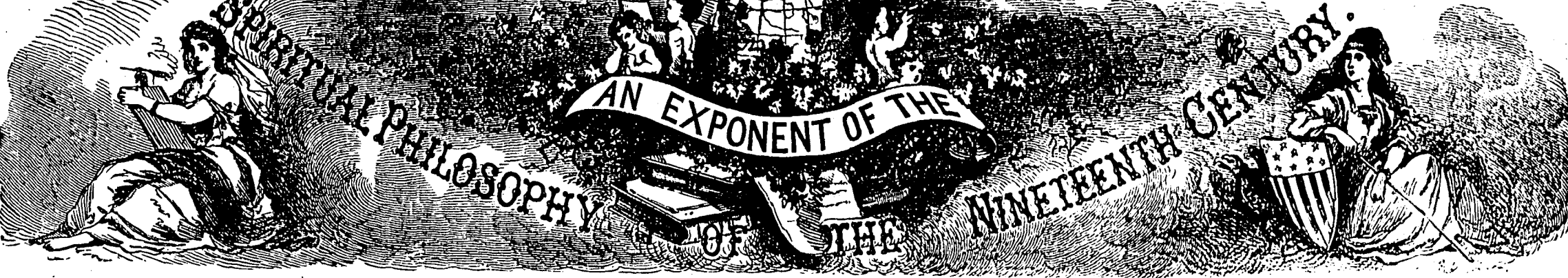


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Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE'S SILVER LINING. IN TWO PARTS.

BY JOHN WETTERHED.

II.

The bright star of the evening had long since set, the half-grown moon was high in the sky, shedding her silvery light on the clouds and the earth below. The sky was both cloudy and clear in spots, the clouds were thin and airy, and borrowed light of the young moon and shone in company with her. It was far into the night, and yet too light for the stars to be out in force; an occasional one, short of half its brilliancy, could be seen in the depth between the clouds that so softly lay on the western sky.

While the seers' eyes, sitting as she was at the window, were looking out and up into the night, her thoughts, in sympathy also, had an upward twist. A break in a cloud had widened into a field, and a sort of chasm came over her, and the night-side of nature seemed in abeyance, for without knowing it she had shut the eyes of her body and opened the eyes of her soul; and where the soul is, there is day. The outlook now was a field of mellow light, beautiful and very resting to the eye—one could look forever on the scene without weariness; it was not radiant with light alone, but full of life, animate and inanimate; trees growing thick and luxuriant, but casting no apparent shade; the grass was soft like velvet, and the whole scene was fringed with flowers. A happy group of persons, old and young, formed a part of this celestial tableau; they were graceful, handsome and happy; the old only seemed old by their decorations; no signs of age were in their faces, but wisdom's marks; the young were lovely with health, and everything denoted contentment and happiness.

There was something of common interest among the group; what that occupation or pleasure was, was not exactly apparent; the persons referred to as part of this picture, or vision, were talking, but no sound reached the ear of the seers, though the scene had approached, but imperceptibly, close to her or she to it. The seers seemed now to be an outlying part of the general tableau. Two of those transparent beings (we say transparent, for there was an ethereal look to the whole thing all through, from sky to people,) particularly interested her. The whole happy group were moving to and fro, and as this movement seemed to have separated from the two personages referred to, as if about to leave them alone; these were two beautiful female spirits; one of them seemed about twenty-five years old and the other was much older; it seemed as if we could say of them, in the words of the poet, "one of them was young and both were beautiful." The name of the elder was Hannah Barney and the other was Emma. The seers did not know how she got the names—they seemed to have been whispered to her inaudibly, or impressed—she knew not how named thus. The seers had often had such visions before, and had often in this mysterious way sensed the names of spirits, and when these names, Hannah Barney and Emma—came to her, she recognized the younger as a relative that she had seen in earth-life, but now dead.

The elder of these two radiant ladies seemed to be holding something in her hand which the seers had not observed before, and looking so intently at it, or the radiant lady, she had hardly noticed that the rest of the picture had faded almost out of sight; it was indistinct, as if a thin veil or vapor had passed before it; but the two referred to remained distinct, and the something that was in the hand of the older one had taken form and had become the head and outline of the form of a sleeping young man, which, as it came into distinctness, was the bed and sleeping apartment, and the young man asleep there; and as this became manifest and distinct, the beautiful spirit whose hand was upon his head, and Emma, the younger, also, seemed to be dissolving out of sight, as all the rest of this phantasmic picture had already done. The outlines of the two were there still, while the bedroom picture was in strong relief, as if to impress the seers that they were guardian spirits. There were pleasant smiles upon the sleeper's features, and looking intently, the seers saw it was the face of a relative of hers, Luke Young, of whom we have before spoken; and then the tableau vanished, or dissolved, in turn, into a eddy, for the eyes of the seers, who were closing, and her natural eyes had opened, and she was looking out on the sky, and the clouds and the moon also, which in her long reverie or trance had sunk low in the west, for she had been an hour or two asleep, if it was sleep; and in this illusion of beauty she had seen the inner working or spirit-side of human existence, or a segment of it, for a purpose, and was in this case but a dream, a dream of peace; but all dreams of peace are not visions, though some dreams are, and this was one, as the reader will perceive.

The day that Michael Chase failed the young disciple Luke Young went home with a heavy heart, as has been said. His heart was heavy not so much in sorrow for Brother Chase, only as the misfortune bore on him, as for himself; heavy responsibilities rested on him, more than he could stand under, and this added trifle to him seemed almost to break him down. He was bewildered with his outlook, and hardly had any disposition to sleep when night came; and awake, it was unmitigated grief.

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," came to Luke at last, "Which like the world his ready visit pays; Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes; Swift on his way he goes, And lights on lids untroubled with a tear."

This was one of the exceptions to the rule, and from the sweet dream that he experienced he could and did add the further words of the poet, his namesake, in feeling, if he did not say the words,

"From short (as usual) and disturbed repose I wake. How happy they who wake no more!"

But before we philosophize any more, or before a further description will be intelligent, something should be said of him preceding his introduction to the reader, which we will do in a few very words:

Luke could hardly remember the time when he had not responsibilities that nobody but a mature man should bear. At ten he had not only to support himself, but in next mother and family of three, beside himself. At fifteen the responsibility rested almost wholly on him; but great are the resources of courage and poverty, as the proverb says. He was diligent in his studies, and industrious outside of them, and by hook or by crook he kept the souls and bodies of the family together, and happy as they could be under the circumstances of resting so heavily on the oldest son, and he only a boy. It was an age of economy, that was lucky, and a dollar went a great way. All along his increasing teens the wants of the growing family increased also, and all he could do he

gradually went behind, spending a little more than he could earn acting as clerk in a store and various clerical and other work outside of his business hours. Still he ran behind, and owed the stores for his necessities. His credit was good, for all knew he was a good and hard-working boy; he early had become a church member, but no saint among the brethren had ever given him a lift, but several had gouged him in small ways in his simplicity; but it would extend our story to go into the particulars, suffice it to say in reference to his finances that he had gone behindhand in the last two years, first \$50, then it grew to \$100, then \$150, and now, in his nineteenth year, he was nearly \$200 behind, money owed, and no way of reducing it. There was never a boy more harassed than Luke was at this time; he had reached the end of his rope, and any adverse circumstance, however trifling, would have demoralized him. A sickness, a loss of employment, was now sure ruin; a second family never again to be gathered, that was the way it looked to him.

"But staiden God within the shadow Keeping watch upon his own."

Luke, though one of the cheerful and hopeful kind, was certainly a boy of sorrows and acquainted with griefs. For the last eight or ten months he had been serving Michael Chase on a salary of \$300 a year, and with a lingering hope of increase, which for reason already stated did not seem to rise on his horizon, but instead of a failure of his salary, and of course a stoppage, at least for a spell, of the very moderate supply that was, or had been, coming in.

From this brief story of Luke Young we see why he went home the day of Michael Chase's failure with a sad heart. He owed near two hundred dollars; he had no money and was then earning none; his credit had been on the strain, and soon it would be known that he was out of employment, then, farewell to the necessities. It was indeed a dark hour for Luke, but it proved in this instance that the darkest hour is just before day. It has already been said that Luke was troubled, and as night drew near was sleepless; but at last dreams and sleep had found him. In the hours of that night he was environed with happy life; happy faces surrounded him, and their presence was resurrection to him. They all seemed to know him, and better than he knew most of them. He saw one or two in happy and radiant estate that he remembered as a child who had died before he knew what death was. He saw his aunt Emeline, who had died within a year. She then was thin and ghastly, so like death in life, yet so good that he loved her like a mother. In her apparition in this dream she did not cough any, her face was round and ruddy, the picture of joy and health. There was also a radiant lady there that he felt very near to; she seemed like a mother. He could not name her, and yet felt that with some few removes he came from her loins; she must have been in the ancestral line for he saw the maternal look, and needed no introduction. He felt at home with her. In dream-land how many mothers he had! but only one on earth; yes, two; his mother's mother. They will be promoted some day, one after the other, "and some day," said he, "I will follow, and be where I will not be so bothered as I am now."

