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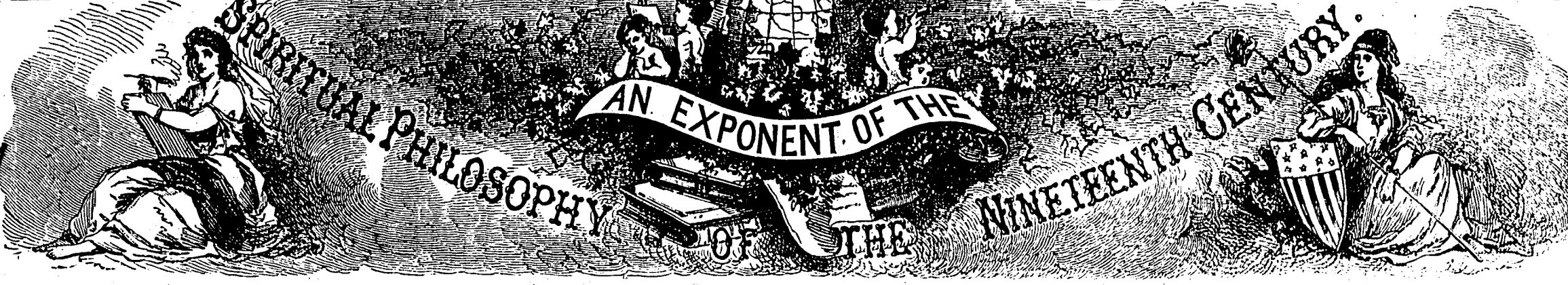
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The Rostrum.

The New Movement; or the Philadelphia Convention of Spiritualists.

A Lecture Delivered at the Highland Lake Grove (Mass.) Camp-Meeting, Sunday Afternoon, July 30th.

By PROF. R. G. ECCLES.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Text: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder."—Isaiah ix. 6.

In this centennial year Spiritualism has given birth to a child. It first breathed the breath of life on the 5th day of July 1876, and so is only 25 days old. It is a wondrous phenomena of its kind—a very rarity—and already betrays some life and genius. It is not yet old enough for the world to christen, yet such a prodigy, it came near christening itself with the huge, unwieldy title of "Christian Spiritualism." If my memory of history serves me well, seldom such cases as this are reported, and where reported of some precious babe we learn it never takes. The Campbellites tried to call themselves Disciples, and the Mormons dubbed themselves Saints, but to us all, they are still nothing but plain Campbellites and Mormons. The world will name its own progeny, and if they murmur, spank them till they are still. We do not learn that the early church of Jesus and Paul called itself by any name, but at Antioch the babe was christened. Spiritualism did not name itself, but when old enough to need a name, one grew and fitted. I fear our babe will meet the fate of the two examples cited, even though it waits till it is a year old before naming itself. Leave the christening to the world. Some act, thought, word, condition or doctrine, of the disciples of the new era, will produce a fitting title which will hang by it whether desired or not. But to be serious upon the matter. I consider this movement a portentous one for Spiritualism, and propose devoting my time this afternoon in canvassing the merits and demerits of the same. I desire to treat it with candor and fairness, by an analysis of its leading characteristics. For this purpose I shall inquire first, whether or not we need organization; second, what kind of an organization, if any, is required; third, what principles or expressions of faith such organization needs to cement it into a unit and so maintain its individuality; fourth, wherein the new organization proposes to meet these requirements. To the first our attention must now be drawn. Do Spiritualists need organization? Some will answer yes, most certainly, while others declare as emphatically no. The latter give as an objection that if we do organize we shall certainly degenerate into a bigoted sectarianism such as the world has already been too long cursed with. Both must receive due consideration, and as answering one answers both, our task will be less arduous.

This is a beautiful world of ours. How lovely to wander o'er our Western prairies, and behold the grand carpet of green, covering the entire range of vision from centre to horizon! See the floods of splendor pour in when the undulating mass of emerald purity is bespangled with a million flowers of every hue! Far away in the dim east our eyes can just behold a dark speck, which we will approach. "T is a deep forest. The sombre pine gracefully points its cone-like apex to the sky, and its symmetry is a type of nobility. Here, too, the hickory, with its shaggy bark, is found. Elm and cottonwood, tamarack and walnut, with many more species, grace the scene, while the gurgle of a flowing stream finds its way to the soul with a glorious inspiration. Here, too, loveliness has enshrined itself, and in this temple of the Eternal, the heart is prone to worship, as a secret web of sorcery is woven around it. What is this spell? Who can answer?

We proceed upon our pilgrimage, and entering the haunts of civilization, much harmony and beauty are found interspersed with an occasional tone of discord. The former enchains us as a whispering of the Divine, while the latter repels our better nature as a note from the abyss. Gardens we behold wrought in rich splendor, with the gathered beauty of every clime. Rich odors are exhaled, and the happy bee dances in ecstasy from flower to flower. The humming-bird, too, gambols around in rapture o'er the scene. We stand chained upon the spot, inhaling the rich aroma, wondering as over a mystery. What is this solemn spell? By what evoked?

"T is right. The stars are out, and solemn silence reigns over the world. We gaze upon the crescent moon, and ask her, as she shines, to

answer, if she can, what power she holds to captivate our love, and whence this witchery her sister stars possess, that they thus blind our being with their own. Emerson says, that not a mystery is, but it is written on the flowers, and I might add, that here ours can be found. But not here only. In every place where we have wandered, the tale is told. Earth and stars, forest and flower, prairie and town, all give out but one reply—one single explanation: "We are organized. Wisdom will listen to their tale, for it is significant."

Another journey we will take. This time down to the churchyard. A fresh grave is opened where the corpse had been deposited but a week. What are the contents of that coffin? Open it and learn! Whew! Why do you stand aghast, and hold your noses thus? 'T is the same matter that a few weeks ago displayed the wisdom of a sage or the beauty of a Venus. What has wrought the change? It is answered in a word: Disorganization! The offensive odors of the compost heap, the death distillations of miasma, and the horrors of the valley of Hinnom are the only enchantments that can allure the soul to a reckless individualization of molecules. In this universe of ours, I assert, organization is the sole producer of beauty, worth and purity, while disorganization is a synonym of corruption and rottenness. Deny it who can! Organization is life, work, and activity; disorganization is death and inactivity for good. This seems harsh language, but is it any more rash than true, where can the most fully watch their respective workings? Organization, too, is union, while disorganization is disunion. In union only can be found strength. An organized army of a few hundred soldiers can rout a mob of a million, and in the exact ratio of perfection of organization so is its strength. You have all doubtless heard the anecdote of the father who, wishing to impress this truth upon his sons, bade them procure for him two bundles of equal numbers and sizes of withes. The first bundle was parted and each individual withie broken by itself; the second they tugged in vain to break, all the members of that bundle being united together as one.

Here, then, we can picture our own condition as compared with that of the foes we have to meet in the battle of truth. We are to-day in the exact condition of a wild, reckless mob, while they have the discipline and organized perfection that a thousand years' experience has forced upon them. Can we not be wise and profit by their example? Let the Spiritualists of America pause and consider carefully these stern facts. On every page of the sacred Bible thinkers all rever—The Bible of Nature—a panegyric is written in behalf of united effort, while the stamp of disgrace and hideousness hangs as a foul blot upon all disunion and senseless individualization. Shall you, at this propitious hour, choose accused infamy, or blessed honor? Mark it well; these are the alternatives, or I have read that book to little purpose.

What kind of organization do we require? This is the most stupendous question of all, and probably no single individual can formulate the reply to suit every taste. Shall it be one with a merely financial basis, or shall we have a confession of faith? A large number of those liberal minds with whom I have come in contact during the past five years, who subscribe to anything in the shape of organization, would acquiesce in the former proposition, while the latter they would reject, perhaps with indignation. I must candidly confess, however, that my bias is toward the latter. Search where I will among human endeavors, all organizations with a merely financial basis, except banking institutions or mere business speculations, invariably turn out the most hopeless and pitiful abortions. They contain the germs of their own dissolution, which speedily generate destruction. Selfish pride gets the mastery of its members and coherence becomes impossible. A union of this kind will but bring us to shame, and would we avoid the mortification of such another calamity as an American Association of Spiritualists like the last, in mercy's name forbear, and avoid such organization entirely. Organizations of that kind are worse than useless, and soon must come to shame. Out of the hundreds of State, county and town societies built up during the last twenty years how many survive to-day? Have we a single society in America five years old, in good working order, that meets often than once in twelve months? Will we ever learn sense? Experience appears to speak to us in vain. Nature everywhere organizes with a fixed aim, if only in a mushroom. A form of symmetry is looked for; a balance of truth aimed at. Let us unite with some fixed, definite aim—one that will overcome every selfish attraction—and we will cohere in earnest, and to some purpose. One would think, to hear the stereotyped talk of half a dozen of that class of Spiritualists that are of the young robin type, the sole mission of our cause was to satisfy gaping vulgarity with a show of wonderful tricks, or to produce nausea in the mental stomachs of sensible people with the chatter of imbecility. Or, if we take a more thoughtful class, that it is merely to satisfy their selfish longings for a prolongation of their puny existences into the indefinite future. Grand as is the thought of immortality, hallowed as is this mighty truth, if we forget the cognates that cluster around it we have lost it of its glory and made it a vehicle of damnation. What of those grand old doctrines that time has spared? What of the rich gems the rusty caskets of creeds have saved for us? Time has but polished them the brighter. They are a sacred legacy from our fathers. Will we reject these because we have outgrown their

worn-out chattels? The more fool we if we do. Where is the heart so dead to sense that it will reject the axioms, that Love fulfills the law, that selfishness is bad, that death is the wages of sin, with many others of equal worth. What heart does not pray, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven?" Who would drive the sister graces—Faith, Hope, and Charity—from his door? Is not repentance blessed? Is not the Sermon on the Mount a crown of jewels worthy any King? Why not make these the basis of a faith to which we all may fearlessly subscribe? Can we not use them to shape our destinies and form a noble brotherhood? But should we hold only to these, progress in morals might increase, but the intellect would be arrested. Other truths demand our care. Can we not pledge ourselves to the cultivation of science, each where he is adapted, and lastly enter that true holy of holies where consciousness is baffled with infinitude as it presses in upon it with endlessness of mystery? This last, as Herbert Spencer well declares, is the true resting-place of religion. God the Infinite is here, who, unknown within himself, abideth forever. Deeper than eye can pierce, higher than soul can reach, lies the Eternal. Not the unknown God is he, but the positively unknowable. Never can we formulate this being into either words or thoughts, strive as we will. Every mental image, every conception of man, is finite, but the Supreme Being, lying in the very heart of infinitude, is forever beyond our reach. Make our ideal vast as we can, and let it stretch far, far into the unfathomable depths of the knowable, and we can simply lose ourselves in the vast ocean of glory. Never, never can we approach nearer the end than when we began, as it is endless. Till we have reached the end of this endlessness, God remains unknown. Herbert Spencer is certainly in the right, his defamers in the wrong. But, as we cannot grasp infinitude in any way, humbly, reverently, we may grasp toward it. This constitutes the basis of the truly religious sentiment in man. We can know the finite relationship of that margin line that stretches far away into the dimness of conditions inconceivable.

Here again comes in the objection that even the confession by us of these truths, as points of faith, would develop us into the rigid forms of churchism, such as we see Christianity to-day. The reply to this I must leave till I come to consider the principles under which we can organize advantageously, so that we can cohere. The kind of organization we need is evidently not one merely financial, but one that embodies principles of some kind. These principles must be broad enough for the entire human race, with an adaptation fitted to all kinds of thinkers and non-thinkers, embracing, like the blue dome of heaven, every condition that man is found in. Our church must be a place of refuge for the morally sick and wounded. Imagine some physician establishing an infirmary in Boston and dedicating it exclusively for the sick and their nurses. See him standing by the door, and as the wan and weak patients approach to gain admission, hear him interrogate them. All who confess their sickness he turns away, and only those who are well can gain admission into this building dedicated to the sick. Loudly the doctor proclaims with his lips the place is for the sick, but as harshly turns away all who do not say that they are quite well. Some of those who have gained admission, unable to hide their diseased condition, are roughly kicked out of this infirmary dedicated to sick people. Such is the custom of the churches to-day. If Spiritualism is to be the good physician shall it stand aside in holy dignity after this fashion, and kick out its patients? If some brother becomes diseased in our hospital shall we turn him into the street without care? Shall we say of him, "He does not belong to our church for we excommunicated him?" Shame! shame! say I, on all churches that have so far forgotten their holy mission! If he is not a member of your church, if it is a true church he ought to be, and you should be glad to claim him as your patient. No such organization can answer our needs. Shall we put Jesus Christ forward as our pattern and guide? Shall we claim the Christian Bible as a rule of faith? Shall we institute a theological college of our own? Shall we proclaim so-called infallible dogmas as a test of membership, that will exclude two-thirds of the professed Spiritualists of the world, and ninety-nine per cent. of all the savans? Shall we have a settled ministry of D. Ss, Revs., Bishops, Elders, Deacons, etc.? No, never! All this is too narrow for Spiritualists of this age. If we do organize, it must be upon a more tolerant, universal basis. It must be upon a platform that no free man of principle can conscientiously object to. It must have an aim of the noblest kind. It must have a spirit of the deepest charity. We must all learn, sooner or later, that the world's mistake hitherto has been unbelief. Charity believeth all things, but narrow creeds do not. We are told in spirit that God has favorites in his household, and that he has given a monopoly of the good things to a few.

