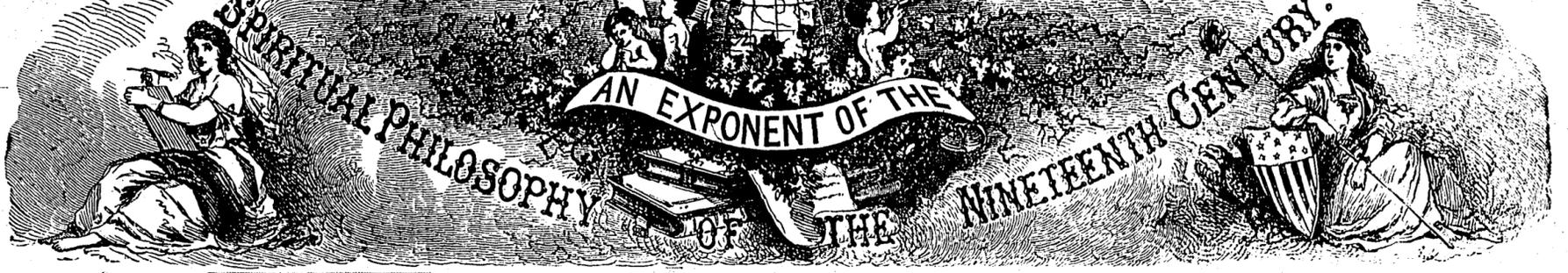


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Spiritualism.

THE PROBLEM OF ORGANIZATION.

Spiritualism the Great Liberator—Its Individualizing Power—Union on a Higher Plane—The Universal Law of Organization—Hints from Nature—The Principle in our Institutions—Smashing Idols and Running After Jugglers—The Earnest Man's Motto is, Work—The Sluggard's Plea is, Wait—A Nebulous Spiritualism in the Head—Its Slow Movement toward the Pocket—Organized Action in Governments and in all Great Business Enterprises—A Lash is the Slave's Incentive—The Great Electric Religion.

Substance of an Interview with Prof. S. B. Brittan.

Inquirer.—"I notice that Spiritualists have not organized in any way that promises results at all commensurate with their estimated numbers, and the assumed importance of the movement. Can you explain the reason?"

Answer.—"You are quite right in assuming that we have no general organization. Hitherto the separate individualities among men have been held in utter subordination to their institutions. The organic forces of sects and parties have ruled the world, and man has been well-nigh lost in the midst of his accidents. While the spiritual movement unsettles the platforms of politicians and the arbitrary claims of hierarchies, it also excites to preternatural activity all those faculties that serve to elevate men above the sphere of abject submission. The facts and principles of Spiritualism unfetter the mind, and they are destined to pulverize all systems and institutions that are at war with Nature, Reason and Science. The individual is thereby exalted to his true dignity, and the real manhood enthroned above the circumstances of its outward relations.

Perhaps I can suggest satisfactory reasons for the existing state of things. Wherever the power of the institution is supreme over the man, the lines of individual development are either obscurely drawn or invisible. All blend together in the same common background, like a crowd viewed from a distance, or through the veil of twilight. But in proportion as the individual is exalted, all arbitrary institutions lose their power of assimilation and the separate forms appear; the lines of individual character are more sharply defined, and man declares his independence. Necessarily, the first effect of this individualizing process is to separate men, and hence to create seeming antagonism. The hostilities occasioned by the development and recognition of individual rights and prerogatives, if not merely apparent, are, in the very nature of things, of short duration. We shall come together again in obedience to the common law of social attraction; we shall ultimately blend by the power of a moral cohesion, and the more subtle chemistry of our spiritual life. A more perfect union must come, on a higher plane, where the laws that govern our associated action will neither restrain the exercise of our noblest faculties, nor subvert the sacred principles of personal liberty.

Inquirer.—"If I am correct in my inference from the views you have occasionally expressed, you are not at all opposed to organization?"

Answer.—"Certainly not. I could as soon antagonize life itself, for to our limited observation they not only coexist, but are incapable of separation. I am only opposed to the chronic habit of perverting such instrumentalities to sectarian and immoral purposes. Organization, in its most vital and comprehensive sense, is a spiritual, natural and universal law, clearly illustrated in all visible forms of life. Indeed, I can conceive of no clear revelation of the life-principle, here or elsewhere, without an organic instrument as the medium of expression. The elements of earth, and air, and water, everywhere exhibit a disposition to assume organic forms and relations. The rays of light are organically arranged as we see them reflected in the bow that spans the summer cloud; and they are reorganized in the prismatic colors of the flowers. Indeed, this law of organization is at once universal, and indispensable to the normal development of all natures and institutions on the earth.

Inquirer.—"How do you explain the conspicuous failure of all the attempts at organization hitherto made in the interest of Spiritualism?"

Answer.—"The disciples of the new faith and philosophy have thus far failed as practical interpreters of the natural law of organization. Individuals may have entertained very clear conceptions of the subject, but the people have not yet grasped the idea. They have, consciously or otherwise, followed the old examples, and attempted to unite on the basis of some general declaration of faith and statement of principles. The intense individualism, that everywhere shows itself, does not admit of the general acceptance of any such sharply defined doctrines and opinions. There is no real coalescence, because the true ground of unity is not recognized. The conventions would somewhat resemble the meeting of troubled waters, if there was any proper commingling of the elements that compose those bodies. As it is, however, the members rather remind us of the pebbles on the shore. The waves of human thought and passion bring them into collision; they roll over and under, rub against each other, and are only scratched or polished by the friction. Each seems to fear the loss of his own precious individuality by coherence. And so they rattle about like parched peas in a hot skillet, and not a few of them jump out into the fire. But the laws of attraction are not subverted, because the accidents of society and civilization, and the opening of a new era in human development, have temporarily placed us in false relations. We shall inevitably gravitate to our proper places at last. The work of organization will be simplified and rendered easy of accomplishment when once the true basis of union is generally perceived and its essential principles accepted.

Inquirer.—"But the organizations employed to propagate theological ideas and to fashion religious institutions have usually manifested an intolerant spirit, and exercised improper authority over the minds and consciences of men. Are we authorized to presume that any organization founded on our religious conceptions can exist without entailing the evils that have characterized all similar institutions?"

Answer.—"I am sure that these evils are not inevitable, and that an organization may exist without limiting the rational liberty of the individual. The love of unrighteous authority and the base ambition that oppresses the weak are elements that exist in the people, and it is for this reason that they find various and forcible expression in their institutions. The conditions complained of do not necessarily belong to the organic structure, *per se*, any more than insanity and lockjaw belong to the mind and body. These and many other forms of disease are developed in the system; they are incidental evils, but they neither constitute a part of the human organization, nor are they in any way dependent on its normal action. The omnivorous worm may make its way to the root of a tree, and ultimately destroy its life; but no one makes any objection to trees on that account. The forest and the orchard have still their beautiful uses. We prize them none the less for their grateful shade and the precious fruits they bear, because of the possible evils incident to their growth and decay. Worms do not necessarily belong to trees; vital derangement is not an essential condition of human life; nor is it rational to presume that we can only organize our efforts at the sacrifice of our freedom.

The evils we deplore spring from a love of self, and a lust of power in the individual. In respect to nations, it is the great object of organization to restrain these dangerous forces. Abolish all such organizations and introduce the devil's last invention of absolute individual sovereignty, and General Anarchy would at once be master of the situation. Let me assure you that organization is neither to be viewed as a special convenience in the economy of the universe, nor as a mere accident among men. On the contrary, it is an essential law of all matter, operating wherever the forms of life exist. To doubt the propriety of applying this principle, in our efforts to advance the chief interests of society, is to relinquish our faith in the divine method as revealed in the natural world. It is only in the organic creation, material and spiritual, that we recognize the presence of the eternal Life. We may, if we are so disposed, defend the organized forms of plants, animals, and men, against the agents that impair vitality and destroy those forms; but our neglect to do this would never suggest the wisdom of abolishing the great kingdoms of Nature to which they respectively belong. In like manner—in human institutions—organization is necessary to a normal and permanent growth; and it must exist as a means to the great and beneficent ends of Infinite Wisdom and human destiny.

Inquirer.—"Are the views you express entertained by Spiritualists generally, or are they disposed to regard a comprehensive organization as either impossible or premature?"

Answer.—"I cannot say that these views are generally entertained. Unfortunately, too many of our people are so constantly occupied in sight-seeing; in listening to marvelous stories; in pursuing jugglers and working apparent miracles; in worshipping Mammon, and following the fashions of the world, that they have no time to give the subject a serious thought. We have too many ruthless iconoclasts who do a smashing business among the old idols, but they never build any new temples. And then we have an innumerable host of triflers, who never think; who can learn all the science they want to know from any Philander Doesticks, and would prefer for a teacher some new Baron von Münchhausen to the profoundest spiritual philosopher of the age. What these people most need is a rational understanding of the sublime principles of our divine philosophy, and this, I apprehend, they may never possess in this world. Now while the popular ignorance and an intensely selfish individualism may render it difficult if not impossi-

ble to organize the incongruous masses, there is no good reason why the more enlightened and homogeneous elements in the great Spiritual Brotherhood may not assume an organic form. Such a movement ought not to be regarded as premature after we have waited nearly thirty years.

I am reminded that drones never do anything before the time, and the sluggard makes his chief effort in rising to a point of order when it is seriously proposed to go to work. But why should we delay? If any one has a present opportunity to do good, why lose the interest of a generous deed for years to come? Why wait for everybody else to move in the same direction, and for the same object? When that happens, there will be less need of our assistance. The farmer who goes West and sows a thousand acres of wheat, naturally expects to gather a harvest the same year, with no authority for so doing that which warrants every man in reaping where and what he has sown. Now we have been plowing here and there, and scattering seed all over the world for more than a quarter of a century, and is it not time to begin to enjoy the fruit of our labors? When "the fields are white and ready for the harvest," the proper thing to be done—by the man with the strong arm—is to thrust in the sharp sickle; gather the golden sheaves, and rejoice in the harvest-home. The discoverers of new worlds and systems; the civilizing powers that conquer savage brutality and subdue the wilderness; the great inventors who revolutionize the industries of nations, never wait until everybody is educated before they go to work. They neither stop to memorialize Congress, nor the King, for permission to do what Nature and Humanity require; and God ordains.

Inquirer.—"If Spiritualists are as numerous as represented, and their views really tend to render men more liberal than they were before accepting them, how do you account for the fact that as a people they do very little for education and the public charities of the country?"

Answer.—"It is with a feeling of mortification that I acknowledge the fact implied in the inquiry. But there are several reasons for this which must be obvious on a moment's reflection. These reasons have weight, and should modify the public judgment of the people who thus appear to contradict their principles in actual life. Many of them have been recently converted from the popular systems of religious faith. The subject is only vaguely comprehended by the mind. It has not yet reached the diviner affections of human nature. Until it moves the deeper springs of the imperishable life within, we shall not witness its influence in a noble self-denial, and generous sacrifices for the common welfare. In our modern society the pocket is perhaps the last place that is deeply touched by a new conviction. Another reason why greater personal sacrifices have not been made is found in the fact that Spiritualists have not hitherto possessed the machinery necessary to secure united effort for any specific object. No comprehensive plans have been presented for their adoption; and we are without the proper data for estimating the real strength of the movement and the just measure of their liberality.

And here the demoralizing influence of this insane opposition to organization is most apparent. Every attempt to secure a generous cooperation for the general good is paralyzed; and yet without it no great work was ever accomplished. The world is full of the most convincing illustrations of its importance; whilst men with their eyes and ears open wait to be convinced. The proofs are everywhere to be found in the records of all human achievement and universal history. In every material interest and secular pursuit, all men recognize the fact that no great enterprise can be carried forward to ultimate and complete success without organized effort. By this means we unlock a golden treasury in the mines; we establish the currency and the far-reaching interests of universal commerce; we build up gigantic manufactories; we endow the institutions of learning and great public charities; and we connect the whole family of States and Empires, vast Continents and the distant Islands of the sea, by a grand *plexus* of sympathetic nerves through which we feel the pulses of all peoples. All this is accomplished by organized effort; and when the stock-books are opened no man cares to inquire whether those who take an interest with him are Jews, Christians, Mohammedans or Pagans.