Luke knew this was only a dream, and that dreams had no method in them; still, in the morning sun found him happy and resolute. He could hardly account for it. All's well, seemed to run through him, and yet he knew all was not well; there was no intelligent reason why he should feel any better than he did the day before; he owed just as much money and was just as utterly unable to pay it, and his responsibilities were perfectly staggering; and yet he seemed to have a feeling that he was not to be rubbed out, and his frugal breakfast tasted good to him. Any one who could have seen Luke as he went down town that morning would have said the wind was south-west, and he was a mystery even to himself. For he knew, under the circumstances, there was no intelligent basis for it. The spirit or soul sometimes senses coming events that are, at the time, below the horizon of the intellect, and it must have been so with Luke's spirit at that moment; but we will not speculate about it, but go on with the story.

He went to the store with the closed shutters, and he had not been long in the counting-room before Mr. Chase came in also. He said to Luke: "We have a little work to do, which we may as well commence upon at once; the other clerk and the boy would not be needed; we have got to take account of stock," said he, "and post up the books and make out a statement. Mr. Potter is to be the assignee, and has now the charge of the assets." Mr. Chase then seemed to fall into a brown study, and after a long silence he said: "This is perfectly awful!" and then noticing that he was not alone he repeated it, addressing himself to Luke: "Only think, said he, I left a good and successful business house in Boston worth twenty thousand dollars, and cash in my pocket, and now hardly ten years, I have not got a cent and am an old, used-up man. It is perfectly awful!"

Luke had lost none of the buoyancy that sunrise that morning had brought to him, and he did pity Mr. Chase as his two hands were on his somewhat bald head, and he said to him, "Don't feel so bad; you have a great many influential friends, and something bright may open. Only think of my case," said Luke, and here Luke gave eloquent over his own troubles, and Chase said, "I know it, I know it, and that has troubled me for months. I knew your struggles, Luke, and I knew I was paying you only three hundred dollars salary, with a family to support, when your services were worth every bit of five hundred dollars." Such consideration almost brought the tears into Luke's eyes, for appreciation is the next best thing to remuneration. Chase continued, and said, "Yes, Luke, when Brother Potter, the assignee, was asking me what salaries I paid my clerks, and he noted down my reply, I said three hundred dollars to your name, and I wish now I had said five hundred dollars, it would have made no difference with me, and no appreciable difference to the creditors, and it would have done you good, and be just what you deserved; and I should have felt better myself. Oh! how foolish I was not to have had my wits about me. My troubles have made me stupid."

It was difficult to describe the feelings that crowded into Luke's mind at the bare thought of having been so near salvation, but he made out to say, "Mr. Chase, would you have let my salary be five hundred dollars if you had not said it was three hundred dollars?" "Yes! Luke, in a minute," he replied, "and would now if there was any way." A wave of inspiration ran through Luke's mind, and he said instantly, hardly knowing what he said, "You might let me come into your employment six months sooner than I did." "Luke Young!" said Chase, "you shall come a year sooner than you did. That was a good thought; it relieves me; it has enabled me to do my duty to you, my dear young friend, and puts three hundred dollars cash in your pocket." Before that day closed, Luke Young was wholly out of debt, and was better off than he had been since he could remember.

While finishing up the bankrupt business, Luke's eye fell upon a nice piece of silk, and he thought he would make his mother a present of a new dress, as he was now in affluent circumstances, or felt so, which is about the same thing; and he said to Mr. Chase, "What ought I to pay a yard for some of this silk?" It will hardly bring cost if sold at auction, as was the plan." Says Chase, "What do you want it for, Luke?" he replied, "A dress for mother; she has not had one for many years, and I thought I would be a little extravagant." "Is your mother a large woman, Luke?" said Chase. "No, sir," replied he, "she is quite a small woman." "Then," said Chase, "you cut off yards enough of that silk to make a very large woman a dress, and say nothing about it, and any other little things that will come handy at home, Luke, help yourself; I had just as lief you would have a hundred dollars or so of stockings and dresses as any one else."

It can hardly be supposed that this streak of good luck was an interposition of Providence or an answer to prayer, though Luke had prayed enough in all conscience. Luke always did seem to think the dream that he had showed an interest in not an interposition in his affairs. Spiritualism, which might explain it, had not appeared, for this was forty years ago and over; but he never could help feeling that the dream, the buoyancy of his spirits the following day, and the transcendent luck that followed on his heels, had something to do with this dispensation, and doubtless it had. Luke always carried an interrogation point in his head, and sometimes

afterwards, in his then flush condition, he wondered why it was that men, even pious men, could be so generous with other people's money, and so frugal and even mean when using their own; but this particular act did not disturb him any. He remembered how the Israelites spoiled the Egyptians with God's approval, and did not see why, with Chase's permission, he should not spoil, in a retail way, his "Egyptians"; also, he knew the Hebrews had worked hard for four hundred years on scant pay, and the king, also, he had worked for a long while on half pay, so the matter did not trouble him.

"For ever the truth comes uppermost, And ever is justice done."

We should say this of Luke Young—that his piety, though manifested in the Orthodox form and perfectly genuine, was of a mild type and in a decade was wholly lost, and, when in mature life and skeptical in religious matters, he more than made up for this questionable proceeding, not to the direct source of this "forced loan," but by giving a helping hand to many passing through similar struggles, and in this way he fully paid back this opportune godsend, or whosoever "sent" it was. The Spiritualist will have no trouble in seeing the source or the circumstances that proved such a benefit to Luke and placed him where he could command the situation in his affairs.

This complete right about face in Luke's affairs caused the natural feeling that he was being looked after, so long as he was making every effort in the line of duty, by Providence in human form or superhuman, he had no clear convictions himself, only the fact and the feeling preceding it, and he never after was inclined to borrow trouble, took a cheerful look of life in general, and if dark prospects came he looked for coming sunshine, which never failed him; if fortune smiled he was happy, and if it frowns he was happy also.

Mr. Chase survived his misfortune many years. He had always impressed the saints with his piety and his misfortune as one of the consequences of his sacrifice for principle, of which the reader has been informed, and, having only a wife and no family, an opening was found for him, in a quiet little town, in a clerk's office, where the labor was light and without much responsibility, and thus he was shelled and soon forgotten. The busy world went on without him, and Luke with it. On years after this a notice appeared of the death of an old man of sixty years—and the usual comments of quiet piety—whose name was Michael Chase, once a merchant of Boston, but very few of the business men of the day remembered him, so soon, in the sphere of mercantile life, is one forgotten who has no money at his disposal.

Versus Dr. Carpenter.

DR. CARPENTER ON SPIRITUALISM.*

BY ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE.

The lectures which Dr. Carpenter gave some time since at the London Institution were generally reported by the press and by some controversy. They were first published in Fraser's Magazine, and they are now republished with what are considered to be *pieces justificatives* in an appendix. We may therefore fairly assume that the author has here said his best on the subject—that he has carefully considered his facts and his arguments—and that he can give, in his own opinion at least, good reasons for omitting to notice certain matters which seem essential to a fair and impartial review of the whole question.

Dr. Carpenter enjoys the great advantage, which he well knows how to profit by, of being on the popular side, and of having been long before the public as an expounder of popular and educational science. Everything he writes is widely read; and his reiterated assurances that nobody's opinion and nobody's evidence on this particular subject is of the least value unless they have had a certain special early training (of which it is pretty generally understood, Dr. Carpenter is one of the few living representatives) have convinced many people that what he tells them must be true, and should, therefore, settle the whole matter. He has another advantage in the immense extent and complexity of the subject and the widely scattered and controversial nature of its literature. By ranging over this wide field and picking here and there a fact to support his views and a statement to damage his opponents, Dr. Carpenter has rendered it almost impossible to answer him on every point, without an amount of detail and research that would be repulsive to ordinary readers. It is necessary, therefore, to confine ourselves to the more important questions, where the facts are tolerably accessible and the matter can be brought to a definite issue; though, if space permitted, there is hardly a page of the book in which we should not find expressions calling for strong and unadvised answers, for example, the unfounded and totally false general assertion at page 6, that "Believers in Spiritualism make it a reproach against men of science that they entertain a prepossession in favor of the ascertained and universally admitted laws of nature." Vague general assertions of this kind, without a particle of proof offered or which can be offered, are alone sufficient to destroy the judicial or scientific claims of the work; but we have no intention of wasting space in further comment upon them.

Dr. Carpenter lays especial stress on his character of historian and man of science in relation to this inquiry. He parades this assumption in his title-page and at the very commencement of his preface. He claims, therefore, to review the case as a judge, giving full weight to the evidence on both sides, and pronouncing an impartial and well-considered judgment. He may, indeed, believe that he has thus acted; for dominant ideas are very powerful—but any one, tolerably acquainted with the literature and history of these subjects for the last thirty years, will most assuredly look upon this book as the work of an advocate rather than of a judge. In place of the impartial summary of the historian he will find the one-sided narrative of a partisan; and, instead of the careful weighing of fact and experiment characteristic of the man of science, he will find loose and inaccurate statements, and negative results set up as conclusive against positive evidence. We will now proceed to demonstrate the truth of this grave accusation, and shall in every case refer to the authorities by means of which our statements can be tested.

