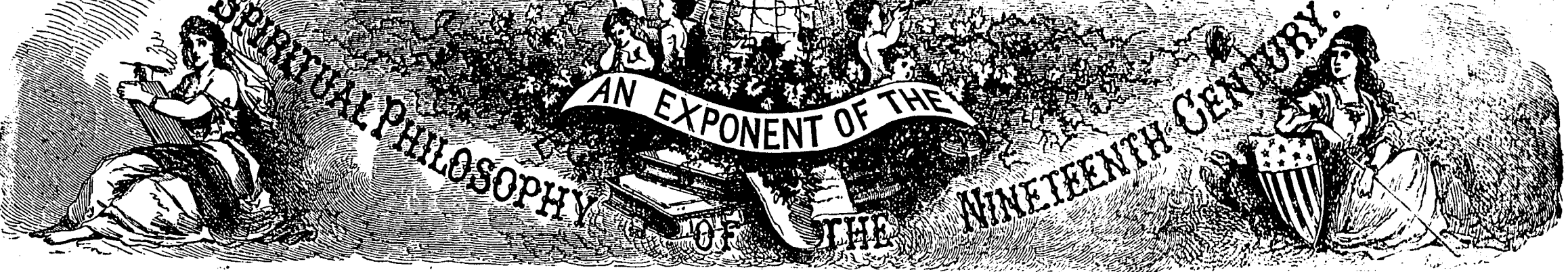


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## Versus Dr. Carpenter.

### THE PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES AND THEIR ASSAILANTS.

[Continued.]

BY JOSEPH RODES DUCHANAN, M. D.

HUXLEY AND EMERSON.

Was there ever a more absurd partisan clamor than these stereotyped sneers at the imbecility of the spirit-world by men who think their reputation so immense that they can talk nonsense with impunity. In this Democratic republic we have no demagogues whose voices are to be consecrated by reverence, and if Huxley or Emerson ventures to exhibit a little mental imbecility before the public, the irreverent spectator will be tempted to inquire whether the weak spot, the flaw in the sword-blade, does not run clear across and make it an utterly unreliable weapon. Is there any soundness of judgment on philosophic subjects in a scientist who makes such an unfortunate exposure of supercilious shallowness as in the following passage:

"The only good that I can see in a demonstration of the truth of 'Spiritualism,' is to furnish an additional argument against suicide. Better live a crossing-sweeper than die and be made to twaddle by a 'medium' hired at a guinea a séance. I am, sir, &c., T. H. HUXLEY."

Why should Prof. Huxley so openly and brazenly boast of his ignorance of clairvoyance, of spirit-healing, of spirit-poetry and eloquence and art, music, painting, photography and telegraphing, philosophy, ethics and religion?

Weak people, it is true, do talk with the rabble and humbug of the spirit-world and repeat their verbiage mixed with their own ineptitudes, but is this so singular as to concentrate all his attention upon it? Are not medicine and theology, with all their learning and science, overloaded with a greater and more malarious mass of intolerable rubbish than is Spiritualism? I need not fatigue the reader by detailing the illustrations, for they are known to all the world.

There are men, however, as foolish as Prof. Huxley, who will say on account of such rubbish that religion is contemptible, the science of medicine mere fallacy, and the profession a nuisance; but they are comparatively harmless eccentrics.

Medicine is continually improving, and dropping its rubbish into the abyss of forgotten folly—so is religion, and so is Spiritualism, but the cemetery for the burial of spiritual follies is a neat little garden spot compared to the vast Golgothas and Potter's Fields of medicine and theology.

