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E. M. D.,

valuable Institute; In- g Teacher. Author of "The Human System," "Cold Medicated ne," etc.

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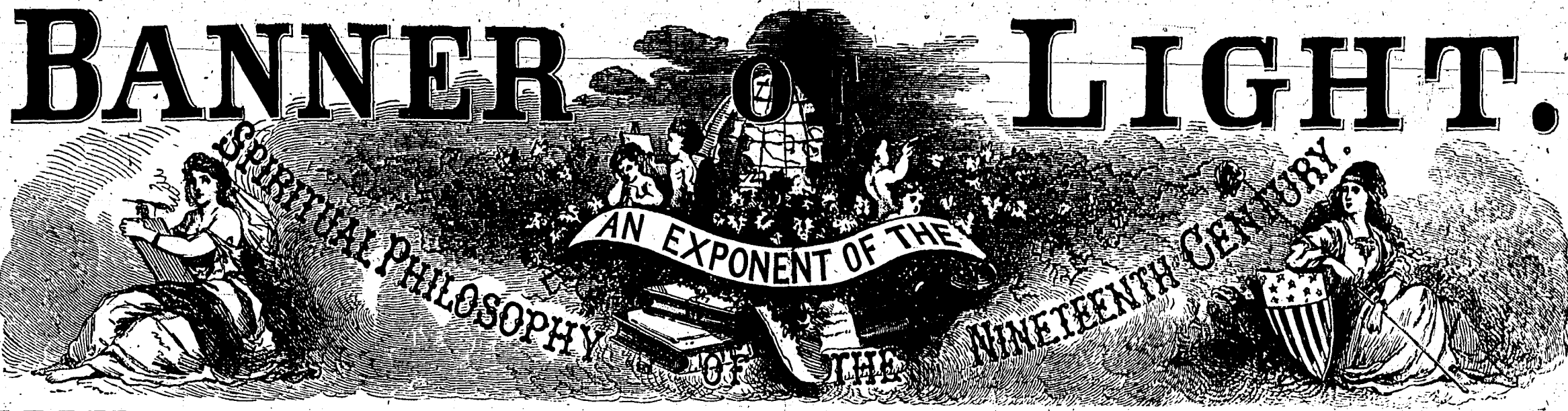
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Spiritual Phenomena.

SPIRIT-COMPANIONSHIP; OR, THE RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM ILLUSTRATED.

BY MOSES A. DOW.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I seldom publish my experience in the investigation of Spiritualism unless incidents occur which serve to establish some important phase of the subject; then I consider it my duty to give my experience publicly, though it may be in rather an imperfect manner. One point I wish to establish is, that spirits of a congenial affinity will gravitate together in the spirit-world, and become inseparable companions, whether they ever met in the earth-life or not, or whatever their relationship may have been in the earth-life.

I have in a previous letter given you a synopsis of my first knowledge of Spiritualism—that a young lady, who was employed by me as an assistant-editor of the "Waverley Magazine" for eight or nine years, and died five years ago, returned to me in spirit, through a trance medium, in just seven days after that sad event, and assured me that her friendship for me in earth-life would ever draw her to me in spirit, and that she would always be near me to guide and guard me through my earth-life, which statement has been used sarcastically in hopes of deterring me from the promulgation of any more facts calculated to sustain the great truth of spirit return and communion. But all such attempts to nullify my influence in its favor have been unsuccessful.

Since that first experience I have been in the habit of having seances with Mrs. Mary M. Hardy nearly every week. She is the most perfect medium for trance communion that I have seen; but I presume there may be others equally good, for other persons, but not for me, as my spirit-friend assures me that she has found no other medium so well adapted to her influences as Mrs. Hardy. She is a lady whose character for honesty is free from doubt. My friend never fails to respond when I make a call to meet her. She says she is as much an inhabitant of earth while controlling Mrs. Hardy as she was before her death, and enjoys its scenery; the fragrance of flowers, more exquisitely than in her earth-life. But I digress from my subject.

In the fall of 1874, while holding communion with my friend, through Mrs. Hardy, she asked me how much money I was willing to trust her with to use as she pleased. My first thought was that this might be establishing a bad precedent that might work to my disadvantage, but as it was the first time she had asked such a favor of me, I ventured to state the sum I was willing to let her have, being curious to know what a spirit wanted to do with money, "the root of all evil," or at best but "filthy lucre." "Oh," said she, "I don't want a third of that sum;" and then told me what she wanted of it, namely:

"I have met in the spirit-world the spirit of a beautiful young lady, who was killed in the great calamity at Fall River a few years ago, and I love her dearly, because she is so very pure and beautiful, and I have adopted her as my spirit-sister, and we shall always be companions till my conditions change for the better. Her name is Lizzie Benson; but she is very sad and unhappy because of the poverty and sickness of her mother and sister whom she left in the earth-life at Fall River. Her sister was also injured by the same calamity, so much so that she will never be able to walk again. They are destitute of food, fuel, and medical attendance, because they had no means to procure them with, and they were great sufferers. Lizzie asked me if I could help her to make them more comfortable, and I told her I had a friend in the earth-life who, I thought, would help her mother and sister, and I would ask him, and so I came to you for the money, and that is what I want of it. Don't tell Mrs. Hardy anything about it when I leave her, as I will tell her after she retires to-night; you can send her the money, and I will tell her what to do with it."

I promised to do as she wished, and after some further conversation about the "beautiful land," she bid me good-by, and the medium came to her consciousness. When I reached my office that afternoon I drew my check for the sum she wanted, and mailed it to Mrs. Hardy. Next week I made my usual call, to have a talk with my friend. Before the seance Mrs. Hardy said she had been to Fall River, where she had

been, at my friend's request, to visit a family who were suffering for the actual necessities of life, and by severe sickness. She said that when she approached the house where she was directed, she saw a girl by the window, bundled up as if sick. When she entered the house the mother said:

"When you approached the house my daughter exclaimed: 'Mother! there is the very lady I dreamed of last night coming to our house!' Mrs. Hardy said she found them destitute of everything, and both of them sick. She immediately procured fuel and provisions for them, which brought smiles to faces recently so sad; she also gave them some money to supply further wants, and left them feeling very happy.

We now entered Mrs. Hardy's seance-room, where she was soon in a trance, when my friend was present in good spirits, and began to talk about her "spirit sister."

