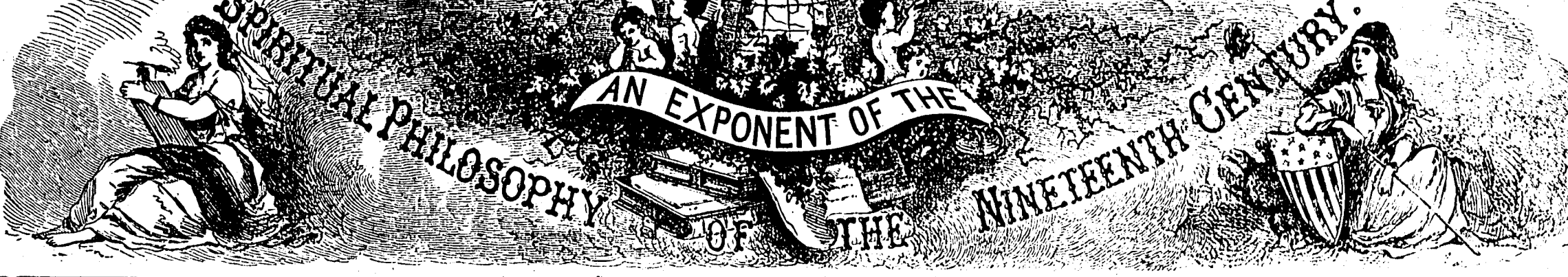


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Original Essay.

RIGHTS OF MEDIUMS, AND RIGHTS OF PHILOSOPHY.

BY PROF. JOSEPH R. BUCHANAN.

There has been so much discussion as to the nature of mediumship, and the proper course to be pursued in the treatment of mediums, that extreme parties have been formed on this subject, and one who approaches it in a spirit of kindness and impartiality may easily give offence to extreme partisans by more moderate views.

Faith and skepticism should be so balanced in a normal mind as to leave the judgment free from any passionate bias except the normal bias toward kindly views of human nature and experience. Mediumship has been received with excessive credulity, as well as excessive skepticism, but as the latter is the prevalent condition of mankind, and is one, moreover, which tends to harshness, injustice and cruelty, we should be especially guarded against its delusions, for the delusions of skepticism are not only very stubborn, but are generally accompanied by dogmatism, discourtesy, and overbearing assumption.

Mediumship is an exquisite and beautiful endowment of the human constitution, not more rare than eloquence or any other brilliant power, being merely a higher endowment of qualities common to all mankind—qualities which, as the type of humanity improves by culture, will become common to all civilized races.

It depends upon a finer constitution of the nervous system, and especially upon the development of the anterior and interior portions of the brain. The inner aspect of the front lobe, the *gyrus frontalis*, the parts around the *corpus callosum*, and those just above and anterior to the *corpora striata*, which give breadth to the front lobe, are those most necessary to mediumship, and when largely developed insure its existence unless they are rendered torpid by a coarse, animal life.

Mediumship, therefore, is closely identified with spiritual refinement, and all the delicate poetical and lovely attributes of humanity, excepting those which give strength and resisting power. It is like the delicate bloom of the flower, something which is unfit to bear the contact of coldness or harshness, and generally disqualifies its possessor for exercising the necessary force and stern resistance which should be exercised for self-protection in an ungenial society.

This fact alone gives to mediums a strong claim upon our courtesy, sympathy and friendship—the same claim which is made by the innocence of childhood or the beauty of woman.

The Greeks placed their mediums in temples, and surrounded them with an environment of reverence and admiration, which were eminently suitable to develop their noblest powers. It requires the sunshine of love and admiration to develop the best qualities of childhood and the most perfect graces of womanhood. The analogous qualities of mediumship require the same treatment—the same cherishing care and kind appreciation—the same manly energy to protect from rudeness or injury, and the same womanly sympathy to elicit its highest powers.

Alas! how different has been the treatment of mediumship from these requirements? Like an orphan in an almshouse it has seen more of heartless scorn, cold indifference and insult than of human sympathy and just appreciation. It has won its recognition generally by patient endurance of wrong, and saintlike returning of good for evil.

The good people who thus trample upon a quality which should be regarded as one of the most beautiful flowers on the pathway of human life, are quite as conscientious perhaps as the overseers of the poor, who dole out justice according to their conceptions without any influence of human love toward the unfortunate.

It is considered quite the thing—not only virtuous, but highly scientific and philosophical—to recognize the medium not as a human being, entitled to as kind regard at least as any other friend, but as a sort of machine to be experimented on, as physiologists experiment on the bodies of animals, without even relieving their sufferings by chloroform.

It is considered by many entirely proper to approach the person through whom we hope to attain what the Greeks attained in their temples, or to get an introduction to the dear and sacred forms long hidden from our eyes by the curtain of death, with even less of courtesy and respect than we should exhibit to a professional juggler or a thimble-rigging swindler. If this rudeness

does not vent itself in insulting expressions or in situations of imposture, it is at least poured out into the psychic atmosphere so freely that the coarsest sensibilities might feel it, and to the exquisite impressibility of the medium it becomes a source of torture, or a slow moral poison depressing every mental and bodily faculty, and often paralyzing their best powers.

Against this covert assault, which gives the medium such feelings as most persons have in the presence of a serpent from which they cannot escape, there is no defence, for the medium is seldom sufficiently determined to claim his or her rights, and if the presence of an improper person is objected to, it is charged to a design to avoid investigation and facilitate imposture.

I have no hesitation in saying that every medium who holds intercourse with the public should have a friend or friends sufficiently firm and judicious to protect the medium, as we protect our wives from vulgar company, by positively refusing introduction or admission to those in whom there is not enough of refinement and true courtesy to render their presence inoffensive. I commend most heartily the wise and appropriate expressions on this subject of Thomas R. Hazard and Mrs. L. Andrews.

It is true that science has its claims, and may justly claim the right to a most thorough and critical investigation; and this right should be accorded in the proper manner, but *stupidity and bigotry* have no right to present themselves in the name of science and claim any of its privileges.

When experiments have been successfully performed under the most satisfactory conditions, and especially when they have been often repeated and witnessed by competent and reliable observers, the demand that the same tedious investigations and tests shall be repeated for every new observer is neither modest nor reasonable.

The old fogey who wagged against Alfred R. Wallace that he could not prove the earth to be round by actual measurement of its surface, was a fair type of the unreasonable skeptic. When he lost his wager, and lost his temper too, he was a fair example of the class of stubborn skeptics who ignore all preceding experience, and believe nothing without a new trial under conditions dictated by themselves, in which they introduce a liberal share of discourtesy to the medium.

That mediums should be treated with suspicion and managed as if we considered them knaves, is neither just nor philosophical. Mediumship is not a condition implying dishonesty, but a condition implying extraordinary delicacy, and therefore imperatively requiring delicacy and justice in its treatment.

Virtue is not encouraged by censure, suspicion or slander; crime is not discouraged by quarrelsome abuse. On the contrary, kind and profoundly courteous treatment is the method that ennoble humanity. Every good teacher knows that by extending courtesy, confidence and kindness he develops the virtues of his pupils, while scolding, jealousy and railing accusation, continually demoralize them. Mediums are peculiarly sensitive to such influences. When a gentleman of strict honor and love of truth, of dignified and courteous deportment, of kind appreciation, sympathy and friendship approaches, they feel the influence of his presence—their powers are unlocked, their sentiments become more elevated, wise and truthful, and not only do spirits of a higher order approach, but the communications flow in a higher channel.

On the other hand, when narrow-minded and suspicious persons approach and give free vent to their suspicions by remarks and propositions which imply that the medium is entirely unworthy of respect and confidence, the laws of human nature must operate as they would in any refined society. The powers of the medium decline at once, her moral nature is brought down not merely to the level of the skeptic, but to the level of the base character which he ascribes—and she often becomes incapable of rising to the level of truth and purity in which satisfactory results may be reached.

It is a mortifying and painful circumstance arising from the prevalent animosity of mankind, that whenever one has witnessed a very interesting and marvelous fact, his reputation for veracity is endangered if he attempts to impart his knowledge to society. This *tariff of bigotry and stupidity* against the introduction of new ideas is nearly prohibitory.

If one has marvelous powers in his constitution, and desires to give the benefit thereof to society, is there any justice or good sense in assuming an unfriendly attitude against him and maintaining that he is *guilty until he proves himself innocent*—that he must be regarded as an impostor until he has gone through trial as a criminal and defeated the accusation? If so, it is virtually a crime to introduce knowledge that is essentially new.

It is not philosophy or science which prompts to such a course, so hostile to human progress; it is simply *stolidity*—the opposition to the increase of human knowledge—the stolid desire to keep all things as they are—the same impulse which has warred against every improvement in knowledge from the day of Galileo and Columbus to the present time, and is just as stubborn to-day as it was four hundred years ago.

Materialism, or the animal nature of man, demands purely material tests, and recognizes nothing else as evidence, but normal intelligence (science and philosophy) demands evidence or proof, and is as well satisfied with moral evidence and sound reasoning as with touching and handling. Such evidence is sufficient to hang a man; it is sufficient to control the investment of our whole estate and the risk of our life upon the dictum of a physician. To ignore such evidence

in psychic investigation, to which it is peculiarly applicable, is a *pig-headed policy* which often ends in blank stupidity; the spectator accustomed to ignore reason and think he is right in doing so, becomes so stultified as his evil habit is confirmed, that finally, when he actually sees, touches and knows the astounding facts which he has been denying, he looks on in stubborn vacuity of mind, like a dazed idiot, says nothing and professes to believe nothing.

Stupidity is entitled to nothing but compassion or instruction; but the *pragmatic stupidity* which assumes the dogmatic and patronizing style of egotism dealing in infallible science, is simply a social and scientific nuisance, always in the way of new truth, and entitled only to receive such crushing blows as it receives from Epes Sargent and Thomas R. Hazard.