We do not judge the architectural beauty of a city by the amount of sewerage that comes from it; nor do we judge of any intellectual system by its effete trash. When Prof. Huxley does this he falls from his high estate in physical science. Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, got drunk before his followers at Nauvoo. He represented it as merely an act of condescension, to show that he was not divine, but like other men, and therefore not an object of worship. Prof. Huxley, too, has condescended enough to show his fallibility and weakness in philosophy, and thus explain the idiosyncrasy which leads him to discard the study of the human soul to resurrect the buried follies of Des Cartes, maintaining that animals are not conscious, sensitive beings like ourselves, but merely unconscious automatic machines, by reasoning which would apply just as well to man. There is a boundary line between the beliefs of sanity and those of insanity, and if this opinion of Prof. Huxley were brought up in a New York court by hungry heirs contesting the validity of his will, it would be found so near the boundary line as to make a formidable element in the litigation. Nor would Mr. Emerson be any safer in such a case. His writings would furnish more abundant material.

#### POSITIVE SCIENCE VERSUS PEDANTRY.

It is highly honorable to Spiritualism that it is contemptuously treated by men so brilliantly unsound in thought while upheld by patient investigators so eminently sound and safe in judgment as Wallace and Crookes, and by innumerable thousands all over the world of those who are distinguished by unerring soundness of judgment—men who know what positive science and experimental truth are, and who do not think with Prof. Huxley that the buried rubbish of Cartesian speculation, or any other speculation, is preferable to the positive science of the soul, which has as tangible and unquestionable facts as chemistry or pneumatics.

Such men—men of sound judgment—do not join the fashionable rabble who in the infancy of electric science laughed at Galvani as "the frog's dancing master," and now in the infancy of psychic science expend their sarcasm on rappers and mediums. The controlling forces of the universe were manifested to Galvani in the movement of a frog's hind leg—how vulgar!—and now they are manifested just as vulgarly by the movement of a table. The God of the universe has different conceptions of dignity and vulgarity from the literary snob; he teaches science equally by the dew-drop and the ocean, the frog and the elephant, the feeble rap and the terrific thunderbolt. They who cannot learn from Divine Wisdom until it is arrayed in majesty and terror, belong to the rabble who learn only as they are overwhelmed and driven by compulsion.

The wild boar of the forest can realize the thunderbolt, but the delicate invisible forces of Nature are sought and known only by the philosophic scientist, who isolates himself alike from the ignorant rabble of the streets and the learned rabble of the colleges, to seek not only that which is hidden among the ultimate atoms of matter, but hidden in the atoms themselves as their interior basic forces—forces existing before matter is phenomenally organized, and existing still within, without, and parallel with the material world, but as far be-

yond the ken of the dogmatic materialist as the ruby clouds of sunset are beyond the knowledge of the blind man.

What are the blind man's comments to the artist who paints the sunset, and what are the opinions of Prof. Huxley to those who are at home in the splendors of the psychic science which reveals a world of supernal beauty? To the blind man, the picture is but only paint that smears his fingers and proves the artist a dirty creature; to Prof. Huxley psychic science seems only a creaking table manipulated by a trickster. To those who have eyes and understanding, the rapping table is a revelation of a new power, and the locked slate with writing progressing on its interior is a revelation of the mysterious presence and wise intelligence of the spirit-world, just as important when known only to a few inquirers as it will be when it has penetrated the colleges and overawed even the Oxford bigots, as it is sure to do in the time pre-arranged by Divine Power for pedantry and ignorance to give way to science.

It is pedantic insolence in those who deal in the attenuated speculations of metaphysics which bear no scientific relation to fact, to deny the character of science to spiritual phenomena duly examined. If it is science to examine the tracks impressed upon denuded rocks, and infer the character of the birds or quadrupeds that made them in the ages that are lost in the night of eternity; it is certainly a more safe and practical science to examine the marks left on the interior of a pair of slates by beings who are not lost in limitless night, but are like the birds that hover in the sky and sing at our doors, ready to be recalled and to repeat their communications for our instruction.

If these slate-writing experiments have not the rigid conditions of scientific experiment, then there is nothing in geology, nothing in the chemical laboratory, that can be called science, for no experiment can be devised in any science more perfect in the conditions that exclude error and deception, than the exposure of fastened slates, in daylight, under strict observation, to ascertain what an immaterial power can do on their interior.

