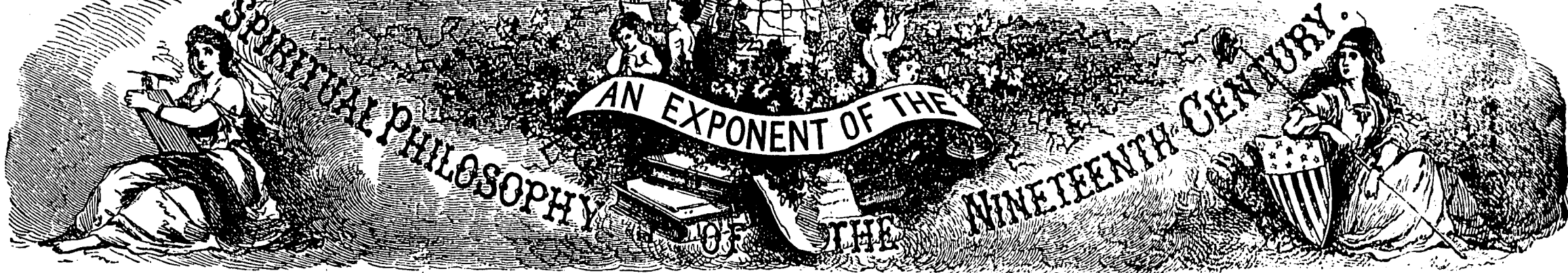


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Versus Dr. Carpenter.

THE PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES AND THEIR ASSAULTANTS.

[Continued from Banner of March 16th.]

BY JOSEPH RODES DUCHANAN, M. D.

And now, dear reader, as we have glanced toward a few astounding facts (which are not the thousandth part of what have occurred,) and the unimpeachable character of the narrators, what impression do they leave in our minds? We cannot get rid of them! We cannot believe that the enlightened, distinguished and scientific witnesses are insane—we cannot believe that skeptical scientists, and even men who believed neither in future life nor divine power, have surrendered their cherished convictions to any but overwhelming facts. We cannot accept the muddled absurdities of a Carpenter, which would require us to believe that a grand conspiracy in lying had spread through the world, embracing in its villainous meshes the scientist, the physician, the minister, the shrewd business man, the honest old farmer, and the women who are the loveliest, purest and most intellectual of their sex, compelling them by some demonic power to lie to their friends and the public, to lie against their own previously cherished convictions, and against their own interest and popularity, and even means of livelihood.

If the testimony of many thousands (rapidly approaching millions,) is worth anything in the ordinary business of life, if it is suitable material for history, certainly it is far more valuable, far more reliable, when it is given in the face of social opposition and against the previous opinions of the witnesses. We may therefore say that the testimony in behalf of psychic science is far stronger than the testimony in favor of other sciences now recognized as established, for it is testimony given as compelled by facts, in spite of the adverse prejudices of the witnesses.

It is quite amusing to see how flippantly such a mass of testimony and knowledge is waved aside by those who dislike to meet it. The editor of the Popular Science Monthly says: "When the so-called Spiritualist's hypothesis is offered for investigation on the same terms and conditions as the other problems of Nature, there will be no difficulty in getting it investigated." But is not psychic science offered precisely as all other sciences are offered? as geology is offered us in mountain strata, zoology in the fishes of the sea, birds of the air and beasts of the land, botany in the field and chemistry in the minerals ready for our experiments? The scientist does not demand that mountains, seas and forests shall be brought to him and "offered for investigation." He goes in pursuit of the facts and always finds them. So do scientists go in pursuit of spiritual facts, wherever they exist, and they find them; but pseudo scientists ask to have knowledge brought to them because they do not desire to learn. They imitate the lazy tramp who was hired to dig a field of potatoes, and when found by his employer at mid-day reclining asleep in the fence corner, waked up and reminded of his duty, responded by rubbing his eyes, gazing from his bottle to the field of potatoes, and saying, with a dignified wave of the hand, "If you want your potatoes dug, fetch 'em along."

The idea that anybody in the world is under any sort of obligation to hunt up and arrange facts to be "offered for investigation" to the very parties who have shown the least possible desire and capacity for investigation, is as amusing as it is presumptuous. The investigations of such persons are not needed; we simply demand that until they have investigated they shall not assail the conclusions or calumniate the reputations of those who do investigate.

Science needs no condescending patronage to-day. It is a power which is certain to move out of its way all organizations, creeds, philosophies and institutions that may be arrayed against it.

Let the honest clergyman beware that he does not dishonor and mislead the church by placing her organization across the path of the triumphal march of such truths! Let the sincere Christian beware that he does not dishonor and slander Christianity by saying that she is adverse in any degree to that spirituality which is her own vital spirit, and without which she would soon become a cold skeleton of lifeless creeds and theories. If there is any book in the world which sustains in the most complete and solemn manner all the pretensions of Modern Spiritualism that book is the Christian Bible. Let those who doubt it in the least read the admirable work of Dr. Crowell.