The first example of Dr. Carpenter's "historical" mode of treating his subject which we shall adduce, is his account (pp. 13-15) of the rise of Mesmerism in this country, owing to the successful performance of many surgical operations without pain during the mesmeric trance. Dr. Carpenter writes of this as not only an admitted fact, but "so far as any word in his pages shows) as a fact which was admitted from the first, and which never went through that ordeal of denial, misrepresentation, and abuse by medical men and physiologists, that other phenomena are still undergoing from a similar class of men." Yet Dr. Carpenter was in the thick of the fight and must know all about it. He must know that the greatest surgical and physiological authorities of that day—Sir Benjamin Brodie and Dr. Marshall Hall—opposed it with all the weight of their influence, accused the patients of imposture, or asserted that they might be "naturally insensible to pain," and spoke of the experiments of Dr. Elliotson and others as "trumpery," and as "polluting the temple of science." He must know, too, that Dr. Marshall Hall professed to demonstrate "physiologically" that the patients were impostors, because certain reflex actions of the limbs, which he declared ought to have occurred during the operations, did not occur. The medical periodicals of the day were full of this, and a good summary may be found in Dr. Elliotson's "Surgical Operations without Pain," etc., London, 1843. Dr. Carpenter tells us how his friends, Dr. Noble and Sir John Forbes,

in 1845 accepted and wrote in favor of the reality of the facts; but it was hardly "historical" to tell us this as the whole truth when, for several years previously, the most violent controversy, abuse, and even persecution, had raged on this very matter. Great physiological authorities were egregiously in the wrong then, and the natural inference to those who know the facts is, that other physiological authorities, who now deny equally well attested facts, may be no more infallible than their predecessors.

Dr. Carpenter persistently denies that there is any adequate evidence of the personal influence of the mesmerizer on the patient independent of the patient's knowledge and expectation, and he believes himself to be very strong in the cases he adduces, in which this power has been tested and failed. But he quite ignores the fact that all who have ever investigated the higher phases of mesmerism—such as influence at a distance, community of sensation, transference of the senses, or true clairvoyance—agree in maintaining that these phenomena are very uncertain, depending greatly on the state of body and mind of the patient, who is exceedingly susceptible to mental impressions, the presence of strangers, fatigue, or any unusual conditions. Failures continually occur, even when the mesmerizer and patient are alone or when only intimate friends are present; how, then, can the negative fact of a failure before strangers and antagonists prove anything? Dr. Carpenter also occupies his readers' attention with accounts of hearsay stories which have turned out exaggerated or incorrect, and lays great stress on the "disposition to overlook sources of fallacy" and to be "imposed on by cunning cheats," which this shows. This may be admitted; but it evidently has no bearing on well authenticated and carefully observed facts, perfectly known to every student on the subject. Our author maintains, however, that such facts do not exist, and that "the evidence for those who have experienced or heard of these phenomena is broken down when submitted to the searching tests of trained experts." Here the question arises, Who are "trained experts"? Dr. Carpenter would maintain that only skeptical medical men and professed conjurers deserve that epithet; however ignorant they may be of all the conditions requisite for the study of these delicate and fluctuating phenomena of the nervous system. But we, on the contrary, would only give that name to inquirers who have experienced or heard of these phenomena in this very subject, and are thoroughly acquainted with all its difficulties. When such men are also physiologists, it is hardly consistent with the historical and scientific method of inquiry to pass their evidence by in silence. I have already called Dr. Carpenter's attention to the case of the lady residing in Prof. Gregory's own house, who was mesmerized at several streets' distance by Mr. Lewis, without her knowledge or expectation. This is a plain and direct evidence of a very satisfactory kind, and outweighs a very large quantity of negative evidence; but no mention is made of it except the following utterly unjustifiable remark: "It is (Mr. Lewis's) utter failure under the scrutiny of skeptical inquirers, obviously discredits all his previous statements, except to such as (like Mr. A. R. Wallace, who has recently expressed his full faith in Mr. Lewis's self-asserted powers) are ready to accept without question the slenderest evidence of the greatest marvels." ("Mesmerism, Spiritualism," etc., p. 34.) Now will it be believed that this statement, that I "place full faith in Mr. Lewis's self-asserted powers," has not even the shadow of a foundation? I know nothing of Mr. Lewis or of his powers, self-asserted or otherwise, but what I gain from Prof. Gregory's account of them; and in my letter to the Daily News, immediately after the delivery of Dr. Carpenter's lectures, I referred to this account. I certainly have "full faith" in Prof. Gregory's very careful narrative of a fact entirely within his own knowledge. This may be the slenderest evidence of Mr. Carpenter; but, slender or not, he chooses to evade it, and endeavors to make the public believe that I, and others, accept the unsupported assertions of an unknown man. It is impossible adequately to characterize such reckless accusations as this without using language which I should not wish to use. Let us pass on, therefore, to the evidence which Dr. Carpenter declares to be fitly described as "the slenderest." M. Dupotet, at the Hotel de Dieu, in Paris, put a patient to sleep when behind a curtain, in the presence of M. Hussenot and M. Remy, the latter a complete skeptic. M. Remy expressed a doubt that the circumstances might produce expectation in the patient, and himself proposed an experiment the next day, in which all the same conditions should be observed, except that M. Dupotet should not come till half an hour later. He anticipated that the "expectation" would be still stronger the second time than at first, and that the patient would be mesmerized. But the result was quite the reverse. Notwithstanding every minute detail was repeated as on the previous day when the operator was in the next room, the patient showed no signs whatever of sleep, either natural or somnambulic (Teste's "Animal Magnetism," Spillan's translation, p. 159). The commission appointed by the Académie Royale de Médecine in 1826 sat for five years, and investigated the whole subject of animal magnetism. It was wholly composed of medical men, and in their elaborate report, after giving numerous cases, the following is one of their conclusions:

"14. We are satisfied that (magnetic sleep) has been excited under circumstances where those magnetized could not see and were entirely ignorant of the means employed to occasion it."

These were surely "trained experts"; yet they declare themselves satisfied that the evidence on which, Dr. Carpenter says, has always broken down when tested.

Baron Reichenbach's researches are next discussed, and are coolly dismissed with the remark that "it at once became apparent to experienced physicians that the whole phenomena were subjective, and that 'sensitives' like Von Reichenbach's can feel, see, or smell anything they were led to believe they would feel, see, or smell." His evidence for this is that Mr. Braid could make his subjects do so, and that Dr. Carpenter had seen him do it. One of them, for instance—an intellectual and able Manchester gentleman—"could be brought to see flames issuing from the poles of a magnet of any form or color that Mr. Braid chose to name." All this belongs to the mere rudiments of mesmerism, and is known to every operator. Two things, however, are essential: the patient or sensitive must be, or have been, mesmerized; or electro-magnetized as it is commonly called, and the suggestion must be actually made. Given these two conditions, and no doubt twenty persons may be made to declare that they see green flames issuing from the operator's mouth; but no single case has been adduced of persons in ordinary health, not subject to any operation of mesmerism, etc., being all caused to see this or any other thing in agreement, by being merely brought into a dark room and asked to describe accurately what they saw. Yet this is what Von Reichenbach did, and much more. For, in order to confirm the evidence of the "sensitives" first experimented on, he invited a large number of his friends and other persons in Vienna to come to his dark room, and the result was that about sixty persons, of various ages and conditions, saw and described exactly the same phenomena. Among these were a number of literary, official, and scientific men and their families, persons of a status fully equal to that of Dr. Carpenter and the Fellows of the Royal Society—such as Dr. Nieu, a physician; Prof. Endlicher, Director of the Imperial Botanic Garden; Chevalier Hubert von Rainer, baron; Mr. Karl Schuh, physicist; Dr. Ruskay, Professor of Chemistry; Mr. Franz Kollar and Dr. Disting, Curators in the Imperial Natural History Museum, and many others. There was also an artist, Mr. Gustav Anschütz, who could see the flames, and drew them in their various forms and combinations. Does Dr. Carpenter really ask his readers to believe that his explanation applies to these gentlemen—that they all quietly submitted to be told what they were to see, submissively said they saw it, and allowed the fact to be published at the time, without a word of protest on their part from that day to this? But a little examination of the reports of their evidence shows that they did not follow each other like a flock of sheep, but that each had an individual and perceptive power, some seeing one kind of flame better than another, while the variety of combinations of magnets submitted to them rendered anything like suggestion as to what they were to see quite impossible, unless it were a deliberate and willful imposture on the part of Baron von Reichenbach.

[To be continued.]

* Mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc., historically and scientifically considered, Being Two Lectures delivered at the London Institution, with Preface and Appendix. By William B. Carpenter, C. B., M. D., F.R.S., etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

SONG OF ETERNAL LIFE.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

From the far hills, over the restless main,
A kind voice calleth me;
Pure, sweet and clear, as drops the falling rain,
Cometh its ministry—
Down through the space where the star-diamonds
shine;
Down to the vale where dwells this heart of mine,
Cometh a voice laden with love divine,
Singing this song to me:
I dwell in light, over the restless main,
Purer than earth can know;
Over me steals no weariness nor pain,
As to the hills I go—
The sunlit hills, white with the light of God,
Where fair flowers burst in splendor from the
soil,
And fragrant groves, by angel footsteps trod,
In fadeless beauty glow.
Sweet is the voice of gently flowing streams
On this eternal shore;
From crystal depths the soul of music seems
Rising for evermore.
And songs that outward from the waving trees,
As if an unseen minister touched the breeze,
Waking the strains of long-lost melodies,
Never to slumber more.
Pure are the brows whence pain has fled away,
Pure, and with radiance crowned;
Glad are the eyes with joy's resplendent ray
That once in tears were drowned.
White-robed and stainless is the immortal band
That Death has ferried to the shining strand
Of this fair clime, the blessed Summer Land,
Where blissful songs resound.
Orange, N. J.

Original Essays.

THE RELATION OF MEDIUMSHIP TO MORALITY.

BY GEORGE A. BACON.

Exactly what relation, if any, exists between a medium and his or her moral character, is a subject which has never been fully or satisfactorily discussed. Our two prominent organs, the Banner of Light and the Religious-Philosophical Journal, have both editorially called attention to the subject on several occasions; and recently a distinguished gentleman of this city, whose contributions to American and European Spiritualism are worthy of the most enlightened appreciation, has further and more emphatically referred to the matter in relating his experience with a noted physical medium. One or two others also have incidentally alluded to it, but it remains for yet further consideration as one of the unsolved questions growing out of a philosophical comprehension of a branch of what may be termed moral anthropology.

Our own contribution is respectfully submitted with the hope that it may suggest and provoke something worthier from others better qualified by experience, observation and study, than is the writer, to enlighten the public regarding these matters.

Commonly speaking, every item of fact relating to mediumship, increases our stock of knowledge and adds to our "present worth." Concerning this question, however, every experienced investigator knows that personal expressions, prejudiced opinions, caustic criticisms, snap-judgments of these there has been no end. But there is too much involved, there is too great an interest at stake, to permit any such *ex parte* statements to go unchallenged as the general conviction either of the great majority, or of the better informed portion of the spiritualistic public. Neither individual bias, hasty assumption, nor dogmatic treatment, indicates a suitable spirit in considering a question of such magnitude. It is altogether too important a matter to be decided upon the *ex parte* of any such spiritualistic Banbury.

What is the truth—not one's personal prepossessions in favor of this or that medium, or this or that side—is what is wanted. While a diversity of opinion naturally exists concerning the moral responsibility of media, by those who have to deal with them, is there not some general rule or law which will justly apply to them individually and collectively?

What is the basis of mediumship? on what does it depend? Is it not true that neither sex, age, color, temperament, pecuniary condition, mental culture nor moral character govern it? Does it not manifest itself in spite of each and all of these environments? They may be the means of either aiding or retarding its development as circumstances determine, but they are not the cause of its existence. This is to be found in the laws pertaining to physiology and psychology. "Mediumship is mainly the offspring of physical peculiarities," says a thoughtful writer, and who can gainsay it? Mediums are persons who, without particular merit or demerit as such, indicate special susceptibility to spiritualistic manipulation by gift of organization. One who claims to know, a disordered intelligent personality, speaking for himself and from the other side, affirms that "it is the peculiar magnetic emanations from persons that give spirits power to communicate through them."

Primarily, then, mediumship is organizational. Modifications are secondary and incidental. All who have borne witness are more or less agreed that mediumship is structural—not something that can be procured of the pharmacist. Exercise develops it, as it does everything else. If pursued under intelligent and favorable auspices, corresponding effects are sure to follow. It is true mediumistically, as in any other specialty or department of life, other things being equal, harmonious relations inevitably tend to evolve better, higher and more satisfactory results.

But the question recurs: what relation do mediums sustain to morality? Practically it is not one of incident or accident? Is the relation any different from that of any other special class, say artists or poets? It is solely an individual relationship, independent of any peculiar gift. Mediumship, as such, sets up no claim of merit or demerit for its presence or possession. It makes itself known by virtue of natural law.

"The germs of mediumship are innate," says the wise veteran, Allen Putnam, "not special gifts to their possessor because of moral excellencies;" and the eminent author of the "Seers of the Ages" further adds that "the manifestations of mediumship are graded really according to the constituent structure of the organism." In plainest prose, because a man is a medium he is neither better nor worse, necessarily, for being such, while the existence of the fact may prove

of invaluable benefit, of unmeasured good to others. It sometimes happens that a man or woman whose personal character, according to the world's popular standard, is declared to be bad, may be, notwithstanding, an excellent instrument through whom the arisen ones can readily communicate.

Who that has had much experience in these matters does not know that some of the grandest utterances, the noblest thoughts, and most comprehensive conceptions have been given by those whose characters, it is claimed, were stained by unworthy and ignoble acts. A medium as well as a minister, may be gifted in his distinctive sphere, while morally both may be decidedly below par. From the tiny infant to the octogenarian, ranging through all ages and degrees, touching all heights and depths, as expressed through physical, mental, or spiritual forms and forces, have been the various phases of manifestations known to the world, and apparently without reference to the moral or mental character of those through whom they chanced to come. Innocent, pure minded maidens have been seized, obsessed, and made to say and do those things which they abhorred and only devils are supposed to encourage; on the other hand, those known to be more or less gross, dishonest, and unscrupulous have, by their rare powers of influx, voiced the thoughts and aspirations of angels. Seemingly the law is, adaptation, not character, measures the spiritual outcome. Given the proper and adapted channel, who shall limit the result?

While it is plain that physical manifestations may occur independent of the moral qualities of the agent, it is no less true than pre-farable, that he or she who stands mediocrity between us and our loved immortals, and becomes the channel through whom tenderest and most sacred messages are conveyed, should, in all the graces of manhood and womanhood, be worthy of that exceptional position; the more worthy, in all respects, the better the satisfaction and total result. Every close observer, however, knows that the mind of the medium, consciously or otherwise, necessarily colors the communication. But exactly to what extent this is true, no one has yet been able to determine save perhaps in special cases.

Unfortunately the great majority of our professional media to-day are so circumstanced and circumscribed by a variety of causes, that they have to exercise their special gifts—often abnormally or illegitimately developed—under the severest and most exacting conditions. The wonder is that we are favored with one-half that really comes. Better for all if a spirit of gratefulness tempered our criticism and condemnation.

Despite the efforts made to traduce them, both within and without the ranks, mediums, as a class, are fully the equal of ministers in all that pertains to essential morality. And assuredly they ought to be. In many respects they have been far more favored. They know and possess all that the clergyman does, and something more. If evermore knowledge and power impose obligation, mediums should excel ministers. The writer has always claimed that Spiritualism was as legitimately a religion as a science. While its phenomena form the basis of scientific investigation and classification, in its transmitted thoughts and teachings, its moral inculcations, its ethical philosophy, its translation and reproduction of ideas—these have to do with its religious sphere, its spiritual relationship. For a higher, truer expression and unfoldment of its inherent character in this direction do what it requires, on the part of its believers, acceptors, and exponents, other and wiser, purer exhibitions of its principles.

"Purity of heart and life are the richest of human possessions; perfect obedience to the highest attractions of the soul, the only means of their attainment," is a spiritual injunction penned by inspiration over twenty years ago, by one who, yet living, has ever sought to embody it both by precept and example. Its truth is potent and patent. We plead for honesty and integrity, for justice to one's self and neighbor, for thorough uprightness and purity alike on the part of media and communicant, knowing that proportionately commensurate results are sure to follow. Who is qualified and authorized to dogmatize as to the possibilities of our human, not to say our divine nature?

Melrose, Mass., Feb., 1878.

THE MOSAIC THEORY OF CREATION.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Believing the Genesis history of creation was written under the guidance of inspiration emanating from advanced intelligence entitled to our thoughtful consideration, and that it admits of an interpretation presenting a philosophy of nature which finds such seeming confirmation in the teachings of science that we may rationally regard it as worthy of our careful study, my effort will be to present what seems to me to be the several lessons contained in the history of the first day, presuming, as my reason teaches me, that however numerous the suns and planetary systems now existing may be, their number must be limited, and they must collectively constitute a unit, having its own centre and its circumference boundary lines, hence must be limited in dimension, and therefore not co-extensive with self-existent, limitless "space." The inclination of my mind has been and is to regard the doctrine of Divine Personality as being more rational than the doctrine of Divine Omnipresence; and claiming it is an open question which of these two conceptions of Deity is correct, I frankly avow my reason and my intuitions alike constrain me to accept God is literally "a spirit," and that "creation" did begin locally in space, as impliedly affirmed in the teachings of the Genesis history.

Without further preface I submit as I read the teachings of the history; they are predicated on an assumed premise contained in the opening declaration: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth; and the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters"; which premise, it seems to me, substantially teaches that Deity, "the deep," and "the waters" comprised all of existent being at the time when "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth"; and as Divine Personality is too clearly affirmed in the history to admit of question, and as the logical inference is "the deep" and "the waters" existed external to Deity, the question for solution is to what do these terms respectively refer.