Now no man outside of a lunatic asylum would ever think of accomplishing these stupendous results by individual effort. Nor can the vast and beneficent ends which Spiritualism ought to achieve in the world ever be realized without a grand organization, based upon its broad and universal principles, and fashioned in the full light of its sublime philosophy. And shall we never learn this most important lesson from the universal experience of the race? It is proclaimed through all the natural world. It finds expression in every living thing. Far as the winds fan the fainting germs of life, and the sun shines to glorify existence, the truth is revealed. It is illustrated in the first principles that govern our social life and relations, and from the fundamental laws of government we may learn the same lesson. For every great nationality is a grand organization, without which civilized society could not exist. The races of men would relapse into barbarism, and national disintegration and universal anarchy would follow.

Inquirer.—"The base instinct of fear and the selfish desire for personal safety, prompt ignorant men to great sacrifices for the support of sectarian institutions. Is it your opinion that the higher motives of enlightened reason and

sincere love will yet accomplish as much for your cause?"

Answer.—"I should discount the divine love and defame human nature if I did not entertain such an opinion. It should be remembered, that both the fear of punishment and the hope of reward are selfish incentives to action. They exert the greatest power over the meanest natures. The moral constitution is degraded and the soul dwarfed by their influence. There is no real merit in any work that is not cheerfully rendered from unselfish considerations and a love of the service. An obligation, reluctantly observed, is not respected at all, in any sense that reflects honor on human nature. Only the poor slave is scourged to his task. His fear of the lash is the measure of his obedience. The State still governs its subjects by appeals to such base motives; and even the Church waits to be emancipated from their unwholesome influence. But the human heart will yet recover from the momentum derived from its self-love, for God is mighty as we are weak. The world, at last, will get out of its old ruts, and feel the force of a celestial gravitation. In my judgment the strongest motives are those that have their ultimate springs in our spiritual relations and divine life, and that illustrate by example the true nobility of MAN. An intense self-love and real indifference to great public interests; the present mournful ignorance of all that is most important in a great subject; a love of the marvelous, not always guided by reason; and a reckless iconoclasm that stops at no moral consideration in its work of disintegration and ruin—these are great stumbling-blocks in the way of many honest inquirers. But with these and other obstacles in our way, the work goes on; and if those who profess to accept the truth will improve their great opportunity, Spiritualism may finish the temple of Science and become the eclectic Religion of the World. I still rest in the conviction that it will yet be clothed with appropriate forms, and leave its sacred record in the most enduring memorials of the age.

DO SPIRITUALISTS NEED A SPIRITUAL HOME?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Some weeks since, as I took up the Banner and read the call for a convention at Philadelphia, also the various arguments, *pro and con*, relating thereto, I was impressed that order might grow out of chaos, that *fraternity* would begin to exert its influence over *individuality*, and Spiritualism become a power on earth, guided by the heavenly hosts of angels far advanced in the science of Heaven's first law.

Judging from the past, there was little to hope for, but I am not one of those who judge of the future wholly by the past. With full faith in the law of *progression*, past failures were to me but indices of future success.

The Convention met. Each member doubtless felt something of the divine fire of those who met in the same city one hundred years ago. The eyes of ten millions of Spiritualists were upon them. This small band were to erect a fraternal standard around which all could rally and say we are united. It has been said that there is a skeleton in every house, and the Convention was not without this suggestive representative of things departed. The ghost of Christianity reared its head for a brief moment, but soon found itself only an ancient shade, among things present and real. The labors of the Convention were brought to a close, and the result was doubtless satisfactory to a large majority of Spiritualists, who having become weary of the itinerancy of the past, desire a spiritual home where order and fraternity shall furnish a haven of rest for the soul.

As the members of that Convention bade each other adieu, "Organize," was supposed to be the watch word of the hour.

Since that time I have vainly scanned the pages of the Banner, and the secular press, hoping to see a call for local organization, but instead I see long, labored criticisms.

Now, Mr. Editor, why is this? Was that Convention a heartless skeleton, or was it clothed with flesh, enquiring a warm, pulsating heart, electrified by the angel-world and throbbing for humanity? Is the fruit of the spiritual tree, planted by the Convention to be "apples of ashes"? Criticism is well enough, accompanied by earnest labor for something better and more practically substantial. The rootlets of a newly planted tree need water fresh from the ditches of heaven, and exerts can never be made an equivalent; applied to the excessiveness of Christianity, it may check the disease, but it will not nourish the spiritual tree.

Though a stranger in the spiritual controversy, I am nevertheless a watchman upon the walls, and would gladly lend a helping hand to those who are qualified to lead in the work of organization. The members of a working organization must not reside so far from each other that the magnetic cord of sympathy will become chilled by distance, nor strained by attenuation. Organizations of neighbors could meet at the homes of the members until—strong enough to warrant other and larger accommodations.

For the present the financial question need not frighten even the timid financier. As for creeds, the golden rule will do, and I am persuaded few Spiritualists dare assert to-day what they will believe or disbelieve to-morrow. The law of progress admits of no limitations. We are all *pupils*, and assume the *role of teacher* with modest misgivings. Who will take the first practical step toward organization? Is the question of a

HIGHLANDER.

The Rostrum.

THE CROSS--THE TRIANGLE--THE SERPENT.

A Lecture Delivered in New Haven, Conn., Sunday Evening, June 11th, by Prof. R. G. Eccles.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

In this Centennial year, it has become fashionable to bring forth and put upon exhibition everything that has been preserved from Time's insatiable maw. Americans have all become antiquarians, and are hard at work burnishing, polishing, and mending the fragmentary relics of past generations. Old east-away objects, which a short time ago lay neglected and despised, we can now see have a new value placed upon them, and once more are they called forth to the light of day. Old garrets, neglected rooms, and cupboards, cellars and out-of-the-way places are rummaged in search of these specimens of the work of our fathers. Tenaciously cling the memories of sons to sires, and veneration of the past is thus proven to be woven into our very natures, as an heritage we must accept. Evolution sheds a new light on this tendency, and shows it to be the memory of Nature, our common mother, struggling for immortal continuance through the coming ages. Let us not frustrate her designs, but leave the chain of the past unbroken from age to age, and the future will bless us for the same. Religions, Creeds, Bibles, all conspire to this end, and are, indeed, themselves but links in the memory of the race. He who would obliterate every trace of these, would open a chasm between us and the past, over which no wisdom of the future could peer, and make of it the limits of eternity. Thus, in the name of enlightened reason, would he obliterate an infinite fountain of knowledge. From the misty mythologies of bygone ages our modern systems of induction and archeological research are gathering some rare gems of truth. The wildest notions of our fathers have but to be touched by the magic-wand of scientific method, when to a gem is found there hidden amid the trash. Let us string these gems in a rosary, while prayers and praises ascend; open the gates of the past and let the light shine through; despise nothing because of age, nor be ruffled if children heap superstition upon things of value.

To-day we wandered together over Greece and Egypt, watching the ravages of time through a thousand generations. We invoked their slumbering millions from sarcophagi and urn, to recount to our wondering ears their tales of long-lost grandeur. Arabia, too, and Hindostan, told us a similar tale of civilizations that lived and died 4000 years ago. The stony lips of Pyramid and Sphinx were forced to speak after their long, long slumber, by aid of the Rosetta stone in the hands of a Young and Champollion. We find the cycles of progression alternate with days and nights, and now, after the intervening era of a dark, dark age, the sunlight of civilization beams again. Until these revelations burst upon us we had thought ours, the first and the only sunrise, and intellectual creation but just begun. Now is our pride humbled, and we are compelled, like Solomon, to say, "That which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been."

Individuals, nations, races, civilizations and religions, ebb and flow, live and die, grow and decay. Into the seething whirlpool of these mutations sink every form, only to reappear and react its part in the eternity of endless gyrations. All life, all form, all evolution is the same—an endless mass of changing vortices, no one of which can ever cease, but blend and interblend for aye with all around. Past thoughts have sunk to rest, like acorns, on the sward, sleeping while sturdy winds swept overhead, and frigid winter ruled. The sun once more has reached his zenith height, and waving his regal wand, invokes them now to growth. Those upon favored ground will yet make trees, growing in symmetry. Within those beds of frigid superstition they have slept. Sweet has been their slumber even in those icy receptacles of creeds. Now they awake, enchanted by the music of the Spring.

You ask me where these seeds are hid. Bible, Koran, Shaster and Veda alike are their receptacles, for God has given a monopoly of truth to none. Here you can find, in each and all, brightest, holiest thoughts, frozen in massive superstitions, cold and adamant. It is summer now! These lovely flowers, in all their gaudy hues, whose rich and varied fragrances invoke within our souls sensations of delight, are but the children of the ages gone. The past cold winter cradled them as tiny seeds, and surly Boreas sung their lullabies. As with our physical perception so with our mental, the thoughts and fragments left us from the distant past are the seeds that stock our gardens of to-day. They, too, are springing forth fair, living germs, neglected though they were by all save Fate. Creeds have preserved them for us. Creeds are the ice and snow of those sad wintry times, the Dark Ages. Such fragment thoughts now prove to be the seeds of lovely forms that have perished long ago—the remnants and relics of lost and forgotten civilizations. Science breathes upon them like a soft and silent zephyr whispering to a bed of sleeping violets. Thus does it slowly and wisely thaw away the accumulations of intervening ages, doing no violence. Then they can germinate in primitive loveliness, unmarred and beautiful. Iconoclasm, like a devouring fire, sweeps with a feverish breath over their forms, and in mad frenzy leaves on its path death—desolation. Its devotees stand back,

laughing a maniac's laugh at the sad havoc it has wrought, seeing nothing but the thawed snow and ice, the melted, scattered cereals. Oh how mad and blind, to think that they can hasten the exodus of winter! They war with fate, and he who mocks their efforts; the melted water now adheres to harder ice, burying for the night of eternity the destroyed germs. While Science is followed by the rich breath of intellectual Spring, and the song of happy life, iconoclasts breathe but pestilence, dissolution and death. The former is merciful and indolgent, the latter is merciless and bigoted. While howling the mad dogery of "superstition" and "dogmatism" it is a worse form of both than that it would destroy. In the name of exalted humanity, then, let me adjure you to refrain from rejoicing at wanton destruction, and rather be happy at growth.

A cow destroyed Chicago with iconoclastic skill, bringing pain and misery to thousands; but how much brains, wealth and muscle, think you, it took to rear it from its ashes? Ponder and be wise. Leave iconoclasm to the uncultured; let men and women engaged in the erection of truth's holy temple. Build, and if building a palace in this people desert a novel, you have advanced the race. Fearlessly assert what you believe, and do not believe, but never turn aside to deal a destructive blow. But, pardon me, we have wandered from our thesis and must return.

As others are gathering relics of their fathers, and as the archeologist has given us light in contemplating the dark and buried past, so we propose to night, proceeding as we began this afternoon, to determine, by the light of induction, aided by the researches in ancient Egypt, what the probable signification of the old, old story of the fall of man and expulsion from Eden could have meant when first penned. Every error has a soul of truth. Where is the life of this? Jesus is the center of the Christian's hope—in Adam is his dread. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive," is the language of Paul. What is this a wile fall made by Adam? Layard has found in Nineveh the story of the flood, and Ampere in Egypt the fall in Eden. From a diligent study of both, I have concluded they are but grand old allegories containing secret lessons. Origin, the Christian father, asserts they are allegories. He attempted to explain them as such. Paul, in speaking of Abraham and Hagar, says to the Galatians that these are both allegorical characters. It appears to be a trait in human character, to add in this way mystery to the lessons we would inculcate. Morals, good and bad, are taught indirectly in novels, fables and parables. Jesus taught in parables. In the catacombs of ancient Egypt have been found pictures of Eden and its inhabitants. Closely associated therewith are to be seen the symbols of cross, equilateral triangle, and circle, faintly implying a relationship of some kind between them. The circle is usually a serpent coiled in that form. The origin of these symbols is somewhat remarkable. In those early civilizations, already referred to, the great defect was lack of numbers. The world was overrun with complete savages and barbarians, a comparatively small spot being occupied by the handful of intellectual men upon the earth. About the time that ancient Egypt had reached the apex of its glory, and they began to pause and look back satisfied upon what they had done in the way of progress, the fierce Tartar hordes came down like a deluge upon them. Superiority of numbers soon vanquished superiority of skill, and intellect was made the slave of barbarism.