But granting the question settled as to the advent of the spirit-world into human life with a power and brilliance increasing every day, what then?

First, it is obvious that the carnal half-developed mind of man to-day is hardly competent to entertain this glorious reality. The spirit-world in its grandeur and its power of coming to the earth is so far beyond our modes of thought that we are not only staggered by its reality, but disposed to fight against its recognition.

Obviously, therefore, the mind of man has to be enlarged and elevated to place it in harmony with truth. The brain must grow; its convolutions must assume new and better forms and finer structure. It develops upon us, then, since we have discovered our certain imperfection, to undertake anew our own spiritual culture, to conquer our animalism, and to place ourselves in sympathy with the refinement and wisdom of the upper world by intercourse with its inhabitants—loving, reverent, religious association—seeking to know the truth, and live holy lives of service to our fellow beings, in accordance with it.

The prudent and reverential management of spirit-intercourse has been well illustrated by the Spiritualists of Nash-

ville, Tenn. They have a society of thirty or forty members, who have rooms for spiritual purposes, and maintain a medium, Dr. McFall, with a comfortable salary. The society has been six years in existence.

Rev. J. M. Peebles gave a graphic account of the society in 1876, from which I quote the following extracts:

"They meet nearly every evening in the week to practice singing, engage in reading, or listen to spirit-messages through the mediumship of Dr. McFall. Neither developing mediums nor getting communications are so much the purposes of this circle, however, as the unfolding and education of the soul. The members never resort to the spirits for instruction that can be easily obtained from other sources. No one from the outside world enters the sanctuary of this seance-room at once; but through well-directed effort and preparatory lessons from the directing intelligences, when found well qualified they are received by a full vote of the members and the approval of the spirits. Dr. Brown, a Yorkshire Englishman on earth, but long an inhabitant of the spirit world, in connection with Indiana, is the immediate controlling spirit. And yet he, though wise and exalted, is but the pupil of an ancient Asian sage, who, when conditions permit, gives forth teachings that are as beautiful as profound and divine.

"The circle-room connected with this organization is a consecrated room. They meet at a regular hour. The unclean are not allowed to enter there to shed their filth. Each member has his or her appointed seat. The officers know their positions, the music leader her duties. During the sessions the apartment is made dark, semi-dark, or fully lighted, just as the invisibles require. There is generally sufficient light, however, to write down the substance of the teachings. If the members, after candidly canvassing a subject, fail to agree, the matter is submitted to the spirits, and their decision upon the subject under consideration is final. Several connected with this institution assured me that whatever Dr. Brown had said to them of the future, whether relating to science or prophecy, had proven true. The cholera was prophesied of, and the members were warned to prepare for its coming. The Boston fire, financial crises, and the loss of both river and ocean steamers have been foretold, and the dates put on record. The medium is not allowed to receive fees, nor is he expected to take presents. The salary paid is ample for the support of himself and family. He neither claims, nor has, more rights than the others.

"Money will help no one into the Nashville organization of Spiritualists. The key-word is in the hands of the invisibles. The regular meetings, occurring twice a week, are for the members only. At other times strangers are admitted to the spiritual feast: Among the crowning graces of this organized circle are its reformatory influences. Not only has it convinced the skeptic and confirmed the doubting, but it has made the miserly more liberal; the inebriate, sober; the suspicious, trusting; the tobacco-eater, cleanly; the selfish, charitable; the sad, cheerful; and the irritable, calm and happy.

"Only in an organized circle of noble, unselfish spirits is there moral safety for a medium; and only in an organized circle of mortals, with noble aspirations, can there be a practical and persistent manifestation of reformatory principles. Other conditions do little more than invite obsessions, and pander to the deceptions and unfulfilled promises of the demon-spheres.

"Mr. Stockell, of Nashville, a gentleman of fine culture, engaged extensively in the mercantile and manufacturing business, said to me: 'During one of our sessions we heard footfalls in our seance-room. And though in darkness, we could distinctly recognize a presence in the room, and even feel the moving of the atmosphere as he approached us. At length, holding the medium's hands in one of mine, and striking a match with the other, I saw, as the blaze flamed up, a man—a materialized, spiritual man, standing just forward of me, before the medium. Others also in the circle saw him. They were not only consciously awake, but critically observant. Soon tremulously approaching, he vanished, or rather was absorbed right into the medium.' Could there well be a more convincing demonstration?"

Spiritualism is another illustration of the grand truth of INFLUX. It is by the Divine Wisdom displayed in creation that the human mind is developed from its germinal condition in infancy. Observation and study, as we necessarily open new chapters of the great book of Nature, bring our minds nearer and nearer to apprehending the Divine Wisdom. The grandest chapter ever opened is that which exhibits the spirit-world. Few are really prepared for its study. But it is to be studied in time by all, and the human race is thereby to reach a higher development than ever.

