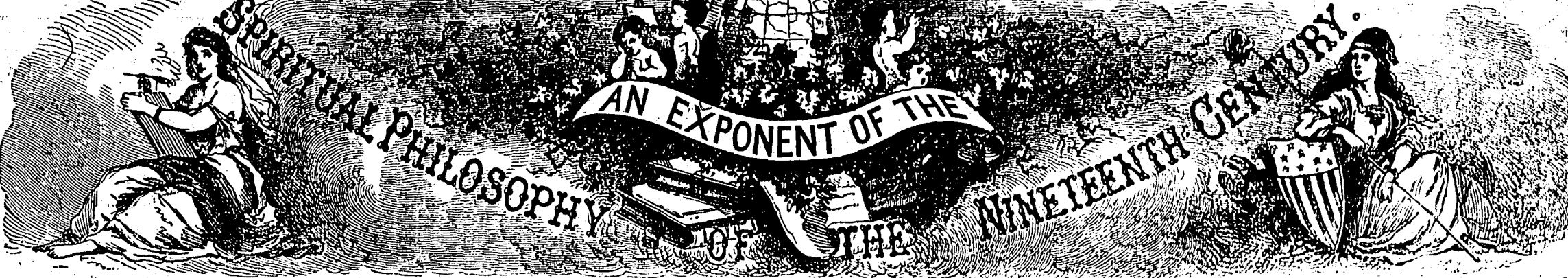


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Spiritual Phenomena.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA AT CARPENTER, PA.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Mrs. E. J. Markee, the celebrated materializing medium of Havana, N. Y., recently spent a couple of weeks in this place, during which time she held five sances at my house. To give a full description of even one, would take more space than you could afford me, so I will only give you an account of some of the more remarkable of the phenomena occurring at these wonderful sances.

They were held in my parlor, a small bed-room adjoining being used as a cabinet; a cord was stretched across the doorway of the cabinet, about eighteen inches from the top, over which a shawl was hung. The audience were placed in a semicircle extending from one wall of the room to the other, facing the cabinet door. If many were present a second circle was formed back of the first. Mrs. Markee sat at a stand inside the circle and near the cabinet door. Previous to forming the circle everything was removed from the cabinet, and the window was secured. Mrs. Markee was searched by a committee of ladies, and all white clothing taken from her. The circle being formed, all were required to join hands, and were strictly enjoined not to break the circle during the manifestations. Mrs. Markee placed her hands on the stand, and loud raps were heard sometimes on the stand and sometimes on the chair upon which she sat. The light was put out, and she described spirits that she saw near their friends. Her descriptions were so correct that nearly all were recognized.

At the risk of being tedious I will give you one test given in this way. Mr. James Fox, an old gentleman of Canton, Pa., lost his wife about two years since. On her death-bed she told him to visit a medium, and she would try to communicate with him. Accordingly he came to one of these sances, though he had, as he averred, no faith in these things. The medium described a lady standing by him; on being asked if it was Mrs. Fox, the raps answered in the affirmative. Mr. Fox said the description was partially correct, but that she did not have, as described, wavy hair; he also demurred to some other parts of the description, but the raps affirmed that it was correct. On being told that the spirit would rap at the right letters for her initials, he called the alphabet, and got "A. H. F." as the result, which he said was wrong. The raps affirmed that the letters given were correct. The medium described several other spirits, and then said, "The lady still stands by the old gentleman," an attempt was again made to get the initials, with the same result. The Spiritualists present were perplexed, and the skeptics jubilant, as the name of the late Mrs. Fox was known to have been Elizabeth. It then occurred to your correspondent to ask if it was the last Mrs. Fox. The answer was No! The old gentleman ejaculated "Oh!" He seemed for the first time to remember that he had lost two wives. He then called several female names, and the spirit rapped to the name of Annie. He called several other names, and the name of Hinton was rapped to. The old gentleman then said that the name of his first wife was Annie Hinton Fox, and that the description, "wavy hair" and all, exactly suited her.

At the close of the dark sance the light is reproduced, the cabinet is again carefully searched, and the medium takes her seat inside; flour is put in her hands, and the shawl is drawn across the doorway. Mr. Markee takes a position back of the circle with the light, which he regulates during the sance as directed by a voice issuing from the cabinet; a familiar hymn is sung, and after an interval of a few minutes, hands are shown above the shawl. (At every sance after the first, six hands were repeatedly shown at the same time.) The light is then turned down quite low, and a form emerges from the cabinet. It is that of a slender young girl, arrayed in shining white robes, with a long gauze veil over her face. Returning once or twice to the cabinet, as if to gain strength, she passes round the circle, caressing each person by patting their cheeks, smoothing their hair, &c.; occasionally she will sit down in some gentleman's lap. On two occasions she sat down on my lap; her hair hung in ringlets

over her white shoulders, her arm and hand were fair and plump. She wore a low-necked dress, with short sleeves—very elaborately embroidered around the neck and sleeves—and over that wore a gauze overdress, with wide, flowing sleeves, richly trimmed. The white color compares with nothing on earth, being of a dazzling lustre, and the whitest cloth we could get (which had been hung on the wall by the door for contrast) looked almost black by comparison. On one occasion, as she was sitting on the lap of a well-known physician, from Canton, Pa., she sat so that her form came between his knees. He took up his foot, and carefully placed it around the form, drawing the foot through under her to ascertain whether she was not standing on the floor, and only partially sitting on his lap. To his intense surprise he could find nothing of her feet, she having drawn them up, if he had any—and yet she scarcely made any impression on his lap, feeling, as he expressed it, like a sack of feathers!

After this form retired to the cabinet others came out, who announced themselves relatives of those present, and gave many wonderful proofs of their identity.

At the first sance a spirit came out and said she was Mrs. Washburn (a person who died in this vicinity about two years ago). She called her husband and two sons by name; she also called six other persons in the circle by their Christian names; they were all persons with whom she had been acquainted in life. On another occasion her husband asked her if she remembered a song they used to sing together? She answered that she did, and then repeated four lines of it. She went to her husband, sat on his lap, kissed him, and talked familiarly with him.

On one occasion a man came from the cabinet carrying an infant; he approached a man in the circle, called him by name, and said, "I have brought you little Mary." The man, who had lost an infant by that name, addressed it, and it was distinctly seen to throw up its little arms; when the spirit returned with it into the cabinet it set up a loud cry. On another occasion a lady came out of the cabinet carrying an infant, and leading a child by the hand. She advanced about three feet from the cabinet door, but did not speak.

At the last sance a spirit came out claiming to be the sister of a man who was present for the first time. He called her by a false name, when she went back into the cabinet and came out with a small black object in one hand. She took hold of it with both hands and pulled it out, and in sight of the whole circle she materialized a black shawl, with a heavy fringe, perhaps four feet square, which she threw over her shoulders, and again approached her brother, who instantly recognized her. He said he had "seen that shawl a hundred times."

An Indian calling himself Seneca, frequently appeared; at the last sance he came out, and was apparently over six feet in height. He had a red blanket over his shoulders and two feathers on his head; he went all around the circle, placing his hand on the head of each one, and put a big, brawny, red foot into the lap of several, saying, "See big foot." He allowed the man sitting next the wall to handle his blanket. The man said it felt like a heavy woolen blanket. The Indian remained out at least fifteen minutes, and when he went back appeared to be a foot shorter than at first. He came out a second time with a white blanket on, and gave what he called the peace-whoop; he also gave the war-whoop with startling effect.

On one occasion a child came out alone, and, standing close to the cabinet door, talked some minutes with its parents.

At one of the sances, my wife gave Seneca a large red ribbon, and told him to put it where we could not find it at the close of the sitting; and afterward the most thorough search was made, but the ribbon could not be found. At the next sance Seneca said that he had taken it to the medium's home in Havana, and put it in a certain box there. After Mr. Markee went home I received a letter from him, saying that the ribbon was found where Seneca had said he put it, and enclosed was a piece of it for identification.

Usually seven or eight spirits came out at a sance, presenting great variations in height, form and general appearance. The close of a sance is announced by a loud rap. As soon as possible the cabinet is entered. The medium is found, to all appearance, cold and dead; a deathly, clammy feeling pervades her body; arms, face and body are perfectly cold; the heart and pulse are still, and all breath suspended; her muscles are rigid and hard; her jaws are set so firmly that they cannot be opened. The physician before mentioned made a critical examination of her, at the close of a sance, and said she was, to all appearance, dead. Soon her husband appears, and by mesmeric passes tries to bring her to. Gradually a warmth appears, a faint, fluttering pulse is felt; the lungs commence action, the muscles relax, the hands are opened and the flour is found intact. Slowly she comes out of her fearful trance, and in an hour appears to realize things; but often she does not fully recover for a day or two.

I have given but a small part of the phenomena that occurred at these sances; a full account of all would more than fill the Banner. I make no comments, and would only add that these occurrences were witnessed by a large number of the best citizens of this place and vicinity, and that imposture, deception or collusion were entirely out of the question.

Yours fraternally, H. H. McNett.
Carpenter, Pa., Jan. 15th, 1876.

Free Thought.

CLERICAL POLITICS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is evident from the President's message and the hostile attitudes of the two great Christian formations among us, that a new departure must shortly be taken by the government of the nation, and the governments of the States, which will eventually either in the entire establishment or the practical abrogation of that clause in the Constitution which forbids Congress, and inferentially the separate States, from passing any law "respecting the establishment of religion, or forbidding the free exercise thereof."

Had this wise constitutional provision not been infringed by the appointment of chaplains by Congress, in all probability the squandering of the public money on sectarian institutions, and the exemption of churches, and church properties, from taxation would not have been instituted, both of which evils and injustices are also commented on and condemned in the message above referred to.

By the letter of the law it will readily be perceived our fathers decreed entire "liberty of conscience," but in practice they themselves ignored that right by the appointment of chaplains for Congress, the army and navy, &c. To the pernicious example then set by them may be largely attributed the open infractions of the right of "soul freedom" by States. Even petty magistrates have not hesitated to reject testimony and inflict a religious test upon the public in our courts of law, notwithstanding the fact that to the entire matter of oath taking we are mainly indebted for the melancholy profanity of the people of our nation.

