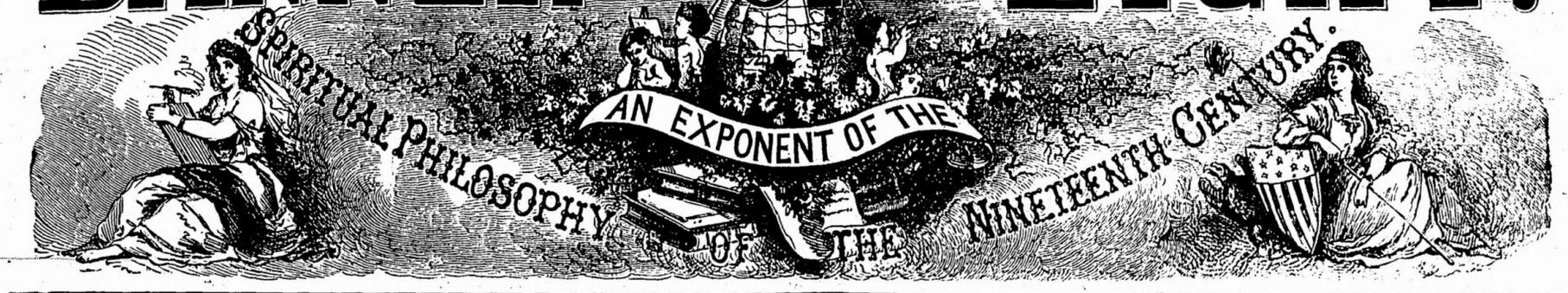


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The Rostrum.

THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF ANCIENT SYMBOLS—THE CROSS.

NUMBER TWO.

A Lecture Delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, at Chicago, Ill., May 21st, 1876.

(Reported specially for the Banner of Light.)

Far away in Egypt, along the mystic Nile, it was the custom in ancient times to rear incised designating the rise of the tide, whereby Egypt's kings might count (the probable harvest of the coming year. As the sacred river was supposed to contain the elements of life or death, and as the deluges were prophylaxed with reference to the harvest time, gradually this symbol came to be revered among the Egyptians, because just in proportion to the rise of the tide, so would be the fruitfulness of the harvest. This indication was in the shape of a cross, upon which was marked, from year to year, the gradual rising of the river or its decline. Subsequently this symbol was introduced among the sacred tablets and in the various places of worship; not in the form of the Roman Cross, however, but of the letter X, which at last, also, was found to be a symbol of the angle of the sun's rays, the points representing two pyramids, one inverted, and the several other points the four corners of the earth.

Among the ancient Brahmins the exact cross, equal in its different angles, is worshipped as representing the four quarters of the earth, or the various directions from whence come the different divinities whom Brahma sends to govern the seasons. The north and the south, the east and the west, are the cardinal points, and therefore, when described, present the exact rectangular cross. These are objects of devotion not only at the various points, but at the various angles of coincidence, and represent the sciences in their subtle and occult meaning among the Brahmins.

If you visit the far Orient to-day, however, you will find this ancient symbol has been usurped by another, and that in the various countries of India the symbol of the Crescent towers above that not only of the Brahminical Cross, but also of the Egyptian and the Roman Cross. The Crescent sign of the religion of Mahomet, usurping the more ancient religions of the East, has reared its head, and there to-day indicates the fire and flame with which the Prophet of Mecca would have enforced his religion upon the nations of the East. Even in the sacred city of Jerusalem you find symbols of all Pagan religions, and the worship of the Crescent is greater there than that of the Cross to-day. Whether the Prophet who fled to Medina really represents a religion or no, it is certain that his followers are numerous, that the influence of his religion has been vast, and that with the fire and sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, the whole of the East has been devastated with rapine and murder at the hands of his followers. Whether you believe that the ancient symbol of the Cross was held sacred in Egypt or no, you will find that the indications are that the god Osiris, smiling upon the river-god, Nilus, below, represented the mystic symbol which was figured in the Cross, and that the veiled form of Isis contained the secret and subtle power whereby the ray of light enkindled the earth and made it fruitful. Whether you believe that in Mithras cave and among the oracles at Delphos and elsewhere there were cabalistic and singular symbols, not only picturing the angle of the sun's contact with the surface of the earth, but also the different signs of the zodiac and their meaning, it still is true that upon those ancient tablets are found the symbols of science and many of those of religion to-day, and that the Cross itself is as old as are geometrical lines and figures in the science of the earth. Whether you believe that the cardinal points of the compass were indicated by the sacred symbol that we refer to or no, it is certain that upon every Brahminical temple is engraved the representation of the four corners of the earth and their various influences over humanity; and that the followers of Confucius, in passing from the ancient faith of Brahma to the more modern one, and also the followers of Buddha, pictured these various symbols by lines, parallels and angles, among which the Cross is represented.

But it was left for the Romans to invent the Cross as a particular form of punishment, crucifixion not being among the ancient forms of punishment with the Jews, but various other means of torture, as for instance, the Gehenna outside the gates of Jerusalem into which were plunged malefactors, and the fires of which were kept

burning forever; as for instance, their banishment into the far desert, where it was supposed the powers of death were abiding. The crucifix was introduced as a system of punishment more degrading because more public, and exposing the malefactors to the gaze of the populace, who, of course, they would wish to avoid and shun.

There was, as far as the student can determine, no especial significance in the Roman Cross. There does not seem to have been any intention of a religious symbol of persecution in adopting the Cross as the form of punishment, under the Roman reign in Jerusalem; nor does there seem to have been in Rome, at least until after the Christian Era, any especial significance applied to the Cross; nor does it appear that in the first two or three centuries of the Christian Era the Cross itself was made the especial symbol of what Christ represented, either of Calvary, of his teachings, or of the especial meaning of his mission to the world. It has come to be, however, typical of the entire Christian religion. It has come to express in the great world of symbols an absolute idea; and whoever sees or beholds the Cross upon temple or place of worship, or as an ornament in a niche or on the wall, understands that it represents some special idea of which "Christianity" is the symbol and sacred term. Wherever this Cross appears, in St. Peter's in Rome, on the walls of the maiden in her cloister, within the charmed precincts of the Protestant church in England, or upon the temples of modern worship here, it indicates an idea; and that idea must be either true or false; must be either borrowed from the absolute revelation intended, or it must have become the symbol of an idolatry.

You call the Mahometans Pagan. They worship at the shrine of Mahomet; their symbol is the Crescent. They have their orders of devotion; they bow before the objects sacred unto them. This is Paganism. In the far East the Oriental worship prefigures the fire of Zoroaster or the sacred image of Brahma, and men bow before the graven images as objects of devotion, and you say they are Pagans. No voice has ever given to you the interpretation or the meaning of their symbols. No one has ever said to you that the Sacred Ox represented the principle of creative power, or that Osiris was pictured in the sun as the image of the divinity, or that the Brahmin does not really worship the images whom he names Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, but only the thought which they represent. Nevertheless, these are Pagan worshippers. Their symbols are not sacred, while over there in Rome the symbol of the Cross towers above St. Peter's dome, and that is called religion. Within this dome, that the art of the hand who fashioned it has made perhaps perfect as a work of architecture, are the symbols of the Mother Church of Christendom. Within this and other sacred temples are mirrored the images that Christians worship to-day. But Protestants declare that the Romish Church is idolatrous now, and that the symbols of saint and martyr and the glorious images of ancient art are paganistic compared to the simplicity and severity of the Protestant faith. In London, St. Paul's towers above the city, and sends its bell-chimings through the ears of all the inhabitants. The same symbol is there, and within are nearly the same arrangements of worship, priestly robe and sacerdotal shrine. Yet this is Christianity, and the other is Idolatry. The Ritualists perform almost precisely the same ceremonials with altar and shrine, temple and robe, with the devotees at St. Peter's in Rome. One is called idolatrous; the other, the true church.

A few Quakers, anxious to escape from the symbols that seemed to have no meaning, wrested themselves from the Mother Church of Rome and from the Protestant Church, adopted the severity of sharps, angles and most subdued colors, had no symbols and no sounds, no cross upon temple, no adornment of walls or dwellings, and, persecuted and ostracised at home, sought refuge in a new world. To-day they consider the Protestant and Roman churches idolatrous, while within their forms of silence and their walls of colorless devotion they hope to receive the blessing of the true Christ who is imaged in the Spirit; shutting out the sunlight of day that the spirit of truth may enter, and banishing the colors of the flowers that the soul of heaven may descend upon them. No music there, no altar and no shrine, but a bare and barren cross rising upon Calvary with piteous appeal to heaven and the silence of the breaking heart that may not even praise God in anthem and song.

A hundred years ago Dr. Priestley and others introduced a system of more liberal worship, wherein the Cross might represent a milder form of devotion than that of Luther and Calvin, and wherein somewhat of the love of God might shine through the bleeding wounds and crucified form of the Saviour. He was stoned in England; he was reviled in America. To-day the Unitarian church rears its form side by side with the evangelical churches in Christendom, and has upon its towering height the symbol of the Cross. What does it mean? Idolatry in Rome, and not in the Unitarian church? Idolatry in St. Paul's, and not in the heart of the Quaker that preserves rigid lines and angles, and free even from a laurel bough? What does it mean that a symbol debased by one is exalted by another, and that the cross worshiped here upon this soil is more or less a symbol of Christianity than in Rome or in London it can be? Among the monasteries was one wherein it was claimed that a cross grew out of the moss-grown wall, shaping itself in lines of infinite beauty as the monks were wont to pray, and that upon this cross the very drops of dew that typified the blood of

Christ were seen, and from them sprang the flowers that were his tears which the priests were wont to worship. The Rosicrucians held that they had discovered the one magic meaning of the dew upon the cross, whereby they might resolve all mysteries of life and death. Was theirs genuine and the monks in the cell idolatrous? Was theirs the truth because it was coupled with science, while in the monastery it must be considered as superstition? St. Catharine from Sienna crossed the mountains in midwinter that she might with her pleadings and prayers bring back the pope unto his people. Was this idolatry, and the poor cowardice of modern Christians, that will not cross the street in a rainy Sunday, worship? Is it religion that inspires men to deeds of cowardice, and is it idolatry that inspires them to deeds of bravery? Is it, then, true worship that stands in the midst of a Christian century, wielding the weapons of avarice and pride and calling that religion; and was it an age of idolatry when saints and martyrs were driven heavenward through flame and torture?

What is it that inspires the souls of men? What is it that uplifts them from darkness and dross? What is it that melts and merges their lives into the sublime? Is it the name of the symbol they bear, or is it that which is traced upon their hearts as the impulse of self-sacrifice, and whether it be under the name of Brahma, Osiris, Mahomet, Zoroaster, Moses or Christ, anoints them as heroes, martyrs, saints, because they die for that which they believe to be true—better still, because they live for it and work out their lives in holy deeds and sacred symbols of devotion? Enough! Enough! I know what has been done under the name of the Cross. We have traced the fiery letters in seas of blood, and know there is no crime beneath the sun and no terror but what has been sanctioned by that symbol. You know that Protestant England worked as fearful ruin as Roman Catholic England. You know that France has been the scene of alternating horrors beneath the symbol that variously represented one way or the other. You know that the Puritans died from the symbol of the Cross to rear the gallows on Salem Hill, whereon they might hang wretches who did not believe as they did. You know that it is not two hundred years since it was unsafe for the freedom of speech and worship which you now enjoy to be even thought of. You know that it is not a hundred years since this meeting would have been impossible, and under the name of the Cross you would have been persecuted, if not with death at least with social and personal ostracism.

For the lofty deeds that are all unrecorded in history whereby some pale, wan faces, or secret and silent souls have wrought their way through fiery ordeals to glorious self-conquest, no flaming cross is there to blazon their triumph; no emblem is hung upon wall of cathedral or ancient abbey—no monumental marble rears itself above their graves; but indelibly upon the walls of life their tear-stained records have been wrought, and theirs is the crown that the martyr spirit must wear.

Let us interpret things according to their true meaning. If we have a symbol, let us have it mean something; and if it mean the Christ slain upon Calvary, let us see what its interpretation is to-day. Does it mean the shedding of blood and the slaying of innocent victims? Does it mean that in the name of the Prince of Peace countries shall be devastated and horrors perpetrated upon women and children? Does it mean that under the name of this symbol man shall wage war with his brother for the benefit of freedom, or his exchequer? Does it mean that because of differences of opinion there shall be slaughter and ruin, fire and sword, and that all the words spoken by the Master shall be forgotten?

Christ upon Calvary means the triumph of the soul over a brutal and selfish age; means the spirit conquering the flesh; means the triumph of God over the machinations of life below.

The bearing of the burden of the Cross is either a literal or a spiritual symbol. If a literal symbol, who follows it? Walk you the streets with burdens on your shoulders? Nay; you have beasts of burden, steam engines, electric wires, and fingers that die with toll to carry your burdens for you. A literal symbol? Who walks up to any Calvary to-day for any truth, even that which is most common? Evasion and falsehood, bickerings and strife, and a yielding to the over-lasting pressure of that policy which hedges in the world, are the more usual methods. A literal symbol? Martyrs have died for the sake of its interpretation to their souls; but they would have been no martyrs if they had coveted the flame, the guillotine or the cross merely for the sake of martyrdom. He who aspires to be a martyr must not simply cut his throat, or hang himself upon the nearest tree, or stretch himself upon the physical cross. If he have nothing to die for he had better live. The soul understands that the meaning of the symbol on Calvary is, that whosoever would take up his cross and follow the Master must do so in spirit; that the cross of life to be borne is not necessarily of physical suffering, or of physical death or martyrdom, but is, if need be, that which plunged John Brown into the world of souls because of the love he bore for the slave, or that which gave to the nation a martyred president. These are the ways in which the Cross is the symbol of what the Master taught. If he but died on Calvary that the Cross itself might save the world through the shedding of his blood, then shall we forget that matchless message of the Sermon on the Mount, born of his teachings, and only follow this one image, the Cross. But if that was but the glori-

ous consummation of a life whose purpose was to teach, to inspire and to uplift, the Elder Best Brother of humanity, who came to represent the possibility of man, then the Cross means the Golden Rule, the Sermon on the Mount, the teachings and the healings, the prophecies and the wonderful love that cast out all fear and blessed the little children and the Magdalen in one breath.

If the Cross means anything, it means that kind of victory and conquest over selfish pursuits and aims that brings the human life nearer to that standard which it typifies. If it means anything, it means the daily bearing of burdens that are necessary and needful to be borne, without complaining and without bitterness, gladly and willingly, because of the end of life to be attained. If it means anything, it means that the daily routine of existence that may become a care and terror and the veriest and severest burden, shall be gradually and constantly uplifted by the pervading presence of that sweetness of life, that perfection of existence which will make each burden seem light and every care sink into insignificance.

The truth is, that there is no cross to the soul that has gained self-conquest. Life itself has no burdens; care falls from you, and death becomes the gateway of matchless life. What was the cross to the Son of Man, whose inward eyes could see into Paradise? What was death to the saint and martyr who above flame and the sacrificial pile could see angels and hear them sing? Nay, nay! That only is a cross which the spirit feels is grievous to be borne, and which it is the intention of the divine economy you shall vanquish in that very feeling. Go to your labor feeling it a grievous burden; see how it drags heavily upon you, and weighs down your hands, and makes you feel powerless. Go with the impulse of a Divine love and a fervent desire to do good to some fellow being, mother, sister, wife or friend, and the labor is nothing, the toll becomes sweet, and the hands are strengthened, and the feet become light. Ah, the vanquishing of life's burdens is the greatest cross after all.

If this symbol means anything to your understanding, it means it is applicable to your daily life, to your individual existence, and the very thing that is hardest for you to overcome, whatever that may be—pride, selfishness, vanity, external appetite—anything that stands between you and the clearness of vision which the Master had, is the cross that you have to bear and to overcome. If it means anything, it means the supreme control of selfishness and folly in the world whereby the individual man is obscured, and only his semblance appears in the daily life.

All cannot be heroes. Martyrdoms are not to be bought at a price. You cannot walk to any inquisition voluntarily. There are few opportunities for heroic self-sacrifice. But the daily life and the hourly vocation, and the things that lie all around the pathway—these multiply and become the huge cross and the burthen that you have to bear, and which, if you bear triumphantly, lends you to the very crown of self-conquest and victory. To the true Christian this is the meaning of the Cross. All other meanings are idolatrous and Pagan. He who worships at that shrine or before that symbol without this meaning in his heart is an idolater. He who bows before it as bearing any veiled image of divinity, as God or man, and does not know the sweet message that it gives to the world, he is an idolater. He in St. Peter's who before the Cross makes the same symbol upon his person, yet does not know that it means self-sacrifice and self-conquest, is an idolater. And he who has piled up creeds large as the edifice in which he worships, bowing before articles and ordinances, forgetful of the one sweet message that makes life glorious, also is an idolater, whether he worship in Protestant church, at the shrine of St. Peter's, or away over in Pagan India.

We do not determine this matter for you. To ourselves there is but one interpretation. We must have no images that supersede the idea. We must have no temples that are greater than the souls that inhabit them. We must have no form of worship that supersedes the spirit of worship. We must have no Christ that is too far away for humanity to follow. We must have that divinity that enters the heart, shapes the life, unfolds the understanding, rears the edifice of existence—makes the glorious man or woman, all by its conquest and victory.

Matter is the cross; material life is the burden. All temptations that lie in your pathway, the various difficulties and obstacles of existence, the spirit must meet and triumph over. It is as glorious a victory as that which sent any saint or martyr into heaven; it is as triumphant when once attained. It brings the achievement; it is the resurrection; it is the life, the gradual, undying perfect sweetness and love that leads the human spirit through and over every pathway of difficulty unto even the triumph of death. Take your burdens from you? Not if we had the power this instant. Lessen your sorrows? Not if ours was the potent spell to drive them all away. A great and devout man said, "I have never had a sorrow that I could spare." Grievous to be borne? That is the very point. Hard and difficult to comprehend? That is the pathway to comprehension. Do not think that an infinite God of love could bring these difficulties. The tender mother never could make the stone pierce the foot of her boy; but he will never be a man unless it does. Do not talk of love that shuts in a closet the image where no breath can come. Speak not of affection that shields the tender plant until it pines away and dies. Speak not of that kind of love that gives nothing to strengthen the forest tree, but leaves it a sapling all its

days. Wind and rain strengthen the oak, and even the violet meekly bows its head before the storm that gives the cooling draught to its eye of bloom. Tears in the eye strengthen the heart, and the hand is made glorious that traces its history over the walls of victory and conquest. A bed of roses is the fabled Oriental heaven and paradise. The Christian has learned that the sturdy pathway leading up the mountain height is the one where the finest view can be obtained. The tourist would scorn the tenderness that would keep him always in the valley because he might hurt his feet in climbing up where he could see the sun rise over the Alps.

Climb if you would see the sun over the eternal hills. Let the stones pierce your feet if you would know what it is to have won the victory of life. Do not push aside the thorns if you want to know what it is to have vanquished them. Mariners plow the seas; philosophers probe the earth and dwell lifelong over one secret that they may find out the mystery thereof. Hairs turn gray, faces are wrinkled, forms become decrepit over one truth that the soul is in search of.

The gold which will not last a single day when you are dead takes your time, your attention, your lives—you plod wearily to and fro every hour of the day and count that not a cross. The truth, however, God must reveal to you. Anything that is for the benefit of your souls must fall down at your feet for you to pick up. Inspiration and prophecy and all spiritual knowledge must come without the asking! Go dig for gold. Go plod your weary way along to build up monuments that your children's children will despise you for; but never say it is a cross again, when just before you are golden truths and inspiring words that you would not turn your hand over to attain, yet blame God for not forcing them into your consciousness. Know that the effort is there, the spirit is there, the light is there. The way to it is across every temptation that you shun, by the vanquishing of every foe that you fear, the overcoming of the very chains that enslave you and the bursting asunder of the very ties that bind you. Know that the victory is there, but it is not by avoiding any difficulty, but only by surmounting it. The boy upon the castle wall, the explorer in the North Sea, Dr. Livingston in Africa—these are what men will do for an idea. Is not the truth that lies within the soul worth as much? We say that you will never have a spiritual treasure, a lofty truth, a divine hope, a hallowed and consecrated fulfillment of prophecy, unless you win it across the very chasm that you seek to avoid. We say that the spirit cannot triumph over clay; it cannot win its destiny, cannot gain its inheritance, cannot understand itself, unless the glorious kingdom of the spirit is outwrought of self-sacrifice and pain.

Who prizes the titled nobility of Great Britain or the Old World? Who cares for the wealth or fame that is handed down from father to son? Richard Cobden, John Bright, all the great minds that stand up and plead the cause of men are those who have won the victory of life for themselves.

Who cares for fame written upon the ancient tablets of any ancestral wall? You did not fight the battles. Yours is not the credit for their deeds of daring. What have you done? The test lies here. The strength is in your own citadel. You have made the castle which you inhabit. Your spirit is there a sluggard and a dolt, or is alive, alert, active, winning every day laurels that kings and princes might envy. It is not needful that the world shall see them. The soul is its own best and entire peacemaker. The soul can understand whether the *you* that inhabits the temple of your own life is a worthy occupant. The victories that you have won are traced there and your spirit understands them. They gleam out from your eyes and they light your face, and when a man meets you on the street, if you do not slun his gaze, if you look at him with a clear and honest eye, he knows that you have vanquished temptation and are not ashamed to look another soul in the face. Turn your gaze aside, look downward, and he knows that the victory is not won, and that the tempter is still there, that the serpent is still in the Garden of Eden, and that the man Christ has not taught his lesson to you, that God has not come to dwell in your heart.

Oh, take up the cross of life, bear it nobly and well, without shrinking, without terror, without fear; not St. Peter's at Rome, nor Westminster Abbey, nor St. Paul's in England, nor all the churches that line the streets of your crowded cities, can give forth such chimes of joy and praise as go out from the towering height of that soul's sanctuary wherein the victory has been won over selfishness and pride and care, by the true meaning of the Cross.

Don Platt does not find much to marvel at in Pierpont's having been caught consulting a medium. "While a number of vulgar scamps are being exposed by scamps quite as vulgar, the belief in spiritual manifestation is spreading, not so much among the ignorant and credulous class as with educated people. I was surprised to find, after my attention was called to the subject, what a number of cultured persons I encountered in Washington who were confirmed believers in Spiritualism. I am told that the same fact exists in Europe. For example, when Foster was in Washington, some three months since, his visitors were mainly composed of leading members of the Senate, House, and Secretaries of the Cabinet, who openly consulted this man as to matters existing beyond the grave. Were I to give you their names, my story would be rather interesting, but spiteful, for there are few of these believers who do not shrink from being publicly known as such."

Free Thought.

A TAP AT MRS. TAPPAN.

Col. Olcott Reviews her History of Occultism.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Sir: I perceive with regret that Mrs. Tappan's guides do not read the papers, neither have they familiarized themselves with the classical authors. As I presume that neither you nor any other Spiritualist regards them as any other than mortal men and women; as I consider them no better; and as neither of us accept them as gods, superior to criticism and irresponsible for their assertions, I desire to join issues with them. They are no more excusable for anachronisms, mis-statements of fact, or sophistical teachings, than those of us who have not yet "shuffled off this mortal coil." In this case, Mrs. Tappan, as a woman, is, by her own claim and the common consent of her friends, out of the question. What she says she is not responsible for, by virtue of the very fact of her mediumship. Therefore I have no controversy with her. It is those guides and controls that I wish to bring to book; and if for convenience I address her, it will of course be understood that I mean the intelligence or intelligences who said the foolish things that are contained in your Journal of the 26th ultimo.