Nothing is clearer to a correct thinker than this—that the reappearance on earth of the departed is the grandest fact in the world's history, and that the nineteenth century will be distinguished in the world's history beyond all previous centuries as the period of the auroral dawn of an illumination from the heavens, changing the aspect of human life as the dark landscape is changed when the sun rises above the horizon.

Its roseate splendors are now breaking through the fogs of night, and those who are on the mountain-tops of observation and philosophy see a vast deal of the outspread splendor which is unknown in the gloomy valleys of skepticism, where only the midday sun can be seen.

I doubt whether the receivers of spiritual truths have even yet realized the grandeur of the new phenomena in an intellectual sense, however they may appreciate their beauty and benevolence. Most persons have approached this subject in so cautious and evasive a manner, with so cold and critical a skepticism, looking for flaws or fraud, that they have failed to realize the grandeur of these glimpses of the supernal; nor can they be duly appreciated until that hostile and suspicious mood of mind is laid aside and we feel with loving reverence that we are approaching nearer and nearer to the holy of holies—to all that should command the love and worship of humanity—"Nearer, my God, to Thee!"

The intellectual grandeur of these revelations consists in this: that they have solved forever the problem of the ages, which, but for this supernal solution, would have vexed the brain and befogged the path of humanity in all coming time.

This problem is still, in the highest ranks of science and literature, discussed as doubtfully as in the infancy of speculation in Greece, without any progress toward a solution. All the world's science and so-called philosophy has not brought the modern leaders of the scientific corps any nearer to the truth than simple instinct or intuition—the consciousness of a truth that fills all nature—has brought men in all ages, even without the aid of education.

The crass materialism of the most eminent scientists of England and Germany has decided, not by reason, but by an animal impulse which is stronger than reason, that matter has in itself all potencies that exist, while men in whom the spiritual is in ascendancy over the animal, have decided by their common-sense that there is something more important than matter.

This great, unsettled question of the ages—whether Matter is Lord ascendant, the universe and all else is but the varied phases offered by matter, or whether there is something higher, greater and nobler than matter, of which matter is the phenomenal aspect—is the question which human reason has utterly failed to dispose of, and upon which reason might operate for a thousand years under the guidance of the scientific conceptions which dominate in England and Germany, without coming one inch nearer to the solution, unless it be a solution to pronounce matter the sole real existence and all else but phenomenal.

[To be continued.]

DR. CARPENTER ON SPIRITUALISM.

BY ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE.

[Continued.]

But again, Dr. Carpenter objects to the want of tests, and especially his pet test of using an electro-magnet, and not letting the patients know whether the electric circuit which "makes" and "unmakes" the magnet was complete or broken. How far this test, had it been applied, would have satisfied the objector, may be imagined from his entirely ignoring all the tests, many of them at least as good, which were actually applied. The following are a few of these: Test 1. Von Reichenbach arranged with a friend to stand in another room with a stone wall between him and the patient's bed, holding a powerful magnet, the armature of which was to be closed or opened at a given signal. The patient detected, on every occasion, whether the magnet was opened or closed. Test 2. M. Baumgartner, a professor of physics, after seeing the effects of magnets on patients, took from his pocket what he said was one of his most powerful magnets, to try its effects. The patient, to Von Reichenbach's astonishment, declared she found this magnet, on the contrary, very weak, and its action on her hardly more perceptible than a piece of iron. M. Baumgartner then explained that this magnet, though originally very powerful, had been as completely as possible deprived of its magnetism, and that he had brought it as a test. Here were suggestion and expectation in full force, yet they did not in the least affect the patient. (For these two tests, see "Ashburner's Translation of Reichenbach," pp. 39, 40.) Test 3. A large crystal (placed in a new position before each patient was brought into the dark room) was always at once detected by means of its light, yellowed and redder than that from magnets (*loc. cit.*, p. 86). Test 4. A patient confined in a darkened passage held a wire which communicated with a room in which experiments were made on plates connected with this wire. As these plates were exposed to sunlight or shade, the patient described corresponding changes in the luminous appearances of the end of the wire (*loc. cit.*, p. 147). Test 5. The light from magnets, etc., was thrown on a screen by a lens, so that the image could be instantly and noiselessly changed in size and position at pleasure. Twelve patients, eight of them healthy and new to the inquiry, saw the image, and described its alterations of size and position as the lens or screen was shifted in the dark (*loc. cit.*, p. 585). Dr. Carpenter's only reply to all this is, that "Baron Reichenbach's researches upon 'Oyle' were discredited a quarter of a century ago, alike by the united voice of scientific opinion in his own country, and by that of the medical profession here." Even if this were the fact, it would have nothing to do with the matter, which is one of experiment and evidence, not of the belief or disbelief of certain prejudiced persons, since to discredit is to disprove. The painless operations in mesmeric sleep were "discredited" by the highest medical authorities in this country, and yet they were true. But Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Ashburner, and others, accepted Reichenbach's discoveries; and some of the Vienna physicians even, after seeing the experiments with persons "whose honor, truthfulness, and impartiality they could vouch for," also accepted them as proved.