"Oh, you cannot conceive how happy you have made her by your generous assistance to her mother and sister. Your mother, father, and brother are all here, and they are all so happy that you have done such a noble deed. Your brother says that nothing has ever made him so happy. And there are hosts of other spirits who are often with me, and they are also happy. It will be a great source of joy when you come over to us. Lizzie is ever with me, and she is now present, sitting in that chair (pointing to a third chair). She is very beautiful, and has long black hair, reaching nearly to her waist and flowing over her shoulders; with large, full eyes. She feels so grateful for what you have done for her mother and sister that she wants to give you some token of her gratitude. I have taught her how to have her picture taken, and we wish you would go to Mr. Mumler; some time when you find it convenient, and we will both go with you and stand by you, and have our pictures taken by your side. How would you like to have us taken?"

I said it might be well for one of them to stand on each side of me, and lay a hand on my shoulders.

"We will stand on each side of you, and perhaps we will clasp our hands across your breast."

After some further conversation about the beautiful hereafter she bade me good-by, and the seance closed. I did not go to Mr. Mumler's for the picture for two or three weeks. One bright morning last April I called at his house about nine o'clock. He said the sun was not quite high enough to get a good light, and so I sat and talked with Mrs. Mumler in the front parlor till near ten; he then said he was ready. I took a seat about eight feet from the camera. He adjusted everything as he liked, or as he was influenced to do, asking Mrs. M. to come and sit near us, then he rested his left hand on the camera with his back toward me, and lay a hand on my shoulders.

"Has Mr. Dow got any spirit friends here?"

Three raps on the floor said "Yes."

"Do they wish to give him a picture?"

Three raps—"Yes."

"Well, please let me know when you are ready."

The camera was all the time covered with a cloth. In about two minutes three raps indicated that they were ready. He took the covering off, and I sat perhaps three minutes, and could feel spirit hands passing over each shoulder on to my breast. I could see Mrs. M. at my left all the time of the operation. Three raps on the floor said it was finished, and Mr. M. covered the glass, took out the plate and left the room. As soon as he had gone out I saw that Mrs. M. was in a trance, and she rose up, and a spirit said:

"I am Dr. Rush (Mrs. M.'s medical guide). I am glad to meet you, and wish to talk with you. Come and sit by my side," and he sat down.

I left my seat and took a chair by the side of the medium, and Dr. Rush continued:

"Your friend (calling her real name) has given you a picture. She stands behind you and reaches over your shoulders, and holds an anchor of flowers across your breast. There is a beautiful home prepared for you when you go over the river, but you will not go over for some time yet, as you have more good deeds to be put to your credit before you go. Your friend has brought a beautiful female companion with her, and they both stand by you in the picture. She has got long black hair flowing over her shoulders."

Mrs. Mumler now came to herself, and was a little surprised to find me sitting by her side and Mr. M. gone from the room. I told her who had been talking to me. Mr. M. returned with the plate, and holding it up to the light, said:

"I think I have got a picture, and there seems to be two ladies standing by you."

I told him that I had had the promise of such a picture, through Mrs. Hardy, and that Dr. Rush just told me I had got such a picture, and I should have been somewhat disappointed if I had not got it. He said he would send me a proof in a day or two, all feeling pleased at the threefold test which had been given through Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Mumler and Mr. Mumler, in the picture. They go to establish the power and honesty of Mr. M. when engaged in the holy work of taking angelic pictures, and that the spirits of our friends are able to fulfill the promises made through their media.

In a day or two I received the pictures, and they were better than I expected. I gave one to Mrs. Hardy, who said she would send it to Mrs. Benson, Lizzie's mother, who was in Michigan on her way to California, asking that she would write and give her opinion of the picture, and direct her letter to New York, so she could get it before she sailed for Europe; and if so, she said she would send it to me. Mrs. H. left Boston on the 6th of May, as she was to sail on the 8th from

New York. On that morning I received a note from her enclosing a letter from Lizzie's mother, which I here give:

BENTON HARBOR, MICH., April 27, 1875. MY DEAR MRS. HARDY—No heart can speak its gratitude like that of mine when I received the photograph of my daughter as a spirit. I wonder and am amazed at the perfect likeness of her. My brother, who had not seen her for years, recognized the face, as well as her sister. It seems too much to believe; but I must believe, and I know she had never had a picture of any kind. I love to look at the face of her (spirit) companion, and I know from experience what a grand holy spirit she is. I bless God and dear angels for what they have done through our friend. What a spirit friend must be to him. Yours, ELIZABETH A. BENSON.

The pictures can probably be had at Mr. Mumler's studio, 170 West Springfield street, Boston, on which will be seen my friend holding a flower anchor across my breast, and her friend at her side, with large full eyes, and long black hair falling over her shoulders. The moral of it is, that when we do an act of duty to the widow and orphan, there are hosts of loving spirits who witness the deed, and we are sure of our reward. This is the religion of Spiritualism.

"Why should we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms?"

When we know that every member of the human family has created for him as his final destiny "a home not made with hands eternal in the heavens," and no bull of Pope or Cardinal, no decision of Synod or Convention, can change that result, for which we have confirmation much stronger and more positive than "proof of Holy Writ."

MRS. HARDY'S SEANCE AT THE SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.

The seance of Thursday evening, July 15th, was in every sense a decided success. The manifestations were excellent, the audience was large, and the financial results satisfactory. It is the more pleasant to record this inasmuch as the seance was the outcome of a spontaneous offer on the part of Mrs. Hardy, that to devote her marvelous gifts toward the maintenance of our Sunday services at Doughty Hall; and the numbers present may be taken as both a welcome homage to those high gifts and an indication of interest in those efforts to sustain and promote Spiritualism in our midst.

Mr. Burns made a few introductory remarks on the preparations and arrangements for the seance, and then, in a few words, he introduced the seance. As in other instances of materialization, darkness seemed to be requisite for the collection and concentration of the power, light in most cases acting as a disintegrator. Some form of dark cabinet is generally resorted to for that purpose. It would be observed, however, that Mrs. Hardy sat in full view of the audience, an important element in the question of the genuineness of the phenomena. The requisite darkness had been obtained by surrounding the ordinary telescope table of the room with drapery, leaving two of the leaves slightly apart, thus leaving her marvelous gifts toward the maintenance of our Sunday services at Doughty Hall; and the numbers present may be taken as both a welcome homage to those high gifts and an indication of interest in those efforts to sustain and promote Spiritualism in our midst.