The first mis-statement is that the word Occultism "originated with Col. Olcott in his investigations connecting Spiritualism with ancient sorcery, magic, and various other sciences heretofore supposed to be buried in obscurity." The word did not originate with me. It was used by other writers long before I knew there was any such science. Probably I may have contributed to make it better known among Spiritualists, here and in Europe, than it was before; but these guides ought to have known better than to credit me with its authorship. I am glad that it is current, for it is so comprehensive a term as to embrace as no other does every branch of study connected with the secret agencies of Nature and their manipulation. Magic, sorcery, the esoteric sciences and religions of all ages, theurgy, theosophy, Hermetic philosophy, divination, Modern Spiritualism, psychometry and all that pertains to psychology, are included in the word. Nothing could be further from the truth than the assertion that it is a "synonym of Spiritualism," unless it be the other that it is a branch of the latter, bearing the same relation to it "that any one of the different colors bears to the pure ray of light." This is as bad as the cool ascription of the Catholic Propaganda that the rites, ceremonies, moralities, monasteries, convents, vestments, etc., of Buddhism found by the French Ambassador de Lamoignon, and the Abbé Hue, Gräbner and Mañi, in Thibet and Siam, where they had existed for at least five centuries before the birth of Christ, were copied after those of the Romish Church! Occultism dates back to the archaic ages; Spiritualism is a thing of less than thirty years, and its name was never pronounced, either in this world or that of these guides, before that time.

"We do not suppose," say these guides, "as Occultism has as yet made few, if any, absolute converts or advocates, and has no basis or claim of existence in the world of science, that it can as yet have a special relation to Spiritualism." I don't know what may be their ideas of "few" or "any," but, with my compliments, I beg to inform them that at this moment there are in various parts of the world, nine hundred and eighty-five million "converts" and "advocates" of the philosophy that the Theosophical Society was organized to study. And every man of these millions not only believes that it has a claim of (sic) existence in the world of science, but every one who has heard of American Spiritualism knows just how much relation it has to what is now called Occultism. Thousands, who stand to the great body of these advocates as Mrs. Tappan, or rather her control, does to the mass of Spiritualists, could take this control and set him in full sight of her audiences, and let him do his own talking. These are adepts of Occultism.

If any description of the necessary process is required, I refer the guides to pp. 190 & seq., of "Ravallotte," that marvelous book by that lurid genius, P. B. Randolph. Let them read his account of what a whole company of ladies and gentlemen saw at the house of a French noble, when the motus operandi of spirit message-writing and physical manifestations was shown. I have seen the like things in this country, and can certify that neither Randolph's story nor Bulwer's superb description in "Zanoni" of Glyndon's encounter with THE DWELLER, is an exaggeration.

What excuse can these guides, who live presumably in the spirit-world, give for misrepresenting the Occultists by saying that they affirm that "there are elementary or fragmentary souls, not yet human, that partake somewhat of the nature of human beings, possessing perhaps mischievous, evil, or undeveloped qualities, who can, at the command of human beings, be made to resemble spirits, disembodied friends, ghosts of the departed, and thus create great [injury, etc., etc.]" Who authorized them to say that we regard the elementary spirits as "fragmentary souls" or not yet human? What author do they study—these guides? The spirits of the elements—the gnomes, sylphs, undines, and salamanders—have no immortal souls, nor ever will have; they are not "yet" human, nor ever will be. They are evolutions of matter, not like ourselves.

I suppose that even my friends, the guides, will concede that among the great minds that have shed lustre upon the history of the race, Pythagoras, Herodotus, Plato, Xenocrates, Porphyry, Iamblichus, Cicero, Plotinus, Ammonius Saccas, Proclus, and others like them, are entitled to a supreme rank. Well, all of them believed in elementary spirits; all were students, and some renowned practitioners, of Occultism, in some form; and all made a mighty difference between disembodied human spirits and these soulless mischief-makers of the invisible world. Which are we to believe—these princes of human thought, or Mrs. Tappan's guides?

Please do not mistake the position of the Occultists, Mr. Editor. They do not challenge a single genuine message that has been received from "disembodied human souls." They believe that there are such genuine messages; and, for my part, I can say I have had them—often—and often without the intervention of a medium. But we believe—nay, we know—that thousands of so-called spirit-messages have come from the Elementary, to the confusion of the candid, and the satisfaction of the Materialist. How do we know this can be done? By following the operation,

and having our personal experience corroborated by the writers I have named, and hundreds more in ancient and modern times.

Mrs. Tappan makes the point that, in the case of a medium, "that which expresses itself is an intelligence, or it is not. If it is an intelligence, and manifests the attributes and qualities of humanity, then it must be human intelligence; and if any power manifests itself having human intelligence, that is not embodied, it must be disembodied human intelligence." Begging her pardon, this is sophistry. That which expresses itself need not be an intelligence, and yet convey intelligence. It is not necessary that there should be a sun in a mirror for us to see the solar image in it. These elementary are like chameleons—they take the hue of every object they approach. Put them in contact with a philosopher, and they will frame in words his philosophical ideas—for ideas are objective to them; with a sensualist, and they will propound his impure fancies; with a poet, and the medium will deliver her oracles in rhyme; with a Roman Catholic, the responsive "thing of Matter" will tell the gaping crowd of a Popish hell, and the glories of a Queen Regnant in Paradise; with a Reincarnationist, and the scenes of his imaginary past lives will pass from the secret chambers of his mind, and as pictured realities be reflected back to him through the speaker. Things long forgotten will be brought to light, and the dusky corners of the memory yield up their buried facts. For, as the authors of "The Unseen Universe" tell us, every human action is indelibly impressed upon the Universal Ether, and Mrs. Tappan's guides quote from them when they say that "every thought of the human mind is in itself photographed upon the atmosphere around you." The Occultists (and among them Paracelsus and Eliphas Levi most clearly) maintain that each individual is in relation not only with the currents of the Astral Light (Universal Ether of Science), and Mrs. Tappan's atmosphere upon which are stamped his own personal history, but also with the radial streams of his family, near and remote, and of others who have been intimately associated with him for a long period. An elementary using a medium to communicate, may give the sifter bits and scraps of the experiences of his relatives and friends as well as of himself, about which he may not have previously known, or, knowing once, have forgotten. And, for all that, not be either a disembodied or embodied "human intelligence."

But there is still another class of communicating entities than either the "angels" of enthusiastic, indiscriminating Spiritualists, or the soulless Elementaries of my fellow-Occultists. These are disembodied people whose voices, or materialistic intellectual lives, during life drove their immortal spirits out of their astral bodies (the bodies or souls we assume at death). Tied by infrangible attractions to the earth, deprived of the restrictive guidance of the spirit, sunk into a state of darkness and unhappiness, their bodies, as plastic under the formative power of the mind as clay in the hands of the potter, take the external semblance of the brute they most resembled mentally while still on earth. These are the authors of all the silly, dishonest, malicious sayings and doings of mediums, that are not the product of the mind of medium or sitter, or both, acting upon those poor fools, the Elementaries.

These wretched human beings are not only attracted by evil propensities of the living, but gratify a fierce desire to make the good who are yielding, bad; the bad, worse; the very bad, "fiends in human shape." About the rum-shop, the bawdy-house, the gambling-table, the racetrack, the fashionable salon, the prize-ring, the battle-field, they cluster, like vultures on carrion, rioting in human misery, crime and vice. This is their horrid destiny—to expend their unsatisfied evil propensities upon humanity, until they burn themselves out by sheer exhaustion. Then comes the chance for—but I will not trench upon the rights of others who have taught me what little I have thus far had time to learn.

No Occultist will withhold the meed of praise from Mrs. Tappan, for her acknowledgment that this science is worthy of the earnest study of Spiritualists. It required some pluck to say as much as this; and I rejoice to see so many influential persons in this country and in Europe are publicly saying the same thing. Occultism is quietly leaving the lump of Spiritualism, and for the first time attention is being turned to the classic authors as the best helps to understand this great subject. If these guides will come to me privately, I can tell them where they will find books worth the reading—books that will show them wrinkles about themselves they never dreamed of. After reading these immortal works, they would never again need to be guilty of saying that magic and sorcery are identical with legerdemain, thus making Houdini, Maskelyne, Cook, and "the Wizard of the North," (the impudent Anderson, I mean,) rank with Moses, Daniel, the whole line of Chaldean, Indian and Egyptian magians and theurgists, and, in our modern times, with Cagliostro and Saint Germain! This is sheer ignorance, guides or no guides. Let them read up a little, and then come and talk to me again. Magic, per se, has as little to do with prestidigitation, per se, as Mrs. Tappan's last discarded ribbon with the rudder of Noah's ark. Mediumship, on the other hand, according to my observation, is not always entirely disconnected from the arts of the costumer, the wig-maker, the chemist and the mechanic. And in this the Banner and other honest Spiritualist papers bear me out.

For many years I have wondered at Mrs. Tappan's exceptional oratorical gifts, and been gratified with the many wise and beautiful things that have dropped from her mouth. She is unquestionably a rare medium for a phase of manifestations far higher than any of physical character. She was a favorite with a former esteemed friend and teacher in agricultural chemistry, Professor J. J. Mages. She visited in the family, benefited by his counsel, and had frequent opportunities to show him what she was. At the same time, I, as his pupil and friend, had many to learn what he thought of her and her mediumship. It must be understood, therefore, that in taking up the gauntlet thrown down by her guides, I neither call her mediumship in question, nor offer any discourtesy to her. I simply insist that in this one instance, the spirits controlling her were ignorant of history and science, and apparently desired to mislead us about their own world and its inhabitants. Certainly what they had to say about Occultism, its history and its aims, was arrant nonsense. And in my opinion, the fact that she does sometimes utter such orations, is a better proof of her mediumship than if they were monotonously good. No seer, prophet, magician, sorcerer or medium ever born could, upon all occasions display his powers equally well. These are all human, and subject to human infirmities and disabilities. HENRY S. OLCOTT. No. 71 Broadway, New York, Sept. 1, 1876.

For the Banner of Light. INSPIRATIONAL POEM. Delivered at Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 23d, 1876, at the residence of Thos. A. Garey, on the anniversary of the "Second Birth" of Mary Julia and Annie Bella Garey, daughters of Thos. A. and Louisa J. Garey, by Mrs. E. J. Watson, of Titusville, Pa.

All things in life this lesson teach,
Our Father's will is ever done,
His power no soul can e'er impeach,
THE UNIVERSE AND GOD ARE ONE.
If in the dreling paths of space,
A flame-winged comet seems astray,
It flies to its appointed place,
Along its God-appointed way.
The atom that in silence turns,
The star of greatest magnitude,
The mote that in a sunbeam burns,
Life's busy throngs, death's solitude,
All yield obedience to the power
That marks the periods of time,
And sets the music of the hour
In tune with love's eternal chime.
By law life's patterns all are wove,
The shuttle moved by Heaven's breath,
And each thread girt by God's sweet love,
THERE IS NO CHANCE IN LIFE NOR DEATH.
'T is not for finite souls to see
Perfection in the smallest things,
For wrapped in buds of prophecy,
Are all life's tender blossoming.
Though brief our human consciousness
Of harmony midst mortal strife,
There's perfect concord none the less
In all the purposes of life.
And not a single note is lost,
And not a single false-struck key,
The need of one not least, not most,
Throughout the matchless melody!
And love's sweet gifts as pure as snow,
That in home's pleasure took such part
But just one little year ago,
Are treasured still within the heart.
The patter of a baby's feet,
God knows how dear it was to you,
And now, instead of sounds so sweet,
How hard to hoard an empty shoe!
But though the outer world's bereft
Of all your little daughter's charms,
Her spirit presence still is left
Within the circle of your arms.
The maiden who with modest grace
Fulfilled her mission with such ease,
Pouring love's sunshine through the place,
Employing all life's powers to please,
Is now home's blessed comforter,
Uplifting life's rough load of care,
All silent drawing hearts to her
That need the balm of purer air.
And when the stars of eventide
Point pathways through the stellar deep,
The dark shall blossom by your side
With those whose absence now you weep.
Then shall your souls begin to sigh
For feeble mortal ministry,
While love and love bear heaven-high
Your faith in immortality?
'E'en now their soul-lips sweetly sing,
With countless more as glad and free,
'Oh, Death! where is thy bitter sting?
'Oh, Grave! where is thy victory?'

Spiritual Grove Meetings.

Dr. H. B. Storer at Shawheene River Grove; Sunday Services at Lovell's Grove—Lecture by Miss Lizzie Doten; Fire Sermon by Mrs. Suydam; Remarks by Dr. Storer, etc.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.)

On Sunday afternoon, Sept. 3d, at the close of Mrs. Suydam's fire sermon, Dr. H. B. Storer addressed the people gathered at the speakers' stand. Referring to the large number before him to whom Spiritualism both as to its doctrines and phenomena was a new thing, he said: Names are evanescent, and not for eternity; they are not enduring, hence it is impossible for me to think that I am talking to any one who is not interested in the theme which I am about to discuss; even though all who hear may feel to give different names to the thought presented, yet the thought itself, coming to me from the central source of all intelligence, must, I feel, be adapted to all, and in it all share. As spiritual beings we are all parts of the Infinite Spirit who fills the universe, and to which the creed of the Orthodox Church assigns the name of God. Man is the child of God, possessing his nature, so theology holds; and I say as individuals we are parts of the Infinite Spirit who underlies all things either in the physical or spiritual realm. We, as spiritual beings, have just begun to come into consciousness of our latent power and life—to comprehend our vital relationship with the great Soul of all power and life. Theology says the world has been created, but science informs us that the world is a gradual development, brought about by the lawful and legitimate action of the Spirit of Life underlying it.

The speaker said we were living in a good world—that it must be a morbid mind that was not ready to acknowledge that this physical world was an excellent place in which to reside, and one admirably fitted for the satisfaction of the needs of our personal and individual existence. The spirit within us, making due use of the set of implements—the body and its senses—with which it was endowed, ministered to our appetite, and labored to build up the physical form, and at the same time through experiences due to that form to attain to a broader spiritual development. People could gain a better idea of God's dealings with the race by perusing the open Bible of Nature outspread before them (as in the beautiful scene around him) than by a consultation of any printed or written volume known to man. Our growth, whether in the spiritual or natural world, was the result of and in direct accordance with a regular law of unfoldment, whose cause we might trace if we would; it was only those who failed to make proper use of their faculties who declared that it was not possible for us to know anything concerning ourselves and our relations with the world about us. It was not upon change of location, but on changes within us, that our wisdom or ignorance, our happiness or misery depended. We might meet with experiences which would cause us sorrow, but these would redound to our interior expansion and completeness just as the stupendous cataclysms recorded on every page of geology—whose components were earthquakes and tempests, volcanoes, torrents and conflagrations—were the means of perfecting the globe and rendering it a fit habitation for man. The baby world suffered vastly more throes in the process of reaching its adolescent development than the baby man was called upon to undergo, yet the line of his unfoldment was in harmony with that of the world, and experience had proved that humanity could

not hope for any step in spiritual advance without some analogous trial.

The dogma of total depravity had nothing whatever to do with the matter, and constituted no factor in the solution of the great problem of human life and destiny. If persons would rise to a conception that these matters of sin and pain and sorrow which so shocked the sensibilities or wounded the feelings in this life, were not the result of an arbitrary decree of whose existence they were the indices, but rather the signals of advance along the line of development—sharp lessons in the school of life intended for the pupils' benefit—if a consciousness could be reached that all this trial would ultimately in a happier and better condition, they would be brought into better harmony with the will of God. The theologian maintained that we must bear all because we could not help ourselves; but how much better than this cringing, stolid endurance was a cheerful, faithful spirit of trust, by which we would be brought into acquiescence to the inevitable through a clear understanding that whatever comes to our lives, reaches us in obedience to the law of ultimate good.

Our essential spiritual nature was within ourselves; we did not need to ask for communion with any spiritual intelligence outside to assure us of its existence; its promptings could be felt, and we could also find its characteristics in objects around us. It was by direct revelation to every human soul that we came to know aught of ourselves or the universe around us. No one could delegate to any other individual the power of receiving a revelation intended for him. Revelation was an outward and upward process going on within the soul, rather than a stooping down of knowledge from supernal heights above. People might take up the Bible and call it a revelation from God. Where was the revelation? Was it in the link with which the type was coated in the process of printing? Was it in the paper which received the impression, or the binding which fitted it for use as a volume? Was it not, rather, that in perusing its pages (or those of any other book embodying true sentiments) the soul felt to respond to some things and to take issue with others, choosing that which met its needs and rejecting the useless, and thus selecting the wheat and casting out the chaff? This was accomplished by an inherent power within the man who read, and that power was God himself, revealing himself and making use of these symbols to awaken the soul's interior consciousness to the verity of his presence. Old ideas, creeds, days, passed away; man was greater than all days, was above all bibles; God had spoken through all the bibles written by and through man, but not outside of him.

Spiritualists held that death did not work any miracle in the individual experiencing it; at the culmination of the death-scene, his spiritual being, which survived the shock, was neither in hell or heaven, but awake to consciousness of the change in the order of life, and found itself possessed of much the same nature and attributes as it had before the transition was accomplished. Countless returning spirits had borne concurrent testimony to this statement, proving that death was not the Saviour of men, and why should we be any more than birth into this world? Both were but steps in the process of development, both bringing the spirit upon the stage of material life, and death giving it entrance into a broader range for its ultimate unfoldment. The fear of death in the mind of the masses, which was so powerfully acted upon by the theologians, was only a result of ignorance in the past, perpetuated by continued erroneous education in our day; the old creeds taught of a God who would remorselessly seize upon the soul at death and plunge it into hell or raise it to heaven, according to "his own good pleasure"; but modern revelations were forcing even the churchmen to broaden their views. This conception of God proved distasteful to the heart of humanity in its higher aspirations. We could not compass a complete conception of what God was, because in order to attain to a measurement of the nature of the divine it would be necessary for us who are finite to know what the Infinite knows; but man, being a spiritual being, and a part of the Infinite, had within him the possibilities of continuous unfoldment toward the Infinite, even as a man's children, who inherited his nature, held within them the possibilities of all the attainments that the Infinite had made. The spiritual nature of man was common to consciousness; the tremendous demonstrations which had been vouchsafed to this age were working a revolution widespread as it was startling to the thoughtful beholder. Twenty years ago who would have believed, even in imagination, the wildest flights, in the possibility of those occurrences which are the common incidents of to-day? We were living at a time when the spiritual beings, once dwellers in mortal, were enabled to clothe themselves anew with physical forms and walk in our midst—forms temporarily evoked for their important purposes, to dematerialize again when the work was done, and mingle once more with the great ocean of atoms.

The doctor here referred briefly to some of his experiences at various circles held for spirit-materialization. He also cited some experiments occurring in the presence of the jugglers in India, and said the peculiarities of their lives, and the elemental state of the country in which they resided, favored the production of these surprising results; but men had no call to visit India to gain an idea of the powers of human development, a development which was each day proceeding, and which went on after the process of physical disembodying, causing the spirit to be reborn in a new body, and to grow to goals. We ought to become conscious of this divine destiny, so that nothing unworthy of our nature would be allowed to take possession of us. How much this ideal of humanity transcended the dogma of the unmitigated evil of the heart of man! How much it was above that which held him to be but a worm of the dust, who would find a just ultimate in the pit of hell! Such a conception of God and man defamed and dishonored the Being of whom we all were parts.

Say you that Spiritualism is doing nothing? I heartily endorse the remarks of Bro. Plympton in what he has just said [this speech, reported two weeks ago, was against the "New Movement"]. Spiritualism is everywhere calling the attention of the world to the grandest spiritual virtues, virtues far outshining any witnessed by the seers and prophets of the past. In these days the masses are being called together—as in the audience before me—to recognize the presence of the new spiritual Christ, even as of old the crowds of Judea's common people assembled to do honor to the Christ of that time. I do not believe the time has come for the organization of the spiritual forces upon the plan proposed; I do not believe the time has yet come when the unseen powers having Spiritualism in charge will sent to any step looking toward the relegation of individuality on the part of its believers into the control of a few.

The speaker said in closing, that he would counsel earnestly persons before him whatever their present views, to investigate the matter involved in Modern Spiritualism, and evidenced in its teachings and phenomena; he would that all mankind might become more familiar with the spiritual world, and the revelations which its denizens were even now pouring into the ears of such as they found willing to receive the new light. Spiritualism, recognizing the God in all, was calculated to make men and women better associates in the walks of daily mortal existence, and to fit them for the superior companionships of the higher life. Let none despise the day of small things, nor sneer at the humble instrumentalities through which Modern Spiritualism came to the world, or through which mayhap it was still appealing to the minds of the masses. Suppose it had made its advent in the pulpit, and among the ranks of the clergy? Why, we should have at once missed the force of the whole matter, and its appearance would have been but the signal for the formation of another oligarchy in religion; but coming as it had, it brought forth a democracy of sentiment among men, instead of a democracy of spiritual oligarchy or aristocracy, but notably through the channel of the feeble in this world's eyes—who had no brilliant reputations or desirable positions to lose through the step, and so were free to act where many of earth's brightest intellects seemed bound and powerless—the light of this modern dispensation

had been evolved to educate the people concerning the world of spiritual power, and its relations with our own.

MEETING AT LOVELL'S GROVE.

On Sunday, Sept. 10th, Dr. H. F. Gardner concluded his out-of-door meetings for the present season by an excursion to Lovell's Grove, opposite Quincy Point, Mass. The place is at easy distance from Boston by steamers. The voyage to and from the grounds was pleasantly made by the visitors, either as passengers on the "Standard" or the "Massasoit," and a goodly number attended the sessions at the speakers' stand, while yet others preferred to sit in the breezy arbors, or look from the summit of the observatories upon the busy panorama of life spread out before them in the winding river, filled with snowy sails, the converging roads covered with dust-crowned teams, pressing onward toward Pine Point House, and the grove itself, with its happy company, who had come to bid farewell for awhile to this pleasant order of services, which was about to be supplanted by attendance on stated lectures in the various places of meeting afforded in Boston and vicinity.

At an hour somewhat later than usual for the morning session, the meeting was called to order, music by the band and brief remarks in opening by Dr. H. F. Gardner, prefacing the address of Miss Lizzie Doten. She commenced her discourse by reading an extract from the writings of Theodore Parker, wherein it was declared that when a man received a new truth which, as it were, took him by the hair of the head, lifting him up out of old ruts, and placing him on another foundation—when that truth was outwrought in his daily life, and developed in his every act, that man was full of God; he was forced to die, as he did, or to fall—he was obliged to speak or do. To such man resistance was nothing. Such as he were the men who moved the world, and for such, who were on the side of God, there was nothing to fear. Of such a nature, she said, had been her experience. Shrinking from the gaze of the world, she had yet been forced to yield to the power of a new truth with which she had been infilled, and over which she had no control, and for eighteen years she had stood before the public in advocacy of what had been so forcibly revealed to her soul. She proposed, on the present occasion, to speak of

THE SPHINX'S RIDDLE.