The fact of the luminosity of magnets was also independently established by Dr. Charpignon, who, in his "Physiologie, Médecine, et Métaphysique du Magnétisme," published in 1845—the very same year in which the account of Von Reichenbach's observations first appeared—says: "Having placed before the somnambulists four small bars of iron, one of which was magnetized by the loadstone, they could always distinguish this one from the others, from its two ends being enveloped in a brilliant vapor. The light was more brilliant at one end (the north pole) than at the other. I could never deceive them; they always recognized the nature of the poles, although when in their normal state they were in complete ignorance of the subject." Surely here is a wonderful confirmation. One observer in France and another in Germany make the same observation about the same time, and quite independently; and even the detail of the north pole being the more brilliant agrees with the statement of Reichenbach's sensitives ("Ashburner's Trans.," p. 20).

Our readers can now judge how far the historic and scientific method has been followed in Dr. Carpenter's treatment of the researches of Von Reichenbach, not one of the essential facts here stated (and there are hundreds like them) being so much as alluded to, while "suggestion," "expectation," and "imposture," are offered as fully explaining everything. We cannot devote much time to the less important branches of the subject, but it is necessary to show that in every case Dr. Carpenter mistakes facts, and sets negative above positive evidence. Thus, as to the magnetometer and odometer of Mr. Rutter and Dr. Mayo, all the effects are imputed to expectation and unconscious muscular action, and we have this positive statement: "It was found that the constancy of the vibrations depended entirely upon the operator's watching their direction, and, further, that when such a change was made without the operator's knowledge in the conditions of the experiment, as, *ought*, theoretically, to alter the direction of the oscillations, no such alteration took place." Yet Mr. Rutter clearly states: 1. That the instrument can be affected through the hand of a third person with exactly the same result (Rutter's "Human Electricity," App., p. 51). 2. That the instrument is affected by a crystal on a detached stand brought close to the instrument, but without contact (*loc. cit.*, p. 151). 3. That many persons, however "expectant" and anxious to succeed, have no power to move the instrument. 4. That substances unknown to the operator, and even when held by a third party, caused correct indications, and that an attempt to deceive by using a substance under a wrong name was detected by the movements of the instrument (*loc. cit.*, Appendix, p. 151). Here, then, Mr. Rutter's positive testimony is altogether ignored, while the negative results of another person are set forth as conclusive. Next we have the evidence for the divining-rod similarly treated. Dr. Mayo is quoted as supporting the view that the rod moved in accordance with the "expectations" of the operator, but on the preceding page of Dr. Mayo's work other cases are given in which there was no expectation; and the fact that Dr. Mayo was well aware of this source of error, and was a physiologist and physician of high rank, entitles his opinion as to the reality of the action in other cases to great weight. Again, we have the testimony of Dr. Hutton, who saw the Hon. Lady Milbanke use the divining-rod on Woolwich Common, and who declares that it turned where he knew there was water, and that in other places where he believed there was none it did not turn; that the lady's hands were closely

watched, and that no motion of the fingers or hands could be detected, yet the rod turned so strongly and persistently that it became broken. No other person present could voluntarily or involuntarily cause the rod to turn in a similar way (Hutton's "Mathematical Recreations," ed. 1840, p. 711). The evidence on this subject is most voluminous, but we have adduced sufficient to show that Dr. Carpenter's supposed demonstration does not account for all the facts.