#### SLATE-WRITING WITH WATKINS.

Perhaps the most efficient medium for spiritual writing recently developed is Mr. Charles E. Watkins, of whose capacities any number of illustrations might be given. A friend of mine, who recently saw him in Boston, received satisfactory written answers to her questions addressed to a spirit-friend upon a slate held in her own hand, with which Mr. Watkins had nothing to do.

As to his writing we could find no more competent and honorable testimony than that of Mr. Epes Sargent, the well-known author, whose personal character is as highly esteemed as his literary ability. Mr. Sargent says:

"Tuesday, Sept. 18th, 1877, I bought a new slate enclosed in covers, at the store of Messrs. Nichols & Hall, of Bromfield street, Boston, and proceeded to No. 46 Beach street, where Mr. Charles E. Watkins, of Cleveland, O., was making a brief professional stay. He took me up stairs into his modest sleeping-room, fronting on Beach street. I have every reason to believe that he did not know who I was. I had never seen him before. In a moment, however, my name came to him in some inexplicable way (not from seeing it written in my hat, oh! skeptic); his manner, a little ungracious at first, wholly changed, and we sat down alone in the room, the noon day light streaming in at the windows. He began by disclosing to me the names written by me, without any possible knowledge of his (there was no watching of the end of my pencil, according to Dr. Carpenter's theory), on six slips of paper, which I had rolled tightly into pellets, and which were not even touched by the medium. They were so mixed that I could not myself tell the name of any one of them. Here was a satisfactory proof of supersensory vision; but as I had received the same proofs through Foster and Colchester many years ago, I will not stop to describe them further, truly wonderful as they were."

"Mr. Watkins then permitted me to take my own fresh slate, which had remained on the table near my left elbow all this while. He put a crumb of slate pencil between one of the surfaces of the slate and the inside surface of one of the covers. He told me to hold it out at arm's length. This I did, first satisfying myself that there was no writing on the slate, and that he had not even touched it."

"Now bear in mind that we two were alone in the room; that there had been no possibility of the medium's making the slightest mark on the new, unused slate; that I sat with my back to the light, which shined in at two uncertain windows, the outer blinds of which were thrown back; that Mr. Watkins sat before me, some two feet off; that I was in a perfectly composed, equable state of mind, with all my faculties on the alert; that I was as sure the slate was the same one I had just brought in as I was that the head on my shoulders was the same one I had brought in; that I was no more the imbecile victim of 'expectancy and prepossession' (according to Dr. Carpenter's theory) than I am at this moment; and considering also that the medium, when I should extend my arm under the conditions here described, would be some three feet distant from the slate, on which I absolutely knew there was as yet no writing."

"Under these simple conditions, the fairest, simplest and most convincing that could well be imagined, I held out the slate. First came the name 'Anna Cora Mowatt.' This name I had written on one of the pellets. A second time I held out the slate and there came the words, 'My dear brother, your own Lizzie.' This name I had not written nor spoken. A third time I held out the slate (still untouched by the medium), and there came the words, 'My dear son, God bless you, your father who loves you dearly, Epes Sargent.' This name also had been both unwritten and unspoken by me. It was my father's name."

"Being now convinced that the theory of some invisible chemical writing on the slate, to be made suddenly visible after the sifter had held it, was utterly dispelled, I took two slates belonging to the medium, asked for a wet towel, wiped them thoroughly, saw the medium lay a crumb of slate pencil on one of the slates, and then, placing the other slate on top of it, I held the two, thus joined, out at arm's length in my left hand. In a moment I heard a light sound of writing. In a few seconds the medium said, 'Finished,' and taking one slate from the other, I saw one side filled with a message containing fifty-four words and signed by the name of my deceased brother."