Spiritualists have submitted so long to the criticism and even the dictation of skeptical stupidity, as almost, in some cases, to become unconscious that philosophy has rights which are paramount over the rights of dull ignorance, and that mediums and their friends have rights which are paramount over those of idle curiosity and malicious hostility. Philosophy has no right to propagate and demand evidence for unverified theories. Mediums and their friends have no right to believe and propagate unverified statements, but the verification of a reasoning man is something different from the verification of an unreasoning pig. The verification for a gentleman is different from the verification for a malicious and ill bred ignoramus.

There is nothing in the demands of true science and philosophy which is not in harmony with ethics—with justice and courtesy to every human being, above all to those who teach us something essentially new and, therefore, wonderful, who are especially entitled to our gratitude and friendship.

But, dropping this most suggestive and copious theme, for the practical question how to satisfy the rights of mediums and the rights of philosophy at the same time, I would say that in the investigations of thirty-five years, which have carried me outside of known science in continual contact with the marvelous, I have never found it necessary or expedient to treat the persons upon whom I have made experiments with any less courtesy than I would claim for myself; nor would it be compatible with my own feelings as a gentleman to show any such discourtesy.

I have never seen any reason to regret this policy. To treat a person of delicate sensibility with politeness and respect, is to exalt his self-respect; to treat him with perfect candor and confidence, is to inspire his sense of honor; to treat him with cordial love, is to ennoble his whole moral nature and prepare him to act as an honest, truthful and faithful friend. Such should always be the relations between the experimental inquirer and the person upon whom his inquiries are to be prosecuted, if the results are to be pure and truthful.

The subject of our experiments may have been demoralized by association with those who do not observe the law of love, and may not, therefore, at the first interview, be entirely free from that demoralizing influence, but the normal relations are soon established; and thus, if we earnestly seek the truth in a spirit of love and justice, we are sure to find it, as we are equally sure not to find it if we approach the investigation in a spirit of scorn and distrust, with a greater love for our pre-established notions than for the truth which may be discovered.

Guided by these principles, we may even make use of demoralized mediums—of those who have little moral stamina of their own, and have been deteriorated by contact with a weak-minded or vicious public, and lift them into the atmosphere of truth and candor, so as to render our interviews satisfactory.

But shall we reject precautions and tests? By no means. But very few such tests are necessary. A close observer and careful reasoner can satisfy himself without a parade of precautions which are insulting to the medium, and which indicate an absence of all the courtesies that should belong to human intercourse. Instead of trying the medium, clasp his hands; instead of searching his person, examine the materialized spirits; instead of hampering his movements and showing a vigilant suspicion, ask for phenomena which are in themselves entirely conclusive, being beyond his physical ability or beyond his knowledge and mental capacity, and when wonderful manifestations are received, do not be parsimonious in recognizing their merit and thanking the person to whom we are indebted. Thus placing our intercourse upon the high plane of true Christian ethics, we shall find that virtue is its own reward in the rich and beautiful truths that we shall gather.

These suggestions are made not only for investigators, but for mediums, a wronged, insulted and persecuted class, who have always commanded my best sympathies, and who from their delicate, yielding nature, seldom know how to demand their own rights. I would counsel them to seek the coöperation and protection of friends, and to refuse absolutely all intercourse with those who approach them in an unfriendly spirit.

To the friends of Spiritualism I would say that you should surround your mediums with an atmosphere of kindness and sympathy, and when in spite of such conditions you find any who, from natural lack of the moral sense, will not adhere to truthful dealings with the public, you should firmly urge them to retire from the field, and direct the public attention to those only whom you find worthy of confidence. These you should cherish and honor with the kindest care, defending their reputations when assailed, and

spreading their fame far and wide, for they are fountains of living truths, refreshing as oases in the desert.

Skepticalism is first cousin to malignity, and never fights a battle against truth without the aid of calumny. The press teems with falsehoods and calumnies against spiritual truths, and it is one of the most sacred duties of Spiritualists to resist and refute them. Every medium has his or her share of calumny, and Spiritualists should strive by their active friendship to make amends for all the mischief done in this way.

In the vindication of the assailed mediumship of the Fox family, Mrs. Dr. Hayden, Dr. E. L. H. Willis, Mrs. Conant, Florence Cook, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Compton-Markee, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Thayer, Mrs. Hollis, the Eddy family, Mr. Mott, Mr. Mumler, Mr. Hartman and a score of others to whom we are deeply indebted for the exercise of their wonderful powers, Spiritualism has passed beyond its early condition as an incredible rumor, to that of an established branch of useful knowledge.

Justice and self-respect, therefore, demand that Spiritualists should no longer occupy in science the suppliant position of those who are suspected strangers in business circles, and dare not present themselves without exhibiting their credentials. Instead of apologizing for their own belief or knowledge, and offering the endorsement of mechanical tests, they should speak out as the teachers of geology or astronomy, and hold their opponents to a strict responsibility for their voluntary ignorance and opposition to the progress of knowledge.

They should strike at the commanders of the mighty hosts of materialistic science, and in overthrowing such champions as Faraday, Huxley, Haeckel, Buchner, Spencer, Tyndall, Agassiz and Henry, teach their innumerable hosts of followers that in the Thermopylae of philosophy neither scientific renown, nor government patronage, nor honorable titles, nor universities, nor organized multitudes can stand against the flaming sword of Truth.

Sweet will be this rest for a season in the Indian's heaven!

WHY TRAVEL ALONE?

"Why not travel on the Continent with a friend?" said an English gentleman to Disraeli. "Travel with one," was the Premier's reply, "if you wish to lose him."

"Alas! alas! we wear each other out; With self-sufficiency each other we infect; Each is a potent charm, a cruel charm; And if we more than touch, we intersect."

Addison and his old associates traveled, disappointed and parted. The poet Gray and the companion of his youth, making a tour up the Levant, quarreled over the meaning of an Italian word, and never again met. Poets have their weaknesses. Dr. E. C. Dunn and myself circumnavigated the globe the trust of friends. And it is not in the power of mortals or demons to sever these circling, binding links of friendship, planned by spirits and polished by angel fingers.

MUSINGS ON THE GULF.

"It is coming hot weather; why do you not wait for the winter days of 1877 before going to Yucatan and Central America?" "Wait, wait," 'Tis the voice of the sluggard! The future—tomorrow even—is the Paradise of fools. To-day is the all of mortal time that one is sure of. Then why wait, doze, dream? If difficult to reconcile Genesis and geology, it is not difficult to see that the energy ascribed to the devil is greatly to his credit. The devil, however, is a myth; angels are realities. They become such through aspiration, obedience and energy. These are the golden steps that lead to the radiant shores of immortality.

I am no cynic. Devotedly do I love my race—especially my spiritual kin. Acquaintances, good and evil, tongue, flock around me. They are as numerous as the gulf waves that now kiss and toss the Merida. My friends are few—compactly few; yet precious as blood of martyrs. "Henceforth I call you not servants," said Jesus, "but friends." Judas was an acquaintance of Jesus, Paul an admirer, John a friend!

Humanity reveals itself in fragments; one being the embodiment of this another of that excellence or ugliness. None are fully orb-ed. The athlete has no intelligence; the sage no muscle; the monk no love. The thinker is all head; the moralist all conscience; the philanthropist all heart; the saint all devotion. But where are those unselfish, peace-loving and royally-rounded natures that fill the soul's highest ideal? Sighs my soul to see a man! Too tenderly have I dealt with parasites in the past, and put too much confidence in what Ruskin denominates "average humanity."

On our steamer is a quaint, eagle-eyed old gentleman, a worshiper at the shrine of Edgar A. Poe. He just read me these lines:

"The agonies which I have lately endured have passed my soul through fire. Henceforth I am strong. This those who love me shall know, as well as those who have so relentlessly sought to ruin me. * * * I have absolutely no pleasure in the stimulants in which I sometimes so madly indulge. It has not been in the pursuit of pleasure that I have perished life, and reputation, and reason; it has been in the desperate attempt to escape from torturing memories—memories of wrong and injustice, and imputed dishonor."

"The above calls to mind these terse rhymes:—
"As slinging after silence is, so is slaying rain;
So may the lesson be that tells the uselessness of pain;
For only at the ending of the journey lies the crown;
And none see all its light but they who on its light look down."
Life's labor won is never won until it first be lost;
As priceless things most priceless are when bought at priceless cost.

The sorrow and the shining that are o'er, shall be the way That leads us from a darkened past into a brightening day.
Though still, as in the past, the night must come before the morn;
The loftiest loves in sorrow still must depeopled down be born.
God still is writing gospel in the lives of those that sin;
Even while their hearts refuse to let the graver's chisel in.
Though all have sinned, and still they sin, it shall not be in vain.
That any human heart has drank the dregs of human pain;
Not all on page of parchment, or on monumental stone,
The records have been graven that the universe hath known."

Approach to this thought, how profound the words of the German Fichte:

"Wherever thou mayest live, thou who earnestest but a human face; whether thou plantest a sugar-cane under the rod of the overseer; whether thou warmest thyself on the shores of the Fire-land; or whether thou appearest to me the most miserable and degraded villain, thou art, nevertheless, what I am; for thou canst say to me 'I am.' Thou art, nevertheless, my comrade and my brother. Ah! at one time surely I also stood on the step of humanity on which thou standest—for it is a step of humanity, and there is no gap in the development of its members. * * * but I certainly stand there at one time—and thou wilt also stand certainly at some time upon the same step on which I now stand, even though it lasted million and million times million years—for what is time?"

March 9th, put into the miserable harbor of Tampico to deliver mail and receive merchandise. Two small crafts manned with Indians came out to us, laden with goats' hides, coffee and sarsaparilla. The city, old and unique, nestles along the Tampico River some distance inland. Though claiming a population of 7,000, it has little or no enterprise. Catholicism is the reigning religion.

VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.