Notwithstanding that all sects have thriven and multiplied under the large amount of spiritual liberty they at present possess, which has called forth the praises of the Pope himself, it is evident that neither our Catholic nor Protestant fellow-citizens are satisfied with their present condition. The aim of the former has long been and now is to overthrow our public school system, which is the base of the intelligence of our community; and many of the latter, untaught by the horrors of the past, are endeavoring to set up here a national spiritual despotism, by inserting their God, and such form of faith as they may be able to agree upon, in the Constitution.

It might reasonably have been expected that, under the freedom they now enjoy, our credal brethren would have remained satisfied, and would have been unwilling to parade their antipathies before the nation. But it is otherwise. As bodies, all credal religionists love power, if they cannot, believing them to be in error, more than pity their neighbor. Each of the separate sects, although it number only an infinitesimal fraction of the world's population, is usually so certain that its form of faith is the only correct one, that in the mass they not only disagree with unbelievers, but also with one another; and this rivalry—as between the State Church and the Old Believers in Russia, between the Sun nite and Shi-ite Mohammedans in Turkey and Persia, and between the Protestants and Catholics in Europe and the United States—generally exhibits itself most malignantly in proportion to the propinquity of the faiths of the contestants. It is a melancholy fact that those who profess to worship the same Deities are often unwilling to endure the presence of one another, and generally extend less sympathy to those of their own faith than they do to barbarians and infidels.

"It is to this 'odium theologicum,' which is ever found in all credal religionists, not unfrequently dividing churches and stimulating religious dissensions, that we owe the present sectarian strife that is now dividing our people and threatening the peace of our Republic. Spiritualists and Free-thinkers are certainly not answerable for the 'sacred war,' by no means the first in history, that is now looming over us. It is a mean battle for power between two bands of Christians, which ought to teach our people to abide closely by their Constitutional liberty, and by no means to trust it in the hands of either of the combatants.

All right-thinking Americans, reared under a flag which bears high aloft 'Liberty of Conscience' in letters of living light, will do well to recognize in this controversy a certain foretaste of what our nation may expect, and that interminably, should either Protestants or Catholics ever obtain, as such, any special political favor among us. But it is not believed that they will ever succeed in so doing. The motto of the Spiritualist is progress, and the success of either party would put back the clock of the world more than a century. We all have a right to cherish the above-mentioned hope, inasmuch as it is well known that the faith of many (if not most) of the male members of the fashionable churches is very shaky, and, thanks to our public schools, the masses of our people are too enlightened to be goaded into crime by the intolerance and ambition of priesthoods. Let us therefore, strictly in accordance with the Constitutional provision, and that all future strife will be averted by the carrying the same into effect by instituting a total divorce between State and Church. The present contentions between the same are only sources of strife continually agitating our several communities, and National of State favors shown to all churches are if not more odious, certainly more ridiculous than National and State favors would be exhibited to one only. All such simply degrade and dishonor the sublime right to 'liberty of conscience' purchased for us by the blood of our fathers in the war of the Revolution, and consequently ought to be abolished.

R. W. Hume.

A Splendid New Serial.

DAISY DOANE:

OR,

SUNSHINE AFTER DARKNESS.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

Author of "Dora Moore;" "Country Neighbors; or, The Two Orphans;" "Rocky Nook: A Tale for the Times;" "Bertha Lee;" "My Husband's Secret;" "Jessie Gray;" "Pictures of Real Life in New York;" "The Two Cousins; or, Sunshine and Tempest;" "The Lights and Shadows of One Woman's Life," etc., etc., etc.

God is the master of the scenes; we must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, "If this please God, let it be as it is."—JEREMY TAYLOR.

CHAPTER VI.

Building the Ship.

How it came to pass that Daisy was found every day for an hour or two by Miss Joan's bedside no one could explain or understand, but such was the fact. From the day of Aunt Margie's death this had happened. On that day Nurse Coffin's services were required out of the invalid's room, and Daisy was sent to take her place. She proved herself such a useful little body, and was so bright and chatty, that Joan's heart thawed a little under her influence. Almost all visitors were refused admittance to her; the dear, pleasant old ladies, Patsy and Sybil, who would willingly have come often to see her, were denied entrance when Joan was stricken down with the disease which had made her helpless. It seemed as if she could not bear the sight of those active, happy old ladies, who could move about with as much ease as girls in their teens, and who bore the loss of all their family and their fortune with a sweet resignation to the will of him whom they believed does all things well. Miss Joan had been a haughty, reserved woman, and had won little love from others. She did not need it. Strong, vigorous in her constitution, masculine in her nature, she had been sufficient unto herself, and she determined to bear her misfortune with stoicism, which she believed preferable to resignation, or, as she once said, "We bear the inevitable ills of life because there is no escape from them; that is all the submission I know about." Saint Paul's exaltation of spirit when he said, "I glory in tribulation!" was a mystery and a myth to her. Nurse Coffin was not endowed with much native cheerfulness, and added to this was a firm belief that she should never reach heaven unless she trod a very rough path here—that the more gloom she managed to throw into her words and face here below, the brighter would be her crown hereafter. Whether the constant repetition of her name by Miss Joan had increased this morbid tendency, and proved, like the skeleton at Egyptian feasts, a constant reminder of her last, narrow home, or that the invalid's morose manner had brought to the surface her native acerbity of temper, I know not; probably the combined effect of the three causes had their influence. Certain it is, that Peter, who was a shrewd observer of all the members of the household, said, "I never goes into the room but I stop a little outside and smooth out my face with both hands, and put on my solemnest look, and I keep saying to myself, 'Hark from the tombs! hark from the tombs!' and that keeps me in a state suitable to the room."

"Be off with you, Pete Doane," Betty would reply. "As if anybody ever cared how you look! One would think you was some great creature that God made just for folks to look at, like Judge Parsons in his wig, or our minister in his black gown."

"There's some in the house ain't of your mind, Betty. Miss Daisy said the other day, 'Peter, you are like a bit of sunshine round the house! I like to hear you sing.'"

"If the dear child only knew what a fiery trial I have to keep you in your place, she might alter her mind a bit."

"If you could hear the blessed child herself chatting to Miss Joan, and see how still the sick woman lies, and put her left hand out toward her as if she wanted to touch her curls, you would wonder, and think a miracle had come back."

"It is just like Saul and David in the Bible," said Betty; "but I don't suppose you know anything about it, for I don't see you reading your book as any respectable person should."

"Then you don't use your eyes. I will buy you some spectacles, Betty."

"Go along with you," said Betty, raising her rolling pin, "don't talk to me about spectacles, you impudence! You will have no turnover this baking. Pete Doane."

It is singular that though Betty was the daughter of a slave, and Peter one degree further removed, being only a grandson of one, yet Betty always added Doane to Peter's name, as if to impress him with the idea that he belonged to the family. Their ancestors were brought from Barbadoes when slavery existed in Massachusetts, but the constitution of 1780, which has been referred to previously, freed the few slaves who had not already been released by their owners.

Some six weeks had passed since Daisy's first visit to the ship-yard, when she came into Miss Joan's room, and told her that she had been down to see the ship with Uncle Joe, and could tell her about the frame.

"Oh! Miss Joan, it is to be one of the best ships that has ever been made here; it is thirty-six feet broad, and will hold twelve hundred tons.

The floor timbers are in, let in to the keel, you know, ma'am, and they cross the keel excepting near the bow and stern. I counted the great pieces that make the frame and there were fifteen of them. They were shaped just like a letter U, only some of those near the bow and stern were more like a V. It was hard work for the men to get these timbers in place. I think at first they were like half U's, and they joined them. There were great holes bored in these timbers, and long iron bolts driven through them.

"The men were driving these bolts in, pounding away with their sledge hammers, one man standing ready to strike as soon as the other had finished his blow. They were so regular in their blows, and seemed so happy at their work, that I liked to be there. This frame was on a great platform even with the keel, and when they finished the frame they are going to draw it tight on to the keel with a capstan and pulleys. Uncle Joe explained to me how it is done, and I think I understand about the pulleys and ropes. The next time I go, the foreman told me that I could see the shape of the ship, and might go up the steps that lead to her, and see how nicely all the parts are fitted in. While I was standing watching the men at work I heard Uncle Joe ask how much salt would be needed. I thought it must be they were going to carry salt to Calcutta, and so, sure enough they are, but not for freight. They wanted a hundred hogs-heads of it to fill into cracks left by the workmen on purpose for it. Isn't it very funny? I have heard of salting hams and pork, and giving salt to sheep and cows, but I did not know that they salled ships that were going to live in salt water. The salt keeps the wood from decaying. Then the men told me that they would cover the bottom of the ship with copper, for there are worms in the sea that eat the wood, and would soon destroy the ship were it not for the copper. They will also pound oakum into the cracks and holes, and cover this with hot pitch. This is curious calking. I think ship building is very curious and wonderful; every time I go I see more and more to amuse and interest me. Then they have such droll names for the different pieces of timber—knees, aprons, forefoot, shoe, transoms, skin, monkey-rail, pin-rail, toffrail, scuppers, bulwarks and gunwale. I am going to learn about all the parts before it is ready to be launched."

"I thought that the ship would be all ready for sea when it is launched, and I said to Jim Wood, 'We will ask Uncle Joe to give us a sail round to Boston, for I know she is to go there to take in her cargo,' and Jim laughed, as he always does when I make a blunder, and said, 'That is just as much as a girl knows! Why, the ship is rigged after it is launched, and it is almost as much work to rig her as to build her hull. The masts, and yards, and bowsprit, and booms are not put in till after she is launched. Then a full rigged ship has ever so many sails—you can never learn them, Daisy, girls can't, and you needn't try.' Mary said that she would n't try, it was of no use, and that it was harder than grammar, or her dictionary lesson. You know we learn two columns in Walker's dictionary every day; but all these words are in the dictionary, so I don't see why I cannot learn them. Uncle Joe is very patient and kind, and has promised to help me draw a ship, a real full-rigged ship."

Miss Joan lay very still and silent while the child chattered, but her eyes were fixed upon the talker and expressed a desire for her to go on. How often she longed to speak and explain the terms which Daisy found so difficult to understand, but which were more familiar to Joan than the kitchen utensils to most women, but the palsied tongue refused to do its office.