Reasoning thus, I submit, if we accept the eternity of matter we may consistently accept, also, that these terms were used by the author to refer thereto, and, accepting thus, regard "the deep" as figuratively implying the unknowable extent, and "the waters" as alike implying the

atomic condition thereof, and, thus construing these terms, acquit the author of having even implicitly taught matter was originally "created out of nothing."

Reasoning thus, it seems to me the premise referred to is based on the assumption that all of self-existent being is represented by and comprised in Deity and matter, Deity existing in the form of a Personality inherently conscious as a selfhood, and matter existing as a limitless abyss composed of co-existing atoms external to Deity; and that the lesson of the statement, "and darkness was upon the face of the deep," is that the self-existent atoms thus co-existing are inherently inert.

Reasoning thus, as I read the statement "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," the lesson of it substantially is that when Deity and matter were thus co-existing in their self-existent mutual relations, God of his own free motion mentally conceived an ideal pattern of "the heaven and the earth," and devised and adopted a specific method or economy designed and adapted for exerting his inhering power to cause the organization and existence of the material heaven and earth, corresponding with the ideal pattern of each as it was conceived and existed in the Divine Mind, and that the statement, "And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," refers to and affirms the institution of the Divine Economy so devised and adopted.

Reasoning thus, it seems to me the lesson of the statement, "God created the heaven and the earth," substantially is that what we term the "economy of Nature" was "In the beginning" devised and instituted by Deity, and that this is evidenced in the concluding declaration of the history, to wit: "These are the generations of the heavens and the earth when they were created in the day when the Lord God made the earth and the heavens, and every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew," for only by construing the statement "God created the heaven and the earth" as suggested can this concluding declaration be rendered intelligibly consistent therewith.

The suggested interpretation of the opening declaration will also render intelligible the statement, "And the earth was without form and void," for though it may be plausibly questioned whether an ideal pattern of the earth could exist in the Divine Mind without its being characterized by form, it may be rationally accepted that if it was designed in the divine economy that the earth, when rudimentally organized, should be thereafter subjected to a gradual but continuous change in the form thereof, then no specific fixed form of the pattern could possibly cover and definitely represent fully the continuous change designed in the history of the earth to occur in the form thereof; and this, I infer, is the lesson the author intended to and figuratively affirmed in the statement referred to. The suggested interpretation of the opening declaration will also harmonize it with the subsequent teachings, representing that the firmament called heaven was made on the second, and the dry land called earth appeared on the third day, and thus happily dispose of a seeming conflict in the teachings of the history.

Reasoning thus, it seems to me, the lesson of the seemingly mysterious statement, "And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," may be substantially stated thus: As originally designed in the divine economy, life-giving rays of "consciousness" formed in the statement "the spirit of God," being a living substance emanating from the Divine Mind, and specially emitted by Deity to represent, manifest and execute the divine economy, entered upon their appointed mission by "moving upon" or penetrating inert material atoms, to domicile and individualize therein, or as it is figuratively expressed by the author, "God said let there be light," and when thus domiciled in atoms, individualized as living, conscious entities therein, as originally designed in the divine economy, or as it is figuratively expressed by the author: "There was Light." As there seems to me to be disclosed in this statement a tangible definition of the constitutional distinction between spirit and matter in origin as well as in essence, and inhering characteristics which if carefully considered may aid us in construing some of the lessons which Nature is daily presenting for our study, I feel impelled to briefly dwell on the rationale of the suggested interpretation of "Light."

I submit, as the teachings clearly imply, the term "light" was used by the author to specially designate a newly existing substance; the origination of its existence being a resulting effect of the spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters, the logical inference is that "the spirit of God" as the actor, and "the waters" or material atoms as the actee involved in originating the existence thereof, were respectively represented therein, hence the term "light" was used to designate a compound atom of which spirit and matter were the constituents. Thus construed, the lesson of the teaching accords with a popular conviction that each material atom sensually known to us is animated with life, which is referable to spirit indwelling therein, or to state the proposition squarely, "spirit motion gives, and matter motion takes."

Passing on to the next statement, it seems to me the lesson of it substantially is, that when consciousness thus domiciled in an atom attains to a perfected individualization therein as a living, conscious identity, or as the author expresses it, "God saw the light that it was good," prompted by inhering aspirations to progress to a higher condition of being, for unfolding its germinal capacities and affinities, in conformity with the divine economy, "light," or spirit as I will now term it, severs its connection with the atom it is domiciled in by withdrawing therefrom without its individualization as an entity being impaired thereby, or as it is figuratively expressed, "God divided the light from the darkness," and thus withdrawing progresses thereby to the higher condition of existing unembodied and untrammelled by matter as a living, conscious identity, or as the author states it, "God called the light day."

Reasoning thus, it seems to me the lesson of the statement, "And the evening and the morning was the first day," substantially is that the progression of spirit from its rudimental condition when emitted by deity to a perfected individualization as a conscious identity existing unembodied in matter constitutes the first link in the chain, defining its appointed mission to culmination in the grand ultimate of the Divine Economy, to wit, the human spirit man; and that "the evening" refers to its rudimental condition while progressing to individualization domiciled in a material atom, and "the morning" to its progressed condition when existing as an entity unembodied in matter; and reasoning thus, as the

second day's history seems to refer mainly to the origination of the stellar system I infer there is disclosed in the first day's history the germs designed in the Divine economy for originating "the firmament called heaven."

In submitting the foregoing interpretation, I respectfully ask, if there is any inconsistency in it with either the text of the history or the seeming teachings of nature, that it be specified, for if its accuracy is conceded I feel sanguine the rationale of the philosophy it presents can be successfully sustained.

The tendency of many free thinkers is to materialism, and those who claim that material atoms are animated with spirit indwelling therein must be prepared to meet the question, "Is there a constitutional distinction between spirit and matter in origin as well as in essence and inhering characteristics—and in what does the distinction consist?" for if it be conceded that all self-existing material atoms are animated with spirit indwelling therein, it will, it seems to me, logically follow that materialism is substantially true—spirit and matter being in fact synonymous terms.

Trusting the foregoing may have a candid hearing on the part of my readers, I submit the same for their criticism.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"THE HOUSE OF GOD."

It is that house of God where human art Displays itself in pictures on the walls,
Whose lofty dome adorns a lofty altar—every part
For human praise and admiration calls;
Dwelt in by the noblest spirits as that below,
And its life and death its glory show?

That fane was reared by human toil and skill,
Its decorations speak of human pride,
With harks with outward show the mind to fill,
And thus its own deformity to hide,
On that gilt altar, be it said, but cold,
Appears no other sacrifice but gold.

Is that God's minister to mortals sent,
Who comes to them with studied words to tell
That they are doomed to endless punishment,
The tortures and the agonies of hell?
Was that the gospel Jesus came to bring,
That man is born to endless suffering?

How little of the simple, native grace,
In which God's word and all His works abound,
Appears within the consecrated place,
Or in the laborer's manual hand is found.
The burdened soul that seeks relief in prayer
Repeats in vain the forms of worship there.

But listen to the notes of "sacred" song,
That from behind a crimson curtain rise!
Now peals the solemn organ loud and long,
And now the voice in plaintive cadence dies.
The measured notes which through that temple ring
Proclaim the praise of those who play and sing!

Behold! upon that turret lifted high,
The cross of Jesus glitt'ring in the sun,
To tell the world that once there came to die
For man's sin, despised and lowly one.
Contrast this life of poverty and woe
With all the pomp that fills the house below.

'T is not by building fanes that reach to heaven
That man is saved and God is glorified,
Nor can the sins of any be forgiven
Till they have overcome their selfish pride;
For what but pride would rear the cross in air
Which on their shoulders men do vainly bear?

"God dwelleth not in temples made with hands,"
Nor takes delight in staid forms of prayer,
But where the human soul with love expands,
His spirit finds a ready temple there;
And men should praise and worship God above
By living in the life of harmony and love.

New York, Feb., 1878. P. E. F.

Verification of Spirit Messages.

AMY C. APPLEMAN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
While perusing the messages in the Banner of Light No. 23, I saw one from AMY C. APPLEMAN, Col. Appleman's little daughter. I knew Col. Hiram Appleman well; I knew that he had two children, and at the father's death—the mother being dead also—they were sent away to some of their mother's relatives in Massachusetts. I did not know their names, nor had I heard of the death of the little girl. I made inquiries and found the message to be correct. The mother she speaks of must be the lady who adopted her.

MRS. J. PARK.