Mr. Alfred R. Wallace has recently published in the London Spectator an experience with Dr. Monck, from which the following is quoted:

"The sitting was at a private house in Richmond. Two ladies and three gentlemen were present, besides myself and the medium, Dr. Monck. A shaded candle was in the room, giving light sufficient to see everything on the table round which we sat. Four small and common slates were on the table. Of these I chose two, and after carefully cleaning and putting a small fragment of pencil between them, I tied them together with a strong cord, passed around them both lengthways and crosswise, so as effectually to prevent the slates from moving on each other. I then laid them flat on the table, without losing sight of them for an instant. Dr. Monck placed the fingers of both hands on them, while I and a lady sitting opposite me placed our hands on the corners of the slates. From this position our hands were never moved, till I untied them to ascertain their result. After waiting a minute or two, Dr. Monck asked me to name any short word I wished to be written on the slate. I named the word, 'God.' He then asked me to say how I wished it written. I replied, 'Lengthways on the slate.' Then I wished it written with a large or small 'g,' and I chose a capital 'G.' In a very short time writing was heard on the slate. The medium's hands were convulsively withdrawn, and I then myself untied the

cord (which was a strong silk watch-guard, lent by one of the visitors), and on opening the slates found on the lower one the word I had asked for, written in the manner I had requested, the writing being somewhat faint and labored and perfectly legible. The slate with the writing on it is now in my possession."

To the foregoing I would add the brief statement of Mr. John Wetherbee, of Boston, a well-known and much-sought writer:

"I was very glad to have an experience with Charles E. Watkins, who is staying for a short time at No. 46 Beach street, Boston. His spirit-writing in Greek with the Greek professor at Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting, and the later one in the Swedish language with a Swede, who told me it was satisfactory, proves him to be a medium, and the phenomenon a spiritual one, if the details were explained."

"I followed an impression I had and bought two new slates at a store, and had holes bored in the frames and tied the two slates together and sealed the knots. The slates were clean, and the medium never touched or saw the inside of them. I had charge of them, and they were never out of my sight. The room was as light as a clear afternoon sun shining into it could make it. The tied slates lay on the table before me and before him—not under the table, but on the table. It took some little time, for the new slates were not in so good magnetic condition as the slates in his common use, and I felt as though I would like to have the writing on the new slates, so I was patient, and was well paid for my patience, for after a while I heard the atom of pencil that I had put in the slates before tying them together, beginning to write, after which I cut the strings and found one of the slates filled with a communication signed by the name of a well-beloved friend and relative who died some seven years ago."

What better evidences do any of the sciences, astronomy, chemistry, geology or natural history, for example, present than this—that the experiments of the science are continually visible, accessible or in progress, and that the results of these experiments have been detailed by scientists of unexceptionable intelligence and high reputation?

What science exhibits a better or more accessible array of facts and testimony than the psychic sciences? Or in what science do its devoted students more cordially concur in its leading propositions? Is it not time that the liberal people of this generation should imperatively demand the recognition of psychic sciences in every medical school and every literary institution in which man and his faculties are a subject of study. Is it not time that we should say to that bull-necked materialism (which needs this gross adjective to describe it correctly) that refuses either to investigate or to tolerate investigation: "Stand aside, you belong properly to the Dark Ages; in the grand history of human evolution you have scarcely attained the rank of the nobler mammalia in the animal kingdom." The higher mammalia are all touchable, but stubborn skepticism is as intractable as the most untamable carnivora.

#### POWER OF THE INVISIBLE.

A transcendent power from that world invisible to ordinary eyes (but which has always been visible to men and women of the highest development and most delicate senses) is making itself known in controlling matter, physically, chemically and vitally. The profoundest philosophers have always known that the invisible is the master of the visible—that as the invisible God creates and commands the ponderable universe, so do all the powers that are manifested by inert matter belong to the invisible. The materialist supposes because he sees these powers manifested by matter, that they are absolutely inseparable from and identified with matter, and that intelligence and love are secretions from the brain.