Spiritualists aim at being more catholic in their belief. With them God is a kind parent, who, loving all alike, can part with none. One child of his sent to perdition would freeze the fountain of love and bring damnation on all. God's revelations are given to all, in spiritual as in physical matters. The Sun of Righteousness shines on the just and unjust. Isaiah, Jeremiah, and those old Bible worthies, had no monopoly given them of revelation. The Koran, the Vedas, the Shasters, and all the sacred writings past and present, are revelations. Every well written book containing truth is a revelation

from God, and is as pure and sacred as the Bible. We would not lower the Bible to the standard our Orthodox friends put profane writings, but we would elevate these latter to the glorious altitude where in their hearts the Bible rests, and then lift both together as much higher as they possibly can. The putting Jesus forward as a special pattern, to the exclusion of others, would but develop that side of our natures developed in him, while his deficiencies and idiosyncracies would all appear less or more in us. Indeed, his weaknesses we would be apt to imitate before any other parts of his character. If "he grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man," as the New Testament declares, then absolute perfection had not been acquired by him while on earth. I can frankly, and with pleasure, concede that as the acorn contains the oak potentially, so Jesus contained God, and was God manifest in the flesh. All that his most ardent worshippers can say or conceive of him, falls infinitely short of his true augustness. When God made man he did not botch his work, but wrought it in potential perfection. He made man all he could make him. Man is the child of the Eternal One, and can no more turn into a devil than an acorn can grow a peach tree. He must grow eternally toward absolute Godhood. That which is true of Jesus, then, is true of every other man and woman. Now let our defamers understand us straight here. We do not lower Jesus to the standard of total depravity in which man is pictured as being, but we elevate him infinitely beyond and above the most cherished and affectionate conception of the most devout Christian, while at the same time we, in the most catholic spirit and with reverence, lift all men to the same triumphant height. If you analyze a drop of water and tell us its constituents, we at once know all water to be of the same character. You have analyzed Jesus for us, a drop from the ocean of divinity and humanity, and we have learned that all men are the same. We are believers, but are catholic and consistent in our belief. We are all temples of the living God, as well as his children. In ourselves we can find Bible, text and preacher, and the star of heaven shines there, while low beacons us up higher. We need no Jesus as a special pattern. Our own soul monitor can direct. We need no Bible, for that, too, is provided us. All revelation will come to confirm our own, and the lives of all men will stimulate our efforts to work toward our ideal. Other than this we do not need.

In the matter of colleges but little can now be said. Already are the brains of America deploring the curse of sectarian colleges that are a mere mockery upon the common sense of the age. Not one of them is or can be what its pretensions are. They injure institutions of merit by their waste of money, and they injure students by defective training. Would time permit, a long list of charges might be brought against such movements, but let me just now refer you to an able article upon this subject in the August number of the Popular Science Monthly of the present year. My other two questions probably at once suggest replies to your minds that will show you the folly of such a move, and I need not therefore spend much time upon them. At best our forces will be weak, but let us not foolishly cut off the co-operation of our Atheistic and Pantheistic brethren on one hand, nor our Materialistic and Free Religious friends on the other. Can we not have a platform adapted even to these? I think we can. Let us also have a religion that marks the progress of the age. We do not want a slip from the old stalk of Christianity. We want something worthy of this epoch and worthy of this centennial year. We want a church republican in principle. We want a tree from an entirely new seed. Slips and cuttings always produce the old fruit, but if a seedling be wisely cared for and trained, something new and finer is produced. We must avoid the forms of government, ministerial titles, and all the narrowness of the old, while in their stead we place something up to the spirit of the times for the new. What can we devise to answer all these requirements? Nothing short of this will suit freedom-loving Spiritualists and Free thinkers at large.

We now come to our third proposition. What principles of organization will form a unit, cohering so thoroughly that its individualism cannot be destroyed? In attempting to answer this question, I feel the arduousness of the task undertaken. I do not propose cutting the gordian knot if it cannot be untied. Let us try to untie it fearlessly, remembering if we fail, thousands of wiser heads have failed before. We have patterns they had not, which of course give us the advantage over them. For ages our fathers were governed politically by kings and emperors. Religion had its birth among peoples governed, and of course we might expect it to be molded in part to conform to monarchical institutions. Indeed, so closely did they assimilate betimes that minister and ruler were the same, the two offices being held by one individual. A parallelism follows them in systems of government throughout their entire career. May it not be then that here lies the cue to the solution of the problem? As Americans we have outgrown completely the political garments of our fathers. The individual autocrat is too small a man to rule us. Nothing short of self-rule will suit our new-developed powers. We now dream that the time has come when God has written his law in our hearts for our national government. The inactive sentiment of the Latins. The voice of the people is the voice of God," has now become our nation's life. The divine right of kings is the divine right of men, in this centennial year. Why can we not in religion make the same stride as in

politics? Why cannot the divine right of priests and gods become the divine right of souls? The politics of America are at least one hundred years in advance of the religion of America. Whereas in the old regime kings made laws for the State, and priests for the church, in the new, men make State laws, and why should they not formulate their own church creeds? But, right here, I must invite you to carefully note the antitheses of freedom, for of all subjects considered by Spiritualists, on none do they reason as loosely as on this very point. Let me insist upon your noting the fact that extremes sometimes so nearly resemble one another in their surface appearances that we are exceedingly liable to be confounded them with each other. Nowhere is such a mistake more liable than in the subject we are contemplating, and nowhere are the results of such a mistake so fearful. Lawlessness is not freedom, anarchy is not government, mobs are not nations. The wild beasts of the forest are free with the kind of freedom some admire, but still it is mere bestiality. They make their own laws, and are in a sense what our language would here appear to call for.

Slavery to me would be sweeter than freedom of this kind. There is no organization here. We want an organization that gives freedom; an organization that will allow the fullest development of every soul; an organization in religion that will meet the soul's wants, better even than our political organization meets the wants of the body. Our government just at present is not adapted to its soul. It has within it much of the spirit of a monarchy, as its religions are either monarchical or lawless. It must have a religion like itself. Its diseased condition to-day lies in this very defect. Our politicians in attempting to conform on one hand to the demands of the church, or fidelity, as it may happen, and on the other, to counter influences of the State, become morally unbalanced because of the dilemma in which they find themselves; the influence of the church is weakened by that of the people at large, and they fall back upon the basest selfishness as their guide; the church says every man must work for God, the State says every man must work for the people, and they compromise with "I am here the representative of the people and God, so I will work for myself." Give us a religion molded in every part in correspondence with society. This will bring fitness to both. Make the ballot-box decide what our majority decree as to church officers, and let the united wisdom of a so constituted spiritual legislature form the creeds to which we shall harmoniously conform. Mark here closely what I mean. As the world is held in its orbit by a balance of two opposing forces, so I find this duality in all true harmony. The Republican and Democratic parties balance one another in State. Let us have the most absolute freedom to canvass individually whatever doctrine we see fit. Let us have our religious parties to balance the extreme wings of thought. Let us oscillate from one to the other as our thoughts or their principles change. Let our creed be the doctrine of a two-thirds or any other majority vote of our legislators in spiritual things. Let this be put forward as the belief of our organization. Here we can learn self-control. If our opponents beat us and change the faith, it but shows that God is against us some how, and we must get ourselves fitted. Only the fit can survive. Natural selection will have full opportunity to work, and will necessarily go with the balance of the universe. Do not here misunderstand me again. When I say all this, I do not mean a union of church and state, unless necessity in the far-distant future so decree. I simply mean that we as Spiritualists shall, when grown old enough to cast aside our excessive self-will, conform to an organization among ourselves, taking pattern from the State, and using a machinery like that of a republic, as our evangelical denominations have a system patterned after an absolute monarchy. If you have so misunderstood me, please review my former remarks in the light of this correction. But even though you had such fears, I rather think that, all things considered, even that apparently silly notion, if only possible, would work mightily for good.

If we could get the whole nation to agree with us, (which, by the way, is nonsense to think of,) and every creed join in for decision by the ballot box, probably we would all for a short time become Methodists. But what would be the outcome? As the same freedom would be thrown into religion as politics, and each be compelled to defend himself, truth and error would immediately have a free fight. Methodism would soon be a thing of the past, and the next fittest would come forth to share the same fate. This would continue till all old errors would be wiped out as unfit, and all old truths garnered. Then new errors coming up would meet a like struggle, and be driven to the wall. An organization such as I have here pictured gives the broadest freedom to everything within itself, and an opportunity for every one's notions to become, if powerful enough, the acknowledged standard of a people. Politically we are satisfied to be so governed, why should we object religiously? No one feels himself enslaved in this nation, so far as it conforms to this truly republican ideal, unless he is lawless and dissolute. Why should he in a religion of like pattern? Our political system has many defects, because of our individual shortcomings, but it is the best possible under our present development. Our proposed religious system would doubtless be subject to like charges while holding the same commendation. In this way we would conform to the highest known law of science "the survival of the fittest." Thus, too, would we have a religion that grew

I am glad this Philadelphia effort has been made. I am glad they are putting forth their efforts as they are. All this will evolve in the Spiritualists of America that higher truth, seen by them now as through a glass darkly! It will focalize their thoughts in the true direction. Although I cannot see a perpetuation of their organization, as it now stands, over but a few brief years, yet I welcome it as a harbinger of something better rising from its dissolution.

who accept the facts of Spiritualism. Personally I do not know that I would change a single word. In their "Declaration of Principles" I think they were unfortunate in the use of one expression, which already has, and I fear will have a fatal effect upon their work. I mean what I feel to be the real spirit and intent of its framers: "We recognize in Jesus of Nazareth the spiritual leader of men." This declaration coupled with the evident desire of some of the Conference to assume the name of Christian Spiritualists, has naturally led to the apprehension that in the minds of some of the movers in this matter, the original design to engrain on to Spiritualism the church doctrine of incarnation and only incarnation of Divinity in Jesus of Nazareth, and the Bible as the only repository of authoritative law in spiritual matters, and thus draw a line of distinction between those who accept this and those who do not. Even so clear, logical and discriminating a mind as Prof. Eccles has been in this case, and based his whole lecture on the fact of the difference, what, to some, are of criticism of this statement, that, to me, is of misapprehension. Did I suppose such a spirit and intent of the movement, no one could be more earnestly opposed to it than myself; but in carefully examining the official report, I can find nothing in word or spirit that indicates it. On the contrary they distinctly express their desire for a religious organization free from an allegiance to any one, on the one hand, and on the other free from all dogma, superstition and trammel the human soul," and definitely state their "immediate objects are to organize local societies upon a financial and religious basis" for purposes of individual and social culture and perfection. To this I say Amen. Had they said, We recognize in Jesus of Nazareth a spiritual leader, instead of the spiritual leader, they would have been the opinion of other leaders also, and no one would have in the least wished to defy Jesus as the special and only incarnation of divinity. Or had they said, We recognize in Jesus a true type and example of perfected manhood, in whom the spiritual nature had its complete development and expression, pointing to him only as an illustration of the spiritual latent in every human soul, they could not have been misunderstood.

REMARKS OF DR. BRUCE.

Dr. Bruce said the Philadelphia Conference was not a word but an act. Being itself an act, and purporting nothing but action, while its friends desired criticism to the fullest expression of the truth concerning the New Movement, it belonged not to criticize it more yet, but to wait rather to wait till the Conference had done some work which should be its fullest and sufficient vindication. He would not, therefore, at this time, turn aside to deal with criticisms of the movement, come they from friends or from foes. If this movement did anything, that was enough; if it did nothing it was not worth the breath of a defect in criticism. He would, therefore, for the sake of the Conference and its methods of action, all that was printed in the papers, and every man could read and ponder it for himself.

For the present "The spirit scope of the New Movement" was the topic to which he invited attention; and as the meeting at Philadelphia was not a gathering, but a growth—an instinctive coming together in answer to the sense of a few—was a growth, and not a gathering, for the sake of Spiritualism—the only wise thing to say about it, in this stage of its development, were the thought and experience of the men who had been moved to take this work up. He could only speak for one of them. What he had to say covered his personal experience in Universalism, Unitarianism and Spiritualism, and might be called a paper in church history.

The speaker then related account of remarkable spiritual manifestations in the past history of his own family, running back for forty, and even seventy years, and called attention to the influence the recital of these things, in the family traditions, had upon his mind in childhood. He was born and bred to Spiritualism, and down to the time he began to read books and to think for himself, he was not at all doubtful that angels were real beings of another world, and that good people saw and talked with them at will. But he found that nobody believed this; that books and educated folk counted it delusion and nonsense. Gradually he gave it up, and thought he had forgotten it, when, suddenly, the "Rochester knockings" were heard. They vibrated across the continent, and were

breech-loading, pun-conundrum: Why is an old man's farm in Texas like the focus of a sun-glass? Because it is the place where the sun raises meat.

An Irish doctor lately sent his bill to a lady as follows:
"To curing your husband till he died."

young women? We refer to the outrageous and self-hating practice of some storekeepers, of obliging their female employees to stand from morning till evening—sometimes well into the evening—that they may be a little more ready to attend to customers, and perhaps put a few more shillings into their pockets. This is for the most part a barbarous practice of the age, for it is nearly universal, and is a crying wrong. The system, by which it is subjecting young women to physiologic troubles which they may never rid themselves of. This parsimonious store discipline is more severe than that of a man of war, or of State Prison, and ought to be abolished. Why, most dogs and family cats receive better usage! Can a man who has a portion of that manly heart which breast loath motherhood, and is in the face of all women, be so cruel to such treatment?