The Sphinx she described as a mythical being—supposed by the ancients to possess the body of a lion, and the head of a woman—who, according to the legend, stationed herself on a rock near Thebes and propounded to every passer-by a riddle, putting to death all who failed to solve it. Oedipus on encountering her was asked: "What being is it that has four feet, two feet and three feet," and he answered that it was man—who crept in babyhood, stood erect as he grew older, and found need for a staff to assist him in his latter days.

This ancient tale was a symbol of man's life, though, up to our day, the latter portion of the riddle had not been satisfactorily explained to the longing heart of humanity. Man, with his three-fold nature, physical, intellectual and spiritual, what was he in the morning, the noon, the evening of his days? Does he prepare for a higher life by again becoming a child in his declining years? Is this the end of man, who is the grand fruition of the tree of being? We were all but little children, and were attaining to a small degree of knowledge concerning the spiritual alphabet, but as the crystal—which advanced from a stationary condition in the mineral kingdom by the addition of a new, divine idea, and further progressed through vegetable and animal by the addition of other divine ideas, till it reached the culminating point in man—his former self, so was it with us. Common table salt dissolved in water might be incapable of detection by the eye, but if the rays of the meridian sun fell upon it in their blinding heat and brightness, these salt crystals would begin precipitated through the evaporation of the water in which they were held in solution; so we might be held in solution in society and its customs and demands, but at last the rays of the flaming Sun of Truth, descending with searching power into the depths of the human mass, would bring out the crystals of our individuality.

People were ushered into existence as they were, criminals, wrong doers, or right doers; children were born as they were,

"By a law that compels men to be,
Born to conditions they could not foresee."
They were born with all the innate tendencies arising from the circumstances which preceded their advent; they were not totally depraved, for all were parts of what was a perfect whole, though we could not understand it because we lacked the power of Infinite sight, and even the prisoner would as clearly fulfill his part in the great whole, as the just man his. The marked attributes which went to make up the sum of the character of an individual, whether for good or the reverse, were the results of the planting, the seed time, the growth in Nature, which culminated in the harvest of individual being, which he was called upon to reap. Thus selfishness could be traced directly to that law of the atoms which taught them in the great laboratory of Nature to industriously assimilate whatever was for their good, rejecting all else as of no use in the process of lifting themselves from lower to higher forms. Man was like what he had arisen from in function and nature; the first step in his growth, his infantile period, was taken in obedience to the demands of the supremest selfishness; his animal nature was built up by drawing and assimilating supplies from all around—it sought only to eat and sleep, all the while the process of its unfoldment going ceaselessly forward; and when he came to endeavor to rise from the first condition of the Sphinx's riddle—to transcend his merely animal nature with its gross demands for the satisfaction of appetite, and to rise upon two, this was accomplished alike in obedience to the law of his being. The animal kingdom and the freedom of motion in which the mineral and vegetable had not the child, possessing this freedom developed it to a higher degree, and from creeping on all fours arose naturally to the act of walking with two feet, a condition of full-fledged manhood; and in obedience to another law which, linked with assimilation, ruled in the lower orders of the animal kingdom, he proceeded to the reproduction of his species. To this end Nature gave man passion, which, if taken alone and untempered by the mental and moral departments, recognized no law.

But the fact to be considered was not alone that Nature incited to reproduction—the weighty responsibility was laid upon man to endeavor to produce more exalted and divine minds, because all had sprung from a divine source, and the fountain would inevitably rise to the level of its spring. Some might say, if this be true, and all things are bound to end rightly at last, why spend so much time in formulating creeds, in evolving theories, in outlining duties? and the answer would come that these were inevitably the necessary steps, according to the action of the great law of progress, toward the ultimatum of the best means for the revelation of truth. We were the present products of what was the germ-source of the harvest to be. Some of us had fallen upon the island of earth, floating in the spaces of ether, and were here accomplishing results in obedience to the law of our coming. As in electrical experiments, if the wire was thicker at some particular point in its length than at the rest of the line, the electricity would gather there and the wire would burn at that point with the lurid sparkles sent out by the force concentrated, so in the great experiment of developing life, receptive souls, broadened to grander capacities than the mass, gave out the glory of poet, philosopher or statesman, that lit up the sombre faces of the nations; the power, however, was not of these; it was put into them from the charged battery of the Infinite, and continued only until they had received their full measure, and could carry no more as individuals.

What was the second stage of our being, and what of it? The speaker was free to confess we did not know; yet through this finite capacity with which we were at present gifted, could know all the results of our lives. The best plan was for every one to think and believe that there was a

God who operated over and through all things; but when we spoke of God, we must not allow the term to carry with it the idea of body, parts and passions, but rather of a spirit above all spirits, the soul of all souls, the great God and source of life; a Father and Mother God as well as Father and Mother Spirit, and the soothing influence of the maternal element in Deity.

The speaker then considered the last stage of our experiences. For what had we been living? Was the whole action of the human being centered in the facts of eating, drinking, sleeping and reproduction? No! there were higher duties for us; we were instinctively reaching out everywhere for beauty and harmony. In hours of quiet communion with ourselves the inner force of our being spoke out to us, we recognized ourselves to be in unison with the great Infinite beyond us, and felt that we must be destined to a continuation of existence when the mantle of flesh fell down upon earth's dusty highway, and the soul plunged into the pure-reviving waters of eternal life! With this great spiritual power within us we cannot, we will not die. Death was only the closing of the eyes, and then the will power given us by the Infinite, this will power which made mortal existence so beautiful around us, would exert itself, and the man, awakened to consciousness, would proceed on his new mission of spiritual life. We did not know the capacities within us; the spiritual forces in many lay dormant, awaiting the shock of physical change to awaken them to activity; we might know what we were at present, but could not conceive of what we might be in future. These latent powers were sometimes awakened in the evening time of mortal life, even in the case of Swedenborg, whose inner vision was opened to a new revelation after he was fifty years of age. Some faint idea of these spiritual powers of man could be grasped by reference to the recorded phenomena of "the double," etc. And in man's latter stage of life, there came to him a conscious sense of something that had not been developed in his past experiences—it was a higher, moral, power. In the morning man (and the race too) cultivated the selfish faculties, in the noon of life he unfolded his intellectual nature—veneration could be looked upon as the highest outgrowth of man's intellectual being while he lived on the face of the earth—and in the evening of his days he caught sight of and in some cases developed his inner nature, and found in its promises and intuitions concerning a spiritual life to come, the staff upon which his trembling steps could lean as they neared the darksome valley of material decay.

Love, purified by the trials of earth, benevolence seated in the very observatory of the brain and broadened by the knowledge of the inevitable vicissitudes which life brought to all, were some of the fruits which came to man in the evening of his days. The trials of existence were intended to strengthen man's moral nature, so that when the storms of fate descended he might bloat in security, even as the little Alpine rose, which, cherished by the tempest, spread out its tendrils and clutched firmly to the soil on the mountain's crown.

Many people had, for a day or two past, looked anxiously up into the heavens at noon to see the planet Venus—a star at midday. Some could see it; some, not having the requisite power of vision, were forced to take the word of others as to the possibility of its being detected by the naked eye. How many sorrowing hearts were looking upward for the stars that had set on earth and melted into the glorious blue of the heavens. The poet had said: "The dead are like the stars by day." There were those around us, of exceptional powers, who claimed that they could see our cherished ones, and who declared that they lived and loved us still; but our spiritual sight was too dim. We would nevertheless one day go as they had gone, and pass from sight into the glory that was beyond—a glory that sometimes stirred our hearts with a thrill of eternal joy, and made us feel that we were something more than we could express. Not one conscious existence was lost—all were to dwell with the Eternal Spirit of Life forevermore. She closed her address with an original poem.

Dinner was next in order, after which Mrs. Suydam gave a successful demonstration of her mediumistic power over fire, the séance being much after the manner, as to table, as that held at Shawheego Grove on the previous Sunday, and described in the Banner of Light for Sept. 9th. The audience, though large, maintained remarkable quietude.

Dr. H. B. Storer closed the day's exercises by a brief discourse on the effects wrought upon the public mind by Modern Spiritualism since its advent, the different ideas concerning the spiritual world which it had disseminated even among the churches, and the enlarged views of human destiny to which it gave expression. He referred to the conceit and prejudice existing alike in theologians and scientific men toward the spiritual philosophy and phenomena, and said experience proved that both of these orders of cultured minds were as totally ignorant of that which they were denouncing as the most unlettered in the land.

At the conclusion of his remarks the band performed a number of excellent selections, and the departing steamers completed the work of the reduction of the numbers assembled, the last delegates leaving the grounds on the Stamford, for Boston.

The Boston Progressive Lyceum at Highland Lake Grove.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Encouraged by the great success of the primary gathering on Sunday, Sept. 3d, and by the deep interest manifested in the proceedings of the Children's Lyceum, Mr. J. B. Hatch, Conductor of the school, resolved to call another, and for this season the last great meeting at Highland Lake Grove, on Sunday, Sept. 10th. The clear blue sky of the morning, with sun and moon both visible in the heavens, wooed the city dwellers away to behold Nature in her rural loveliness. Nor were they disappointed, for robing herself with the tinted garments of early Autumn, she showed herself in all her beauty. Nor was this all. To Nature were added the allurements of musical art, vying with the voices of the wind among the foliage. And yet more: voices from the spirit-world were to be heard speaking through the lips of mortals to a truth-seeking humanity. Attractions these, sufficient indeed to call out such numbers as were willing to go in quest of the great Spirit of Nature, or to hold converse with the immortals under the unroofed temple of the sky.

As on the previous Sunday, the visitors from Boston were marshaled in procession, led by the National Brass Band, Alonzo Bond, conductor. No later commencement of the day's proceedings could there be than the strains of sweet music which floated through the grove and across the waters of the gently rippling lake.

Arrived at the Pavilion, waving banners, floral decorations, and smiling faces were welcome greetings. The audience duly seated, Mr. J. B. Hatch made a few remarks on the object of the gathering, as partly to give the friends in the vicinity an opportunity of making an acquaintance with the Boston Lyceum, as well as to promote that union among Spiritualists which was as desirable as it was useful and pleasant. He had endeavored to make these rural gatherings as so-called, happy, and enjoyable as possible, without forgetting instruction and spiritual teachings. And he thanked the visitors who had attended in such numbers and thereby manifested their interest in the Lyceum, for contributing so much to the success of these meetings.

Nearer, my God, to thee" was sung by the audience, the Band accompanying, and the evolutions of the Lyceum were proceeded with, comprising the banner march and the wing movements. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Union there were excellently conducted by two of the Lyceum pupils—Miss Lizzie Thompson and Miss Helen M. Dill. The precision of their command spoke well for the efficiency of the system.

An effective reading by Miss Lizzie Thompson

brought the morning exercises to an end. Then strewed all over this pleasant rocky grove were sprightly groups, with varied refreshments spread before them, in full enjoyment of all that Nature and art could bestow. Men while the obliging and effective Band kept up a continual serenade that made the whole grove vocal with aerial symphonies.

The afternoon's programme was opened by Miss Lizzie Thompson reading "The Creed of the Bells." Dr. Samuel Grover followed with an original inspirational poem, entitled, "Let us Worship," and an invocation.

Dr. John H. Currier, of Boston, then ascended the platform, taking for his text a motto inscribed on one of the banners floating above him: "Salvation only through Progression." In his remarks he passed in review the ancient records of the human race, adding therefrom the universal evidences of progression as the great law underlying all developments of mankind. Every advancing stage was one of salvation from error, ignorance and despair. True, the records had been misread, and soul-killing and God-abusing dogmas had been foisted upon them; and none perhaps had been more potent in soul-destruction than the figment of original sin, which the speaker energetically denounced. He quoted from what are called "heathen" writers—such as Plato, etc.—contrasting their statements with modern Christian writers such as Pollock, declaring it as his opinion that the "heathen" were theologically more advanced than many Christians. The heathen did not least sing of hope, while the Christian only muttered despair. That was because the religion of Jesus had been despised of its benefactor. Some indeed there had been in all religions. All the inspirations and revelations of the past were sacred in so far as they unfolded the life beyond and the relations of the human soul to God. The inspirations of the present were more universal because the beauties of nature were more freely revealed in modern times. Added to these were the spiritual revelations that had come from the spirit-world. With these combined, man now stood in no want of the means of salvation. To every soul heaven's messengers had come, and in the spiritual unfoldings of that soul could human salvation alone be obtained.

Mr. Henry C. Lull followed with an address on "God's first Temple." The great temple where God was to be found was all nature; the altar of worship, all truth; salvation, all love. He dilated on the inconsistencies of the churches, their man-made temples with their perille creeds, and soul-and-body slenking influences. Health of soul and body was not to be found in the churches. He referred to his experience as a church-member, and at the same time a devoted one, showing how his efforts to save his soul in orthodox fashion had periled his physical integrity. The fear of God, the fear of damnation, the fear of the devil, and the fear of even himself, had acted like a poison on his brain and nervous system, completely paralyzing his entire physical organization. Millions were in this way, he believed, hurried into the world, sickly tenants of the spheres beyond. Spiritualism taught that God could best dwell in the purest temple, be it soul or body, and in its teachings were to be found the truest guides to a happy immortality.

A sacred concert by the band filled up the remaining time. Most of the people remained in their seats, but very many, tempted by the refreshing breezes, wandered among the trees, still listening to the music. It is indeed almost impossible to exaggerate the all-inspiring charm which the well-chosen and well-executed strains had upon Sunday's visitors to the grove. It was with regret that the people at last turned their faces to the railway and their backs upon the green avenues; but these gatherings will fondly live for long in pleasant memories.

Note from Dr. Crowell.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Seeing that by some inadvertence my name has been used in connection with that of the able and earnest originators of the late movement in Philadelphia, looking to a national organization of Spiritualists, I regard it as my duty, both to my friends and myself, to say, that although I consider all such movements as justifiable, and in respect to the knowledge gained perhaps profitable, yet after a prolonged and most careful consideration of the question I am decidedly of the opinion that the spirit-world, which has our cause in its keeping and guidance, is averse to any general organization, and I am compelled to believe that all attempts in this direction are destined to result in failure.

At one time—a year or two since—I conceived it possible that a simple declaration of principles might be advantageous, and corresponded with some of our ablest Spiritualists upon the subject, and this resulted in convincing me that the divergence of opinion upon many important points was so great that the necessary degree of unanimity was not attainable, and that even this step, if attempted, would result in failure, and that the only effect would be to array our differences of opinion in open antagonism, instead of modifying or lessening them, and I was impelled to the conviction that it is our duty to best interests of our cause to abandon all attempts to accomplish any useful purpose by united, organized action, but on the contrary to leave the work of disseminating our truths to individual action and effort, under the direction of the unseen powers that have thus far so ably and successfully guided and directed the work.

All my reflection and observation have confirmed this view, and although open to any and all new light which may possibly modify or change these views, yet to-day I stand convinced that the best course for us to pursue is that which has heretofore been pursued, and for each individual to prosecute the work at hand, leaving the results with God and the spirit-world, in entire confidence that our labors will be crowned with success in the proportion that they are well and earnestly directed; and that the aggregate of our labors will in the future be blessed, even in a greater degree than in the past, we should never for a moment doubt.

I do not consider it necessary to here fully discuss the question of organization, my only object being to set myself right on the record, leaving it for the many able and true friends of the cause who differ with me to pursue their course, with my best wishes that their efforts—if the success of these proves them to be right—may be abundantly rewarded. EUGENE CROWELL. Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1876.

The Convention at North Collins, N. Y.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the friends of human progress of North Collins, closed on Sunday, Sept. 24, 1876, with a large and intelligent audience. The meeting was a success in every respect. No one point a failure. The speaking was of the highest order of human thought, blended with the inspiration of many good spirits. The officers were all present and promptly in their places, maintaining order, and harmony prevailing through the meeting, thus fully establishing the fact that the Spiritualists of Western New York can maintain free speech and a free platform with order, system and harmony. The meeting was called to order by George W. Taylor, President, at 2 P. M., Friday, Sept. 1st, who made a brief and appropriate opening address. Song by B. A. Beals, of Vermont, entitled, "The People's Friend." Short speeches by Messrs. Whipple, Stebbins and Baldwin. After a song by Mrs. Gorton, of Friendship, meeting adjourned. Saturday Morning.—Meeting called to order at 10 A. M. Conference on order. Music by Mrs. Gorton. Sweet Spirit, bear my Prayer," after which addresses by Messrs. Gorton, Stebbins and Toussay. Song by Mr. Tuttle, of Randolph. Afternoon.—Song by Mrs. Gorton. Mrs. Watson was then introduced, and in a trance condition addressed the meeting, stating plain truth and in a simple manner. Reading of a poem by G. B. Stebbins. Adjourned. Sunday Morning.—Music by Mrs. Gorton. Conference on order. Prof. Whipple followed, addressing the audience on the Darwinian theory. Song by Mr. Beals. "The Beautiful Hills" was then sung by Mrs. Beals and Mrs. Gorton. Afternoon.—About five thousand persons present. Session opened with conference by Mr. Beals, Giles B. Stebbins addressed the audience in his usual happy and pleasing style. Music, Mrs. Watson then dressed the meeting. At the close of the meeting we had had "a flow of music and a feast of reason." All did their whole duty, and spoke brave and noble words for humanity and progress. M. E. BROWN, Sec'y.

Every careful, observing student of Modern Spiritualism knows that the invisible intelligence that holds supervision of the movement has thus far thwarted every attempt, in the least degree, to secularize it. *Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE.

BY EDWARD F. HAYWARD.

The reapers in the valley, the gleaners on the hill,
The wheat and grasses bending in air soft and still;
The wind that purrs the distance, the silver-shining stream,
And haze that wraps about them the halo of a dream;
The sky far onward stretching, in reaches blue and vast,
While signs that silent o'er it with fleecy sail and mast—
The argonauts of cloudland, that ply their summer quest
To the westward, pursue the bright and flitting west;
The fields, so patient waiting in the radiant autumn sun,
Till crowned with fruitful grainlands and wreaths so grandly won—
Through fiery days of summer, through battling wind and fall,
They smile, and peaceful, slumber in a dream of golden grain.
The homes, so calm and silent, the barns, with open doors,
And children, brown and mirthful, that play upon the floors,
Look on the landscape as if they saw in trance;
While maids at the threshold, with low and peevish glance,
To the breeze on the landscape as if they saw in trance;
The birds upon the uplands, the merry meadow-birds,
That come like sweet-voiced prophets, with hopeful, cheering words,
That fit from tuft to hawcock, and lightly sing the air
From way-side rock and cave, with music that is rare.
On birds that sing in orchards, in meadows and on hills,
That pipe to golden mornings in song that ever thrills,
Where more your voices echo through the chambers of my heart,
To the breeze that shadows presence from the darkness seems to start.
Till bright once more the sunlight is playing o'er the scene
When I walk, gay and careless, with no long years between,
With throbbing heart of boyhood, the boundless hope of youth,
The voice large and gracious, the trust in God's great truth.
And is it dream, I wonder, this vision fair and free?
Is age more real than boyhood? and can I ever be
The heart that has laid in its rest, not once to stir,
Though seasons pass and linger, and the swift years flee away?

Banner Correspondence.

The Scioto Valley in Ohio.

Warren Chase writes: I have recently had the pleasure of resting for a few of the early autumn days at the fine old country mansion of Brother Kellenberger, who has been a reader of the Banner since its foundation. His home is located on a convenient elevation, and the land around it—studded with out-buildings and shade trees, interspersed with fruit and flowering shrubs—stretches away over the flats to the river, containing some four hundred acres of the richest of the Scioto bottom, long celebrated for its maize-producing qualities. In and around the house were to be seen the busy father and mother with four active, healthy girls and three boys. Plenty of horses, cattle, sheep, turkeys and hens, and many luxuries that belong alone to the farmer, combined to fill in the pleasant picture of life. Here just out of the range of the shadows from the Chillicothe steeps, Spiritualism lives only among the better and most intelligent citizens, while the masses go like sheep after the bell to the preacher's call. I also spent a week with Brother Purcell (another reader of the Banner and Investigator), whose capacious farm is also in the rich valley, adjoining that of Ex-Governor Allen. I gave five lectures in Chillicothe in the Opera Hall, where Bros. Denton and Forster had preceded me. I also found a sister of Theodor Foster, a very intelligent and devoted Spiritualist, and a brother of Mrs. Denton, more skeptical than she is, an M. D. on the war-path, skirmishing in the guerrilla line.

California.

LOS ANGELES.—Thomas A. Garey writes in terms of the strongest commendation concerning the work accomplished while in this place by Mrs. E. L. Watson, and enclosing an inspirational poem delivered by her, concerning a sad experience which himself and family were called to meet with in the physical departure of his loved daughters, Annie Bella (aged three years), and Mary Julia (seventeen years). The poem will be found on our second page. Mr. Garey and family are assured of the continued existence of those they so fondly cherished, through the fact that the spirits of these children frequently materialized under test conditions in their presence in the "spirit parlor" which Brother G. has prepared and set apart for cabinet uses in his own house. In concluding Mr. Garey says: "God bless the honest, true mediums of our land—the connecting links between the two worlds, the seen and the unseen—the great redeemers of earth from the thrall of error and priestly delusion. May they be multiplied in number until each hungry soul of earth may be filled with the food of knowledge and truth."

WEST OAKLAND.—A. M. Stoddard writes: "The conditions now existing on the western slope seem to be just right for the development of Spiritualism. It is my opinion that a good medium for the phase of materialization would be coming to Oakland reap a golden harvest. Will some such write to me on the subject?"

Iowa.

DECORAH.—A lady correspondent, in the course of a letter renewing her subscription, hopes that amid the present *furore* for physical manifestations, Spiritualists and mediums alike will not forget nor neglect the cultivation of the mental phenomena.

OSCEOLA.—L. Perkins writes: "I trust to be able to receive your valuable paper until I make the change to spiritual life. During the past two years no correct estimate can be formed of the amount of valuable service the single copy of the Banner received by me has consummated in our town; many of the most worthy citizens have derived great pleasure in reading it, and I trust at an early day a large number will possess sufficient independence of action to allow their names to be upon your subscription books. As a favorable index to such a result, allow me to state that Mr. H. W. Beckett, a worthy and distinguished citizen of our town, has obtained seventy-five names (many of our most prominent men) to a petition soliciting J. M. Peebles, the great apostle of the spiritual cause, to give a course of twelve lectures in our place, commencing the 9th of November next. The increasing zeal and interest manifested to enjoy the anticipated entertainment affords to all friends of the cause the flattering hope that Spiritualism will receive a new incentive to its growth in Osceola, and many of those possessing doubtful opinions relative to the subject of their immortality, will be permitted to answer in the affirmative that important question, 'If a man die, shall he live again?'"

With every expression that can afford evidence to the high and just appreciation I entertain for the cause, and for that zeal and fidelity you give in its support, I desire to extend my most grateful acknowledgments."

Vermont.

WEST FAIRLEE.—J. H. P. Guild writes Sept. 11th: A little of the sunshine of truth occasionally gleams among our hills and warms the hearts of our people. Miss Anne Hinman, of Connecticut, has just given us one of her stirring and able lectures. She fearlessly assailed the errors of Christianity and its theological dogmas, sustaining her position with marked effect. She contrasted Spiritualism with the cramping, soul-stultifying doctrine advanced by the Church, in such a clear manner that her hearers could hardly fail to appreciate the truthfulness, beauty and value of the Spiritual Philosophy. The people here need more such light-diffusing lectures.

Ohio.