The true scientist perceives that as the caloric which gives movement and power to steam may leave it to pass into other bodies, leaving the steam a heavy mass of mere water, so the vital spirit which animates this body of a hundred and fifty pounds may suddenly leave it a mere inert mass. The savage has no conception as to what became of the latent caloric of the steam: the modes of research which discover its continued existence are too subtle to be adopted by him. The stubborn skeptic is equally obtuse as the psychic power, and the innumerable tests of its continued existence and power after leaving the body, by which it is found to have the same intelligence as before, the same emotions, and even a capacity to display the same physical power, are exhibited in vain before the irrational intellect that is controlled by habit and limited to commonplace perceptions, dreading the acquisition of strange knowledge.

An experiment in combustion which would show the combustibility of wood when placed in a current of galvanism, would arouse the attention of the scientific world, would be flashed over the ocean by telegraph, would appear in every scientific journal, would be noticed in almost every newspaper, and would prompt a host of inquirers to repeat and test this experiment on the power of galvanism, because the galvanic force is now nothing new.

But let the miracle be performed by the psychic force, which is new to scientists generally, and it is rather amusing to observe their utter apathy, their total insensibility to facts of which they are not in pursuit. Mechanical habit dominates as thoroughly over the minds of many scientists of the present day as it did three hundred years ago—as thoroughly as it does over the minds of the unscientific population. There has never yet been a system of education in our schools and colleges which would make reason stronger than habit. How much is it needed! If Faraday, Tyndall, Huxley, Carpenter and Agassiz had received such an education, how great would have been the consequent impulse to civilization. But education as it is cramps the growth of reason and development of genius and philosophy, by fastening the mind on the purely physical and ignoring the highest products of philosophic thought. The skeptical dogmatist produced by such an education knows as little of true philosophy as the purblind pride does of true purity. They are both examples of hypercritical narrowness of mind. The skeptic dooms himself to ignorance and error in psychology by excluding the chief source of knowledge—the observations made by others.

This pre-arranged absurdity belongs to skeptical scientists alone. The successful general not only listens to all reports, but keeps his scouts continually active in exploring everything accessible. If he fails in this vigilance he is as much in the dark and as sure to be defeated as Dr. Carpenter.

The immense wealth of Vanderbilt was accumulated by the exercise of a judgment of unequalled correctness in business matters; with that sound judgment he listened respectfully to the opinion or information of others, against which he exercised none of that pride of opinion which distinguishes the blundering dogmatist.

#### SPIRIT CONTROL OF CALORIC.

To return: the experiment just mentioned has been actually made. Mr. Home has exhibited a psychic power which absolutely controls the phenomena of caloric as galvanism controls chemical affinity. He handles live coals and holds them in his hands until they cease to glow, but they do not injure him. He places them in other people's hands and they

are harmless. He places them against his clothes and the clothes are not scorched. He placed live coals on the head of the author, S. C. Hall, and the hair was not singed nor was Mr. Hall disturbed by their heat. Mr. Hall, Lord Adare, the Master of Lindsay, and many others make these statements. (See Report of Dialectical Society and the Life of Home.) The Master of Lindsay testified to the Dialectical Committee: "I have frequently seen Home, when in a trance, go to the fire and take out large red hot coals, and carry them about in his hands, put them inside his shirt, &c. Eight times myself have held a red-hot coal in my hands, without injury, when I scorched my face on raising my hand. Once I wished to see if they really would burn, and I said so, and touched a coal with the middle finger of my right hand, and I got a blister as large as a sixpence. I instantly asked him to give me the coal, and I held the part that burnt me in the middle of my hand for three or four minutes without the least inconvenience. A few weeks ago I was at a séance with eight others. Of these seven held a red-hot coal without pain, and the two others could not bear the approach of it."

[Where were Dr. Carpenter and his materialistic *confrères* while such facts were in progress, and scientists were cordially invited to witness them? Not conducting any experiments or investigations, but actively assailing Prof. Crookes for his audacity in investigating a subject which Dr. Carpenter's diatribe had settled forever. In his blind hostility he not only grossly misrepresented the published language of Prof. Crookes, but indulged in the unpardonable meanness of assailing his professional standing (as well as that of Prof. Varley) by a number of false statements; in some of which he professed to give the private opinions and comments of the members of the Royal Society, which were highly unfavorable to the scientific standing of Prof. Crookes. So gross and extraordinary was this that the President and Council of the Royal Society passed a resolution of condemnation which leaves the brand of falsehood upon Dr. Carpenter.]