While under their savage taskmasters it is related of these men that they formed a secret council for the purpose of preserving the religion and knowledge of their fathers. From this council developed the celebrated Eleusinian mysteries which in turn became the parent of all our modern secret societies. In seeking appropriate symbols to designate themselves, their uncultured countrymen and the barbarians by whom they were governed, they had recourse to the handwriting of Nature, our common mother. Stamped on the face of each of these classes was a sign easily seen and read. God had written it there. In superficial comparison, no one can excel a semi-savage. Indians will see objects and compare them where white men would fail completely. They can tell in this way every inch of country they traverse and see every track and mark by the way. Their eyes are alive to everything. Who has not heard the tale of the howling derwish, one of a class of half-civilized religionists in Asia, much like the ancient Tartars? A merchant met him in the desert and inquired if he had seen anything of his lost camel. "Did he have a tooth missing?" said the derwish. "Yes," answered the merchant. "Was he lame of one leg?" "Yes." "Was he blind of one eye?" "Yes." "Was he loaded with wheat on one side and honey on the other?" "Oh yes," said the merchant; "and now as you have described him so accurately, please direct me to where I can find him." "I have not seen your camel," replied the derwish. The merchant, enraged, had him brought before the Mufti for theft, and when called upon to explain, the derwish said, "When traveling in the desert, this morning, I observed the tracks of a camel. I knew he must have strayed from his master because it appeared to have no settled way of going; I thought it must have lost a tooth, for, wherever it grazed, a tuft was left of the grass; I took it to be lame of one leg, as one track was invariably lighter than the others; I thought it must be blind of one eye, since it cropped the grass upon but one side, although there was better food on the other; from the busy ants on one side and the swarms of bees on the other, I determined its load."

This character being so fully developed in this class of men is marked by an elevation of what phrenologists call the organ of comparison. Men of this stamp are excessively gullible, like young robins, opening their mouths and swallowing without question whatever comes along, and as to keeping a secret they positively could not. Drawing a line from comparison to their open mouths and crossing it with another, untilting the eyes, you unite every prominent feature of a savage face, while at the same time you draw the sign of the cross. This, then, was the sign which to these ancient *literate* meant gullibility, tyranny and prating imbecility, with the other characteristics of barbarians. Remove the mouth and join the two eyes by lines converging at the top of the forehead, in comparison, and you will have the symbol of those freshly initiated to their society, and who of course had, in a sense, discarded the use of the mouth. The equilateral triangle is therefore, to this day, the sign of secrecy, virtually meaning "hold your tongue." Originally there was an eye upon each corner, but these are now generally united into one all-seeing eye and placed in the centre of the figure.

We have but to refer you to the round full forehead of the philosopher to have you at once see the origin of the third symbol, the circle, which became from this on, the type of perfection and completeness. Perfect wisdom, love, truth, etc., were all so typified, so it became the symbol of God. But how did it change to a serpent? Simple enough. These ancient sages held, like us, the theory of immortal life; and how to add this with its apparent breaks of continuity at death, to the already formed symbol of a circle, was the query. It could not wait long without a solution. There is but one object in the universe can form such a type. That object is a snake which annually pictures death by shedding its slough. A snake formed into a complete ring thus becomes a type of all perfection and truth, with the eternal round of time and space. Here was laid the foundation of Python worship so prevalent in the East at one time. To-day we have these symbols of cross, triangle and circle, bequeathed us in our religious and secret societies, and I notice our friends of the Theosophical Society have, as might be expected, chosen them as their insignia.

Why Christians should lay claim to the first of these signs as belonging exclusively to them, has often been a wonder to me. There is overwhelming proof of its vast antiquity, and the New Testament itself shows its popularity before the crucifixion, as witness Jesus's statement to his disciples, "Take up your cross and follow me." Not having as yet been crucified, he could not have referred to that. He evidently meant that if they became his disciples, the bigoted, thoughtless, priest-ridden people, would be upon them—those typified by the symbol of the cross.

There are a few passages in the New Testament which, in all probability, point to the symbol of the serpent—wisdom or truth—as being understood in Palestine after the Egyptian method. Jesus says "be ye wise as serpents." The real serpent is not wise, and does not even possess the cunning of a fox. The allegorical serpent stood for all wisdom and in this sense, his charge to his disciples is appropriate. In the religious notions clustering around Jesus he is made to pronounce himself, "the first and last," "the endless," etc. Why should we then be surprised should he claim being the Egyptian symbolic serpent? This he undoubtedly does in the statement that, "As Moses lifted up the (allegorical) serpent in the wilderness, even so shall I (whom I typified) be lifted up." In the idea he held of his unity with God, this was nothing more than we might have expected.

For the purpose of seeing more fully that the Adamic account cannot be a historical verity, you have but to consider some of its features of improbability. First we have the injustice of God in punishing Adam and Eve for disobeying him, when the same account tells us they knew not the difference between good and evil. Not knowing good from evil, they could not know that it was wrong to disobey him, yet he was unjust enough to punish them for doing what they did not and could not know was wrong. Second, we are compelled to accept of a walking, talking, dust-eating snake. Third, we must believe that in those days knowledge could be had without mental labor, by the mere eating of fruit. Fourth, that there were many Gods who were afraid man would be wise. "Behold they have become as one of us, knowing good from evil." Fifth, if, when man was made he was in God's image, God must be blind, for Adam was before the fall. Considered as a piece of history, these objections appear to me insuperable, but in the light of an allegory, there is no difficulty in dealing with them. Let us then consider the serpent as God, or Wisdom, the tree of knowledge as science, (which is as much a growth as any tree,) Adam and Eve as the typical man and woman of the race, blindness as superstition, Jehovah as a typical priest, and the tree of life as the science of immortality. The priesthood, then, were to forbid the blindly superstitious of their followers from having sight to do with science, but woman's curiosity, prompted by the whisperings of wisdom, (the serpent) was to overcome. When woman's curiosity is mentioned in this age, it brings a smile; many considering it a stigma of disgrace. No greater mistake than this could be made. I would that we had all more curiosity than we have. Scientific men are the most inquisitive set of beings in the world, and that very trait gives them a mastery of Nature that an imbecile lack of curiosity would withhold from them.

Ladies, henceforth consider the would-be slur of curiosity, when cast at your sex, an honor! Women like Hypatia, of Alexandria, are our typical Eves, but alas, she felt the power of priestly rule and became a martyr to science. "On the day thou entest thereof thou shalt surely die." She ate, and having eaten, perished. Let us now consider the list of curses. The serpent having removed man from blind superstition and naked mentality, came in for the first denunciation. It must crawl. By priestly power wisdom has ever had to crawl, no vantage ground being given but what it has conquered. It is cursed above wily sophistry, typified by the other beasts of the field. "Dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." What can this mean? "Come to the rock of your salvation," says the priest. Nominally he refers to Christ, really to the church: "The church is a fixed crystal rock, devoid of all mobility of dogma. Examine some dust with a microscope, and you will find it entirely composed of abraded rocks. Who, then, follow in the paths of wisdom? Who listen to the calls for knowledge? Those abraded from the church! Those who are called the infidels of their age! These are the serpent's food."

"The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head" is the next part of the decree. Who can say that this has not been fulfilled? The priesthood has put enmity between the seed of wisdom and their pitiless dupes. Think of Galileo, Bruno, Copernicus, and the host of stars sanctified by bitter trials, if you would doubt the execution of this decree. The bigoted seed of ignorant man has placed its heel on wisdom's head. But—

Round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

Who was to be conqueror, do you suppose, in this battle—the serpent or the seed? The church says the seed, but the Bible tells me *the serpent*. Wisdom, not bigotry, was to triumph at last. In ancient times warriors went clad in armor to shield them from arrows, swords, and missiles and spears. One place—the heel—was left exposed, and running soldiers could here be pierced by poisoned lances. This was certain death. Achilles was said to be so clad, naturally, that he was invulnerable in every place but the heel. After the seed of the woman bruised the serpent's head, the serpent was to bruise him in his only vulnerable spot, the heel. If the

seed is Jesus, and Jesus God, and if the serpent is the devil, then is the devil going to triumph at last, and subdue all things to himself? The reverse of this is true. Jesus and other followers of wisdom are guided by the serpent. The pain that comes at the birth of new thoughts will fulfill the woman's curse, and the false knowledge and false theories that arise in the mental garden when first let free from priestly rule will fulfill man's. The tree of life in the midst of the garden of Nature is the central truth of all science and a knowledge of immortality. Whoever eats this fruit gets all the immortality he can ever have. You may live on time without end, but can never get eternal life, since eternity never comes. When you get the knowledge that you shall never die, then have you got all the eternal life you can ever procure. The fruit of this central tree is the next intrenchment of the priestly power. An angel with a flaming sword to typify eternal death as distinct from temporal death must needs guard this. No longer daring to use gibbet and *auto-da-fé*, fagot nor rack, material science having gained a hearing from their votaries, theologians must needs forbid researches for the unseen universe, with spiritual instead of temporal threats. From this, their last bulwark, they will be driven, as the flaming sword is a lamp to the path of the brave who would eat and live forever, while it can but frighten cowards.

SPIRITUAL EVIDENCES NOT GOVERNED BY THE ARBITRARY LAWS OF SCIENCE.

BY ALEXANDER S. DAVIS.
(Read before the New York Spiritual Conference.)

It has been said by a well-known writer on the Harmonical Philosophy, that Spiritualism is always hitting where least expected. From this we are left to infer that the manifestations of spirits, constituting the evidences of spirit-communication, are usually occurring at times when not looked for, and in a way entirely inconsistent with the preconceived ideas of the recipients of these supermundane favors. This is not only true in regard to the manifestations of the past, but peculiarly illustrated in the advent of Modern Spiritualism.

The world of celestial intelligences had a work to do with the inhabitants of earth, and they went about it in their own good way. It is true they were governed by a law as to the time of commencing, as well as the manner of prosecuting the work; but in so doing it was no part of that law to consult the opinions of mortals as to the expediency or feasibility of undertaking the enterprise. Neither were they necessitated to consult with any of the learned ones of this planet at least as to the *modus operandi* of carrying on the work in order to make it successful.

In the process of evolution and the unfolding of the intellect, the time arrived when the leading minds of the higher spheres could safely approach this sphere with the light of celestial truth, and assist mankind in solving the perplexed problem of immortality. And what conditions were required for the general dissemination of the facts and principles of Spiritualism? Intelligence had to be imparted to mortals, in order to give them the evidences of an after-life. It was to be effected by the influence of mind upon mind and spirit upon spirit, and spiritual force acting upon matter. This required passivity on the part of those to be acted upon, and positive and superlative mental action on the part of the supermundane forces. Without this no intercommunication could have been established between the two worlds. It was successfully begun at the advent of Modern Spiritualism, and thus was more fully and completely instituted than ever before the great law of mediumship, by the uses of which the spirit-world has been brought down to us, and we mortals carried up to it, while yet in the flesh. But this has not been an easy task to carry on, on the part of that intelligent army of workers who inaugurated this great reformatory movement. It took the world by surprise, and by virtue of the psychological power acquired it did not stop to ask permission, but captured the fort while its would-be enemies slept. With the dawn of this new light many of course frowned, others were obstinate, while many became curious, investigated closely, and ultimately as its adherents and ardent supporters.

Some, again, became over-anxious to receive the truth, and unwittingly retarded their own spiritual growth. How much this same element of ignorance manifested by the undeveloped in spirit-life, aided in thwarting the efforts of the wise and beneficent, it would be difficult to determine; but notwithstanding all opposition and hindering causes, Spiritualism, from the first, became a recognized power, and thousands rejoiced in the light of this New Dispensation. I purpose now (briefly of course) to consider some of the obstacles which Spiritualism has been compelled to encounter from its first appearance to the present time, and which are likely to continue by reason of a non-observance of the fundamental principles governing spirit control and the production of spirit phenomena. The first is on the part of the opponents of Spiritualism and pretended investigators of the subject. While assuming the appearance of candor, they hesitate not to place themselves in an antagonistic attitude in fact, by taking the matter into their own hands whilst in the presence of mediums, and dictating how the influence shall manifest itself to best suit their notions of propriety and self-gratification.