The first row of sitters was crowded close to the front of the platform on which the table and mediums were placed; and on each side spectators stood, occupying every corner, the table and the mediums being exposed to view from all points. Behind the first two of sitters, as closely as they could be packed together, were rows after rows of chairs, extending into that front room, in which the remainder of the audience was crowded, standing on sofas nearly up to the very ceiling. In this way almost every one present had a very satisfactory view of the manifestations, more particularly those in front. Mr. Burns explained that for these arrangements Mrs. Hardy was not responsible. She did not receive one farthing of the proceeds. The seance was for the benefit of the funds used in sustaining the Sunday meetings at Doughty Hall, and he hoped any disadvantages would be put up with, seeing that the object was rather to promote the cause of Spiritualism than for any personal ends.

The seance commenced with one gas-harner remaining nearly full, on which three sufficient light upon the table to enable writing to be readily done. A hymn was sung, and at its termination white objects were seen to flutter at the opening in the cloth on the table, and though but few could see this incipient manifestation, yet the report of its occurrence sent a thrill of eager expectation through all parts of the room.

The first hand soon appeared, after which there was no further delay in the occurrence of the phenomena. Spirit-hand after spirit-hand was soon observed projected through the aperture of the table, some small, others larger, differing apparently in degree of development; and some, on being touched, presented the sensation of being living, which we take to be some peculiarity in the development associated with the amount of power for materialization.

Hands were protruded for the recognition of a friend accompanying Mr. Johnston; for Mr. Grey, Mr. Potts, Mrs. Hallock, Mrs. Gillbrand, and others. With the exception of the first, all these were recognized as manifestations from departed relatives who, with all their old affection, wished to denote their spirit-presence by the gentle tap or affectionate grasp.

Among the concomitant phenomena we may notice that a covering of some kind being observed to invest the wrist of one hand Mr. Burns made the request that a portion of the drapery might be cut off. A large white mass, like lace in a roll, was seen revolving under the aperture in the table. Mrs. Burns handed Mrs. Hardy a

pair of scissors, and that lady, in full view of the spectators, put her hands into the aperture and cut off as much as she could secure, which, on being brought clearly into view, was found to be a piece of Honiton lace. The remaining portion of lace on the spirit-wrist was observed by Mrs. Burns to be dissolved, as it were, into atoms as the light streamed into the aperture. In illustration of the muscular power of these hands, Mrs. Gillbrand passed a small bouquet for their acceptance. The flowers, on being placed near the aperture, were withdrawn into the dark space below. Subsequently, at request, the bouquet made its appearance above the orifice, being held there by two hands. When the side-covers were removed from the table at the close of the sitting, these flowers, picked to pieces—petal by petal and leaf by leaf—were found strewn on the floor.

Mr. Potts, after advancing to the table to recognize the hand which, apparently with the agitation of joy, was held forth, presented to the hand a ring, which was "her own ring." This was placed on the finger, and the hand reappeared with the ring in position, remaining for some time that the audience might have a good view of it. The ring was subsequently returned.

Mrs. Hallock, who had been seated far back in the room, was signalled for by a spirit-hand. On advancing and placing her hand within the aperture, Mrs. Hallock was greeted by quite an assemblage of friendly forms, who gave ready response to her many questions. Among these, rushing, as it were, for earth-greeting, she said: her father and mother, her son Frederick; Alice and Phoebe Carey, Mrs. Farnham, Margaret Fuller, and others. Mrs. Hallock had been sitting that day at her residence, and the spirit-hands gave signals, indicating that the spirits who had communicated in the morning were then present. She had quite a long and satisfactory interview with her spirit-friends. Mrs. Burns desired to touch the hand presented by Mrs. Farnham. He put his hand into the opening and was playfully touched by a hand having well-developed nails on the fingers.

Answers to mental questions were given to a lady, who was signalled to the table by the hand of her departed uncle. Mental questions were also responded to in the case of others who were called up for recognition.

A baby-hand tokened Mrs. Gillbrand, who thus had evidence that "the little one that died" had not broken loose from the maternal link by its transference to the higher spheres.

As an experiment, a small slate was presented at the door, which was taken by hands below. This was soon returned to Mrs. Gillbrand. While the slate was under the table the sound of writing was heard, and there were some marks on it when it was received back again, but no distinct writing could be made out. The slate was again presented, and again brought up to view, evidently with the intention of manifesting the power of the hands for, on Mrs. Burns attempting to read it, it was furiously drawn down from her grasp several times. Mrs. Burns tried to take it away, but it would not leave her, and there was a like result. And there seemed to be taught us a little lesson of the weakness of mortal grasp in the presence of spirit-power. To give a full account of all that took place at this wonderful seance would occupy much more space than we have at disposal.

The second portion of the seance consisted of test and other communications, given by Mrs. Hardy while entranced. It was, of course, impossible for the audience to see the communications, but those who were so were highly satisfied, and in some instances great astonishment was expressed at the marvelous accuracy of description as to circumstances, places, names, &c., which could not have come within Mrs. Hardy's previous cognizance. This, indeed, is the most characteristic feature of Mrs. Hardy's mediumship—the extreme precision of her spirit-guides, in detail with which the life of the sitter is recalled. But these communications also embrace messages from spirit-friends, generally full of consolation to the mourning heart. In some, though perhaps in rarer instances, facts of the future are prophesied. Not only the future, but messages from the living are brought from distant parts of the earth. In view of this last fact we cannot refrain from forcing the time when by such or similar communications the marvels of modern telegraphy will be far surpassed. True, the world may be girdled with telegraphic wires, or continents and beneath intervening oceans, but lines of thought that never can corrode will, we believe, one day be accepted as the unremitting agent of communication. Of this Mrs. Hardy gave the example mentioned below.

Mrs. Hardy, having passed under the control of her spirit-guides, "Willie," made a few general observations to the audience, and humorously addressed Mr. Burns as Mr. Lord Mayor of that seance. Spirits came fast for communication. We can only give a selection. First came the wife of Mr. Potts, who referred to her partial materialization previously on that evening, and on other occasions elsewhere; and she further assured her husband that she would be enabled, ere long, to materialize her full form in an unmistakable manner. Her husband, she said, must not be over-anxious, but patiently wait the time for this manifestation of truth. It will take place, first of all, on a Saturday night.

"Who is Aggie?" said "Willie." It was Mr. Burns's cousin, from Glasgow, who was in the room with her sister and brother. Many particulars were given to the young people, which were recognized by them, and also by Mr. Burns. A message was sent to his mother in Scotland from her brother, recently deceased. "Willie" seemed to know all about these family relations. The statements made were highly satisfactory, and when speeded with the humorous manner of "Willie" they afforded good entertainment to all.