Such facts as the foregoing concerning the control of fire are not confined to the presence of Mr. Home. Mrs. Suydam, in this country, gives public exhibitions of a similar power. She holds her arm for half a minute in the blaze of a kerosene lamp, and the flesh is not hurt nor the hairs burnt or scorched by the fire.

Where is the limit to such powers as these? Is it not apparent that the shaft of science has reached the surface of the deep fountains of Infinite Power, and that the hidden wisdom of the universe is coming into human life faster than the dull earth-bound intellect of humanity can appreciate or even appreciate it?

[To be continued.]

#### ORGANIZATION.

BY WASH. A. DANKS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The opening of a new year seems an appropriate time to call attention to the subject of organization. It is important that Spiritualists should give earnest thought to this matter, for upon it, in a great degree, depends what character of impression we, as a people, make upon the general mind.

When the public at large look for evidence of the growth of Modern Spiritualism, they do not find a compact body working in harmony to demonstrate the truths which they assume to be the foundation of their faith. Yet there is not an organization in the world which has so grand and potential a central rallying point.

The knowledge that we enjoy the privilege of conversing with those who have passed to spirit life here, should lift every man above the petty jealousies and puerile antagonisms which have so long disfigured humanity.

When we consider that this work is not ours alone, but that we are merely co-workers with the advanced minds of the life beyond, do we not find another inducement to control the impulses of our earthly or selfish nature, and bring into activity the higher and nobler attributes which, in their exercise, will fit us for such companionship?

I know that organization without some central purpose or power of cohesion will result in disintegration in the future as it has done in the past, and the question I wish to ask is this: Have we not, among the millions who call themselves Spiritualists, a sufficient number of unfolded, philosophic minds that can unite in harmony and unity of purpose and present to the outside world a body representative of this grand modern movement?

There is intellect enough among Spiritualists to command the admiration of the world. There is a basis of demonstrable fact which will be entirely irresistible when presented in proper form by a body that will command respect. Then is it not our duty to utilize these great influences for the benefit of humanity, rather than by isolated efforts to be losing much of the power we should wield through harmonious cooperation? I would invite the views of others upon this subject, for I am assured through a widely extended correspondence that Spiritualists in every part of the country feel the necessity, at this time, for organized representation. And I am also assured by those wise and earnest spirits whose guidance and counsel have been the light of my life, that the present is a favorable moment for the inauguration of this movement.

Everywhere, leading minds in Church and State are throwing off irrational dogmas of the past, and would be drawn to us if we had a recognized representative body to whom they could look for information. Cannot such an organization be formed, whose duty and pleasure it will be to collect the fundamental facts of Spiritualism, and, drawing such conclusions as may be rationally deduced therefrom, invite the consideration of all untrammelled, progressive minds?

Such a body, harmoniously formed, would not work unaided. The spirits of wisdom, who are engaged in this work, would be with them, would impress, guide and assist them, and the result would eventually be that Spiritualism, which is now looked down upon by many as a mere *im* or figment of religious faith, would in time be universally looked up to as the DIVINE PHILOSOPHY; a philosophy that will by its influence harmonize all the disturbed conditions of the earth life; a philosophy under whose influence the spiritual nature of man would be so fully unfolded that physical suffering would be no more known on earth; a philosophy that in its revelations of the destiny of our race would satisfy the loftiest aspirations of every living soul.

This has ever been to my mind the ultimate purpose of Spiritualism. To bring about this condition, wise and pure spirits have penetrated the dense atmosphere of earth, and have been patient workers in the midst of our crude and ungenial conditions. We can give them essential aid by creating a channel through which they can speak intelligently, and one that will command the respectful attention of the world. There are difficulties, but I think they can be all overcome, and I would again invite correspondence upon this subject.