We now come to the very interesting and important subject of clairvoyance, which Dr. Carpenter introduces with a great deal of irrelevant matter calculated to prejudice the question. Thus, he tells his readers that "there are at the present time numbers of educated men and women who have so completely surrendered their common sense to a dominant prepossession as to maintain that any such monstrous fiction (as of a person being carried through the air in an hour from Edinburgh to London) ought to be believed, even upon the evidence of a single witness, if that witness be one upon whose testimony we should rely in the ordinary affairs of life!" He offers no proof of this statement, and we venture to say he can offer none, and it is only another example of that complete misrepresentation of the opinions of his opponents with which this book abounds. At page 71, however, we enter upon the subject itself, and at once encounter one of those curious examples of ignorance (or suppression of evidence) for which Dr. Carpenter is so remarkable in his treatment of this subject. We have been already told (p. 11) of the French Scientific Commission which about a hundred years ago investigated the pretensions of Mesmer, and decided, as might have been anticipated, against him. Now we have the statement that "It was by the French Academy of Medicine, in which the mesmeric state had been previously discussed with reference to the performance of surgical operations, that this new and more extraordinary claim (*clairvoyance*) was first carefully sifted, in consequence of the offer made in 1837 by M. Burdin of a prize of three thousand francs, to any one who should be found capable of reading through opaque substances." The result was negative. No clairvoyant succeeded under the conditions imposed. The reader unaccustomed to Dr. Carpenter's historical method would naturally suppose this statement to be correct, and that *clairvoyance* was first carefully sifted in France after 1837, though he might well doubt if offering a prize for reading under rigid conditions was an adequate means of sifting a faculty so eminently variable, uncertain and delicate as *clairvoyance* is admitted to be. What, then, will be his astonishment to find that this same "Académie Royale de Médecine" had appointed a commission of eleven members in 1829, who inquired into the whole subject of mesmericism for five years, and in 1831 reported in full, and in favor of the reality of almost all the alleged phenomena, including *clairvoyance*. Of the eleven members, nine attended the meetings and experiments, and all nine signed the report, which was therefore unanimous. This report, being full and elaborate, and the result of personal examination and experiment by medical men—the very trained and skeptical experts—who are maintained by Dr. Carpenter to be the only adequate judges—is wholly ignored by him. In this report we find among the conclusions: "21. We have seen two somnambulists distinguish, with their eyes shut, objects placed before them: name cards, read books, writing, etc. This phenomenon took place even when the opening of the eyelids was accurately closed by means of the fingers." "It is not strange that the 'historian' of mesmericism, etc., should be totally ignorant of the existence of this report, which is referred to in almost every work on the subject? Yet he must be that ignorant, or he could never say, as he does in the very same page quoted above (p. 71), 'That, in every instance (so far as I am aware) in which a thorough investigation has been made into those 'higher phenomena' of mesmericism, the supposed proof has completely failed.' It cannot be said that investigation by nine medical men, carried on for five years with every means of observation and experiment, and elaborately reported on, was not 'thorough'; whence it follows that Dr. Carpenter must be ignorant of it, and our readers can draw their own inference as to the value of his opinion, and the dependence to be placed on his scientific and historical treatment of this subject.

More than twenty-five pages of the book are occupied with more or less detailed accounts of the failures and alleged exposures of clairvoyants, while not a single case is given of a clairvoyant having stood the test of rigid examination by a committee, or by medical or other experts, and the implication is that none such are to be found. But every inquirer knows that *clairvoyance* is a most delicate and uncertain phenomenon, never to be certainly calculated on, and has been repeatedly stated in the works of Lee, Gregory, Teste, Dolan, and others. How, then, can any number of individual failures affect the question of the reality of the comparatively rare successes. As well deny that any rifleman ever hit the bull's-eye at one thousand yards, because none can be sure of hitting it always, and at a moment's notice. Several pages are devoted to the failures of Alexis and Adolphe Didier under test-conditions in England, ending with the sneering remark, "Nothing so far as I am aware, has ever been since heard of this *par nobis fratrum*." Would it (to use an established formula) surprise Dr. Carpenter to hear that these gentlemen remained in England a considerable time after the date he alludes to, that they have ever since retained their power and reputation, and that both still successfully practice medical clairvoyance, the one in London and the other in Paris? To balance the few cases of failure by Alexis, Dr. Lee has given his personal observations of ten times as many successes, some of them the most startling kind ("Animal Magnetism," pp. 255-277). We can only find room here for two independent and complete tests. The first is given by Sergeant Cox, as witnessed by himself. A party of experts was planned to test Alexis. A word was written by a friend in a distant town and enclosed in an envelope, *without any of the party knowing what the word was*. This envelope was enclosed successively in six others of thick brown paper, each sealed. This packet was handed to Alexis, who placed it in his forehead, and in three minutes and a half wrote the contents correctly, imitating the very handwriting. ("What Am I?" vol. ii., p. 167.) Now, unless this statement by Sergeant Cox is absolutely false, a thousand failures cannot outweigh it. But we have, if possible, better evidence than this; and Dr. Carpenter knows it, because I called his attention to it in the Daily News. Yet he makes no allusion to it. I refer to the testimony of Robert Houdin, the greatest of modern conjurers, whose exploits are quoted by Dr. Carpenter, when they serve his purpose (p. 75, 112). He was an absolute master of card tricks, and knew all their possibilities. He was asked by the Marquise de Mirville to visit Alexis, which he did twice. He took his own new cards, dealt them himself, but Alexis named them as they lay on the table, and even named the trump before it was turned up. This was repeated several times, and Houdin declared that neither chance nor skill could produce such wonderful results. He then took a book from his pocket and asked Alexis to read something eight pages beyond where it was opened, at a specified level. Alexis pricked the place with a pin, and read four words, which were found at the place pricked nine pages on. He then told Houdin numerous details as to his son, in some of which Houdin tried to deceive him, but in vain; and when it was over Houdin declared it "stupéfying," and the next day signed a declaration that the facts reported were correct, adding, "The more I reflect upon them, the more impossible do I find it to class them among the tricks which are the old *et cetera* of my art." The two letters of Robert Houdin were published at the time (May, 1847) in *Le Soleil*, and have since appeared in many works, among others in Dr. Lee's "Animal Magnetism" (pp. 163 and 231).