Mystic River, Conn., Oct. 1st, 1877.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
In your issue of Nov. 17th is a message purporting to come from Spirit Henry Bacon. In justice to yourself and Mrs. Rudd, I would say every sentence is characteristic of the man. He was our beloved pastor and friend during his pastorate in East Cambridge, Mass., from 1834 to '37 (it was his first settlement). He was an earnest, warm-hearted man, very impulsive, and from what we heard, one who had no doubt he was highly mediumistic. The date of his death, and the esteem in which he was held, I will give by copying from a Philadelphia paper of March 20th, 1866:

"THE REV. HENRY BACON, a well-beloved and eloquent divine of the Universalist persuasion, died in this city yesterday, the 18th year of his age. He was pastor of the Church of the Messiah. He was a native of Boston, Mass., for nearly twenty years. He was editor of the *Universalist*, and a correspondent of many of our leading religious, as well as secular periodicals. He was, besides, the author of several highly valuable works."

That such an earnest worker should, after a sojourn of over twenty years in spirit-life, avail himself of the Banner Circle to call attention to the truth of spirit-communication, is to our minds certainly reasonable.

Yours for truth and light,

M. S. AND MARY A. BOYER.

Reading, Mass., Nov. 29th, 1877.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
In justice to the cause of truth which the spirit-world is struggling to bring forth, and your request for recognition of the spirits who send their messages through Mrs. Rudd at your public circles, I forward the following:
I notice the message of MARGARET C. COGGSHALL in your issue of Sept. 1st, '77. Though myself in no way related, I was in my early manhood a neighbor, well acquainted with the family, and intimately so with Rebecca and Margaret for many years living at Colchester, Conn. (now between forty and fifty years ago) and I have not the slightest doubt of the identity of Mrs. Coggs Hall as the mother of the children she speaks of as with her, and of those probably living, Rebecca and Margaret, to whom I shall send her message if I can ascertain their present abode, they having long since married and left Colchester. I feel quite confident also that I know the friend of "Mary Eliza," "Ann Eliza," referred to in the message. Respectfully,
Kingston, Ulster Co., N. Y. R. H. ISHAM.

HATTIE BISHOP.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
In the Banner of July 14th, 1877, is a message from the spirit of HATTIE BISHOP. I was acquainted with Hattie some twenty-five or thirty years. She taught our district school and boarded nearly three years, and the message that she gave is good proof of her identity. I am told that she sometimes signed her name as Mary M. Bishop. Yours, THOMAS WEST.

MARY S. BATES.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
In the Banner of May 6th was a message from SUSAN S. BATES, which should have been "Mary." There are no Bateses in North Abington con-

necting with the Shaws, except two brothers who married my daughters. Mary S. Bates was the daughter of Mrs. J. M. and N. B. Bates, her father. She was seven years old, going on eight," as she says. They lived in the house with me, and after her father died she came into my part of the homestead and boarded with me. Mary said she knew something about your having circles; that was so, because she heard the messages read and talked about. She said she was going out, "I saw a spirit, but wasn't scared, because father came and helped me, and then there was three more of us up here, and we left mamma all alone." She says there have been some "changes, but we've got along with it nicely. We've got a nice home, and it's a big family now we're all together.

My wife, brother, sister and niece died just before Mary S. Bates, the first the 4th of March, the last the 6th of August 1873; and previous to this there were five children of mine who died—all together making the big family that she is with now.

She says, "they'll know me because they used to know Grandpa Shaw." I was one of the band which played at all the spiritual piques held at Island Grove, and she used to come with me and sit on my clarinet box to hear the music and see the people dance, which was probably the reason to her of their knowing her.

The message as it was given in the Banner was recognized by all as coming from Mary S. Bates. Yours truly for the cause,

DANIEL SHAW.

North Abington, Mass., Aug. 21st, 1877.

EVERY HARBOR.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
In the last number of the Banner, July 21st, is a message from EVERY HARBOR, of Auburn, N. Y. His sister, Mrs. Eber Sanford, lives near me; she says it is true, every word of it. I think it will do much good. REBECCA HOWARD.
Southbridge, O., July 25th, 1877.

FRANCIS TODD.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I make it a rule to tell you all I happen to know of any one who gives a message through the Banner. In your issue of July 7th I notice the name of FRANCIS TODD, from Newburyport. He says he "passed out" in 1861, at the age of eighty-three. He remarks: "I will add a young man that I can find who feels that he has got a work to do, and feels that he must be honest and true." In the year 1816 I was a green country chap, seeking my fortune in Boston. I found employment a few months in the dry-goods store of Samuel Chase & Co., on that part of Washington street called then "Cornhill." Mr. Chase's "Company" was I presume, the Young Men's Association, who thought highly of the young man and furnished him a small capital to trade upon. Mr. Chase went frequently to Newburyport to consult with his principal and make report of his business. This was strongly stamped upon my memory, from the fact that it was my business to make up these reports; and I once committed an error of two hundred dollars, for which I received a good schooling and a deep mortification. I can hardly doubt that this communicating spirit is the Mr. Todd who was Mr. Chase's special friend. Some time since I wrote you my reminiscences of Daniel Pinney, of Stafford, Ct. I am gratified to see that they are all corroborated by a writer in the Banner of July 14th. Yours, JULIUS A. WILLARD.

327 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill., July 21st, 1877.

SAMUEL WOODWARD.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In reading the Message Department, as published in the last Banner, I see one from the spirit of SAMUEL WOODWARD, who left the form at Keene, N. H. Now, as I was well acquainted with him, I will here say that a better or more correct description of him in a few words could not be given. I know it to be true. He truly describes himself, in the points of being an editor, as having been "what they term a free-seller in the early days," as having been a "Baptist," and the time he has been in his spirit-home, and his age—"three score years and ten, and more" (he was seventy-two); and what he says in relation to his belief, "Every one who ever knew me will admit that whatever I believed I believed with a will; that I was firm in my opinions; that I never deviated from what I believed was right." Now a more truthful statement of all that he says could not possibly be given, as all who were well acquainted with him will admit. He was a true man, always outspoken, upright, and a friend to progress and reform. He was a mild advocate and a great worker in the temperance reform, and to his honor be it said that he was, in habits and practice, a very consistent man, also. He had formerly lived in this town (Westmoreland) and still has relatives here as well as in Keene.

While Mr. Woodward was among us in the mortal form his word was unquestioned, and now that he comes to us from his spirit-home and tells us of his knowledge and experience, asserts and affirms the truthfulness of immortality and of spirit-communication, can we not believe him still? His relatives are all trustworthy and intellectual, and can but feel grateful for this sure evidence that "he still lives," and I feel certain that all candid ones who knew him "will admit" that the manifesting spirit is none else than what it purports to be—SAMUEL WOODWARD, and we hope to hear from him again and often. ELIOT WYMAN.

East Westmoreland, N. H. June 30th, 1877.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Being this morning at the house of a friend—a subscriber to your paper—he read to me in your issue of June 30th a message purporting to come from SAMUEL WOODWARD, of Keene, N. H. Before reading it, however, he asked me—knowing that I was formerly from that vicinity—"do you, or did you ever know any one in Keene by the name of Woodward?" My reply was that I knew several by that name. Did you know Samuel Woodward?" he asked. He then told me there was a message from him in the Banner of Light. I desired him to wait a moment before reading it, until I should first tell him something of the man, as I knew him several years ago. I will not tax your patience, nor that of your readers, with details, but will simply say that the subsequent reading was in exact accordance with the previous description, only by reason of my absence for some years from that vicinity. I was not aware of his having closed his earthly life. Being myself a sincere seeker for truth, and earnestly hoping to find it in the line of the "Spiritual Philosophy," as it is assuredly is a comfortable theory to say the least, and if truth, most precious indeed, I was pleased to find in your "Message Department" one which is, to say the least, characteristic of the man whose name it bears.

Yours for the truth, J. B. SMEAD.

Ritchburg, Mass., July 6th, 1877.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Some four weeks ago I saw in the Message Department of the Banner a communication purporting to come from SAMUEL WOODWARD of this place. I have known Mr. Woodward for twenty years, and consider the communication to be a correct description of the man. A. A. STOWE.

Keene, N. H., July 22d, 1877.

VISIONS OF THE BEYOND; or, Symbolic Teachings from the Higher Life. Edited by Herman Snow. Boston: Colby & Rich.
Well might one repeat the hymn, "Mark the not-fading snow," as he floats through these exceedingly good visions, generally of the recovery of those who have been lost in this world. Sometimes it is an abandoned woman; sometimes a down and man, unconscious for fifteen years; sometimes a railroad victim eleven years of the second life; sometimes even seventy years of continued stupor; sometimes a child unable to read and write; sometimes a woman who was set right by the effort of Brother Snow's medium, assisted by a choir of benevolent spirits. Besides this wonderful influence, there are many other world-altering visions make one acquainted with various health institutions and reformatories in the other world; all of which the author has working slowly but successfully to illustrate that have fallen, whose joy at recovery is truly a rare sight. If you give to the fainting soul at your door a cup of water from the well of truth, it shall flash back on you the radiance of heaven.

The proceeds from the sale of this pamphlet are to be donated to Mrs. E. J. Capron, Havana, N. Y.
 17 cts. 3 cents postage free.
 For sale wholesale and retail by CUMBY & RICH-
 No. 6 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (top
 cor), Boston, Mass.

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free-Spirit Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. Jennie M. Rudd, are reported regularly and published each week in this department.