The complacency with which they do this is perfectly astounding. They deceive themselves, and then complain because they obtain no satisfaction in their partial and restricted modes of investigation. I see no remedy for this except for such to learn wisdom by experience and the follies of the past.

A still more dangerous class to the cause of Spiritualism comprises those who are its professed friends, but have become too intellectual and scientific to be relied upon as competent and impartial judges of spiritual truths. In their zeal to be exact, and able to demonstrate everything claiming to be of spiritual origin, they in utmost good faith seek to define the rules for the production of spiritual evidences, and thus reduce all spiritual phenomena to an exact science. Nothing could be more antagonistic to the basic principles upon which spirit communion is indebted for its existence and maintenance than this arbitrary and dogmatic dictation. I say this not without reservation. It is the extreme of the position that I deprecate—not the reasonable and judicious application of precautionary measures to prevent imposition, and to aid in the ascertainment of truth. The motives of these dis-

ciples of so-called spiritual science, I do not question. Neither do I believe but that ultimately the attitude they have taken will result favorably to the cause of Spiritualism.

There are reasons, perhaps, why they are carrying their investigations to extremes. Deception having been practiced in a few cases, in their over-desire to keep from being deceived in future, they, Young America fashion, assume to take charge of the institution and run it themselves.

The story of the hound in pursuit of the fox may serve as a simple illustration. The owner of the dog meeting a friend, inquired whether he had seen anything of the swift-footed quadruped in his travels, and being answered in the affirmative, he next inquired how they were making it, and received the very consoling information that he believed the dog was a little ahead.

Some of you, I think, will agree with me when I say that some of the investigators of Spiritualism are getting a little ahead of the spirits.

In Spiritualism we have no rules for the introduction of its evidences. Whatever convinces, is competent proof, though not always infallible. The act of placing a medium under test conditions, although apparently commendable, is assuming a positive attitude, more or less incompatible with the law of spirit-control which requires a passive or negative condition. This demanding that a medium shall submit to some extraordinary crucial test, in order to convert some over-credulous person to a belief in the genuineness of the manifestations, is not within the province of legitimate investigation, and no part of the true mission of Spiritualism. To the earnest seeker after spiritual light it is not so much the magnitude of the manifestations, as it is the adaptation of the evidence to the status of the investigator, and the certainty of its working a conviction of its reality. Scientific tests belonging to the domain of intellectuality cannot of themselves inculcate spiritual truth, or establish the absolute certainty of the absence of deception in all cases. Hence the application of formal modes of proof to Spiritualism is a great mistake. You can only measure spiritual phenomena, whether mental or physical, by bringing into action the exercise of spiritual perception and spiritual discernment—reason and science of course being employed as auxiliaries. This is the manner the work has been carried on thus far, and its success in the future will be proportionate to its being conducted in conformity to the regulations of philosophers and scientists on the other side of the river, unobstructed by mundane influences and the interference of scientific pretenders.

Written for the Banner of Light.
UNSEEN HELPERS.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

Friends I have unknown by mortals,
Round my way,
Keeping watch and ward about me,
Night and day,
Clambering up Life's stony pathway,
Rock, and steep—
As I go their gaze is on me,
Calm and deep.

Dangers vast rise just before me,
Till, at length,
Worn and weary, weaker growth
Faith and strength;
Darker clouds and greater trials
Round me throng;
Almost fainting—unseen helpers
Make me strong.

When the twilight shadow falleth
From above,
They upon my waiting spirit
Breathe their love.
Heaven is opened to my vision;
Note by note,
Their sweet melodies angelic,
To me float.

Inharmonious conditions
Roughly grate
On my spirit; I, complaining,
Mourn my fate.
Deep affliction's bitter waters
Drown my soul;
Overwhelming tides of sorrow
O'er me roll.

These and other seeming evils
Round me flow;
Yet within my inner spirit,
I do know
They like other brighter blessings,
As they should,
Live and move, and act upon me
For my good.

Blessings on my unseen teachers,
Throned in bliss,
Who descend to earth with lessons
Such as this.
God and all his holy angels
Come to me,
And they come, my sister, brother,
Unto thee.

Materialization Seances in Chicago.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The numerous friends of the late H. Augusta White will be gratified to learn that during the past month she has repeatedly materialized with much and constantly increasing success, through the mediumship of Dr. Ernest J. Wilford, 217 West Madison street, this city.

In the light circle she materializes so perfectly as to be recognized by all her acquaintances, many of whom have been present on most of these occasions. She emerges from the cabinet, sometimes several feet, and bows to the assembled party, repeating this frequently; and she has on such occasions taken up a slate and pencil from a chair in front of the cabinet, written a short communication, and replaced them, or seated herself for sometime on the chair.

In the dark circle she makes herself known tangibly to many friends by acts of endearment, and among various messages purporting to be written by herself, and written during such circles, she has given the following to a brother in Michigan, in a handwriting which resembles her graphology while on earth, and the signature of which is a fac simile of her signature in a book of writing now in our possession:

"MY DEAR BROTHER JAMES—After clinging to my old worn-out body so long, I feel still overcome with astonishment at the glorious beauty of the sphere; but amid the enjoyment of the higher life I forget not you or Corby, Mr. Wilcox, or my other fellow-workers and friends.

"Dear brother, I will be near you as often as I feel you need me, to bless, comfort and uphold you in your work. My soul will gain advancement, working as of yore, in the cause of humanity. I have seen our dear mother and so

many friends! My love to all. Your loving sister,
H. AUGUSTA WHITE.

"Do for the medium whatever you can. I did materialize."
As respects the trustworthiness of the medium, it is no exaggeration to say that he is universally considered by his acquaintances as morally incapable of deception. He has for years been a reliable medium. The materializations are with him of but recent origin. N. H. JORGENSEN.
Chicago, Aug. 10th, 1876.

Andrew Jackson Davis.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Allow me to say that the report of the committee having charge of the Davis Testimonial is a great disappointment to me, as it doubtless is to you and many others. It invoked a series of most painful reflections. "Truly a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and his own times." And why? Because he is not known. The name of the author of "Nature's Divine Revelations" is familiar to the whole civilized world, yet the man who bears it walks the earth a stranger and pilgrim, unknown to the mass of his fellows, unmoted by the crowds that jostle him on the street. Ah! forgotten by millions who have drank deep draughts of wisdom from the fountains of his matchless inspiration.

A distinguished European, on visiting this country, says: "One of the cherished objects of my visit was to see Andrew Jackson Davis; but, on inquiry, I found few Spiritualists, even, who seemed to know where he was to be found. Surely, we thought, he must be at the head of some great church, temple, or synagogue, some place where spiritually starved souls could feed upon the 'Divine Revelations of Nature,' as taught by one of her purest and truest interpreters! But no; the great alchemist who had transmuted the magic of early ages into the gold of spiritual science, the seer, philosopher, and greatest phenomenon of this or any age, had to be sought for in a little shop, in an obscure street, where, without followers, disciples, admirers, stood the great seer, selling books for a living." The placid mien and gentle tones of the unassuming salesman betrayed none of the pangs of grief, indignation and humiliation which two foreigners felt for him, as they made their silent purchases with hearts too full for utterance.

"That man is nobler far, in the quiet dignity of his present humble position, than when he stood as the interpreter of angels, dictating 'Nature's Divine Revelations.'" Thus spake one of the deeply moved visitors. "The age is not worthy of him," rejoined the other. "Ay! but his works will live after him. The truths he reveals are eternal, and the prophet will become immortal," was the reply. "Even so. Time, the touchstone of truth, will do justice to him. And so Andrew Jackson Davis, farewell!"

Shall the millions of American Spiritualists receive the sad refrain of the noble foreigner, and thus, so far as we may, remand this grand soul and true prophet to obscurity and poverty, after he has broken the bread of life to the multitudes for more than thirty years, and made ample provision, in his works, for the unnumbered multitudes of all coming time? I cannot believe it. It cannot be that while Boston endows Garrison with a fortune of thirty thousand dollars, as a reward for his services in the cause of the slave; while Concord gives Emerson ten thousand, that he did not need; while the materialists are contributing freely to the support of Herbert Spencer; while monuments are being raised on every hand to the memory of soldiers, statesmen, sages and poets, surely ten thousand dollars can be readily raised for the noble purpose of slightly rewarding Andrew Jackson Davis for his great service to humanity, and thus secure him against absolute want during his declining years.

He would never ask for it. No; he would die of hunger, and make no sign, save to the angels. He has protested with his friends against any appeal in his behalf. But knowing him as we do, and knowing that while he has benefited others beyond all measure, he remains, as he began, poor in purse, though rich of soul, a few of us feel that we owe it to the Spiritualists of the country to lay the matter before them, and leave them to act as their hearts shall prompt.

I said the report disappoints me, and chiefly because there are so few contributors to the fund. Those whose names appear in the report have done nobly, have shown themselves generously appreciative of the great, ay, the inestimable service Andrew Jackson Davis has rendered to humanity. But instead of one hundred and thirty-five names there should have been ten thousand in this list of contributors.

Among the millions of Spiritualists, I am sure there are ten thousand who would gladly give an average of one dollar each to this fund. I therefore suggest that the committee having this matter in charge, extend the time one year, or until the sum named shall have been received, they reporting from time to time through the Banner of Light.
T. A. BLAND.

Boston, Aug. 24th, 1876.

SOUL AND BODY: or, The Spiritual Science of Health and Disease. By W. F. Evans, author of "Mental Cure" and "Mental Medicine." All diseases appertaining to man are of a spiritual nature, and the only way for whatever in the whole of nature has no correspondence with the spiritual world, has no existence, having the body loses its vital connection or correspondence entirely with the soul, it mortifies, or is made dead, as the word implies.

This book argues that, whether Jesus is regarded as a man or God, his understanding of the connection between soul and body, and that disease is a partial severance of this connection, goes far beyond anything that any one has ever obtained. The history of great healers is traced to a considerable extent, and the fact is made to appear that persons have met with success in proportion to the amount of spiritual knowledge they possessed. It is true that doctors seldom look or treat back of the symptoms, but Dr. Evans argues that as a syncope, or fainting, is a loss of the connection between the soul and the body, it should look back to the unseen spiritual something as the cause which needs attention. A pain in the body, which is not relieved by any remedy, it corresponds entirely with the soul, it mortifies, or is made dead, as the word implies.

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Original Essay.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM AND CREEDAL RELIGIONS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Modern Spiritualism is a development differing so substantially from all previous growths of the spiritual idea of the human family, that many decline to term it a religion, preferring rather to consider it to be a science. Indeed, in recognizing the various conditions of the individual members of our race as simply more or less advanced, and in refusing to anathematize any human being whatever, it may be said to diverge materially from all the spiritual formations that have preceded it. Its catholicity is indeed "universal," for it extends its arms to embrace not only those who accept, but also those who reject its doctrines, for it maintains that its present opponents will assuredly, in the near future, soon be convinced of their errors, and become converts and supporters. At the same time its charity is so all-pervading that it declines to apply to mankind the terms "good" or "evil," regarding all of us as travelers on the same road, and only more or less distant from the goal of human perfection. As these views have never previously been promulgated, it is claimed that Modern Spiritualism has a right to assert its superiority, both as to its catholicity and its charity, over all creedal or self-styled revealed religions, which, resting on fixed bases, are unable to accept the law of progression, though, of necessity, they are compelled to submit to its decrees; which cannot admit divergence of belief on subjects connected with futurity or theology, and which depend for their existence and extension on the vain profferings they make of special favors to be granted to those they set apart as "good," or the dread their equally vain fulminations of future punishment may awaken in the hearts of those they select to condemn as "evil."

