

The day which preceded the Reformation were pregnant. There had been a long period of dissidence and warfare. The southern countries of Europe had been overrun and devastated by northern encroachments. England had been the seat of battle of many nations, and for many generations. Germany was the citadel of scholastic learning—or beginning to be—at that time. Then the Augustinian monk left the schools of learning full of his doubts and sophisms, and entered the cloister, believing himself possessed of demons, and that no scourge was too severe for the sinfulness of not being perfect. This Augustinian monk, in the full fervor of his faith and learning, made a journey to Rome to be baptized and receive the blessing of the Pope and the Church. It was in Rome that the revelation was made to Luther which caused the Reformation to burst upon Europe; it was in Rome that he beheld the rottenness of the temple; it was there that he found the sneers of priests which at their prayers, who used vulgar Latin phrases, instead of the regular form of worship, which were supposed by him to be unheard and not understood by the ignorant worshippers around; it was there that he was accustomed to hear the gravest doubts from those who were the orders of his own faith, and cardinals and bishops in revelry proclaimed their disbelief not only in the transubstantiation, but in all whatsoever connected with the power of the Sacrament in the Church; and it was there that with the deep power and penetration of his mind he ferreted out the inefficiency of mere ceremonials to do the work of the spirit in man. Luther was the angel of the Reformation, announcing the advent of what Christ promised to man. Evidently before that time the Comforter had not come, save to the few who were persecuted during the ten persecutions at Rome; evidently the great power and fervor of faith had not been enlightened and rekindled. The beginning was with Luther; it was followed up by Knox; and even in the severity of Calvinism there was some redeeming feature, since it brought also the severity of pure life and Christian deeds. What they commenced was carried out afterwards in a more direful manner by the corrupt kings of England; what they commenced was not fittingly followed up by Henry VIII., the Protestant King of England. However, when kings make religion their toy, it does not matter, since ambition itself often serves the purpose of the Divine Mind, and the Reformation might never have been reformed, but for the abuse of it in the early centuries of its inauguration. You have now some two hundred odd sets of Protestant believers; you have now every variety of opinion, from the Unitarian belief, to the high ritualistic performance that very nearly resembles the Roman Catholic

h ve subsequently been discovered. The Egypt

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ceremony: you have every grade and shade of opinion, but along with these have come the signs and tokens of the New Dispensation. Wesley saw somewhat with the eyes of the Spirit, and in his sermon and writings on good angels, did not seem to believe in the gifts of the Spirit of the earlier apostles of Christendom. Swedenborg heralded the advent of visions and prophecies and knowledge of spirit-life, which, however much flattered with the prevailing theory of eclecticism of his time, was nevertheless a genuine revelation of spiritual power. You have today the signs and tokens of a new period. Materialism has been abroad in the world, stamping itself upon the foreheads of those who refuse to believe in inspiration, and this materialism has left its mark upon the nations of today.

Some where in the world of mind or spirit the prophets have foretold the advent of a new epoch; and for a long period of time, beginning with wonderful writings in France and Germany, spreading over England, and at last into America, they who have seen visions and dreamed dreams have said there is a new visitation of spiritual power coming to man. Some have looked for it in the actual coming of Christ, and there have been those who have arrayed themselves in snowy garments many a time and oft, prepared for his coming, and on the morrow have gone back to their daily life still thinking that he will come. There are those in your midst of the Evangelical churches who say that the latter days predicted in the Apocalypse are about to appear, and that Christ with his host is coming now to claim his own, forgetting that they make the mistake which was made in ancient Judea—that his temple is not material, but of the spirit, and that they are not to look for his coming with thunders of the material heavens, but of the spiritual firmament, which has been mightily shaken in these latter days by the thunders of materialism and the lightnings of doubt and skepticism.