A appeals have been made through the press in vain to these despots, who are often professors of Christianity, believing in the "Thirty-nine Articles" and daily prayer, little realizing that an ounce of practical Christianity is worth pound of professed. Is there no remedy for this? Can women be allowed to be labor for these tyrants? No! We cannot, the only way to break up this inhuman practice is for purchasers to stop patronizing stores where women are tortured. These despotic employers who will not allow their assistants to sit—let business be as dull as they may—come to grief, if they do not mend their ways, by the sincere wish of one who would not like to see a young woman persecuted.

—P. W. W. CHRISTIANITY.

bt. **THE FIELD.**
How bright and happy is that bridal union
On earth, where love and wisdom truly meet,
To ever dwell in Love's serene dominion—
At nature's holy altar vows repeat.

There is no joy like that of souls united,
There is no heaven that gives a purer bliss;
In blending life with life their loves are pledged;
Earth knows no happiness that equals this.

Each cultured heart is seeking for this treasure;
Their inmost souls' deep aspirations go,
That they may find and share angelic pleasure
With one true mate who may give these gifts below.

Then will life be a glad, harmonious epic,
As blended souls along life's current flow;
To each the other's thoughts are sweetest music;
In blessed unity they onward go.

We cannot hush or still the voice of thunder,
Or guide the lightning's course along the skies;
Nor can we sever hearts that flow to oneness!
There is a spirit-love that never dies.

Upper Lisle, N. Y.

*Woman represents love, and man wisdom.

Foreign Correspondence.

Written especially for the Banner of Light.
ECHOES FROM ENGLAND.—No. 3.

Season succeeds season without let or stay.
Shade and sunshine do their work, all heedless of
our pain or pleasure. Forms and worlds ago,
but souls and principles are vital for eternity,
God reigns, and humanity advances. The spirit
of malice, ambition's pettiness, are but as dust;
love and truth are the ripe ear, and full corn, of
life. At times, humanity seems a doubtful ex-
periment, ill conducted, ending in emptiness;
anon the angels whisper, "Universal progress is
the law for all," and humanity blooms in its
glory, the sight of the star-eyed seer. We
need *fourth estate* editors!

Things spiritual in Britain are neither very
active, nor very wonderful in nature, just now.
It is summer; the grove, the lake, and the breezy
Italian's side are preferred to the close hall,
hard bench, and speaker's desk.

Since my last, the annual general meeting of the
British National Association of Spiritualists has
been held, and its former council almost unani-
mously re-elected. Gaining numbers, increasing
in weight, and giving satisfaction to the great bulk
of its members, the Association is doing useful
work. Its Scientific Research Committee is also
doing good service. It is expected that some val-
uable information will result from its labors. Miss
Emily Kinsbury, the Secretary, is simply indefatigable
in her exertions. Intellectual, accomplished,
and agreeable, visitors to the Association's
rooms are always sure of a pleasant and
cordial reception.

Dr. Sexton is still hard at work, and his meet-
ings at Cavendish Rooms are well attended.
The Doctor is a clever debater, and of late he
has been quite active in that department of his
labors. Always able, his logic is trenchant and
cutting. Never ungentlemanly, he can give con-
sequential upstarts a trouncing in a manner that
causes them to flinch. The Doctor is now a strong
advocate of Christian Spiritualism, and accepts the
goldsmith of Jesus. As he, the Doctor, has held
other and opposite opinions on that subject, many
are inclined to condemn him for his change of views.
Vox populi is not always *vox Dei*. We are all changing our
opinions daily. Let us get to heaven by our own
road, and not shut heaven's gate in the face of those
who don't believe we do. Progressive (?) Spiritu-
alists have not learned everything.

The Doughty Hall meetings, under the manage-
ment of Mr. Burns, are, I believe, going on as
usual. I occasionally have the opportunity of
being at them. The hall is a nice little cosy
place, and, considering the number of Spiritualists
in London, ought to be better attended.

Dr. James Mack, the healer, has been doing
a most successful work among us. He has
healed in public and in private with the most
satisfactory results. As Mr. Burns remarked,
in the Medium and Daybreak, "Not only is the
Doctor fitted for a healer physically, but he pos-
sesses the necessary spiritual qualifications also."
Not a light consideration. "A pure mind in a
sound body" should be the character of every
healer.

Miss Lottie Fowler is still in active practice,
with even more success than ever. She has been
the most successful of the American mediums
that have hitherto visited our shores.

Our latest American guests are Dr. Slade and
Miss Anne, and Mr. and Mrs. Simmons, who ar-
rived in Liverpool, per steamer "Italy," pro-
ceeding to London immediately after landing.
They have taken rooms at the "Home for Spiritu-
alists," in Upper Bedford Place, one of the
most central localities in the metropolis. The
Spiritualists for June 21st appeared a long account
of the first séance the Doctor gave. His first
séance was held in the rooms of the Home, as
above, for Mr. C. Blackburn, and Mr. W. H.
Harrison, editor of the Spiritualist, and the
phenomena elicited proved that the accounts of
the Doctor's wonderful medial powers had not
been overestimated. The phenomena were some-
what similar to those I witnessed on a visit to
Dr. Slade, while in New York last year. Al-
ready our oldest and most influential Spiritualists
are flocking around our visitor, and I am sure his
tour will prove alike pleasant and profitable. I
trust the British National Association of Spiritu-
alists will tender some marked recognition to
Dr. Slade, so that he may leave our shores with
the commendation of a person who has been duly ap-
preciated officially as well as privately.

Of native mediums and mediumship there is
nothing very important to chronicle, except in one
instance, Mr. W. H. Lambelle, of South
Shields, of whom it is reported in a recent num-
ber of the Medium and Daybreak (July 7th, 1876),
that Greek and Latin communications have been
given through him, his control being one of "Pho-
nias," an Egyptian, born A. D. 204. It has
been ascertained that such a personage existed,
but the medium was completely ignorant of the
fact, and was and is quite unacquainted with
either the Greek or Latin tongues. I am person-
ally acquainted with Mr. Lambelle, and can
vouch for his honesty and truthfulness.

As this is the "off" season with us, matters
are rather dull just at present in London. One
little incident occurred a while since that was
amusing. I must premise, though, by saying
that I have watched with much interest the vari-
ous opinions adduced to account for the causes
of fraudulent manifestations. At times "tricky
spirits;" at times "unconscious imposture by
the medium;" again "willful imposture." There
are those in the community who are rig-
orously opposed to the latter, and who believe
that they may perhaps afford a clue to cer-
tain unscrupulous individuals, yet I am of op-
inion it is often rather than the real source of
much of the imposture we encounter. Certain
it is that the opinion in question is entertained
by some exceedingly competent authorities on
this side of the Atlantic. Well, a short time
since one of our mediums—who has lately de-
veloped as a physical medium—was holding a circle
at a gentleman's house in London, and in con-
sequence of certain suspicions, a seizure was
made, and it is avowed the medium was de-
tected. On the matter being laid before one of
our editors, he concluded that it was quite
likely the mask, moustache and drapery had
been brought by some tricky spirit, who had
made the medium the victim of the swindle. In
each case by the gentleman at whose house the in-
cident happened, and at the second editor's hands,
the gentleman mentioned, received uncer-
monious treatment, and was told that the "whole
affair was brought about by the spirits at

his"—the gentleman's—"house!" The best
part of it is, the medium has since been sit-
ting, and is now credited as being an excellent
instrument. If the legal maxim "*falsus in uno
falsus in omnes*," is to be applied to mediums,
as some people seem to desire, I am afraid we
shall not find one medium to stand by. By the
way, if those editors who would condemn me for
one failure, or fraud, were to treat their own
friends so, it is quite likely their circle of ac-
quaintance would soon be exceedingly con-
tracted. If their logic was applied to them-
selves, how then?

Provincial Spiritualism is fairly active just
now, and the several conference committees are
doing good service. The last of these is the
"North of England Central Spiritualists Con-
ference Committee," with its headquarters in New-
castle-upon-Tyne. It embraces a large dis-
trict, including a number of towns. It was the
outgrowth of a late conference in the above town,
and promises, as soon as it gets into harness, to
do good work. As its Secretary, I shall do my
part toward that end.

Our old friend, the Medium and Daybreak, is
still jammed full of news of all kinds. It has
now become a valuable and useful property, and
it is to be regretted that its editor does not meet
with anything like the support he requires to
carry on his work with.

I notice Mr. Linton has arrived in the States.
He is a courteous, amiable gentleman, cultured
and refined, well informed on scientific subjects,
and able to entertain and instruct as he meets.
Mr. Linton was associated some time with Mr.
Burns, and rendered useful service in the Spiritu-
alist Institution and in Mr. Burns's paper. I wish
him a pleasant trip to your shores. I am sure
there is no need to ask for him a hospitable re-
ception.

During the early part of the present year, my
friend, Mr. Asa Bushby, of Lynn, Mass. (speci-
mens of whose excellent photographic skill the
reader can find in the Banner of Light Book-
store, and whose conversational presentations of
editor of that paper are simply excellent), paid a
visit to Europe. Just ere he left for home, after
a flying visit to France and Italy, he wrote me a
brief note concerning his impressions of those two
countries, as well as England. He says, "I
enjoyed my visit in Italy very much, though a
month was only an aggravation—a year would
be too short. In fact, I would like to pass the
remainder of my days in Italy. For first, the
complexions of the people, the Italian ex-
cellence, and every one will admit that music,
sculpture and painting are more exalted—rank
higher—than the sciences or mechanics. The
Italians will outgrow Roman Catholicism much
easier than the French, and long before the En-
glish will advance from the Church of England.
Enough for Italy. I am so much pleased with
England that, if I could leave my business at
home, I should like to live in England. I have
farroccato, making this my summer home and
Italy my winter one."

Indeed, the spot Mr. Bushby speaks of in Eng-
land is among those that are esteemed most highly.
His opinions of Italy embody the true artist
spirit, and are just what a cultivated and spiritu-
alist mind would naturally form.

I find the Banner of Light is unflinching in its
punctilious appearance on our shores. For first,
visits are welcome ones indeed to all who re-
ceive it. As your agent I do my utmost to increase
the English circulation of what I can justly as-
sert to be the best American paper on Spiritualism.
Long may the Banner wave, and may the
cause it represents flourish and grow strong con-
tinually. For the present adieu.

J. J. MONSEY,
English Agent for the Banner of Light,
Warwick Cottage, Old Port Road,
Bow, London, Eng.

Banner Correspondence.

California.

SANTA BARBARA.—Mrs. I. F. M. Brown
writes thus: When I tell you I am in Santa Bar-
bara you will understand, of course, that I am in
a charming valley just without the gates of Para-
dise. No spot has been so loudly praised. Who
wonders? It is a land of rest; a place where the
invalid finds the balm and balm and balm. Who
Art and Nature have done their best to beautify
and enrich this little valley. On the east and
north, green hills and great brown mountains are
set, like giant sentinels; on the west the sea,
with its shorelands and islands, and its singing
sown pastures. The oaks and century old trees
mosses, scattered over hills and along the
highway, give the town a charming freshness.
There is no railroad within sixty miles, but the
sea is a good highway for the traveler.

The Spiritualists here are few in numbers but
strong in faith, and are earnest in the work un-
dertaken. The persecution of the press and pul-
pit induced a few brave souls to unite heads and
hands in organizing and sustaining meetings.
Mr. David Lunt is President, Mr. J. L. Barker,
Secretary. A fine choir has been organized, a
good hall engaged for a year, with fair prospect
of success. The proof of prosperity is in the
fact of unity in the pull together principle.
Another consideration is, the society is not de-
pendent upon the outside world for spiritual aid.
The singers are Spiritualists, a number of good
speakers are members of the society. The Presi-
dent and Secretary have already given fine and
acceptable lectures. Mrs. Josephine Walcott
and Mrs. E. A. Orr have, in reading and singing,
aided, and charmed the audiences.

But is it not true that "Through tribulation
deep, to glory is ours?" If I do not mistake,
this is the testimony of the Santa Barbara Spiritu-
alists. They fought and conquered the foes
without. Just recently they were ready to ground
arms and return from the fray, news came that
Mr. W. F. Peck, a medium for various physical
manifestations—the man who aided in bringing
this society—was out with a flaming con-
fession of fraud, and to atone for his sins he
proposes to give public exhibitions, at \$1.00 a ticket.
He promises to expose Dr. Slade, the Eddys,
Deports, and other humbugs." Mr. Peck's
confession is the cause of great joy and rejoicing
among the churches. "I told you so!" is the
glad refrain. But those hereabouts, who
witnessed the marvelous manifestations in the
presence of Mr. Peck, are not ready to join in
the cry "fraud," they regard him as a rarely
gifted medium, and a lamentably weak man.
Prove all things, is the motto of the Santa Bar-
bara Spiritualists. To prove, or disprove, Mr.
Peck's mediocrity has been invited him here,
and promise him a fair hearing. Will
"Professor Peck" accept the invitation?

LOS ANGELES.—Belle Chamberlain has also
here, and has given us some fine lectures; she is
also a good test, trance, clairvoyant and clairaud-
ient medium. We are not consolidated here,
and so we have lectures only at intervals; but
we hope to do better by-and-by. If the faithful
can only see the necessity of union and action.

T. A. GARY, Pres.

I. H. RUTLER.
Sec. Spiritualist Society, Los Angeles, Cal.

West Virginia.