TIFFIN.—Wm. C. Hedges writes that he should be pleased to have a good healing medium come and remain in his family for a while. He thinks that some good work might be accomplished in that town and vicinity.

CINCINNATI.—J. B. Campbell writes: Spiritual grove meetings have been quite common this season. I have attended several good ones,

at some of which I was called upon to act as a speaker. Warren Chase has of late been a guest at my home. There are a great many half-way Spiritualists in this city, and the Rev. Henry D. Moore preaches to about two thousand of them every Sunday, in Robinson's Opera House. Mrs. Anna Carver also lectures in a small hall every Sunday at three P. M., and a meeting is held each Sunday evening in Fulton Hall, in this city. We expect Mrs. H. Morse here in October; herself and daughter are to attend the winter session of the American Health College. Mrs. Dr. Cutler and some other lecturers are also expected to join in the winter session, and we hope to use them for the public good.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—William Wigham writes, Sept. 15th: C. Fannie Allen, who is now speaking for the First Association of Spiritualists, which meets at the Harvard Rooms, has large, attentive, and appreciative audiences. Her lectures, the subjects of which are selected by the audience, are very ably discussed, and they please her hearers, judging by the applause that they elicit. Evidently her guides do not think that Christianity, as now interpreted and practiced, is a suitable religion for the nineteenth century.

New Jersey.

ANCORA.—A correspondent writes that Frank T. Ripley, having recovered from a severe illness, has removed from Baltimore, Md., and taken up his quarters in the above named town. The tests of spirit presence afforded through the organism of Mr. Ripley are represented as giving general satisfaction. He expects to remain in Ancora till the latter part of November. It is rumored that he is being developed as a medium for materialization in the light.

Massachusetts.

WORCESTER.—W. L. Jack, M. D., writing from this place makes a good showing for the cause. He desires to return his thanks to the Spiritualists in that vicinity for the cordial welcome with which he was received in their midst.

The Truth Spoken in Love.

IN A GREAT CAUSE ACTION IS THE HIGHEST ELOQUENCE.

For two years the proposal to convert the Belvidere Seminary into a college, in the interest of a more liberal system of education, has been before the Spiritualists and other unsectarian classes of our American society. These people—swift to find fault with the institutions already established by others at a cost of hundreds of millions of dollars—have as yet founded no school of their own; and to-day there is not a single institution of learning on this continent that either respects their principles or offers a helping hand to lift the coming generations up out of the old grooves of depraved custom and mythological superstition. Shall we depend upon the inhabitants of another world for all the elements of progress in this? And are we so weak and irresolute that we can do nothing to help ourselves, and guide mankind out of darkness and the groveling life of popular materialism?

When the proposal was made to endow one institution that should be so constituted as to fairly represent the large interests of the great multitude, bound by no creed and known by no sectarian name, it was only fair to presume that the proposition would meet with favor. Many said it was a wise thing, and should be done with the least possible delay. No one objected to the proposed location, which embraced the most essential conditions of health; remarkable freedom from all unpleasant associations and corrupting influences; convenience in respect to geographical position, and its relations to the two most populous cities in the country; and all the attractions of a temperate climate and the most beautiful, natural scenery.

It was of course readily admitted that we ought to have a school, very much better and more liberal than any in the country. No one questioned the propriety of the proposition; nor did any one disapprove of either the location or character of the Belvidere Seminary. It was generally known that its Principals, Professors and Teachers were all thoroughly imbued with a spirit of freedom and love of progress in the largest and best sense of the terms. And yet to this hour nothing has been done to realize the proposal to endow the Seminary. While the religious sects are investing millions annually to found colleges and universities in every part of the country, our people are still idle and indifferent in respect to all similar enterprises. They appear to be deaf to the most cogent appeals; they close their palms and hold on to their money with a most unspiritual tenacity. Not a man or woman of all our boasted ten millions of believers has as yet expressed a willingness to furnish the first thousand dollars for this most important object. Are we a sincere people? Have we any serious purpose in this world? If so, what is it, and can it ever be realized by this thoughtless indifference and mastery inactivity?"

It appears to be a very easy matter to gather a great assembly of from five to ten thousand persons in some pleasant place, to enjoy something like a holiday entertainment; but no one is prepared for any serious work, or personal self-sacrifice, even when the proposal not only involves our reputation for consistency, liberality, and justice before the world, but the highest and holiest interests of a great truth and the weal of the common humanity. A single Orthodox congregation of not more than one thousand people will often contribute at once twenty or thirty thousand dollars to pay off a church debt, or to equip a theological professorship in some college. This may be the easy task of half an hour. Ten thousand dollars can be raised to send the minister to Europe, or perhaps fifty thousand to defend his character at home. But we (Spiritualists) are a very economical people, and never squander our money after such a fashion. This fact is illustrated in our daily experience, and it found emphatic expression the other day in Massachusetts. After a forcible and eloquent appeal in behalf of Belvidere Seminary—made by Professor Denton to an assembly estimated to number seven or eight thousand persons—a collection was taken up which amounted to almost forty dollars—about five mills or half a cent per capita! Figures have a reputation for veracity, and we will not attempt to demoralize them by concealing the unpleasant truths they are made to express.

The season has at length arrived for the opening of the autumn term of the Belvidere Seminary, and all who really have its interests at heart will use their efforts to increase the measure of its patronage. If Spiritualists are not willing to liberally endow this institution, to help those at least who have sons and daughters to educate the good sense and grace to patronize their own school instead of going further and farther worse? S. B. BRITTAN.

Obituary.

PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE, at Ancora, N. J., Aug. 20th, GEORGE HASKELL, M. D., aged 77 years.

The demise of this venerable brother and pioneer laborer in the cause of Spiritualism calls for more than the usual passing notice. Dr. Haskell was born in Harvard, Mass., in 1799. When four years of age his parents removed with him to Waterford, Me., where his youth was spent on his father's farm, with only such limited means of education as a school-teacher at that time afforded. He, however, had an insatiable thirst for knowledge, which prompted him to avail himself of all means of improvement within his reach. His parents being poor, he never had so much as a dime to spend for any purpose that he did not earn with his own hands. He managed, however, while a youth, to purchase a share in the town library, and mastered its contents by fire-light; and, by taking lessons of a country parson, succeeded in fitting himself to teach a village school at the age of 20.

Soon after becoming of age, he took all his worldly effects in a small bundle and started on foot for Exeter, N. H., a tramp of one hundred miles through the mud and spring, to attend the famous academy at that place. He paid his way mainly by work on the shoemaker's bench; and, on completing

the academic course, next presented himself at the doors of Dartmouth College, having made his way thither, as usual, on foot. After pursuing the collegiate course for one year, supporting himself by teaching the school of his fellow-students while they were at their amusements, and by teaching winter schools, he determined on the study of medicine under the tuition of the distinguished Dr. Muzzey, then a Professor in the College. During this time, all his journey, whether to visit his parents at their distant home, "drying" vacation, or to reach the scene of his pedagogic labors, were performed on foot—on one occasion the distance traversed amounting to about 300 miles.

(Obtaining his diploma as a physician, Dr. Haskell commenced practice at East Cambridge, Mass., but soon after removed to Ashby in the same State. After a few years of moderately successful practice in New England, during which he was an active laborer in the temperance and other reforming movements, he tried his fortunes in the western part of the far West—Locustville, Upper Utah, Ill., the Mississippi river, he soon entered upon a lucrative practice and became active in promoting various public movements. He assisted in founding Shurtleff College at that place, was for five years one of its trustees, and superintended the erection of its first buildings. The climate of Southern Illinois proving unfavorable to his health, he sought a more northern location, and in 1850 removed to Rockford in the same State. This was then a wild region, just beginning to be settled by emigrants from the East. Here he commenced living in a log cabin, built the first brick house ever erected in the place, and procured a tract of wild land which now forms the heart of the city of Rockford. He thus became laborer in the growth of this thriving city, and contributed largely to its public institutions and enterprises.

Being a devoted lover of Horticulture and Floriculture, as well as of Agriculture in general, Dr. Haskell was foremost in promoting efforts for improvement in these departments, and the great West is doubtless largely indebted to his early activity in these matters for much of its advancement. The seed store of Geo. S. Haskell & Co., of Rockford, founded under his auspices and now conducted by his son, is by far the most extensive establishment of the kind west of the Alleghany mountains.

Dr. Haskell was a man of correct religious convictions, and for many years was a devoted member of a branch of the Baptist Church and all its religious enterprises. But at length he became conscious of a want which the Church did not supply. About this time his attention was called to modern spirit-manifestations, then just beginning to attract the notice of the world. He became an earnest, prayerful investigator, and, in a short time, a fully confirmed believer. He possessed that peculiarly of organism (lacked by many investigators) which rendered it easy for spirits to operate in his presence, and hence he was privileged to be the witness of almost every variety of convincing demonstration. When convinced, he became a fearless advocate of the truth, against much opposition and obloquy; and, in April, 1852, commenced the publication, at Rockford, of a weekly paper, entitled a monthly journal, of much ability as an exponent of Modern Spiritualism, which he continued to issue for two years.

About the time that Dr. H. lost confidence in Orthodox theology, his faith also began to weaken in the Orthodox theories and practice of medicine. Though he had devoted himself to his profession for nearly forty years, and had secured a very extensive and lucrative business, yet he became gradually convinced that the administration of drugs, on the whole, did more harm than good, and he conscientiously abandoned the practice.

Having ever taken a deep interest in educational matters, Dr. Haskell about this time began to realize (to use his own words) "the importance of a better system of education than society now affords; an education which would unfold and develop all the powers and elements of the human system, and prepare them for their proper use; where work, and study, and amusement, could be so blended together as to develop and unfold the man and the woman, and teach them how to live in the best manner to produce the best results; where the SCIENCE OF LIFE, in all its unfoldings, could be fully taught and appreciated."

To the founding of an institution for this purpose, Dr. H. resolved to devote his means and the remainder of his life. With this object in view he visited Kansas, and, after much exploration, selected a beautiful spot, now stands the enterprising city of Emporia; but the prevalence of the "border-rudder war" prevented the carrying out of his intentions in that direction. He then thought best to connect himself with a "Liberal Institute" already established at Hamonia, near Battle Creek, Mich., and here he expended a large amount of means. But he found secret untoward influences at work, which soon proved disastrous to the school, and he was obliged to suspend it.

He next went to Vineland, N. J., with the same object in view; but meeting with the encouragement which he hoped, he was led to fix upon the Blue Anchor farm, now called Ancora, as the site of his operations. Here he was induced to invest largely in lands, with the expectation that a settlement of congenial people, in harmony with his grand idea, would speedily be gathered, and thus ample endowment and support for his projected institution be secured. But in this he was sadly disappointed. The expected aid and cooperation of Spiritualists and Liberals was not received; his own fortune was expended in unproductive investments, and his noble aim still awaits realization.

The IDEA, however, which he so long labored to actualize, is abroad in the world. Already we have many schools and colleges from which sectarian teachings are excluded, and whose doors are open on equal terms to both sexes, and where the curriculum of exercise is not only broadened and practicalized. There is room, nevertheless, for further progress. There are branches of the SCIENCE OF LIFE, of the utmost importance to human weal—including almost the whole field of practical truth which Modern Spiritualism has brought into view—to which no professor's chair is dedicated in any existing school or university. A SCHOOL OF LIFE, such as projected by our ascended brother, is still needed, and it must be had.

Dr. Haskell's interest in this matter, notwithstanding his many disappointments, continued unabated to his closing hours. I trust his emancipated but not wholly departed spirit will at no distant day "see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied."

Dr. H., previous to laying aside the pen, gave full directions as to his burial and the funeral exercises on the occasion. He wished his remains to be placed in a plain pine coffin, without ornament of any kind—as an example, he said, to the poor, who cannot afford the useless expenses commonly indulged in on such occasions; he asked that the funeral exercises should be of the simplest character, without show or parade—the singing of a hymn, expressive of joy at the spirit's release, with such remarks as the friends of the cause might desire to utter, and he desired the body to be interred in a chosen spot on his own grounds, to be surrounded by flowers and shrubs, which were his favorites, and to be marked by a monument to be a choice fruit-tree planted over the grave.

May his freed spirit be often with us, to prompt us to equally unselfish and noble deeds. A. E. N. Ancora, N. J., Aug. 20th, 1876.

PUBLIC MEETINGS, ETC.

Convention in Minnesota.

The Ninth Annual Convention of the Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists will be held at Harrison's Hall, in the city of Minneapolis, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Oct. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. Rev. Samuel Watson, Rev. A. J. Fishback, and S. S. Jones, are expected as speakers. Dr. J. Beckett, of St. Charles, Ill., will be present, and will read a paper on "The Good of the Cause." Home talent will be fully recognized, and paid according to the means that may be at command. A cordial invitation is extended to all who are interested in the cause, and who will help make our meetings "a feast of reason and flow of soul." And now, brothers and sisters, it is for you to make our annual meeting a success. Let us be prompt to be present, and home talent should be, and it is for you to see that the means to do so are not wanting. Arrangements are being made for the evening meetings held on Oct. 1st and 2nd, at the State fair, railroad tickets will be sold for both meetings. GEORGE WALKER, Secretary. Stillwater, Aug. 25th, 1876.

Quarterly Convention.

The next Quarterly Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association will be held at Ferrisville, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st. Good accommodations at the Hotel, \$1.00 per day. The usual number of speakers will be present, and will be offered. Also some from out of the State. Ferrisville is a pleasant village, and situated about seven miles from the Rutland and Ferrisville, and Sunday, Oct. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. The Vermont State fair, railroad tickets will be sold for both meetings. GEORGE WALKER, Secretary. Stillwater, Aug. 25th, 1876.

Convention in Wisconsin.

The Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference will convene in Oconto, Wis., on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 29th and 30th, and Sunday, Oct. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. The usual number of speakers will be present, and will be offered. Also some from out of the State. Ferrisville is a pleasant village, and situated about seven miles from the Rutland and Ferrisville, and Sunday, Oct. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. The Vermont State fair, railroad tickets will be sold for both meetings. GEORGE WALKER, Secretary. Stillwater, Aug. 25th, 1876.

The Eleventh Annual Convention.

Of the Connecticut Association of Spiritualists will be held at the Connecticut Association of Spiritualists will be held at Ferrisville, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st. Good accommodations at the Hotel, \$1.00 per day. The usual number of speakers will be present, and will be offered. Also some from out of the State. Ferrisville is a pleasant village, and situated about seven miles from the Rutland and Ferrisville, and Sunday, Oct. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. The Vermont State fair, railroad tickets will be sold for both meetings. GEORGE WALKER, Secretary. Stillwater, Aug. 25th, 1876.

L. ROBINSON, Secretary.

To Book-Purchasers.

We respectfully call the attention of the reading public to the large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works which we keep on sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, ground floor of building No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass.

Having recently purchased the stock in trade at ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS'S PROGRESSIVE BOOKSTORE, New York City, we are now prepared to fill orders for such books, pamphlets, etc., as have appeared by name in his catalogue, and hope to hear from the friends in all parts of the world.

We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

COLBY & RICH.

In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of honest free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1876.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street (Lower Floor).

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK, THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 19 NASSAU ST.

COLBY & RICH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LETTER COLBY, EDITOR. ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to COLBY & RICH, 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.

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

Mr. Curtis's Rejoinder.

In the August number of Harper's Magazine Mr. G. W. Curtis, who has earned an honorable fame as an author and a critic, took up the subject of Spiritualism and ridiculed the alleged phenomena as being, for the most part, such as could be duplicated, without any preterhuman or abnormal aid, by Mr. W. I. Bishop, a pretended "exposer." In the Banner of July 29th we answered Mr. Curtis's objections, at some length; and in the "Easy Chair" department of the October number of Harper's Magazine he has a rejoinder, in which he renews his attempt to throw discredit on the facts that have led so many persons to believe either in the operation of an unknown psychic force, or in the direct agency of spirits that were once the mortal and human inhabitants of this earth.

We fear that Mr. Curtis, busy man that he is, accomplishing so much as lecturer, political speaker, editor, essayist, and critic, has been totally unable to give to the great subject which he here undertakes to handle, that study and reflection which its importance demands. What would be said of the casuist who should attempt to disparage the good sense of believers in a God by an argument like the following?

"Our amazement remains unabated that phenomena many of which are so apparently useless—such as earthquakes, floods, venomous reptiles, mad dogs, pestilential swamps, the potato rot, loathsome diseases, &c.—all of them in their moral and intellectual aspects so wantonly cruel and stupid—should evidently satisfy many honest and intelligent persons as conclusive proof of the existence of a God."

What would be said of the propriety of such an attack upon the holders of the theistic theory? Yet not one whit fairer or more appropriate is the attempt of Mr. Curtis to throw reproach upon Spiritualists because of the offences committed in the name of Spiritualism, or because of the obscure and puzzling questions which it develops. Here is what he says:

"But the Easy Chair's amazement remains unabated that performances many of which are so evidently vulgar impostures, and others of which, if apparently inexplicable, are no more than many professed jugglers, and all of which, so far as some careful reading upon the subject shows, are, in their moral and intellectual aspects, so essentially trivial, should evidently satisfy many honest and intelligent persons as conclusive proofs of the existence of a spiritual world."

Premises and conclusion, all here is either unjust or fallacious. We put it to the writer, is it fair to assume that the "evident vulgar impostures" in a large body of supposed phenomena, physical and mental, are those on which a clear-headed investigator bases his convictions? Is not the honest, intelligent Spiritualist quite as anxious as you or any one else can be, to bar out imposture? And where the imposture is "evident," is it quite fair to assume that he is imbecile enough to embrace it?

Many of the "performances," you tell us, are impostures. Well, what if they are? Do you wish to have the world suppose that therefore all our "performances" (as, in your pre-judgment of the question, you politely call our phenomena) are impostures? Suppose there is a single thoroughly attested fact and a hundred or a hundred thousand attempts to imitate it by fraud: is the fact weakened by the impostures? Yet such is the impression which your language would give. If Mr. Curtis's "careful reading" has led him to believe that all the phenomena, "in their moral and intellectual aspects," are "essentially trivial," then he must have been very unfortunate in his selection of both the narrative and didactic portions of the literature of Spiritualism. Accounts of phenomena of the most impressive character are on record; and some of the direct teachings of supposed spirits are of a kind the most elevating and suggestive. There is much that is vulgar and commonplace in communications from spirits, just as there is in those from mortals. And wherefore not, if the spirit-world gets its supplies from this? Why should not the "unprogressed" be a large majority there as well as here?

Spiritualism includes a vast complex body of phenomena. Some of them may be imitated (not duplicated in the same way) by a juggler or a gymnast; some of them may be of a low and trivial character. But to assume that we base our belief in the high and inexplicable phenomena merely on those that may be imitated, or that are fraudulent or trivial, is hardly a fair supposition.

A certain Mr. Flint, of New York, professes to be a writing medium. He gets into trouble with

a woman claiming to be his wife, and she charges him with being a cheat in his medial pretensions. Letters are published, account-books and an apparatus are produced, which give color to the accusation. We know nothing of the merits of the case; we will assume that Mr. Curtis is in the right in regard to it, and that Flint is a "plain knave" and not what he pretends to be, a medium; that his writings are, as the Easy Chair says, a "cheap and sentimental lingo"; but why, in the name of all that is just and fair, should Spiritualism be made responsible for him? Do we make Christianity responsible for the hypocrites and swindlers who batten on it so largely? Do we make chemistry responsible for the professor who puts out of the way an inconvenient dun? Do we make Republicanism responsible for the Secretary who uses his high trust to extort money unjustly? We can see no point or aptness in Mr. Curtis's attempt to throw upon Spiritualism the odium of generating a Flint. As well might he say that the pure gold generates the counterfeit.

If Flint, a mere pretender to mediumship, writes trash and tries to pass it off as the production of a spirit, why should Mr. Curtis assume to make us and Spiritualism implicated in the discredit of the swindle? It strikes us he is even less reasonable in this than our enterprising friends, the German editors, were in trying to give a bad name to the Great Republic, because the "dynamite fiend" was supposed to be an adopted citizen of the United States.

When, in allusion to Flint's "sentimental lingo," Mr. Curtis refers to "those who deliberately foster the idea that such things are not only respectable but to be treated with reverence," he is utterly at fault if he thinks that we are hit by what he doubtless meant as a shot for our benefit. Trash is trash, and we "reverence" it no more when it comes from a spirit than when it comes from a mortal. We may find an important lesson in it; this, namely, that the tricolor or the fool is not changed by passing from the visible into the invisible world. But to say that we "reverence" the trash is to misrepresent our attitude altogether.

But there is bad reasoning as well as irrelevant reproach in the "Easy Chair's" remarks. It tells us, that "To say that vulgar and ignorant letters do not disprove spiritual agencies, and that there is no reason to suppose that spirits may not be as silly as mortals, is a mere evasion."

That is to say, if Mr. Curtis asserts that vulgar and ignorant letters do disprove spiritual agencies, and we deny it, then our denial is an "evasion." But how and why an evasion? Is not the theory that a vulgar and ignorant mortal will at the transition of death become a vulgar and ignorant spirit, perfectly rational and legitimate? Is it not consistent with those scriptural teachings that tell us that as a man sows, so he shall reap; that where the tree falleth, there it shall be? We cannot guess the force or the point of Mr. Curtis's charge that there is an "evasion" in the saying that vulgar and ignorant spirits may write characteristic letters, or that a spirit out of the flesh may be as silly as one in the flesh! Mr. Curtis might fairly call it a mere theory, but to call it a "mere evasion" is an obvious misuse of words. If Spiritualism teaches anything, it is that there is no magical presto, change, in death, transforming the sinner into a saint, or the fool into a wise man; it is, that no atonement of blood, or cleansing of baptismal water, can reverse our identity, or make the impure pure. The man who would have written a "vulgar and ignorant letter" on this side of the grave-to-day, may write one on the great Beyond-to-morrow. Is it an "evasion" to say thus much? Rather is it not a plain, frank declaration, justified by reasons and by facts? Mr. Curtis proceeds to say:

"The reply that is made to the Easy Chair, in the case of Bishop, that he is himself a medium, and that while professing to expose the way in which the feats are done, he yet does them by mediumistic power, and that he does not and cannot explain the most marvelous of the phenomena, may be equally applied to Flint. It is the old papal doctrine that a man may be a very bad man but a very good vicegerent of God. The argument breaks at the vital point."

Here Mr. Curtis's meaning is very obscure. We have understood him to assert that Flint is a thorough impostor, and that his claim to be a medium for reading sealed letters is transparent knavery. So far well. For the sake of the argument, we accept Mr. Curtis's assertion, and dismiss Flint as one who has never given any evidence whatever of medial power. But with regard to Bishop, what we have said, and what we say, is this: If, as some assert, he produces phenomena not explicable by manual dexterity, jugglery, or physical effort, then he is probably a medium, even while he pretends that he is not aided by any unknown force. So stands the case in regard to Bishop and Flint. Now let the patient reader re-peruse the sentence from Harper's Magazine, quoted above, and disentangle, if he can, Mr. Curtis's meaning. Flint has been ruled out as a medium. How then may our remark in regard to phenomena through mediumship be "equally applied to Flint"?