Archives Générales de Médecine, vol. xx.; also in Lee's "Animal Magnetism," pp. 18-20.

[To be continued.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

BENEDICTUS.

BY MRS. C. L. SHANNON.

Drop not beneath the weight of thine affliction,
On weary faltering feet;
It yet may bring thee to a better station,
Press onward to the goal.

Look not on life with anxious trembling,
It is not so frail as thou dost deem;
The light of promise to the coming morning
Thy waiting heart shall deem.

The tears which thou hast shed like gems are shining
In thine immortal crown;
The clouds ere long will with their shroud be hiding
Lay not thy burden down.

But, with a fervent trust, a brave endeavor,
Act well a noble part;
So shalt thou rise above the cares of fever,
And in thine inner heart

Peace shall descend to dwell with thee forever;
The leaves of life will then
The leaves of life will then
The leaves of life will then

Take up the cross, oh child of life immortal!
Thy mission is to save;
Faint not! When now thou standest near the open portal,
With gladness for thy share.

La Parle, Feb.

THE CAVE OF THE ECHOES.

AN APPALLING TALE OF RETRIBUTIVE
JUSTICE INFLICTED BY AN EARTH-
BOUND "SPIRIT"

BY H. P. HAVATSKY.

In the older countries of Europe and Asia there frequently occur examples of interference by the dead with the living, to which American Spiritualists are as yet comparative strangers. The experience of many generations has taught the higher, equally with the lower classes, to accept this interference as a fixed fact. With this difference, however, that as a rule, the former acknowledge the reality of the phenomena, find, to escape a direful, a convenient hole by attributing them to strange coincidences, while the latter, with less learning but more intuition, have no difficulty in divining the real cause. Tales calculated to freeze the blood with horror circulate in many of the lands I have visited, and more than once instances of the reward and punishment of good or evil deeds by occult agency have come under my own observation.

The story I am about to relate has the merit of being perfectly true. The family is well-known in that portion of the Russian dominions where the scene is located. The circumstance was witnessed by one of my relatives, upon whom it made an impression that he carried to his grave. My object in telling it is to illustrate one of the many phases of psychological science studied by Theosophists, and which must be studied by whoever would inform himself thoroughly upon the relations of living man with the silent world of shadows—that bourne from which some travelers do return.

It may be taken as a case of mediumship of a most striking kind—in short, a *transfiguration*. It differs only in degree from that of Mrs. Markoe—formerly Compton—witnessed and described by Col. Olcott in his work, and one of the most astounding ones on record. The physical body of Mrs. Compton was transformed alternately into the shapes of a dwarfish girl and a tall Indian chief. In the present instance the haunting soul of an old man entered a child's body, and temporarily, re-incarnating itself, becomes the agent of inexorable destiny. The intelligent reader will need no further hint to enable him to trace the lesson which my veracious narrative conveys.

In one of the distant governments of Russia, in a small town on the very borders of Siberia, a mysterious tragedy occurred some twenty years ago—a tragedy which haunts the memory of the older inhabitants of the district to this very day, and is recounted but in whispers to the inquisitive traveler.

About six versts from the little town of P—, famous for the wild beauty of its scenery, and for the wealth of its inhabitants—generally proprietors of mines and iron foundries—stood an old and aristocratic mansion. Its household consisted of the master, a rich old bachelor, and his brother, a widower and the father of two sons and three daughters. It was known that the proprietor, Mr. Izvertzof, had adopted his brother's children, and, having formed an especial attachment for his eldest nephew, Nicholas, had made him the sole heir to his numerous estates.

Time rolled on. The uncle was getting old, the nephew coming of age. Days and years had passed in monotonous serenity, when, on the hitherto clear horizon of the quiet family appeared a cloud. On an unlucky day one of the nieces took it into her head to study the zither. The instrument being of purely Tautonic origin, and no teacher for that specially residing in the neighborhood, the indulgent uncle sent to St. Petersburg for both. After diligent search only one such professor could be found willing to trust himself in such close proximity to Siberia. It was an old German artist, who, sharing equally his earthly affections between his instrument and a pretty blonde daughter, would part with neither. And thus it came to pass that, one fine morning, the old professor arrived at the mansion with his zither-case under one arm, and his fair München leaning on the other.