See to it that you do not repeat the blunders of the past—that the new Messiah be not expected with flame, and cloud, and glory, and earthly splendor, and all that the Jews expected. See to it that the new Messiah, or the coming Man thought of by all peoples, shall not also be expected to be a king. In the political world it has been thought that the time would come when some man mightier than the rest would rule the nations of the earth. If there was an anti-christ, it might be found in Napoleon or Caesar, who sought to sway with force of arms the mighty nations of men. If there be an anti-christ to-day, it is in that statesman of Europe who keeps all the nations of Christendom armed, that one emperor or one nation may hold sway for a time. We care not who he be, Protestant king or Protestant minister of state, who can say to all the nations of the earth by example, "We have conquered this people, and you must arm yourselves to a warfare position before there can be permanent peace," whoever does this is the anti-christ of the earth. He who educates a nation, and thereby a continent, to believe that there is but one power, and that power the sword, is the anti-christ of today, even though that sword were drawn against his Satanic majesty. We say the weapons of peace are greater than those of war, and the Messiah who is coming to man is not the Messiah of bloodshed. We say that the dawn of peace is the dawn of the Comforter; and whoever uplifts the hands of those who toil, or drives away the curse and fear of death, or makes it possible for nations to dwell together in peace and unity, and filled with justice, he is the Comforter whom you are to expect.

We care not by what name he may be known. His spirit of truth may be found in that science which uplifts the thought of man and the hand of labor; his spirit of truth may be found in all that unity of toil that binds the brotherhood of labor together; his spirit of truth may be found in those loftier purposes and higher maxims which give to humanity the hope of a better day and a disenfranchisement from the bonds of abject toil and temporal pride. His rule must be expected, and must come when a sufficient number of people on the earth shall with loving kindness and harmony abide together, resolved that peace and love and truth only shall be their guide. His spirit inevitably must come when the peace-makers of the earth shall teach men that justice is better than war, and that truth is a more powerful sword than that which slays thousands, without educating the hearts and minds of the people.

What is the old Pope there in Rome that a whole nation or kingdom should be arrayed against him, and prepared to take arms? Rather fear the subtle power of ignorance which abroad in the land makes it possible for prejudice and blindness to sway the masses of the people. Rather see to it that every town and city, every place throughout Christendom, is the scene of enlightened understanding, that no pope, priest, nor king can terrify the heart that is truly good, or the mind that is truly enlightened. Rather make it possible that in the Eden of the coming days all nations of the earth, with ample room and godlike laws, shall abide in peace together. Rather make it possible that every human being shall be sheltered and fed and clothed and spiritually illumined, so that the broad, grand earth shall not present the contrast of paupers in Christian lands and vast, uninhabited plains where there is room for all. Let us have a religion which makes the Spirit of Truth a godlike mind inhabiting a perfect form, with the laws of health and justice proclaimed upon the earth. And we now predict that in the centre of such a coming time, of which these visions and signs, revelations and prophecies, the presence of ministering spirits, and the love of the departed are but the beginnings, in such a coming time the earth shall witness, and the world shall know, the actual presence of the Comforter—the Spirit of Truth—shall come to abide with man. In the language of the modern seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, "His physical form of love and wisdom shall take on the outward shape of man, and shall, through the laws of harmonious life and perfected spirit, reveal the godhead anew."

Believe you not this? Then to what end does man live? If that which he is may not also become, there is no belief in prophecy. The Spirit shall abide with men. The time drawn nigh when this presence shall appear, and when the Comforter that is to wipe all tears from your eyes shall dwell in your midst, and the New Jerusalem shall come wherein there is no more night and no more grief, and no more sadness and sorrow, and no more darkness, no light of the sun nor of the moon, for there is no night there, but only that abiding Presence and that perfect Peace which has overcome the world.

#### POEM.

##### WHO IS THE COMFORTER?

Far away, in ancient Jerusalem,  
He walked "neath the light of the sun,  
Trailing in the dust his garment's hem,  
His work and his life were done.

And they followed him, the best beloved,  
By his side with tears and with moans,  
And they watched close for the spoken word,  
Mid their sorrowful fears and groans.

But over the city a cloud hung dark,  
And the sky was rent with fire,  
And the Spirit of God, with a living spark,  
Kindled their heart's desire—

For the love and a peace that could bless men so,  
To abide yet awhile on the earth below.

What time shall the Comforter come, you say,  
Who bringeth the Spirit of Peace?  
He cometh even now, he is here to-day,  
With Truth as your heart's release;

When ever an error is met and slain,  
There cometh the Christ, the Truth Spirit again.

What time shall the Comforter come, you say,  
With what tokens shall he be known?  
Shall we know the light of the promised day,  
And hear the voice of our Lord?

He cometh even now where the world of love  
Is spoken, He cometh from worlds above.

He abides in the lowly and loving heart,  
He dwells in the beam of day;  
All nature is vocal with God's great art,  
All truth must still bid him stay.