Before the ship was commenced Joan sent for her brother Sam. By a few words and some signs and gestures she intimated to him her disapprobation of the ship-building. She, who had always enjoyed the pleasure of thinking that her father had more ships afloat than any other man in town, now was angry that her brothers should build this fine vessel for the same trade which had hitherto been so profitable to them. It will be remembered that she was a woman of imperious will, and would brook no opposition. She had early taken her place as mistress of the household and governed with sternness, checked only by the stronger will of her father. But Sam was the managing partner of the business, and it was to be supposed that he understood affairs more clearly than the poor stricken woman, who grew more obstinate the more he tried to reason with her. At last, growing impatient, and forgetting for the moment perhaps that quiet decision and firmness were better than wordy resistance, he said: "Joan, I shall manage my business without

asking advice from you. A woman, especially an invalid woman, who never leaves her chamber, is not the person to dictate to me. Henceforth we will speak no more upon the subject."

It was observed on that very day that when little Richard was brought into the room Miss Joan took no notice of him, made no motion as usual for him to be placed beside her, and turned away from the chubby face that looked out upon the world with such bright, loving eyes. Little did he care for this—indeed he did not take kindly to Miss Joan, or Nurse Coffin, and much preferred Betty and Peter. If only he could get into the kitchen, there was an earthly paradise. With Betty's rolling, and pounding, and beating of eggs, and sugar, and the boiling and steaming, there was enough to keep his curiosity excited as long as he could be permitted to stay. It was equal to Daisy's wonder book to her, and if perchance Peter sang some of his own favorite tunes, the joy was complete. It was far more to be desired than the gloomy grandeur of Miss Joan's room, from which in time he came to be completely banished. Daisy, on the other hand, was more and more required there, and the chilly day of autumn came on, and she was out of doors less, she came daily to occupy her corner by the bedside. Princess Charlotte was allowed a permanent resting-place there, under a canopy of orange silk, made of some pieces of the damask curtains of the drawing room which had lain in one of Joan's trunks for many years.

Slowly, day by day, the ship grew, its timbers rounding into graceful curves, rising up from the solid green keel like the petals of some mammoth flower that flourished in pre-historic times. The shipyard resounded with the heavy regular thud, thud, of the ponderous hammers, and the cheery voices of workmen who wrought in love for their work. Children were allowed to come for the chips—every sturdy day-barefooted little girl and boy were there with their baskets gathering for their humble life-sides. There was a pleasant odor of freshly hewn timber there, and now and then music of some workman who might be hewing at some distance from the initiators of the great ponder, there.

One clear, bright November day, when the air was keen and the frost had touched the gardens and strewn the leaves of the trees upon the sidewalks, Alice went to make a call at the shipyard. She was delighted to find the vessel almost ready to be launched. She climbed to the upper deck, where the men were talking every exposed seam, others finishing the deck houses. From there she went down the hatchway to the main deck, and looked down into the great hold, where the ballast and perhaps cargo was to be stored. Overhead, as she stood on the lower deck, she could see the great beams which bound the two sides of the ship together, and supported the upper deck. They were secure at each end by a piece of timber called a knee. It is a solid piece of timber hewn into that shape, one end of the knee fastened to the beam, the other to the side of the ship. Beside these were strong stanchions, which rested on other strong stanchions which were supported by the keel. Men were polishing the beams and ceiling above. Everything was done in the best manner, and Daisy said it would look new within a handsome house. From here Daisy went down into the yard again, and looked under the ship, counted the blocks on which she rested, tilted in all, and then went to the water's edge and looked at the "ways" on which the ship would slide into the water. I should have said thirty fliers of blocks, for each tier consisted of three or four blocks. As Daisy stood there, wondering how the vessel would walk into the water, as she had been told it would do, Jim Wood came to her.

"Well, Daisy," he said, "three weeks more and the launch will come off. I wonder what they will call her."

"Uncle Joe says that if my father is willing I may give her a name," said Daisy.

"You mean Mr. Sam Doane?"

"Yes, Jim, he married my mother, you know, and I love him father, and love him dearly; but then I was given to Uncle Joe, or rather, I gave myself to him years ago, before my mother married the second time, and I am his child now. I wish we could name the ship for him."

"We always call a ship 'she'—a feminine gender, you know—and besides, I don't think 'Uncle Joe' would be a pretty name for a ship. I know what I would name it—if they would give me a chance."

"What would it be, Jim?" asked Daisy.

"Wait awhile till I see what Uncle Joe says. Now, Daisy, can you tell how this ship is going to get into the water?"

"That is just what I am trying to find out, Jim."

"I can tell you. You see those timbers running the whole length of the keel on each side of the ship, and sloping down to the water. These timbers are held together by cross timbers; look under there, and you will find them; this frame is loaded with stone to keep it down, and is called the ship's cradle."

"There is a big baby in it, Jim."

"The timbers are the big ways, and they will be greased with melted tallow, and afterwards with soft soap and oil."

"But, Jim, I should think the cradle would go into the water with the ship."

"Those timbers will, of course, and so they fasten ropes to them, and pass these ropes over the bow of the ship, to hold them when they float away with the ship."

"The ship is a good ways from the water, Jim."

"It will not be," he said, "when it is high tide. We always launch in high tide. The water will come up to meet the ship, and when these blocks are knocked away she will go out with the tide, as we say."

"Oh, Jim, we are going to have a holiday then. All our family are coming; little Dickie with us. I tell him about it every day, and he laughs and crows as if he understood it all. Of course, papa and Uncle Joe and mamma and Peter talk about it as if it were to be a second Thanksgiving Day. Peter is waiting to be turkey for the occasion. Mamma says that Peter has no idea of pleasure that is not connected with something good to eat. Betty says she will see the launch, if she has to sit up all night to cook. All the family are coming but Miss Joan and Mrs. Coffin. Mrs. Coffin says that she never sees a ship launched but she thinks of shipwreck, or ships on fire, and men drowning."

"And never, I suppose," said Jim, "of the thousands that come safe back again, bringing the tea and the coffee and the fruits and silks, and half the things that make life pleasant. If women had their way, there never would be a ship built. I wonder what God made the ocean for, if men were not to sail on it."

"Oh, Jim, I don't believe there ought to be no ships. It is a beautiful sight to see one upon the

water. I think it requires more skill to build a ship than a house."

"I guess it does, Daisy! Any fool can build a house, but it takes a wise man to build a ship that will weather the storms and calms of a two years' voyage. Old Noah was the first ship builder, you know, but his big bulk only floated. He had neither spars nor sails. He is my favorite of all the old Bible fellows, but I guess he would open his eyes wide if he could see one of our men-of-war. I went over one at the Charlestown Navy Yard the other day. It takes an acre of timber to build it. The sides are full of port-holes for the cannon. Wouldn't I like to see them fire one broad-side!"

"No, no, Jim, I do not like such ships. I never want to hear about war."

"We must be ready for it, Daisy. My copy says, 'In peace prepare for war.' When other nations see our big war ships they will be afraid to fight us."

"I think if you were king of another nation, you would try to make bigger ones, and like a fight to show that you could beat Jim."

"I guess you are right," said the boy, laughing. "But if it were not for battles, I wouldn't care to read history. I think men must fight against tyrants—there is no other way, Daisy, you may be sure of it. Where should we have been if our grandfathers hadn't fought King George? and don't you know how Holland gained her liberty?"

"No, I haven't read history like you, Jim, but I think if we were like Jesus Christ, there would be no war."

"Well, Daisy, if kings like Philip of Spain, and George of England, will not be like Jesus Christ, we will force them by gunpowder and sword to do better."

"A new argument for war," said a pleasant voice near them. "You would do evil that others may do good."

"Uncle Joe—I am glad you have come," said Daisy. "We want you to tell us when the ship will be launched."

"In three weeks at furthest, Daisy. You must have your name ready."

Uncle Joe's chair was waiting at the head of the shipyard. The day was so fine for the season that they drove into the country some miles. The leaves of the maples were gold and red, the nuts were falling from the trees, farmers were gathering their fruit and digging their last load of potatoes. One old man stopped, and leaning over the fence talked awhile with Mr. Doane.

"I think, sir," he said, "we will have a severe winter, and I am getting ready for it; the squirrels have stored great quantities of nuts, and the geese are going southward already."

"I am willing," said Mr. Doane. "If we can have a long, pleasant fall. I want to get my ship off the stocks."

The old man shook his head. "Then you must hurry, sir. I smell a storm in the air now."

The old farmer was right. That beautiful day was the precursor of a severe storm—a storm that swept the whole New England coast, and proved the beginning of winter. The cold set in early and continued long. Great quantities of snow fell, so that all the men in the shipyard quit work.

It proved one of the hardest winters that had been known for years. It was like the old winter of 1780, of which Aunt Margie had told them.

The brothers were disappointed in their launching. Uncle Joe was more patient than Mr. Sam. The latter hoped that it might still be done, and believed that there would be warmer weather after the cold. But no warm weather came, and the ship lay on the stocks till spring.

When Joan learned from Daisy that the ship was near completion, and that her brothers were much troubled at the delay, she smiled grimly (her smiles were always a little grim) and said, "The beginning!" They did not know what she meant by this, but no good surely. Peter said it was only spite against the ship, because she could not go down and manage the building of it herself.

"If she had," said Peter, "it would have been done and launched sooner than any man in town could do it." However that might be, she never said "ship" during the winter. Instead of talking about that, Daisy read history to her. Of this she was very fond, and, as Daisy was a good reader (Uncle Joe had taken this part of her education in hand), Joan had much enjoyment in it. She read Bonaparte's life—this was Miss Joan's favorite book—and Life of Frederick the Great, and of Charles XII of Sweden. It was rather heavy reading for a little girl, but when Daisy saw how much it pleased Miss Joan she went bravely through her task. The heart of this child was filled with a great pity for this poor, lonely woman. "I thought it was a trial at first," she said to her mother, "for it wasn't pleasant to look at her, and she didn't love me at all, only let me stay because nobody else wanted to, and Nurse Coffin never likes to read loud. But now I like it, mamma, for her great, sharp eyes look softer and more kindly upon me, and when I go into the room they turn toward me almost as eagerly as little Dickie's to you. It seems as if she needed me."

"She does, my little girl, and I am grateful to you for your kindness to her."

"You grateful to me, mamma? That seems funny! Then I will be more happy, and will try not to gape when I read the long stories about the battles."