WHEELING.—W. W. Billmire, in renewing
his subscription, writes: Permit me to say, I
feel that something is lacking which no other
earthly consideration can supply. If the dear old
Banner does not come weekly into my hands, I
discover that it is impossible for me to possess
an interest in the cause, and do what I can, I
cannot conceive how it is possible for any Spiritu-
alist to pass year after year without taking a
single Spiritualistic paper, when there are so
many well conducted ones in this and foreign
countries. There are quite a number of earnest
workers in the good cause in this city, but we
are not numerous enough to organize a society.
Hope Brother Peck's or some other good work-
er may soon give us a call. We have here, and
Mrs. Carrie E. Twining, of New York State, and
we find her to be a splendid test medium, and
we commend her to all who desire truthful com-

munications as one who will merit the support
of every lover of truth.

Indiana.
COLEFAX.—B. F. Hayden writes: There is
something fascinating, to say the least, in the
Spiritual Philosophy. My father was a "heretic"
of the old school, being almost a worshiper
of Thomas Paine, which in those days was enough
to secure the above title by the unanimous voice
of bigotry. Being early trained in skepticism,
and holding the principles also, I could not
easily be anything except an "infidel;" but six
months ago I, having heard E. V. Wilson
lecture, subscribed for the Banner of Light,
and since that time I have been reading it
carefully, together with The Spiritualist at
Work, and many of the works of spiritual au-
thors. I must confess, if I am not a thorough
convert to the glorious doctrine of Spiritualism,
I have many peculiar features, and, as I said before,
has become peculiarly fascinating and interest-
ing to me. Many of its phenomenal manifesta-
tions I am at a loss to account for, on any other
than the spiritual hypothesis.

Spiritualism Not Atheistic.

We have received from an esteemed corre-
spondent the following communication in reply
to the remarks of a writer in the Banner of July
22d:

Mr. C. C. Thompson, of Norwich, Conn., in
his attempted reply in a recent Banner to Mr.
H. N. Spooner's interrogatory, "Who estab-
lished the law that produced the plant, the in-
sect, the bird, and human beings?" answers
some what dogmatically: "No one did. There
never was any first cause." . . . Whatever law
there is that governs all things exists as a matter
of course, and was not made by any one."

Existence "as a matter of course" seems to be
a somewhat loose way of putting things. Mr.
Thompson traces back the reason of things to
laws; others go still further back, and trace it to
the law of God. In the very breath of the law
in which he rejects a first cause, admits one; his
first cause is *law*. In tracing back things, if we
stop at any law or system of laws, any principle
or force, it becomes for us God, since it is an ef-
ficient agent controlling the universe. Mr. Thomp-
son, in trying by his process to get rid of God, is
therefore very much in the predicament of a man
trying to run away from his own shadow in the
sunlight.

We are little inclined as this writer appears
to be to make any mundane succession of cause
and effect the basis of our belief in a whole mind—
that is to say, in God. Nature as a whole is but
the other of Reason as a whole; and so always
they mutually correlate themselves. What we
arrive at, then, is not an abstract code of laws
without a substrate or author, and therefore with-
out intelligent purpose. If it is the substrate;
that which is and is just because we find it so
constituted. That which is, is at once Reason
and Nature, but in such a way that the latter is
but the other of the former.

Reason, then, and the things of sense, consti-
tute the universe, seen and unseen. But the
things of sense are but types, symbols, meta-
phors of Reason—are but Reason in another
form, *othered* Reason.

The visible universe is only a series, a sum of
incidents; it is deictic, phenomenal, passing
—in short (apart from actual being, *i. e.* God)—an
utter nothingness. Spiritualism is fast teaching us
the comparative nothingness of matter. If we
may compare the large with the small, both in
respect to space and time, the outward and visible
universe is merely the equivalent of one of those
materialized forms which, under the im-
mense power of mind, appear to be solid and ab-
solute, as our own corporeal forms, which
dissolve and disappear, re-form and appear in a
moment.

What are called proofs of God's existence may
thus be resolved into the ways of describing and
analyzing the inward movement of mind, which
is the great thinker that thinks the data of the
senses and the parts. Without Reason, a
philosophy would be void of matter; without
Idealism it would be void of form and truth.
Realism asserts the rights of the several and
particular existences to their own; Idealism as-
serts the thorough dependence and inter depen-
dence of all that exists.

Reason, then, resumes Nature into its own
self. Reason is the substance, as well as the in-
finite form, of all nature, and all spirit. The
substance is, that, namely, whereby and
wherein all actuality has being and support.
The form is, since that is the *Idea* of the or-
ganism by which the spirit, whether human or
lower than human, whether planet or man, is in-
dividualized.

Materialism tells us that mentality cannot
exist without an organism. Spiritualism does
not say that. It says that the divine life, the
substance, is, that, namely, whereby and
wherein all actuality has being and support.
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ganism by which the spirit, whether human or
lower than human, whether planet or man, is in-
dividualized.

Spirit is not the mere effluence of matter;
rather is matter the mere externality, the other,
the outward, fluctuating expression of spirit.
Forces exist in general only in matter, and there
is empirically no force which can dispense with
a real substrate. So also the spiritual forces re-
spond to the laws of matter, and are, in this
world, and probably in the next, thought the
matter there may be of such an ethereal quality
that, with our present senses, we should hardly
recognize it as material. Separate spirit from
matter, or place it in opposition, and it becomes
an empty abstraction; and yet matter owes all
it is to spirit.

In tracing back, according to the laws of
the divine genesis of things, we cannot dodge
the difficulty, as Mr. Thompson would do, by
stopping at laws, and saying that "there exists
a matter of course." This is merely repeating
the device of the Oriental mysticologist, who
taught that the world rested on an elephant, and
the elephant on a tortoise. His tortoise was also
a matter of course.

Derived and dependent being can have its
reason for existence only in the underlying, the
uncaused and absolute. The mind expressed in
those same "laws," which we are told, "govern
all things," must be as superior in every high,
unperverted attribute, to the mind of man, as
the matter of the Universe is superior to the
matter circumscribed in the human corporeity.

Since there must be absolute reason, the equiva-
lent of absolute being, to account for the de-
rivative, the phenomenal, and the evanescent, God
must be, for it is God. If Mr. Thompson prefers
to call it "laws," or a "tortoise," I presume Mr.
Spooner will have no objection.

Spiritualism, in proving to us the amazing
power of a finite human spirit over matter, leads
us irresistibly, by the laws of logical thought, to
that absolute reason, that necessary being in
itself which we call God, and to which the visible
universe and all material things are but exten-
sions and expressions of thought, infinite or
finite. The phenomena of spirit materialization
are in perfect harmony with these views. There
is a supreme Mind which knows in *whole* what
we know only in *part*; a supreme Love which
will not eat one soul as "rubbish to the void,"
but will comprehend all individualized beings,
in their progressive development here and here-
after, *eternally* within its fold; an absolute
reason, from which all that is rational in the
Universe, and in the mind of man had its begin-
ning, and in which it will find its reason for

being, sooner or later, and through which all
that to our poor faculties may seem inharmoni-
ous and wrong, will be ultimately reconciled.

The end of all scientific explanation is to sim-
plify. But to stop at *laws*, as if they were some-
thing ultimate, beyond which there is no prob-
lem, is simplification. A series without a first
term is impossible. Laws, instead of explaining
the idea of God, logically suggest it, for law is
intellect, is reason. The primary and generic
conception of law is the authoritative expression
of Will; the true notion of Will is the synthesis
of Reason and Power. Laws, then, are not at-
tributes of matter, but of intelligence. It is
equally obvious that laws are not efficient causes
and cannot explain themselves. To say the uni-
verse is governed by the laws without ascending to
the Supreme Reason as the source of these laws,
is to hypostatize laws, and to convert them into
mythical divinities.

Phenomena demand causation; Supreme En-
tity needs no cause. The visible universe is not a
self-developing, self-supporting, dynamic ma-
chine, nor a mere errand, word, a mental pur-
sue, but a substance, a thing, a permanent en-
tity, the very expression of Perfect Reason, of
Righteous Will, and of All-pervading Love.

What infatuation is it in a creature of a day,
strutting about on an infinitesimal part of the
surface of this puny planet, to suppose that there
is no higher conscious intelligence than that
which is circumscribed by the limits of his own
poor little brain; when the very existence of the
universe implies a Supreme Knower? Reason
demands that there shall be absolute unity at
the fountain-head of being; and this unity must
be an intelligence, a rational Will, and not a
blind necessity. Spirit-force is the only force of
which we have any knowledge or consciousness;
and we Spiritualists know something now of
what even finite spirit force can effect.

If, as the poet says, "an undevoted astronomer
is to be the herald of the universe," and if, as
Idealists, to whom proofs have come of an invis-
ible universe infinitely transcending the visible;
To him, above all others, should this external
Kosmos be radiant with the impress of Deity; for
him every flower and every pebble should have a
voice, rousing him to incessant wonder and ad-
miration, so that at every step he should be ready
to exclaim: "This truly is the vestibule of eter-
nity! This is the temple of the Divine Pres-
ence; this is that prophetic Becoming, through
which all finitude must pass under law, that are
the life-currents of the one Absolute Reason and
Necessary Being, ever-creating, ever-sustaining
all; this is none other than the gate of heaven!"
It is not a clear-headed Spiritualist, but a dog-
matic clairaudient, that would preach to us a
godless universe.

In regard to Palpable of Immortality," Mr.
Spencer has adopted the motto, "*Natura in
microcosmo spiritalis, natura in macrocosmo Deus*—
If there is no spirit in the microcosm, there is no
God in the macrocosm." I would alter this so
that it should read thus: "If there is a spirit
in the microcosm (as we now know there is),
there must be a God in the macrocosm—*Spiritalis
in microcosmo, ergo Deus in macrocosmo*."

LIST OF LECTUREES.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore
contains no immediately irrelevant, to promptly
notify of the names of those who are appointed,
and wherever they occur.)

- REV. WILLIAM ALCOCK, France and Inspirational Lec-
turer, Rockland, Franklin Co., Mass.
- MR. MADISON ALLEN, eloquent trance speaker, Mattfeld,
Rockland, Franklin Co., Mass.
- MR. N. K. ANDRUS, trance speaker, Delton, Wis.
- MR. F. ANNE, trance speaker, Delton, Wis.
- MR. R. BARNES, trance speaker, Delton, Wis.
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AN EVENING MEDITATION.

BY S. B. BRITTON.

The mind was weary of the scenes of the Great City, and the heart sick of every day's report. My prayer for relief was expressed in deed—in the act of going forth and standing on the summit of a hill at eventide. I listened to the low murmur of the winds, and the soft, tremulous refrain of the pine boughs as they moved gracefully in the breeze. Great Nature's vesper hymn thrilled the charmed sense and filled the soul with immeasurable music. And then there is a soft murmur in the shadows that steal over the sense at evening; there is a sweet soporific in the silence that gently relaxes the nervous tension and brings the "balm of hush minds."

The sun had disappeared, and his celestial sheen shone in ever-changing splendors over the western heavens—golden, amber-hued and crimson glories over-arching the deep ultramarine. Then a royal purple, of ever-deepening shades, fell like the folds of a great mantle about the Occident, and gradually faded into the sober amber hues that hide the light of day. Through this veil shone the bright faces of innumerable worlds, invisible to mortal eyes in the full effulgence of the noontide. It was an occasion for meditation. Think you that we see most in the strongest light? Never! There are other worlds like this, and of far greater magnitude; but they are all invisible in the broad light of noonday. We looked for them in vain when

"The sun sat high in his meridian tower," it is only when Night comes, and the solar light is veiled, that we perceive their existence. When the deep shadow of the earth falls between us and the far-off interplanetary and astral spaces, those worlds are impressively revealed.

Standing in the light of a street-lamp we may not behold Hesperus, and we have no thought that a sun of twelve thousand times the illuminating power of our own is shining on us from Phœbe. The truth is, the thing nearest the visual organ may conceal all others. Thus the nearest object, if it is present and appeals to our self-love—some selfish enterprise or temporal interest, a small farm, a government bond, the prospective emoluments of office, or any ghost of the Mighty Dollar—may, in the language of the poet,

"Shut the Universe and God from sight."

The fact that we see most and the remotest objects in the night is deeply suggestive. Few people, looking from the frequented ways of our common life, discover much that is beyond the surface of being, until some great darkness comes over the little world that comprises the whole field of sensuous observation. When the heavens are suddenly obscured, or night comes on before our work is done; when a deep sorrow falls on the mind and heart like the eclipse, that blots out the day; when we stand alone in the thick cloud on some moral eminence, entranced by the solemn voices of Nature and the sublime realities of the great Beyond—then is our vision opened anew, and we overlook the little sphere of our present attainments and worldly ambitions, because they "are not worthy to be compared with the glory that is revealed."

A Protestant Methodist clergyman, Mr. Gill-ling, who lost his eyes, and whom I chanced to meet in circumstances of extreme poverty, was always cheerful in speaking of his chief misfortune. At such times something like the light of transfiguration shone in his countenance, and he did not seem to realize his blindness. After the impenetrable veil had fallen over the outer windows of his soul, his views of human nature and its sublime possibilities, and especially upon all religious questions, were rapidly liberalized and immensely enlarged; and he was accustomed to express his grateful recognition of the fact, that "he could see so much more and better since he had lost his eyes!"

When our earthly hopes perish and we are followed by disaster; when we are consumed by some vain desire or a disappointed ambition; when we are shocked by political antagonisms and social discord; when stifled by the moral atmosphere of the great city, and the misanthropy of the low scenes and places of a restless and groveling human life; when this "harp of a thousand strings" seems unstrung forever, and the blood flows through brain and heart like currents of liquid fire; when the daily experience rasps every nerve, until like the Hebrew poet we sigh for "wings like a dove that we might fly away and be at rest"—let us seek the mountain summits fanned by the pure airs of heaven and touched by the first rays of the morning. There the Seers and Prophets of all ages and countries have found spiritual repose. Whether they were ostracized and hunted from the common ways of men, or sought a voluntary retirement for the sake of a life of high contemplation and inward communion, they found a mystical medicine for their ills. Their mortal passions were sublimed and sweetly tempered. The power of a great harmony that comes into the soul, not alone in the airy vehicle of accordant sounds, but in everything, and in all life, became an actual reality and a personal experience nevermore to be forgotten.