Is Mr. Curtis, notwithstanding "his careful reading upon the subject," really so ignorant of it as to suppose that mediumship depends in any degree on the moral or religious character of the medium? Unless he has fallen into this gross blunder, what does he mean by saying: "It is the old papal doctrine that a man may be a very bad man, but a very good vicegerent of God"? With all his "study" has he not learned that Spiritualists hold that a man may be a powerful medium, and at the same time morally frail or corrupt? What sense, then, is there in his saying that "the argument breaks at the vital point"? The argument stands intact. Nothing he has yet aimed at it has even grazed it. He gives utterance not to valid objections, but to obvious misconceptions. He continues:

"Yet Flint, a plain knave, unless the validity of evidence and the force of experience are denied, is, so far as appears, like all the mediums, and his feats are the usual mediumistic performances."

And Mr. Curtis claims to have given "some careful reading to the subject." According to his own account, Flint's pretended mediumship consisted in acting as "a post-boy or mail agent" for "celestial correspondents"—in other words, he professed to answer sealed letters addressed to spirits—and yet his feats were "the usual mediumistic performances"!

Did Mr. Curtis, in all his "careful reading," never hear of the phenomena through D. D. Home, Henry Slade, Mrs. Andrews, of Moravia, Mr. Mott, of Memphis, Mo., Mrs. Thayer, the flower-test medium, the Eddy Brothers, Mr. Charles H. Foster, the Davenport Brothers, Mrs. Blandy, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Youngs, Miss Florence Cook, Dr. Monck, and many others? How can he hope to impress his readers with a sense of his

knowledge or his candor, when he makes an assertion like the above—that the feats of Flint, "a plain knave," are "the usual mediumistic performances"? He further says:

"And by what argument is the legitimate consequence of his exposure sought to be averted? By this: that because a knave does certain things, or because a clever man shows how they may be done, it does not follow that the same thing may not be done by spirits; and that the ability to produce some of the phenomena does not prove the power to do some others."

Here the true point is lost sight of through an ignoring of the claimed fact. For illustration, consider the phenomenon witnessed and attested the other day in London in Dr. Slade's presence by Sergeant Cox, President of the Psychological Society: A chair moved about the room in the light, and as Mr. Cox testifies, without the possible intervention of any trick or fraud. Now it is not disputed that the movement of the chair might be imitated by the use of a horsehair or some delicate machinery; but the true point is just this: Something is done in Dr. Slade's presence which neither "knave" nor "clever man" could cause to take place in the same way, unless we suppose him to be mediocrally gifted like Dr. Slade.

Mr. Curtis assumes that we admit that his "knave" and his "clever man" do the same thing that the spirit does, and in the same way. But we admit no such thing. On the contrary, the whole significance of the phenomenon lies in the fact that it is produced by an abnormal inexplicable force. There is nothing wonderful in moving a chair, or in writing on a slate in the common way, or by some explicable applied force or trick; but even Dr. Carpenter and his associates of the Royal Society are staggered when they find that these things are done as they are at Dr. Slade's.

The following is Mr. Curtis's inference from his unsound premises:

"But if certain phenomena are offered as equal evidence of 'spiritual' agencies, and some of them are shown to be the possible result of physical skill, the proof that the others in the same category are, nevertheless, of 'spiritual' origin lies with those who assert it."

Here and elsewhere, without regard to logical order or requirement, Mr. Curtis introduces the word spiritual, when as yet the question is solely one of facts and not at all of the explanation of those facts. We shall take the liberty of keeping him to the true issue, that, namely, of facts; for the whole purpose of his attacks has been to strike at our theory through our facts—to disparage our phenomena; since of these last he says: they are "no more wonderful or dignified than many tricks of confessed legerdemain."

Mr. Curtis is well aware that the question between us is truly not whether our facts are spiritual or non-spiritual, but whether they are facts.

There is another obvious fallacy in his paragraph, last quoted. He speaks of our offering certain phenomena as "equal evidence," and of their being "in the same category"; his purpose being apparently to reaffirm what he had already said, namely, that the feats of Flint "are the usual mediumistic performances." But how wide of the truth is all this! There are many grades of phenomena. The tipping of a table with the medium's hand upon it is a phenomenon void of interest when compared with the independent movement of a chair or a piano-forte. Surely the two are not "in the same category," since the one may seem to us producible by trick, and the other may awaken our profoundest astonishment as something that no jugglery could compass.

The man who simply palms off words of his own invention as a "spirit communication" surely does not perform a "feat" that can with any reason be said to be "in the same category" with the phenomena of levitation, independent slate-writing, independent movement of objects, or the independent materialized hand. Yet such is the notion that Mr. Curtis, wittingly or unwittingly, would impose on his readers.

The proof of certain phenomena, he tells us, "lies with those who assert it." Well, we have offered the proof, and we offer it still. We have repeatedly said to you and other assailants of our facts, "Go and see Dr. Slade, and deny if you can the phenomena that take place in his presence in the light." But, no! As Kerner, author of "The Seeress of Prevorst," used to say of the anti-Spiritualists of his day: "It is so much easier and more convenient to sit on one's editorial stool" (or in one's Easy Chair) "and decide these questions on a priori grounds, rather than to take the trouble of going and investigating patiently and on the spot the reported occurrences."

If Mr. Curtis really wants proof, and cannot find time to investigate for himself, let him listen to the testimony that comes to us with every mail from England in regard to the phenomena now taking place in Dr. Slade's presence in London. Let him read the brief but emphatic declaration of Alfred Russell Wallace, the eminent naturalist; the published statements of Sergeant Cox, M. A. (Oxon.), Mrs. L. Andrews, Mr. C. C. Massey, Mr. James Burns, Mr. F. W. Percival, Mr. Charles Blackburn, Mr. W. H. Harrison, Dr. C. Carter Blake, Mr. W. W. Clark, and many other well-known and intelligent English gentlemen, whose testimony, we have reason to believe, will soon be supplemented by that of several prominent members of the Royal Society.

And to what does the testimony point? It points to the complete verification of certain physical phenomena, typical and representative of all that Spiritualists have claimed, and including even the marvel of materialization—phenomena that we have been proclaiming for a quarter of a century in the face of all that amount of obloquy and ridicule, the dying reverberations of which now come to us so unexpectedly through Harper's Magazine, a work largely supported by Spiritualists.

When we press upon the attention of our editorial assailants the multiplying attestations in behalf of our facts, let them not have the hardihood to reply, "Oh, it is not your facts but your theory that we have been opposing!" What have we been at variance about, if not about the facts? All the efforts of Mr. Curtis have been obviously directed to the belittling and invalidation of our facts. Unless he could impair their force, his ridicule of our theory would fall flat. His whole attempt in the August number of Harper's Magazine is to make it appear that our phenomena are so trivial and absurd that they can be duplicated, that is, done after the same manner, by a juggler or a gymnast. He evidently believes that young Bishop has plucked out the very heart of the mystery of Spiritualism, and held it up to public derision in his pretended "exposures"; doing it all by the mere exercise of his "suppleness, agility, great quickness, and self-possession." In his present paper Mr. Curtis labors to show that our phenomena are merely

such trivialities as a Flint could fraudulently impose on credulous dupes. Let us not be told, then, by our antagonists, when prominent men of science shall admit (as some of them have begun to do) the important and inexplicable character of our phenomena, "We do not reject your phenomena, but your theory!" For the last twenty-eight years Spiritualists have been saying to their opponents, "We care not how you explain them, but what we demand of you is the recognition of our facts." In his history of Spiritualism, entitled "Planchette, or the Despair of Science," the first edition of which was published in 1868, Mr. Epes Sargent remarks as follows: "Here for twenty years have the Spiritualists been proclaiming certain facts and phenomena, which they have called upon the savants to investigate. The hypothesis as to the origin of these phenomena, whether mundane or ultra-mundane, has nothing to do with the facts themselves. A man who has seen Mr. Home lifted to the ceiling may believe it was done by a spirit, or by a latent force either in the individual himself, or in the surrounding spectators. All that Spiritualists have said has been, 'Come and see the fact, and explain it then as you please.' But do not denounce us as dupes and fanatics for believing the testimony of our senses. . . . If an hypothesis is adequate to the desired result, what absurdity to denounce a man for using it as a temporary scaffolding on which to mount!"

The only vital question, therefore, between Mr. Curtis and ourselves is, "Do the phenomena occur as claimed?" Whether Mr. Flint concocts letters and passes them off on credulous persons as genuine spirit productions, or whether two so-called mediums impose their own unaided productions as the work of spirits on the readers of the Banner, are impertinent and unprofitable side-issues, and have no bearing whatever on the one question, pure and simple, Do certain asserted phenomena actually take place? For Mr. Curtis to mix up frauds with facts, delusions with real occurrences, petty and imitable phenomena with grand and imitable ones, and then to say arbitrarily, that we must take them all together—that they come under the same category—and that if one is true the rest must be, or if one is false the rest must be—is a position so obviously untenable that no fair-minded reader will uphold him in it for a moment.

Are our facts, facts? Mr. Curtis thinks that they are not, inasmuch as there are certain frauds and delusions mixed up with them. But how can ten thousand frauds neutralize or impair a single well-established fact? Why throw discredit on facts, because what may seem to you a foolish theory is advanced to explain them? Repeated failures or repeated impostures prove nothing, unless it is that there must be a genuine fact at the bottom of them. We say to you that certain supersensuous phenomena, occurring in the presence of Dr. Slade and other mediums, in broad daylight, are real objective facts; and that these facts reveal the operation of an unknown, abnormal, intelligent force. That is the question we call upon you to meet fairly and squarely, and not to go off evasively into cheap denunciations of what is obviously sentimental nonsense or illiterate twaddle—trying to throw the odium of it on us, because some one may fancy that a low order of spirit may be the author of such compositions.

You charge us with "kindly remonstrating" with you because of your "willingness to doubt whether such twaddle is really from heaven." This is an ad captandum perversion of our meaning. We have never used the term heaven in relation to those low and feeble utterances. We have never endorsed or "reverenced" the "twaddle" of which you complain. Our position, as you must well know, is simply this: The man who utters twaddle to-day as a man in the flesh may utter it to-morrow as a man out of the flesh. Is there anything so very ridiculous in such an hypothesis? We simply do not believe in the theory of that hiatus, caused by death, in the moral or intellectual condition of a man, which the popular theology teaches, and by which you seem to be strongly influenced in all your objections to Spiritualism. The absurdity is not on our side of the argument. It is for you to reconcile the notion of a man's immortality—of the continuation of his individuality—with the loss of his identity and the transformation of his character.

Mr. Curtis ends his October article as he began it, by assuming that impostures like those charged upon Flint are at the basis of our belief in the "proof palpable of immortality," as presented in certain facts objective and subjective. Could he not have done us the grace to suppose that we might be Spiritualists in spite of the frauds, the failures, the illusions, and the silly communications, and not because of them? He says:

"The melancholy aspect of it is not that Flints drive a trade upon the superstitions of the weak and credulous. . . . But that some sincere, cultivated, and earnest persons should find in such things as Flint wrote and such as we have quoted, or in what is called the 'materialization' of spirits, 'proof palpable' of immortality, and that they should be willing, therefore, with entire honesty, to encourage the kind of demoralization which such performances as those of Flint must necessarily produce, is the true mischief of 'Spiritualism.'"

Here Mr. Curtis would seem to bestow a downward plying look upon the "sincere, earnest, cultivated persons" (like Alfred R. Wallace, par exemple, Franz Hoffman, Professors Wagner and Butler, Immanuel H. Fichte, Wm. Crookes, Sergeant Cox, Dr. Buchanan, Professor Corson, J. Garth Wilkinson, Camille Flammarion, Jules Favre, Professor Perry of Berne, &c., &c.), who have recognized the fact that certain supersensuous phenomena do actually occur. And all these "sincere, earnest, and cultivated persons" are, if Mr. Curtis means what he says in his estimation, encouraging demoralization! Encouraging it, why and how? Simply by daring to testify to facts that they have witnessed? Simply by defying popular prejudice, and speaking out their convictions? Simply by not being withheld from proclaiming a truth through fear that a bad use may be made of it?

Because in a great movement like Modern Spiritualism, in which there may be—who knows?—currents and gales from an unseen universe, an adventurer like Flint trims his sail to get such advantages as he may from the agitation of the public mind, therefore Spiritualists may bespoken of with compassion as encouraging, in spite of their "honesty" and their "cultivation," the kind of "demoralization" which such performances as those of Flint must reasonably produce"—all which is about as justifiable as it would be for us to sigh over "the melancholy aspect of Mr. Curtis's case, and to charge him, in his political capacity, with encouraging, though honestly, the 'kind of demoralization' which such performances as those of Tweed, also a politician, 'must necessarily produce'—and then to add, with philosophic uncton, 'Such is the true mischief of Politics!'"

We do not despair of Mr. Curtis. Like Dr.

Carpenter he is too good and true a man to shut his eyes forever to facts because he has argued against and ridiculed them. His opinions will soon be changed—"in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," even as opinions have been changed in certain other hard cases that we might name. We know that it is not on speculations, but on provable facts, that our feet rest in this controversy; and the day of a full scientific recognition of those facts cannot be far distant.

Exposure of Mediums.

It would seem as if every medium, sooner or later, were bound to experience his or her Gethsemane. This time it is the lady known as "the West End medium," against whom suspicions are rife. At the time of our going to press, Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 20th, there had been no exposure. We have never seen the lady; but we have seen so much of the fallibility of precipitate action in regard to mediums, that we hope, whatever our readers may hear of the case, they will patiently wait till all the facts and proofs are made to fully appear.

It will be seen from Mr. Hazard's communication to-day that there is abundant reason to believe that Mrs. Hull, the Portland medium, has been wronged in the precipitate action in her case. That she is a genuine medium for the materialization phenomena there seems to be no doubt. If she has been found in a questionable position, let us wait and study all the facts, and see if they are not reconcilable with genuine mediumship and an absence of premeditated fraud, at least on the medium's part.

Here is the case now of Mrs. Markee, at whose séance the "spirit" has been a second time seized, and this time Mrs. Markee was found outside of the cabinet and in the hands of the captors. A painful and exciting scene ensued. But we have always understood that the spirits were at times in the habit of using the organism of Mrs. Markee for their seeming transformations; and the apparent fraud in this case will probably turn out a genuine phenomenon.

Surely, Spiritualists can afford to wait, and exercise charity; and not be so afraid, lest people should think them dupes or confederates, as to be cruel and unjust to mediums. We are as yet in the rudiments of our study of Spiritualism, and there are many curious things still to be learned. Meanwhile let us exercise caution and charity.

The Indian War.

The universal verdict is, that the Sioux war is a flat failure. The United States Government comes out at the little end of the horn. Bishop Whipple has appeared again, at the head of the Commission that proposes to the Indians simply to clear out and abandon their lands rather than fight, but as for the final result of the negotiations no one can venture a safe prediction. The Sioux are reported to be running loose to the north, and threatening the far frontier. But the troops have come back, and are coming back in a used-up condition. They have been compelled to cut loose from their supply trains and roam over a region of hundreds of miles in extent, with the grass burned by the enemy for a space fifty miles wide before them; and on their return from their fruitless errand they are ragged, cold and hungry, their animals are all exhausted and the army's general condition is one of complete demoralization.

Gen. Crook and Terry are reported to have gained a small advantage, the very last, but it is without the slightest practical influence on this aimless campaign. A few bodies of Indians are also reported to be coming in voluntarily and surrendering themselves. About the composition of Sitting Bull's recent army, by which Custer's little force was isolated and then crushed, there are estimates that it was largely recruited from the regular Indian Agencies, but that remains to be proved. The Whipple Commission is the only real organization now in the field. Its object is to get the Indians to abandon peacefully what they cannot be induced to do as yet by violence. Coming from the party defeated, and made to the victors, it will strike every one as unsurpassed for original coolness.

Science Condescends.

When Dr. Robert Hare, many years ago, tried to introduce the subject of the so-called spiritual phenomena before the American Scientific Association, at an annual meeting, he was refused a hearing; and that body of grave savants passed on to the question of the day, which was, "Why do cocks crow just before daylight?" The British Scientific Association, now in session at Glasgow, are likely to be more liberal. We learn that the subject of Spiritualism is to be brought up before it the present month. Prof. H. F. Barrett, of Dublin, will give in a paper about phenomena he has seen in the presence of Dr. Slade; and we understand that Col. Lane Fox, President of the Anthropological Institute, of Great Britain, and Prof. Geikie, the geologist, will present to the British Association short reports on the same subject. Surely the world moves. So science really condescends at last to wake up to the apprehension that something queer is going on. Honor to the men of science who dare to brave the indignation of their associates by calling attention to phenomena which the inimical have hoped to put a stop to by ignoring them.

A Dangerous Prospect.

The proposed elevation, at the Pope's wish, of Father Blex, General of the Jesuits, to the Cardinalate, is a great event in the Catholic world. Father Blex is the future candidate of the ultramontane party for the papacy. His election would tend to accelerate the old Catholic movement in Central Europe, and could not fail, should the Republic go on prospering, to sever Church and State in France.

We have been favored with a copy of *Le Figaro*, a French newspaper, whose editor seems to be melted into tears of laughter over the petitions forwarded by the Spiritualists in England and America to the Chamber of Justice, in France, for the pardon of M. Leymarie, the brave editor of *Révue Spirite*, who is now reaping in prison the bitter harvest sown to reward any daring soul who withstands the bigotry and prejudice of its time. Our French cacheron informs his readers that the English petition was ten yards long, and that from the United States was not less than sixty yards long. "Spiritualism is going ahead in America," is the conclusion (and a true one) at which he finally arrives.

An interesting and timely article from the pen of Mr. J. M. Roberts, of Burlington, N. J., entitled "Spirit Materializations in the Light of Common Sense," will appear in the next issue of the Banner.

A Medium Turned Exposer.

We have given our readers all the information that has come to us in regard to Mr. W. Irving Bishop, who pretends to be an exposé of Spiritualism. We have never seen him, but we have taken the ground that if certain phenomena reported as taking place in his presence do actually occur, he is probably a medium repudiating his mediumship in order to play the more profitable part of an "exposer." The following letter is confirmatory of the view we have taken:

27 West 61st street, New York, 16th Sept., 1876.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Your repeated allusions to one W. Irving Bishop as a "genuine medium," in the face of his so-called exposures of our faith, prompted me, while in Albany the beginning of the present week, to attend a performance he gave in that city under the auspices of many prominent citizens of the highest respectability and reputation. The most remarkable experiment of the evening was his duplication of Foster's celebrated "ballot-test." In this, Bishop not only succeeded, but announced the name of the deceased without handling the ballots, which were sealed and never left the hands of the party who wrote and sealed them. This party was the pastor of a leading Episcopalian church in Albany. Bishop's procedure was merely to place his own hand on the minister's closed palm, which contained the sealed ballots, and then make a few passes across the minister's forehead with his (Bishop's) disengaged hand, which vibrated and worked mechanically. Bishop next called for a slate, and upon it wrote out the deceased person's name in a style of penmanship so similar to the minister's, that that reverend gentleman was fain to disown it as his own. All this was performed in full view of the audience, Bishop and the minister the while surrounded on the platform by a large number of spectators. The experiment over, it was now hinted to Bishop by his audience that an explanation was desirable; but he professed (!) to be "too fatigued" to give one then and there. I approached him after the entertainment and requested, for my own satisfaction, some light upon the manifestation; but he proved himself here an "artful dodger," (if I may borrow the phrase with which you appropriately stamp him this week) and he evaded my request on the same plea made to the audience.

In conclusion, I saw no inconsistency in the opinion expressed by Theo. R. Norris, M. D., in a recent issue of your paper, that Bishop is a medium, yet a renegade one, notwithstanding Bishop's protestations before his audiences that he is not one. Now that I have seen Bishop and his performance, I am confirmed in the opinion that he is a medium, and only imposing upon unbelievers in Spiritualism. Respectfully, C. E. ALLEN.

Spiritualist Grove Meetings.

The Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Convention will convene in Oniro, on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 29th and 30th, and Sunday, Oct. 1st.

The Ninth Annual Convention of the Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists will be held at Harrison's Hall, in the city of Minneapolis, on the 6th, 7th and 8th days of October. Rev. Samuel Watson, Rev. A. J. Fishback, and S. S. Jones, are expected as speakers.

The next Quarterly Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association will be held at Felchville, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 20th and 30th, and Oct. 1st. A late note from L. O. Smith, concerning this Convention, informs us that "parties coming by the Central Vermont Road should stop at Cavendish, and those by the Vermont Central at Windsor. The stages for Felchville connect at these places."

The Eleventh Annual Convention of the Connecticut Association of Spiritualists will be held at West Meriden, Friday, Sept. 29th.

A Quarterly Convention of Spiritualists of Western New York will be held at Lockport, Saturday and Sunday, October 14th and 15th.

Special Notice—End of Volume.

This number of the Banner of Light closes the present volume (XXXIX). Those of our patrons who wish to renew are respectfully requested to remit at once, thus sparing additional labor to our mail clerks, and at the same time conferring upon us the benefit of an encouraging pecuniary remembrance.

We not only earnestly request all our present subscribers to renew, but anxiously solicit them to exert their influence to increase the number of names on our books, and thus assist us in the great work we are engaged in of promulgating truth for the enlightenment and good of the whole human family.

Belvidere Seminary.

On our third page Prof. S. B. Brittan makes an able and eloquent appeal for the extension of support and countenance on the part of the Spiritualists of the United States to this useful educational institution at Belvidere, N. J. The Misses Bush—its principals—deserve great credit for what they have heretofore accomplished in giving to the school a decidedly liberal character, and we trust whoever may read the Professor's article will feel moved to respond in a practical manner.

In a letter from D. D. Home, the medium, dated Clarendon, France, Aug. 18th, to a friend in New York, extracts from which are published in The World, of that city, for Sept. 18th, occurs the following passage:

"You will be sorry to hear that my illness has taken a turn which I know to be a fatal one. I may linger even for years, but all hope of even partial recovery must be abandoned."

Dr. Slade is reported to have received invitations to hold sances in Berlin and Leipzig on his way to St. Petersburg. He has determined to make no more than the necessary halts on the road, and to defer all further appointments on the Continent until after the fulfillment of his engagements in the Russian capital.

A correspondent writes: "There is no fear for the future of the Banner of Light. It cannot be consumed, either by the fire of hatred or the spirit of envy, for it floats from the mast of Honor, and its folds unfurl too many sacred truths for it to be hauled down."

Parties wishing to secure likenesses of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, and various other media and speakers, will find a full line of excellent photographs at the Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

The American Spiritual Magazine, published at Memphis, Tenn., by Samuel Watson, gives to its readers, in its September number, much matter of interest and profit. Read it.

Dr. Eugene Crowell has a note on our third page, to which the reader's attention is called.

Read the card of Dr. John H. Currier, of Boston, on our fifth page.

Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Boston.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

On Sunday morning last 21 meetings of this useful organization were held at Rochester Hall, under the management of Mr. J. B. Hatch. There was an excellent attendance of pupils, and the large number of visitors present was a silent token of the great interest felt by Spiritualists in this institution. It is to be hoped that this interest will prove fully equal to the effective maintenance of the school, especially as it starts anew financially square. It was, however, announced by Mr. J. B. Hatch, that the present supply would only meet one month's demand, and it must be a question to be solved by the Boston Spiritualists whether after that time the Lyceum should continue its useful operations, or drop out of existence from want of support. To be incessantly begging is not morally healthful for the managers. Spontaneous offerings borne on the good will of the donors are ever the most acceptable and efficient for good. With the love of truth in the heart, these to the extent of \$500 a year should be readily forthcoming. In that case the future of the Lyceum will be one of progress into new developments of active usefulness, and it will constitute a centre from which ever new influences will emanate for the diffusion of spiritual truth. Its capabilities are large, but like all human institutions the expansive properties can only be educed by the friendly hand of finance.