On the summer-like morning of March 10th we awoke in full view of Vera Cruz—City of the True Cross—sitting at our very feet, squat down in the sand, with long mountainous ranges and towering Orizaba, as purpling, glistening backgrounds in the hazy distance. The city was founded by Cortez, and in spirit is Spanish yet. It numbers 12,000, the Indian population being far the most numerous. Mount Orizaba, 17,000 feet high—seventy miles inland from the coast—is capped and crowned with eternal snows.

Vera Cruz is walled, compact, built of stone to all appearance, seemingly clean; and yet reported to be the sickliest, deadliest city in the Mexi-

Message Department.

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MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

During the last twenty years thousands of spirits have conversed with the living through the mediumship of Mrs. Sarah A. Danskin. It was in the year 1856 that she first began to receive these messages.

Mrs. Danskin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Part Second.)

BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

While Rosalie was a member of our family circle she would place her little boy, not quite three years old, every day at the window to greet me when coming to dinner. As soon as I came in sight the little hands were clasped for joy and grandpapa always received a boisterous welcome. This pet of ours was taken to the spirit-world a short time before his mother's departure, and daily at our dinner table the little spirit would come and, through Mrs. Danskin's lips, would tell us of the pleasures and the pastimes of the new home to which he had been transferred. Had he failed to come I should have missed his childish prattle as much as I would have missed his gleeful little face at the window when he was in the earth form.

Through him we learned much of the condition of these little ones in spirit-life, and found that individuality was not lost in the child any more than in those of larger growth who pass from our mundane sphere. We had evidence of the fact on one occasion when a five-year-old [spirit] son of one of our acquaintances, who had recently passed to the inner life, came, and, controlling Mrs. Danskin's organs of speech, asked me if I would not send a letter to his father, and I of course consented to act as his amanuensis.

We had not made much progress, however, before there was an interference, and his message to his father suddenly ceased. After a few moments' delay he called out in a tone manifesting irritation, "Mr. Danskin, I wish you'd call to little Washie Danskin; he keeps troubling me, and won't let me talk." I spoke to Washie, telling him not to interrupt George, who wished to send a letter to his father, but the only response was, "Let him go talk to his own papa—shan't talk to my grandpapa." I coaxed him, reasoned with him, used every persuasive argument I could command to induce him to withdraw. The time, but always with the same result, "talk to my grandpapa—let him go troubling and troubling." Presently the medium refused to have his grandpapa talked to by any other little boy.

After a brief dose George again took control, and with a joyous shout cried, "Ha, ha, Mr. Danskin, I can talk now." Little Washie Danskin's mamma came and put him to sleep, and took him away. "I asked how she did she put him to sleep?" He showed me how she held him, resting upon the one hand, while she magnetized him with the other.

Thus illustrating, not only the willfulness and pertinacity of the little spirit-child, but also a much more sensible and agreeable mode of quieting refractory children than those usually adopted by earthly mothers.

— to Thomas Gales Forster.

Will it be out of place for me to give a greeting to Thomas Gales Forster? The linking tie of husband and wife has been severed, Thomas; you and I are not as one in the bonds of matrimony. God and the good angels have provided you with one who blends soul with soul and mind with mind. The burden of life was yours for many years, and you did bear it patiently; and for this good and noble work, the angels have raised the burden from off your shoulders.

I am, to you, kind and tender, watchful and careful, doing all that behoves me for your benefit. You are the father of my children. You are kind and tender to them, and for this my spirit-heart speaks in the warmth of its affection.

Oh, Thomas, when first I entered into spirit-life I was a little infant. I had to be nursed and nurtured by the kind angels who are taught in wisdom, and under their tuition, guidance and control, I have been made what I am—a worker in the vineyard, performing good to those who are yet dwellers on the planet earth. Remember me just as a shadow, coming and going, doing the will of One who is stronger and higher in power than myself.

Kind and winning words to thy partner. May she live long on earth to bless thee and others, be the prayer of one who walked side by side with thee for many years.

Lena Cook LeRoy.

Me is a little girl—me can't talk much. Name was Lena Cook. Papa's name was Josephat. Mamma's name was Susie Cook LeRoy. I was five years old. I lived in Michigan. Before I die I see angels all around my bed. Mamma cry, papa cry, but they know I will come back again and see them, for a lady spirit here says, "Little girl, don't you cry for your papa, for she will come home in heaven one day and stay with you, and never go away any more." And, papa and mamma, I don't cry any more, but play around with the little angels, they are so nice and pretty, and I love my home right well. I like mamma and papa to come soon. I can't talk any more. This nice lady [spirit] is telling me how to talk and what to do.

Do not cry any more, mamma. Do not cry any more, papa. Soon I'll come and lay my hand right on your face, and your eyes will see me like I see the angels.

[This communication was given in the usual baby style of prattle, the imperfect enunciation of that age, which I have not attempted to preserve in the MS.]—CHAIRMAN.

Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland.

It is a strange sensation to find yourself, in a moment, as it were, belonging neither to one world nor the other. Passing from the close atmosphere of the room where I had been reclining, into the outer air, that I might breathe more freely, I fell, and confusion for a moment was with me. I could not realize what had occurred.

I had no control over the organs of speech. I felt as if the physical form was passing from me. It was a strange sensation. The man who rises from the surface of the earth in a balloon does not realize his own ascension; he feels as if the world was dropping below him into space; and he who suddenly passes from the outer or mortal covering feels for the moment as if all things were dissolving and passing from his perception. Thus I felt for a time. Not long, however. One by one the cords that had bound me to earth gave way, and my attractions were no longer with the worn-out form which men had known as Reverdy Johnson.

Soon I gathered my thoughts, and found that, feeble as I was, it was not the feebleness of decrepitude, but rather the unfolded strength of the newly-born infant, giving promise of vigor.

Darkness was no more with me. Views celestial quickened my vision. Sounds such as mortal ear has not heard filled me with a new sense of pleasure. Sensation was so acute that I was thrilled with ecstasy by the zephyrs that were gently wafted over me; and joy—joy unspeakable—was mine, when she, who had been the bright star of my earthly existence, drew near with a smile of welcome such as only angels can wear.

Ask me no more. Language, which I always thought I could command, seems now only to cripple thought—not give it free expression.

Mary Ann Hanford, of Ohio.

From away down in the depths of the deep waters I come to claim my birthright with men and women who live in this sphere of existence. Mary Ann Hanford was my name. I was only fifteen years of age. I was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Hanford, of Ohio.

I passed from my home and deliberately drowned myself for reasons over which I had no control, deliberately, with the thought toward the future. Thus I reasoned: God will forgive the erring, but men and women condemn them.

Oh, Lilly! you were a schoolmate of mine; a true, kind friend; do not think of me as an angel of darkness, but think of me as an angel of light. Oh, Lilly! how deep was the water that shrouded my form; but my spirit in a few moments made its rebound, and entered into new relationships on the other side of the river of life.

It was fate—my fate. I felt that I was in every one's way, and I thought the better plan for me was to go to a country where there was room enough for me as well as for others. I have not been mistaken. There I have met those who have kindly treated me, and bid me welcome to the new birth I had chosen.

Ma, pa and sisters, a long farewell, for separation will ever be with ourselves. Mourn me as dead; grieve yourselves; bow your heads, and with voices either loud or low, say, "It was God's will," and then let this history of a fallen child be felt and understood.

Hamilton was the place in which I threw my body.

Dare I to the Christian world proclaim that I and my body were one, and that I have no other life, no place in the kingdom of the eternal? Dare I tell the truth, now that I have found a channel through which I can speak; or will it be as ever, men and women to condemn me? Well, let them, let them; if I have lost friends on earth, I have found true friends in heaven.

A sad story of one just budding into womanhood, but the tale in all its depths of sadness cannot be spoken.

[To the circle.] Men and women, we are not joined in acquaintanceship; we do not know each other. I am a stranger among you, and for the patience you have shown to a sorrow-stricken child I give you thanks—not thanks spoken by the lips only, but thanks that are felt deep, deep within the heart. Farewell.

Fanny Thomas, of Mont Clair, New Jersey.

The prison-house does not hold the spirit; it has found its goal in all its beauty and rarity of purpose. My name was Fanny. I was the wife of George Thomas. I was in my twenty-ninth year. I died in Mont Clair, New Jersey. Was buried from Thomas's, Carrollton Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Who shall say, husband and friends, who shall say the dead may not speak? Why so much mystery encompassing the grave? for if we are taught anything in our first learning, it is that we must die. Then, again, we are told there are but two places, the one for the sinner, the other for the righteous. But I know that "my Redeemer liveth." He lives as much in the transgressor as he does in the one who holds himself divine. He never made a soul that he had not power to save. Therefore I say, Mystery over death and over the grave, pass away! let the grand truth roll down from the heavens:

"There is a life beyond the grave, hearing its index to every individual who has power to make himself known in the life eternal. But your own energies must be brought into play." How grateful I feel, oh, friends of earth! how grateful I feel for this privilege of communion! It makes the heart light, the intellect bright, and fills me with the energizing force of undying vitality. I now know and can proclaim, "There are no dead!"

Thus I close, feeling that some one kindred to myself may read and reap the glad tidings that life is mine.

Catherine Livingstone Goodrich.

Wonderfully wise and beautifully grand are the works of the Creator! Man Thou didst fashion in thine own image, and made him perfect, but he sometimes, in ignorance defileth the spirit. This is not Thy work, for Thou hast made him a free agent to work or not to work, and thus stands the law.

Catherine Livingstone Goodrich, the eldest daughter of William Goodrich, of Poughkeepsie. I died far away, in Aix la Chapelle, Prussia. Oh, how the heart grew sad! how weary were the days and nights away from friends and those we love and who love us; but in confidence I pilloved my head on my Redeemer, knowing that He had power to save all those who seek Him, even at the eleventh hour. And when I passed up that beautiful ladder of which I had read and oftentimes have heard others speak, I was not disappointed.