Mr. Henley, who was present, was much surprised to receive a message from his son Clement, who he supposed to be dead in America, and anxiously inquired "he was dead." "Dead I no," was the reply; "he is alive and doing well in America, but he is standing close to you now. He wants you to write to him. You haven't written him a long time, although you promised to do so. You must keep your promise, and write him a longer letter." This gentleman subsequently received another message from his departed brother, James, containing particulars respecting the early death of a child, of a most convincing nature. Mr. Henley testified to the truth of all the circumstances narrated.

Captain James received assuring messages from a near relative, whose name was accurately given. But the remarkable coincidence was that the spirits of the same name were indicated. And Captain James informed us that these were perfectly correct. A spirit named "Phoebe" came to assure Mrs. Hallock that the work with which she was associated in New York would still go on during her absence. Several other spirit-messages came to

Mrs. Hallock, mentioning family names with great precision. "Phoebe," a controlling spirit of the Misses Fairbank and Wood, who were present, put in an appearance, expressing disapproval of the severe tests to which those mediums were being subjected by investigators, and stated it was not the intention of the spirits to permit such procedure. (These remarks had reference to a scientific investigation of Spiritualism now in course with these mediums.)

Dr. Rush, one of Mrs. Tappan's spirit-guides, here interposed that "The time will come when there will be no necessity to suffer for Spiritualism; for such conviction will come to all—men of science included—as will render all these painful tests nugatory." Dr. Rush further added that "Spiritualists, as a body, do wrong to submit to such abuses."

Two spirits, named respectively "Harriet" and "Emily," came to communicate with the Countess. One of these was described as having passed away with a very painful affection of the chest. The Countess received a private message, which was whispered in her ear. The Countess stated that this was a test-message, and that the lady referred to had died of anginal pectoris, or spasm of the heart.

Two spirit ladies—one with a baby in her arms—and a fine elderly gentleman communicated with Mrs. Gillbrand. The child had brought a rose. The elderly gentleman stated that remarkable manifestations would soon take place which would set all doubts at rest.

Thus the notes might be very much extended, but these must suffice. The large assembly which crowded both rooms, leaving only a small space in the middle, seemed much gratified with the evening's proceedings, and exhibited the utmost good nature in respect to the difficulty of seeing the spirit hands from the back part of the rooms. For this good behavior they are entitled to our gratitude. The evening closed with Mr. Burns thanking Mrs. Hardy for her kindness in giving the seance. Never had there been such another held in these rooms. He also thanked the meeting for the kind manner in which the tickets had been taken up. Mrs. Hardy replied to the commendation which had been passed to her by thanking the company for the order that had been maintained under such trying circumstances. She was at all times glad to have the opportunity to help on the good cause in every way in her power.

Mrs. Hardy seemed to be much exhausted by the long double seance, which she so willingly gave for the promotion of the Sunday Meeting July 15th—Medium and Daybreak, London, England, 2nd.

Free Thought.

MAPES-TAPPAN-BUCHANA

BY J. WETHERBEE.

One should put on his armor. If his feet who presumes to take exceptions to a criticism of Professor Buchanan. Consider me, like Moses, "barefooted" before the bush, but hear me. I respect the Professor, who for a generation has been observing the hidden things of human life in the direction of mental dynamics and soul phenomena, and who, I admit, is wondrous wise, and one whom scholars and thinkers delight to honor; but Shakespeare and Homer's nod, it is said, and it appears to me the Professor's criticism in the Banner of Mrs. Tappan's address was sleepy.

I am not inclined to reflect on mediumistic utterances where I think them honest, neither do I hasten to play the role of knight in their defence; for in my experience, both in reflection and defence, I have put, as the saying is, my foot in it. We may any of us talk learnedly, but at best we know precious little of mediumship. I have been waiting twenty years for the coming man to enlighten us on this point, but I expect to die without the sight. Buchanan is not he; neither does he claim to be.

I have always thought, and think so now, that it would be wiser never, in rostrum utterances by trance, or impressionist speakers, to be definite in authority. (If any spirit is over my shoulder now let him take this hint, and if convenient pass it along.) In the Tappan utterance of the physiological fact (?) that we change our material structure once in about seven years, and an adult has no particle of the material man that he was born with, notwithstanding the evidence of birthmarks and scars, Prof. Buchanan says Mapes "could not have uttered such a piece of slip-slop seismism." I once heard Prof. Holmes, the bright doctor and poet, utter the same idea of "slip-slop seismism." If it be such, and I once heard an intelligent minister use the same "slip-slop seismism" in argument to prove the soul to be independent of the body because the Professor and I can remember right through the flux of seven or eight renewed bodies, and connect with facts appertaining to body number one. I am not defending this pretty theory of physical flux, but it has a rational ring to it; but, if savans here will say it—and I think they say a great many things too definitely for their knowledge, and this is one—I see no reason why Mapes as a spirit should be beyond saying it, on his own showing and the Professor's admissions.

He is a bold man who this side of the river of death can say that this is or is not Theodore Parker or Professor Mapes. It is very rationally explained that before Theodore Parker can give a Parkeristic page of communication, he must have a Parker's organism to do it through. How natural, then, for one to say, if I have got to ruin my reputation by teaching that which, finding expression in words through the medium, is weak and conflicting with my record, I'll be dumb; I suppose Mr. Buchanan thinks so, too, and sometimes I find myself saying "Yea verily." But remembering after "waking up" that I am not the coming man, that I do not know what I would do disembodied, I simply keep up my thinking, prove what I can, take what agrees with my soul's stomach, or, in the words of the ancient, hold fast to that which is good. I will add that

The Reviewer.

BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. J. H. CONANT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

To wade into a great sea of wonders requires courage and a buoyancy of spirit that I can hardly boast of; therefore I look on the book before me—the Biography of Mrs. Conant—with a degree of awe such as great depths and great heights ever impose upon our timid gaze. And the depths and heights of the mysteries involved in this work, who can measure? The length of Jacob's ladder on which the angels ascended and descended is as difficult to ascertain as it is to know how far into the infinitude of space or of spirit our medium's mind went floating; or from what remote realms, traversed meteor-like, perchance, came those intelligences that moved that mind till the glow of God's superior temple fell like a mantle of light upon those who were prepared to bask in its benedictions.