All nature is full of forebode and happy suggestions. White lilies rise from the black mire of river-beds, and immortelles blossom from common earth; morning-glories cover enchanted ruins, and out from the bitter ashes of the dead past springs the living beauty of the present. The lightning flashes out of the thick cloud; and while we are surrounded by the outer darkness, great truths come to us, and they rise and shine like morning stars. As we ramble through the meadows and the woods,

"At intervals some bird from out the brake starts like a voice a moment, then is still;"

so from the dim umbra of our mortal sphere the spirit, ever and anon, wakes to sing. Even in our darkest moments the messengers of joy may come, and happy memories return as welcome guests to inspire our gratitude and give us cheer.

The mountain is but the material symbol of the mental and moral elevation to which we should aspire. If we cannot go up to the high places in Nature's great temple, we may yet be uplifted in spirit and made to stand on the pinnacles of a temple not made with hands. Uplifted to supra-mortal relations—above our little griefs and earthly accidents—to the illumined sphere of our purer and nobler life, the New World opens before us, and scenes that mortal eyes have never looked upon.

Oh, Spirit of Universal Blessing! when it is night, and the feverish world is still, give us peace, that we may behold thy glory while we calmly study the lore of the stars. When morning walks upon the mountains, and Day's preliminary fires kindle and burn in the purple skies, give us wisdom to open our minds to the increasing light, and our hearts to all sweet Charities.

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"While we recognize no man as master, and take no book as an unerring authority, we most cordially accept all great men as lights of the world. The generations of men come and go, and he alone is wise who walks in the light, reverent and thankful before God, but self-centered in his own individuality."—Prof. S. B. Britton.

Are they Spirits?

Mrs. Denton is still irrefragable in her objections to the spiritual theory. She offers nothing new in the way of argument, but contents herself with reiterating the old cavillings that were familiar to us as far back as the year 1849. She teases us to show wherein her error lies. "Why," she asks, "does not Dr. Buchanan—why do not you—why does not any Spiritualist who is capable of reasoning, endeavor to show me in what my error consists?"

We are strongly reminded, by this expostulatory language, of a conversation we once heard of between a mother and her six-year-old boy. "Mother," said Johnny, "if God made the world, who made God?" "God, my son," replied mamma, "is the one necessary Being, the one Cause that does not need a cause to explain it." "But why need there be a necessary Being," persisted Johnny; "why need there be anything but nothing?"

Here Johnny, without knowing it, enunciated the whole ground-plan of the Hegelian philosophy. Mamma, if she had been versed in Hegel, might have told Johnny that absolute being and absolute nothing are equivalent; that their identity is the secret of the Universe. Take Nothing for a start, and try to annihilate Being, and you will find you cannot, logically, do it; for negation implies affirmation. The two are ground-factors of the Absolute; of that which is, just because it is, and cannot be got rid of. Logic settles it all; since logic is a formulation of the laws of thought, and thought is at the beginning of all things. But mamma had never studied Hegel, so she was obliged to conclude her argument by telling the embryo philosopher to stop his nonsense, and go and attend to his mud-pies.

Mrs. Denton tells us that the presence among us of these materialized forms is "confessedly due to unknown human forces." This is assuming altogether too much. We make no such confession or admission; for we have no authority to do so. The mere fact that spirits may often avail themselves of a person's *medium aptitude* for their purposes is by no means conclusive as to their inability to be present among us in a materialized form without the use of any human forces, known or unknown. We have the testimony of spirits that they can come when they please, and see what they please, if not in a materialized visible form, yet in one partially materialized. Spirits have appeared to many persons who were not known to be mediums, except in the sense in which every embodied intelligence is a medium. All conceivable manifestations must, by a certain sense, *medium*; that is, there must be a subject as well as an object, a seer as well as a thing seen.

Mutual conditions are of course necessary. But we have no reason for concluding that these materialized forms cannot be produced without the use of human forces. The phenomena of haunted houses, stone-throwing, action at a distance, perhaps hundreds of miles away from any medium, all go to show that material action may be effected by spirits independently of any human co-operation; and if in these ways, why not in the way of bodily materializations? As Mrs. Denton tells us she does not deny the occurrence of our phenomena, we cannot allow her the privilege of picking and choosing what may serve her purpose, and of discarding those that may not be so convenient.

She gives us to understand that before she can believe, she wants the phenomena to come to her "independent of all mediumship and of all human conditions." We fear that inasmuch as Mrs. Denton, like the rest of us, notwithstanding her psychometric powers, is probably a conditioned and finite human being, her demand for the absence of all human conditions cannot be granted, so long, at least, as we are hedged in by the limitations of time and space and bodily incapacities.

Is there any phenomenon in nature that can come to us independently of "all human conditions"? We have heard of a man's trying to lift himself into the air by his waistbands; but this attempt is outcome by Mrs. Denton's stern scientific exaction of the occurrence of our phenomena in the absence of "all human conditions!"

She can conceive of "no possible method by which these forms can prove themselves or be proven to be the production of disembodied spirit, until they can come to us independent of all mediumship, and of all human conditions." Who says these forms are the production of disembodied spirit? How do we know that any spirit is ever without a substrate, an organism, an embodiment of some kind? What Mrs. Denton would ask, if we may infer anything from her previous discussions of this subject, is simply this: "How can a spirit manifest itself to the human consciousness?" To which we reply:

It can manifest itself in two ways, namely, either objectively or subjectively; objectively, by appearing and disappearing in a manner wholly preter-human, and so that our testimony may be confirmed by that of many others, using, like ourselves, their normal senses and their common sense; subjectively, so that our knowledge may come to us intuitively, or through spiritual impression, as clairvoyance comes to the somnambulist, the psychometrist, or the seer.

But Mrs. Denton takes a position, comes to a dead-lock, which excludes all possible proofs of a spirit's presence. Proofs objective and proofs subjective she alike repudiates. On her principles, should the spirit-form of a deceased friend present itself to her and declare its identity, she ought to reply, "How do I know that you are not an emanation from my own unknown human forces?" Entertaining these views, is it not a sort of mockery on her part to importune us for proofs of her error?

All that she has to say about "the blundering absurdities and the insufferable stupidities" of supposed spirits, who call themselves Washington or Franklin, is simply an impertinence, wholly foreign to the discussion before us. She says she will not deny the occurrence of our phenomena. The condition is, then, that she accepts them under a fair and rational view. Would she deny the existence of our good friend Signor Blitz, the conjurer, simply because there are twenty or more counterfeit Signor Blitzes, using his name and hoping to benefit by his reputation? Because an unscrupulous spirit, despairing of commanding our attention under his own unknown earth-name, chooses to call himself George Washington, shall we therefore conclude that no such spirit as George Washington exists? Because a spirit wag who can spin doggerel tells us he is Shakespeare, must we therefore deny a spiritual existence to the author of Hamlet? Shall the "blundering absurdities and the insufferable stupidities" of the sham Shakespeare annihilate the real?

Mrs. Denton ought to know better than to raise these very stale and superficial objections. They were raised the other day by Mr. Curtis, and are the most obvious ones raised by all novices in Spiritualism. If, as our phenomena show, death does not change our identity, then may we fairly conclude that men who have been cheats and tricksters in this world, will not at once part with their propensities in the next. If we would but weigh it, this is one of the grandest teachings of Spiritualism.

We have abundant proof of long conversations held with supposed spirits, whose voices independent of the medium's have been used, and where the intelligence, and thought, and language given through them have been worthy of a Plato or a Kant: so we well know that the reckless assertion so often made, that our spirit communications are all trash, is made in utter ignorance of all the facts.

The impression, therefore, which Mrs. Denton seems disposed to give, by her general way of putting it, that there is no evidence of mental progress among communicating spirits, is founded on error, and on a merely partial survey of facts. We get precisely what, under the spiritual theory, we ought to get, namely: communications good, bad, and indifferent; the proportions being about the same as they are in the communications of human beings. Editors are, perhaps, well qualified by experience to know what these proportions are.

Mrs. Denton makes her stronghold in the hypothesis that the specified phenomena may be "due to forces pertaining only to the living human being." As this same question may be raised (and has been frequently raised) in regard to all phenomena whatever, we will frankly admit that the idealist, as Berkeley and Hume have abundantly proved, may here place himself in argumentative entrenchments from which it is difficult to force him by any logical artillery. But how Mrs. Denton can admit the realism of any external phenomena, and then say that the phenomenon of a materialized form, bearing exact resemblance to a person deceased, and manifesting by speech and manner the traits of that person, is no objective proof of his continued existence under new conditions, it is difficult to comprehend. The fact that the apparition makes itself visible by coming within the sphere of a medium—that is, of an individual sensitive to the spirit's magnetism—is no more an objection to the actual independence of the spirit than the fact of our being instruments for electric phenomena is an objection to the fact that electricity exists independently of the human organism. To conclude that we create the organism of the materialized spirit because it comes in our presence—and the medium being the while wholly unconscious of any effort at creation—is no more reasonable than it would be to say that we create the thunder, because that requires the ear in order to be heard.

On the evening of the 29th of June, 1876, in the presence of at least twelve competent witnesses, a materialized female spirit form, believed by one of the persons present to be his deceased sister, came forth (while the medium was visible and in her normal state), and kneeling beside a chair, where the proper materials had been placed, drew, in crayon, on a single sheet, two heads, one of a man of middle age, one of a little girl, and each recognized by Mr. G., the afore-said brother, as excellent likenesses of an uncle of his, and a young sister; there being of the latter no other known likeness in existence. We have seen a photograph of these crayon portraits, and can pronounce them as works of art worthy of the best living portrait painter.

Now Mrs. Denton tells us she will not dispute our facts; and the fact in regard to this phenomenon is, that there was not among the mortals present an individual competent to draw likenesses, or to make even a distant approximation, by any effort with the crayon, to the beauty and perfection of the work referred to. Whence came the skill? Is there no evidence here of an organized, conscious intelligence, "existing outside and independent of all human activities"? Existence of an organization, distinct from that of any person present, so far as human senses are an authority, we know there was; and still more forcible is the evidence of an intelligence "outside and independent."

But no! interposes Mrs. Denton; "By what right do you limit human capabilities? How do I know that that transient organism, and that intelligent artistic skill, transcending all that the persons present were capable of, were not, after all, merely an unconscious emanation, taking the form and manner of Mr. G.'s sister, but really issuing from the medium or other persons present or from all combined?"

Yes, verily, how do we know that all phenomena do not issue from the individual Ego?

How do I know that this external world, this firmament, this noonday sun, these fellow beings, as I imagine them to be, are not all the outcome of my own creative "human capabilities"? As Mrs. Denton says, why should I limit these last? Yes! why?

In her determination to be scientifically exacting, Mrs. Denton plunges, apparently without knowing it, into an abyss of idealism, compared with which the systems of Berkeley and Hegel are solid ground. Instead of denying that she has "imaginative faculties," as she complains Dr. Buchanan has done, we readily credit her with a force of imagination such as must make ordinary mortals despair of keeping up with her in her erratic speculations. Until she can bring forward some fresh arguments, we must decline following her further into the void, or heeding her very earnest request to expose an error which she frankly gives us to understand, in advance, no power, mortal or immortal, shall dislodge from her mind.

Mediumship.

We revert with most pleasurable satisfaction to the lecture of Mrs. Tappan, at Chicago, under the control of the spirit of Adin Augustus Ballou, and which was at the time given on the first page of the Banner. It treats at length, and with originality and thoroughness, on the subject of mediumship, a subject that occupies far less of the serious attention of people, both mediums and those not mediums, than it rightly deserves. What would be said of people who would be guilty of underrating or neglecting the agents by the aid of which they had come into the presence of a new discovery, a new and larger mode of life, a supreme daily blessing, or a great permanent good? Yet all those who make light of the calling and characteristics of our mediums, are guilty of spinning the very means by which they are put in possession of what they prize so highly.

Mediumship has in modern days become a mystery, says the spirit of Adin Ballou, because of the lack of scientific investigation into man's spiritual nature; but it is no more a process recently discovered than are the stars new when brought into the range of vision by scientific instruments. It affirms that all persons are mediums, and that mediumship is as natural as life. That only bears out the doctrine which is incessantly laid down by Swedenborg, namely: that we all live here in two worlds, and just as much in a spiritual world as in a world of sense. Therefore if our life is in great part in a spirit-world while we are still on earth, our methods of communication one with another must be to a certain extent invariably spiritual, and we must at all times be more or less open and receptive to superior, or spiritual, impressions and influences.