The torch was lit, and the angels bore me welcome to my new home. They robed me in raiment purely white. They asked me not to bow in reverence to themselves, but to make my supplications to the overruling Soul of the Universe, which I did, and then came sleep, and from that sleep I awoke to see myself as others had oftentimes seen me.

And now I'll drift back again into the beautiful little niche which I have fashioned as a home for myself, where I will await the coming of all those whom I loved and who have loved me. Farewell. Read and be blessed as I have been blessed.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

(OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.)

These circles for spirit communication will be held on the 1st of each month of Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, and reported verbatim for the Banner each week, until further notice.

Report of Circle held March 2d.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if there are any questions we can answer we will do so.

Q.—[From J. Dunn, of Portland.] Did the sufferings and death on the cross of Jesus Christ secure the redemption and salvation of the human race?

A.—I cannot conceive how it is possible for the sufferings of any human being to secure the salvation of any one else. I should answer most decidedly, No.

Q.—[From C. Van Ness, of Jonesville, Mich.] Was Jesus any more of a saviour to the world than Confucius, or Socrates, or Mohammed? If so, in what respect?

A.—We cannot understand from our standpoint how one man can be a saviour to the world. Just so far as the example and precept of Christ save you from any experience in life, just so far as his precept and example make you better men and women, in that respect we may call it saving; but you might say the same of any individual who lived in the past or who lives in the present. Confucius's precepts saved many, perhaps, from wrong doing. There are men in the spirit-world to-day, who lived in your own country—take, for instance, Thomas Paine—who saved you from having bigotry and superstition rule your nation, since through his means was freedom in religion guaranteed to the country. I might say it was owing to him more than to any other man. Yet we would not take one sentiment of respect, one reverential feeling away from Christ. He was a good medium; he was a man like unto other men who are born into the world under harmonious conditions—his mother being a medium, surrounded by the angel world.

Q.—Was Jesus any more the son of God than other men are?

A.—We cannot understand so. There is no proof that he was.

William Hale.

I am not much given to talking in public. I never made but very few attempts, and yet feel it my duty—as the old lady said—to tell on which side I am. You perhaps recollect the anecdote of the old lady who was running forth on the day of battle; some one asked her how much good she expected to do. "Well," she says, "I don't expect to do a great deal, but I'm going to show on which side I stand." It is very much so with me to-day. I don't expect to do any great deal of good, but I want to put in my voice in favor of Spiritualism. I was interested in Spiritualism some years ago, although I attended the Baptist church and paid my pew-rent as many Spiritualists do to the church whenever they asked me to do so, yet at the same time I always enjoyed hearing from the spirit-world. I enjoyed communion with my loved ones that had gone before, and in my last sickness—which was heart disease, and only a short one—I had the pleasure of having a medium in my family. As the spirit withdrew, from day to day, further and further from the old body, I realized the presence of the spirit-world, and then I felt as I had never done before toward Spiritualism. I realized how blessed it was to me. And after my body was laid away and the funeral services over, I was so thankful that I had been able to impress my wife to have a little Spiritualism there.

I shall never cease to be grateful that I found a medium still lingering with my wife and children after I had gone. For two or three weeks I scarcely knew that I had passed away, I could so readily go in and talk with them. It was to me a great source of enjoyment, for I could still enjoy the material, and at the same time I could enjoy the spiritual, but when the medium left our home, then I felt that I was dead, for there was nothing (as in the words of the little child)—there was nothing to whistle through. I had no means of talking—no instrument to impress. I might halloo as loud as I pleased, and nobody took any notice of me.

I come to-day to say to you, friends, although you are all strangers to me, that Spiritualism is dearer than night else to me, and I want to work with a will toward its advancement. I want to send a message to a friendly editor. Say to him I thank him for the paragraph put in his paper. Whether he meant it for my good or not, it certainly did good, and will bring forth fruit. Say that William Hale, of Meriden, continues to visit the Meriden House, and will do so as long as it is possible to get a medium there.

Annie Hollis.

I got drowned. [Did you?] Yes, I did. Not round here, though. I come from a long way off. Don't you know the river came way up, and it fell on all the place, and I got drowned? My mother didn't get drowned. She worries about me, and I thought I'd like to tell her I am up here all safe, and don't get drowned any more. [Where did you live?] Way out there, [pointing to the southwest.] What you call it? [trying to speak the word.] Vicksburg. I am Annie Hollis. I come from way down in Mississippi. That's where the big river is. [How old are you?] Six years. Can I go now? [Yes. Have you said all you want to?] Yes, I guess that'll hit her. I don't want to stay here no longer. There's too many looking at me.

Aunt Sukey.

Lor' bress yer, massa! is dere room for I? [Yes, plenty.] Do yer let colored folks in Jess as well? [Yes.] Lor' bress yer! Well, I dunno much. I'm only an old colored woman dat used to live down South—in old Virginny. I b'long to myself now. I used to b'long to my massa and missus. Dey used to call me Aunt Sukey. Missus' name war Cahoon—Margaret Cahoon, Massa's name war Thomas Lendrum—captain, he war. He war killed a good many years ago—Injuns killed him. Yer see I used to b'long to de ole family.

I nebber had much; used to be drefly 'scouraged 'cause I did n't own nuffin in de worl'—not eben de wool on de top ob de head. Dey tuk all my chillen 'way from me; dey tuk de ole man 'way from me, an I did n't hab nuffin left 'cept one—I had Jess one pleaninny left; 'pear'd like he was so high-spered he nebber would be still—nebber would be slave; nebber seem' to larn he war nigger. Well, by-em-bye dey tuk him

too. I know'd dey'd shoot him, an' dey did! Den I could n't nuffin left. 'Pear'd like my old heart could n't stan' any mor, Massed. 'Pear'd like I'd jess cuss God an' die! But yer see, while I was sittin' down on de door-stone ob de cabin one day, de little boy Johnnie cum down from de gre't house, an' cum an' stan' 'side of me, an' a little bird cum an' set on de bush an' begin to sing. Den 'pear'd jess 's if de Lor' spoke to my soul! An' de light broke all roun' me, an' I growed brighter an' brighter! An' de little child put his arms roun' my neck, an' sez, "I lub yer, ole Aunt Sukey," an' somehow I felt 's if de Lor' had spoke! Den I felt dat gre't treasure dat de Lor' hab given me. I aint got nuffin; I'se a poor ole woman. Yes, but I'se got one treasure dat nobody can tuk 'way, dat I can gib 'way, an' gib 'way, an' hab jess es much left. An' dat treasure is lub. Den I sing an' bress God. Den I know'd I'se rich, an' I'se ben rich eber since. I did n't lib till dat day—de day ob general Jub'lee—an' 'pear'd like 's if ebery day since I'se ben richer an' richer, an' lubed eberybody more, an' lubed eberyting, even to de plants an' de animals.

An' yer see, Massa, dey ask me to cum here an' tell my story, an' bring my treasure to yer, Massa, an' I want yer to all keep de treasure—lub—and gib it out to odders. It's nuffin 'yer need be 'fraid ob, 'pear'd like it cum from God. Bress yer, Massa, 'tink yer fur lettin' me cum. Ole Sukey, the slave.

Simeon Presbrey.

I would like to say to Edwin Wentworth, of Canton, Mass., and to Charles Presbrey, of Taunton, Mass., that Simeon Presbrey has fulfilled his promise to come to the Banner of Light; and this time my name is spelled right, that they may not say it is not me. I went away about eighteen years ago.

Anonymous.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—It would give me pleasure to say a few words in regard to the matter which seems to be agitating the mind of the public so extensively to-day, the subject of materialization.

The scientific world is arrayed with its bayonets bristling in front of us; the skeptical world is taking hold and asking, "Can this thing be?" And Spiritualists are endeavoring to answer the question, with the assistance of the spirit-world, to the best of their ability. But there seems to be one idea which many have forgotten, and that is that we do not control media except by natural laws; that we use the agents of magnetism and electricity; that we have them obedient to us, and by these agents we bring about materialization. Now while your mediums are endeavoring, in every way possible, to give you tests of the spirit's presence, to give you a power to convince the skeptical world and the scientific world that spirits really come back, the world forgets for the time that there must be conditions. You answer me, "There have been already too many conditions, too much humbug." I would like to ask if this very humbug does not prove a hindrance to the work of the spirit-world? If there had never been a real materialization, there never could have been a counterfeit materialization.

Now I only ask that when the skeptical world and the scientific world take hold of this thing they will remember the magnetic laws controlling, they will understand that matter (even wood has its magnetic effect) and may completely overthrow the conditions, so that we may be unable to continue our materializations.

It reminds us of the horse-leech. We subject our mediums to the bag process, to the box process, to the tying process, and yet the leech cries more, more. We very much fear we shall have to answer, as in days of old, that if one rises from the dead yet will ye not believe. We desire that our mediums may be subjected to proper tests, but at the same time that you will consider the magnetism of metals, that you will consider the magnetism of people, and give us the best opportunity in your power to bring about our most perfect demonstrations of Spiritualism.

Frank Slater.

Is there any ink on there, sir? [pulling the medium's sleeve and looking at it carefully.] [No.] I spilled my ink-bottle over on my jacket sleeve. [I guess it was the other jacket.] I did not have these things on. I split the ink, but I didn't mean to, and it didn't kill me. I got whipped; but it was scarier fever that hurt me.

My name is Frank Slater, and I lived one time in Lebanon, N. H., and I've been living sometimes down below Boston, in a place called Newburyport. I want to say to a man they call Foster—William Foster—that I've done what he asked me to do, in Providence. I want to say to Dr. E. A. Palmer, of Lakeville, Conn., that I've done my best toward whittling that stick.

[Looking again at the sleeve.] You're sure there's no ink there? [Yes; when did you spill the ink?] At school. Oh! it's a good while ago. It's as much as seven or eight years ago, in the spring, in May; 'twill be eight years when May comes again.

Lucius Whiting.

