT.

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

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive, no more.

The Banner of Light Tree Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 125 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 1, up stairs, on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

Mrs. CONANT receives visitors in Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

Donations of flowers for our Tree-Circles are solicited.

The questions answered at these Seances are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling spirit, through the chairman, are sent in by correspondence.

SEVEN LETTERS.—Visitors at our Tree-Circles have the privilege of placing sealed letters on the table for answer by the spirits. First, write one or two proper questions, addressing the spirit questioned by his or her full name; then, in an envelope, seal it, and write, "Tree-Circle," on the envelope. At the close of the seance the Chairman will return the letter to the writer.

It should be distinctly understood that the answers to questions propounded by visitors must necessarily be brief; the spirit addressed always writing its answer or answers upon the envelope, containing the question or questions. Questions should not place letters for answer upon our circle table, expecting lengthy replies; otherwise they will be disappointed.

WILLIAM WHITE, Chairman.

Invocation.

May the power of God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, be with us this hour while we shall worship; May the faith that cheered and sustained the good of other days, be our faith, and the reward to which they have gone, be our reward. May the darkness that has so long found an abiding place in Church and State, speedily give place to that spiritual light which, at the command of the Infinite Spirit of all light and truth, hath taken up its abode in Church and State. And unto him who was, and is, and ever shall be, we will ever praise and ever pray. Amen. May 21.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If the Chairman has questions to propound, I shall answer them.

QUEST.—From a correspondent. If Christ was but a man, why did he claim to be more than man? It would make him an impostor, it seems to me. I want to believe he was a being higher than man, and next to God. Can the spirits tell us, in brief, what he was?

ANS.—He was a son of God, and a son of man, both of the earth earthly; spiritually born of the spirit, and therefore divine. Your correspondent claims for Jesus what he never claimed for himself. It is true, the record makes him say, "I and my Father are one," and each one of us can with as much truth affirm the same. We, the living sons and daughters of God, being born of God, are one with God. Jesus claimed no more. I believe him to have been a great reformer—a bright light shining in the dark age in which he lived. I believe, also, that the Spiritualists of the present age have a clearer understanding of what this man was, than any other people. When I was on the earth, I held him as divine; I worshipped him as God; but the clearer light of the upper life has shown me my mistake.

QUEST.—What did he mean when he exclaimed, "In his agony, my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Had he been expecting to be rescued by miraculous power, and then disappointed, and in despair did he so cry out?

ANS.—That utterance was born of his human weakness; and if there were nothing else to prove him human, that would certainly do it. Every clear reasoning mind must discern the humanity of Jesus, in that utterance. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The peculiar spiritual condition into which Jesus was thrown, through fear—which is the twin sister of weakness—had closed the door spiritual between him and his spiritual attendants. He did not feel their presence. He sensed their absence. He had gone down into the valley, as many of your media are wont to go over and anon, in the present day, and in his agony, he wondered if the Father had withdrawn these sources of aid and comfort. He was human. He prayed as a human should, and only as a human could, under such circumstances.

QUEST.—Will the time come when spirit friends will show themselves to us all? And when?

ANS.—That is a confidently expected condition, within the next fifteen years.

QUEST.—Will the controlling spirit of the circle please give us the cause of the difference between an ignorant spirit who passes out of the earth-form without the knowledge or belief that spirits can return and communicate with mortals, and another, who believing and knowing they can return, makes promises to that effect—that he will come to your circle, and give evidence to his friends of this truth? As a general thing, the ignorant return in a few days and communicate, while the others do not for months, and seem unable to keep their promises. I should like this explained.