Ballou regards the special gift of mediumship, as it is at present ranked and estimated, as too sacred a trust to be passed lightly by, or exercised with careless thought. Yet he holds that it does not destroy individuality in the sense in which it is popularly supposed. What individuality really means is but too vaguely comprehended. For instance, we are all of us constantly acted and interacted upon by others. We catch one another's ideas, phrases, jokes, and opinions; and when we think we are actually original and ourselves, we are unconsciously the least so. If we consider well our own individuality, and see how much there is of it, what it is worth, how much influence it exerts, and what portion of men really govern and direct themselves, we shall find, in the language of the spirit already named, that we have been "mediums and vehicles for the affections and thoughts of other people," but more or less modified in their passage through the channel of our own lives. Physical mediums are selected for physical expression, that is, for vibration upon matter without the intervention of the muscular, nervous, or physiological system of the medium. Yet the power employed is an emanation from the medium, and not from the surrounding atmosphere. The difference in physical mediums is the difference in the amount and quality of the particular force that passes through the brain into the nervous system. The proportion of that depends on the brain power accompanied by the vital power. There are grades of mediumship. It is not a spontaneous growth, but often comes of culture and encouragement, which makes it of the first necessity to study conditions and to exercise care. The exceptions are not more common than is the case with genius everywhere. It is all law, and no luck.

If one desires mediumship, he or she should consider the matter of adaptation. You cannot command the gift, but must accept it as it comes to you and patiently improve upon it. Organization and the laws of existence govern the matter. We all naturally resist the encroachment of another will; yet when that will possesses gentility as well as strength, represents knowledge as well as power, we yield, and acknowledge mastery with a readiness that is characterized by joy. Individuality may be more perfectly developed under the direction and guidance of spirit-control. All human beings are continually influenced and swayed by others. Even those who dwell from choice in solitude, and live as hermits, cannot isolate themselves from spirit-presence and influence. It is what the controlling spirit said through Mrs. Tappan on the subject of the process of mediumship that will be read again with deep satisfaction. It is this: The faculties of the one desiring mediumship will be developed, but not in the usual manner. He will find himself possessed of just as much intelligence, but it will not have come through the customary channels. Knowledge will be got through a new process. "The spirit-world imports its knowledge by intuition. If you are susceptible to that kind of knowledge, you cannot study books; you cannot read any system of human philosophy in the usual method; you cannot discipline your mind according to the usual systems of the schools. University education produces one class of thinkers in the world; intuition produces another class. They may arrive at the same results ultimately, but they do it by inverse processes. . . . Mediums require quietude; need to be sheltered; require a consciousness of being excluded from the world. . . . Inspiration can give assistance in the chosen pursuit in life, but mediumship is separate."

John A. Lant writes us from Albany Penitentiary, August 6th, as follows: "Please acknowledge \$50 to my family in New York from Mr. G. G. Briggs, Davisville, Cal.; a visit and \$15 from J. M. Roberts, Burlington, N. J.; and books and generous words from the pained hand of Daniel Wood, Lebanon, Me. There are others I shall be advised of in time, and gladly thank for remembrance."

Canada and the Sioux.

Our neighbors of the Dominion begin already to be much disturbed by apprehensions as to what will be the result of the war now being waged by the United States upon the Sioux nation. The following extracts and correspondence will convey to the reader some idea of the depth the excitement is reaching in the public mind over the border. The Montreal Herald, in a recent issue, says:

"The events on the Yellowstone may have an important bearing on our Northwest territory. The American Government will unquestionably send a larger force to the scene of their late defeat than they have previously had upon the ground, and the consequences must of course be to drive the Sioux before them. There is only one place of refuge and shelter for the outcasts, and that is behind the British line. That many of them will put that line between them and danger is a matter of almost certainty. If they do not do so as a matter of policy, the survivors of their bands will gradually be forced over by the constant approach of their enemy. Now this event will create a very delicate relation between our government and that of the United States. The rule of international law, as we understand it, permits the pursuit of an enemy into neutral territory *dum ferret opus*—that is to say, in hot pursuit. In other words, an army has no right to avail itself of the security afforded by the neighborhood of a neutral country to provoke attack, where it could not but for this rule, screen itself from the consequences of defeat. In European warfare, indeed, a victorious army would probably use this right with very great discretion, especially toward a power with which he desired to be at peace, and victorious generals there are usually held well in hand by those whom they serve. But on the northwest frontier we may not be perfectly secure of that disciplined moderation on the part of the American soldiery which would be expected to govern the use of force. The contempt and hatred of the race, and the desire for revenge, are elements which may not improbably lead to rash action on the part of the United States General in command of the force which, in a few weeks from this, will be pushing the Sioux, and burning for the honors of an easy and bloody triumph. Who shall answer for what may happen if that triumph be disappointed by our territory of the fugitives between them and their pursuers?"

This shows that we may possibly have a very ugly complication of affairs with the American military, perhaps, also, with the American civil authorities. But admitting that the conquerors shall not be disposed to abuse their power for the punishment of the red men, at the risk of giving just offence to their neighbors, we shall still require a good deal of judgment and nerve of force, in dealing with those who make our territory an asylum. Suppose the ease of hot pursuit to arise, at what stage and in what manner would that condition of things cease as to restore our normal condition of authority, for the keeping of the peace? Or suppose, as is more probable, that it will not arise in any just sense of the word, how are we to prevent the wrongs which our territory will afford from being used as a base of renewed hostility by men who cannot be supposed to be governed very rigidly by the rule of civilized warfare and the laws of nations? These are grave questions for consideration; and then there will come after them the further problems as to our treatment of these men should they desire to make our territory their permanent home, and as to the possibility, by decent treatment of converting them from irritating and vindictive savages into harmless, or, perhaps, useful settlers? Should they come to us we cannot massacre them—what, therefore, shall we be able to do with them? In the meantime, while we increase our force, and it may be that it would be sound policy to increase it largely, we ought also to increase our stores of provisions, not only for the feeding of the troops we employ, but also for the time that we may see the fugitives from starving. It is certain that they will be more amenable to any useful direction if they are fed till they can be properly disposed of, than if they are allowed to starve, and so rendered desperate."

It seems (so says a recent issue of the New York Sun) that quite a discussion has been going on of late concerning this matter, at Winnipeg, between Mr. Taylor, U. S. Consul there, and Morgan Caldwell—Mr. Taylor predicting trouble should such an event occur as the Sioux being forced over the boundary into Canada, unless some special treaty should be framed to meet the emergency. Mr. Caldwell, on the contrary, holds, and rightly, it appears to us, that a treaty binding the Canadian government to treat the Sioux as enemies, in case they should, after defeat, take refuge on Canadian soil, would be a violation of the sacred right of sanctuary, which the British government would never permit; but even if such a treaty were practicable it would be in the highest degree impolitic. The policy, he says, of Canada and that of the United States with regard to the Indian, have been widely different, and any entangling alliance with the United States on the Indian question would be likely to involve Canada in the same troubles that have cost those States so dear. In Canada the tribes are peaceable, molesting no one, while upon the other side of the border bloody and costly Indian wars constantly rage.

He further says: "We will not change our policy with regard to red men; we will continue to treat them the same measure of justice, and afford them the same protection, as we accord to white men. So far our hands are clean—no Indian blood stains them; under our rule no Indian has ever been put to death by the government, except by the same process of law that sends the white man to the gallows."

The Sun concludes its comments on the matter in this wise—every word of which is founded in verity:

"What Caldwell asserts is unfortunately true. When Indians are robbed or murdered by the whites in Canada, the transgressors are punished with as much severity as if it were whites who had been wronged, while all the agreements made with the Indians by the Canadian authorities are fulfilled with scrupulous exactness. With us, however, the Indians are treated as if they had no rights even to existence. Friendly and peaceable bands have been wantonly slaughtered, not only by frontier ruffians, but by regular troops acting under the orders of officers so high in rank as Gen. Sheridan; and the agents of the government who have been appointed to disburse the enormous appropriations made for the Indians have robbed them without mercy. Hundreds of innocent lives in protected settlements have been sacrificed to this ruinous and dishonest policy, and no one can foresee what the end will be, now that our people have undertaken to wrongfully wrest from the most warlike Indian nation on the continent the last remnant of their lands after the government had solemnly guaranteed to protect those Indians in the sole and exclusive possession thereof. It is no wonder that the Canadians, who have enjoyed the benefits of an entirely different policy, look with disfavor upon any proposal for an agreement which would expose them to the disastrous effects which have resulted from our faithless dealings with a weaker race."

Physical phenomena of marked power, such as table-tipping, etc., are reported as now being witnessed in Cape Town, South Africa—the local press devoting a good proportion of space to descriptions of the occurrences.

M. Milleson, spirit-artist, is at present at the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting, Montague, Mass.

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Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Baltimore Circles and published in this paper, have been the subject of much discussion. It is not our intention to discuss them here, but to give them as they are, and let the reader judge for himself. We are not responsible for the opinions of our readers, but we are responsible for the truth of the messages. All express as much of truth as they perceive in them.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. SARAH A. DANKIN.

(Wife of Colonel Washington A. Dankin, of Baltimore.)

During the last twenty years hundreds of spirits have

conversed with their friends on earth through the medium-

ship of Mrs. Dankin, while she was in the enraptured con-

dition—totally unconscious.

Mrs. Dankin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Part Thirty-Three.)

BY WASH. A. DANKIN.

There is an obtuseness manifested in regard to

the phenomena of Spiritualism, by people who

are intelligent, well educated, and clear in their

perceptions of any other subject, that is rarely

exhibited except in relation to this matter.

Men will visit the different classes of media,

have test after test given them, acknowledge the

indisputable character of the evidence they have

received, and express unbounded gratification at

their newly-acquired knowledge of "life beyond

the grave," and a few days later we find them

questioning the authenticity of all they have

received, and actually straining their intellects

to find some far-fetched solution of that which is

perfectly simple and natural under the theory of

spirit intercourse.

As an illustration in point, I will mention the

case of a lady who adds culture to natural intel-

lectual powers of a very high order. She is a

thinker, a student of Nature, a searcher into the

mysteries of the unseen world.

About a year ago she lost a favorite child, one

who was marked in character, as well as in phys-

ical structure. Feeling great distress at this be-

haviorment she visited New York, and among

others who were prominently before the public,

she called on the medium, Charles H. Foster.

She had laid aside her mourning, so that he

should have no clue to what had occurred.

Being seated at his table, a few moments passed,

when Mr. Foster said: "I see standing at your

side one who says he is your son." Then fol-

lowed a minute description of the spirit, giving

age, height, complexion, his disease, and the

locality where he passed from earth; answering

such questions as were asked in relation to her

child. Mr. Foster also gave brief communica-

tions from other spirits, who were recognized

by his visitor. Of course a deep impression was

made at the time; but this elated, bright, and cul-

tivated woman told me, not long since, that it

was not sufficient evidence for her of spirit inter-

course; that Mr. Foster might have obtained

from her mind all the facts that he gave her, by

some occult power of which she had no knowl-

edge.

A somewhat similar manifestation of incredul-

ity was recently exhibited by a patient of Mrs.

Dankin's. He had been for years a great suf-

ferer by neuralgia. Being a prominent, active

business man of one of our largest commercial

cities, he heard of the many cures being per-

formed through the instrumentality of Mrs.

Dankin, and called at her office. His statement

was that his agonies were unendurable; he had

suffered, at intervals, for years. The week pre-

vious, there had been a consultation in his case

of the three most eminent physicians in Phila-

delphia; the cost was heavy, but the pain was

still acute—he was not relieved. Being seated,

his brain was manipulated for a few minutes,

medicines prepared and given him, and he left.

Three months after this I met him, and found his

neuralgia had entirely disappeared. He had slept

well the night after he had been treated by Mrs.

Dankin, had never had any return of the dis-

ease, but he did not know whether his relief was

due to her treatment or the consultation of the

medical notabilities of Philadelphia!

John Dunlap.

John Dunlap, of Chicago. My age was about

twenty-seven years. My mother's name was

Maria, my father's name was Andrew. They

were residents in Cleveland. I was with my

sister when the misfortune overtook me, of

which I do not think there is any necessity to

speak, for those to whom I speak are not seek-

ing for tests.

My mother and my father both are stanch

Spiritualists—believers—and they are reaching

out in mind and in heart for something from

their boy, who by misfortune was taken from

them. My father was with me in my death-

sickness, and gave me all his kind and tender

affection, and for this I give him an angel bless-

ing.

I was taken to Cleveland in the body, and

from thence to be buried; but after the burial,

mother and father, came the beautiful realiza-

tion of the ascension of the spirit. Naught would

have called me from my home of beauty but the

throbbing, the pantings of your own hearts, for

I know you have said: "Oh, son, thou art done

with earth and earthly things, thou art gone to a

home of beautiful realities." And it is so,

mother and father, a world that is, that was,

and must ever be, for God in his infinite mercy

has willed that each of his creatures may have a

beautiful home beyond the grave.

When I look back and see the sorrow-stricken

faces and the sad hearts, it becomes a wonder to

me why this should be, for I am so happy,

and forever progressing in knowledge and in

wisdom, which enhances my condition in glory,

and gives peace to the mind, and rest to the

heart.

I am no longer, mother, a wayworn traveler,

tossing on the bed with pains and aches. I am

free from all the ailments that belong to the

flesh. I am growing in stature. I am making

my home in beauty to receive you all.

Mother, I have spoken this through a stranger's

lips, in a strange land. I have done it, mother,

with the kindest motives. Accept and believe

me to be your darling boy.

I could not have done all this wondrous work

without assistance; she, the one competent, [the

spirit], led me hither and taught me how to do.

Ward Cheney.

Ward Cheney—I was one of the firm, Brothers

Cheney, of South Manchester, Conn., silk man-

ufacturers. I was President of the Silk Associa-

tion of America. I died in South Manchester.

To the lower world I bid adieu, in the hope of

attaining a life that would prove itself perpetual.

with all the advantages of a grand unfoldment

of manhood.