To properly criticize an author one should be equal to the author: hence here a shadow, not a pillar of fire, goes before me, when I peruse the pages of this handsome, this enticing Biography of Mrs. Conant; for I find its controlling genius to be no less than that of Theodore Parker, with a cohort of angels at his elbow—Mr. Allen Putnam's refined and graceful pen adding the charm of an introduction, while the world's medium, Mrs. C. herself, "sitting at the portal of your palace invites the reader in," as Mr. Longfellow once poetically expressed himself in an acknowledging receipt of my *Circassia*; or *A Tour to the Caucasus*.

To be sure, in the earlier pages, I see the name of Dr. J. D. Fisher and of Drs. Toby and Kittridge; and these bring me nearer to my own plane of thought and inspire a tenacity to approach "where angels dare to tread;" for when a boy I knew Dr. Fisher, and remember how kindly he once showed to me some colored plates he had prepared for a work on the small-pox. I also met with the genial Dr. Toby, and knew two, father and son, of the distinguished family of Kitridges.

Christ, they say, was born in a stable, and that his humble cradle was a manger, and that his more immediate disciples were poor fishermen.

Have these things detracted from his greatness or lessened the merits of his mission? Nearly all the great teachers that have made a distinguished mark upon the ages have kicked their infant heels against a humble destiny. Luxuries pertaining to wealth seem to cloud those sensibilities which in the lowly walks of life are awake to and hear and see what the great God of Nature has to impart. The poor creeping worm, voyaging on its seemingly senseless way, knows how to build for itself a rich home that the wealthy are proud of. By-and-by this little despised thing soars out in its beautiful drapery and gathers upon its golden wings the sunlight that gladdens it. The city belle screams at the sight of this lowly creature, but one who can interpret nature aright, sees a goddess of beauty in it, as well as in the pansy or camellia, and holds in his heart a thought of reverence.

Mrs. Conant's origin was humble, but her mission was majestic. To those who understand Spiritualism her biography will be a new and veritable Jacob's ladder, and they will have new and touching evidences of the power of the spirits, and how, almost ever-present, they sit with us on our hearthstones, watch by our pillows in sickness and in health, go with us in our wanderings, and sometimes hedge us around with obstacles that for the time being are provoking, yet are in truth barriers to dreadful accidents which we could not foresee. And has not every one had this experience? Once in a dark cave in the Island of Clazome (Asia Minor) I was about to go forward, when a stone in my hand fell and revealed to me a deep well at my feet. In England, preparing to take a West India steamer, I was somewhat strangely put in the way of taking another. The former was lost at Corunna on the coast of Spain. My father-in-law, when returning to the United States from a government mission to France, was by some unexpected delay prevented from embarking in the ill-fated Arctic. But these things seem to most people to be mere accidents; and, if we admit of (as we should not do, for everything results from preëxisting causes), such a thing as an accident, we easily rid ourselves of certain feelings of obligation or gratitude; but when we are wending our way into danger, and the clairvoyant—including the cat, the horse, the dog, the ass, (Balaam's at least)—can see the spirit that puts a barrier to our progress, then doubt and supposition and conjecture bow to the sceptre of regal reality. In Mrs. Conant's biography the reader will find that this gifted lady, Mrs. C., has had experiences of this nature that almost make the hair of our heads stand on end; and these have happened with such expressive adjuncts that those who witnessed them could reasonably entertain no doubt about the presence of a spirit. (See pp. 142-3, &c.)

Journeymen with some friends in a crowded vehicle in the neighborhood of Medford, a "plan was proposed to make a short cut through the woods, by which four miles could be saved. All favored the project except Mrs. Conant, who could not think of it approvingly, though she was not able to tell why. Hardly, however, had the head of the horse been turned toward the desired direction, than he began to rear and plunge in a manner entirely at variance with his previous reputation as a very quiet family beast. The party who had just overpowered Mrs. C.'s objection to the wood-path, now anxiously inquired of her: "What is the matter?" The medium said she did not know what this portended, but she could see that her Indian cohort, Wapanaw, was standing directly before the horse, refusing to allow him to proceed. The medium was certain that the horse could perceive the spirit, and feel his warning influence as plainly as she could herself; but the party being skeptical on that point, she desired that the animal be turned in the opposite direction and along the regular road; the point would then be settled as to whether it was a cautionary disembodied human spirit, or his own obstinacy which troubled the equine. On turning the carriage the horse moved off soberly, as was his wont, and the journey was completed without accident."

Mrs. C. being once belated, a spirit appeared, to arouse her from her forgetfulness and repose; but before she "had time to make the slightest movement which might be considered as causing the cat (sleeping at her feet) to awake, that animal opened its eyes, looked straight upward toward the influence, and springing upon 'all-

fours,' with curved back, and all the usual signs of anger and fear, proceeded to 'split' at him after the most approved feline manner." At times, too, when spirits were present and visible to her, her favorite dog "would accompany her in her paces up and down the apartment; growling and showing his teeth, the hair upon his back bristling with rage." If sent away, he would, if the spirits approached her, "start up, snarling, and come to her side again—always pointing out the place where they stood as plainly as did her own perceptions—and when they had left the apartment, he would give vent to his satisfaction in joyous gambols."

I have often been mortified at seeing the prejudices with which our M. D.s regard any encroachments upon the curriculum whence they take their departure. To tell many of them facts like the following is to "write one's self down an ass," in their estimation. So be it! I saw a fine-looking lady once in Dr. Newton's parlor, in New York, and so feeble was she in her limbs she could not rise from her chair when seated. Dr. N. manipulated her ankles a little and bade her walk, and she did so, and ran down stairs by herself. A young lady told me she had been bed-ridden for a number of years, having been injured by falling from a horse. Dr. N. cured her by using his hands only, and that in a few moments of time. I know of another case almost exactly like the latter. Now if Dr. N. possesses this power of himself, it is all very well; if he possesses it through the influence of a higher power, it is equally well. Mrs. Conant is of the latter class, and has thus performed wonders. Controlled by the late Dr. J. D. Fisher, she has cured the sick, bandaged broken limbs, and performed this kind of work with such marvelous skill that she seemed the very genius of Esculapius himself. The Zouave Jacob, of Paris, and Cornell Smith, of this city, are more like Dr. Newton. And does not the Bible sustain us in the opinion, does not Christ positively affirm that such things shall be? (and I hope that our good Christian brethren really believe in Christ,) that "the works that I do shall be also—be that believeth on me—and greater works than these." (St. John, xv: 12.)