It is true that an exact comparison cannot be instituted between Modern Spiritualism and any one of the various religions of the day. It is also admissible that creedal religions are the leaves of the plant of which Modern Spiritualism is the blossom. Both are growths, both are advances toward perfection. As with the physical, so with the spiritual order of nature. The mollusk, the fish and the reptile were needed to precede the mammal. As fairly as anything can be proved, that is a certain conclusion. The cell appears to be the first, and the mammal is, in the order of progression, the last step of animal life. Could we trace the spiritual creation, from the first prayer that ever entered into the heart of a savage, through the animal worship of remote antiquity, then the exaltation of deities in human forms, terminating (let us hope) in our time with the latest expression of "man-made-god" worship, in the deification of virginity and maternity by the Catholic Church, in the promulgation of the doctrine of the "immaculate conception" of Mary, we should find that all these steps were likewise necessary to precede the advent of the "spiritual mammal" of the present era.

History teaches us that all the above-mentioned advances were born of intense suffering. In order to develop the intellectual power of our race, war and slavery were necessary agents. If they are curses now, it is because man has outgrown the need of them; they formerly were blessings. In order to develop our spiritual power, superstitions and priesthoods were useful implements. They also have done their work, and now are not only needless but positively injurious to humanity. Costly as has been the growth of the intellectual, the development of the spiritual in man has been far costlier. The pages of all human histories are deeply stained with the blood-tracks it has left. Take that one of them, the Bible. Mark the entry of the Judaeic male religion of force into the "promised land"; hear the orders of its Delty: "Kill every male among the older ones" and "hate the Moabites and Ammonites forever!" Trace its course in its barbaric wars with surrounding tribes. Following it further down the stream of time, behold the reflux of the wave of superstition in the institution of the "religion of love" by Jesus of Nazareth, which errs as much on the side of the affections as that of Moses did on the side of the intellect. See it entering pagan Rome and suffering ten martyrs. At length Jehovah conquers Jupiter, but did the sufferings that Christianity endured teach it mercy? No; behold the work of the Catholic Church in France and Spain; see the Greek Church divided in two parts which hate each other; lastly examine the cruelties practiced by Protestant Churches in Ireland, Scotland, and New England; all, all bloody, all cruel, down to the murders committed by the Danites of Mormonism, the last of the Christian manifestations!

In tracing the course of one creedal religion the tracks are followed that are made by all, though there are variations in minor details. If the atrocities of the past are not permitted in the present era, it is because the world has outgrown the ancient forms of faith, and is superior in its moderation and morality to the churches. The state has decreed religious liberty; any church, being in absolute power on the question, would annihilate it. It was the world and not the churches that overthrew slavery in this country; the soldiers converted the clergy on that subject. If the doctrines of the Catholic church be correct as regards future punishment, the autos-da-fé of Spain are logically justifiable. In refusing to permit such to be reëacted, civilization really condemns the teachings on which they were based, and from which they emanated. But, glancing at the past from the standpoint of the present, let us not unwisely condemn the previous usefulness of those modifications of the spiritual idea of man termed creedal or revealed religions. Each of them was necessary in its time of power; each had its birth and rejoiced in the strength of its manhood, though now each of them, without exception, appears to be burdened with ailments, and decrepit with age. Religions, like nations and races, have their rise and fall, and constant changes are constantly at work in the most conservative of them. The Roman branches off from the Greek church, and Protestantism falls away from the former. The Catholic of to-day is not the Catholic of the thirteenth century; if he were he would be sharpening his sword and making ready his gun, preparatory to marching on Rome to reseat Pío Nono as the monarch of that ancient city. The Protestant of to-day is not the Puritan of the sixteenth century; John Knox would hardly thrust his hand in a grab bag, or John Bunyan take a share in a lottery for a doll in order to benefit the heathen. Perceiving the laxity of the churches, many eminent clergymen have asserted that "lack of faith"

is a prominent characteristic of the age. They are right; it is so. The world needs a spiritual motor as much as a watch a mainspring; if it has lost faith it is because the age demands fact instead of faith. As regards futurity, human beings must either depend on belief or on assured knowledge; not having the former, of necessity the time has arrived for the institution of the latter.

Hence the need for the new development called Modern Spiritualism, the great requisite of the present age. "Charity and catholicity" are its watchwords, and under them it must conquer. The motto of the world is the same as that of John Hampden—it is, "no footsteps backward." Progress, eternal progress is the order of the day, and it is vain to say to the rolling billows of time, as they surge around and sweep away the ruins of the past, "Hitherto shall thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The truth is, the world has outgrown its "man-made-gods," which have been the dolls and toys of its spiritual infancy; the worship of such idols will be discontinued, and with that the necessity for the existence of creedal religions will pass away. The priesthoods of the past which invented them, and the priesthoods of the present which conserve them, will be needed no more. To scientists generally and to the advanced minds of the age in all civilized countries, present religions are anomalies, and cold materialism would poison humanity, were it not for the grand change introduced by Modern Spiritualism. It is indeed a vast and mighty alteration, destined to affect for good the welfare of our race; and it is believed that none can fully estimate the benefits it will confer upon us. Going forth, as it has gone forth, speaking the truth in love, anathematizing none, calling all into its fold, absorbing and not combating its opponents, it is no wonder that in little more than a quarter of a century it has already firmly rooted itself, and is well represented by presses in almost all nations; presenting a progress more rapid and uniform than has ever before been witnessed; and surely our seers are right who instruct us that it is not possible to compute the blessings which will flow out to all the peoples of the earth from the introduction and establishment of the doctrines of Modern Spiritualism.

R. W. HUME. P. O. Box 158, Long Island City, New York.

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARIES.

There are three great events which cover the most important part of our history—the battle of Lexington, which may justly be considered as the birth of national liberty; the battle of Bunker Hill, which may with propriety be denominated the baptism of liberty; and the declaration of independence, which was in fact the proclamation or announcement to foreign nations that a new power had been inaugurated among the nations of the earth, claiming the usual rights, powers and prerogatives.

THE THREE GREAT CENTENNIALS.

The seasons revolve, and the scenes of our story are brought in succession and spread at our feet;

Events big with interest, resplendent with glory, And deeds with true daring and wisdom replete.

And first in the series the birth of the nation—

The primary event in Colonial reform; Where sturdy old Middlesex, proud of her station, Was first to present her bold breast to the storm. She had firmly declared that no death was untimely,

Where life was surrendered in liberty's cause; And this sacred doctrine was practiced sublimely, Sustaining with firmness our freedom and laws.

The baptismal scene was both grand and imposing;

When freemen stood firm on the sea-beaten height;

With courage undaunted, their purpose disclosing;

To battle for freedom, for God, and the right.

Our statesmen indulging a year's meditations,

On deeds as heroic as any of yore, Resolved to proclaim in the ears of the nations,

The truths that were acted a twelve-month before.

They knew they could lean with implicit reliance

On heroes enlightened with freedom's first rays;

And on the red field bid the tyrant defiance,

'Mid cannon a-booming and Charlestown ablaze.

CENTENNIAL AND OTHER JOTTINGS.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Noticing the marble fronts, inviting parks and magnificent buildings the first time my feet paced the regularly-laid-out streets of the Quaker City, I was charmed—and, what is more, the charm lingers. Is it generally known that, considering the population, Philadelphia is the healthiest city in the Union? The correspondent of the London Times learns "that the average of mortality of Philadelphia is less than that of London and Paris, and considerably less than that of New York, Berlin, and Vienna." In 1874 Philadelphia attained a degree of healthfulness almost unparalleled. With the then population of 775,000 the number of deaths was but 14,966, or 19 3-10 per thousand.

The New York Times's correspondent, examining the wonderful healthfulness of Philadelphia, thinks it due "to the abundant and cheap water supply, and to the use made by the poorer classes of the Fairmount Park, an open space covering nearly three thousand acres. As an evidence of the popularity of this park, it is said that it was visited last year by eleven millions of persons. More than all, the healthfulness of Philadelphia is to be attributed to its abundant accommodation as the city of homes. It contains one hundred and forty-three thousand dwelling-houses, occupied by families, being forty thousand houses more than we have within the limits of the city of New York. Its population covers an area of one hundred and twenty-nine square miles, which are traversed by more than a thousand miles of streets and roads. We say, All honor to Philadelphia! When we think of what has been the misfortune of New York during the past heated spell, of the two thousand children dying from infantile diseases in twenty days; when we think of thousands of our honest, virtuous, noble-hearted working people confined to the dirty, narrow, crowded, nasty tenements of the lower part of the island, we emphasize the tribute paid to Philadelphia by the correspondent of the London Times, and honor it as the one city among American cities which deserves to be called the metropolis of homes."

CENTENNIAL PRICES.

Talk, tattling, grumbling, fault-finding, are all cheap commodities. The masses seek for the ill, rather than the good, along the journey of life. I have yet to learn of the first well-authenticated case of swindling or extortion practiced upon the Centennial grounds. That there are floating gamblers and human sharks here, is not denied;

but other cities have contributed more to the number than Philadelphia.

If the city, as reported, contributed six million dollars to the enterprise, it is but justice that a portion of it be returned. And yet Philadelphians do not expect to become everlastingly rich out of the Exhibition. I see no difference in prices this year from last. This holds good in regard to carriages, street-cars, board and everything else. Every one, however, experiences the enlightening effect of the Exhibition. The markets show great thrift; trade is brisk; the banks are full of money, and there are no "forty thousand working-men out of employment," as in New York. Everybody that possibly can should visit this grand Centennial.

THE PRINCESS ISABEAU A SPIRITUALIST.

This lady, a descendant of Richard Coeur de Lion, is a great annoyance to respectable families, and more especially to her mother, the Princess de Beauveau-Craon. Lady Isabeau is a woman of great wealth, of great talent, and, withal, decidedly eccentric. She lives in a plain, simple manner, cares nothing for respectability, nor the conventional etiquette of French aristocracy. She does her own shopping, consults Spiritualist mediums, and is devotedly attached to a Mr. Stube, a wheelwright by trade, yet possessed of wonderful spiritual gifts. The mother, pretending a few years since that Isabeau was insane, brought her before the courts in Paris. Here she plead her own cause in such a masterly manner as to demonstrate her sanity. Though the ordeal was a fiery one, she came out victorious. The London Daily News says:

"She explained the facts which had made her life desolate, and caused her to shun ordinary society and the home of her mother. After a temperate speech, she, being then a woman in the prime of life, turned to the counsel of the opposite party and silenced him. 'I can understand, sir,' she said, 'that an honorable man, who knew nothing of myself or of my character, might adopt the cause of my mother. I do not understand how, after having seen me and heard my defence, you can persist in demanding a verdict against me.' And in point of fact the advocate did not succeed in proving his case. In the trial which has just ended, the Princess Isabeau seems to have been even more eloquent and not less successful than in that which took place eight years ago. In these eight years she had apparently added to her previously deep interest in what is called Spiritualism."

COLUMBUS AND HIS VISIONS.

All the great royal-souled men of the past were gifted with either conscious or unconscious mediumship. Spiritual intelligences have ever had more to do with this world than materialists dreamed of, or Christians knew. This Genoese navigator and re-discoverer of America was the subject of impressions, dreams and visions. Baron Humboldt, quoting from Columbus's letter in "Navarrete's Colcion de Viages," vol. I, p. 299, says:

"Nothing can be more tender or more pathetic than the sorrowful tone that pervades this letter of Columbus, written at Jamana to Ferdinand and Isabella. I particularly recommend to all who wish to study the character of that excellent man, his narrative of the Nocturnal Vision. When in the midst of the tempest a celestial voice soothed and cheered him with these words: 'God made thy name to resound marvellously throughout the earth. The Indies, which are the richest portions of the earth, he has given unto thee for this. Thou shalt divide them as thou wilt; and he gave thee power to do so. To the boundaries of the ocean that were closed with a mighty chain, he gave thee THE KEY.'"

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

Falling recently in a railway connection at this "City of Elms," I availed myself the pleasure of calling upon the Whittings, Ewells, and other substantial friends of Spiritualism. The greetings were most cordial. Mr. Hermance continues the same earnest worker, and Mr. Whitting's face is set as flint against "God in the Constitution," and every form of intolerance and bigotry. Masonically speaking, these gentlemen may be named "Jaehin and Boaz." Mrs. Dr. Middlebrook is lecturing in New Haven the present month. O. B. Frothingham occupies their rostrum the first two Sundays of September, to be followed by Cephas B. Lynn the remainder of the month and all of October. Mr. Lynn, logical in thought and systematic in purpose, is naturally a constructionist—a builder upon the temple.