From that day the little cloud began growing rapidly; for every vibration of the melodious instrument found a responsive echo in the old bachelor's heart. Music awakens love, they say, and the work begun by the zither was completed by München's blue eyes. At the expiration of six months the niece had become an expert zither-player and the uncle was desperately in love. One morning, gathering his adopted family around him, he embraced them all very tenderly, promised to remember them in his will, and wound up by declaring his unalterable resolution to marry the blue-eyed München. After which he fell upon their necks and wept in silent rapture. The family also wept; but it was for another cause. Having paid this tribute to self interest they tried their best to rejoice, for the old gentleman was sincerely beloved. Not all of them rejoiced, though. Nicholas, who had equally felt himself heart-smitten by the pretty German maid, and who found himself at once defrauded of his belle and his uncle's money, neither rejoiced nor consoled himself, but disappeared for the whole day.

STARTING ON A LONG JOURNEY.

Meanwhile Mr. Izvertzof gave orders to prepare his traveling carriage for the following morning. It was whispered that he was going to the Government town at some distance from here, with the intention of altering his will, though very wealthy he had no superintendent

on his estate, but kept his books himself. The same evening, after supper, he was heard in his room scolding angrily at his body servant, who had been in his service for over thirty years. This man, Ivan, was a native of Northern Asia, from Kamchatka. Brought up by the family in the Christian religion, he was thought very much attached to his master. But when the tragic circumstances I am about to relate had brought all the police force to the spot, it was remembered that Ivan was drunk on that night; that his master, who had a horror of this vice, had paternally thrashed him and turned him out of the room; and that Ivan had been seen reeling out of the door and heard to mutter threats.

There was on the estate of the Izvertzofs a great cavern, which excited (and still excites) the curiosity of all who visited it. A pine forest, which began nearly at the garden gate, climbed by steep terraces a long range of rocky hills, which it covered with a belt of impenetrable verdure. The grotto leading to the place, which people called the "Cave of the Echoes," was situated about half a mile from the mansion, from which it appeared as a small excavation in the hillside, almost hidden by luxuriant plants. Still it was not so masked as to prevent any person entering it from being readily seen from the terrace of the house. Inside the grotto, the explorer finds at the rear of an ante-chamber a narrow cleft, having passed which he emerges into a lofty cavern, feebly lighted through fissures in a ceiling fifty feet high. The cavern itself is immense, capable of easily holding two or three thousand people. A part of it was, at the time of my story, paved with flags, and often used in the summer by picnic parties as a ball-room. Of an irregular oval shape, it gradually narrows into a broad corridor, which runs several miles underground, intercepted here and there by other chambers as large and lofty as the ball-room, but, unlike that, inaccessible except by boat, as they are full of water. These natural basins have the reputation of being unfathomable.

THE ECHOES.

On the margin of this of these was a small platform, with several mossy rustic seats arranged on it and it is from this spot that the phenomenal echoes were heard in all their weirdness. A word pronounced in a whisper or a sigh seemed caught up by endless, mocking voices, and instead of diminishing in volume, as honest echoes generally do, the sound grew louder at every successive repetition, until at last it burst forth like the report of a pistol shot, and receded in a plaintive wail down the corridor.

On the evening in question, Mr. Izvertzof had mentioned his intention of having a dancing party in the cave on his wedding day, which he had fixed for an early date. On the following morning, while preparing for his departure, he was seen by his family entering the grotto, accompanied only by the Siberian. Half an hour later Ivan returned to the mansion for a snuff-box which his master had forgotten in his room, and went back with it to the cave. An hour later the whole household was startled with his loud cries. Pale and dripping with water, Ivan rushed in like a madman and declared that Mr. Izvertzof was nowhere to be found in the grotto. Thinking he had fallen into one of the lakes, he had dived into the first basin in search of him, and got nearly drowned himself.

The day passed in vain attempts to find the body. The police filled the house, and louder than the rest in his despair seemed Nicholas, the nephew, who had returned home only in time to hear the sad tidings.

A dark suspicion fell upon Ivan, the Siberian. He had been struck by his master the night before, and had been heard to swear revenge. He had accompanied him alone to the cave, and when his room was searched a casket full of rich family jewelry, known to have been carefully kept in old Izvertzof's apartment, was found under Ivan's bedding. Vainly did the man call to witness that the casket had been handed to him in charge by his master himself; just before they proceeded to the cave; that it was the latter's purpose to have the jewelry reset, as he intended it for a wedding present for his bride, and that he, Ivan, would willingly give his own life to recall that of his benefactor, if he knew him to be dead. No heed was paid to him, however, and he was arrested upon the charge of foul murder, though no definite sentence could be passed on him, as, under the old Russian law, a criminal cannot be sentenced for any crime, however conclusive the evidence, unless he confesses his guilt; yet the poor man had the prospect of prison for the whole of his life, unless he did confess.

A MARRIAGE.

After a week spent in useless search the family arrayed themselves in deep mourning, and, as the will as originally drawn remained without a codicil, the whole of the estate passed into the hands of the nephew. The old teacher and his fair daughter bore this sudden reverse of fortune with true Germanic phlegm, and prepared to depart. Taking again his zither under one arm, the father was about to lead his München by the other, when the nephew stopped him by offering himself as groom instead of his departed uncle. The change was found an agreeable one, and, without much ado, the young couple were married.