It is spoken, truthfully and honestly, "Thou

canst not serve two masters." If money-making

absorbs all the faculties, there is no room left to

find out the ways or the mysteries of God. The

sublimity of the thought was always revolving

in my brain that the Creator never could have

fashioned his creatures, pronounced his work

perfect, and afterward, for some misdemeanor,

cast them; knowingly, into that fiery pit called

hell! Nor have I been deceived, for I have been

made welcome, and I am partaking, by degrees,

of the happiness which belongs to the change.

I have freedom of opinion; I have freedom of

speech; I have freedom of power either to come,

to go, or to stay.

The intuitions of my longing soul brought me

hither to earth, to take control and speak to those

who are tied and fettered by the creeds and dog-

mas of the churches. Pay your pennies or your

dimes! but however many you may pay, the work

still lies before you, to do that which will

advance you in this home where vital life is

given. New indeed is the scheme, but acceptable;

for it demonstrates that the immortal soul

lives after the body has been consigned to the

grave.

Henry Haven.

New London, Connecticut. "I was on a Sun-

day morning suddenly I went out. Henry Ha-

ven. I was taken to the Congregational church,

and from there I was buried. I was sixty-one

years old; but the principle of this interlinking

the two worlds is incomprehensible to my mind.

In what particular department is it advantage-

ous to the spirit to narrate his upliftings or his

downfallings? Does it regulate and benefit the

mind of those who read them?

"Who are you, and whence came you, that you

should tutor or culture the spirit after death?"

I am almost drawn to believe that it is presump-

tion in any one to take the place of God. I

have sought him in his kingdom, but have not

found him. Still I will not grow weary. I will

work on and on, asking some one to give me

more knowledge of that eternal world into which

I have entered.

Weep! weep over the friends whom you call

dead, for you cannot fathom the mysteries of

God's eternal world. Down the body goes into

the grave, it is covered with the dirt; affection

and sympathy plant a flower, but where! Oh,

where does the spirit go? That question still

lies for you to unravel. I am here, I am there,

I am everywhere. Then when and where shall

the soul find rest?

Elizabeth Walker.

Elizabeth Walker was my name. I was fifty-

eight years old. My residence was on Chew

street, Baltimore. It was after a short illness that

I died, and it was in May, when all things were

bright and beautiful—beautiful morn—when the

body fell into decay, and the spirit, that spark of

divinity, went on and on for its grand unfold-

ment.

Friends and acquaintances, I come back on the

wings of the morning to tell you that your world

is alive with dear departed ones; each seeking a

channel for communion, that they may carry

away the sorrows and the tears, the gloom and

the shadows, and give joy instead. She that was

dead is alive.

George Coghill Torrey.

George Coghill was my name. I was the only

son of Samuel and Catherine Torrey. Much

they grieved and sorrowed over the loss of their

only son, and thus it is that I am here to pass

words of comfort to them, to tell them that the

grave holds not that part of me which has life

eternal—that part of me which will know them

when they too, like me, pass out of the physical

form.

I was buried from Henry Coghill's residence,

and that was on Lexington Avenue, New York.

When the shades of night came over me, I asked

within myself, "What is this? Is it death, or is

it life?" And a voice bid me not sorrow, for

I was leaving a home that was transitory,

to pass into one which would give me life, eternal

and progressive. Mother and father, rest con-

tent and grieve no more, for I am not dead, but

alive in those beautiful realms of which you have

read and heard so much. When you read this,

my wish is, that you may also understand that

we have power to return and comfort those who

sorrow for us. I know my footsteps are heard

no more. I know my voice is hushed to thine

earthly ear; but mother and father, I know the

heart and the brain are wedded together so that

you can feel and understand that death has not

been given to your child. Mother, the angels

taught me thus to speak, to give words of cheer

and comfort to your lonely hours.

Henrietta Grant.

My name was Henrietta Grant—not any rela-

tion, if you please, to those Grants that are around

and about here. I'm of that Grant family that

belongs to Burlington, N. J., and of the village

of eighty years, perfectly capable of know-

ing from whence I come and whither I am going.

Do justice to a woman who understands what

she's about. This is a land of bliss. A land

where "milk and honey flows," but you've got

to hunt for it, and when you find it you can

make it either tasteful or distasteful, just as you

please.

It's a wonderful thing to be, at one moment,

and the next moment not to be! Still you are

what you are. The mind revolves on its own

axis; the head does its own work; the feet ac-

complish that which belongs to them to do, and

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Spiritualism Abroad.

REVIEW OF THE FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A German writer, as rendered by Mr. Howitt, says: "True mysticism must include the idea of truth and goodness, of beauty and virtue, as beams of all spiritual perfection and religious self-consciousness; as a universally-illuminating centre must penetrate the whole spiritual organism." If I were to alter this beautiful sentence, it would be to put Spiritualism in the place of mysticism; then I would say that it expresses those sentiments of that high class of German Spiritualists who render the *Psychische Studien* (published both in Leipzig and New York) such a valuable and attractive exponent of our faith. And if any people are by habits of study and patient research prepared to cope with anything that is occult, it is certainly those of the Teutonic stock; and if it should ever be discovered that Spiritualism is based upon phenomena pertaining to what may be embraced exclusively in our own individual elements of being, I think it will be by the German student.

The June number of the *Psychische Studien*, now before me, has its usual summary of important contributions to our literature, from those whom we are accustomed to recognize as the very ablest and most learned of European writers. My German friend, Mr. Seman, who has just perused these various articles, while expressing himself highly gratified, furnishes me the following: "The work is, as usual, divided into three parts: 1st. Historic and experimental; 2d. Theoretical and critical; 3d. General information. The first part describes a séance held at the private residence of M. the Chancellor of the Empire, Akakof, in company with Prof. Barlow, on which occasion an ingeniously-constructed manometric table was placed before the medium—a table so constructed with glass tubes and water that any pressure upon said table would be indicated by a rise of the water in said tubes, enabling the experimenters thus to obtain proof positive that the medium, during the investigation then in hand, remained perfectly passive. Further contributions are from the able pens of Messrs. Christian Reimers, Prof. C. A. Eschenmayer, and Albert Steinbach. The second part is a criticism by M. Gregor Conf. Wittig on the anthropology and psychic force of Prof. L. H. Fichte. Third, an entertaining variety of extracts from the writings of eminent Spiritualists and seances."

Besides the above, it has short articles from various correspondents: Herren Dr. M. Perels, of Frankfurt; J. von Erenyey, of Buda-Pesth (Hungary); Judge H. A. Nienan, of Gotha; Prof. Fichte of Stuttgart; the Baroness Gutsmuths, of Baden-Baden; and E. von Reitzenstein of Munich. The *Revue Spirituelle* (Paris, July No.) now before me, has an important article from D. A. C. on "A Union among Spiritualists." It refers particularly to a report from the "National Association of Spiritualists" in London, wherein the desirableness of such a union is set forth. The object is, not only to show our strength and to act in concert in any emergency, but to have some central place or "bureau" where can be gathered from all parts of the world and stored up, such facts as are of importance to us now, and such as will have a historic value in times to come. The *Revue*, in connection with this subject, refers to a letter from Canon Callaway, who, in his travels in South-Eastern Africa, gives such information respecting the people there that the reviewer calls them "precious renseignements," and that he "attaches particular interest to these reports." And here I would add, that while our American Indians are being cruelly, shamefully treated, murdered, indeed, in cold blood, swept out of existence as so much useless rubbish, little or no attention is paid to their history, their mythology, their spiritualistic predilections and teachings, and when too late this will be ceaselessly mourned over. About a year ago a friend promised to introduce to me an Indian chief who had many marvels to relate regarding Spiritualism as it existed in his tribe in former times, but he has not, I believe, during this last year been in this city. He states that he has seen, when the medicine man was in his spirit wigmaw prostrate in prayer, the whole structure, including eight parts, I think, lifted up by spirit-power and returned again to its former position.

France is again disturbed by the devil, so it seems from a letter in the *Revue* from Reynel (Haute-Marne). At the house of an old lady, widow Leinard, astounding noises, the most violent knockings, have been heard. The knockings shook the very walls, and the central point from which the vibrations proceeded could be distinguished. In the kitchen everything suspended was set, dancing, and composed, as the French has it, the *batterie de cuisine*. Many persons were set on the watch; the *gendarmes* were called in; the Judge of the Peace appeared; the sacred authorities lent their arm to the evil, but all alike retreated from the confusion with a shake of the head which indicated perhaps that "there was nothing in it," but certainly did not attempt any explanation. For seventeen days without interruption these disturbances continued, but during the evening and night were so considerable of the old lady's health and years, they ceased entirely.

The above narrative is followed by a "Second Séance" with Dr. Slade, translated from the Spiritualist by Mlle. Honebry. "Apparitions from the Other World" is another interesting article in the *Revue*, which recounts what the Abbé de St. Pierre has to say in his works on this subject—of "a singular adventure which took place in 1697." Two worthy students, fifteen years of age, M. Bezu and M. Desfontaines, much attached to each other, having read of engagements between persons that the one who died first should appear to the other, made a similar contract, wrote out two papers to that effect, signed them with their blood, and exchanged them. Some months afterward, Desfontaines was called away to Caen, and letters of mutual regard passed between these friends. One day, when in the grounds of the college, young Bezu had a strange feeling come over him, a deafness and faintness he could not account for. The following day, at the same hour, the same sensations were experienced, when he saw Desfontaines approaching. He beckoned him to a seat by himself on a bench, and made place for his comrade. As Desfontaines did not come, Bezu went to him, when the former seized him by the arm, hurried him away some thirty paces distant,

and then said: "I promised to come to you if I died first. I was drowned yesterday at this very hour in the river of Caen. The Abbé de Menil-Jean was my companion. He dyed for me, and I grasped his foot, and in shaking me off he struck me forcibly in the stomach, and I sank to the bottom." M. Bezu became afterward the curé of Vologne, where he was much beloved for his many virtues. . . . Walter Scott attributes such things to hallucination, but how could M. Bezu see the shade of his friend, and learn all the particulars of his death, while no official detail of the event reached him till some days afterward?

The *Revue* apologizes for its transference to its columns of the story of the hermit of Michigan, because some exceptions have been taken in the matter by its correspondents. In the course of his remarks the editor says: "The American Spiritualists practice Spiritualism *ad libitum*, without direction or preparation, and the phenomena observed are explained by each one according to his taste." This is altogether too true. Too much levity, too much mere curiosity, too little preparation in the way of cleanliness of body and clothes and mind is allowed, while an entire neglect of abstinence, so much regarded by the ancient philosophers, by the Oriental theurgists, and all the better class of Spiritualists of remote ages, is certainly reprehensible.

The "Scientific Society of St. Petersburg" comes up also for analysis in the *Revue*. The statements of said society are refuted; and to sustain his position the reviewer quotes Colonel Oleg's letter which appeared in the Banner last January; also Madame Blavatsky's statements about the same matter, Mr. Aksakof's, and the Committee's (if I may so term it) report, with all the names signed thereto, beginning with Avakow, Prince Bagration, and ending with Prince A. Stecherbatow, Stecherbatow, Yonger.

It may not be known generally that the present director of the *Revue* is M. A. Bourges, a retired commandant of cavalry, and a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

The June number of *El Criterio Espiritista*, of Madrid, has been received. It takes up also the St. Petersburg fiasco, and notices and commends the Chancellor Aksakof's unimpeachable labors in the cause of truth. In its "Book Review," which occupies, as it should, its leading pages, is a notice, first, of "Spiritualism in View of the Grandeur, the Power and the Justice of God," by M. Marion, Honorary President of the Tribunal of Appeal of Algiers, and *caballero* of the Legion of Honor. Though a little volume, it is evidently destined by its reason and logic to break down many a stuffy barrier. After this are named "The Unseen Universe," "The Philosophy of Creation," by Thomas Paine, "Angels Messages," dictated by Ellen E. Ward, Nashville, Tenn., "Studies of the Spirit-World," by the Baroness de Vay, "Misunderstood," by Emily S. Beach, "Does Matter Do It All?" by E. Sargent, "Meditations for All," through the medium of Adolphe, "Professions of Faith," published at Buda, Hungary.

The "Dogma of the Past and the Dogma of the Future," bearing the signature of the noble Jose Mazzini, and taken from the Turin (Italy) Spirit Magazine, occupies several of the quarto pages of the Critic and should have extended notice; but a paragraph or two of its grand thoughts is all that I can give: "Of the Christian dogma it seems its heaven is too narrow to contain the earth. Across the vast vault by the road of the Infinite, we have glimmerings of the whitened gold of a new faith. At its first dawning the other will vanish." "Ours establishes itself in the free and meditative ascent, in the popular and voluntary cultus or worship of the truth, (the conquest of our age,) on the conception of the independent and eternal existence of God, spread through time and space, on the souls which love and fulfill his law." "God incarnates himself eternally in these grand works manifest in universal life," etc., etc.

In a short but very expressive article the critic enumerates the number of clergymen or priests relatively to the number of inhabitants in several countries named. In England, for instance, there is one minister or priest to 718 inhabitants; in the United States one to 879; in Spain one to 51; "How then can Spain progress!" says the writer.