"Taking as a standard the physical sciences and literature as found in English universities

s, drinking-room, and steals away the senses of men.

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My heart is so full, my mind is so expanded with the beauty and grandeur of all my surroundings in this inner life, that language fails. I cannot express myself as I would wish. Oh, day of the philosophy of Spiritualism, you made me know myself, and knowing myself, I found out my relationship to my Creator.

Only, dear ones, was there the space of a moment in closing my eyes on scenes of earth when they were opened upon the scenes of the Interior life.

Now depart. I feel the density of the atmosphere, and cannot hold control any longer. Believe it, children, kindred and friends, believe that I live on that beautiful shore, awaiting your coming.

She through whom I speak is a stranger to me, and this letter of affection from the living to the living will be a blessing and a gratification.

Edith McLean.

My husband was a doctor. I passed out of the form, or died, as some call it, at my own residence, Clarkesville, Howard County, in the sixty-eighth year of my age.

The strangeness of death forms the background upon which the angels can paint their pictures.

Once I was hungry, and I was fed; I was thirsty, and they gave me water; I was naked, but in the beautiful home of eternal life I have been clothed. Let not your hearts swell with emotion, nor be ye despondent, for she whom you called dead stands alive, robed in white by the side of the angels.

Of every tie that bound me while the spirit was enmeshed in flesh, not one has been broken. Memory, once weak and feeble, has grown strong. Then why fear to die, when all things beautiful and pleasant stand waiting before us?

Strange, wondrously strange it seemed when the angels bade me come. Where, said I, shall I go? To earth, said they, to visit those whom you once loved. I answered, Nay, that cannot be, for I am a spirit, not a mortal. Come! come! said they, and I followed, and here I find the truth and beauty of that law which gives power to spirits to see and know, and hear and feel.

**Mickey Shearer.** I was eighty-eight years old, and it was in Edinburgh, Scotland, I died. That was my native place.

The winds can blow, the snows can fall, the fire may die out; there may be bread, there may be none; it is all the same to me now. Vexations, trials, and privations, pleasures and delights, have all swept over me, but what matters it now? The dead are dead, and soon forgotten;

but list! while the story I tell, not of my childhood's days nor of my manhood's days, but of the days when I was made an angel. See my steps elastic and firm; see my mind clear, my comprehension and understanding to take in the beauties of the world and of my Maker.

Memory! thou wast dead, but now thou art alive. They bade me in accents soft and low to come with them—to come to the home prepared for me, and I in the fullness of my heart said, "Thy will be done." What a contrast between the infirm, dying body, and the elasticity of the spirit! No more bread and water; no more care to make me warm, for all things were free to my life, given by my Creator. My work is done.

160, 161.

**MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED:**  
GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS.  
JENNIE S. RUDD.

MESSAGES RECEIVED LAST WEEK:  
Elizabeth, Washley, Owen, Jones, James, Hilday, Ella N.

TO BE PRINTED IN OUR NEXT:

Philip Cleveland; John Dohen; Mary; Mary E. Smith;  
Elizabeth M. Wilson; Joseph D. Skason.  
George C. Eastburn; L. Budd Pardee; George B. L.;

**Passed to Spirit-Life:**

From South Windham, Conn., Dec. 13th, Walter, son of Jonathan and Alma Hatch, aged 16 years.

He went out hunting at two o'clock in full health, and not returning as evening approached, alarm being felt, search was made, and his body was found, with the appearance of having been dead some hours. It is supposed that his gun was in some way accidentally discharged, the contents entering the neck, and passing upward through

the heart, producing instant death. He was a young man of great promise, and his sudden transition is lamented by a large circle of friends. An event that removes a loved one from tangible sight is truly an affliction, *even* with the consolation that Spiritualism brings; but when it takes place, as in this instance, without her warning, which sickness usually affords, it seems doubly drear. But these friends are among the number of those who, as St. Paul

said, "enjoy the first tribulation of the spirit," and are thereby enabled to endure the shock of his sudden departure with such fortitude that they who are not of his flock on in wonder.