In addition to the usual Lyceum exercises, on Sunday last, addresses were given by Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Currier, Dr. Taylor, and Mr. R. Linton from England.

Mrs. Fannie Allyn will speak at Rochester Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening during October, under the auspices of the Lyceum.

Donations

In Aid of the Banner of Light Public Free-Circle Meetings. Received since our last acknowledgments, the following amounts, for which we tender our most grateful thanks: From H. E. Parsons, \$50.00; Mrs. E. Cooper, \$2.70; J. J. Miller, \$1.00; J. K., \$1.00; I. M. Nanson, 50 cents; Mrs. M. Burnham, \$1.85; Moses B. Harris, 50 cents; William Reardon, 40 cents; Mr. Coolidge, Chelsea, Mass., \$2.00; Mrs. Swan, Lynn, Mass., \$1.00; A. Friend, Boston, Mass., \$1.00; Nancy R. Batchelder, \$2.00; J. O. B., Boston, \$3.00.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I think it is about time Mrs. Seaver of Bromley Park was exposed again. Since she has kept the over-credulous sleepers out-doors, the "spirits" that come to her circles have so increased in numbers and in power that it is really annoying to profound men of science. Why, Mr. Editor, was one of her circles yesterday, when not less than forty of the bogus creatures from the other world presented themselves, all dressed in different garments. Sure, if the spirit ladies are as careful about rumpling their fixings as our earthly belles and matrons are, it would take half-a-dozen Saratoga trunks to stow away the costumes that were then and there exhibited. One little flirt came out and held her network shawl up to us to admire, which was about two and a half feet square. She then began to shake it up and down in the air, just as a housewife shakes crumbs from a table-cloth, and by some "devilish" contrivance, at every flap the shawl grew bigger and bigger, until it got to be several yards in length and not less than two yards in breadth. Then, again, such whisperings, such huggings, such sobbings and cryings for joy, as are constantly going on there between earth parents and spirit children, husbands and wives, and other dear relations and friends, that fancy they meet at Mrs. Seaver's circles, is perfectly ridiculous. Three and even four of the spirits sometimes come together, so that Mrs. Seaver must of course cut herself up in as many pieces to accommodate the unreasonable creature, which is very cruel, you know—as all the surgery, and tailoring, and fitting, has to be done by herself alone in the dark. Another thing that should be put an end to, is the unfair attendance of Spiritualists at Mrs. Seaver's rooms, these hard times, when so many other mediums are comparatively neglected. Luckily the spirits won't allow but twelve sitters at one circle, from fear, no doubt, of exposure, so that many have to stay out in the cold till their turn comes. September 20th. T. R. II.

The Testimonial to Andrew Jackson Davis.

MR. CHAS. BLACKBURN, MR. H. COLEMAN, MR. G. SEXTON, MR. A. CALDER, MR. W. T. BISHOP, MR. CHAS. ISHAM, BART.

In consequence of the efforts and advocacy of Mr. J. N. T. Martheze, the above gentlemen have formed themselves into a committee, to act in conjunction with that in America, for the purpose of raising subscriptions toward the Testimonial to Andrew Jackson Davis. In America, we learn by the last mail, about three thousand two hundred dollars have been collected. Those English friends who wish to subscribe—and it is to be hoped there will be many—are requested to send their contributions to Mr. Martheze, 20 Palmera square, Brighton, with as little delay as possible. The following amounts have already been received: Mr. J. N. T. Martheze, \$25; Mr. Chas. Blackburn, \$20; Mr. P. B. Harrison, \$3 35; Mrs. Berry, \$2 25; Sir Chas. Isham, \$1 15; Miss Ponder, \$1 15; Mr. H. Cohen, \$1 05; Miss Kinslingbury, \$0 6d.—The Spiritist, London, Eng., for Sept. 8th.

DEATH.—I do not believe that at the hour of death there is one moment's suspension of conscious existence. I even believe that in the so-called insensibility or unconsciousness that often precedes bodily dissolution the dying person is still sensible, still conscious. It is only that the electric wire of the nerve has lost the power of carrying messages from the inhabitants within to those outside. It has become a non-conductor.—Dr. Cumming.

The Testimonial to Andrew Jackson Davis.

The Spiritualists of the Northwest, including all local societies and organizations of any kind, or individuals, are requested to set apart the proceeds of their meetings, or to send in individual contributions, on the fourth Sunday of September, to cooperate with the Society in Chicago for the benefit of the above fund.

It is hoped that by means of such concerted action a substantial addition may be made to this most merited tribute to Mr. Davis. Local societies and Lyceums in Chicago will please confer in reference to the movement, that it may be made complete and effective. CORA L. V. TAPPAN.

153 Park Avenue, Chicago. [Remittances may be made to S. S. Jones, of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

To LET—Splendid new rooms, suitable for office purposes—in a highly eligible location—furnished with all the modern improvements: gas, water, and steam-heaters. Apply at the Banner of Light Counting Room for further particulars.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham is lecturing at Brooklyn, N. Y. She is engaged there for September and October. She will lecture at O. U. A. M. Hall, corner of Grove and Newark avenues, Jersey City, on Thursday eve, Sept. 25th, at eight o'clock. The Brooklyn Society is also arranging for other lectures in other and towns where societies exist, and where Spiritualists are few and need encouragement. Mrs. Brigham acting willingly in the missionary capacity. Mrs. Jennett J. Clark has returned to the city from her summer vacation.

Mrs. M. J. Wentworth will speak at Areama Hall, Portland, Me., Sunday, Sept. 21th.

Ernest J. Withersford, M. D., has postponed for the present his contemplated tour to the East.

George P. Colby announces to the Spiritualists of Central and Northern Florida, Southern Georgia and Alabama, that he will answer calls to lecture and organize developing circles at all points on or accessible to railroad and steamboat lines, where sufficient remuneration can be guaranteed to defray traveling expenses, &c. He may be addressed until further notice at Enterprise, Volusia Co., Fla.

Mrs. S. A. Rogers Heyder will visit Cambridge, Me., for a season, and while in that vicinity would be pleased to receive calls to lecture, or to exercise her mediumistic gifts. She may be addressed at that place till further notice. Her permanent address is Haverhill, Mass.

Dr. French Webster is now located in Bath, Me., and would be pleased to receive calls to lecture.

Mrs. Carnes, the flower medium, has removed to 225 Northampton street, near Tremont, Boston.

M. Milleson, spirit artist, will speak in Putnam, Conn., on Sunday, Sept. 21th and 22d, morning and evening, and in Shelburne, Mass., on 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th. He will also lecture at the meeting of the Free-Circle Association being given to the struggling art media, through which is being furnished advance work showing the anatomy of the vital currents of the spiritual body—knowledge of importance to magnetic manipulators and others desiring to understand the laws of their being. Paintings will be used to illustrate these important lectures, and thus subtle truths can be rendered objective to the understanding. These illustrated discourses are meeting with marked favor by the thinking minds of New England.

D. W. Hull, accompanied by Annie Eaton, test medium, expects to take a trip through the West, commencing about the first of November. He will be glad to attend conventions, conduct discussions, or deliver lectures, and his terms will be within the reach of the poorest. Address: 14th St. E. 1st street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will lecture at Hanson, Mass., Sept. 21th. She would like to make engagements for the fall and winter. Address: heretofore Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 57.

Cephas B. Lynn is now speaking for the Free Lecture Association, at Loomis's Temple of Music, New Haven, Ct. His engagement with the society continues till Nov. 1st.

Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, will speak in the Spiritualists' Hall at Bartonville, Vt., on Sunday, Sept. 21th.

Convention at Lockport, N. Y. A Quarterly Convention of Spiritualists of Western New York will be held in the city of Lockport, Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 14th and 15th, commencing at 10 o'clock and holding three sessions each day.

The London Spiritualist Magazine, Price 30 cents. THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE, Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE SPIRITUALIST: A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science, London, Eng. Price 6 cents. THE LITTLE BOUQUET, Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents. THE CRUCIBLE, Published in Boston. Price 5 cents. THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, Published monthly in Memphis, Tenn. S. Watson, Editor. Price 20 cents; by mail 25 cents.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK: A Weekly Journal devoted to Spiritualism. Price 5 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion. Special Notices.—Forty cents per line, minimum, each insertion. BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line, Agate, each insertion. Payments in all cases in advance.

For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion. Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be sent at our Office before 12 M. on Monday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT—For Diagnosis send lock of hair and \$1.00. Give age and sex. Address Mus. C. M. MORTIMER, P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Au. 19. 12w*

Letter from Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, of Boston, Editor of the "Christian Freeman." Boston, December 24, 1859.

Dear Sir—It may be some satisfaction to you to be informed of the result of the trial of the "PERUVIAN SYRUP" in my family. My daughter was brought low by a typhoid fever last spring, and after the fever left her she continued very weak, and the simplest food distressed her. For months she remained in the same debilitated condition; but from the 1st of September last, when she commenced taking the Syrup, the digestive functions improved, and she steadily gained strength and vivacity, and now, having taken two bottles, she is restored to a good state of health; indeed, she appears more really healthy than she has for several years past. I am of opinion that the "Protoxide of Iron" contained in the Peruvian-Syrup was adapted to her case, and effected what no other known medicine could have effected. Yours truly, S. COBB.

MOST EVERYBODY KNOWS. "That Boys are 'Clothed'" from head to feet, in "New York styles" at GEORGE FENNO'S, Corner of Beach and Washington street. S. 23. 10w

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Mr. and Mrs. HOLMES, 614 South Washington Sq., Philadelphia, Pa. Circles Monday, Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock. F. 19.

DR. FRED. L. H. WILLIS may be addressed for the summer at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jy. 1.

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, DR. J. E. BRIGGS, is also a Practical Physician. Office 24 East Fourth st. Address Box 82, Station D, New York City. J. 1.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 301 Sixth av., New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. Jy. 1.

Public Reception Room for Spiritualists.—The Publishers of the Banner of Light have assigned a suitable Room in their Establishment EXPRESSLY FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, where those so disposed can meet friends, write letters, etc. Strangers visiting the city are invited to make this their headquarters. Room open from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ANNIE EVA FAX. The celebrated Materializing Musical Medium from London, England, has her abode at No. 82 East Geneva street, Shelby Block, Syracuse, New York. Sances every evening except Mondays and Thursdays; also every Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday afternoon, at 2 P. M. Spirit Globes sent and produced in the light. Seats can be secured by mail or telegraph of Mrs. FAX, 82 East Geneva street, Syracuse, New York. 2w*—Sept. 21.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS. J. J. MOLES, the well-known English lecturer, will act in future as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, 9 Montgomery Place, New York, or at his residence, Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road, Bow, E., London, Eng.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT. DR. J. H. RHODES, 915 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa. has been appointed the sole agent of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's Publications, Spiritual and Liberal Books on sales above. A Liberal and Complete Catalogue of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and all the Spiritualist's Papers, in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can consult Dr. RHODES.

ROCHESTER (N. Y.) BOOK DEPOT. WILLIAMSON & HIGBEE, Bookellers, 62 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the Spiritualist and Reform Works and all the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHED BY COLBY & RICH, Boston, Mass.

ROCHESTER (N. Y.) BOOK DEPOT. D. M. HEWLEY, Bookkeeper, 14 State Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. BOOK DEPOT. AT No. 319 Kearney street (opposite) may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Works, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule Planchettes, Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, Orton's Anti-Tobacco Preparations, Dr. Moore's Nutritive Food, and all the BANNER OF LIGHT, and all the Spiritualist's Papers, in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can consult Dr. RHODES.

CLEVELAND, O. BOOK DEPOT. LEES'S BAZAAR, 16 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O. All the Spiritual and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT. RICHARD W. BROWN, 107 Seventh street, above New York avenue, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

HARTFORD, CONN. BOOK DEPOT. A. HOSK, 30 Trumbull street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

ST. LOUIS, MO. BOOK DEPOT. B. T. C. MORGAN, 69 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

ST. LOUIS, MO. BOOK DEPOT. MRS. M. J. REGAN, 620 North 5th street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

LONDON, ENGL. BOOK DEPOT. J. BULLOCK, 107 Strand, No. 13 Southampton Row, Lombury Square, Holborn, W. C., London, Eng.

AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT. And Agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT, W. H. TERRY, No. 84 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia. Has for sale all the works on Spiritualism, LIBERAL AND REFORM WORKS, published by Colby & Rich, Boston, U. S., may all these be found there.

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TERMS CASH.—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or part cash. When the money sent is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid on delivery. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Any Book published in England or America, not on hand, will be sent by mail or Express.

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Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd. FINE Photographs of this well-known worker—now a MEDIUM at the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLIC FREE CIRCLES—have been secured from the studio of Warren, 465 Washington street, Boston, and are on receipt of their prices are in two sizes—the prices 50 cents and 25 cents. For sale by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

MRS. CARNES, Trance Medium, Test, Thursday and Developing, Test Circles every Tuesday afternoon, 8 o'clock to 11 o'clock, 225 Northampton street, near Tremont, Boston, Mass. 16w*—Sept. 21.

LIBERALS and Spiritualists visiting the Centennial will find a good Boarding House within two minutes' walk of the steam or horse cars to the Centennial buildings. Terms moderate. At Mrs. C. BANGS', No. 223 Mount Vernon street, Philadelphia. Sept. 23.

DR. J. H. CURRIER, Medical Clairvoyant and Electrician, Office and residence 71 Leverett st., Boston. Examination of patients on receipt of their enclosing \$1.00, lock of hair and 3-cent stamp. Medicines (vegetable) prepared. Will receive calls to lecture as usual. Sept. 23.—16w*

"THE KINGDOM OF HUMANITY IS AT THE DOOR." This has come from the separation of the Wheat and Tares." Price ten cents. Address the author, MARY ELIZABETH ADAMS, at Milan, Erie Co., Ohio. P. O. Box 117. 2w*—Sept. 23.

JAY J. HAUTMAN, Spirit Photographer. Awarded a medal of the despised cause, with a Chicago Exposition, for his portrait of a spirit, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 23.

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Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free-Press Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. JENNIE S. RUDD, are reported in this Department, and published each week in this Department.

These messages indicate that spirits carry with them the character of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil—consequently those who pass from the earthly life to an intermediate state, eventually progress to a higher condition.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Invocation.

Our Father and our Mother God, as we stand waiting before the throne of the great Immortal, we ask thy kindness, thy protection. We ask that, as the dew strengthens the flower and brings out its beautiful colors and unfolds its petals, so may thy love bring into flower and into beauty every soul here present.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have any questions we are ready to consider them.

QUEST.—[By G. M. Stanley, Windsor, Canada.] Will the controlling intelligence explain how it is that the raising of Lazarus from the dead is not a miracle, since he (Christ) himself acknowledges Lazarus to have been dead? [See John xi: 14.]

ANS.—We know no miracles; we acknowledge naught but what is in accordance with physical laws. We do not believe that Lazarus was dead, for had he been dead the law of decomposition would have claimed him as its own.

It is quite a long way across the water, Mr. Chairman, to your shore, but I am told that whoever comes is welcome, therefore I ventured. I am Robert Raey Spearman, of Eachwick-hall, Morehouse, Northumberland, England. I am seventy-two years old. I am an old man, but still I feel it my duty to speak that which seems to fill my soul with the greatest possible praise to God, to say to all that there is no death. I took off, or laid aside, my mortal form, and found myself clothed in the immortal. I met my beloved ones, those who loved me in infancy and who guided my footsteps in my younger days, those who were with me in middle age, and those whose kisses of love woke ever the heart-thrills of affection in my soul.

Q.—[From a correspondent.] Do you fully believe that about six thousand years ago, more or less, the first human being was created at once a perfect, adult man, with mature faculties and a high intelligence, and furnished with a complete language, and that afterwards, there being no suitable help-meet for him, a rib was taken out of him and a woman made from it?

A.—Your correspondent's question, Mr. Chairman, comes to us with a shock almost. He asks if we believe that about six thousand years ago a man was created, fully equipped with intelligence, and with all the power of manhood, at once, by the simple fiat of the Almighty, and that, finding no suitable help-meet, a rib was taken from his body to make a woman of; that is to say, God came down and took upon himself the office of a surgeon. We can only leave it to the intelligence of our audience and to the intelligence of the wide world to answer that question. No, sir, we believe no such thing. We do not believe man was created in a moment. We believe no theory of "mud babies" or of mud men and women, but we believe in the laws of life, in the laws of God, which are immutable and unchangeable. If you will look over the past you can directly trace man back to his origin. We find that for each created being there was a germ from which it sprang. We find that man always sprang into being from the same kind of a germ; and if this has ever been the case with man, it must also have been the case with woman. Wherever we find a germ we find it male and female. No; we do not believe in the surgery theory of the Almighty God; but we do believe in a God of Infinite Wisdom and Power, who understands his own law and never changes. We do not believe the world was created in six days and that God rested on the seventh, for your very hillsides, your mountains, your rivers, give the lie to the old heathen mythological story of the past. We believe that man came into being in regular order, in the course of the development of the planet Earth, and we believe that he progressed onward, and that the man of to-day is no more like the man of six thousand years ago, than is the little toad like the elephant. We believe that man was created at first a rather ordinary being. Progression has been the law from that time up to this, and now he is a capable, intelligent person, far beyond that of even a thousand years ago. In fact, were the man who lived a thousand years ago to appear on your platform to-day, you would call him very ordinary. You people of earth worship the heroes of the past. You have them not here to compare with the men of to-day; if you had, I fear that the contrast would be so great

that the hero-worshippers would be fewer than they are. No; we believe not that God created woman from the rib of man, but that woman and man were created from the same source, at the command of the great Jehovah, or, if you please to call it so, at the command of the great overruling Law; that they came into the world equal, and we trust the time will come when they will journey on as one, on the same equal footing.

Rev. Arthur Caverno.

Mr. Chairman, I suppose I may as well introduce myself at the outset. I am Rev. Arthur Caverno. I passed away rather suddenly, at Dover, N. H. I had officiated as a clergyman for many years, and I supposed my ideas of life were certainly truthful. I supposed my ideas of heaven were all that they should be, and that I had learned all there was of Bible teaching, and that I understood it from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations; but I stand to-day as a little child in spirit-life. I am ready to kneel at the foot of the cross and to say, "Oh, Lord, thou knowest more than I; give unto me what knowledge thou seest is fitted for me."

I come to you, Mr. Chairman, not as a teacher, but with bowed head, feeling that I could almost put off my shoes and say, Lo! I stand on holy ground, for I understand truly that your platform is one which should be regarded as a great and mighty one, and that the work that you do thereon is not for babes only, but for the high intelligences which come from the great heaven above. Yes, Mr. Chairman, I am willing to bow my head before you and the audience present, and say to you, "Help, oh! help me in this great path of progression."

I have no heavenly home; I find no New Jerusalem; there are no streets paved with gold. I had learned before I left that this was not so, but I believed truly and honestly that the spirit-world was not in communion with this world, even as I commune with you to-day. I have now learned my great mistake, and come before you as a little child, to learn the first tottering steps in the service of the Great Spirit. I come from that summer-land, where all is joy, where all is hope, and beauty too. I come back on the wings of love to those I have left behind. I would point them with the finger of affection to that beautiful land, to that home where the radiance of the Great Spirit shines amid perfect joy, where there is no darkness, where there are no clouds, but all is beautiful and grand. But I have learned this: that it makes no difference in spirit-life what a man's profession may have been, or what his condition may have been, whether a king upon a throne or a vagabond who tramped your streets, all are subject to the same law. The same law that holds good for the monarch holds good for the plebeian. He who lives not aright in your life, must suffer for it in the life beyond. Would you have the pages of your record kept clear and pure? Would you have your spirit filled with joyous and bright light there? Then be pure and true and good here. Let the flowers of your life be sunny, let your soul never be cast down. Do only those things which seem to you to be right.

I would say to my loved ones here, oh, press onward! Cast aside the shackles which held you down. Clasp hold of the hands of the angels, and go onward and upward with a realizing sense that spiritually lives within you, that the spiritual is all about you, and that heaven is your home, if you only claim it as such.

Robert Raey Spearman.

It is quite a long way across the water, Mr. Chairman, to your shore, but I am told that whoever comes is welcome, therefore I ventured. I am Robert Raey Spearman, of Eachwick-hall, Morehouse, Northumberland, England. I am seventy-two years old. I am an old man, but still I feel it my duty to speak that which seems to fill my soul with the greatest possible praise to God, to say to all that there is no death. I took off, or laid aside, my mortal form, and found myself clothed in the immortal. I met my beloved ones, those who loved me in infancy and who guided my footsteps in my younger days, those who were with me in middle age, and those whose kisses of love woke ever the heart-thrills of affection in my soul. Yes, I find all ceremony and pomp laid aside, and that even as he who preceded me this afternoon expressed himself, "the monarch on the throne and the plebeian" have the same walking place. Yea, verily, I know that my Redeemer liveth, for I find if I would be redeemed—thoroughly made whole—I must redeem myself. I find that I must do justice to my fellow-man, that I must feel that I, and I alone, am responsible for each and every act committed in the body, and I come here, Mr. Chairman, not to do a great work, but to send across the waters a telegraphic message that I still live, and that I am still interested in the old place—still interested in the old living. I will assist them and do all I can for them. I thank you for the privilege you have granted to me, a foreigner, of having this interview with humanity this afternoon.

Cecelia Montrose.

Mr. Chairman, are all welcome at your circle—the sinner as well as the saint? [Ans.—All are welcome.] My name was Cecelia Montrose. I went out from Galveston, Texas. I have no mighty works to show as the result of my lifetime. I can point to no noble deeds. I can show you no sunny spots. I know not why I come to day. I do not know these people. I do not know, Mr. Chairman, but that the longing for sympathy which I had in earth-life, that terrible feeling of loneliness—ay, oh woman! dost thou know what I mean?—that terrible feeling of loneliness, the desire that I might have some one to care for me, some one to love me, brought me here. Ay! the tempter came in his darkness. The hours were gloomy and sad—they are all before me now! Yes, I know them, know them full well, for I meet them at each turn, as I pass along the stairway, in spirit-life. Yet I would gather the flowers from the beautiful gardens, but they turn on me when I take them! As I look at them they are blackened, and I know not where to turn! I dare not tell you my life, lest, like those of earth-life with whom I have come in contact, you open your door and tell me to begone. Sorry! sorry! Does that make life better? Sorry! And who would help us on or cheer us with a smile? Ay! none. Woman, thou hast drawn thy garments aside as I have passed along! Man, thou hast smiled the smile of wickedness! Yet I am in spirit-life by my own hand. Sorry! yes, sorry! And how much better does it make it to be told I have taken that which I could not give, and must return to earth and

take up life again and live it o'er, that I may become a better woman? Why! could I blot out the past, could I bring those little ones to life again, I would go upon my knees to Jerusalem! Ay! would I not follow the path of the pilgrim! would I not kneel before the cross! would I not call upon the mountains to fall down and hide me! But I am here in spirit-life, and all look upon me and know that I am a suicide. They told me to come back to this circle-room, Mr. Chairman, and I should obtain strength. God grant I may.