There is sometimes a kind of playfulness in the acts of the spirits, a weird graciousness that wins marked attention. On one occasion, Col. Pope and wife being present, and the spirit wishing our medium to desist from work, "a skein of silk which Mrs. C. was using suddenly disappeared." After an unavailing search for it, she prepared another, saying, "I will hold this fast enough." Just then Mr. Pope, who was seated on a sofa at the opposite side of the room from her, cried out: "Look over your head." There, suspended by some invisible power, was the missing skein, which was then dropped on the floor at her feet.

Something like the above happened a number of times in my own parlor to the esteemed wife of our excellent lecturer, Mr. Brunton. Her earrings—taken from her ears so carefully that she did not know the moment of their departure—would be spirited away and hidden. Once they were hidden so that no effort of ours that night could discover them, but on the following morning were lying in plain sight, conspicuously in the centre of a red satin arm chair. On another occasion one was carried away into a neighboring house.

Mrs. Conant received one day some old Spanish coins and placed them on the mantel as curiosities; "but while she turned from the shelf to put some coal upon the grate, they disappeared, and she did not hear of their whereabouts for several days. One of the children of a Mrs. Oliver Stearns, who resided on Cambridge street, Boston, then came and said: "Mother wants to know if you have lost anything?" "Yes," replied Mrs. C., "I have lost some silver pieces." The boy at once took from his pocket, and related the manner of their being found. An attendant spirit who used to manifest in the presence of one of the Stearns children had brought the money to the house of Mrs. S. as an exhibition of his powers, and on leaving it remarked, "that he had stolen it from Mrs. Conant."

Mons. Borde, 24 Rue St. Laurent, Belleville, wrote: "I assure you of this (the following), in the presence of the Divine Power whom I should dread offending. A friend told a box about a foot long and ten inches wide, in which were secured very valuable articles. One day it was stolen. A somnambulist was summoned, and was lying on a bed in a complete state of catalepsy. He was questioned about the box, and the spirit was ordered to restore it. 'I was in the middle of the room,' says Mons. B., 'with Mr. Picotet and two other gentlemen, of the name of Revole, father and son, when the clairvoyant told us to open the window, which I did instantly, and Mr. P. beheld arriving the precious box, which he received in his hands at the moment I was going to take it myself.'"—*Cu-haguet*, Vol. 2, p. 150.

Many "confess by their fears what they deny with the tongues;" and I have known big men and small women, in the presence of Miss Fox, to beg tremulously the spirits not to touch them. Others—fear, in their ignorance, but embrace joyfully when the light of the simple truth breaks in upon them. Mrs. Dr. Pike, I think it was, was afraid even to pass by Mrs. Conant's door; but her husband, who had had wonderfully convincing proofs of spirit power and control, finally persuaded her to be introduced to Mrs. C. Mrs. P. was very much alarmed at first, but yielded to the request of her husband, attended a séance, during which her mother came in control, and so natural and undeniable was her presence to the daughter, that at the conclusion of the sitting, she threw her arms about the neck of the medium, tears filling her eyes, and said: "I shall never be afraid again." (p. 112.)

It appears to me that the most positive proof of spirit control is to be found in this phenomenon—the speaking of a foreign language of which the medium knows absolutely nothing. Judge Edmonds states that his daughter Laura has spoken in six or seven different languages with which she was not at all conversant; and I know a lady now, here in Albany, who has also carried on conversation in several languages which she is ignorant of in her normal state. In the presence of Col. Tappan, a United States Indian agent for some fifteen years, Mrs. Conant, under the control of the Indian spirit Spring Flower, was able to converse fluently with the quondam agent—indeed, perhaps having the advantage of him, as he had now and then to pause till the desired word came to his memory, while his invisible collector appeared in her element." (p. 154.) Once in the presence of an incredulous non-English-speaking German, Mrs. Conant's "hand was controlled, and she

proceeded mechanically to write with the utmost rapidity, in German" (of which she is ignorant), "a missive directed to the skeptical one before her. The message purported to be from his father, and was couched in his style of expression; indeed, so perfectly true was it as to detail and correct as to fill him that the doubter was extremely moved, and told his delighted Spiritualist friend that he was utterly confounded." (p. 134.)

And now with regard to the important influence Mrs. Conant has had upon the public through the "Message Department" of the Banner of Light, I am at a loss for words. The whole of the magnificent structure, that gorgeous temple from base to dome, which Spiritualism makes plain by clearing away the clouds that enveloped it, rests upon this foundation: Do the spirits of the "dead" return and commune with us? All past ages, and our Bible conspicuously, affirm and declare that they do; yet who here more loth than the (nominal) Christians to acknowledge the immutability of God's laws, and say that (because simply they lie under the dust of down centuries) the appearance of Moses, Elias, Samuel, was unlike the present manifestation; and that the spirits that came to Lot, that liberated Peter, &c., &c., and the hand that was seen to write upon the wall, obviously differed from anything we have now-a-days, because the former are recorded in their Holy Book; and in spite of proofs by the myriads, proofs of events of the same sublime import and beauty and worth?

Assuming, then, these things to be true, as we must if we respect the evidence, how closely nestled under the wing of God is our angel's medium! The latter part of the biography of Mrs. C. is full of the most startling and touching evidences that the dear departed ones can and do send messages to their friends on earth—messages reaching those sometimes far away; sometimes guiding the footsteps of the charitable in unknown places to relieve the sick, the destitute; sometimes saving a loving mother from insanity; sometimes making one less suicide's grave; sometimes filling a habitation with joy because its inmates have learned "not to reject the spirits." God bless her, and keep her memory green.

G. L. DITSON.

ELECTRICITY AND SPIRITUAL MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of the first or second week in July, I believe, you published at my desire a communication on the subject of Electro-Magnetism as an Agent for Unfolding Mediumistic Power. The article in question, partly written by myself and partly by Prof. Haecke, of Vienna, has called forth such an immense number of inquiries addressed to me personally, that in despair at my inability to respond to them all, or at least do justice separately to the anxiety which seems to influence many of the querists, I ask of your courtesy compliance with the suggestion which several of my correspondents make, namely, that I should give a second and still more explicit statement of the relations which I have found to exist between the electro-magnetic fluid and the vital force which appears to be evolved in the phenomenon of spirit control over mortals. It is now some eighteen years since I first came to America, and being partly induced to take so long a sea voyage in the hope of curing a severe affection of the throat under which I labored, I listened with much interest to the accounts given me of the marvelous cures effected by clairvoyants, and that in cases where all other methods had failed.