The funeral services were conducted by Dr. H. B. Soper, assisted by the writer, and were attended by a large concourse of sympathizing friends and clergymen.

E. ANNE HINMAN.

From South Boston, Mass., Dec. 18th, 1877, of consumption, Seth H. Godfrey, aged 21 years.

Never was the faith in the Spiritual Philosophy more triumphantly vindicated and sustained than in his case. "It may be good to live by, but not to die by," is the frequent motto of many well-meaning people. But could the have told of the bedside of a now enfranchised negro, who watched the last moments of his earthly ex-

stance, a radical change in their opinions would have been the result. The last of a family of seven children, fond parents are left to mourn the sundering of this final link in the domestic chain. A beloved wife, and two children by her first marriage, are also left to mourn the departure of an excellent husband and father; but the consolations of the same faith he cherished will mitigate the pangs of separation and edge this cloud with a golden lining. His body

rests beneath the sod in Chatham, Mass., amid the scenes of his early manhood. He was a good, true, and noble man. This is all that need be said of him. The writer officiated at the funeral, and many heard for the first time the teachings of our beautiful philosophy.

JOSEPH D. STILES.

From Florida, Mass., Nov. 25th, Mr. C. H. Webster,  
No. 377, Broadway, New York.

—He was a true friend, faithful husband, and devoted father, eminently social, and never wearying in laboring for those he loved. His illness was protracted and trying in the extreme, yet he bore all patiently and uncomplainingly; he wasted day by day, going peacefully down into the valley, where, amid the deepening shadows, he laid down the weary cross, and angels placed on his immortal brow the flower of life.

daughters to mourn the loss of his earthly presence. He was a constant reader of the Banner of Light, and his wife is a firm believer in the Spiritual Philosophy. She mourns not without hope. May she be cheered, both now and when the hour of her transition arrives, by the certain assurance of a reunion with the loved, which no chance or change can dis sever. A passing shadow has fallen upon the home from whence he has departed, but "the light

Ripe in years and firm in his belief in the Spiritual Philosophy he has passed on to the enjoyment of real life in the higher spheres. For a long time he has been a subscriber to the Banner of Light.

From St. Joseph, Mich., Nov. 29th, Mr. Asa E. Perkins, aged 70 years 2 months 27 days.

After an illness of six weeks he passed into the spirit-world without a struggle or a groan. All who knew him loved him. His life was a true one. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism. The funeral services were held in the Methodist Episcopal church, Sabbath afternoon, under the

From their home in Tulare City, Cal., the three daughters of William F. and Sophia Cartmill: on Dec. 24, Mary E., aged 12 years; on the 6th, Eva F., aged 16 years; and on the 12th, Flora B., aged 18 years, all of diphtheria.

The parents have now left but one son in their desolate house. Loving on earth, the departed ones are harmonious in heaven.

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

**To the Liberal-Minded.**  
As the "Banner of Light Establishment" is not an incorporated institution, and as we could not therefore legally hold bequests made to us in that capacity, we have been obliged to make such

that name, we give below the form in which such a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law :

"I give, devise and bequeath unto Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, Massachusetts, Publishers, They insert the description

of the property to be willed] strictly upon trust, that they shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

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The writer of this column starts out with a list of some thirty-six topics which he here proposes to elucidate "according to the light with which he is favored," listing at the same time such suggestions as he may find of hand in the hold of thought as "expressed" by others. Among those who from his knowledge feel indebted occurs the name of one John W. Ward, who has been quoted in the past as having found the queries: "What is truth? and what is the test of truth?" What is the nature of that which lies back of us, or even, what is the nature of that which we knowable of Herbert Spencer, the "prime and potency" of all things? And finally, "What is intuition?" "What is happiness?" "What is Intuition?" "What is the Spirit-Ward?" etc., etc., and among much matter of truth,

[illegible]

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