He cometh to every heart when pain  
Is vanquished by joy and hope again.

What tokens athwart the sky appear?  
What flame burning golden and red?  
Behold the dawn of the day is here,  
Lo! the life which ye once thought dead.

That the love of the Truth is revealed to man,  
And Christ walks the earth with God's spoken plan.

Oh, Thou that revealest all truth to the world,  
Speak thou to each human heart;  
Let the doubt and the sin and the sorrow depart,  
Leaving only Thy joy here unfurled.

As springeth the day from the darkened night,  
So may we from error to Truth's own light.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### SPIRIT MATERIALIZATION.

PART VII.

Proofs for the World of the Consciousness and Truth of the "Amazing Facts and Phenomena" Occurring with the Medium, Mrs. Dr. Jane C. Blake, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

In addition and sequence to what I have said in my last article in the Banner of Light in reference to the remarkable photographic pictures, without camera, lens, chemicals or apparatus of any kind, taken in an exquisitely finished state and condition by the spirits in presence of their medium, Mrs. Blake, I desire to offer the following further facts as proofs of the genuineness and truth of the phenomena to the world:

Last Sunday evening I was invited to a seance to take place at the residence of Mrs. Blake, Number 110 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn. I went over Sunday afternoon, and was at the house about half-past four o'clock. Dr. Blake, the medium's husband, took me all through his dwelling house, into every room, and I was unable to discover anything in the house that looked like camera, lens, chemicals or apparatus of any kind for taking photographs. I only saw some *carte de visite* sized pieces of albumen-glazed photographic paper—which were blank on both sides—and some of which bore marks of being torn by Mrs. Blake, and the torn-off pieces I had in my pocket-book.

In the course of the evening Mr. Blake remarked, what shall we do for a cabinet this evening in the parlor? Mrs. Blake suggested that one might be made out of the clothes-horse down stairs. Accordingly it was procured, and before midnight Mr. Blake and I had improvised a cabinet out of it and sundry bed quilts and cloths, and a large piece of curtain calico on the front, in which was a hole, curtained. This clothes-horse cabinet stood on the floor, near one end of the parlor, but far enough from the wall that persons could walk with facility go all around and about it, and could go into it, too, and examine it.

At about eight o'clock, some nine ladies and gentlemen having assembled, Mrs. Blake was seated on one side of the table with these pieces of photographic paper on said table before her, and Mr. Blake opposite to her to manage the light of the chandelier; the rest of us sat around the table, all having hold of hands—including the medium and her husband. The light being turned off, the seance commenced. We waited in singing for about five minutes, and the medium called for the light. The light was turned on, and lo, three of the pieces of photographic paper had pictures on them—two of them of ladies, and one of a gentleman of dark complexion and the features of a Spaniard. "That is a Cuban gentleman," said the medium, "and it is for Mr. Bruce," (who with his daughter was of the circle, and recently from Cuba.) Mr. Bruce did not wholly recognize the likeness, and took it away with him for further recognition. But here is the great fact of the evening! One of the pictures of the ladies, the other being unrecognized, was at once recognized by both Mr. Bruce and his daughter as a beautiful portrait of his daughter who died some years ago. The whole company saw the remarkable resemblance of the face and features of the picture to those of the living daughter of Mr. Bruce sitting with us. Here then was a test—a proof test, which the world calls for. Mr. Bruce and his living daughter are ready to affirm to this picture as the likeness of a daughter and sister who has departed this life, and I and the members of the circle will affirm to what I have recorded in reference to it.

After this there were materializations in the improvised cabinet of several faces, male and female, which, on account of the character of the light and the color of the curtain-calico, were not distinct enough for recognition, and did not look in appearance much better than "false faces," or masks; but at the excellent suggestion of a lady of the circle, after the medium came out of her trance and the cabinet, no less than four of us went respectively into the cabinet, and under the same conditions of light, imitating the spirits' own faces to the opening, and the appearance of *only hands and faces was no better than that of the spirits*. Our faces, through the opening of the curtain-calico and by the dim light, looked like masks and false faces too. But the test of the materialization was this. Soon after, as Mrs. Blake entered the cabinet and sat down in the chair near the front, the spirits raised up the curtain-calico over the lap of Mrs. Blake, and her form in the chair, from her waist to her feet, was all the time of the materialization of spirit faces visible to the members of the circle.