Weeks published on this page reports of Spirit Messages given each week in Baltimore, Md., through the mediumship of Mrs. SARAH A. DANSHIN.

These Messages are given by spirits who carry with them the characteristics of their own life, and are given whether for good or evil, or for any other purpose, but the good of the earth, and the good of the human race, are the only objects of their mission.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All the progress of truth that they perceive, no more.

The Banner of Light Free-Spirit Meetings.

Addressed at 100 N. Second St., Baltimore, Md., on Friday, Feb. 23, 1878. The first meeting of the series was held on Friday, Feb. 23, 1878, at 100 N. Second St., Baltimore, Md., at 7 o'clock P. M. The second meeting was held on Friday, Feb. 23, 1878, at 100 N. Second St., Baltimore, Md., at 7 o'clock P. M. The third meeting was held on Friday, Feb. 23, 1878, at 100 N. Second St., Baltimore, Md., at 7 o'clock P. M. The fourth meeting was held on Friday, Feb. 23, 1878, at 100 N. Second St., Baltimore, Md., at 7 o'clock P. M. The fifth meeting was held on Friday, Feb. 23, 1878, at 100 N. Second St., Baltimore, Md., at 7 o'clock P. M. The sixth meeting was held on Friday, Feb. 23, 1878, at 100 N. Second St., Baltimore, Md., at 7 o'clock P. M. The seventh meeting was held on Friday, Feb. 23, 1878, at 100 N. Second St., Baltimore, Md., at 7 o'clock P. M. The eighth meeting was held on Friday, Feb. 23, 1878, at 100 N. Second St., Baltimore, Md., at 7 o'clock P. M. 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REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. JENNIE M. RUDD.

Invocation.

Heavenly Father, we would come into thy presence as supplicants; we would draw very near thy infinite heart of love; we would gather of the fullness of thy life, that we may manifest it unto those that dwell in darkness. Reveal thyself unto us as the tender Father, as the minister of all goodness, as the source of all light, as the center of all aspiration, that we may kindle a new flame within the hearts of men that they may praise thee. May we awaken within them a higher and a better sense of their privileges as thy children. May we as ministering angels bear thy gentle and gracious influence to the children of men.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we will now consider your questions.

Q.—In "Nature's Divine Revelations" it is said that our Earth has been peopled for innumerable ages, while the planet Mercury has only been inhabited about eight thousand years, yet its inhabitants are in advance of those of Earth. The questioner wishes to ask whether eight thousand years is long enough to produce such a result.

A.—If the planet spoken of has only been inhabited eight thousand years, it may have been far in advance of the planet Earth when it first commenced its journey, and its inhabitants being nearer to the spiritual have become more spiritual, and developed beyond those of this planet. Yet there may be attainments which belong to material life in which they do not excel us.

Q.—Do the truly material remain so through centuries?

A.—Yes, the truly material on earth remain so throughout eternity. There is no reason to suppose that if two individuals are materially and spiritually mated here, there will be any separation in the spiritual world. Should one go to spirit-life, the other, a magnetic cord will keep them in contact. The one in spirit-life will have a perfect cognizance in regard to the other's future, and the connecting link will ever be maintained.

Q.—What does the controlling intelligence consider the special mission of Modern Spiritualism?

A.—The mission of Modern Spiritualism is to enter into every department of life, to bring forth a new and more divine order of things, to infuse a better spirit into every profession, to enter business circles, and proclaim the "Golden Rule" as the legitimate standard of action. We repeat: The mission of Modern Spiritualism is to redeem the world, to make men and women better, to teach them to live according to the dictates of the inner man, that their lives may be pure and true, leading them on higher spiritual planes.

Q.—Why can one person discern spirits and not another? Must one be in what is termed a superior condition in order to see the spiritual forms of the departed?

A.—All gifts are not given to any one individual. Why cannot all people be poets, or artists, or musicians? You might as well ask these questions as to ask why all are not endowed with spiritual gifts. Some see spirits from their birth, while others are born without this power. True, spirituality can be cultivated, and sometimes gifts are brought out of which the possessor was not aware, but they never will be so easy, free, and spontaneous in their action as those that come naturally, without effort or forethought.

Q.—Are all the inhabitants of the earth-spheres in spirit-life gradually ascending to spirit?

A.—All that I have known of men are graduates from the earth. Others who are more advanced may have met spirits from other planets.

Q.—Can the most progressed communicate directly with the lowest?

A.—You can readily understand that it is easy for you who are progressed in earth life, who understand the material world thoroughly, who understand the spiritual world, to reach those who are ignorant and vicious—to go into their homes. It may be, and influence them in one way and another, but it is difficult for that class to approach you. The same law holds good in spirit-life: progressed spirits are always able to reach darkened spirits. It is not so easy for the undeveloped to reach the upper strata of spirit-life. All spirits that I know of are able to communicate with those in darkness.

Q.—What positive knowledge is there that the inhabitants of earth progress beyond our sphere?

A.—What would be positive knowledge to you? You can only take our word for it, and use your reason upon the evidence that spirits are constantly bringing of their continued existence and progressive life.

Q.—Are all spirits clairvoyant, and able to see each other?

A.—No. There are very many spirits in spirit-life who do not see material things readily, neither do they see each other; but this is because of their degraded, benighted condition. As a general thing spirits can see each other, but when they return to earth, oftentimes their vision is impeded, and they cannot see what they would like to.

Q.—Are murders committed in spirit-life, as in this?

A.—We know of no murders being committed in spirit-life, but we do know of more murders committed in earth-life than you have any idea of. For instance, an individual on earth may come to me and say, I have a person in my mind whom I despise and hate, who is in my way; will you put him out of the way? I provided the individual dies, what is the result to the one who asks for his death? He is just as much a murderer as though he had cut his throat. It is not a good thing to wish for the death of another; the wish brings an influence that is bad. We have no murders in spirit-life, but you have various kinds of murders in earth-life that never come under the cognizance of the law of the land, but are really under the control of the spiritual law. When you enter spirit-life you must stand at the bar of justice; you must answer at the bar of your own souls. There will be no external tribunal, you will be judged by the God within you.

Q.—[By Stephen Low.] On Sunday, March 3d, about three o'clock P. M., being about thirty

rods from my nearest neighbor, I heard a bell ring like a dinner bell in front of his house, for three or four minutes quite loud. Then it passed into the highway, assuming the sound of sleigh-bells, until it reached the graveyard, a distance of about twenty rods, and stopped in front of the gate about five rods from me. No bell was rung by the family, no sleigh bells, and no sleighs, but myself. Will the controlling spirit please explain the phenomenon?

A.—The reason why the person heard these sounds, and no one else, is because he was clair-audient and clairvoyant. Spirits were slily "casting shadows before." In time he will understand what it means. The spirits had a purpose in giving him this manifestation. It will not be explained to him directly by those at present. If he waits awhile it will all be made clear.

Charlie Kreissman.

I want you to say that Charlie Kreissman has come here again, and will come the third time, and will keep coming until they let him come close home. I'm lonesome. I don't want to stay away. I want to be heard. I want you to direct my letter to Cairo, Ill.

Tell you, Mr. Chairman, when you come up here I'll be you way up on the mountain; there's a power there they call the "Bower of Beauty." It was a corner with flowers that look like honeysuckles; they run all over it. There's a bridge and a beautiful bird in it. It is called Mt. Hobbitt—that means the Hill of Beauty. I'd like to take you there. I've got a boat, and it is called the White Swan. I can sail on the river, the River of Life, we call it Sabbath. We can row with oars and we can gather white lilies, any quantity of 'em; we've only got to reach over and pick 'em up. They do shine so, they are so bright and sweet. If you like music you'd like to go up into that corner where there are bands. I know there's somebody here who would like to go. But I mustn't take up so much time. Good-bye.

Dec. 6.

Edward C. Burdick.

My name is Edward C. Burdick. Say to my friends that I left Waterbury, Conn., only a few months ago. I was somewhere about twenty-nine years old. I have friends in Springfield, I have friends in Somers, Conn. My mother's name is Harriet; my father's name is William. I desire to send my love to them and to one another that I love dearly, whom I will mention. I send affectionate regards to all, and desire to be remembered. Tell them I know every step that was taken, every kind thought that was given to me, every love-thrill that was sent forth. I would gladly have stayed longer upon earth had it been possible, but it was no use, I had to come to spirit-life. I am happy. The sunshine is bright, the flowers bloom, and I enjoy them. I see rainbow hues, I see varied colors, and I understand their meaning. I enjoy the moonlight, I enjoy the sun's rays, the shade as much as when in earth life. Oh, beloved ones, dearly beloved, remember me kindly. When an opportunity presents itself I will give you more proof of my identity than I have to day.

Dec. 6.

Alpheus D. Francis.

I wish you would say that Alpheus D. Francis, of Quincy, Ill., has visited Boston, and has placed his hand upon the state of Spiritualism. I can't help it, dear brother, whether you like it or not. I am here, I was at the meeting, and I understand their meaning. I enjoy the moonlight, I enjoy the sun's rays, the shade as much as when in earth life. Oh, beloved ones, dearly beloved, remember me kindly. When an opportunity presents itself I will give you more proof of my identity than I have to day.