It was a happy winter for Daisy. Instead of going to school she had a teacher at home in music, while Miss Sybil Sage taught her French. Miss Sybil had resided in France for some years, and, having learned the language young, and speaking it fluently, was fitted to teach it well, the more so because of her friendship with Doctor Nacet, a French gentleman who came to this country after finishing his medical studies in Paris, to practice his profession here. He was led to do this from the letters of an uncle who had lived in Oldbury many years, and described it to his nephew as a charming old town, with much that reminded him of European towns.

"The people," he said, "were cultivated and refined, courteous to strangers, without the impertinent curiosity said to be characteristic of Yankees." Dr. Nacet and Miss Sybil read and talked in French awhile daily, and thus Daisy was fortunate in her teacher.

Every day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Daisy found Miss Sybil seated in one of the curious old-fashioned chairs in the parlor, her lace turban giving height and dignity to her trim, compact figure, always with the same black dress, and white ruffles round the wrist. The turban and ruffles were of spotless whiteness, the tiny hands looked smaller still for the ruffles and the one ring, a diamond, which she wore. Very erect sat little Miss Sybil, for she scorned a rocking-chair, and Daisy thought her wise as the dark

eyes looked at her through gold spectacles. She was an old-fashioned teacher, who required hard study and perfect lessons, but gentle withal, and Daisy loved her, but stood a little bit in awe of her. Uncle Joe, who was a good French scholar himself, helped Daisy with her exercises and would repeat the verbs with her, for he knew Miss Sybil was ignorant of the more superficial teaching of modern days, and might exact from her pupil a harder task than she could perform well. Miss Sybil never failed to have some picture, amusing book, a little choice fruit or nice conserve for the child when the lesson was over. Sometimes Daisy staid to tea, and was permitted to go into the large, old-fashioned kitchen, where everything was kept in as good order as in the parlor. Here Miss Patsy presided, and made such delicious cream biscuits, and all sorts of queer little French cakes, and sweetmeats, such as were beyond Betty's skill. The tea in winter days was brought into the parlor, where the trio sat at a round table before the open wood fire, from which a quaint old satin screen protected Daisy's face from the blaze. "Be careful of your complexion," Aunt Patsy would say as she placed the screen; "and I must not forget to save you some of my rose-water, it is so good when you have been exposed to the salt water." The tea was many years older than the old ladies, and was a curiosity for the delicately tinted flowers upon it, and the family name and crest on every piece. The teapot was oval in shape, and engraved with the same device as the rest of the service. Miss Sybil was always bright and cheery, and full of stories from books and from her travels in younger years. Her sister Patsy poured the tea, and attended to the physical wants of her guests, while she entertained them with her fund of anecdote, and her music. Now and then Dr. Nacet came in. He was an elderly white-haired man now, but retained the vivacity of his youth and the politeness of his nation. It was interesting to see the mutual courtesy of these people to one another—how gallantly the doctor would lead Miss Sybil to her seat, and stand till the ladies were seated, and how thoughtful of all the details which make social life agreeable.

The doctor and Miss Sybil never spoke in French without an apology to the other two, and then interpreted to them. After awhile he came to ask Daisy some simple question in that language, and her pleasure was great when she found herself able to reply in that tongue. Thus the winter passed rapidly to the child, and she forgot her great disappointment in the ship. Not so with Mr. Sam. He was restless and troubled; went often to Boston, from whence he returned to hold long conferences with his brother Joe, who was calm and patient as usual.

[Continued.]

An Appeal to all Spiritualists.

I have several times expressed through the columns of the Banner the conviction that the condition of the country requires a more thorough, a more systematized and a more general plan of operation on the part of Spiritualists before any considerable portion of the people can be made acquainted with the principles and grand truths of Modern Spiritualism. Nothing can be accomplished effectually toward enlightening the public mind on any great question without some kind of concert of action on the part of its friends and active pioneers, and a personal or pecuniary sacrifice by those who estimate the cause as possessing an importance far transcending their own private gains or personal emoluments. Thus far (embracing a period of nearly twenty-seven years,) our movements have been characterized for the most part by chaos, confusion, and often disorder. We have been sailing on the broad ocean of truth and humanity without rudder or compass—without pilot, no steersman. Nearly every man and woman in the spiritual ranks seems to be a separate institution; each one apparently sanguine of accomplishing in a month what it will require thousands of earnest laborers many years to achieve.

We console ourselves with the belief that millions have embraced our beautiful faith, and yet not one of a thousand of the people of our own country has ever read a paper or heard a lecture on the subject. There are one hundred thousand towns and villages where no ray of spiritual light has ever yet entered. The spiritual ones are few and far apart. "How long shall this state of things continue?" is a query I wish to drive home to the innermost conscience of every true-hearted Spiritualist. How long shall we turn a deaf ear to the thousands of imploring voices daily reaching us from all parts of the country, crying, "Come and help us." Since the publication of my last article on this subject I have received several private responses. One good brother offers to contribute ten dollars toward starting a fund for the employment of itinerant lecturers, as suggested in my recent article in the Banner. And I will add five dollars from my small means to this sum.

PLAN OF OPERATION.

I propose that each person who is willing to contribute to this fund send his or her name to the Banner of Light or the Religious-Philosophical Journal, with the amount specified, and state in what State or Territory he wishes it expended. Let it be understood that this fund is to be expended in defraying the traveling expenses of speakers, and in the purchase of books, tracts and newspapers to be circulated by the million, and that this contribution shall be made semi-annually or oftener. And I propose that speakers who are willing, embark in this enterprise, and devote one or two months in the year to itinerant labor for a compensation sufficient to pay traveling expenses and such funds as can be collected in their travels from friends who may appreciate the cause sufficiently to aid it by free contribution. It will be expected, and is desirable, that a series of grove meetings shall be arranged during the summer season in each State, which will require two or more speakers, as such meetings will occur only once in some cases, and a whole day. Speakers will not only be expected to distribute newspapers and tracts, but to use their utmost efforts on all occasions to obtain subscribers for the Banner, and Journal, and other spiritual papers, and to organize business societies, or appoint business committees, or at least local agents, whenever convenient or expedient. It shall be optional with speakers to choose their own territory to operate in, unless too many offers are made for the same field of labor. In this case the matter can be amicably arranged by the speakers themselves. The funds contributed shall be held and disbursed by the editors of the papers above named, who shall pay out to each speaker an equal sum, after having furnished them money sufficient to reach their field of labor.

And now, brethren and sisters of the spiritual faith, you who look upon Spiritualism as the hope of the world, and esteem it as "the pearl of great price," you who accept it as the messenger of glad tidings to the world, proclaiming the grandest truths that ever greeted the listening ears of mortals, and who welcome it as the omnipotent agent in the cause of reform which is to banish those myriad scenes of sorrow and suffering now everywhere visible in society, and which is to arrest eventually the downward flood-tide of crime and iniquity now coursing through all Christian countries, what say you? How many of you will respond? Shall this appeal be made in vain? I hope there will be a general response, and that we shall do something this year worthy of "the high vocation whereunto we are called."

RICHMOND, VA., KERRY GRAVES, Will the Religious-Philosophical Journal and other Spiritualist papers please publish?

Banner Correspondence.

From the West.

A word from me occasionally may perhaps be of humble use by way of encouragement. Everywhere I go I hear respectful and cheering testimony about the "good substantial Banner of Light." Why is it said with a purposeful emphasis? Because its tone is candid, defensive of mediums and speakers, ever encouraging the workers without distinction. This policy, or rather, honesty, does not of course produce so much of a sensation, but in the long run it is a good support with high appreciation with the public.

Am doing some lecturing this winter in Wisconsin. Spiritualism, you know, is like a planet—never turns back. Though the "times" are hard and most financially depressing, the good work goes on in more humble channels. Public credulity gives way to inquiry of the oracles. Occasionally I am welcomed into an Orthodox church where that class of mind is glad to assemble and listen to the truth spoken with the spirit of charity. This was the case recently in New London, Wis. I was cordially admitted into the Congregationalist church there.

Our friends in Menasha and Appleton have Spiritual Halls under control, and if they cannot afford a speaker from abroad, they do not cease acting, but assemble each Sunday to develop their own talent of mediumship and speaking. This is most praiseworthy. Lectured in both those cities, also in Shiocton and Stephensville, Ontonagon Co. The latter place contains a large percentage of free thought of the spiritual tendency. It shows in this case as elsewhere the potency of faithful work through mediumship and the vivacity of our literature. Here live Brother and Sister Tarbell, who have toiled assiduously in the cause they love. The angels are found always in their homes, and their lives are luminous with spiritual intelligence. It is something so endearing to know that the seed we sow and water with our tears springs up in due time and blossoms as the kingdom of heaven on earth. Fraternally, J. O. BARNETT.

Rhode Island.

WOONSOCKET.—Seth H. Vose writes January 27th: Allow me space for a few words in regard to the meetings which we have had recently in this place. George A. Fuller, of Sherborn, Mass., has spoken for us the past two Sundays, January 16th and 23d; and Dr. J. S. Bean, of Natick, Mass., sang selections from the "Spiritual Hymns" January 16th. Mr. Fuller delivered an original and two abridged discourses, which were listened to with marked attention, and created a considerable interest. The subject of the evening lecture was "The Great Law of Growth." Taking the geological history of the world's progress as a starting point, he elaborated the theory of development, producing the facts of nature as proof thereof. He also spoke of the gradual unfolding of religious ideas, and the development of the human mind. Mr. West, of Providence, was present, and at the close gave a gentlemanly present a very characteristic and truthful communication from his wife. Mrs. West is a fine test medium, and clairvoyant and magnetic physician. Her address is 102 Dean street, Providence, R. I. The selections sung by Dr. J. S. Bean added greatly to the interest of the occasion. During the week which intervened between Sunday, January 23d and 29th, we had a general outpouring of the "good spirit." Various manifestations, such as the raps, in perfect showers, drumming in imitation of a tenor and bass drum, trance speaking, tests, communications, and diagnoses of disease—thus bringing into play the clairvoyant faculties—created not a little excitement. Mrs. West, of Providence, added to the interest of the circles held during the week, by the many tests and communications given through her. Mrs. Williams also helped on the good work by the descriptions of the visions which she beheld.