But for more test-proof facts. On last Tuesday evening, Aug. 2d, Mr. and Mrs. Blake were at our residence in New York, and we had a seance, with a select circle of seven of our friends besides them. We sat around the table, and the light being turned down, we all took hold of hands, including the medium and her husband, the latter being between my wife and myself, and the former between Mr. Eldridge and Mr. Alden, of this city. We commenced as usual, singing—which is always done by the request of the spirits—and after about five minutes the light was turned on, at the medium's request, and before us, among the small pieces of paper upon the table, were two photographic pictures—one of a lady and one of a gentleman—neither of which, however, was recognized by any member of the circle. But here was the test fact! The picture of the gentleman was on a piece of paper torn off at the corner by Mrs. Blake, and the torn-off piece of which I had in my pocket-book. I took it out, and before the circle, so all could see and affirm to it, I matched the small bit of torn-off paper to the piece of paper on which was the photographic picture of the gentleman; I have this picture and the matching torn-off piece with me now.

I had a sheet of albumen paper which I had procured from Mr. Maxwell, the photographer, a day or two before, and had cut some of it up into test pieces, reserving the cut-off bits myself; but on none of these that night did any picture appear. Mrs. Blake not expecting it, because, as she said, it was necessary for the spirits to magnetize it through her first thought; and this does seem a necessity, as the following remarkable fact will show, besides being a test and a proof of the spirit pictures:

In the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Blake, and the members of the circle, after our seance was over, I cut off some more marked pieces from my remaining part sheet of albumen-glazed paper, and then I cut off two rectangular pieces, and out of each of these I cut out an oval or lemon-shaped piece of paper, reserving the outside corresponding pieces myself and putting them among other papers in my pocket, and with the others I gave the two oval pieces to Mrs. Blake, that she might take them home with her. She did so, and the next night there was a seance at her own house, under the usual conditions, and my pieces of paper were on the table before her, and I am told that there were five photographic pictures produced at that time, and among them was a picture on one of my lemon or oval-shaped pieces of paper which I had cut out the night before and given to Mrs. Blake. Mr. Robert K. Bruce, the gentleman from Cuba before alluded to, and an honest and truthful man, came to my office yesterday, and not finding me in just at the time, enclosed for me in a letter which he placed on my desk my lemon or oval piece of paper, with the beautiful, highly-finished photograph of a young midshipman, not recognized, however, but looking in style and cap and uniform as if he might have belonged to some one of the ships of the Pacific Mail Company, (and it is a fact, I believe, that some of those cadets, or midshipmen, were drowned some time ago, and we may be able to have the likeness recognized hereafter.)

I opened Mr. Bruce's letter, and read its contents as follows: "The enclosed is one of the pieces of paper sent by you to Mrs. Blake's last night. I was present when the likeness came, and I can vouch for its authenticity."

ROBERT K. BRUCE.

How astonished I was. I immediately got from my pocket-papers the outside frame piece of paper, in which the oval was

cut on Tuesday night, and placed the piece, on which the photograph was in it exactly, both pieces corresponding precisely with each other as I had before cut them; the oval frame fitted exactly together. What further proof of the extraordinary work of the spirits through Mrs. Blake is needed?

New York, August 6, 1875. A. G. W. CARTER.

POSTSCRIPT.—On account of what occurred in this city last night, I must add more indubitable proof of the truth and genuineness of the facts and phenomena occurring so miraculously in the presence of the gifted woman, Mrs. Jane C. Blake. My wife and I, by invitation, were at a seance last night at the rooms of Dr. J. V. Mansfield, who is now absent at Saratoga Springs, but whose wife and daughter had invited Mr. and Mrs. Blake to their house, that the spirits might, if they would, give their remarkable photographic and flower demonstrations, through Mrs. Blake as medium.