I aint a talking man, but I am a Spiritualist, and I couldn't stand it any longer, so I tied it round there, [making a movement as though tying a cord around the neck] and went out. I wouldn't come back ever, but my wife, Harriet Whiting, feels so bad about it; but I was only a plague to her when I was here.

I am having a good time with Ida and Addie now. Sister Silvia needn't fuss about the property. It is all fixed. I couldn't stand it any longer. I wanted to get away. It was cold all the time.

I shouldn't have come here to-day if that Mr. Hale had n't urged me to.

So you'll send it to Harriet Whiting, from Lucius Whiting. I come with Mr. Hale. My folks live in Meriden, Conn. I was an old Spiritualist.

Dr. Mann.

Well, friends, I believe we have done all we can for you this afternoon. We thank you for your kind attention, and we trust that next Thursday we shall be able to do more for you. We perceive the spirit friends of some of the friends here, and hope to be able at a future day to introduce them to the circle. Again I bid you good-afternoon. Dr. Mann.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

Frederic William Haddock, Franklin Avenue, New York; Capt. Carroll Smith, of New Brunswick; Alexander Betts;

Jacob Weaver; Ann Hyatt; Elizabeth Cooper; Della Mack; William Lush Webster; Helen Taber; Abena, N. Y.; Mary Haley; H. W. B.—, Baltimore; Elizabeth Frye, Detroit; Wallace Graham, U. S. Navy; Mary Miles, Fair-Field, Conn.; Mary Carter, Brunswick, N. J.; Mary Grier, Cantonville, Md.; Thimothy Kirby, Cincinnati; Mary Thalhore, Ireland.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Thursday, March 10th. Judge McKee; Russell Knox; William Mallett; Orrin Weaver; Chas. Baldwin; Dr. Alexander Decker; Sarah; Patrick Shay; Mrs. Elizabeth Bitts; Nellie Culbert.

Mr. White; Charles Allen Farrar, to his mother; Thomas D. Lane, of Boston; Dr. William Cooley; "Nobody's Boy," Johnnie; William Peabody, of Providence, R. I.; Mary Ellen Brooke, of Forywood, St. George's, Cal.; Mr. Magpie May Fly, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Grandin Newcomb, of Hingham, Mass.; Henry Wilson; Rev. Dr. Edward N. Kirk, of Boston; Moll Pitcher (colored); Nellie Culbert.

Charles E. Dowd, of New Orleans, La.; Anonymous; Norman Milton Barnard, of Bloomfield, Conn.; Tom Collins; Charles Cooper, of Quincy, Mass.; Henry C. Wright; Thomas Cushing Tottman, of Honesdale, N. Y.; Mary Paulina Chase; Charlotte C.—, of Pawtucket, R. I.; Old Father Bates; Morning Star.

Capt. Reuben Brown, of Baldwin, Me.; Hannah Johnson, of North Brookfield; Topsy, the Flower Girl; Faunie A. Conant; Bridget McGehee.

John Lane, of San Francisco; Mary Johnson, to John Robert Johnson; Daniel Hill, of Hingham, Mass.; Grand-a Pierce; Tom Wilkinson; Adeline Augusta Anthony, of Boston, N. J.

Sarah B. Remick, of South Easton, Mass.; Lukie Ainsworth Hildout, of Quincy, to his mother; Judson Hutchins; Maria; Hester; Nellie Culbert.

Theodore C. Kirby, San Francisco, Cal.; Bradford Francis; New Bedford, Mass.; Harriet N. Hubbard, to Asa W. Hubbard; Mary Cahill; Asa W. Sprague; Addie, to John Goodrich and Vinny C. Goodrich, Plainville, Conn.; Elizabeth Mitchell, Philadelphia, Pa.; Delverance.

Ann M. Bradley, of New Haven, Conn.; Willetts H. Fargo, of Decatur, Ill.; Annie Gibson, of Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, to Col. Gibson; Emily Aldrich; Hosen Balow; Simon Morton, of Galveston, Texas; Emma Day, of Montreal.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Valley Mills, Wood County, West Virginia, March 4th, Mr. Albert Hunkley, a native of Barnstable, Mass., aged 79 years.

Our ascended brother was among the earliest receivers of the spiritual philosophy, and for many years a subscriber to, and deeply interested reader of, the Banner. From twenty years intimate acquaintance with my brother, the writer of this can truly say that he filled the measure of the poet's "noblest work of God—an honest man." At the funeral, which was largely attended, appropriate remarks were made by Mr. J. J. Dunn, Jr., and the principal address was delivered by Ex-Governor William E. Stevenson, an intimate friend and neighbor of the deceased. His noble and goodness of heart of the deceased. He also presented in a clear and impressive manner our brother's faith in the reality of spiritual communion, and a blissful progressive immortality as the destiny of the race. May his surviving companions and children feel that he has left them a "ministering spirit," until they shall join him in that bright upward pilgrimage and endless day.

From Jackson County, Oregon, March 8th, Rebecca Gale, wife of William Gale. She was born in South Carolina, Pendleton District, Oct. 18th, 1804, and had attained the age of 71 years 4 months 23 days.

She was a firm Spiritualist for eighteen years, a member of the moral police fraternity since 1861, and after a severe illness of several months she calmly passed to meet her spirit children in spirit-life, and leaving her body behind. But oh joy! immortal! she has not "gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns," but she is still with us, in the pleasing news of her happy reception, and bright and beautiful home above. She loved the dear old Banner, and was a subscriber for a number of years.

From Plymouth, Mass., Monday, March 6th, Corbellus M. Holmes, son of Samuel N. and Sarah E. Holmes, aged 9 years 6 months 1 day.

After suffering with that fatal disease, consumption, and slowly dying inch by inch for many months, at last the weary spirit burst the bonds, and he stepped out forever from pain and death. And may these parents realize that this, and be made to feel the grave does not hold him, but that he is a living, loving child, just the same without the body as he was with it. He was (N. S.) a Spiritualist, respected and beloved by all.

From Geneva, Walworth County, Wisconsin, February 24th, 1876, Mrs. Mary Jessup, wife of J. H. Ford, aged 76 years 4 months.

She leaves a husband, two daughters and one son, and many friends to mourn her loss.

Sarah Nell was born near Southington, Conn., May 1st, 1788, married Luther Patterson and settled at Mount Washington, Mass., in 1803. In 1816 she emigrated with her family to Franklin Co., Ohio, where she has ever since lived. On the evening of March 14th, when her spirit had made the mortal element as no longer real, and stepped into the grander realization of spirit-life.

Being one of the first settlers in the neighborhood in which she lived, she has borne her full share in the hardships of pioneer life. Through all the vicissitudes of her unusually long career of almost ninety-three years, she has ever maintained a spirit of cheerfulness and contentment. She came in contact with a loving and indulgent mother, and a kind neighbor, always choosing to suffer in silence for the sake of peace. It has been said by one with whom she was intimately acquainted, that she never had an enemy in her life. She was eminently a religious woman, and was united with any branch of the Christian Church, and was not in sympathy with their doctrines. She drew comfort and aid from suffering from her faith in the reality of spirit life, and instead of dreading death she welcomed it as the glad messenger of deliverance, freeing her from the aches and pains of a worn-out body, and releasing her in blissful immortality amid those whom she had loved in earlier life.

Gahanna, March 16th, 1876.

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

THE PSALMS OF LIFE:

By John S. Adams.

This selection of music will be recognized by all who have had experience in singing. It comprises tunes which have been before, and around which associations gather that have established them as favorites. In addition to these are several original compositions and new arrangements. The collection of chants will be found unusually large, a feature that their rapidity of change will be one, and one which furnishes a number of poems not suited to common songs, but which will be highly valued for the sentiments they express, and for the beautiful music which accompanies them.

Price, boards \$1.25, postage 10 cents; paper \$1.00, postage 4 cents. For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

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Or, A Discourse on Divine Matters between Krishna and Arjuna.

A Sanskrit Philosophical Poem, translated, with Copious Notes, an Introduction on Sanskrit Philosophy, and other matter.

New York Advertisements.

[illegible]

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1876.

The Twenty-Eighth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism: Commemorative Exercises at Paine Hall, Boston: Speeches, Singing, Children's Festival, Grand Ball, etc.

The first of March 1876, marked the twenty-eighth anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism. Our readers will recall to mind the numerous announcements recently printed in these columns and put forth by the friends of various parts of the United States, whereby it was evidenced that the day would be widely and generally observed as one of rejoicing and festive mirth by the adherents of the cause.

In Boston large audiences assembled at Paine Hall, Brighton street, throughout the day, and expressions of the most enthusiastic were blended with sentiments instinct with the broadest charity.

The celebration was presided over by J. B. Hatch, (Charles W. Hatch, Jr., of Boston, and his conductors, and was carried out to the highest measure of success under the auspices of that organization. Both Mr. Hatch and the Committee of Arrangements deserve the thanks of the Spiritualists of this vicinity for their steady and self-sacrificing labors in carrying out so pleasantly the multitudinous details of the enterprise.

MOVING SESSION.

Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown District, called the meeting to order at the appointed time, and introduced Miss Hattie W. Harrington, soloist, and Henry C. Lull, accompanist, who precluded the exercises with the song "Sweet Spirit, Hear my Prayer." Dr. Richardson then presided with a few pertinent words to launch the people assembled in a mental sense upon a successful voyage, where truth was the favoring current and eloquence the fresh breeze which wafted them along. He referred to the sublime teachings of the Spiritual Philosophy, which for the last twenty-eight years had accomplished so much for the elevation and purification of the human soul, and its emancipation from the chains of theology, and to the wondrous scope of the phenomena, which continued to develop into more and more striking phases as new powers were demanded by the old of investigators. On the present occasion, he said, our hearts go out in thanksgiving because of the divine relationship with all that is good and true which Spiritualism has revealed to us; not only does it point bright and beautiful pictures of the life that is to come, but it depicts the path of the present with the flowers of charity in its early life. He hoped the deep significance of the occasion might be comprehended by every heart, for there is a day in all the revolving cycles of the years that deserved to be honored at the hands of mortal man as the birthday of this glorious religion. He concluded by introducing L. P. Greenleaf.