January 23d, Messrs. Fuller and Bean held two meetings in Temperance Hall, attended by good audiences, the evening meeting being the largest which they have had in this place. Dr. Bean rendered many beautiful selections of spiritual songs, which were listened to by the audience with much interest. Mr. Fuller delivered two addresses under spirit influence, both of which were well received. The great question "Why should man be ashamed of Spiritualism?" was well handled by the invisible, and so was the theme of the evening's discourse, "The Life of Religion." Dr. Bean has great magnetic powers, and the medicines he left behind him in this place, prepared to spirit direction, I trust will do a great deal of good.

We would recommend Brothers Fuller and Bean to all those who are trying to create an interest in Spiritualism, and needing the services of those who are willing and ready to work for the truth. The interest which has been created here will not soon pass away. We are in hopes to secure their services at no distant day for a longer period of time.

This revival which we have had, which has not yet abated, and which I trust and hope never will die, originated in the angel-world. And the work planned has been well done, and has added not a little glory to the cause of true Spiritualism.

New York.

MEXICO.—Wm. F. Everts writes as follows: I have noticed of late several articles in the Banner concerning Mrs. C. M. Morrison, the blind healing medium, of Boston, late of Oswego, N. Y. Being personally acquainted with Mrs. Morrison, having known her for the last four years of her residence in Oswego, and having attended several of her seances for spirit materialization and other manifestations, also having had considerable dealings with her in furnishing her a large amount of medicine, I am perfectly familiar with the various phases of her mediumship and with the manner of her dealings with her patrons. I can positively assure the public that Mrs. Morrison does not wish or intend to defraud any persons of their money, and would not retain money sent her without fulfilling the terms of her advertisements, and that she has and does intend to deal honestly and promptly with all her patrons, though circumstances may occasionally cause an unavoidable delay in her answering some of the many many questions which are addressed to her. Persons who are intimately acquainted with Mrs. Morrison consider her to be a first-class medical medium, possessing clairvoyant powers of a high order; also that she is worthy of the confidence and patronage of all persons who desire her clairvoyant medical service. She is a perfectly developed medium, controlled by a scientific and medicinal band of spirits, and they, through her instrumentality, have relieved and healed hundreds of persons of various diseases that they were afflicted with, to which many an individual can testify. From personal knowledge I can conscientiously recommend Mrs. Morrison's clairvoyant medical practice to those who are suffering from the various diseases that afflict the human race.

We print the above statement in answer to the solicitations of many friends of Mrs. Morrison, even though we have given several in her favor of late. This endorsement is certainly sufficient as a closing one.—Ed. B. of L.

Ohio.

SEVILLE.—Mrs. E. A. Young writes: Allow me to add my testimony to the efficacy of Dr. J. R. Newton's healing-power, imparted through a magnetized letter. Four years ago, when I was Cleveland, I called to see Dr. Newton, and he told me to be very careful or I would have an attack of paralysis. When I returned home I told my family physician what he had said, and he sneered at it; but some time afterward, when the attack came, he said it was an affection of the spine brought on by overwork. I told him that could not be, for I was paralyzed in my right arm and all down my right side. I dismissed him, and communicated with Dr. J. R. Newton, who immediately sent me a magnetized letter, and I

was cured in a very short time. This was six months ago, and I am still well, and have the free use of my limbs. Cannot other sufferers be helped likewise?

Illinois.

WATSEKA.—A. B. Roff writes, Jan. 26th: Mrs. Morse, of Joliet, Ill., one of the best lecturers on the rostrum, delivered nine discourses in this place this month, commencing Jan. 2d, and ending the 9th. She had the largest audiences ever convened here by any lecturer, notwithstanding the Orthodox were holding revival meetings, three churches combined, and were in full operation when she came, a stranger, and commenced her lectures. She has awakened an interest here that will produce good results. She calculated to do good wherever she goes; she is not only a fine lecturer but a perfect lady in every respect.

The Quarterly Meeting of Spiritualists of Western New York.

Convened in Good Templar's Hall, in the city of Lockport, Jan. 8th, 1876, continuing 160 days.

The morning session was an informal one, G. W. Taylor opening the meeting. The midday train brought large accessions to our numbers, and before the close the Convention was largely attended, ten counties being represented, and several from other States.

The opening of each session was occupied for an hour in conference, after which an address from one or more of the gifted speakers in attendance. Among these were J. W. Seaver, Lyman C. Howe, Geo. W. Taylor, John Greenhow, of Hornellsville; Mrs. Millington, of Rochester; Joseph Walker, of Byron, and many others, who gave much interest to the meeting by their words of counsel, of wisdom and instruction. At the close of each session, conversed during the meeting by Thomas Anderson, producing harmony and quiet.

Saturday afternoon session, on opening, was occupied by the officers of the State Association, transacting such business as came before it; after which the Quarterly Meeting resumed its sessions in form of conference.

Saturday evening was opened by the usual form of conference, succeeded by an address by Lyman C. Howe, who spoke for over an hour with great eloquence; the subject, given him by a person present, was, "The Infinite," he said the finite can never fathom or measure the Infinite; an impassable gulf lies between, which can never be overcome; but the finite is ever reaching up toward the Infinite throughout the cycles of eternity. Intelligence is never lost in Nature. All that we see is a great variety of order, plan and fulfillment. Consciousness is complete with individuality. Nature is organized, and constantly developing individuality. Whence this tendency, this irresistible energy, forcing matter into intelligent expression, order and conscious life? Can form and feeling flow from a fountain that has no form or feeling?

As our feelings approach the Divine, we sense the Presence that forever hovers over and pervades us. God is omnipresent. He is equally present and manifest in all things. The highest good reveals most of God. The purest love shows more of the Divine than adulterated love and narrow, morbid life. We are present as individuals, through all our body in the sphere of society, yet we live most in the social centres. Ample room is made for the life as a man; amputate the head, and the body dies. In our weakness we turn with filial trust to the imperishable Source of all good. We need rest in the love of God, to lean on his bosom in our anguish, and feed upon his measureless love.

Sunday morning session opened with a song. "Shall we meet beyond the river?" and was wholly occupied in conference, allowing time for the exercises of a great variety of thought and sentiment by many who had not had opportunity before—mainly on the great need of more mediums being developed; J. W. Seaver and others urging that efforts be made, in the different localities, to answer the demand of the public generally, who are solicitous of obtaining knowledge of this beautiful religion; assisting the spiritual world to commune with their mortal friends on earth, to give the grand realities of a continued life of active labor, for the uplifting of all humanity to higher motives and nobler resolves.

An address was given by Mrs. Millington "How to abolish Intemperance," taking broad ground without intemperance had grown to such proportions in our land, until it had become a national evil, that their mortal friends, aided by hereditary descent from sire to son to the third and fourth generations.

Mr. Greenhow then followed in a very instructive historical quotation from mythological records, showing that many of the (so-called) fundamental tenets of the Christian Bible were borrowed therefrom.

The following resolutions by J. W. Seaver were read and adopted:

1. Resolved, That we are in earnest sympathy with the movement now being agitated to non-sectarianize our common schools by excluding from the curriculum all religious exercises, or reading the Bible as part of such sectarian exercises; and further, that we protest against the appropriation of any portion of our public funds to the support of sectarian schools.

2. Resolved, That we deem it but an act of justice to a whole people that all the property of the State should be equally taxed to defray its legitimate expenses; therefore we in the interests of justice demand of our legislators the passage of such laws as shall secure these results, by taxing church property equally with that of the property of private persons.

The evening session was wholly occupied by Lyman C. Howe, who asked for subjects from the audience for the evening's lecture, resulting as follows: "Charity, or the Downcast of Society and their Reclamation;" "What the Soul of Man is;" "Can Error in This Life be Utilized in the Next?" "What did Christ Mean when he said, 'The Father shall enter the Kingdom before you?'" "What Relation does the Materiality of This Life Sustain to the Next?"

Mr. Howe, being inspirationally influenced, touched upon all of the above subjects in a grand poem, after which he took up each subject, answering them all in a clear and convincing manner, to the satisfaction of all present.

A resolution of thanks was tendered to the friends of Lockport for their kind hospitality in entertaining friends from abroad.

Adjourned to meet in Gasport, Niagara County, in April next.

SARAH A. BURTIS, Secretary.

Allan Kardec's Books.

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

The Book on Mediums and the Spirits' Book, the recently translated works of Allan Kardec, are real gems. They deserve a wide circulation, and should be familiar to all Spiritualists who desire to understand the nature of spirit, the philosophy of spirit intercourse, and the relations of the two worlds. They are a clear unfolding of many recondite points about which many Spiritualists are thoughtful, seeming to care but little for the rationale of the matter. Many are satisfied with a bare attendance on a circle, drinking in with avidity what may be disclosed as though that was the ultimatum. The real essence of Spiritualism, its philosophy, they ignore, never study principles, nor how to attain the best results in their communings with the invisibles.

I would not discourage circles, but I would have an analytical examination of their functions, and a better understanding of the bearings of mediumship. These, and many other important points, are lucidly discussed in these two books. They cover a wide field, and open a way to a knowledge which in our hands may become more than the lever of Archimedes. A thorough knowledge of Spiritualism will give us a power in this life to mold ourselves and fellows, ensure progress for individuals and communities, and prepare us for that other life which opens to us when we pass the portals of so-called death. Let me counsel our friends to procure these two books, and faithfully study them. Either is worth a ton of musty creeds. They supplement our literature, which is a record of the phenomenal, show the significance of the vast amount that has been garnered, making a coherent system of philosophy, fortifying it at all points, and impregnable founding it in the nature of things.

Providence, R. I.

The prisoners in the city jail at Augusta, Ga., says the Chronicle and Sentinel, are, perhaps, as a supernatural appearance, a fleshless spirit, perambulating the corridor of the prison, and ever and anon, amid the stillness of the night, rattles the doors of the cells, making the bolts and chains clank and quiver. The said apparition says nothing to anybody, but keeps its incessant vigil, watching every thing closely, passing the fruit and the floury victuals, and effectually driving away from their drowsy couches the welcome god of sleep.—Ed.