The circle consisted of eleven persons—ladies and gentlemen—including the medium and her husband. We sat around a table in the back room, the medium's hands being held on one side by Mrs. Mansfield, and on the other by Mrs. Stevens, and Mr. Blake's hands being held by a lady on each side of him, and all hands being upon the table. I had my position in the circle next to Mrs. Mansfield. After some length of time, during which Mrs. Blake gave to different members of the circle various clairvoyant tests, the pieces of albumen and other paper were placed upon the table, among which were some eight or ten pieces marked by me, by cutting off pieces, which cut-off pieces I had in my pocket; Mr. Samis, now of Elizabeth, N. J., and one of the circle, having, with other members of the circle, examined and counted the pieces of paper upon the table, the light was turned off, and we were in darkness. We waited in singing for about five minutes, and then by direction of the spirits the light was turned on, and in its rays, to the surprise of the members of the circle, we saw all the pieces of paper crowded together on the table before Mrs. Mansfield, immediately about and under her hand and that of the medium, clasped together on the surface of the table. Mrs. Mansfield and the medium raised their hands, and I hunted among the papers, and—

*Wonderful to behold—I found two exquisitely executed photographs in the pile of papers, and brought them forth, and exhibited them to all!* One of these pictures was that of a dark-complexioned and strong-featured, well-dressed lady; and the other was of a fair-haired, blonde-complexioned gentleman, full-faced and good-featured; but as likenesses of any persons known to the circle, they were not wholly recognized. But here is the great proof test-fact, which there is no contradicting, and will be taken as evidence in any court of justice: The piece of albumen paper, upon which was the photographic picture of the lady, was one of the pieces of which I had the peculiarly and particularly cut-off piece in my pocket, and in the presence of the circle I took the cut-off piece from my papers in my pocket, and matched it exactly with the edges of the paper on which was the lady's picture; and all the members of the circle are willing to affirm to this, for they saw it with their own eyes, right before them. Besides, I and other members of the circle, before the light was turned down, saw this peculiarly cut-off piece of paper upon the table, and it was totally blank on both sides; indeed, Mr. Samis, of the circle, turned over every piece of paper upon the table, and showed their both sides—blank—to the members, and counted them all before the light was turned down; and, including the two pictures, it was found, after the light was turned on, that there was the same number, by actual count, and all the rest of the papers, except the two, were blank as before.

This, then, is positive and circumstantial LEGAL testimony, and totally shuts out any thought of trick, device or fraud upon the part of the medium or her husband, and leads to the inevitable conclusion that these pictures were made by the spirits, and then only. No mortal has anything to do with making them, except procuring the paper and placing it upon the table for the spirits to manipulate into pictures through the medium, without camera, lens, chemicals, or apparatus of any kind visible to mortal eye.

Mrs. Mansfield has these two photographic pictures, and to one of them I hold the match piece, cut off by myself before the picture was taken. She says she can readily affirm to the manipulation of the spirits among the papers under her hand while we were in the dark, and she is totally convinced and satisfied of the truth and genuineness of the mediumship of Mrs. Blake and these photographic manifestations, as she and the circle were and are of what follows:

After this photographic demonstration some of the members of the circle wanted more pictures, but the spirits said they could not give any more pictures that night; but soon they ordered the light turned down, and we began to sing again, and continuing thus for five minutes, by direction the light was again turned on, and to our surprise and great gratification, we found the table strewn with flowers of many kinds and varieties, the perfume and fragrance of which were delightful. There were tea roses, white roses, red roses; there were fuchsias and violets and pansies, and a great quantity of geraniums and other flowers, all fresh, dewy and beautiful, and in a fine state of clean and nice preservation, even to their little petals. Surely these were never in anybody's pockets or dress skirts, or under any covering; and Mr. and Mrs. Blake, as Mrs. Mansfield said, had been with her in her room ever since five o'clock, and it was not after nine o'clock P. M. No mortal could have brought them there upon that table before us. No; it was the work of the spirits. Each one of the company took some of the roses and flowers for preservation. I have a pansy and some leaflets. Is not this, too, evidence?

I have then established, by incontrovertible evidence, the truth and genuineness of the wonderful and amazing spirit manifestations coming through Mrs. Jane C. Blake, and the genuineness and extraordinary power of her mediumship for the benefit of the world. There is no more reason to doubt on the evidence, and the facts being established I am right in saying that the spirits, in their demonstrations to mortals, are getting beyond those who are most advanced in spirit experience, and to keep up with them we will have to be continually and continuously on the alert. Indeed, our most sanguine expectations are overreached, and it would seem that the spirits are bringing us nearer and nearer to the boundless expanse of their own world, and with their good and wise guidance and guardianship, we may truly sing and think and feel, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

A. G. W. CARTER.

New York, August 7th, 1875.