I thank you, sir. It's not worth reporting I came to speak what I've so long felt—that I needed sympathy, protection and love.

David S. Lawrence.

Will you say, Mr. Chairman, to the friends in Waterbury, Conn., who complain that different parts of the State are represented, while their part has been left out in the cold, that I, David S. Lawrence, of Waterbury, Conn., have come, and if any of my friends would like to hear from me I am on hand, and should be very glad to shake hands with them, and tell them something of my experience in spirit-life. I was about fifty-eight years old. I simply wish to state that I am here, and that I consider Waterbury quite a place, and want it represented. That's all.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I do not understand talking, but I have spoken in a sense once before. I expected to reach my father and mother once again, but I have not been able to do so, and I take this opportunity to say to them that they need not fear; that I shall progress as fast as it is possible for me to do; that I have no regrets for the past, only as it affects them. I would not that the world know all that I know. I would not that the world know how I went away; but say to them this: To my father, be of good cheer, the angels are with you, and they will assist you to bring out and develop that which you have so longed to take hold of. Say to my mother, who drops each day a scalding tear, weep not, for I am happier than I should have been had I stayed here. Say to my sisters, oh cheer father and mother; give them comfort, as I would have given them had it been best I stayed. Say to my brother, be strong, and look into the spiritual philosophy, for never will the church save him from the troubles of life. Say to them all, that I regret I could not see them again, but as days pass by they will feel my hand, and at nightfall they can watch for my coming, for I shall be there. Tell them to re-magnetize my room, to clear it from that fatal magnetism, that others may not suffer as I did. Tell them I am learning each day the spiritual philosophy, and will return to them with joy. I will only sign my name E. They will get it and will understand it.

Pat MacMannus.

Shure, sir, an' is there room for an auld body like meself? Well, thin, an' what is this life ye're trying to do, sir? [These circles give departed spirits the opportunity of proving that they live, and can come back and identify themselves to their friends.] Fa' h! that is what I've bin after for a long time—to find out whether there was such a thing as life or not. I went out from Boston—well, let me see, what year is this, sir? [1876.] I went out about seventy-four, wid yer blessing! I went out in the month of April, sir. As muddly a time as iver you see. Well, sir, an' do ye mind me comin' now? You are welcome. Fa' h! is it open to all the folks there is? An' do ye not mind whether we come from Ameriky or Scotland, or where the devil we do come from? [No.] That's true democracy. Fa' h, an' I used to hear 'em tell a great dale about democracy. I tell ye what it meant when I worked in your country, sir. I always found that when voting time come, they always knew Pat better than on any other day of the year. Do ye mind that, sir? It was the only day they recognized an Irishman, about voting time. Well, sir, I went out wid consumption. I had a horrid time of it, sir. I suppose I lived too hard. The doctors said—divil a bit if I knew what it was—they said I drank in some of the gases, if ye know what that is, from what I worked on, an' it affected me lungs. Well, sir, I suppose I died out gradually. There was n't a bit of meat on me bones when I went, nothin' but only the skin drawn over the bones. Well, sir, I ain't got much to say, but I want to know if ye know what ye're about? Fa' h! an' do ye know about the underground railroad? It's 1876, and it's most election time. They always knew Pat when it was election time, an' I want you to know Pat now. Fa' h! do ye do it, sir? I just believe this, that if ye knew how to vote ye would be careful of the little offices—for ye know in yer Bible, not ours, how it is written that the little foxes spoiled the vines? so it's the little offices that spoil the big ones. If ye don't want a Church Government, be careful that ye don't let the little foxes twine round the vines; ye think that Pat's a fool, but I tell ye he knows what he's talkin' about. An' I stand for-nist the whole of ye, an' though I'm not much of a spakin' man, an' I suppose I'm not very respectable, for me clothes are dirty an' filthy; but all the same—I tell ye I know what I am talkin' about, for I've been there, an' it's a warnin' ye want. Let me warn ye to be careful about the bits of paper ye put in the ballot-box. I liked a drop once in a while as well as the next one. I don't believe I was to blame for that. Me father an' me mother liked it before me, an' I don't know how I'm to blame for likin' it too. Now it's the year seventy-six, the hundredth year, as ye call it; look out for the little offices, an' not let 'em get hold of 'em; if ye do, ye'll have a Church Government, an' a divil of a time there'll be, an' I'll not get in here at all at all, thin! Shure, I'm Pat MacMannus.

Charles Wright.

Charles Wright would like to say to his friends that he is all right, though he no longer is in the way, no longer is a thorn-bush; that he has met his friends on this side, and is gratified at meeting them. I recognize upon your platform several spirits I knew in earth-life, among them one who calls herself Violet. Give my love to all my friends, and tell them they have my warmest sympathies. I'm glad I've got out.

Controlling Spirit.

Friends, we would gladly do what so many of your hearts ask us to do, put in your well-known and dear friends to speak to you, but we have taken those spirits who stood upon the platform this afternoon that felt they had a right to come. We have done what we felt was necessary for us to do. We again thank you for your kind attention and forbearance.

Little Nellie.

And may you all have "something sweet to think of" as you go to your homes to-day. May you remember that you have been in communion with the spirit-world, with the angels. We have not only been doing our work, but you have been doing yours. You have been aiding and assisting, the spirits to come to earth, and send their messages of love. When you go to your homes just remember that some little girl, or some old lady, may be close beside you. If bad thoughts come into your minds, and you feel that you must speak them, just remember that you are not alone, the angel-world is with you. When you were little girls and little boys your fathers and mothers told you "you must be careful what you do, because God will see you do it." We tell you from the spirit-world to be careful, because the angels see you—and they are a part of God. Be careful what you think, for the sensitive ones may perceive it; be careful what your acts are, for the angels are close beside you. May God and the angels bless you. Good afternoon.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

During the last twenty years hundreds of spirits have conversed with their friends on earth through the mediumship of Mrs. Danskin, while she was in the entranced condition—totally unperceptive.

Mrs. Danskin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Part Thirty-Eight.)

BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

The power to identify a spirit has sometimes been questioned by those who admit the fact of communication with the spirit-world. But so far as our experiences extend, we have found the difficulty not so great as asserted. Sometimes the doubt has been suggested by mortals, sometimes the question has been asked by spirits, "How do you know that it is the spirit of your father who has been communicating with you?" During the last twenty years, my father's spirit has been the watchful guardian over my own life; giving impressions during the current hours of the day, quickening thought, writing for the press, or speaking from the rostrum week after week, and also controlling Mrs. Danskin's organs of speech, and giving caution or counsel when circumstances or conditions rendered it expedient. He and Doctor Rush have acted in harmony, the one directing and shaping, as far as possible, external conditions, the other using her mediumship for reading the interior state and prescribing remedies for those who are diseased.

Upon one occasion, a dozen years ago, after a very pleasant evening spent at the table with a party of our immediate friends, we had retired to our room, and were preparing for the night's repose, when the spirit of an Irishman—prompted, I suppose, by the rulers of that church which has thrown so many obstacles in the way of spiritual progress—said, "Now, sir, you think you've been getting mighty nice communications, do n't you? You think your father's been talking to you. I want to tell you, there's a lot of fellows floating around and calling themselves Shakspeare and Shelley and Byron, and some of them telling you it's your father talking to you, when it's not so, do you see?"

In reply, I said, "Patrick, that suggestion has been made before by wiser heads than yours, but it does not effect its purpose, it does not create doubt in my mind. For years past, a spirit has apparently watched over me with parental care, ever giving wise counsel, placing before me the loftiest aims, instilling the purest principles, and endeavoring to stimulate and bring into activity the noblest attributes of my nature. Now, Patrick, such an influence as this could not come from one who was playing falsely; and if those 'fellows who are floating around'—as you say—can speak to me, is not the same channel of communication open to my father?" "Yes," said he, "of course, occasionally." "Then," said I, "Patrick, if that is the case, would not my father's spirit guard me against those 'fellows,' and not leave so important a duty to you?"

Rufus Wardwell.

My name was Rufus Wardwell, of Stamford, Conn. I was seventy-three years old. I was a Universalist in all its branches, and I was buried from the church at Stamford. Whoever doubts that he must have a very obtuse mind or a very contrary one. To the seers and to the hearers, to the believers and to the non-believers: I have met with no disappointments; my religion was true to the letter, and under its guidance I have become a very good man. Not a God to praise or to worship; or to adore myself, but a very God to do the bidding of a Power that is higher and more sublime than mine. I feel the vivifying, eternal breath of my Master searching through every fibre of my spiritual being. He bids me labor for the good of others, whereby that eternal life may be mine.

Thinkers and believers, how grand, how sublime are the ways of the Creator! However wayward or disobedient you may be, there is for each and all a home in heaven. The angels sing it, and God with his great mind and sleepless eye proclaims it.

I am no trifter nor time-spender by the wayside. "T was only in July that I gathered up the fragments that belonged to the spirit, and I've not been idle in my unfoldment toward the grand good which I know is in store for me. On and on, is my motto, until I reach that higher point wherein, I am told, all the eternal beauties lie. I can now proclaim, with a joyous voice, decrepitude has gone, partial youth is mine, with time eternal to do my work in.

Thomas A. Hardy.

Well, friend Danskin, this is a ready acknowledgment of the truth and beauty of the intercourse that lies between the two worlds. Having strong confidence in the knowledge which I had gained from reading the "Banner of Light," I was ready, when theasket gave up the spirit, to go on with the investigations which the mind had commenced, and I was not disappointed. My wife mourns my fading out, but I was ripe for the other world, and had I stayed in this very much longer, I would have been useless to myself and a burden to others. But the law of attraction drew me, and in good time, toward that country from which, in the thankfulness of my heart, I can say "travelers" do return; and in that return, dear wife, I can bring to you, in the darkness of the night, comfort. Children, though you are doubters, still that doubt does not keep your father from coming; it only makes him more anxious to wipe away the scales from your eyes and the bigotry from your minds.

I am not dead, but am alive, with all my faculties quickened into active life and motion. My wife awaits this little tribute from me most anxiously; she knew full well that when re-acted I would be the speaker to tell her that the grave holds not the spirit. Of the new condition upon which I have entered only a slight glimpse has been given me, yet the ecstasy that fills my entire being keeps me from expressing myself more fully. I am still weak, and consequently have very little leaning toward earth, except to comfort those whom I know have a longing in the heart for one word from me.

William Ludlow.

William Ludlow is my name. At Islip, Long Island, I died. I was forty-five years old. I was buried from St. Peter's church, West Chester County. The importance will not weigh heavy on either side as regards my going or my coming. However, it's a gratification to myself. It exercises the organs of speech which I was told would be dead with the body. But one's own experience, in its smallest account, is better than thou-

sands of facts given to you by another. The earth had all its variety of difficulties and pleasures. I see but very little difference in the aggregate. 'T is work in the mundane sphere by the sweat of your brow; it is work in the celestial realms by the exercise of your faculties.

Ponderable things cross your path, but your own individuality has to overrule them, by which light and more light may be yours.

Man was made for a grand and sublime purpose, and why ignorance and superstition have prevailed for so many years is inconceivable now to my spiritual senses. We are made to understand why an earthly life was given, with all the details that cluster around it. Ofttimes in the depression of my mental faculties I would say in a loud voice, why didst thou create me? To what end will my existence lead? or, after death shall I ever see God? or, from some fault committed in ignorance, am I to be cast into that terrible pit of endless torment? But now I see, from the beginning to the end, that the grand Architect of the natural world fashioned every thing, however small, for some mighty purpose. And under his rule and sunshine stand I, friends of earth—not a companion of fiends, but of angels—those who have worn the garb of immortality, and are capable of teaching me.

Holbrook.

I was eighty-three years old, and memory, on my return, seems deficient. I will give what I can remember, and maybe after a while I may get the other. Holbrook was my name. At Palermo, New Jersey, I died, and was buried from the First Presbyterian Church. I find this new life an absolute reality, founded on facts that are not objectionable to me. Some people think, because one lives to be eighty-three years old, he dies and his very bones are rotten in decay, and there is no more of him. But the sequel is, that what is called death is life, with the decrepitude of age diminished and its infirmities gone. The ecstasies of youth, with all its pleasant days, are revived and shown to our sight like a panorama. Then thought revolves on its own axis, in union with others, and you feel that you must educate yourself for the grand purpose of an immortal life. I felt an ecstasy passing over me when first this thought was given. I knew of course that I must die, but I had no definite idea of the grand and sublime change. I see all things passing now as the Author of my being designed they should. But pulpit teachers and others caused the mind to run into dark, dismal, gloomy channels. Instead of loving God I feared him, and in that fear there was no tranquility. See me now, bounding with freedom, like the little birds that go and come at their own will, manifesting good to all with whom I come in contact. I am a prisoner no longer in the shell, for that has been broken, and I can soar to the highest heaven, and there gain unlimited knowledge.

Mary Augusta Kerney.

Kerney was my name—East Seventeenth street—Mary Augusta. I was the wife of William, and I was buried from St. Mark's Church, Second avenue, New York.

Language fails in giving a description of all the gradations and varieties through which the spirit has to pass before it becomes a complete inheritor of this new life. The labor of those who have been long dwellers in this freedom-land, is to culture and advance those who stand in ignorance of the laws under which they have been born.

There will be no feeling of disappointment to me if the friends whom I have left behind doubt the truthfulness of this communication. Early teachings and the world's opinion have much to do with those who call themselves Christians. Behind the door and in the closet they commit errors in life without fear and without shrinking; but let me tell you my experience is that after the body gives up the spirit, it becomes transparent, and every blemish is there written, and you have the power, with the spirit eye, to read. Your faults cannot be given to your neighbor; you must bear the burden and work out your own salvation, not with fear but with the purpose of rectifying every wrong. One by one they are stricken out; you then stand equal, side by side, with the angel whose business it is to wash clean, and after this is done you find heaven. And now, under this beautiful heaven, who could fear to die when they have perfect knowledge of the resurrection of the spirit? My death was my gain, if it was your loss.

Jane Ingraham.

In Brooklyn, on a Sunday, I died. Jane was my name; William was my husband's name, and my last name was Ingraham. I was the daughter of the late Rev. Robert Feney. Now, friends, however obnoxious this will be, the eyes that see it, the hearts that feel it, must speak the truth, however dead and dull it may fall upon the minds of those I love. Heaven to my sight, with a cleanness of heart, stands in all its beautiful perfections. Another may not see it as I do.

I ever tried to follow out the law of my Creator; sometimes the sinful mind would go astray, but in the latter days, when death came and the body gave up the spirit, then all things stood with an understanding to myself. Mock me, scorn me and treat me with contempt, but that will not blight the spirit, for I am on a mission, doing my Father's will, in hope of gaining one more jewel in my crown, and then I will go on my way rejoicing, feeling that I have performed a duty that gives me so much pleasure, so much delight and so much ecstasy.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED:

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD. Rebecca Cook; Washington Macomber; Josiah Coolidge; Fannie Burbank; Charles Stanley; John J. Glover; Helen Alsop; Simon G. Chaffee; Barnabas C. Cline; James M. Underwood; Izelle Isaac; John C. Galloway; Robert Tallmadge; Amiston Yale; Daniel Charles Griffin; Eliza Andra; Mrs. M. S. Sargent; Day; J. C. Kendall; Harry Stevens; Frank; Caroline M. Babcock; Daniel Pinney; Elias F. Williams; James H. William Fitzpatrick; Lizzie; Lizzie P. to George Perry.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

Fannie Ramsey; John Grubb; Harriet Sheldon; James Skidmore; Edwin; Nancy Beece; Catherine Conner; Elizabeth; Bernard Milmo; Jane Hull; Myers; Eliza Campbell; Joseph Conover; Nellie Ritter; Joseph Downing; Mary Burdett; Priscilla Spencer; Eliza Taylor; Mediamist; Caroline Thomson; Mary Kendall; Eliza Clappett; Peter O'Connor; Alexander Ely; Amira Street; Maria Sargent; Day; Jonathan Allen; Mary Drake; Frank Whitson; Daniel Horton and Dr. John Loveloy; Sarah Delano Richards; George Walsh.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From South Hingham, Mass., August 7th, Mary Chasling, aged 1 year 10 months, only child of John C. and Mrs. S. Fearling. She was a child of great beauty and intelligence, the surroundings of her home, to Mrs. M. S. Sargent, indeed did not need mediumistic parents know that their darling is often with them.

Pearls.

And glistened o'er the—glistened,
That, on the stretched forehead of all time,
Sparkle forever.

INSIDENCE OF THE HEART,
To be resigned when life's bubble,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with blessings given;
This, this alone is wisdom's part,
This is that essence of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

Life's rather a state of embryo, a preparation for life,
A man is not completely born till he has passed through
death.—Franklin.

WHILE WE SLEEP,
The rivers musically flow,
The sighs toward the sea,
The gentle zephyrs softly blow,
Swaying the flowers and trees;
No sound discordant, ever nature keeps
Her rhythmic melody while mortal sleeps.

The little stream when it enters the sea proclaims its
arrival. The river forms the junction in silence.

THE ELEVATION OF THE HOPE,
I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze,
With forms of saints and holy men who died
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's triumph, and angelic raiment;
With splendor upon splendor multiplied;
And beak again at Dante's side
Nuptial robes, and saintly word of praise,
And then the organ sounds and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love
And the melodious of the Holy Ghost;
And the bell-tolls among the spires
Over all the house-tops and through heaven above
Proclaim the elevation of the Host.

Hard words are like halloons in summer heating down
and destroying what they would nourish if they were melted
into drops.

"EXPOSED" MEDIUMS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I think some fault-finder in the Hebrew scriptures
exclaimed, on a certain trying occasion, "I
said in my haste all men are liars," or words to
that effect. If we are to believe half what is now
said by both friends and foes, if the word "men"
were altered to "mediums," the saying might
well apply to these times. Within a very few
weeks Madames Markoe, Hull, and Bennett (the
first-named just exposed a second time) have
been added to the long list of the accused or
condemned materializing mediums, and it is whis-
pered that still another far-famed star is about to
follow in their wake. So be it. Give truth and
error—good and evil—but a fair and even field
for fight, and the weaker or least deserving must
needs, in the long run, go to the wall.

Thinking that the late alleged exposure of Mrs.
R. I. Hull, the materializing medium of Portland,
and published both in the State of Maine daily and
weekly press, was deserving of investigation by
Spiritualists, I took the cars last Saturday, and
at six p. m. arrived in Portland, and inquired
my way to the residence of the Hulls in Brattle
street. Mr. Hull gave me a hearty reception, al-
though he seemed in much trouble on account of
the unfortunate affair of his wife's alleged "ex-
posure." On inquiring for Mrs. Hull, I learned
that she was sick in an adjoining bedroom. She
however made her appearance not long after-
wards, looking very unwell, and in fact crushed,
as it were, to the very earth, bodily, mentally
and spiritually. After exchanging a few kindly
words I made known the main object of my visit,
and requested them to relate to me their version
of the unfortunate affair, which Mr. Hull pro-
ceeded to do, with his wife's approval, and, as I have
no doubt, candidly and truthfully. After hearing
the statement, I asked Mr. Hull to give me the
account in writing, which he did on the follow-
ing day, substantially as follows:

"During the months of July and August, by his
earnest request, we allowed an intimate friend
of ours to invite to our circles (which had hith-
erto been private, we never having invited any
strangers ourselves) two gentlemen, viz., Drs.
Greene and Gerrish. At the first circle they
attended, there were present three of our intimate
friends, viz., Mr. Wm. Senter, Dr. H. R.
Thayer, homeopathic, and Mrs. Nutting, of Salem,
the last named being then on a visit to us. After
sitting some twenty minutes, an apparition
appeared at the fold of the curtain (that
formed our only cabinet in one corner of our
parlor) and beckoned to Dr. Greene to approach,
which he did. It appeared to be a lady spirit,
with a ringlet hanging down to her shoulder.
Dr. Greene got partly within the curtain, when
she lifted her veil, whilst he looked into her face
and remarked her hair. On resuming his seat, Dr.
G. handed to the company that he recognized
the apparition as being his deceased wife—who
died last June—both by her smile and in the way
she wore her hair. He also stated that he saw
Mrs. Hull sitting on the cricket at the same time
that he was with the apparition.

"Dr. Greene attended three of our circles only,
whilst Dr. Gerrish attended four. At the second
circle, the former said to my wife, taking her by
the hand, 'I saw you and my wife at the same
time, you being seated comfortably on the cricket.'"
"At one of the circles, Dr. Gerrish took my
wife by the hand, just before leaving, and said,
'Mrs. Hull, this has been very satisfactory, and
I feel as though I should like all my friends to
see it, but should not like to bring them without
remunerating you.'"

"At the last circle, which occurred Tuesday
evening, Aug. 22d, Mrs. Hull had been to the
Islands, and had arrived home about six p. m.
Feeling very tired, she lay down, up stairs,
without eating supper. At about seven o'clock,
our friend Mr. S. came in, when I went up stairs
and found my wife sleeping. On hearing the
bell ring, I went to the front door, where, to my
surprise, I found Drs. Greene and Gerrish, with
four other physicians, three of whom were total
strangers to us. We had only expected to have
seen Greene and Gerrish. They being quite boister-
ous in their conversation, I said to them that
Mrs. Hull was asleep on her bed. They told me
not to disturb her, and that they would get things
ready. I allowed them to put the curtain up
and arrange the chairs and everything to suit
themselves. After they got everything ready, I
went up stairs and called Mrs. Hull, who said
that she would come down as soon as she had
changed her dress, she having worn a woolen one
to the Islands. Previous to that evening, Mrs.
H. had always taken the precaution to wear a
black underskirt at her séances, but on this
evening, without knowing why she did it, she
put on a white skirt. She has since told me that
whilst she was changing her dress, a large black
cloud appeared before her, and she felt impressed
that something dreadful was to happen, and told
a lady who lived in the house at the time, that she
did not want to go down stairs.

"When Mrs. Hull came into the parlor, Dr.
Greene came forward and in a very cordial
manner shook her by the hand, and said, 'Mrs.
Hull, these gentlemen are all your friends.' One
of them remarked, 'Yes, Mrs. Hull, you can trust
us.' On which my wife said, 'I can trust you, but
I hope it will prove so.' Almost the moment she
passed behind the curtain, my wife says she be-
gan to feel strangely, and heard hissing sounds,
whilst she saw a dark cloud approaching. The
company seated themselves, with Dr. Greene at
one end of the circle and Gerrish at the other.
Dr. Greene sat with his arms extended so that
each hand touched the curtain. In about fifteen
minutes, a power seemed to take possession of

Mrs. Hull, and she felt as if she ought to go to
Dr. Greene, and give him her hand. She there-
upon slipped the white skirt up to the waist and
put it in front of her, and chancing to have in
her pocket a piece of muslin she had been using
to make some cuffs, (say) one yard long by six
inches wide, she threw that over her head, and
covering her face, both her ear and finger rings
being in their proper places, she walked delib-
erately up to where Greene was sitting, he saying,
'Come right along, dear,—and put her hand in
his. Dr. Greene then passed his other hand up
the arm and held it so tight that his finger-nails
cut through the flesh, while he remarked, 'This
is Mrs. Hull,' Gerrish at the same time lifting
for a second or two the end of the curtain. All
this time my wife—notwithstanding what has
been said to the contrary—never spoke one word,
nor did she come entirely outside of the curtain,
nor did any of the company go on the inside
of it.