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Of all the future work to be undertaken in connection with Spiritualism, none presses with so much urgency, under present conditions, as the ascertaining to what extent mediums, and more especially physical mediums, are responsible for their acts, for in the instance of the Holmeses in America, of Bugeat in Paris, and in many similar though less striking cases, the question arises, for what they do at the time that, to the casual observer, they are supposed to be in their normal state. For instance, sensitive, while under the influence of the mesmerist, will often go about a room doing everything which he wills they shall do; if the mesmerist were invisible to the spectators, his subjects would be supposed to be irresponsible, and the question would arise, for what they do helplessly under the control of another will than their own. Their eyes are open at the time, and they appear to be in full possession of all their faculties. If mediums when fully under the power are in this state, and are not responsible for what they do, the truth ought to be recognized, because they should not be blamed without cause. If, on the other hand, they are not helplessly under the control to be established, the best method of throwing light upon these questions, seems to us to be the familiarizing of Spiritualists everywhere with the phenomena of mesmerism. Mesmeric lectures taught to be encouraged from one end of the country to the other; indeed, if more of these were given, the experimental illustration of these would diminish the number of the mediums who are named in the public discourses delivered at the present time from our platforms, consisting chiefly of personal opinions. The way in which spirits control mediums is not known at present, although it is supposed to be done by *mesmeric influence*; nothing could be more instructive than to mesmerize a sensitive, and then to try to make him do what he wills, and to observe the extent to which the organism of the sensitive would change the ideas and words of the operator would be seen, and a step would be taken in the direction of ascertaining the difficulty which spirits have in communicating, and the extent to which their utterances are modified by the medium. At the winter meetings of the National Association of Spiritualists, it is intended to give attention to this subject, and it might be well if it were brought on before anything else. Those who have powerful physical mediums in their families would be much interested in gaining practical knowledge of the extent to which a sensitive may be influenced by a mesmerist, and, after observing a course of such experiments, they could be better positioned to take the proper course at home, and to give more trustworthy information as to the extent to which mediums are responsible for their acts. Those who have closely studied strong physical mediums, think that they are very much less responsible than casual observers suppose, and that they are under the control of an outside power to a much greater extent than they are generally supposed to be. One of our mediums to suddenly begin to speak in a foreign language while in the middle of ordinary conversation; we also know of a case where a lady entertained guests for two or three hours, and served out tea to them, yet all the time was under spirit control, and knew nothing about it afterwards; further, we know of a medium who acted like any ordinary person for two days, yet on the third day she began to play the violin, because she afterwards knew nothing about them, because she had been under spirit control all the time; yet in all these cases both Spiritualists and skeptics were talking to them as if they were ordinary mortals, responsible for everything they did. Little headway can be made in unraveling the philosophy of the benefits and dangers of mediumship, until some of these points have been brought to the experiment.—*The London Spiritualist*, Jan. 24.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1876.

Mrs. Conant's Reception in Spirit-Life.

Agreeably to announcement in these columns, made at the request of our translated sister, Mrs. J. H. Conant, we present the following report (prefaced by an invocation) of her reception in spirit-life, given through the lips of Nellie L. Palmer, while entranced, at the Banner of Light Circle Room, on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 27, 1876. We have no doubt it will be received by our numerous readers with the same satisfaction it was listened to by the large audience in attendance when it was given:

Invocation.

Thou Father of Mercy, thou Mother of Tender-ness, we have not to invoke thy presence, for thou art ever near us, walking beside us, lending of thine own spirit unto our lives, until we catch glimpses of the higher abodes in thy kingdom. Thou Spirit of Love, help us when weak, make us strong in righteousness, prepare us for life—that life which knows, which knows no death; prepare us for work that knows no terminus at the grave; make us able to bear our burdens, that the fruits that shall arise from our earthly labors may be glorious in the life to come. Thou hast surrounded mortality with the sunshine of thy love; may it warm into life those prayers which are the necessities that live within us; may it bring forth hunger and thirsting, may it awaken each and all to the needfulness of the light of thy presence, and with this consciousness may humanity take upon itself more than that is real in the spiritual life. May we learn that the joys of the hereafter are not remote from our souls; that our lives create for us kingdoms of peace in the future; that our daily acts bring forth their natural fruits; that as the tree of our life is planted here on earth, so its roots go down in human hearts and live and are strengthened by human necessities, so its branches stretch upward to thee, for thou dost strengthen, thou dost lighten, thou dost glorify us.

We thank thee, our Father, for thy gifts of mercy, of love and of tenderness; we ask for thy blessing; we pray that we make ourselves worthy of it, that we may not feel unworthiness in others, but seek the good in one and all, and so learn the divinest of all thy lessons—the lesson of charity unto all men.

Address.

My friends, there are many things that I may say to you, this afternoon, that may not conform to your conscious reason; but as truth is the motto which is engraven on my soul, and earnestness to make the truth plain is the guiding star that leads me on and has brought me back to you, I shall give to you, according to the best of my ability, a history of how I was received, and how I have been compensated for my life-work, in the spirit-life. As some few of my friends are aware, for several days before the white-robed angel came to bid me leave my earthly home, I was in that spirit-life of which I had caught bright glimpses, and from which I had learned lessons in faith and in knowledge. The kind angels came to relieve me of the burden of pain, to prepare me for that better life into which I was being ushered, so that when the transition came I was scarcely conscious that the silver cord was broken.

I was first met by the dear Indian children who had been my daily companions for years, who had come to me and through my organism received a ray, now and then, of earthly knowledge, to prepare them in this first sphere of mortal existence—the first sphere of human consciousness—for that life whose terminus human ken has not yet comprehended. These children were the first upon whom my eyes opened in the spirit-life. By them and from them I received such a welcome as would gladden any and all hearts. They received me as a loving child would receive a mother; as you would receive a kind friend; as you would welcome a loved one; as you would open your hearts and your arms to one who was allied to you by the strongest ties of human affection. These children are stars of light to me; they have been the lines that have led me on, for God said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Through them I have caught a glimpse of that better, brighter, purer life that I so faintly comprehended when upon earth.

I was taken by them to what you may accept in my description as the Indian's heaven—the home of the Indians. Meena, one of my ancestors, received me kindly into her home, gave me of her life, of her strength, imparted of her own spiritual self-strength to enable me to comprehend fully my surroundings. I found the home of the Indian full of pleasure, full of joy, full of peace—the peace which is born of simplicity, which is born of truthfulness, which is born of well-doing; for the Indian, although here upon the earth he may seem of little use to mankind, yet in the spirit-life he is the medium's friend, the medium's safeguard, the medium's staff, the medium's light, the medium's strength. He comes back from that garden of the future that he is making bright for all classes of media, and brings to each and every one some token of his living presence. Magnetic by nature, receiving that vital magnetism from every one of his surroundings, he is enabled, when he enters the spirit-world, to come home to man naturally, simply, directly—to come openly and freely, and to live and act himself. Better than all other spirits is he for the health of media; stronger is he in the divine purpose of implanting truth in the souls of men, implanting the need of truth; for what gives the Indian to man? He brings facts by which he may catch glimpses of the Great Spirit, and of that broad plane of thought before him in the future. He opens wider the door, clearing the natural vision from its obstructions, and lets the light shine in from the immortal world upon the human soul, until the natural eye sees, the natural ear hears, and the human soul accepts his presence. Hence I find all media have an Indian friend. They are our friends, the friends of all; a happy return, too, it is for the many unkindnesses extended to them from their white brothers.

I was taken from them by my guardian and friend, the physician who had so kindly watched over me during my earthly career. I was then met by all classes of persons, young and old, of all nations, men, women and children—the aged who had left the earth only a short time before me, the young who had found an avenue to friends opened through my organization, who

had been able to return and leave an impression of their presence upon this great way of truth sweeping over the land, carrying with it human thought and human destinies; leaving upon this the impress of their living presence, telling of that truth which must live forevermore. The soul knows no death; it knows no end; it knows no terminus of its existence; it knows nothing of the alleged great end of all things, for that end does not exist.

I was welcomed by this class of spirits warmly as could be conceived of by human beings. They stretched forth their hands to receive me, shouts of joy filled the air, flowers were cast before me—for we have flowers in the spirit world as bright and pure as yours, as lovely in their natural existence as these before you, (alluding to flowers on the table.) They emit a living fragrance as sweet to our spiritual senses, refreshing us, bringing us close to the bosom of Nature, as do these tokens that Nature gives us here before you. I was welcomed by these spirits, not for what I had done alone, but as their friend. Many of them I had never seen or heard of, many of them came to me simply to touch my hands, to hear one word from my lips, to listen merely to the sound of my voice, to catch something I might give them, as though I were laden with joys, blessed with messages from earthly friends to them. Some were standing on the right, some on the left, with sad faces. It was they who had come through my organism to friends on earth, such as had come to me asking to be admitted to this consecrated place to send some token of their existence to those they loved. They were sad because they believed the door was closed upon them, the avenue was no longer open to them through which they might reach the loved ones lingering still on earth, because I had come home to live forever, because I had been chosen one for their particular work in this particular direction; sad because disease had slain me so early in life, because I had fallen a victim through seeds sown in my body at my birth; sad because of the suffering I had endured; sad from loving sympathy for me; sad in their kindness. And above all this, there rumbled in the air now and then a murmur of joy that I had come home. Home? Home? The sweet sound rung in our ears from early childhood, that warmed into life the very principles of affection that clustered around the home altar while I was yet a resident of the earth, welcoming me there as none could welcome any one who were rejoicing to know that I was one of them. From this condition I was lifted to one still higher, one still broader, that came out as if from the very sky: rays of light converging to one common centre, and gradually diverging from this centre in light and glory and purity, shone out over the whole: it seemed to transfigure every one of these spirits by whom I had been surrounded; it left its impression upon every soul it cast itself upon, and warmed every heart with which it came in contact. It was beautiful to behold spirits basking in this sunlight, catching every ray as though one should not be lost, catching everything which might give to them new impulses, new life, new strength for work, which to some might have been just revealed to them. This condition was pleasing to me. I could see in it the results of my own poor labors. I could behold in it the effects left upon these spirits by coming back to earth to gather as much as possible from this condition of life to prepare for a higher and better one. The fact of proving to you that a mother, a father, a wife, a husband, a child, or a friend is immortal, and that this proof is conclusive, that there is no ceasing, no shadows, no doubt left upon your mind, is enough to make every soul hunger for this bread of life, every heart swell with desire to know more of the future. To know you are immortal inspires you with a desire to know how you are immortalized. It is not by the name you have here upon canvas or even upon the scroll of fame, nor by deeds you have done in the body, nor by what you may leave upon the sands of time, written, as it were, by the finger of your soul, nor by what you have thought, nor by what you have hoped for, for you are not to be measured by all this, but you are to know that life is eternal, in that you carry yourselves into not heaven or into the future, that there is not one characteristic left behind, not one emotion, not one thought, not one hope, not one desire, not one condition in which you have mentally and spiritually lived, of which you can divest yourself on merely laying aside the earthly body. The strongest proof of identity on entering the spirit world, is to find yourself just as you were yesterday, before you stepped over the threshold into the other life, just as you were before the soul took its flight from the mortal tenement. This knowledge is worth something to humanity; it leaves no room for a man to prepare for death. It leaves engraven upon every tablet upon which the eye can rest, "Make yourselves ready for life eternal; make yourselves ready for everlasting activity; make yourselves ready for everlasting usefulness; make yourselves ready for everlasting life."