Mr. Greenleaf, in commencing, depicted the state of the human mind and its views concerning various weighty matters twenty-eight years ago, and traced briefly the important results flowing from the truth which had been obtained through the demonstration of facts presented by Modern Spiritualism. It is whose true presentation to the world the audience before him had not met to celebrate. And how important, indeed, had those results been! Who could truly say—no matter what the position depicted—that he (or she) was the same as regards opinions and conceptions on the important topics of human life and human destiny, as before the advent of Modern Spiritualism? Spiritualism, however, was not limited to the age of its modern acknowledgment—it was old as humanity, its manifestations were to be traced on every page of history's unfolding; but each exhibit of light and power had been made in accordance with the need of the times in which it appeared; it was the churchman only who blundered, when he sought to bring forward the manifestations of nearly two thousand years ago and to engrave them upon the great tree of present human needs. Spiritualism in its modern dispensation (as the church did not) fully met the wants of this age and people; it appeared to reason, the spirit of the age, not to blind fact, the scepter of the despotism of past ignorance. Spiritualism did not mean merely the fact of the possible spirit communion—it signified the highest use of human life in all its concerns; it had passed since its modern advent into the cathedrals, no grand churches to awe the beholder, while his heart was far from the principle to which the material show was dedicated, but it had built, and was still building in human souls, characters replete with the glory of true manhood and womanhood, which would exist when churches would crumble and cathedrals fall, and creeds be known no more. For twenty years, the speaker had worked for Spiritualism, and he rejoiced to see its borders widening to the most distant quarters of the world. He closed by an earnest argument in proof of the fallacy of ascribing the shortcomings of many of its individualized and idiosyncratic followers upon Spiritualism itself; the particular fault complained of in each case lay with the instrument, who was but a human being after all—his (or her) were believed did not cleanse him from the imperfections common to the whole family of man. To pile up all that was vile upon Spiritualism, and to hold the act as proving the *non* to be vile, was as ludicrous an act as would be of him who should write "foe" upon the back of one of earth's best known philosophers, with the vain hope that the operation would be generally recognized as a truthful brand.

Miss Harrington sang, "Only a Dream of Home." Mr. Lull accompanying her with a cabinet organ, after which the chairman introduced to the people Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, of Providence, R. I., as one of the pioneer workers in the field. Mrs. Rudd, on being introduced, spoke as follows: Twenty-eight years ago the first rap sounded which brought to modern ears the intelligence of a practical communication with the disembodied ones; it was in itself nothing surprising, but the most natural way of attaining the attainment of the listener, just as, on reaching a friend's door, we tap for admittance; but how glorious the result! Twenty-eight years ago the church spread a pall of gloom all over the land; "Hark from the tomb a joyful sound," was her favorite melody; men and women, fathers and mothers, had seen their children close their eyes in what mortals call death, and had laid them away in the silent grave, and knew not whether they had gone. They had read the Bible, yet after year, but had failed to penetrate beyond the circumscribed limits of the "letter which killeth," to the sublime liberty of the "spirit which giveth life." The great query, old as the human race: "If a man die shall he live again?" was still unanswered to the satisfaction of the reflecting mind. Spiritualism truly did not begin twenty-eight years ago to-day, since the spiritual forces have made themselves apparent in some form ever since there were human beings; but although the spiritual manifestations were going on in various parts of the world, although we as spirits made raps on the doors and windows, and caused various sounds in the effort to attract the attention of the people, we failed to come in direct communion with mankind till the Yankee questioner developed the fact that our souls were the product of invisible intelligence; the Yankees are reputed to be the most inquisitive people in the world, and when we, spirits, came to this nation and rapped, we opened the gateway of communication, and gained a power through that little child in an humble cottage home which had been thought to be lost. And from that quiet home how the telegraphic wires have expanded! There is scarcely a hamlet in the United States to-day whose inhabitants have not heard of Spiritualism and spirit communion in some form or other; it matters not if they have

coupled it with scorn, if they have de-nominated it "humbug"—it is the same to us, because it is proof positive with us that they have been thinking of it, and of us, and when the human mind begins to think on this subject, it left free to follow its convictions the most important results are sure to obtain.

Some say, Why did Spiritualism come so humbly? Why did it not appear for recognition through the lips of some eminent divine? Friends, that question was asked years ago, when that came to the world, and no answer so much as to how down below the arm of power that they then expected the new dispensation would come clothed in a panoply of earthly puissance, but it was not so. Nevertheless the teachings of him who was born in a stable have spread over the globe, permeating every system of thought, every condition of humanity, and such will in the future, to a yet grander extent, be the destiny of the new dispensation which appeared on earth twenty-eight years ago. At that date we came to an humble home and brought this word of love spoken from the souls of rejoicing angels; we with a brush of the hand swept away the gloom of the grave and taught all human beings that there was no death, that it was only a change, a putting off of the mortal and a putting on of the immortal; we brought a "happy new year" to the children of care, pointing them to grander things yet to be; they had looked earnestly for it, but not in its lowly form; it has come at last, fitted with that love which shall yet be the moving principle and power of the world.

You ask us: "What have you done?" and we might ask you in return to say: "What have we not done?" Have we not accomplished the works which so strongly characterized the early days of Christianity? Have we not healed the sick, opened the blind eyes, unstopped the deaf ears, and bade the captive go free? Have we not gone further in the path of reason than the church dogmatism which was reared on the morass of those by-past phenomena, and declared that men and women that no such thing as a vicarious atonement exists either in the economy of nature for work neglected, or in that of the spirit life for wrongdoings done? Have we not proclaimed to all: "You must work out your own salvation; you must save yourselves in the future from the effects of your own shortcomings in the fields of time?" Have we not given to the mourner indubitable proof that we can answer the world's great question: "If a man die shall he live again?" Have we not demonstrated that there is no death, that what is called so is but the enfranchisement of the soul from the worn out garment of the physical, and the putting on of the new and glorious apparel of life and light and love? We have built well on the hill-top of fearless hearts the monuments of eternal truth! We have taught the souls of men and women to rear spiritual homes in the world to come, whether their steps are tending, homes where they may reside when the conflict of the material is over, and in the blessed realm of the higher life! We have brought no grand titles to ennoble our mediums on earth, but we have endeavored to unfold true womanhood and true manhood, that you may receive fresh and untainted the messages of love and light that come to you from our shores.

You may say to us that the forms of many of our mediums are covered with the dust which they have gathered as they walk up and down the earth in obedience to the demands of their mission; but was not the crucifixion raised against Christ and his disciples? Is it no wonder, when we think of the blows we have been obliged to strike at older errors through the brave men and women who were fitted through spirituality to enable us to speak through them. We say, friends, to-day there is a new year in our dispensation, that never before in the years that have passed since its advent has Modern Spiritualism occupied the position in the hearts of the people that it does at the present hour; never before in the annals of the churches, in the columns of the secular newspapers, in the pages of popular literature, has there been embodied so much of spiritual thought and revelation. To be successful, a book or play must now contain a golden thread of the new philosophy, and the papers of the day, discovering that tidings concerning the new truth are earnestly sought by their patrons, are furnishing yet more of the facts as they come up for notice.

Now you enter upon another year, the twenty-ninth, and we come to say to every soul before us: How will you pass that twenty-ninth year? Shall we come before you next year and see that you have improved spiritually? that you have built up great temples of spiritual light around you? that you are laboring to be more true to yourselves and humanity, and to make your lives grand acknowledgments in practice of Spiritualism's central truths—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man? Shall we see that each is endeavoring to be the standard-bearer of his (or her) individuality that he will walk in the hands of the angels above you? or shall we see you asleep, preferring that the mediums should have the work to do? God forbid that we should look upon you at the end of your twenty-ninth year, and see that you have been remiss in your duty, but rather may we see you "bringing forth fruits meet for repentance." We ask each one of you to-day: What have you done to assist in bringing our messages to the children of earth? Let us not sit around the fires of Boston when this year has passed and see that you have been dormant, but rather that you have been wide awake and working with your loved ones from the summer-land for the unfolding of spiritual truth. Be firm and fearless; listen to the voice of the angels as they draw near, feel that each has a work which no other can do, and endeavor to accomplish it; be true to the angel world and your own, and you will find that never in earth's history has there been a year more alive with the beauty of the invisible than the year which we are now entering.

Dr. Richardson next called upon Hattie Wilson to address the audience. The intelligence controlling her said it was the duty of the adherents of Spiritualism to endeavor so to live that on the passage of each year they might perceive with their spiritual senses that they had ascended another round in the ladder which led upward to the heavenly heights—that they occupied a position in advance of that they previously held; but it really seemed to the speaker that too many of the Spiritualists were halting just where they were twenty-eight years ago, were "tenting on the old ground," where they had established themselves when the knowledge of the possibility of spirit communion first reached them. The debris of the years passed was not removed from their souls, and how could such Spiritualists expect the angels to endeavor to make their way through it to reach them, when it was a plain duty to clear the pathway and extend to them a pure fresh welcome?

The spiritual world and those who dwell therein were only of a finer order of materiality, and spiritual defilement met with in the minds of mortals was just as repulsive to the returning spirit, as any marked degree of uncleanness would be to the dweller in mortal. The process of decrease was but the gaining of a new tent in the camp ground of the Infinite, and the character of that tent and its location as to desirability or otherwise, depended on the efforts made in this sphere of life to gain knowledge of higher things, and to close it with the love and the good of humanity. The spirit controlling prophesied that great as had been the trials of the spiritual media in the past, there were still more serious ones in store for them and the cause they represented.

Isaiah C. Ray, of New Bedford, referred in a highly complimentary manner to the work accomplished by the previous speaker, and called attention to the fact that years ago it had been his privilege to introduce her to a Spiritualist audience at her first public lecture.