ANS.—These promises are made in supreme ignorance of the laws governing spirit control and spirit return, and therefore it often and nearly always happens that the spirits who have promised this, find the law against them. The very desire to fulfill that promise, under some circumstances, acts as a positive force hindering to the correct action of the law. And again, they who enter the spirit-life knowing whether they are going, generally have so much to take up their attention to that life, that they are apt to forget these promises, or to lay them upon the shelf until a convenient season shall arrive for them to fulfill them. They are apt to wait, feeling that they can come at any time, and that the longer they wait, the better the condition they shall be in to fulfill these promises. They who pass out in ignorance of these things, not knowing where they are going, many of them not caring, are in a negative state. When they learn that they can return, they have not marked out any way by which they shall return, but like little children, they rush to any highway that may be open, and embrace every opportunity that may be offered; while those who have made promises to go to this place, or that, often refuse opportunities to go to any other place than the one where they have promised to put in an appearance, or from whence their friends expect to hear from them. This acts against them. Little children find it easier, I am told, to return and to avail themselves of these beautiful laws and conditions, because they are always negative, and take whatever way is offered them, and are grateful for the way.

QUEST.—I would ask whether we, in earth-life, can aid or help our spirit friends to communicate by attending different circles? Or, what is the best method to adopt?

ANS.—The best method, doubtless, is to occasionally frequent those places where spirits have the power to communicate, thus giving your friends the opportunity to do so, provided they can.

QUEST.—Does the spirit, in its refined state, possess the power of visiting the different planets in our solar system?

ANS.—It does; and many spirits take great delight in these visits.

QUEST.—Is each planet surrounded by a spiritual sphere like our earth?

ANS.—It is. May 21.

Minnie Garcia.

I am Minnie Garcia. I want to send some message to my father. He says if he can only know that there is a hereafter, and that the spirit is better off in the other life, that nothing would give him so much joy, so I thought I'd try and come. I have been gone four months. I died of lung fever.

My father is a musician, and he'd like to know, if there is another life, if they have music there. Oh, yes—such music! It would put all the music of this world to shame. The music of this world is nothing but jargon compared to the music of our life. It is so sweet, and so full, and so harmonious; not a single break in all the grand scale! I have been to some concerts, here in this life, and I know, if I live a thousand years, I shall never get into any happier place. I don't want any better heaven. I was so happy! It seemed to me that I was in heaven! I don't know where heaven is, if it isn't where music is. One of the chorists told me—he heard me asking if that was it? Heaven—My dear, you never will find any higher heaven; you never will be any happier. I don't believe I ever shall. And then I did wish father was there, because I knew he would like it so much. And now if my father will go to Mr. Foster, in New York, I will tell him a great many things, and I will make him know that it is me. I was eleven years old.

David McGilvray.

The question of life after death, with me, is now settled. It was one, when I was here, that I could not come to any satisfactory conclusion about. Now to the friends who have called me here, who want to know if I am now satisfied, that there is another life, and that spirits or persons dwelling in that life can return and communicate, I have only this to say: I am satisfied, because I know that I live, and know that I am here speaking. I suppose I could not understand these things when I was here, because my skill was so egregiously thick that light could not penetrate it. That is the case with a good many, you know. You think that you can get the light of these bright corporeal things through it. Your whole being gets illuminated, and you become walking lights, while to fellows like myself, if they have any at all, it is so small that it do not amount to much.

My friends want to know if I am satisfied with this new life. Yes, abundantly satisfied. I get all that I deserve, and a good deal more. I am happy. I am not disappointed. Why, to know that I have shuffled off—as Shakespeare has it—this old mortality, and put on one that is not subject to pain, one that does not break down, and break us down at every turn, is a heaven of itself. I should be glad to shed whatever light I may be able to impart—all the friends I have left here, and if they will meet me half way, which I believe becomes a necessity on their part, and on mine—I shall do all I am able to do to cheer them while they are struggling through this dark life, and to inform them concerning that which is to come. I am David McGilvray. May 21.

John Clark.

I have a wife and daughter I would like to reach. I have been away from them since 1857. I was a ship-painter by trade. I was painting the bark Sea Gull, when I fell from the mast-head, and that was the last of earth for me. My name was John Clark; my wife's name, Marietta Clark; my daughter, Clara. I was forty-eight years of age.

Tom Sibley.

Say for me that Tom Sibley, of Galveston, Texas, will communicate with his brother and his partner as soon as he finds himself able to give all the points of the case that they require. Good day, sir. May 21.

Invocation.