When I beheld this light I could not conceive of its full meaning. Its import to me was that it was shining from another sphere of existence. As we gradually approached it, I saw that it was the light of wisdom, the pure white light of religion. It was the light of that truth that has held me to this table, to this stand, to this place, for so many years. It was the light of that pure faith that was ever pointing me onward to the future; it was that golden light, filled with glory and wisdom, and truth, and love, that we think belongs to God; it was the light of his loving kindness that shone upon us.

As I came nearer I beheld men of wisdom congregated together; I beheld them in solemn and earnest converse, seeming to commune with themselves, trying to ascertain some means by which I might be brought closer, and thus be made to comprehend my situation. I can assure you my eyes were dazzled, and my heart sunk within me with trembling such as you can only know when you are blinded by this bright light, when God's immortal presence streams in upon your soul, and seems to awaken every thought and arouse every part of your being. When you receive this, and feel it as I felt it, then you can realize with me how I approached these spirits of light, encouraged by my loving, watchful friend, who led me in carefully, giving to me words of courage and cheer, imparting to me strength as I approached step by step this higher altar, this better life. At last I was ushered into the presence of spirits, some of whom I had seen, and from whom you have heard. They received me kindly, pleasantly; the light burned brighter, and brighter, and brighter, when the voice of the chairman of that convention of spirits arose upon the air, and came floating down to my ears

and bid me come a little higher, a little nearer, to receive their congratulations for my life's work while here upon the earth, telling me it was to go on, and on, and on, through all the time to come. Alas! my heart sank within me. Alas! though I had felt I had done the best I could, yet in the retrospect I saw so many sins of omission, so much left to be accomplished, so many little deeds left undone that might have been performed for my fellow-creatures, so many kindly words that I might have dropped into listening ears, so much of good cheer and loving sympathy I might have given to the hungry and the thirsting children of earth, so much more that was to be accomplished, in tears, in the agony of my own spirit, I cried, Alas! alas! I want no compensation. No reward for me! Let me live here, and learn of your wisdom, learn of your knowledge, of your life. It is enough. Let me see as you do here, and hear as you are hearing of the glory of God, and it will suffice for me.

When at last I met my friend, our friend, the friend of the human family, the friend whose hand and heart ever opened a kindly welcome to me, (pointing to the portrait of the former Chairman of the Banner Circle, WILLIAM WHITE,) he bade me be of good cheer, for in heaven, where I was, there was much yet to do; all that was left undone could yet be accomplished; I must put upon myself the armor, and go on with the same work I had begun upon earth. When he came to me and said this, it was courage to my fainting soul, it was life and strength to my drooping spirit. It was the great whole I had prayed for. To live and to do was the answer to my prayer that has ever ascended from the earth-life to heaven.

Here I found many spirits, among whom were Parker, Channing, Thomas Paine, Father Henry Fitz James, Lord Bacon, Judge Edmonds, and many others, whose names are familiar to your earthly ears. I heard and saw there many of them for the first time. I received from each of them something. Each one of them seemed like a blazing sun, with rays of light coming from their spirits into mine. At last I was willing to receive, for my future work, whatever was to be my mission.

I then came back to earth, and wandered away to different media, that I might make myself manifest. To first one and then another did I make myself known, that there might be characteristic evidence of my presence. Through all phases of manifestation did I endeavor to accomplish it—through clairvoyance, through clairaudience, through materialization, through every form of spirit manifestation did I make the effort to make myself known as the living spirit—Frances A. Conant.

In this I was successful in many instances, in others I was obliged to go, as I have known many spirits to go from this place with downcast faces and burdened hearts, who had come with messages of love to lay upon this altar, and send them out upon the ocean of life to find the haven to which they were destined. Alas! this disappointment I trust all media will comprehend, that they may never grieve the spirit, never turn away from the angels who come to bear witness of immortality. I trust not one present will ever say, "I have no time to give to spirits—to give to this work." A few, I trust, will never say, "I have no inclination to receive them." No time! no inclination to receive the message of everlasting life! Remember that there is a time when the earthly body fails you, when the spirit grows beyond its confines, and gradually loses its hold upon its members, when, one after another, earthly objects fade from sight. The soul then is prominent; the spiritual wants—the highest and best part of the man—the spiritual necessities that number by thousands, then loom up before you like living lights, and there comes back to you from over the past a voice of regret that rings in your years, forever and forever, saying, "I have not done my duty; I have not opened my heart; I have not received the truth; I have not welcomed the angels; Alas! Alas! I shall be welcomed by mortals still on earth? Shall I be received? Can I return and gather the blessings that I have left behind me, that are necessary to my spiritual growth, that I need for my development in the spiritual life? Is there no one to whom I can return, through whom I can behold the light for which I am hungry?" These questions will come to you in that hour when passing away from earth. Each one of them without such vast importance they will shake you like an earthquake's shock. You will quiver like a leaf in the breeze; in that storm you will be shaken to the foundation, because you have not done your work nor your duty. Then will come not only this, but greater labor on your part, even to the point where you will love to be left alone. You will have to seek in all directions for some instrument adapted to your special use, when it may be that your eyes and your ears have been opened in the past to spiritual presences, that the gift of mediumship has been yours, and has been denied, has not been brightened and beautified by use, and the power has been concentrated upon others. It has been covered up in a napkin and concealed from sight, and you find yourself not so well adapted to conditions requisite for control of media as you might have been, and you may have to work long and earnestly to overcome the obstacles you have placed in your own way. Perhaps it may be years before you are able to manifest your presence; even the best part of those you love. I tell you it is a penance of you will love to pay. It is an experience not one of you will long for, but which must be passed through and out of, up to higher conditions, if you neglect the opportunities before you. Think of it, ye Spiritualists, in time! Accept my counsel as an earnest worker in behalf of a common humanity. Receive my words of loving warning as men and women, as thinking creatures, as workers here in this garden of human life. Receive this advice that comes from one who sees and knows you better and loves you more than ever on earth. This counsel is: let not this glorious work of spiritual existence and spiritual manifestation die away; let not the door be closed between mortality and immortality; let not the shadows gather that would obscure the sunlight of the angels' presence; let not the clouds come over you that shall drive away loving spirits waiting at your doors to be admitted into your households. Sustain the truth; live for it, do your duty in its name, support it, strengthen it, use earnest efforts in its behalf, not for your sakes alone, but for the sake of the world that is waiting to be redeemed. Do not receive the message and shut it up in your own souls. Do not, one of you, draw the curtain over your mortal senses, fearing some observer should peer into your souls and find there the written remembrance of the presence of the angels. Do not be afraid to let the light shine and diffuse itself into every heart, into every family, into every church, into every religion, into every prayer, into every history, into every record. Into all things it shall, for its life, until it shall become the living soul of humanity. Live for it, work for it, support it, do not forget while your life lasts that there is something for your right hand to do for that which you already believe. Let the truth go down deep into your souls and shine out far and wide upon the human family. As Spiritualists, you have a nobler religion than other religious work-

ers. It is a religion that strikes down deep into the soul of man and makes its worth known through your lives, not through words alone, but by works. You see it, and hear it, and feel it, as we do the Almighty, only through the medium of your lives, everywhere about you. Then, ye Spiritualists, be not sleeping. Awake! Sleep no more at your posts! Hold fast no longer the creed you despise; cling no more to the old opinions you would fain cast away were it not for the fear of losing the approbation of friend or neighbor. To the sluggards, the spiritual sleepers, the watchers by the wayside—who are praying and waiting—I would say, pray and work, and you shall see, and you shall hear, for then God's glory shall descend upon you and live with you forever and forever.

I am now earnestly engaged in the fulfillment of my mission to earth. I have only a few more words I can say to you. I say them from the depths of my spiritual life. I am most earnestly engaged in the promulgation of spiritual truths, through my thought by your day and by your night; it is really my staff and my support; it is the power that impels me on; it is the life that is speaking behind me, pushing me onward, onward; it is the whispering I hear before me, beckoning me upward. I want your help, one and all of you. I am still acting for spirits above me, for the sake of those below me. I am laboring in this common cause still, to which, as you know, I devoted my life. I am laboring for the advancement of the truths of Spiritualism amongst humanity, as I labored when one of your number, and in the same capacity. Spirits who are higher and better can exalt me and strengthen me to do good to all who are about me, operating through my mediumship, for I am earnestly carrying myself, my hopes, my fears, my joys and my sorrows, my life, my own nature, through the gates of death. They were used here on earth, they will be used in the hereafter. And I trust that one and all of you will consecrate yourselves to this work, this common cause of divine truth, for the sake of the common family that establishes a common brotherhood, in the name of one Father, now and always.

The People's Course at Faine Hall, Boston.

The afternoon and evening lectures in this series were delivered on Sunday, Jan. 30th, by Col. H. S. Olcott, of New York City, the subjects treated by him being "Human Spirits and Elementaries" on the first occasion, and "Eastern Magic and Western Spiritualism" on the second. On introducing his afternoon discourse he spoke of the puritan stock from which he had in a direct line descended, and said that one of the bequests left to him by his ancestors was the determination to stand by whatsoever appeared as truth to him, when measured by the standard of his reason; and if anything so appeared he would champion it fearlessly and at all times, leaving results to take care of themselves.