MRS. EWELL AND MRS. HAWKINS.

Getting a drink of water of a Mexican mother near the Orizaba Station, last February, I asked, How many children have you? "Two," was the prompt reply, "one here on earth, and one in heaven." Of Mrs. Ewell, and Mrs. Hawkins, the latter is in heaven; and yet she is the controlling spirit-intelligence of Mrs. Ewell, No. 19 Charles street, New Haven. Full twenty years since I knew this Mrs. Hawkins well, in White Pigeon, Michigan; knew her as a brave, noble-souled Spiritualist, standing alone among scoffers; knew her as a superior test and healing medium; knew her as a good, self-sacrificing woman. Some of the cures in the vicinity where she lived were as miraculous as those recorded in the New Testament. The neighbors called her a "witch." She loved her mission, and passing to the better-land some five years since, resolved to continue her chosen work on earth, and is so doing most effectually through the mediumistic organism of Mrs. Ewell, whose clairvoyant and healing gifts are truly wonderful.

THE COMPOUNCE POND MEETING.

Reaching Plainville, I was met at the station by Mr. George L. Smith, a thrifty manufacturer of this place. Weary and hungry, I was soon a guest at his pattern table—no coffee, no tea, no meat, no lard-soaked pastry; Graham gems, oatmeal, new milk, apple-sauce, blackberries, peaches, ripe apples, &c. Such well-spread tables requiring no "grace," are a grace of themselves. Mrs. Smith was at Dr. Jackson's water-cure at the time when Robert Dale Owen's health gave way in consequence of intense mental labor.

It is four miles from Plainville to the picnic grounds. The day was fair, the grove beautiful, the rocky back-ground wild and grand, and the pond smooth as polished porphyry. The singing by the Bristol choir, the exhibition of the "Gift of Tongues," the neat speeches by Mr. Rogers, Mr. Whiting, of New Haven, and others, all conspired to make the season a most enjoyable one. Just previous to the afternoon speaking Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd was entranced, giving a beautiful address. The words of the controlling spirit, silvery and musical with persuasion, lifted the people for the time being into the Elysian-lands of the best. There were over five hundred present, and all seemed happy. The same officers, with one or two exceptions, were reëlected for the ensuing year.

Last season I was written to by Mr. Buddington to attend the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting, but was previously engaged. Two of this season's New England Camp-Meetings have invited me to come and lecture, but my Sunday engagements in Philadelphia until September, prevented acceptance. Forests, groves, lakes, and the out door surroundings of Nature, certainly afford conditions for the highest inspirations, and therefore may be made eminently useful in the dissemination of the principles of the spiritual philosophy. Hammon, N. J.

Banner Correspondence.

Maine.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: There is no more lovely or delightful seaside resort in the country than the one denominated Old Orchard Beach, which now presents a lively appearance. The hotels are now crowded to overflowing with guests from all parts of the country, and when the weather is fine, hundreds of people throng the beach, making it seem as if the city had transported itself to the water's side. The beach is above eight miles in length, and at low tide is hard and smooth as marble. Every afternoon it is covered with elegant turnouts, all the way from a four-in-hand to the little English phaetons. Besides the hotels, there are many people living in cottages, and also many others living in tents.

Near us is a large encampment of Indians, who reside in Old Town, but pass the summer months here, living in small white tents. They weave baskets and other ornamental work which they sell to the visitors; in manners they are quiet and easy, and nearly all are able to read and write; their little children are intelligent and altogether pretty; they understand very little about religion, but are rarely seen on Sunday. Indeed there are but few points of resemblance between them and what we have been led to think were the characteristics of the traditional red man.

Prof. Carpenter has held several successful mesmeric sances here; the second of the series was given at the Old Orchard House, before a select audience composed largely of the guests in the house, which was very entertaining, the principal feature being the personation of W. H. Murray, by J. Wm. Fletcher, under psychological control, which was so finely done as to win the condemnation of many present, who declared it to be a prearranged affair, rather than the result of any influence. Therefore, at the next entertainment, and after the usual manifestations had taken place, Mr. Fletcher stepped to the platform and declared his willingness to submit to the influence, and that the subject should be given him by the audience, so as to preclude the possibility of deception. Carl Petersen, the noted musician, being in the audience, proposed the subject of "Music," which Mr. Fletcher, in the character of Woodell Phillips, discoursed upon for nearly an hour, in a manner to elicit frequent applause, and established the fact of psychological control, the skeptics and opposers readily acknowledging the superiority of the manifestation.

I would not omit to speak of the wonderful readings of Mrs. Carpenter, who, blindfolded, read clearly and distinctly before the audience, or the many remarkable tests given though her mediumship in the private sances held. Mr. S. P. and Mrs. N. J. Morse, the magnetic healers, are here, and have a lovely situation overlooking the sea. They are as active and earnest as ever, and wherever they are make the good in their hearts manifest. I have found many who are not oblivious to the facts of Spiritualism, and with a spiritual camp-meeting as an offset to the annual Methodist meeting, much good might be accomplished. The people are waiting with anxious hearts the coming of the day when the good results of Spiritualism shall be manifest. To my friends I send greeting, and hope to meet them all again soon. S. W. FLETCHER. Old Orchard Beach, Aug. 20th, 1876.

Michigan.

TWO SPIRITUAL FUNERALS.—The city of Port Huron, Michigan, is one of the few places where spiritual and progressive thought has taken firm root, and has the active continuance and support of leading and intelligent men and women. Having this element of social and moral strength, Spiritualism holds its identity and maintains a position of dignity and respectability.

Hence on the funeral occasions under notice, exercises were had consistent with the Spiritualistic belief and philosophy. Miss Belle Haslett, daughter of James H. and Mrs. Lavica Haslett, passed away in her nineteenth year, and her remains were buried on Monday, August 7th. The exercises of the funeral were conducted by Dr. A. B. Spinnay, President of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists, who chose for his text, "Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?" The theme was considered from the standpoint of the Spiritual Philosophy. A very large audience was in attendance, many of whom were members of orthodox congregations. Music was rendered by the choir of the Society at Port Huron, of which Miss Haslett was a member. The remains were enclosed in a beautiful white casket, and the floral decorations, woven into spirital emblems, were rich, unique, and in great profusion, suggestive of the summer-land.

That persons just entering upon the threshold of active life, with powers and capacities to do and to enjoy, should be cut down, seems sad, and unrecalculable with the apparent law of nature, which is presumed to have ordained a destiny and its fruition to every created thing. But yet the buds wither and fall all around us, and human wisdom has not yet discovered the cause, or how to avert it.

Another case, quite different in its characteristics, was that of Mr. Delsey Benjamin, of the village of Fowlersville. Mr. Benjamin had battled with pioneer life, had acquired a fair competence, had reached the age of sixty-two years, and had established himself in a comfortable residence in the village, prepared to enjoy the leisure of the funeral, and secured by the results of a life's labor. But on Thursday last his spirit passed to the other shore. Himself and friends being Spiritualists, the funeral exercises were held under those auspices, on last Saturday, Dr. Spinnay, who had also been his physician, officiating at the burial. The funeral was attended by friends and acquaintances from far and near, making an audience of fully one thousand people.

One lesson that the spiritual funerals should impress, is the importance to our friends of harmonious cooperation in maintaining local societies. Aside from other obvious reasons favoring such action, we ought to be able to decently dispose of our own dead, and not be under the necessity of calling in the ministrations of those whose religious belief is so inconsistent with our own that the act seems little less than a burlesque. So long as we regard Spiritualism as fit to live by and die by, we ought to secure for ourselves the last privilege of being buried by it. S. B. McCracken. Detroit, Mich., Aug. 21st, 1876.

Louisiana.

SHIREVEPORT.—Wm. D. Piggott writes: Why don't good test mediums travel oftener? As a general thing they accomplish more good by their convincing tests, than lecturers. The people are demanding the evidence of Spiritualism, not its theory, and the only way to reach them is by actual demonstration of its facts. Seeing, with them, is believing. We have many Spiritualists here, but lack organization. A good test medium would find living employment here this fall. Many are the anxious inquiries after truth, and his labors would result in infusing new life into some who have grown lukewarm for the want of an occasional sitting with a good medium. They have been brought to a belief through reading your excellent paper; now the demand is for evidence, practically demonstrated, and once thoroughly convinced (through a medium) there is no back-sliding, for knowledge would supersede faith.

California.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Mrs. Louie M. Kerns, Secretary of the Spiritualist Society, writes Aug. 14th as follows: While we cannot boast of a "spiritual revival" exactly, our society is in a good condition, not only spiritually but financially. Our mediums are many and good. In all my travels throughout America and in Eu-

rope, I have seen none (with the exception of Mrs. Guppy Volkman's marked phase) better than our San Francisco mediums. Our hall is filled every Sunday afternoon with intelligent audiences to witness the manifestations given through the different media. We are going soon to lose one of our most excellent mediums. Our sister, Mrs. Amanda Wiggin, who has been associated with the society here for many years, and has been an earnest worker, both as a speaker and a test medium, is soon to start on an extended trip throughout the Eastern States, where we believe she expects to take the rostrum. We hope the different societies in the East will extend the hand of fellowship to her, and give her all the encouragement and support due to a thoroughly honest and in every way most worthy medium. She attends at the hall here every Sunday, and describes spirits (giving very frequently full names) are almost universally recognized, and I believe she has been recently developed to write. Morally, socially and spiritually she is indeed a lady—worthy of the kindest consideration of Spiritualists everywhere she may go.

Indiana.

MEDORA, JACKSON CO.—Cyrilla E. Wray writes: You may be glad to know that the people of this country are not all spiritually blind, for a goodly number of Spiritualists are scattered over it, and we are doing something toward spreading the glad tidings of the gospel of spirit communion. Mr. L. H. Nixon, a sound reasoner, and also well acquainted with the spiritual philosophy, is our regular lecturer. Mr. W. M. Davis, of Oregon, but formerly of this place, recently returned, and has been spending a few weeks here. When he went West he was a Baptist preacher, but he has come back a whole-souled Spiritualist. He has given us several lectures, which have awakened a good deal of thought and inquiry, as they were outspoken and to the point. People are discussing Spiritualism *pro and con*, and the agitation will work good results. The opposers of Spiritualism do not know what they are, they are entirely ignorant of the subject; therefore we should be lenient toward them, for the time will surely come when they too will see the light and become wiser. We would like to have any good lecturer or medium passing through our country lend us a helping hand.

A Veteran "Exposer" of Spiritualism Converted.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Isaac L. Robbins, a resident of this place, has followed lecturing against, and "exposing" Spiritualism, in this and adjoining States, to the hearty approval and satisfaction of the "Orthodox" denominations, for about ten years. They claimed that "he could show the whole thing to be a transparent humbug," that he would free himself from the most complicated network of cords; cause bells to float over the heads of an audience in a dark room, apparently by superhuman agency; make the stoutest hearts quake with fear at the seeming proximity of "imps from pandemonium," etc., etc.; and then honestly repent *everything* in the light, thus enabling all to see that he had no accomplices, either in or out of the body.

The Presbyterian preacher, located here a few years ago, after witnessing his feats, came out in the Mechanicsville Press with a general discourse over "the dead carcass of Spiritualism."

But a few weeks since, two gentlemen who had been to Mr. Mott's, at Memphis, Mo., and attended his materializing sances, offered to be bound to the tune of \$3,000 for Mr. Robbins's benefit, on condition of his duplicating what takes place there! And as his Orthodox friends urged him on to the trial, assuring him of success, he had no alternative but to go and personally investigate the phenomena. The result is, to his own surprise and that of his numerous friends, his complete conviction of the truth of our glorious doctrine and he has published a statement in the Press to that effect, in which he recounts some of the principal phenomena upon which his conclusions are based, backing up the whole by his affidavit.

He declares that he saw and recognized his father and mother, whom he left in England twenty-five years ago, as unmistakably as he ever did while they were in their own natural bodies, and that they mentioned many incidents of his boyhood, which had passed from his mind until thus revived. One event, which he had always remembered with regret, his father thus referred to: "What made you leave me and your mother the way you did; did n't you think I would have given my consent?" "This," says Mr. Robbins, "was a grand test to me that it was the spirit of my father, for I left my home and parents, never telling them where I was going, which caused them sorrow. There was no chance of any one's knowing this, for I had not mentioned it many times in my life, and when I did it was to my wife."