Henry C. Lull sang "The Golden Star." Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of Wollaston Heights, was then presented to the audience. The element of spiritual truth, she said, was the special property of the Spiritualists; it was a common fact for the common people, and perhaps its most stupendous results were being accomplished secretly among the masses. Some twenty-two years had passed since she first stood as a public laborer upon the spiritual rostrum; during that time great advances had been made, and the

horizon was gradually broadening. Spiritualists were now demanding that mediums be educated not only as to the needs of their work, but also as to general information, since a keen, polished instrument was better than a dull. What were we celebrating to-day? Were we merely commemorating the dawn of the Hydesville phenomena? were we not rather honoring the embodiment of a principle which had since walked, mightily and strongly, along the highways and byways of earth, breaking down the bonds of theologic creeds, and emancipating the human mind from the domination of error's midnight dream? We are (she said) celebrating the embodiment of such a principle, a principle which has been outwrought in the lives of workers who have been emancipated from the ills of mortal existence and are standing to-day as witnesses of the truths which we here promulgate! Where is our sister, Achsa W. Sprague, who labored so indefatigably for the cause? where is Rosa T. Ames, who served so faithfully before the people in the early days? where is Fannie A. Conant, who on earth worked so hard to read under the hands of superstition? where are they to-day? Forgotten? No! they now live, and shall live forever in the grateful heart memory and love of a world of spiritual believers! We have—in view of the wide following, secret and open together, which Spiritualism has gained since its advent—reached a time when the question is asked: Where are the mediums of the future? She ended by calling upon the friends while they rejoiced in their triumphs to remember the early toilers who sowed the seed of the present abundant harvest!

Henry C. Lull being called upon, gave a brief receipt of his experiences as a church member, and afterwards as a Spiritualist and medium. He had been strongly denounced by some of his brothers and sisters of the church, but since he withdrew from their communion, and entered what they claimed to be the service of Diabolus, several of them had felt in their hearts to go and do likewise, and had been led to embrace a faith in Spiritualism.

After a song by Miss Harrington, "The Empty Rocking Chair," the meeting adjourned till two o'clock.

The time at noon was pleasantly passed by those who visited Boston from various parts of the State—and the number was large—in strolling about the city, or in reviving old friendships by recreating in by-past scenes. The ladies of the State were spread a beautiful collation in the dining hall of Paine Building, where the lecturers, and many of the visiting friends, partook of their hospitality with evident enjoyment.

LYCEUM FESTIVAL.

In the afternoon the larger (upper hall) was thronged at an early hour in anticipation of the announced exercises on the part of Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Boston, and its guests. The hall was finely decorated with festoons of green, garlands of flowers, etc., to which the banners and targets belonging to various Lyceums represented in the gathering added a beautiful contrast. The principal standards displayed, two of which were placed near the front of the hall, and the other two suspended below the rostrum, bore the following inscriptions:

Salem Progressive Lyceum. Organized May 3d, 1868.

Reverie: "To God and reason ever true, Eternal progress we pursue."

Children's Progressive Lyceum. Organized July 7th, 1867. East Boston.

Children's Progressive Lyceum, Boston. Organized August 3d, 1867.

Reverie: "The truth against the world."

First Spiritual Association, Boston. Organized August 31st, 1867.

Reverie: "Purity, Truth, Progress."

After a word of welcome to the people assembled, also to the delegates from the Salem, Plymouth, and other Lyceums present, from Cambridge, or Hatch, and the execution of a fine Banner March, the following programme was carried out with marked ability: Song, by Miss Amanda Bailey, of the Salem Lyceum; Recitations by May Potter, of Boston, Harry Bates, of Charlestown, Ella Carr, of Boston, Frank Cobb, of the Hingham Lyceum, Alfretha Hall, of Boston; Duets by Miss Harrington and Mr. H. C. Lull; Recitations by Lizzie Knight, of the Salem Lyceum, and Miss L. E. Butler, of Boston; Duets by Miss Elsie and Mrs. Hall, of the Salem Lyceum; Recitations by Lizzie Thompson and Harry Bates; Harmonica solo by Mr. Taylor; Recitations by Mabel Edson and Esther James; Quartette by Misses Adams, Cross, Collier, Milend, Cora Hastings; accompanist: Recitation by Eddie Washburn; Reading by Helen M. Dill; Recitation by Ernestine Eldridge; and a Song by Mr. Chas. W. Sullivan.

During the meeting pleasant addresses were made by the close of the first hour, the speakers dispersed, and the Boston Lyceum and its guests ascended to the dining hall, where they partook of a substantial collation.

An episode of a pleasant character occurred during the session, Mr. Hatch, Conductor, being presented by the officers and members of the Boston Lyceum with a gold pen and pencil, and a pair of gold-bowed spectacles—the speech being made by Henry Drisko, and the donee acknowledging the totally unexpected gift in such language as came to him at the moment.

While the festival above described was in progress, the lower (smaller) hall in the Paine Building was filled with an audience composed of those who were unable to gain admittance into the upper. This meeting was presided over by George A. Bacon, of Boston. Miss Maria Adams introduced the exercises with a song, after which Geo. A. Bacon, the Chairman, proceeded to speak as follows:

All my personal objections being overruled, and my demurrer against officiating as your chairman this afternoon having been set aside, there is no other available alternative left me but to make the best of a bad bargain and submit to the inevitable with as good a grace as possible.

The exercises of to-day, however varied in character, are intended to memorialize the advent, twenty-eight years ago to-night, of the tiny rap which has proved to be the open *seam* to our knowledge of the hereafter, and given to the movement resulting therefrom, the name of Modern Spiritualism.

Our interest in sympathy with, appreciation for and devotion to this subject has brought us thus together, to hold a commemorative celebration of the establishment of a spiritual telegraph between the two hemispheres of life.

To celebrate, with appropriate rites and services, those epochal events around which tenderly cluster the most precious associations, those pivotal experiences which give shape and character to human thought and human action for ever afterwards—is but a natural expression of the heart and sentiment of humanity, and which in fact has always been the basis of all religious existence, and by which all plans of life are then, welcome these varied expressions, though they voice but imperfectly the language of the soul.

The enthusiasm which was mine twenty years ago, as to the change in the affairs and relations of men which Spiritualism was expected to bring about at an early day, has, in process of time, become considerably modified. But though the promises and prospects which flashed upon my vision twenty years ago, and to which I have attributed Spiritualism, are still unfulfilled, I have not one jot or tittle of their being more than redeemed at no distant day. In this connection, the lesson I have learned is, that the element of time, as a necessary factor in the evolution or redemptive process of man's higher destiny, is more clearly seen at forty than it is at twenty years of age.

How repulsive with folly the attempt often made by the pretentious but unthinking erudite, to measure and compare the importance and significance of spiritual truth, with that of a purely secular or materialistic character. There exists no relation between them.

If I have learned one thing more than another, after realizing the fact of my own ignorance of this whole subject—and I say it reverently—it is that no mortal man or set of men are bossing this job. Inaugurated by the higher angels of Wis-

dom, Love and Truth, they are carrying it forward without reference to our wishes or preferences. The best of us are but feeble instruments, poor specimen bricks in the uprearing of this spiritual temple.

As partial means to a desired end, the utmost service we can render, despite the bitter draughts so often placed to our lips, is to work on in singleness of heart, and in humility of spirit, supplied by the most intelligent reason, to the end of the chapter, patiently waiting whatever compensation is our due, to the time when it shall be awarded us.

We are called upon to-day to commemorate a revolution, as surprising in its manner of coming and continuance, as it is happy and blessed in its consequences. And this is the only point I care to make, as my contribution to the hour and the occasion. Spiritualism is a *revolving*, constructive, and reconstructive. Already has the world had palpable evidence of this truth. In art and science, in medicine, literature, and the church, each and all have felt its permeating influence for good. Despite the protestations of selfish professionals, notwithstanding the denunciations of the clergy and the press (including the New York Times), Spiritualism has pursued its even and uneven tenor of its way, until it is now admitted by its stiffest opponents to be a power in the land, at least augmenting force. And it is manifestly destined to go forward, as by a fiat of the Almighty, conquering and to conquer, until those special truths it came to teach shall everywhere be recognized, appreciated, and practically exemplified. By it artistic minds have had new ideals and new creations unfolded; receptive brains on the scientific plane have made valuable discoveries, inventions, &c., through its direct agency. Numberless are the instances where professional M. D.s, having demonstrated the futility of their medical practice, have seen their called incurables turned over to the more tender mercy of some non-professional brother or sister, some adapted channel for the establishment of an equilibrium of the vital and spiritual forces, and witnessed the complete recovery of these patients whom they had declared were beyond the reach of human aid.

While medical treatment has thus been made to feel the blessed influence of a new order of things, the literature of the age, that which reflects the spirit of the times, the thoughts of the people, the mind and scope of its scholars, which gives the latest and best results in concrete and elaborate form—all this bears willing testimony to the great advance which has been made in this direction, since the advent of this despised Spiritualism, and which is in no small degree attributable to it. In imaginative poetry, in descriptive verse, in works of fiction, in stories of society, in tales of domestic life, in personal sketches, &c., the benign influence recognized as an offspring of this same permeating power, is clearly discernible by the insight and observing mind. Even newspapers, those echoes of the surface tones of society, and which until recently felt it to be their special privilege to caricature and ridicule, to treat with scorn and continually every reference to Spiritualism, now find it to their advantage to speak not only respectfully, but to report its doings approximately correct. In fact, as mental mirrors which reflect the popular thoughts of the people, they are now often known to solicit and gather for public mention, whatever occurs of a spiritual or character. Spiritual revelations have had the effect to open the eyes of certain materialistic and scientific men wider and more wondrously than any other event during the last century, prolific as it has been with startling phenomena of every character. And while they are known as a class to move more slowly than any other, some of them have been made to take certain steps, witness certain facts, and finally to acknowledge this particular truth—that the sum of their knowledge did not include all there was in nature, did not exhaust the universe of matter and of mind. These investigations will continue, marvels will yet unfold themselves, and the antagonism heretofore existing between a blind faith on the one hand, and a cold, partial, skeptical philosophy, which ignores one of the chief factors in the realm of active being, on the other, will be found holding reciprocal relations with, while complementing and supplementing each other.