"Cremation," (heretofore noticed in the Banner), "Spiritualism in Scotland" (David Duguid being the theme), and in Mexico; a "Circle of Christian Spiritualists in Loja;" "Magnetism and Somnambulism before the French Tribunal" (noticed in my last "Review"); "Crowell and Kenney, of New York, on Insanity;" "Spirit Photographs" (letter from the Banner, by Mr. Hartman); "Physical Manifestations in Brussels (through the courtesy of M. the Prince Martheze), and the gratifying announcement that Viscount Torres-Solanot is about to publish in book form those articles of his which from time to time I have had occasion to speak of so highly in the Banner—these and many other items fill up the pleasing record of Spain's best exponent of Spiritualism. One thing more, however, I should refer to. It is proposed by the European Swedenborgians to hold in Belgium annually a conference of the disciples of that eminent seer, Emanuel Swedenborg. They calculate that there are in the world sixty thousand of this faith. This notice is followed by a short biography of Swedenborg, in which it seems that he was fifty-five years of age when he had his first vision, and that four years afterward he abandoned all other employments to devote himself to his new mission. He died at the age of eighty-four, having given nearly thirty years to those pure and highly inspirational works that make his followers so tenacious of his fame, and which render them most excellent citizens and friends.

"The Fifth Anniversary of *Le Messager*," is the announcement which I observe at the head of the next journal which comes up for review. "Brothers in the faith, faithful readers," begins the editor, "we commence our fifth year of struggle!" and certainly very few periodicals have had more to contend with, while at the same time it has been largely quoted—a sure evidence that its character has been of a high order. One of its characteristic maxims has been: "Love one another." "Serious Reflections" (on Allan Kardec and his imprisonment); "The Funeral of George Sand;" "The Report of St. Petersburg Scientific Committee" (fully reported in the Banner), make up the present (July 1st) number of the *Messenger*.

Two numbers of *La Ley del Amor* (Law of Love), from Merida, Central America, a point lately visited by our distinguished traveler, J. M. Peabody, have been received. "El Transito," and its No. IX of articles on the "Importance of Education," occupy the principal part of the July

number, while "God Punishes," (?) and a further valuable contribution on education, take nearly all the space of the June number. This periodical states that a new Spiritualistic society has been formed in Campechy. A worthy shoemaker there has become a medium, and an aged woman writes under spirit control. Here I find also the report that was in the Banner concerning the cure of Mr. Benson's child by the laying on of hands, or by spirit-power, Mr. W. W. Bennett being the instrument or agent.

La Ilustracion Espiritista, of Mexico (July number), contains very many interesting articles, among which is a translation from the Banner of that portion of Mr. Peabody's letter which relates to his visit to Mexico, to his attendance at one of the "circles" held under the presidency of Sr. Dr. Santoyo. But the editor wishes to correct Mr. Peabody, where he states that though there are a hundred thousand Spiritualists in Mexico they hold no public conferences on Spiritualism (I translate from the Spanish and not from Mr. P.'s letter). In a note the editor says: "This is an error of Mr. Peabody. In Mexico they enjoy the most ample liberty of conscience, and besides have spiritual circles and public sessions, even in the theatres—where they have had controversies, literary and philosophical, on the subject of Spiritualism."

Quite a number of the communications in this number are through media, from such persons as Horace, Narcisco, Fenelon, Lacordaire, Montaigne, etc., but as I am not familiar with the style of these separate writers, I will not attempt, even space permitting, to translate them.

The editor of the *Ilustracion* wishes particularly to express his gratitude to the Banner of Light for the exchange accorded him. Nearly two columns are given to the Banner; that is, to books, lectures, society-gatherings, &c., contained in said paper. Mrs. Tappan's lectures are named, Messrs. Sargent's, and Peabody's, and Crowell's, and Evans's, and Owen's, Davis's, and Tully's works, as also Mr. Watson's "Spiritual Magazine."

If space permitted I should quote from A. D.: "The Union Universal," and from Sr. Dr. Emilio Castelar's remarks on the acceptance of Masonry by the distinguished Mons. Littré.

A handsome little paper appears now weekly, at Chicago, in the Danish language. It is called the *Arbeideren*, the Workman. Its principal articles are laudably devoted to the interest of the laborer. Minor items of general interest occupy several columns, while Gov. Tilden seems to come in for his share of praise or blame. Five numbers have been issued. The price is only \$1.50 a year.

Mr. Mark Thane's *Dagbladet* is regularly received. This is also published in Chicago. It should appear on better paper; and the hope is that it may be enlarged, and have a fairer aspect, through the united efforts of Scandinavian readers, who must ever find this little sheet a welcome visitant. Though not having much to say about Spiritualism, it is liberal and progressive.

Not Signale—the "Danger Signals" of Mrs. Mary P. Davis—has appeared in the German language, and is published at Leipzig by Mr. Wilhelm Besser, and in N. Y. by A. J. Davis & Co. It is a neat little pamphlet of forty pages. It must be exceedingly gratifying to both the estimable authoress and her distinguished husband, to have this proof of appreciation of the work so "signally" challenges. I have written some five or six books, but never had the honor of having one of them translated into any foreign language.

July numbers of the *Psychische Studien* and *Messenger* have just reached me, and will be further noticed in my next.

* A handsome town on the western coast of Yucatan, with about 60,000 inhabitants.

A Daughter of Dr. P. B. Randolph. Mrs. L. Hutchinson, of California, writes us that Cora V. Randolph, a daughter of our deceased brother, Dr. P. B. Randolph, resides at No. 17 Court street, Utica, N. Y., and depends upon her hard labor for her support. Cora writes Mrs. Hutchinson: "I feel the need of education and social advantages, which I have no means of obtaining. I have to work as a slave. During a month last winter, in looking for work, I would come home at night so tired that I often wished that I might awake in the spirit-world." Of the many thousands of Spiritualists who read the Journal, how many will open correspondence with this poor girl, in view of giving her a good home? We believe there are many, and that we shall soon have the pleasure of chronicling the fact that Cora Randolph has a good home.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

Professor Wagner has published in the St. Petersburg Journal a severe critical reply to the report of the Russian Scientific Committee on Spiritual Phenomena, in vindication—to use his own words—"of the truth which they have degraded, and of a lady whose good name they have assailed." After detailing the manner in which the committee dealt with the phenomena which really took place in their presence, Professor Wagner proceeds to give the reasons why more did not occur. He says: "In order to procure strong medial phenomena, only one spiritual (psychic) condition is necessary, namely: that those present should desire to see them, and to observe in what manner they occur. The members of the committee, on the contrary, shall soon have the pleasure of chronicling the fact that Cora Randolph has a good home.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

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COSTLEY AND HIS ASSISTANTS.—A strange fatality seems to follow the principal participants in the recent trial and hanging of James H. Costley, the murderer of Julia Hawkes. Upon the 26th of June, 1876, this individual passed into the spirit-land from the jail in Dedham, and since then there has been a remarkable mortality among those concerned in the trial and execution. The first who died was Costley's senior counsel, Bales W. Sanford, Esq., whose death was shortly followed by that of Judge Ware who sentenced the victim. Then Deputy Sheriff Carroll of Roxbury died, and now Deputy Sheriff Warren has followed, and it is reported that one of the witnesses is also dead. Does it signify anything?—*Boston Herald*.

The whites were the aggressive party in the beginning of their intercourse with the Indians, and this has been the policy pursued toward them for two hundred and fifty-seven years. They have been tampered with, abused, cheated, and corrupted, and it is not at all strange that they are banding together on the Western frontier to-day, and have declared war against our Government.—*Boston Investigator*.

A clergyman out West, in a recent sermon, quoted this elevating little poem:

I want to be an Indian,
A Nodoc or a Ute;
An friend of being a white man,
An uncorrupted brute.

And still people wonder why the pulpit has less influence than formerly, and less respect.—*Sunday Herald*.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

SHORT SERMON.—Let not prosperity catch thine heart above measure; neither depress thy soul into the grave because fortune beareth hard against thee. Her smiles are not stable, therefore build not thy confidence upon them; her frowns endure not forever, therefore let hope teach thee patience. To bear adversity well is difficult; but to be temperate in prosperity is the height of wisdom. Good and ill are tests by which thou art to know thy constancy; nor is there aught else that can tell thee the powers of thine own soul.

CALIFORNIA'S CLEAN-UP.—The California Mining Company, August 14th, made its final shipment of bullion for the month of July, amounting in all to \$2,062,375.03, of which \$1,043,199.07, was gold, and \$1,019,175.96 silver, there being more gold than silver. The entire mass weighed twenty-nine tons and 1,017 pounds. That is a good average yield for one mine.

As the sweet, fair white flower works its way from the soil up to the blossom, under the sun, so men are to work their way up from the lower forms of nature till they become a part of the bright beauty of the God that loves them.—H. W. Beecher.

Moving for a new trial—courting a second wife.
The Province of Victoria is seeking a legal divorce from the Dominion of Canada.

The first part of Wagner's Trilogy was performed at Plymouth, Monday, August 14th, and produced a profound impression upon the numerous audience in attendance. The piece was repeatedly interrupted by applause.

A cat's trophy—a mouse.—Graphic.

The first race for the Queen's cup, commenced August 11th, between the Canadian yacht Countess of Duffin, and the American yacht Madeleine, over the New York Yacht Club's course, ended in victory for the Madeleine.

Charles Ross has been found—again. This time it was in a Connecticut town.

A Philadelphia reporter has taken account of stock, and estimates the value of the structures on the Centennial grounds and their contents at \$101,829,350.

An unoffending coal-heaver named Daniel McCarthy was murdered by John Feagay, at the tenement-house 115 Essex street, Boston, at a late hour Tuesday afternoon, August 15th.

We believe in spirits, but nothing but the "highest proof" will be accepted.—The Graphic.

You probably take the "highest proof," which undoubtedly accounts for the muddled condition of your editorials—sometimes.

A Shanghai despatch says the French mission chapel at Ning-Koo-Foo, province of Nanchang, was attacked by the populace during the celebration of mass. The priest and many of the congregation were killed.

A ministerial crisis is reported as imminent in Spain.

Work on the East River and Brooklyn suspension bridge is now going on with great rapidity.

Chessman's reservoir, at the head of Beaver Creek, Ontario, burst, August 14th, in the early morning; three persons were drowned, and a heavy loss of property was entailed by the flood.

A despatch dated London, August 14th, says that the steamer *Mercury*, from Liverpool for Antwerp, was wrecked Saturday, at St. David's Head, and the captain and four men were lost.

Being asked what made him so dirty, a street Arab replied, "I was made, as they tell me, of dust, and I suppose it works out."

Disraeli has been elevated to the peerage.

What is nothing? A footless stocking without a leg.

The crops in England are reported lighter than were hoped for.

At New York City, August 14th, was landed from the French steamship *Labrador* the immense right arm of the statue of Liberty (for the harbor), to which a balcony is attached capable of holding ten people. The diameter of the arm at the broadest part is six feet. The freight on arm and balcony from Paris to New York was 241 francs.

Josh Billings doesn't preach asceticism. "Thus he exhorts: 'Don't mortify the flesh too much: 'twould the sores on Lazarus that sent him to heaven.'"

Several engagements recently between the Catholic rebels and the Central American forces have resulted in the defeat of the former.

Waterston, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, was on August 14th sworn in as a member of the United States House of Representatives, *vice* Parsons, deceased.

The horse which the late Emperor Napoleon rode at Sedan, and was shot after purchased by His Grace the Duke of Sutherland, got his leg broken at Llang, Sutherlandshire, a few days since, and had to be shot.

The London Milk Journal says that a pint of milk heated to 120° Fahrenheit, and taken every four hours, will check the most violent diarrhoea, stomach ache, indigestion, cholera, and dysentery.

The ruling of Judge Donohue, of New York, as to the right of a man to work for gain to pay a license fee, has suggested to the New York World that the Rev. Mr. Talmage, being a person who performs eccentric feats for money in the shape of a salary, ought to take out a license.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

74 convicts in Massachusetts State Prison.

A London dispatch dated August 13th states that the theory of "Gentleness" from Gloucester, Mass., put into Worcester, Pembroke, Wales, on Saturday, for provisions, and then proceeded for Liverpool. Captain Johnson reports that the "Centennial" was captured once during the voyage, but he succeeded in righting her.

The Galaxy for September will contain a biographical sketch of General Custer, written by Captain Frederick Whitaker of the cavalry service; also a continuation of General Custer's "War Memoirs." The publishers of the Galaxy received copy from General Custer just before the publication of the Galaxy. Its Secretary, Wells, will also contribute articles in the next two numbers of the Galaxy on "The Nomination and Election of Abraham Lincoln."

A model will, duly executed and witnessed, was recently presented for probate at Plymouth, Mass., of which the following is a *verbatim* copy: "July 12th, 1875. I give all my property to my wife."

Working-woman's right bower? Hollis's.—*Commercial Bulletin*.

This country has just lost by death one of its ablest and most conspicuous resident musicians—Carl Bergmann, who died in New York Thursday, August 10th, after a year of failing health. Bergmann was born in Saxony in 1821.

Connecticut boasts of at least two of its girls who are high up on the social ladder at Rome; the Countess Barbellini, formerly Hatfield Lewis, and the wife of the distinguished architect and archaeologist, Sir Rudolph Lanciani, once palatella Nellie Rhodes.

William T. Adams ("Oliver Optic") met with a severe accident by a fall while at his home in Dorchester, Mass., on Thursday, Aug. 10th, which brought on a concussion of the spine. He has since been confined to his room.

France will in four or five years possess a movable field army of about 600,000 infantry and rifles, and 300,000 territorial infantry.

The best material for the summer wear of a music-grinder's monkey would be organum muslin.—*Overland Commercial*. Not when the organ plays "Meet me in the lane, love."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

The first session of the forty-fourth Congress finished its labors Tuesday evening, August 15th, and adjourned sine die.

The British Parliament was prorogued on the 15th inst., and the Queen's speech read from the throne by the lord chancellor. The war in the East and the extradition treaty with the United States are among the most important subjects mentioned in the document.

Mrs. General Custer is now at her home in Monroe, Mich., and will make it her permanent residence.

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