Our Father and our Mother God, through the sweet influence of prayer we would come consciously nearer to thee. Though thou art not far from any one of us, yet, in our ignorance, we seem to have wandered from thee, and the sunlight of thy presence seems sometimes obscured from our consciousness. So, not alone with mouthed utterances, but with holy thoughts, with holy deeds, with all the powers of our being, we would seek to come consciously nearer to thee; thou, whose holy presence gladdens all the hours and pencils the earth with beauty; thou, who, in spring-time, dost call upon Mother Nature to yield up her beautiful gifts; and gladden the heart of humanity; thou, who, in summer-time, dost again call upon Mother Nature to put forth still further efforts to please thy children; and again, in the autumn, thou dost still call upon her to give of her fruits and grains, of all that which shall sustain the physical powers of humanity, and thus aid the soul in its mission through time; and again, in winter, when, Madonna-like, the earth rests in repose, thou dost teach thy children through her changing seasons the law of life, and holy reliance upon thee. Though the winter cometh, with cold winds and snows, yet she promises of spring, of summer and of harvest. And so it is with the changing scenes through which our souls are passing; each one of them is a prophecy of another, pointing onward to thee. And oh, our Father and our Mother God, may we so fully realize this in every step we take in life, that we shall no longer grope in darkness, no longer seem to wander from thee. And now, joining powers with thy who call themselves the living, we, the dead, would invoke the presence of all holy and true influences that shall lead us, each one, nearer to thee. Amen. May 23.

Questions and Answers.

QUEST.—(From a correspondent.) Are animals' souls immortal?—Since soul is applied to persons, heaves, asses and sheep (Numbers xxxi:28). And if a soul is immortal, how can a priest eat of it (Lev. xxi:2)?

ANS.—A strange confounding of the soul with matter. All souls are immortal. They are so of necessity, because they are of God, and they are God. It matters not whether it is the soul of my dog, or the soul of my medium, or my own soul; all souls are immortal. That through which the

soul expresses itself is constantly changing form, changing place—dying, if you please—and being re-born again. The trees in autumn shed their leaves. In spring-time, as the little rootlets draw nourishment from the soil, the sap rises, buds burst, and the tree is adorned in its clothing of emerald. As it is with matter in all universes to-day, so it is with matter under all circumstances. There is just as much matter in the universe to-day as there was, millions of years ago, and no more; but this matter, in the great laboratory of change, is being triturated again and again, through all the various circumstances of law, until it becomes so finely attenuated as to have lost its crude conditions, and then it stands upon the threshold of spirit; and yet it is matter. The great work is being going on. The mills of God are ever grinding, grinding, grinding, and there is always something to grind. Immortality is a term entirely misunderstood by at least nine out of every ten souls dwelling on earth. By the most of them, it is applied to matter and to mind synonymously. To most, it implies a perpetuity of form and all of the consequences of form; while the real truth is, immortality is an attribute of God, perfect, and belonging to the Soul of all things. Now, then, it would seem that those persons who have claimed the immortality of matter and of mind synonymously are correct; but they are not, and for this reason: they determine that matter as it is must ever exist, that forms as they are are eternal. Now, the difference is, the soul, as it is, must ever exist, that forms as they are are eternal. It is a spark of the Deity, perfect in itself. It comes from perfection; it remains perfect through all its journeyings through matter, and returns to God again, a perfect soul.

QUEST.—What becomes of the souls of infants, idiots and heathen, who have never heard or obeyed the gospel? If they go to hell, wherein is the justice? If to heaven, did the gospel, or something else save them?

ANS.—A question worthy of the inhabitants of the dark ages—certainly, wholly unworthy of a mind born in the present age. What becomes of an infant who has not received the seal of the church? This little corruption from the Infinite God is not dependent upon the church or upon the baptism of faith for its salvation, neither are the souls who have had longer contact with matter. They are, each one, dependent upon their relationship to God, and to nothing else. The solar system revolves in perfect harmony around its centre. The powers of that centre, acting upon each planet, keep each one in its place, determine the orbit of each one, determine the growth of each one, hold all in the inexorable grip of law. So it is with us as souls. This central power, our God, who ever has been, is, and ever will be, amply able to keep us all in our proper place, whether there are churches or no, whether the rite of baptism is administered or no. These are the plays of childhood; and, like St. Paul, when you have grown to the manhood of wisdom, you shall lay them by as childish toys, having no further use for them.