Having concluded to try the power of one of these (to me at that time) weird doctors, I learned that their principal mode of cure consisted in the administration of electricity. I soon found my physical disability benefited by the electric fluid, but I also discovered to my dismay that certain somnambulant tendencies of my own, of which I was very much afraid and heartily desired to be rid, were always more or less called forth by the electric treatment. From a child I had been in the habit of seeing ghosts, falling into trances, prophesying, &c., &c. In short, I was born a medium, though neither I nor those around me had any understanding of the "gift" I possessed.

With much difficulty I had conquered many of my "witch-like" tendencies, and when I found that they were not only revived with added strength by the applications of electricity, but were positively getting the better of me, and compelling me to be "a medium," I resolved to give up the electric cure, however beneficial it might be in a physical sense. For a time I kept my resolve, but finding my throat difficulties becoming serious I again had recourse to electricity, and again found the signs of mediumship keeping pace with my treatments.

Becoming at length convinced of Spiritualism, my opposition to its phenomenal exercise through myself ceased, and I not only record my grateful testimony to electricity as my means of cure, but acknowledge that for the seventeen years during which I have been an indefatigable laborer in the spiritual vineyard, I not only owe the preservation of my health and strength, but also the continuance and renewal of my medium power to the frequent use of electro-magnetism. In Europe I have noticed with interest how frequently strong magnetizers renewed their wasted vitality and regained more than their former strength by the use of electricity.

It was in France that I first heard how successfully a good electro-magnetic battery was used, to develop the latent powers of mediumship at spirit circles. A large number of intelligent and scientific investigators had been experimenting in this direction, and some of them wished me to publish accounts of their experiences. I had prepared a number of facts on this subject for "The Western Star," but as the manuscripts were consumed with other property in the Boston fires I cannot now recall the statements with all the accuracy necessary. Suffice it to say I had a great mass of testimony to the effect of the beneficial results of electro-magnetism as a powerful agent in the development of mediumistic force. Besides the experiences above alluded to, I have recently had some striking evidences of a similar character. During the last three years of my practice as an electric physician in Philadelphia and Boston, scores of patients have come under my observation in whom unmistakable signs of mediumistic power were evolved after taking a few electric treatments. Those who attended my operating rooms were scarcely ever Spiritualists; indeed, many of them (though quite aware of my opinions) were either uninflected on the subject or quite opposed to it, and yet I noticed, with deep interest, how constantly the tokens of mediumistic power were awakened in these persons with their re-

turning strength. In one case I was questioned closely as to whether the effects of electricity could occasion the inquirer to write with so much more ease than formerly, and that in poetry, a style wholly new and unaccustomed. Another patient remarked upon the beautiful visions and singularly clear impressions of coming events, &c., &c., which seemed to grow out of these "curious electric treatments." One lady told me with much dismay, that the electricity certainly "followed her home," occasioning strange knockings and odd movements of everything she touched. Some persons were made sufficiently aware by floating rumors of the nature of mediumship to be suspicious of the symptoms developed in their cases. Others were at a loss to account for their new peculiarities, but all were more or less gratified, and it was generally believed that the signs which I readily discovered to indicate unfolding mediumship resulted solely from a restoration to health. Permit me now to speak a little more in detail of one prominent subject of inquiry amongst my correspondents, namely, the special advantages of the "Home Battery," mentioned in the narrative of Prof. Haecke's experiences. Finding much difficulty arising in my practice from the imperfection of the batteries now in use, I tried almost all that were available for medical purposes, and still myself and my assistants were troubled by the unreliability of our apparatus. Dr. Britten, being an excellent mechanic as well as an electrician, was kept constantly at work repairing our batteries, and as we generally have some eight or ten in the house at work his time was completely consumed in this unprofitable employment.

I have so often felt pained at the fanaticism which amongst some Spiritualists induces them to attribute everything to "the spirits," and utterly ignores all human selfhood in the egotism of assuming they are incessantly moved upon "by spirits," that I am not prepared to say how much the idea I am about to speak of may be attributable to spiritual impression—how much to the promptings of mortal ingenuity; suffice it to say that, after repeated pleadings on my part, together with promises of future results, which I certainly did make to my husband under direct spiritual impression, Dr. Britten invented the "Home Battery," an electro-magnetic machine, which I no sooner tried than I at once perceived its superior excellence, and immediately put it into use in place of all my other instruments. The details of this invention, in a purely business point of view, I must be excused from entering into, referring those who desire to be better informed, to the advertisement, which will appear from time to time in this paper. I have only to answer, then, one more question which is put to me with reference to any superior power which this machine may possess over others, as a means of development in mediumship. I really am not prepared to say that this is the case, as all my former experiences prove that well-directed electro-magnetism, evolved from any good machine, will in future, as it has in the past, answer this purpose. I recommend electro-magnetism, because I am confident this quality of force is nearer to the life-principle than any other. I would advise, also, the selection of a good machine, as a bad or uneven one is liable to produce that nervous irritability which is obnoxious to rather than promotive of health and spiritual control; and it is in this respect chiefly that I presume the Home Battery may be found more effective than any other instrument. Being a very excellent machine, and cheaper for its size and make than any other in the market, it is the most accessible battery I could recommend to achieve a great and good result. There is still another reason, and one which I touch on with some hesitancy, because it involves a personal matter, which I am not fully able to demonstrate. At the first séance I organized for the benefit of Prof. Haecke, a German physician present produced a battery of a certain kind, which he had been strongly recommended to use. The party sat for a few minutes, holding the electrodes of this instrument in silence. Under an impression I could not resist, I begged my friends, at the end of a quarter of an hour, to substitute the Home Battery for the one then in use. Directly it was connected, and the party experienced the first flow of the current, the German doctor before alluded to started up and exclaimed, "Here is something more than mineral magnetism; a mighty force is in this current—the force of LIFE! Vital elements stream forth from this machine, and a rich mine of living magnetism charges it." We have since found the speaker was under influence, and he promises to be a very good and powerful trance medium.

With a view of experimenting on an item of that philosophy enunciated by the learned Baron von Reichenbach, a cousin of that gentleman's, who was one of our circle and himself a fine seer or "sensitive," proposed that we should subject the Home Battery and the other machine first used among us, to the tests practiced by the great German philosopher. We placed the two batteries at either corner of a totally darkened closet, but without informing the young gentleman who was to be our seer where the instruments were. When Herr Franz Reichenbach entered the closet, although it was impossible that he could have discerned anything with the natural eye, he at once recognized the position of the two batteries by the streams of "odde light" which were given off by the coils and magnets. He described the one in the left-hand corner of the room as emitting a steady violet light from one point, and a small thread of pale yellow light from another. These flames, we judged from their positions, streamed from the magnet and helix.