"My wife seemed perfectly unconcerned
during the whole affair, and asked me, when she was
fully restored to her natural state, what all the
fuss was about.

"Soon after this she sent word by a friend to
the six gentlemen, that if they would wait, and
say nothing about what had happened, she would
give them a circle under strictly test conditions.
This they promised to do, but in some way the
circumstances were communicated to others the
day following.

"Although my wife was quite sick the next
day, she sent word to Drs. Greene and Ger-
rish to call and arrange for the promised circle.
They did call in the evening, and Dr. Greene sat
down by the side of her bed and told Mrs. Hull
that the best thing she could do would be to con-
fess to him that she had been practicing a fraud,
and that all the cabinet manifestations had been
performed by herself in person. My wife looked
in Dr. Greene's face and said: 'I shall not tell an
untruth.'"

"On my remarking that Mrs. H. had been
quite sick all day, Dr. Gerrish observed that
physicians have a way to tell whether any one is
playing sickness, to which Dr. Greene said,
'Yes, it is easy for a person to play sick.'"

"My wife told the doctors that she was willing
to sit for them in the cabinet, as soon as she was
strong enough, under test conditions, and asked
them what they wanted these to be. Dr. Gerrish
answered to the effect that he should want Dr.
Greene to hold her hands, and if anything ap-
peared he wanted to hold a loaded pistol and fire
it at whatever it might be, or else cut the appar-
ition down with a cleaver! I told them that I
should not like to have such things done in my
house, especially as I thought, from what I had
learned of the character of the phenomena, such
violent proceedings might endanger the life of my
wife; and said I, 'You know, gentlemen, that
neither of you were ever invited here by us.'
They then seemed to waive their demand, and
said they should at least want to be made sure
that nothing was concealed under Mrs. Hull's
dress, to sit with Mrs. Hull behind the curtain,
and hold her hands during the performances.
They also told us that they could not wait longer
than the next evening, as they had promised to
report to certain gentlemen the Tuesday night's
affair. I said that so far as that was concerned
they were at perfect liberty to tell it to their
friends. Gerrish clapped his hands and said,
'That is all we want, without intimating to me
that they designed publishing anything in the
papers, as was done.'

"On my remarking that I very much wished
that Mrs. Hull should have an opportunity to
vindicate herself, Dr. Gerrish said that he did not
think that it could be of any use, as he was satis-
fied that the whole thing was a fraud from be-
ginning to end, or a bungling juggling trick.
They however finally agreed with Mrs. Hull that
they should come again the next night.

"On the afternoon of the next day, my wife
was seized very violently with congestion of the
heart, a malady that she has been subject to for
many years. Our physician came, and found it
difficult to get her mouth sufficiently open to ad-
minister remedies. She seemed to be losing her
senses, and said that she was dying. She finally
made signs for a pencil and paper, and wrote: 'A
I expect soon to be with the angels. I declare to
you that I am innocent. Think kindly of me.'
There were two lady friends present. Her nails
turned purple, and to all appearance she was in
a dying condition, her feet being cold to the
ankles. She lay in this state for three and one-
half hours.

"At seven o'clock, Drs. Greene and Gerrish
came. I told Dr. Thayer, our physician, that my
wife was too sick to see any one, much less to
give a sitting. He met the doctors in the parlor,
and in my presence related to them how danger-
ously sick my wife had recently been, and that it
was very necessary to keep her free from all
worry and excitement possible. One of them re-
marked that they being physicians wanted to see
the patient themselves. Dr. Thayer told them
that he could not consent that any one should
see her then. The two then left my house, and
that was the last time they called.

"In their published account the doctors state
that the 'male H.' remarked, when Mrs. Hull's
person was grasped by Dr. Greene, 'Well, gentle-
men, I wish you to understand that I have had
no hand in this affair; I know nothing about it.'
These were not my words. What I did say was
this: 'Notwithstanding what I had said place to-
night, we have had genuine manifestations.'
They also assert that the messenger to them from
the medium said, from her, 'that she was driven
to this by pecuniary need.' That was not one
word nor remark of that kind made.

"The doctors also say that Dr. Gerrish saw be-
hind the curtain 'an empty skirt and a little pile
of female wearing apparel.' There was nothing
of the kind found there.

"They also speak of several families having
engagements to sit with Mrs. Hull! That was
not so. Only two families had been present re-
cently, and there were no engagements ahead at
the time the alleged affair of the exposure oc-
curred.

"As to the money we are charged with having
received at our circles, all except forty dollars
that was given or sent to us by the doctors them-
selves (which has been returned in full) has been
eighty dollars since last November. Every far-
thing of this was contributed as presents, and
most of it urged on our acceptance. From the
first to the last of our circles, neither Mrs. Hull
nor myself have ever asked any individual to at-
tend them, much less to pay for the privilege.
Some of our friends would at times insist on our
taking small sums of money, saying that they
would be better pleased if Mrs. Hull would ac-
cept it. Mrs. Hull has never been in the prac-
tice of talking to any persons about her medium-
istic gifts. On several occasions persons have
called without notifying us—for whom circles
have been improvised without Mrs. Hull leaving
the room—and the manifestations have been just
as good as at others where every opportunity for
preparation was afforded her."

a dark curtain across the door of a bedroom,
about four feet on the inside of which Mrs. Hull
took her seat in a rocking-chair. Contrary to
my own expressed wishes, but to gratify the me-
dium, I assisted Dr. Thayer in passing a silk
thread through the aperture of Mrs. Hull's right
ear—from which a ring had been taken—the two
ends of which were brought together and tied,
being twenty-three inches in length, and secur-
ly fastened with heated red sealing-wax to the
plastered wall of the room. This rendered it
seemingly impossible for the medium's face to
approach nearer than within about two feet of
the cabinet door without detaching or breaking
the thread.

The members of the circle now took their seats
in a semicircle within say three to four feet of
the curtain. With the exception of a few very
faint raps, quite a length of time elapsed before
there were any symptoms of approaching phys-
ical manifestation. The Indian guardian, or at-
tendant, bemoaned the weak and suffering con-
dition of her medium, but requested us to have
patience and help them by singing harmoniously,
and that all would be done that it was possible
for our spirit friends to accomplish. At length
the curtain was opened, and disclosed on the
background the form of a female, clothed from
head to foot in white. The room had been made
quite dark to favor the beginning of manifesta-
tions, and the apparition was indistinct. The
curtain was again closed, but the same form soon
reappeared, and at this time showed itself on the
threshold of the cabinet, and daintily touched
with its finger ends—which were very cold—the
extended hands of several in the circle. The
spirit seemed to be identified and recognized by
Mr. and Mrs. Peck as their daughter Agnes, who
had passed away a few years ago at the age of
seventeen, who frequently greeted her parents at
Mrs. Hull's circles in the lovely form then present.
The same apparition repeatedly retired and re-
appeared, from six to eight times—certainly not less
than six—at each return growing stronger and
stronger, and more able to bear an increase of
the light, until she was strong enough first to seat
herself beside her mother for a few moments,
and finally to walk out of the cabinet and clasp
around the neck and press her lovingly in her
spirit arms.

As the light had from time to time been raised
or increased, I could at last see the eyes, hair
and features of the spirit-form pretty plainly, but
not distinct enough to determine the exact color of
the two first and entire outline of the others, but
take it all in all the manifestation presented one of
the most beautiful and graceful creations that I
ever beheld, whether existing in mortal or eman-
ating from spirit-life.

The apparition generally appeared with its
arms gracefully lifted forward and upward. Its
clothing, which rivaled in glistening whiteness
the purest snow, enveloped and hid from view
the spirit's feet, whilst the head and bosom, were
decorated with the finest lace, which the spirit at
one time seemed to manufacture from the ele-
ments, and arrange with its hands in sparkling,
foamy folds upon its breast. Unlike some others
I have seen, there was nothing connected with
this lovely apparition that reminded one of death,
but altogether the materialized spirit looked like
a radiant, lovely maiden, arrayed in bridal gar-
ments to meet her bridegroom at the altar, rather
than a resurrected spirit clothed in the shadowy
elements of the grave.

Two other spirits, one tall, the other quite low
in stature, manifested for a short time, but were
not fully recognized by any present, and in at-
tempting to bring forward a familiar Italian
spirit, the guardians of the medium gave us no-
tice that her little strength was exhausted, and
the séance closed.

I entered the now lighted cabinet immedi-
ately, accompanied by Doctor Thayer, when we
found the medium sitting with the silk
thread in her ear, and the sealing-wax on
the wall intact, and with my own hands I
held the thread whilst Mrs. Hull untwisted and
broke it just where it came in contact with the
ear. I also particularly noted that the perfora-
tion of the ear was perfect and whole. It was
not without assistance from Dr. Thayer that I
was enabled to detach the sealing-wax enclosing
the end of the threads from the wall, which was
so firmly set that a portion of the plastering had
to be removed with it. I propose to deposit this
thread and wax at the Banner Counting Room
for the inspection of the curious.

We also drew a line from the exact point where
the silk thread was fastened to the wall, and found
the distance to the edge of the chair outside the
cabinet in which the spirit had seated itself,
lacked a few inches of six feet.

The results proved that the guardians had not
released their medium any too soon, she being so
exhausted that it was necessary to assist her in
leaving her seat; nor was she restored to her
wonted state until restoratives and rubbing of
her extremities were administered. Both Mr.
and Mrs. Hull gave expression to the most heart-
felt gratitude to the good angels for their extra-
ordinary efforts in their behalf, under the trying
circumstances, and Mr. Hull declared that no
amount of money that could be given him would
be acceptable in exchange for what he had ex-
perienced that evening.

Experienced Spiritualists at all acquainted with
psychological laws, that have read the doctors'
"exposure" of Mrs. Hull in the Portland Press,
and marked how these half-dozen strongly, phys-
ically organized men, after plotting in secret for
days or weeks the blasting of the good name
and destruction of a weak and unsuspecting wo-
man and her family, invading her home unasked,
and approaching her in the guise of friendship,
with honeyed words from tongues beneath which,
by their own confession, lay concealed the poison
of ails, will not need look to the laws of the
spiritual phenomena to account for their hapless
victim's being beguiled into their toils and made
a victim of their hypocrisy and psychological
powers.

Bereft, as Mrs. Hull must have been under the
malign influences she was subjected to, of the
presence and protection of her spirit-guardians,
and closely surrounded by no less than six strong
men—whose whole mental strength was com-
bined and brought to bear on her weak and neg-
ative organism, each one of them willing with
all his might that the victim should do exactly
what they all had predetermined she would and
should do—it must have been by miracle alone
that she could escape unharmed out of their de-
ceitful, unhalloved clutches. With one-half
the psychological power that Prof. Cadwell pos-
sesses, any one of these doctors, under the
existing conditions, might alone have readily in-
spired and compelled their helpless, unresisting
prey to perform any act they desired, however
disgraceful or even criminal. Well indeed may
it be that the medical band's dark influences

were symbolized by a horrid, fiendish face, that
Mrs. Hull subsequently saw peering at her from
a dark cloud, mocking and laughing at the dis-
tress of body and mind that had been brought
upon her and her family through these interlo-
ping plotters against their reputation and peace
of mind.

But, apart from the action of the more materi-
al laws of psychology, I have, but little doubt,
had such a fully materialized spirit as the one
I have described been seized upon and forcibly
held in the grasp of the perhaps intellectu-
ally gifted but spiritually ignorant man that seized
upon Mrs. Hull, that, through the violation of
higher spiritual psychological law, the medium's
instant prostration, and perhaps death, might
have been the consequence, and he have found a
human corpse instead of a breathing mortal in
his embrace. And such a catastrophe, I antici-
pate, may yet occur, unless materializing medi-
ums are better guarded against the intrusion in-
to their circles of vicious or uncongenial visitors
than they have hitherto been.

THOMAS R. HAZARD,
of Vauchuse.
Parker House, Boston, Sept. 19th, 1876.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

SHORT SERMON.—The serpent loath not his sting
though bent upon with the tooth; the viper is
not broken though the cold cloath his mouth. Take pity
on his state, and he will show you his spirit. Warm him
in thy bosom and he will renounce thee with death.

The "sick man of the East" is evidently delirious. With
the great people of England (the nation upon whose gov-
ernment he most strongly leans in this hour of his need)
crowding like billows up to the doors of Gullthall, under
the pretense of a visit address to the Queen (Sept. 18th)
their protest in a vote addressed to the Queen (Sept. 18th)
against both the Motion aristocrats and the policy of the
present ministry in sustaining Turkey any further for po-
litical ends, he yet, unconscious of the ground slipping
from under his feet, continues to wave his maniac sword,
red with the blood of women and children, and to defy
alike the power of Russia and the civilized sentiment of
Europe, on one side, and the Kingdom of Persia on the
other, whose boundary line he has violated of late with the
utmost freedom, making war with that power seem almost
inevitable. As a note to press, the probabilities are that
the work of wholesale destruction will recommence on Mon-
day, Sept. 25th, as the brief armistice (which appears to
have been kept principally by the Swedes—the Turks hav-
ing reported as continuing to cut and slash, sub rosa of
course wherever they had a good chance) concludes with
that date.

In the old graveyard at Edgartown. (Martha's Vine-
yard) on the half-sunken head-stones of a century ago,
there are some curious epitaphs, one of which reads as fol-
lows:

Here lies Margaret, Steven's wife,
We lived six months in bliss and strife;
Death came at last and set her free,
And I was glad, and so was she.

Customer intended to make mince-meat of Sitting Bull, but
the latter got Gustav's instead.

We copy the following exceedingly sarcastic paragraph
from the Boston Herald of Monday last:

"The superiority of civilization is strikingly illustrated
in the Black Hills. The wretched savages scap their vic-
tims, but the enlightened Americans first scap a stout
man out of his hand, and then scap that man. The Indians
must retire when civilization approaches."

The storm on Sunday, Sept. 17th, swept over a vast area
of country, the greatest damage to property, as far as
known, being done in New York and New Jersey. In
these States a large number of houses were unroofed, sev-
eral blown down, and barns, fences, and chimneys scatter-
ed in every direction. Quite a number of vessels were
driven ashore. Some damage occurred to the Exhibition
Buildings, in Philadelphia, and the elemental disturbance
was felt severely throughout the South.

Paris contemplates a great Exposition in 1882.

LINCOLN.
A champion of humanity and right,
A man of virtue and of simple thought,
Drove the Jews into exile and delight,
Nor trampling what happily he wrung hi;
And day by day an honest duty sought;
Wielding high charges with unwarred might,
And by the sword of truth he sought to sever
The stronger love of friends and friends of foes;
To such being a place by angels wooed,
To such a name and crown are due;
Whose works are seeds that ever are renewed,
Whose lives are battles for the common good.
—FROM THE BOOKS OF AMERICA, AND MINOR LYRICS, by
J. Votto.

Ten tow-barges were sunk on Saturday night, Sept. 16th,
between Havre de Grace and Baltimore, Md., and nine
persons drowned.

A party of one hundred Indians surrendered to Colonel
Carlin at Standing Rock, Dakota, on the 16th instant. In-
formation from Bismarck states that Sitting Bull, with a
large number of warriors, crossed the Missouri river, thir-
ty days ago, and on the 10th, troops had been
pushed forward, and will make strenuous efforts to over-
take and capture him.

Old King Coal was a greedy old fool, a greedy old fool
was he; he damaged his mine and he injured his line, and
he ruined his posterity there.—Graphic.

The new Jewish year, 5637, began Monday evening, Sept.
16th, at sundown, and the occasion was observed in the
usual manner at the synagogues. Tuesday and Wednes-
day following—also Jewish holy days—were observed by
special services at the newly-established "Gates of
Prayer" in the Palm Memorial, at 11 o'clock A. M., con-
ducted by the Rev. Dr. Zatt, of New York.

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls, and
the most massive characters are seen with added man-
ly traits have put on their coronation robes glittering with fire,
and through their tears have the sorrowful first seen the
gates of heaven.—Chaplin.

The dead Magavon of the Theosophical Society, Baron de
Palm, left a parcel of manuscript in Italian in the hands of
Mme. Blavatsky, which proves to be a memoir of his dip-
lomatic and occult experiences in Italy, Germany, Peru
and Mexico. The documents contain anecdotes of a highly
sensational character about royal and noble personages,
exiles and conspirators, the publication of which is likely
to create a sensation, says a New York paper.

What is the difference between the dress of our grand-
mothers and our sisters? The former were pinafores and
the latter wear pinbacks.

The results of the examinations of ladies, in Boston, for
certificates of qualification as high school teachers, are
more satisfactory than those of any previous occasion,
because a much larger proportion of the candidates re-
ceived diplomas. Nineteen candidates were recently ex-
amined, and nearly all received certificates.

HOW TO SMOOTH RIBBONS.—Take a moderately hot
iron on the ironing-board, then place the ribbon on the
left side of the iron, and pull it carefully through under-
neath the iron. If the ribbon is not pulled too fast, and the
iron is the right warmth, this will be found to be a much
better way than simply rubbing the iron over the ribbon.

A Spanish revenue cutter captured a trading ship in Gi-
braltar harbor, on Saturday, Sept. 16th. The trader was re-
taken by boats from the British man-of-war, Samarang.
Two of the Spanish prize-crew were made prisoners.

The Old South Church Corporation of Boston have ac-
cepted the offer of \$100,000 for the purchase of their ancient
edifice. The condition of sale is that the church shall be
used for a museum, etc., and not for commercial purposes,
for thirty years. Of this step the Boston Post remarks:

"The long agony is over; the Old South, with the land
it stands upon, is saved for the veneration of present and
future generations of patriots; and when a new history of
it shall be written for the next Centennial, the mothers of
our country will be proud to refer to the fathers in the
gratitude of men and women yet unborn."

Be as the little child who eats and sleeps and grows.
God gives you the nourishment, although not always
the sweetest to the taste.—Madame Guyon.

FRESH WATER IN CASES OF WRECK.—As many of the
readers of the Banner of Light are either sailors or the
friends of sailors, the following hints for obtaining fresh
water, in case of disaster at sea, will be found to be val-
uable to them: Make a shallow box, fourteen feet long, two
feet broad, and about six inches deep; the sides to be an
inch or more thick, and well caulked. Into this, salt water
is to be poured to an inch in depth, and glass laid over the
top at an inclination of an inch and a half. Add a channel
below the lower edge of the glass—window-sashes, such
as are used for cabin windows or sky-light, answering
for this purpose, care being taken to cut away the fram-
ing, so as to make both the wood and glass on the under
side level. This apparatus, as thus formed, is to be ex-
posed to the sun's effect, and as the rays will evaporate the
water, which condenses on the under side of the glass,
flows down into the channel, and is caught by a vessel.

After condensation, the water is of course fresh. It is
stated that, by means of this arrangement, and with a
glass three feet two inches square, two gallons of fresh
water per day may easily be condensed under a hot sun
from salt water.

The only father that is exempt from taking care of his
baby daughter is the locomotive engineer. He cannot
leave his engine and tender.

THE WESTERN, edited by H. H. Morgan, and published
by a company of the same name, at St. Louis, Mo., gives
the following table of contents for September: "A Course
of Study, from Primary School to University," Wm. T.
Harris; "Makaria," A. Play in Five Acts; "S. Senka-
peariana," H. H. Morgan; "Book Reviews," "Notice-
able Articles in Magazines and Reviews."

The New York Commercial says a tramp who stayed
into a farmer's premises and tried to make off with a cheese
came out with a black eye, acknowledging that he had
been rather dartylicked in the pursuit of his duties.

James Everedell, engraver, printer and publisher, 302
Broadway, New York, has issued an elegant steel engraved
portrait of Gov. Rutherford D. Hayes, the receipt of a
copy of which we here acknowledge.

Though the regular press despatches do not contain the
intelligence, the assertion is confidently made by an enter-
prising contemporary that a fearful complication has arisen
in the course of the Servio-Turkish conflict: The Servians
have been driven out of Gurgusovatz; Harvatovitich has fallen
back on Alexinat; Sevenyarsovitch has defeated Crack-
yergawitaj, and Poldunoyevostovitch has inflicted a
crushing blow on Wipoyerchinoski.

September's golden glory lies
In mellow splendor o'er the land,
There's beauty in the smiling skies,
And all his plans to us are bland,
The matron of the rounding year
Treads proudly over mead and vale,
With ruddy front and ripened ear
For sale at wholesale or retail.

Pretty pictures of children, kittens, dolls, boats, play-
things, birds, bears, frogs, flowers, chickens, babies and
dogs, with pretty stories in prose and verse, all suited to
the taste of the youngsters of the household, are given in
the October number of the Nursery, published by John L.
Shorey, No. 36 Bromfield street.

THE MATRON OF THE NEW ENGLAND HOSPITAL
FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN, Boston, Mass., has press-
ing need of old clothing, such as flannel, linen or cotton—of
short, any clothing suitable for women, children or infants' wear,
which will be most thankfully received, if it frequently
needs to be worn, and the clothing will be cleaned while
in the hospital, and to insure their comfort on leaving,
packages may be sent to the New England hospital for
women and children, 60 Goddard avenue, Boston Highlands,
or left at the dispensary, 38 Warren street.
E. D. CHENEY, Secretary.

SPIRIT INVOCATIONS;

OR
PRAYERS AND PRAISES

PUBLICLY OFFERED AT THE BANNER OF LIGHT
CIRCLE ROOM FREE MEETINGS, BY MORE THAN
ONE HUNDRED DIFFERENT SPIRITS, OF VA-
RIOUS NATIONALITIES AND RELIGIONS,
THROUGH THE VOCAL ORGANS OF THE
LATE MRS. J. H. CONANT.

COMPILED BY
ALLEN PUTNAM, A. M.,

Author of "Bible Marvels," "Adity, a Spirit,"
"Spirit Works Real, but not Miraculous," etc.

Mr. Putnam has with skillful hand arranged in this vol-
ume, in comprehensive fashion, many living gifts
of thought, which are clothed in eloquence of diction, and
which the prayers of God will fill in his holy temple
from the soulful petitions scattered through its pages the doubts of
Spiritualism's capability to minister to the devotional side
of man's nature can draw ample proof that he is in error.
The words of the great God are his holy temple for
strength, sent out to a higher power, rest from the cares
that so keenly beset the pilgrim in life's highway. The
soul in soul may from its desecrated shrine, through the
abilities within, drink of the waters of spiritual healing
and rejoice; and the desolate mourner can compass, through
its assistance, the pardon of the spiritual father. From the
aid, a consolation which nothing earthly can take away.
The persistent existence of the human soul, the ennobling
power of the future state, the gradual bettering of even
mortal conditions, the glorious triumph of progress over
under the great law of the Infinite, and the sure pro-
spect over and in all of the eternal spirit of Truth, are
here acknowledged and set forth in earnest, fearless
and yet reverent guise by many leading minds in their day
and generation, the walls of whose widely differing earth
souls have fallen at the feet of the great Angel of
Change, and who have become blended in after develop-
ment into a band of brothers in the pursuit of Truth—a
prophecy of which the great God has made manifest in the
Kingdom of that Truth shall come, and will be done on
earth as in the heavens!

LIST OF SUPPLICANTS.

- Parker, Theodore, Loventhall, Gideon, Rabbi.
- Antonelli, Father, Loventhall, Joseph, Rabbi.
- Arya, Ram, Khatun, N. Nov.
- Ballon, Hosea, Rev. Miller, William, Rev.
- Holl, Luther V., M. D. Rev. Joshua, Rabbi.</