A belief in the supernatural—a faith in continued spiritual life after the process of physical decay—was wide spread among men. The spirit, a prisoner in the human body, struggled with the hard conditions by which it was environed; its ultimate was progress in the future in the sphere of endless life, while the material of which its crumbling prison was constructed, was destined to be left to the dust, to be utilized over and over in other forms, and during successive cycles. What evidence in fact existed concerning the relation of the soul and body of man, which went to prove that the powers of the one were limited by the functions and operations of the other?

Spirit, materialization and other phenomena, as mentioned in the Bible, received the belief of Christendom, till the founders of the Protestant system endeavored to base their church on that blind "faith" which is the substance of things hoped for—the evidence of things not seen." The Roman Catholic church continued to recognize the communion of spirits if occurring under her auspices, leaving out only that which transpired beyond her pale.

Looking to the East, the lecturer computed that among its swarming legions of inhabitants could be reckoned four hundred and twenty six millions of Spiritualists. The Orientals not only believed in the existence of good and elevated spirits, and their opposites, but also in the possibility of communion with the same. The speaker traced, through Chaldea, through Egypt, among the Israelites, and broadening out among the ancient nations, the existence of that cabala which contained within itself the interior essence which the religious systems of these peoples wrought out into exterior forms.

Spiritualists were, to the mind of Col. Olcott, restless in the extreme concerning efforts for the advancement of their cause. He presented a lengthy array of statistics, wherein it was proved that the sects of Christendom were indeed more earnest in a pecuniary point of view for the propagation of their erroneous opinions than the friends of Spiritualism were for the advancement of truth. In 1870 twenty-two meetings-houses, costing in all one hundred thousand dollars, were all Spiritualism, and in the United States by the way of church buildings; the cost of the same if believed on the generally claimed number of believers in America, would reach the surprising sum of ninety-nine cents per capita! Spiritualists were also remiss in their failure to establish some reasonable philosophy wherewith to account for the phenomena and their uses; after nearly thirty years' experiment they were unable to account for the complete manifestation occurring, which the merest neophyte could readily solve.

Glancing backward through time, he gave a brief history of Spiritualism, and drew a parallel between its condition twenty years ago when he left the Dordrecht Hall Society, and the present hour; newspapers, media, and in many cases lectures, then operating had gone from the field of work, but the same ideas were now advocated as there no advance had apparently been made. To his mind Spiritualists were just as ready to denounce each other for differences of belief, and just as unable to answer the questions of their enemies as they were twenty years ago. If Spiritualists existed by millions in America, why did they not organize, and make their power felt? why did they crowd the streets with their noisy critics, and fail to support those who publicly advocated the cause, whether as speakers, writers, or newspaper publishers?

Referring to the unfortunate conditions surrounding the media of the present, he compared them with those in ancient times; then the sensitive virgin mediums were consecrated to their work at the temples, isolated from the mass of humanity, and under fit instruments for communion which the purest spirit would not shrink from using. How different from the manners of our time, when the poor shrinking medium—the more helpless in the battle of life in proportion as he or she was fitted to be a medium—was surrendered to the rude blasts of the every-day world, and left by the Spiritualists whom they pleased with their words to fight the battle for bread along perchance in some garret or cellar, when the advance was done. What wonder that so many media fell under sad conditions—the blame for which lay really at the door of the Spiritualist believers, who thus abandoned them after gratifying their curiosity?—what wonder that a lower order of spirits should naturally approach when they were thus exposed to the gross habits of the vulgar, and that the atmosphere surrounding them should be so repulsive? The speaker thought the best method of investigating was, when possible, to institute spirit circles at home among the family.

Why was it that we had no well-digested philosophy for Spiritualism in our day? It was because we had treated it and its phenomena as if they were something entirely new and unprecendented, when in fact the battle for bread along perchance in some garret or cellar, when the advance was done. What wonder that so many media fell under sad conditions—the blame for which lay really at the door of the Spiritualist believers, who thus abandoned them after gratifying their curiosity?—what wonder that a lower order of spirits should naturally approach when they were thus exposed to the gross habits of the vulgar, and that the atmosphere surrounding them should be so repulsive? The speaker thought the best method of investigating was, when possible, to institute spirit circles at home among the family.

ed at present to rectify his convictions, and citations from his experiences, leaving his hearers to take them for what they were worth. He referred in passing to his observations among the Elders at Chittenden, Vt., as detailed in his volume, "People from the Other World,"—making all due allowance for the doubts so freely cast upon those media—if but one of the four or five hundred forms seen by him at their séances was a genuine materialization, that one was sufficient for the purpose of proof. At the time of his writing that book he had not read any of the Hermetic works—if he had, he would have been brought to materially differ his treatment of the subject, and have been led to ascribe much that he then witnessed to the elementaries. He descended upon the researches of and recorded wonders wrought by Albertus Magnus and other ancient cabalists, and cited many startling instances of the power possessed by modern adepts, as witnessed by himself in New York and elsewhere.

Spiritualism he declared to be simply unscientific magic, and magic to be conscious Spiritualism. A medium was one who rendered him or herself passive for results; a magician was one who willed to produce different effects, and compelled his servants to do them. The sylphs, the gnomes, the undines and the salamanders—existence brought into being by the spiritual side of the air, the earth, the water, the fire, and who were in harmony with that law of Nature which places inside each evolved material form, however strange, a corresponding spiritual form—were then discussed upon; these completed the Darwinian chain of development, and left no missing link; these spirits were not the myths of ancient tradition, for he (the Col.) had seen them evoked in his own apartments in New York City, by a Hindoo adept into whose company he had been most strangely brought. He would recommend those who wished to gain some idea of these beings to read Bulwer's "Zanoni," and "Ravaleto," by P. B. Randolph. The solar sylphs produced the physical manifestations; they excelled the other classes of elementaries, and made them their slaves, but a man who was true and just and conscientious and brave could control them. This power was, however, only to be attained by a long course of novitiate study, and an initiation in the East, by the adepts there residing. He called attention to the fact that the recorded phenomena of the magicians were all transacted in the full light—the adepts needed neither darkness nor cabinets; but the necessities in modern times of the spiritual phenomena, so-called, which went to prove that the occurrences at dark séances were the work of the elementaries and undeveloped spirits—these spirits needing passivity in order to accomplish their ends. A true enfranchised human spirit had no fear of bullet, sword, or any other human instrument, since he was freed from the limits of materiality, but an undeveloped spirit could not within its composition that it did fear pain like a mortal; hence it was found that at a molding séance in England the spirits complained that the water in the paraffine pan was too hot (showing their sensibility to pain); and he understood that a like complaint was also made in America, the water being tempered to the spirit at the desire expressed by the spirits.

At the close of his address he defended the action of the Theosophical Society of New York, said it was not an enemy to Spiritualism, but would work in harmony with it, and announced that it had been decided by the members of that organization that their meetings should be held in secret, and no account be presented thereof till the members should agree to a report after the manner observed by the London Dialectic Society.

In the evening, Col. Olcott, in reviewing to some extent the ground gone over in his previous lecture, held that we were too apt to consider our age to be the brightest the earth had ever seen, and ourselves the compendiums of all knowledge—using as a point of contrast the darkness of the middle ages, but he pointed out the errors in this time to grasp the true idea, and remember that human progress has ever been in circles, not in an oblique line upward. The ancient Egyptians and Hindoos, amazed even the architects of our day with the grandeur of the scope of their temples and palaces, and since the spiritual always keeps pace with the material in nature, was it not in harmony with the progress of the earth, our experience among mankind that people so mighty in material achievement should work out a theology correspondingly vast and glorious? These old philosophers clothed their ideas in symbols, in order that the profane or unprepared multitude might not make use of their mighty secrets at will; they placed the treasures of their thought behind a veil, so that their ideas were obtained only by him who would labor as zealously to remove it for himself as they did to place it there; only such could hope to understand the depth of their meaning. This mask, or its integral portions, became in time to be clothed upon by the populace with divine attributes, though the old scholars believed only in one definite principle that sent on its avatars to will, under different names, to the peoples of earth.

These old masters taught that a spiritual orb was developed along with a material one; that man was an immortal soul, a spark of the divine creative soul, and as the whole is an aggregate of its parts, and the parts resemble the whole, man therefore was lord of the microcosm, and needed only to assert his prerogative, three things: "To know—to dare—to will." To these he added another important adjunct which might be added: "to keep silent." Let those who would make improper use of the knowledge should obtain a key to its possession. Magic simply meant wisdom; its two sides, white and black, corresponded with the two sides of nature—white with the good, and black with the reverse; opposing or bad spirits were just as naturally exorcised as the good; the white gnomes were typified by the theurgist, the black by the ob-man. While magic led a man to good works, to the domination of the spirits around him, to whose powers he could always, if true in heart and life, successfully oppose the shield of his immortal soul! Black magic might crown him who practiced it for the time being with honor and riches, but in the end he would be brought prey to the lower elementaries with whom he dealt; if there was a joint loose in his or any other man's moral harness, the elementaries would discover it.

Further continuing from the afternoon discourse his citations of the wonders achieved by the ancient magicians, he instanced the performances of the Fakirs of India as proof of the existence of the same powers in our day. He related several remarkable stories in conjunction therewith: the engraving of letters and symbols on metals or stone, the power to make themselves invisible, the power to exorcise their spiritual bodies from their physical and to roam at will in such condition—recorded of the old magicians—were all duplicated in our times, every one of which the Colonel assured his audience he had witnessed, the first the ring reported in the spiritual press; the second in presence of a person who had three times become invisible to him at will; and the third, the double, he had seen in the streets of New York, in one instance that of a gentleman appearing to him on Broadway, carrying a bundle, and being immediately recognizable, though he knew the physical form of that friend was at the moment in another country.

Modern Spiritualism and Eastern magic he thought to be distinctly related—though the cabalist was positive, while the medium was negative—and the revelations of magic were calculated to do much to elevate our conceptions of true human spirits on their return, as it was to lay at the door of the elementaries, where it belonged, much of that chaotic materialistic spirit-comunion which so repelled many investigators. To those desiring to know more of the subject he recommended the perusal of Emerson's "History of Magic, William Howitt's work on the Supernatural, Mrs. Crowe's Night-Side of Nature, etc., etc." He also recommended the people of Europe. Emerson's new work on "Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," and spoke a good word for "Art Magic," the book for which Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten is agent. In closing he declared it to be his intention to study the matter thoroughly, and to follow what appeared to be the truth, regardless of the ridicule or opposition of others, who failed to believe in common with him.

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