Over the Home Battery, which had been placed in the right-hand corner, the clairvoyant became very enthusiastic, declaring the whole box was covered with scintillations of "glorious blue flames," through which the same tongues of violet and yellow light shot up as he saw in the other machine, only, as he affirmed, those at the right were far brighter and larger. On being asked if he could tell why there was such a much larger mass of light on the one box than the other, he replied one was made "by common hands," and the two lights he saw must be produced by the metals of the coil and the magnet only. "The other," and here he again became enthusiastic—"the other," he said, "is redolent of life, life, beautiful life—life that bounds and leaps up from every particle. It is a magnet in itself, and some great magnetizer has put himself into it. It is the work of a mighty magnetizer." And here lies, as I believe, the philosophy of the whole subject. The manufacturer, that is, the person who has constructed every part of the "Home Batteries" that have as yet been made, is himself a very powerful magnetizer, although he will not use his gift, and has the strongest aversion

to being asked to do so, or even to being questioned on the subject.

I am myself a studied physician. I believe I have had as much chance of achieving name, fame and fortune by drug medication, as any other qualified practitioner; but my profound contempt for the wholly unscientific and pernicious methods called *medical science*, has always repelled me from the practice, and when circumstances induced me to adopt the art of healing as a profession, I used the Electric Battery, as the only method, *sure one*, which I deem likely to benefit suffering humanity, yet save it from the dangers of drug medication. That one exception to the rule is VITAL MAGNETISM, and herein, as I firmly believe, lies the true panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, that is when it can be administered properly, is given by a good and healthful operator, is physically adapted to the subject, and does not injure the operator in its exercise. Herein, then, consists the secret of those mysterious influences that surround and beset us on every side. Denton's magnificent work, "The Soul of Things," alone can explain philosophically the nature of those subtle life forces which inhere to all things that man has touched, and shed good or bad influences from every house, street, garment, or even manufactured article, that we come in contact with. The more we use inanimate machinery, and distribute the influences of many individuals upon one object, the less we are likely to be specially affected.

Still we all know some houses are "unlucky" and hateful, or lucky and pleasant, from our first entrance within them. Even our garments and articles of furniture at times affect us according to the *living forces* *wherein they are charged*. I need not write a volume on this subject, though I could well do so without exhausting it. To Prof. Denton's "Soul of Things" I refer those who desire to follow out the marvelous theme in its minutiae of detail; in the mean time, as the Home Battery has been made by one person almost exclusively, and that person is a powerful magnetizer—a battery of living forces in himself—I should be faithless to the true interests of occult science if I permitted any feeling of personal reticence to withhold this explanation any longer. I know the machine is a good one as a staple article of commerce, but just so long as it is made, as at present, by hands charged with the mysterious element of magnetic force, it must become a more powerful means of doing its special work than instruments destitute of this wonderful influence.

Let not my readers infer from this explanation that they will invariably evolve the powers of mediumship from the use of this battery. They may not all invariably possess this gift, latent or partially disclosed. Possessing it, they may be surrounded with such antagonistic influences as would crush back mediumship or neutralize its exercise. Some there are in whom the flow of mediumistic forces would prove injurious to the physical system, and kind spirit friends interfere to prevent their exercise; and, lastly, although one strong and ingenious pair of hands has hitherto been the chief instrument of constructing the Home Battery, if its popularity increases as now, and keeps pace with its present demand, one pair of hands alone, nor ten, nor twenty, can suffice for the supply. Perhaps the seers of a twelve-month hence would not behold in a darkened chamber the same luminous scintillations of "life, beautiful life," pouring its azure currents all over the box of lightning as now. We cannot say. We can make no promises to this effect; indeed, the more we practice and work in the midst of the invisible hosts who practice and work with us, the more we find we are "building yester than we know," that "we see in part, and prophesy in part" only. May God and his angels speed the day when we shall no more "see as in a glass darkly, but shall see face to face," with the mystery of life and being fully expounded.

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

206 West 38th street, New York City.

(From the St. Louis (Mo.) Republican.)

AH, NO! NOT ONLY A DREAM.

A Spiritual Song.

BY HENRY HITCHCOCK, JR.

At morn or at twilight they gently draw near—
The once "dead," but the "dead" nevermore;
And the strains of their music enraptured we hear.

As they echo the bright waters o'er,
And again do we grasp the dear hands, as of old—
Blest kindred, who left us in tears—
And fondly their forms to our bosoms we fold,
As in days of the long vanished years.

Chorus: Ah, yes, the new advent of angels is real;
Grim death is not what it doth seem;
Spirit voices now prove that the poet's ideal

Is not, oh not only a dream.
Oh, "glad" are the things the sainted now bring,
As their steps "on the mountain side" ring,
"Immortality" is the grand theme that they sing;
"Immortality" falleth to all."

In yon regions celestial, with valley and rill,
And beauty wherever they roam,
Our darlings are living and loving us still,
Impatient to welcome us home.

Chorus: Ah, yes, &c.
Sweet babe in the cradle, with dimple and smile,
And mother, so boundless in love!
Ah! oft the dear angels thy slumbers beguile
With whisperings sweet from above.

Not "gone to the bourne whence no traveler returns,"
As sadly to many it seems;
In the hearts of our darlings pure love ever burns,
And they visit us even in dreams.

Chorus: Ah, yes, &c.
Rejoice, oh rejoice, ye belated children of earth,
And ye sorrowing, sorrow no more;
The "great enemy," Death, is but spiritual birth,
And the way to the Beautiful Shore.

Though dear ones cross over the river so deep,
In the skirt of the "batman so pale,"
Yet they often return, while sadly we weep,
From their home in the flowery vale.

Chorus: Ah, yes, &c.
St. Louis, 1875.

There is a wholesome tonic for all of us in the certainty, which is forced upon us now and then, of the unknown, unmeasured resources of courage and heroism and unflinching integrity to duty which we find among what we choose to call the mass of the people. It is, after all, only when a man reaches the certainties of middle age that he is not surprised every new day by the knowledge of how admirably a crew has been put into the world for its long voyage; how many of the women are gracious and finely matured; how many men respond promptly to the call of honesty or duty, or even self-sacrifice; because it is the simple and natural thing for them to do so.—*Theodore Parker*.

There are words which are worth as much as the best actions, for they contain the germ of them all.—*Mme. Suechtne*.

AUGUSTIA DWINELLS, Clairvoyant, Test
and Prophetic Medium, 171½ Tremont st., Boston.
Aug. 14.—1n*