This event has made a profound impression on our community, and must subvert the cause of Spiritualism.

Of course the clergy, and those who can never accept a new fact, nor reject an old fiction, will impute the whole catalogue of unworthy motives to Mr. R., not forgetting his Satanic Majesty. But there is one thing patent to all, viz., that had Mr. Robbins been actuated solely by mercenary motives, he would never have incurred the hatred of the churches—they being his best patrons—on the principle of *self-preservation*.

He says he was aware that there were some things about Spiritualism which he could not account for, but never believed in their spiritual origin until he went to Memphis.

STEPHEN YOUNG. Mechanicsville, Ia., Aug. 18, 1876.

Cora V. Randolph.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I noticed a brief account in the Banner of Aug. 19th, copied from the Religio-Philosophical Journal, making mention of the hard circumstances and destitute condition of the daughter of the late Dr. P. B. Randolph. I know not what others may think, but to me it is a sad and painful fact that the daughter of one who devoted his whole life with such self-sacrificing heroism to the cause of humanity, should be "obliged to toil or starve," and a sadder commentary on us, as Spiritualists, if we allow her to remain in this condition.

It is mournful to see a person in a low physical and spiritual condition, who has no desire for anything higher and better, but it is pitiful to see one like her, probably inheriting her father's sensitive spirit, with soul attuned to the melodies of heaven, in physical bondage, chained down by the iron hand of conditions, aspiring and longing for something higher and nobler, some happy oasis in the desert of her life. Let us all, to the extent of our ability, be it large or small, lend her a helping hand. I believe Spiritualists and reformers generally will respond when they become aware of her circumstances.

WM. MAGOON. Monson, Me., Aug. 20th, 1876.

Message Department.

These Spirit Messages given at the Baltimore Circles and the Boston Circles, reports of which have appeared in this issue, indicate that spirits vary with the characteristics of their earth-life...

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

(Wife of Colonel Washington A. Danskin, of Baltimore.) During the last twenty years hundreds of spirits have conversed with their friends on earth through the mediumship of Mrs. Danskin...

Mrs. Danskin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Part Thirty-Five.) BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

There is a very strong under-current of belief in the truths of Spiritualism which only occasionally makes its appearance upon the surface. Men and women who would repel the insinuation that they were believers...

Some dozen years ago the most popular physician that ever practiced in Baltimore, passed from his earthly labors. While possessing extraordinary talent, with great mental vigor and activity, he was the gentlest and kindest of men.

A few evenings after his transition his spirit controlled Mrs. Danskin, and held free converse with myself for half-an-hour. At the close, he said the demands of his profession deprived him of opportunity for giving thoughts to the world...

Some few evenings later, he came again and said he wished to send a communication to a member of his family. He expressed a fear that, knowing their expressed repugnance to Spiritualism, I would be reluctant to transmit his message...

The message was given through Mrs. Danskin, carefully written out, and sent to his eldest daughter, who called on me, a few days after, to express her thanks, and in a long conversation, admitted that it contained the very last words he ever spoke on earth...

They admit its facts, do not hesitate to say how much consolation they derive from them, and then add they do not believe in Spiritualism. They do believe.

Elizabeth Wright.

My name was Elizabeth Wright. I was in my forty-ninth year. The wife of William Wright, and daughter of the late Sellers, of Pittsburg, Pa. With a gladsome heart and a joyous voice I return, friends of earth, to make known the good tidings of the beautiful resurrection of the new-born spirit.

This to me is a new revelation, and with it comes light, wisdom and knowledge. I return through the channel of one who was a stranger to me, to make known the beautiful home into which my spirit has entered. Neither sorrow nor grief for me, for I am far happier in this land of beauty and wisdom than I could have been in the one which I left, for there vexations would come, cares would gather, affections sometimes be lost, and memory oftentimes would lose its balance.

Mary White.

Is it a truth, is it a fact, or is this only bewilderment, that spirits after death have power to see, and to hear, and to speak? I'm not deluded, am I? If I am committing a wrong, some one had better speak and let me close myself up in a mantle, so that I shall never hear, nor see, nor speak again.

My thoughts run in bewilderment, I cannot classify them. I lived on Ensor street, Baltimore. It was on the 16th or 17th day of May I died, but in that death I have found life and the use of all my faculties. For what purpose I cannot say, unless it be to come back and mother five children that I have left behind me.

Mary White was my name—the wife of John White. And the house is lonely, for the mother has gone out and left her little ones without a shepherd. Father may come and go, he may feed them and clothe them, but he can never nestle them nor love them like a mother. It was God's will, my children, and I, your mother still, must not repine over this seeming misfortune.

Give me wisdom, Father, to bear this trial. Make me know thy ways and become more reconciled to the separation from my darlings. Oh, children, if you ever read these few lines from your dear departed mother, do not cast them aside as brain-work that has no truth in it; but in your believing, let the heart feel it, and then you will make mother become more content and more happy.

I dare not speak to my husband, for the time has not come yet for him to realize the fact that death cannot exist in a universe where there is eternal life; but his time will come and I will wait with patience.

Hattie Demose.

In my seeming weakness I am in hopes of finding strength to accomplish a work of such vital importance as to make known that the dead live, and in that life they have qualifications to perform acts of kindness and offer words of consolation.

My name was Hattie Demose. I was the wife of Willard Demose, and the daughter of Eliza West, of Florence, Michigan. Only twenty-one years of age, when the messenger called me to depart from earth and take up my abode with the

celestials. Hard was it to part from those I loved, but the grand assurance was mine that I should meet with others who would love me and care for me. I have not been disappointed. I was a welcome visitor on the other side of life. There were no blots to be wiped out from that book of mine, for, as I entered the door, a sheet of white paper was handed me, and it was said to me: "Thou art stainless—without a blemish—enter in and sup with the angels." I drank from the cup which was handed me, and strength, force, and vivacity were mine; it carried away the sting of death; it conquered the terror of the grave; it revealed to me that I had a Father in heaven upon whom I could lean for safety and comfort. And, oh, how beautifully have I realized all these things of which I have spoken.

Now, friends, you who are weepers and mourners, what more consolation can you ask than to know that she who has passed under the law may return and make known to you her condition.

[To the chairman.] Place this where my sorrow-stricken husband may read it and draw comfort therefrom.

Francisco Gill.

My name was Francisco Gill, of Spain. I was fifty-one years old. My late residence was East Thirty-second street, New York. I take it for granted that it is all well, and I presume those whom I have left behind will be much of my opinion, as they have comprehension and understanding. Know that death comes to every one. The grave awaits the body. The spirit goes in search of its bright home. Ofttimes it is found without difficulty; at other times there is much to overcome—much work to do to throw off deformities and take on beauties. Who gave life and wings to the little birds with which to fly? Was it not our Creator? Was it not he that gave man powers of speech, of sight and of hearing? Was it not he who placed all the faculties of sensibility in the human brain? I answer, as a spirit, yes. Then to the human creature of the planet earth let me say: Never place before God, your Father, any ill-feeling or wickedness toward his children, for he, in his mercy and omnipotent power, smiles alike upon each. His kingdom is their kingdom, his sunshine is their sunshine. He is what he was in the beginning, merciful, kind and tender.

Now I am not speaking from speculation, with the hope of gaining favor; I am speaking from the standpoint of truth, as it is presented to my understanding as a spirit.

The magnetic chords of thoughtfulness bridge me in the midst of earthly children, to tell them of the kindness, of the beneficence and the wonderful mercy which God hath shown, not singly, but collectively.

Farwell, and when the winds blow and the beautiful sunshine comes, be prepared, you whom I have left behind, for then the Angel of Death will come and bear you to a home of eternal rest.

It is not so much what I have said, it is my name and my residence that will place the truth upon what I given.

James Knotts.

In Richmond, Virginia, in the forty-seventh year of my age, of that dire disease, consumption; James Knotts, formerly of Centreville.

When disease was tramping through the physical, oftentimes causing much pain and suffering, and the body went down in weakness, the brain becoming strong, my thoughts would go forth into the universes, trying, if possible, to solve the mysteries which the spirit world was always wrapt in.

I sought communion with the invisibles; they spoke to me, not loudly, but softly and sympathetically. They made me know, ere death came, that there was an eternal life beyond the river. And now meditation comes. Why is it that priests and preachers robe God's universe in so much mystery? Why not speak honestly and truthfully of the man Jesus? He that "doeth all things well" does not overlook anything. Here I will give a warning to the teachers: Your task on the other side will be heavy, for misleading the ignorant and making them fear God instead of loving him.

When first entering the spirit-world, you are filled with wonder and amazement, for all things stand in such grand perfection—not a flaw. The gentle voices of the angels, who dwell in this realm of life, will whisper consolation to the new comer, and for a time the wearied footsteps are stayed, and you slumber in sweet repose, where the energies may grow stronger for the next travel. On and on you go, gaining knowledge and spirituality, with power to ascend and descend; never losing in memory the loved ones you have left behind, for that faculty is renewed with youth, strength and force; it is one of the germs that link us to the brain and the heart of the Over-Ruling Soul. In this little alcove of pleasurable delight I stay for the time, awaiting to be further educated, that I may educate others. No darkness around the brain or the heart, for all through my physical disease they have been purified.

John Maybury.

John Maybury, an old citizen, highly respected by the community in which I lived, Georgetown. In the eighty-sixth year of my age the signal came; the flesh being weak and the spirit strong, it gave up its earthly tenement for one that stands ever substantial. I am not feeding fancies, nor speaking romance, but I am giving profound, substantial fact. The grave holds not the spirit, which goes into the realms of light, seeking knowledge, and in that seeking gains it. My knowledge, as regards the profound facts of immortality, was limited in earthly life, but after I made one step into the realms of the unseen, and found everything so clear and so beautiful, I became an acceptor of the possibility of a return to earth to mingle in spirit with the kindred left behind. To me, as knowledge stands now, it should be one of the grandest delights of the human race. It takes from man all horror of death and the grave; it gives him superior advantages; it brings him back to his youthful days and pleasant associations; it gives him a broad field to work in—unfolding powers that make him like unto God, not in attributes, but approximating in capability.

Now friends, when you read this sketch you will probably say, "After death the old man has become a fanatic." But not so, for I am wise unto that day that carried off ignorance and gave me knowledge of God and his mercy. He is divine, he is omnipotent, he is all-in-all; seek him, and the light will shine upon you, and in that beautiful light you, like I, will find a haven of rest.

BANNER OF LIGHT CIRCLE-ROOM.

The following Spirit-Messages were given through the mediumship of

Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd. At our Public Free Circle-Room, July 22d, and reported verbatim expressly for the Message Department of the Banner.

Eunice Robinson.

I come at the request of my brothers, and at the mental request of my father. I have been able to come to-day, as these people know my father, and as he has asked that I should come, I have the privilege of controlling.

I was not a Spiritualist, although sometimes, when I was alive, I thought it was strange. Just before I passed away, I was not expecting to go so soon.

Father is a Spiritualist; the rest of the family are not. I would like to say to him I have found it to be true; his way of thinking is right. And to the rest of them I would say, I'd like to have them take more of an interest in the matter.

I shall do what I can to make the home pleasant. I'd like to give my love to them, and I will try to make their lives as happy as I can. It is not long—only a short time—before we shall meet again. You can direct my letter to Capt. A. T. Robinson. I am his daughter Eunice. I won't say any more, because I shall see him soon. I came on his thought.

Dr. Pixley Curtis.

I passed away from earth some years ago. I was a believer in Spiritualism and a practical worker in it, I trust. I went through some stirring scenes. I died in Taunton, Mass. Before I passed away, I promised Brother Seaver that I would report to him some time through the Banner of Light. I never found an opportunity until this morning. I am most happy to come, most happy to stand in your circle-room, for I am with you in the glorious cause of Spiritualism; ready to work for it and to fight for it. I died with my harness on. Some years ago, and some time before my death, I was sun-struck, and I did not get over the effects of it. Readily taking on the magnetism of diseased persons, I suppose, hurried me out. I considered myself a healing medium, and with my wife practiced medicine for some time. Seeing the good faces present, and meeting a physician whom I used to talk to through a medium a long time ago, I felt as though I'd like to report myself.