Dec. 6.

Wealthy Munroe.

I don't know, Mr. Chairman, as you will be willing I should come at all. I have been in Boston for a good many years, and I really am astonished as I look round and see how everything has grown since I was here. I must say there's an attraction, I don't know what you'd call it, that has kept me here and drawn me here. I'm an old lady, you see, I'm very thin. I said my aunt was a witch, and it descended to me. I understand now, sir, what a witch means. She did have very strange experiences, but I tell you it was only the truth. These experiences, I see now, were really a part of the spiritual that you preach now, Mr. Chairman. I'm glad there is such a place as this where we can come. It's a good way to come to Boston, but they don't charge me any fare. I came right along when I got down where the cars was, and it didn't seem far. I came over from Weymouth, where my son lives. I want to be welcomed. Why, I am kind of glad to get here and see things as I have seen for a long time ago. When I come to Boston again there won't be so much to it. I don't know where I am, sir. I tell you I'm glad I am out of it. They've put a confounded old stove in my room. They never would have dared to have done it if I had lived, but just as soon as I was gone they went and put it in, and cooked up a lot of victuals, instead of cooking in the kitchen. Since they've got that old stove there I don't care anything about the place. I did try to do the best I could, and help 'em all I could. There's my granddaughter, she did everything she could for her, when I was there, and now when I see everybody trying to crush her and put her down I want her to remember her grandmother is close to her, and is holding her up. Tell her to stay just where she is. I'll hold her up, and she'll get out of the fix by-and-by. I'm not worse than them that talk about her. I know everything they did with my old dresses. I know they were glad to get rid of me. I'd just like to sweep the whole house out, and clear out that old stove.

You can say my name is Wealthy Munroe.

Tell 'em I did have the witch-power, and it gave me strength to see folks a good deal plainer than I wanted to.

I want to say to Charlotte—she lives across the way—that she had better be ready when the Spirit of the Lord shall call for her. She'd better be up and dressed, and doing things as she'd ought to, and as she'd like to be done by. She might as well be spending the few cents of money that she has hoarded up. Nobody will thank her for it when she's gone. They'll do by her just as they've done by me: they'll put a stove in every room, just as likely as not. Now you tell her to look out and spend the money while she's alive, and enjoy it; if she don't she'll be mighty sorry when she gets up here.

I'm going now. Good-bye, sir. I'll see this letter goes where I want it to.

Dec. 6.

Josephine Wilcoxson.

I wish, Mr. Chairman, you would say that Josephine Wilcoxson, who left the form seen years ago last January, about the 30th, called upon me, having made the journey from California in a short time. I belong in Sacramento. I settled there some twenty years or more ago, twenty-one, I think. I did whatever I could for my friends wherever I was. Now I can do but little, being circumscribed to a smaller circle, yet if it is possible to reach my friends I shall be glad to do so. You can say I was forty-three years old. I would send my love to sister Eliza;

she has lived in Chicago, and I think is here now; also to another friend, Henry, who, the last I knew, was in Pensacola. When he sees my name—he often reads your paper—he will remember the many disputes we had over its columns, he saying it was true, and I saying it was "humbug." I am now perfectly willing to admit that it is true. I am in this circle where I now am is a God-given institution. I hope and trust it will never grow less, but will go on growing larger and stronger and better than ever before.

Dec. 6.

Ezra D. Alden.

Please say that Ezra D. Alden, of Chicago, who left the earth in 1867, February 10th, or thereabout, sends a letter to his friends. If there are any that would like to hear from him, he would be happy to have them call upon some individual who has mediumistic powers. I have waited a good while, I have remained in darkness. Although I have a good home to live in while here, when I came into spirit-life I found everything dark, simply because I had lived for myself and nobody else. Now I desire to do something for others to help them, and if I can do so, I shall be most happy. I would say, God bless the world, God bless humanity. May somebody call for me, that I may speak to them.

Dec. 6.

Charles Sampson.

I went into spirit-life from New Gloucester, Me. I used to keep the House of the Poor, in Portland, some years ago. I desire to send love to my friends, and ask them if they will let me come and talk to them. It is not pleasant to tell all one's affairs in public, or to have them printed in a newspaper.

Dec. 7.

Charles Chase.

I wish you would say that Charles Chase, who used to be a surgeon, has called here. I have been gone but a few months, from Brooklyn, N. Y. I have left some friends there. I don't care to speak their names, neither do I care to parade my wants here in public. I would like very much indeed to speak to my friends in private, if they will give me an opportunity. Certainly there are mediums enough in New York City, and it would give me great pleasure to meet them. If they don't want to hear from me, all right; then I will come here and make my ways known. I've got considerable to say, if they will only give me the chance; if they don't, I shall be found again and haunt you until I get my say-so.

Dec. 7.

Alexander McCluster.

My name is Alexander McCluster. I am fifty-five years old coming the third day of next April. I am of Scottish and English descent. My mother was an English woman; her name was Mary Barlow. My father's name was James. I was a traveler, who traded. I don't know what you would call it; I suppose you would say I got my living by my wit. Be it so, if you like. I always looked after the main chance. I suffered many years from an inward difficulty, which I myself did not understand. I visited many physicians, but they couldn't tell me what the matter was. Accidentally, one day, being in the city of New Orleans, I visited one of these people you have got here, what you call a medium, and on going to sleep he immediately seemed to take on my feelings, and told me I was laboring under a difficulty which they called "inward cancer." Well, I believed her as much as I did any of 'em. I find now I've got into spirit-life, she told me the very truth. I only wish I could think of her name. I didn't pass out in New Orleans, but in Savannah, Ga. I was trading for a short time. I laid myself down and died at the house of a friend there. That friend had some faith in Spiritualism. It is the only place where I ever saw your Banner of Light. You may be sure we had a good laugh over it. It did seem to me a most ridiculous thing to suppose people could talk and deliver messages after they were dead. I pronounced it a humbug at first. I am willing to own up now. I was one of the best kind. I knew that it was true, and I'm glad to avail myself of the privilege of coming back. I trust that my friend V. will be glad to hear from me. I hope that honest little woman of his, who was so kind to me, Minnie, will be glad to hear from me. I have not forgotten them—they have my warmest wishes. I think I've begun a new life. I don't believe I'll work by my wits any longer. I'll work by my reason, and see if I can't get ahead a little and have a home and happiness of my own.

Dec. 7.

Daniel Durkin.

My name is Daniel Durkin, at your service. I died with sun-stroke. I've been gone since '73. It was July, somewhere about the twentieth day. It was a hot day. It was in the city of New York, sir. I didn't get struck down. I got so immensely tired, sir. I went home to me folks, and I was taken quite light in the head. I never felt quite right afterwards. I fingered some light of my money when I died. They buried me "waked" me right handsomely, and they buried me the best they knew how. I find that you may "wake" us as much as you please, and bury us as you want to, it makes no difference; we don't die now; we're just as much alive as ever.

I've been to the priest, and to the Church, and to the Cathedral, and everywhere else, and I've never felt light, and they don't give it to me; at last I met somebody who had been where I was, and he said I would come I would feel all right, so I've come, and I've done nothing else but wait, wait, wait, for six weeks. I want to say to Bridget that I am right glad she takes such good care of the little one. I want her to do the best she can, and I'll help her. If anybody comes round who will make her happy I don't want her to cling to the old man at all, but take the first one who comes who will find food for her and the child, and buy her a new gown now and then. That's all I think of. I don't want to have their own way. I'm sure I suffered enough myself. I know it was hard for her, and it's hard for me now. The trouble is, I've lost my faith, and I don't know where to find it, sir. I don't believe in the Church as it is right, sir; they don't believe a mistake, and they use my own name more than anything. I find no purgatory, I find no hell, nor heaven either, such as they described to me—that city, that place with jewels and with beautiful pavements. I don't find it at all at all. I find a natural country; it seems to me much like this country. I don't mean Boston, New York, but like the world at large. It's astonishing to me, I do. I don't understand it.

It's so nice to talk here. I wish I could find somebody that I could get hold of and talk when I want to, and work and be myself. I did feel most outrageously when I came, but I do feel better now, and I'm much obliged to you.

Dec. 7.

L.

I have a desire, Mr. Chairman, to speak to some friends of mine who dwell in your city, and to correct a mistake which they are laboring under. I don't wish to use my own name, but simply use the letter L. Say to them that I did not take my own life; that it was accidental; that I was using chloroform for the purpose of relieving pain, and I had no more idea of its taking me out of the world than you have at this moment. I was laboring under a good deal of pain in face, neck and head, and I used chloroform, hoping it would relieve the pain, and becoming entirely unconscious I inhaled the chloroform, and it was the cause of my death, or rather it was the cause of my life, for I am born into a new existence, and feel happier than I ever did before. I do desire that my friends will understand that I do not take my own life nor desire to do so.

Dec. 7.

Joel W. Herd.

I hail from Charleston, S. C. I went out during the war. I really don't know at what time, but I think it was near the time of Gen. Lee's

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