#### From the London Medium and Daybreak of July 23d.

##### AN EXCELLENT TEST AT MRS. GUPPY'S SEANCE.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir: Through the kindness of Mrs. Guppy, I had the pleasure of attending one of the most highly interesting seances at her residence in South Kensington on the evening of the 30th ult.—at which there were present thirteen ladies and gentlemen. All but one or two were strangers to me, and as it seemed to be my lot to receive the best test of the evening, I deem it just to Mrs. Guppy and the cause she so nobly represents to give a brief account of the seance, especially that part relating to myself.

At the request of Mrs. Guppy the room was thoroughly searched, secured and arranged for the circle by the gentleman present, in which I took an active part, and I can most cheerfully state that nothing was found secreted in the room, nor were there any flowers of any description in the room, or opening left unfastened through which they could have been brought in, visible to the human eye. These preliminaries being settled, we took our seats around the table, writing hands in the usual manner, when almost immediately there were indications of spirit-presence, which by raps gave directions how to conduct the seance, and the character of the manifestations which we might expect. We were then requested by Mrs. Guppy to name the articles we desired the spirits to bring us. When it became my turn I said I would make no request, but they might bring me what they chose. I had, however, before leaving my residence that evening, stated to a friend that I would ask to have a wreath placed upon my head, with flowers in it corresponding to the number of my children (being seven) now in the States. The lights were now extinguished, and the spirits began to fan us rapidly, which was most agreeable, as it was excessively warm with the door and windows all shut, and closely curtained; but we were not kept long in waiting before the scene was changed, and all at once the room seemed filled with a rich perfume, as of many flowers, and those at the table after another exclaimed, "They are dropping flowers on the

table!" others that "They are placing roses in my hair or hand," &c., and upon turning on the light the table was found to be covered with flowers, mostly roses, several thickly deep. Several of the ladies had large, beautiful roses placed in their hair or hands. The flowers seemed fresh and quite wet (it had rained in the afternoon), and all that were brought that evening would have nearly or quite filled a half-bushel basket.

By request of the spirits the lights were now turned down quite low, when a white, vapory, ghostlike figure was seen to be slowly rising from the floor, between Mrs. Guppy and the lady upon her right, and when a little above the table it was observed there was a wreath upon its head, which it requested in a whisper to be taken off, and was taken by a lady from Chicago, sitting nearly opposite to me. This ghostly figure continued to rise slowly, and came very close to the lady on Mrs. Guppy's right, when she was heard to screech in a frightful manner as she discovered his dark face and long black beard within a few inches of her own, causing considerable excitement for the time. She begged the spirit to leave her, when it passed over to Mrs. Guppy, who also became much excited and begged it to leave her. It then leaned forward quite to the centre of the table and seemed to bow gracefully to nearly all the sitters, and then slowly disappeared in the same manner in which it came.

Considerable other phenomena occurred, such as bright lights, bells, &c., floating over the table and about the room, hands were seen and felt by nearly all the sitters through the opening in the top of the table, and many flowers and other articles were given to each sitter as they asked for them; but I must omit a full account of them in this short article, as my principal object is to describe the test which I received, although there were others very good.

Toward the close of the seance I heard something rushing through the air, as if coming from the ceiling, and alighting upon my head, which, from its feeling, I took to be a wreath, and so stated; others in the circle said it was highly illuminated, and reflected its light upon my face. The lights were now turned on, and, upon examining the wreath, it was found to contain seven choice flowers, the precise number of my children—two small red roses, four pansies, and one heliotrope. Now, when it is remembered that I had not even mentally wished it at the seance, I consider it a remarkably good test, and it deserves to be made public, as it most clearly proves the genuineness of Mrs. Guppy's wonderful powers, which she gives "without money and without price" to such as are favored with a sitting in her circles.

I must relate one other very good test and I have done. A gentleman, while in the circle around the table, requested that his hat might be brought him from the hat-stand in the hall, which was not done; but, while partaking of a sumptuous tea—generously provided by our hostess, his hat was brought and placed in his lap. While sitting closely packed between two ladies he felt his hat being forced into his lap from under the table, as if to create a little merriment as well as a test.