QUEST.—(From A. V. Spalding, Crown Point, N. Y.) REMARKABLE PROPHECY.—The following, which is known as Mother Shipton's Prophecy, was first published in 1488, and republished in 1611. It will be noticed that all the events predicted in it, except that mentioned in the last two lines, which is in the future, have already come to pass:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And wheels shall drive the world with woe.
Around the world the lightning shall fly,
In the twinkling of an eye.
We shall live in three, in four, in five,
How strange, yet shall be true!
The world upside down shall lie,
And gold be found at bottom of the tree.
Through hills men shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at their side.
And water shall flow up the hill,
And shall rise above the clouds to fill.
In the air men shall be seen,
And white, in their robes, shall be their dress.
From the water shall flow
In golden land, and light on every shore.
Gold shall be found and found,
In a land that is not now known.
And gold be found at bottom of the tree.
And the world unto an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.
England shall at last admit a Jew,
And the world unto an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

QUEST.—Your own Emerson says that "all truths are in the air, and they who are the most sensitive to them catch them first." And this medium of other days was so sensitive to these prophetic truths that she caught them and uttered them, and the ages have proven them. Yes, the last part of the prophecy will come true; not however in the sense of the destruction of this world, but in the overthrow of those conditions that have been arbitrary in the earth, in the early dawn, if you please, of a new heaven, wherein shall dwell righteousness.

QUEST.—(From the audience.) Who will be the best man for the next President—Grant or Greeley?

ANS.—It is exceedingly difficult to determine from which the greatest amount of good could be evolved, but it is altogether probable that the present President will be the next President, and it remains with the people, more than with him, whether his next administration shall be for good or for evil, for he is a son of the people; he floats upon the popular tide. See to it, then, that that popular tide is clear, is as free from error as possible, is such as shall lead the nation in the harbor of peace, when he shall retire from the Presidential chair; for there is no peace to-day; a seeming one, we know, but there is a war of thoughts, of interests, so potent that they will make their record, if we mistake not, within a few years, as a war of swords.

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tell her that I live with Aunt Ann, and that I am well now, and I do not forget her, and that I am sorry when she cries, and I am glad when she's happy. I shall be real glad when th' right time comes for her to come to me, but she must stay as long as she can, and do all the good she can, so she will be all the happier when she does come. I am eight years old to-day, and I thought I'd come on my birthday and send her a letter for a birthday present. Good-by, sir.

Science conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by "Vashli."

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, May 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Margaret Hargis of Yarmouth, N. S., to her son James; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Boston, to her mother; William Sparrow, of Sing Sing, to his mother; John Edmonds, of Cape Cod, to his family; Annie Henderson, to her mother.

Tuesday, Sept. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Susan, of North Carolina; "Sam," to Mrs. Temple; Walter Montgomery; William Allen Park of New York; Thursday, Sept. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; George Pryor, of St. Louis, Mo., to his father; "Peggy," to her mother; "Red Cloud," to his mother.

Friday, Sept. 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; D. H. Powell; Elizabeth Taylor, of Chicago; Mary Waters, of Portland, Maine; John Henry Knapp, of Co. C., New York Zouaves.

HEAVEN IS WITHIN.

How far from here to heaven?
Not very far, my friend;
A single hearty step
Will all thy journey end.

Hold there! where runnest thou?
No heaven is in thee!
Seek'st thou for God elsewhere?
His face thou'lt never see.

Go out—God will go in;
Die thou, and let him live;
Be not, and he will be;
Wait, and he'll all things give.

I do not believe in death;
If hour by hour I die,
'T is hour by hour I gain
A better life than this.

—Angelus Silesius, A. D. 1620.

Spiritualistic Lecture.