In the sphere of Rationalism, the springs of spiritual activity are seen in the evolution and multiplication of scores of books, all in harmony with the spirit of progressive thought as it seems to appear from a high spiritual outlook. In the sphere of Religious Thought, Spiritualism has wrought a change wondrous as it is favorable, marked as it is encouraging. New conceptions, new revelations, new truths, in addition to old truths seen in a new light—have not only increased the sum of human knowledge, but raised the hopes of the future, enlarged the range of vision, strengthened human aspirations, kindled new human endeavor, and with it all, brought the blessings derivable from faith, to a realizing sense of heartfelt and soulful consciousness, where the God-in-man forever dwells. And in all these several departments, these are but the first beginnings—scattering drops before a plentiful shower.

Under the benign influence of angelic hosts, consciously and unconsciously recognized, the heretofore opinions of Theology are being everywhere and irresistibly modified, agreeably with the advancing needs of the times and in consonance with the demands of a more illuminated reason. These influences are permeating the whole body politic to such an extent, that the opening future promises full freedom from the slavery of past superstition. Verily, the church is being led captive, overcome, revolutionized by itself, and though fully aware of it, feels powerless to prevent a consummation so devoutly to be wished for, by all genuine lovers of mental liberty.

To Spiritualism in its three-fold aspect—scientific, philosophic and religious—is much of this glory due. How fitting, then, on the part of those who thus recognize its claims, that we should commemorate its demonstrated advent!

Dr. Charles Main, of Boston, followed, giving a description of his early trials, the commands laid upon him by his guides, his life among the Shakers, and his experiences as a Spiritualist.

Dr. John H. Currier said this anniversary was to him a happy day. Spiritualism did not depend wholly for its introduction, or promulgation, on any man or set of men—its spring of action and source of power were to be found on the other side of life; yet his experience in the field, reaching over a period of twenty-six years, demonstrated the fact that the cooperation of mortals to advance the cause was an important adjunct to the process, and he was pleased to see in the audience before him several workers who had been instrumental in bringing about glorious results for Spiritualism; among them he desired to mention Dr. H. F. Gardner. The speaker detailed the circumstances attending the first spiritual circle of which he constituted himself a member, and how he became convinced of the truth of spirit return, and referred to the labor in the future field which he had been called upon by the friends to do—a field which stretched from Berkshire back to old Suffolk in Massachusetts, and to various parts of the Eastern and Middle States. He closed by complimenting the Spiritual press, for the good it was accomplishing, and also commended the Boston Sunday Herald for its liberal tone toward the cause. He then withdrew to fill his appointed place in the programme of the upper hall meeting, leaving behind him, however, a request, which was enthusiastically responded to by the people present, that Dr. H. F. Gardner take the platform.

Dr. Gardner, in response to the repeated call of the audience, arose and stated that ill health would forbid any attempt on his part to address them. He glanced cursorily at the trials and triumphs of the past, and deprecated the haste with which too many Spiritualists gave vent to their doubts as to the genuineness of mediums. They should not be so ready, on mere supposition, to snare and bring to grief these highly sensitive instruments. Denunciation should always be founded on proof, otherwise its use was a wrong of the most unmistakable character. Referring to the importance of the spiritual movement, he said that as the first gun from the iron-clad monitor in the late civil war exploded at once the old-time naval ideas of the world, so the first rap

at Hydesville destroyed forever the life of the old theologic systems of mankind.

C. Fannie Allyn, who was present, was next called upon. A year ago anniversary day she stood before an audience in San Francisco; she was then ill, and went over the mountains to Santa Cruz, where she contracted a severe cold, from the effects of which she had not yet recovered. Since her lecture every Sunday since she engaged her voice, and her time had been fully occupied since her return to New York. The interest in Spiritualism was wide spread in California; everywhere—in the little mining towns, in the cities or elsewhere—people would be met with who were attracted to an investigation of Spiritualism, or free thought, the name widely given to it in the Golden State.

Anniversary day was to the Spiritualist what Thanksgiving day was to the New England heart, when the parents bade their children home to unite for a brief season in the festivity and joy of social communion. Socially Thanksgiving was good, spiritually it was strengthening, and even materially it was a benefit, bringing each member of the family from it might be widely dispersed localities to sit down in each other's presence and learn of their lives and thoughts. So on Spiritualism's Thanksgiving day, its children assembled; and how appropriate the present evening, held as it was in a hall dedicated to the memory of the author-hero and patriot of the Revolution, Thomas Paine. She referred to the ascended workers—among them Sidden J. Finney and L. Judd Pardee—who were present, though invisible to mortal eyes, to enjoy the scene. She paid a high compliment to the private mediumistic workers for the cause, who toiled without public acknowledgment. To them, in a great measure, was the success of the itinerant speaker due, in that they in conjunction with the angels helped prepared the ground for their immediate neighbors in the path of the seed when the lecturer arrived. She also called the attention of the Spiritualists to the importance of the claim made by the Children's Progressive Lyceum movement for pecuniary support, and closed with an eloquent digest of what Spiritualism had accomplished since its advent, ending her remarks with the prophecy, "It may be that on your next anniversary more than spiritual eyes can see from walks visibly upon the platform."

Allen Putnam, Esq., of Boston Highlands, was next introduced. He said, in commencing: The one event that has called us together to-day, simply stated, is that certain raps heard at Hydesville, twenty-eight years ago this evening night, proved that an unseen intelligence that could count ten produced them: a little thing in itself, but sometimes a little fire kindles a great matter, and it has been so in this case; that little rap, requiring unseen intelligence as its producer, aroused the mind of our whole community to consider the question as to whether the departed could obtain access to us, and make known their experiences in spirit-life beyond. Something more than twenty-three years ago he received what to him was satisfactory evidence that a dearly loved departed one had returned demonstrating personal identity to him. It was true that for a twelvemonth he declined to avow his convictions openly before the community, mainly because he considered that the fact presented to his mind was one of the most important which could be encountered in the present stage of being, and he wished to spend some time when he was fitted to do so from a more extended experience. He felt sure, from the attitude of the religiousists, the scientists, and other learned bodies at that day, that no hope could be entertained of their entering into an examination of the new truth, and, having been favored in his youth with a collegiate education, he determined to bend his energies to a solution of this, the most remarkable fact that had ever been presented to his observation; he determined to give attention to it, follow it, and see where it would lead him. While the clergy were held back (even if they desired to investigate) by the dread that their parishioners would take alarm; while the doctors were repelled through fear that their practice would subside if they affiliated with the unpopular movement, the speaker was certain that he was all the better fitted for the work because he was engaged in traffic in coal and lumber, and he rightly judged that so long as his scales and measures were honest, those who were not would not inquire into the status of his religious opinions. At the expiration of that period of investigation, his convictions being settled, Mr. Putnam announced his acceptance of Spiritualism, and it was his belief that he delivered the first public lecture known on the subject in Boston, in the old Melodeon.

He referred to the broadening out and advance of the phenomena, which from the raps of the earlier days had extended to the materializing manifestations of other times, and the fact that in human history the appearance of these phenomena had gone on deepening its influence throughout the enlightened world. Spiritualism, while it presented proof undeniable for the examination of the most confirmed stickler for human reason, was also revealing to the nations a combined philosophy, religion and science which embraced within its folds other agents and other forces that were unobserved by that reason alone.

The speaker bore witness to the fearlessness and fidelity of Dr. Gardner and other pioneers in the midst of the early and trying circumstances which attached themselves to the path of the new dispensation; spoke of the new paraffine-mold phenomena occurring in presence of Mrs. Hardy and others; and cited some experiences in spirit-photography which he had recently been privileged to have in the city of Boston, and which seemed to point to the fact that these mysterious findings were not photographs at all, but psychographs, which were put upon the plate by a direct, unseen agency, which did not need the fractured light of the lens to aid in their production. Through these and other avenues Spiritualists were compassing conditions which established their faith on the basis of physical science, as well as philosophic deduction, and it could not be shaken; while the lessons received from those who had passed the border land of change were calculated to make men better and kinder, to fit them for a more useful life here and in the world to come. These spirits counseled us to rest upon no power outside for salvation, but to endeavor to save ourselves, inasmuch as "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap"—the planted seed of our little life to-day being the harvest in the life beyond. These teachings, he believed, if once appreciated and applied by the masses, would renovate the whole world.

Isaiah C. Ray made a few remarks concerning the justice of the reform for the taxation of church property, which was now being so widely agitated. No matter how unavailing Spiritualists might have appeared in the face of the policy, it was a fact that all of them who paid taxes on their property actually were helping to support the church, since the money they paid was partly necessary in order to let the ecclesiastical property go free of toll. In his own case, were church property taxed to a reasonable degree in New Bedford, his own bill would be reduced fifty dollars, and he would have so much more to devote to the advancement of Spiritualism, while now he must pay it to support religious systems whose existence was extremely distasteful to him.

Conductor Hatch made a strong appeal for the Children's Lyceum, after which Misses Adams, Cross, Collier and Milend joined in a quartette, and the meeting adjourned till evening.

(Concluded next week.)

"The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism."

"The two volumes of the book show deep research, a faithful presentation of the views of all parties pro and con, and a determination on the part of the author to be thorough and systematic in his work."—*Brooklyn Union.*

The attention of our readers is called to the annual prospectus of the "Banner of Light," published in this number. Aside from its advocacy of Modern Spiritualism, the paper contains a large amount of original matter, of interest and value to all liberal thinkers and those interested in the various social, moral and political reforms of the day.—*Box Lake (Wis.) Representative.*