In my humble opinion, too great an estimate cannot be placed on Mrs. Guppy's labors, as she is a lady of the highest respectability, who attracts to her free seances those of high rank and position; not so easily reached by those mediums who cannot afford to give their services gratuitously. Thus it seems spirits choose their own instruments as best pleased them to forward their own great work.

I must apologize for trespassing so much upon your valuable time and space. Respectfully yours,

A. L. WILLIAMS, of Michigan, U. S. A.

166 Finborough Road, West Brompton, July 18, 1875.

#### Written for the Banner of Light.

##### "THE LIFE BEYOND."

BY EDWARD GREY.

A little child began his earthly journey  
Laughing at life, believing it eternal,  
And, as he progressed, neared a curtained door-way,  
O'er which was writ: "From hence no one returns!"

While gazing on this enigmatic legend,  
An old man glided by him, passed the threshold,  
And, 'mid the sobs of tearful friends and loved ones,  
Vanished from sight behind the sombre pall.

Next came an aged woman; then a young man;  
A youthful mother and her new-born infant;  
A troupe of handsome youths and beauteous maidens;  
And then a long array of innocents.

"Who are those silent ones?" the boy demanded  
Of one who stood and wept before the portal;  
"What is the meaning of that time-worn sentence?  
Are those mute beings real, like you and me?"

"Poor boy! poor thoughtless one!" replied the mourner;  
"Then, in a solemn tone, read the inscription;  
Adding, 'That is the grave—the end of all things—  
And those who cross its threshold sleep in death!'"

"And must I enter, too?" the child inquired.  
"Yes!" said the other, gazing sadly on him;  
"Sooner or later you must pass that curtain,  
And sleep the slumber of your forefathers!"

Some flourish for awhile, then drop and wither,  
And some are cut down in their full perfection,  
While others live as though Death had forgot them;  
But, after all, they enter that veiled door!"

"And do they ne'er return?" the boy demanded;  
"Is that the end of what I deemed eternal?  
Is there no life beyond that dread mausoleum?"

"None" was the sad reply; "my child, they're dead!"  
"Nay!" said another of the band of mourners,  
"They only sleep until the Day of Judgment,  
When they will rise again and be rewarded;  
Have no fear, child, the dead will rise again!"

"Believe them not!" exclaimed a man of Science,  
"From whom the others shrink as from infection,  
The power that made this earth and all that's on it,  
Uses that portal as a crucible."

What they call death is simply reconstruction  
Of atom-molecules, that have existed  
Through endless changes of the silent forces.  
Such is the mystery Ignorance terms death."

Bewildered by these strange, reconcile teachings,  
The weary child approached the Place of Silence,  
Parted the curtain and beheld the Future,  
Then, smiling, said: "There is a life beyond!"

And, as he spake, the grave received his body,  
While his immortal spirit parted from it;  
And, in a flood of shining, wondrous glory,  
Returned unto the Mighty, Grand Unknown!

#### A Great Work—The Right Book in the Right Age.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.—

I have long and anxiously awaited the opportunity to peruse that wonderful production, "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviours," by K. Graves, and now the opportunity has been afforded me, and the pleasure realized in a thorough and careful reading of its pages prompts me, from a sense of duty, as one among the many laborers for the overthrow of religious ignorance and ecclesiastical tyranny, and the spread of useful knowledge and the elevation of mankind, to express some thoughts in behalf of its truly great and unparalleled merits. When we consider the fact that the world in one of its moral revolutions is about reaching its perihelion, thus bringing into *rapport* the wisdom of the two spheres, (the earthly and the heavenly,) and when, too, we see the deadly weight hanging to the wheels of Progression's Car, as the natural result of a belief in the vague theories of the past, concerning vicarious atonement, etc., which tend to cloud the inner perceptions and stifle the voice of reason, thereby preventing millions from comprehending and accepting the glorious doctrine of a demonstrated immortality, the thought strikes us most forcibly that never has there been a time when a book was in more positive demand than "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviours." Not only the vast collection of rare and telling facts contained therein, but their appropriate arrangement and style of expression cannot fail of making a favorable impression for the author as a man of superior talent and scholarly attainments, on the mind of every person whose privilege and good fortune it may be to read the work. Long may Bro. Graves be permitted to labor in the useful sphere allotted him, and may he succeed in blessing every family in the land with one of his invaluable books! *Cerro Gordo, Ind.* J. H. Mendenhall.







### Return of Mrs. Mary M. Hardy.

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