Tell Brother Seaver that although he calls himself a good healer and rapping medium, yet I want him to develop for a better one; that I am alive just as sure as he lives, and that I am on duty still. Before I go let me leave my thanks to William Presbrey for kindness which he showed to my wife at the time I passed away. For his many repeated acts of kindness I have tried to recompense him spiritually, and I know of no better way than to thank him publicly. I also thank all my other friends, for we were among strangers.

I am a New York State man. I have lived in Madison and Utica. My name, Dr. Pixley Curtis. I always bring a strong force with me, for I not only believe in spirit-communication, but I knew it to be true. You remember a disturbance years ago in Utica. I was a worker then. I am a worker now. I will try to hold my banner alongside of yours.

James Shepherd.

It seems to me, Mr. Chairman, you don't know what you're talking about in your paper, or else—well, I might as well tell you what I think. There's either knavery or foolery going on. The fact is, these Indians are a mess of drinking, savage butchers, that should be exterminated, the same as you would exterminate any vermin, yet you hold them up in your paper, and don't seem to care whether our western frontier people get their heads chopped off or not. Maybe if they lived the next door to you, and camped on this public place, close by, and you had some experience with 'em, you'd begin to think differently, and maybe if your government should raise some troops and draft a lot of you and send you out to exterminate 'em, you'd be ready to do about the right thing.

[The Indians would do right if they were treated rightly.] Treated rightly! You go out there and see how they steal; go out there and talk with 'em a little while; go into their camp and offer them your hand, and very likely you'll leave your scalp.

If the public lands are for the benefit of all mankind, why, in the name of common-sense and reason, should they be wasted by Indians. Let them have a reservation that ain't so valuable. I don't suppose I've any business here, to interfere. I don't run this paper, but I've got a right to express my opinion, so you've got it. My name was James Shepherd. I lived in Omaha, or rather that was the last place I started from.

You keep a few of these redskins round, I see, (referring to Indian spirits on the platform.) They're before a feller even here in your circle-room.

Snow Drop.

Room for Injun? [Yes.] Me be Snow Drop; me go to happy hunting-ground when me be light snows old. Me be Cherokee. We be peaceful tribe, no trouble pale face. We have one talking sheet like yours. We have blankets like pale face squares—but our hunting-ground must go to pale face! I make corner wrong in pale face settlement! so red man must move! The Big Chief of the pale faces talk to the Big Chief Ross, and Injun must move toward setting sun. Snink you how you like it? You get one nice settlement, fix you wigwams all nice, draw paposes all round you, make the big council-fire all bright, see the old braves, and squaws, and braves, go to the Great-Spirit hunting-ground, and bury them in our hunting-ground; then some big braves come, say "You too happy, old brave; we want you settlement; we want you wigwam; take you paposes, you chiefs, you shoot-irons, and go to hunting-grounds way out toward setting sun, that good nuff for you!" Me snink you mad a heap. Me snink you no go. Me snink fight as well as red man. Me no likes shoot-iron. Me no like to see pale face bold; but me no know if the Big Father in the Washington settlement would have minded the big thoughts that came to him, he no have to feel bad over the Big Chiefs the Injun shoot out. Red man lie, me know, but pale face show him how! Red man steal, Snow Drop know, but pale face teach him, first thing, when he come across the big waters. They small tribe then, now much big. Injun know they come fore hese

'um. Medicine brave tell red man—Great Spirit whisper to red man—he "would fade like the flower when the sun be high."

Me do not see why pale face no be contented. Few Injun in hunting-ground this sun. This be big, big hunting-ground. Can you no find spot for red man, and let him rest? When he try put him moccasins down, he find no place to put it, but pale face want it! Pale face have much wampum; Indian wampum-bag empty. The bones of the red man lie on you hills, but the Injun has no place sacred to him people. Snow Drop know pale face much mad. Me know red man much mad too. Me know Injun clasp hands, make much big word to Great Spirit to hold hunting-ground to the last. Me sorry for pale face squaw. She much lonely. Me sorry for the Big Chief at the White Wigwam, but me wonder what he say if some brave put him hand in his pocket and take tucker out, say "too bright for you, me want it. You go find nother 'way off setting sun." Me guess old Chief feel for his shoot-iron much quick. That what they do for red man. Little gold shine in hunting-ground, so too bright for Injun!

Now me say, get one big sieve, sift the pale face council, and find some braves with white hearts to take care of red man, and you no have so much bad Injun. Why you no mind Great Spirit? You say he all love. Why you no try it? Snow Drop no bad Injun, she bring no hate, she bring love from the happy hunting-ground, but she say, pale faces look sharp, or your wampum-bags may be emptied, like the red man's. Good-moon.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

Hannah Downing; Merton Yale; Mary Ellen Terry; Catherine Kavanagh; William Martine Harding; Ann Augusta Tice; Caroline Burkle; Helina Hurt; Eliza O'Donoghue; Alfred P. Wagner; Fanny Willis; Alice A. F. Weaver; Rufus Wardwell; Thomas A. Hardy.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Harry N. Howard; Piper; Mary Maria Harris.

What is Death?

A communication from a spirit, given through the mediumship of the late Mrs. Juliette T. Burton.

We wish to speak of what you call death. This thing, death, is the decay of corporeal substances, the transmutation of the material into the elements of its origin.

When death came to me, as you call it, I found life holding the light in reality to show death out, and I saw the shroud thrown as a curtain to hold from the human sight the back scenes of the grandest drama it is possible for the economies of the Universe to realize.

Life is the attendant of death, for as the forces of animal matter decay, the soul springs up from its ashes and plays in tune to a stronger position than ever throbbled to music of arteries, vein or cerebellum. When the rottenness of decay, the effluvia from the surface of matter, arise in the nostrils of friends waiting around the corpse, there is an aromatic body gathered, out of which is shaped another order of body. The substance only being removed, the shadow comes, some say, but we say the shadow is laid, and the substance which is exuded is the real body, the *interpenetration*. The corona being laid low, out of it arises a corona of beauty, that stretches its aroma until it reaches immortal height, breadth, depth, and is eternal.

When I died, and as I grew stronger, I saw the forms of spirits about me; gradually I saw more clearly not only forms, but the meaning of those forms, their correspondencies; and not only their correspondencies, but their origin; and not only their origin, but their causation and their attributes, consequences and results. This happened in the third quarter of thirty-six hours, and I was also aware of the matter lying in stiff state, and saw tears, and heard sighs, and groans, and moans, and prayers, and text; and I witnessed the gradual decomposition, and saw the fine effluvia in fibrous shreds exuded from the body, mixing with the air, breathed into the lungs of human friends, and for that I was mystified, and could not *exactly* solve what had happened to me, and not until the full thirty-six hours had passed did I realize that I had passed the transition state, that the butterfly had left the chrysalis, and was free, light, and varied from its old body only by its chastity, all aching, and pain, and heavy agonious gnipion, was everlasting. My joints seemed to sit in sockets that were as free to move as notes in the sunbeam. I was uplifted from the *corpus materia* and placed in *spiritu* untrammelled, and now I am *exhaustless*; but maybe to my medium *exhaustive* nevertheless. Now I go, because the current will not hold me longer.

JUDGE INCREASE SUMNER.

Warren Chase to Horatio N. Spooner.

Dear Sir—Your note in the Banner of August 9th requires a brief reply, although I wholly discard wordy controversy, preferring to let every one give his or her thoughts on any subject; for "Not by disputations wranglings" are the mysteries of God or Nature revealed. I do not in my theory or belief leave God out of Nature or law, but include all I believe of God in Nature and law, and recognize no power or force outside or beyond it, or them. You say "I believe that the laws in question were established by Infinite Wisdom, the divine and all-pervading soul of the Universe, not by blind chance." I believe they never were established, and as for chance, I did not believe in it at all, nor anywhere, and if I did should have no evidence that it was blind. If I believed in a power, person, or force that established these laws, I should believe it, too, had a creator to establish it, and should be confused by the idea of this "all-pervading Soul of the Universe," in infinite chaos, pervading nothing before there was any Universe, and waiting an eternity to end, that it might create one, and a law to govern it. To my mind and thought the Universe, and law, and order, are eternal, which implies as much no beginning as no future ending, and to my mind and observation all there is of God, power, force, energy, wisdom, etc., is in and not out of Nature and matter. You say of these laws, "they were not made to be altered." I have no evidence that they were made, never having been able to reach outside them with any powers I possess; and consequently never having found anything or any existence or condition outside, and have no evidence there is any outside. I am as badly situated as J. Russell Lowell says Emerson is—having found the Universe so full and complete, I have no place to put a God in, and hence some people think I have none; and distinct from Nature and law I have none. The idea I intended to convey in my original article was that science was leading to the same conclusions, and hence rejecting the gods of theology—especially of Christianity. The design in the laws of Nature and the Universe is in them and not outside, creating them, at least so far as human research has gone yet it is found to be so, as in the germs of organic life.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

March 27th, 1876, Elizabeth Tyhurst, of Bellair, Crawford Co., Ill., aged 69 years 6 months and 27 days. Thus has gone to her reward and to the enjoyment of a glorious future, one who devoted her life to the study of the doctrines of our beloved Spiritualism. The good old Banner of Light has been a weekly visitor to her house for more than sixteen years, and been a source of very great comfort and consolation, especially through the past eleven years of her lonely and afflicted life.

From Jefferson, Ohio, June 24, after a few hours' illness, of heart disease, Mr. Ebenezer Wood, aged 85 years and 10 months.

His mind was firm and clear to the last, notwithstanding his intense suffering, and his affectionate farewells

were only a type of his loving heart. Born near Boston, Mass., he came to this place from Troy, N. Y., in 1833, in which place he has since resided. His strong belief and hope in the New Dispensation has for many years been his great source, and his sure and true reliance, and he has been a living fountain. A deep thinker, also well versed in scientific, political, and spiritual matters, he was ever instructive, gentle, and considerate, and his presence was a blessing to us. Nature we return him, and through mourning our loss we rejoice in his gain.

[Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed this number, twenty cents for each additional line is required. A line of agate type averages ten words.]

PUBLIC MEETINGS, ETC.

Grove Meeting. There will be a Spiritualists' Picnic and Grove Meeting at Hinghamton, N. Y., Sunday, Sept. 3d, at Leonard's Hall and Grove on Oak Street, commencing at 10 A. M., 25c r. m. Hon. J. M. Peabody is engaged for the occasion, and others are expected to be present. The friends are invited to bring your baskets with canned goods, a cool room with stacks, and a large dining hall attached with tables, for all to be accommodated, rain or shine.

Spiritual Grove Meeting. The Spiritualists of Northern Iowa will hold a three days' meeting at G. W. Le Valley's beautifully cultivated grove, near Le Roy, Depot, Waverly, Iowa, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, September 15th, 16th, and 17th. J. M. Peabody and other eminent speakers are expected. Local true Spiritualists come to our annual camp. There is a cool room with stacks, and a large dining hall attached with tables, for all to be accommodated, rain or shine. A. J. CASE, for the Com.

Grove Meeting. The Spiritualists and Liberalists of Denver, Breunor Co., Iowa, will hold a three days' meeting at the residence of Mrs. J. M. Peabody, on the 22d, 23d and 24th of September next. The services of the world-renowned J. M. Peabody are secured for the occasion. All are cordially invited to attend. Local true Spiritualists come to our annual camp. There is a cool room with stacks, and a large dining hall attached with tables, for all to be accommodated, rain or shine. GUY F. SARGENT, for the Com. W. C. CLARK, Committee.

Quarterly Meeting. The Spiritualists of Rockford, Rock Co., Mich., will hold their Quarterly Meeting in Rockford, commencing Sept. 20th, at 1 o'clock P. M., lasting over Sunday. Good speakers will be in attendance. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Wm. Whitney, President. Secy. Wm. Whitney, Rockford, Aug. 22d, 1876.

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Anthonill, Father. Sageswatha, or Hod Jacket, Indian Chief.
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Bell, Hosea, Rev. Miller, William, Rev.
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