Mr. E. V. Wilson, a prominent and able lecturer on Spiritualism, comes at the Court House for several evenings past, been edifying and imparting light from a Spiritualistic standpoint, to those seeking it. Those who throw aside prejudice and their set ideas, and judge Mr. Wilson, his theories, his arguments, and above all his *tests*, from a desire only to acquire information, cannot fail to be convinced, and must admit that any person gifted as Mr. Wilson undeniably is, to say nothing of the cause, religious belief or religion, that can through its advocates or exponents produce such unequivocal proofs of its innate, hidden and mysterious power and influence as Mr. W. produced, deserves at least thoughtful respect at the hands of every thinking man and woman. Mr. W. labors under the disadvantage of talking to an audience composed entirely of skeptics in Spiritualism, whose religious training, if not their prejudices, were at war with the ideas emanated by the speaker; but notwithstanding these drawbacks, his presentation of his views with such logical conclusions, such force and ability, that all had to admit his wonderful powers, and the strength of a cause having such sound materials with which to erect the temple of Spiritualism. His sermon or address on Wednesday evening was one of the ablest and most eloquent efforts we have ever listened to on any subject in this city. His reading of character, and his analysis of the human mind, more worthy of the audience park of the marvels. The correctness of his physiological, physiological outlines of the salient characteristics of Mr. J. Brennan, as well as his giving fixed dates that marked certain leading events in the early life of Mr. Brennan, to show the unerring thinking world that Spiritualism is not a mere fancy, but a science worthy of arguments to uphold it.—*Santa City (Iowa) Weekly Times.*

Michigan.

BREEDSVILLE, Pa. McAlpine, writing September 13th, says: "Please place the name of Henry Straub, Dowagiac, Mich., within your list of lecturers. Mr. Straub is too well known through his writings in the Spiritualist Age, to require an introduction to the Spiritualist societies. He is well prepared to become a standard-bearer, and from personal acquaintance I know that the cause of Spiritualism will prosper in his hands. Will societies in Michigan and adjoining States please help to welcome Bro. Straub to the work for which he is so well qualified?"

LIST OF LECTURERS.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever and wherever they occur. This column is devoted exclusively to lecturers, without charge. If the name of any person not a lecturer should by mistake appear, we desire to be so informed.]

JAMES MADISON ALLEN, trance and inspirational speaker, will make engagements in the West. General address, Monmouth, N. J. A. AMPHLETT, inspirational, care Dr. C. Bunckley, Dayton, O.

MRS. J. ANTHONY, trance speaker, Detroit, Wis. C. FANNIE ALLEN, trance speaker, Stoughton, Mass. MRS. M. A. ADAMS, trance speaker, Brattleboro, Vt.

MRS. E. M. ADAMS, trance speaker, Brattleboro, Vt. MRS. N. H. ADAMS, trance speaker, Brattleboro, Vt. MRS. N. H. ADAMS, trance speaker, Brattleboro, Vt.

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GEORGE A. FLELLER, inspirational, Natick, Mass. MISS ALMIRA B. FOWLER, inspirational, Scitoville, Richmond Co., Wis., care E. D. Fowler.

DR. H. P. FAIRBANKS will speak in Salem, Mass., during October. Address, Andover, N. J. W. H. FAIRBANKS, inspirational, Middlesex Co., Mass.

REV. J. FRANKS, inspirational, Natick, Mass. MISS M. H. FLELLER, inspir. River, Minn. A. B. FLELLER, inspir. River, Minn.

KEESLEY GRAVES, Richmond, Ind. MISS M. L. S. GILMAN, inspirational, Brighton, Ind. ISAAC P. GILMAN, 27 Millford street, Boston, Mass.

MISS HELEN GILMAN, inspirational speaker, Bloomington, Ind. MISS L. A. GILMAN, inspirational, Washington, D. C. MISS L. A. GILMAN, inspirational, Washington, D. C.

DR. M. H. GILMAN, inspirational, Washington, D. C. MISS L. A. GILMAN, inspirational, Washington, D. C. MISS L. A. GILMAN, inspirational, Washington, D. C.

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THE WEST

DEATH AND ITS EFFECTS.

WHO COMES NEXT?

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