Ten years roll away again, and we find the happy family at the beginning of 1855. The fair, blue-eyed München had become fat and vulgar. From the day of the old man's disappearance Nicholas has been morose and retired in his habits. Many wondered at the change in him, for now he was never seen to smile. It seemed as if his only aim in life, since the catastrophe, was to find out his uncle's murderer or rather to bring Ivan to confess his guilt. But the man still persisted that he was innocent.

An only son had been born to the young couple, and it was hoped that this would have brought a ray of sunshine to the father's heart. But it was such a weak and puny little creature that it seemed scarce able to catch its breath; and so, according to the Russian custom in such cases, the family priest was called to christen it the same evening, lest, dying, it might go to the place prepared for unbaptized infants by Christian theology. The family and servants were gathered at the ceremony in the large reception-room of the house, and the priest was about to dip the babe thrice in the water, when he was seen to stop abruptly, turn deadly pale, and stare into vacancy, while his hands shook so violently that he almost dropped the child into the baptismal font. At the same time, the nurse, who stood at the end of the first row of spectators, gave a wild shriek, and pointing in the direction of the library-room used by the old Izvertzof, ran away in terror. No one could understand the panic of these two personages, for, except them, no one had seen anything extraordinary.

Some had remarked the library door swing slowly open, but it must have been caused by the wind, which was now walling all through the old mansion. After the ceremony, the priest, corroborated by the hysterically sobbing maid, solemnly averred that he had seen, for one moment, the apparition of the deceased master upon the threshold of his library, then swiftly glide toward the font, and instantly disappear. Both witnesses described the spectre as having on its features an expression of menace. The priest, after crossing himself and muttering prayers, insisted that the wife's family should have masses said for the space of seven weeks for the repose of the "troubled soul."

It was a strange child, was this babe of Nicholas and München, and seemed to have an uncanny atmosphere about it. Small, delicate, and ever ailing, his frail life appeared to hang by a thread as he grew. When his features were in repose, his resemblance to his grand uncle was so striking that the members of the family often shrank from him in terror. It was the pale, shriveled face of a man of sixty upon the shoulders of a child of nine years. He was never seen to either laugh or play; but, perched in his high chair, gravely sat, folding his arms in a way peculiar to the late Izvertzof. He would remain so for hours, motionless and drowsy. His nurse was often seen furtively crossing herself, at night, upon approaching him; and not one of his attendants would consent to sleep alone with him in the nursery. His father's behavior toward him was still more strange. He seemed to love him passionately, and yet to hate him bitterly at moments. He never embraced or caressed the boy, but would pass long hours watching him, with livid cheek and staring eye, as he sat quietly in a corner, in his goblin-like, old-fashioned way. The child had never left the estate, and few outside the family knew him.

A MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER.

About the middle of July, a tall Hungarian traveler, preceded by a great reputation for eccentricity, wealth, and most extraordinary mesmeristic powers, arrived at P— from Kamchatka, where, as was rumored, he had resided for some time, surrounded by Shamans. He settled in the little town, with one of this sect, and was said to experiment in mesmerism on this North Siberian "sorcerer," as he was called by the inhabitants. He gave dinners and parties, and during such receptions, invariably exhibited his Shaman, of whom he felt very proud. One day, the notables of P— made an unexpected invasion of the domain of Nicholas Izvertzof, and requested of him the loan of his "Cave" for an evening entertainment. Nicholas consented with great reluctance, and with still greater hesitancy he was prevailed upon to join the party, among whom was my own relative.

The first cavern and the platform beside the bottomless lake glittered that evening with lights. Hundreds of flickering torches and lamps, stuck in the clefts of the rocks, illuminated the place, and drove the shadows from the mossy nooks and corners, where they had been undisturbed for many years. The stalactites on the walls sparkled brightly, and the sleeping echoes were suddenly awakened by a confusion of joyous laughter and conversation. The Shaman, who was never lost sight of by his friend and patron, sat in a corner, half entranced as usual. Crouched on a projecting rock, about midway between the entrance and the water, with his orange-yellow wrinkled face, flat nose, and thin beard, he looked more like an ugly stone idol than a human being. Many of the company pressed round him and received correct answers from the oracle to their questions, the Hungarian cheerfully submitting his mesmerized "subject" to cross examination.

A LOVING NEPHEW.

Suddenly one of the party, a lady, thoughtlessly remarked that it was in that very cave that old Mr. Izvertzof had so unaccountably disappeared ten years before. The foreigner appeared interested, and desired to learn more of the mysterious circumstances. Nicholas was sought in the crowd, and led before the eager group. He was the host, and he found it impossible to refuse the narrative demanded by a sympathizing guest. He repeated the sad tale in a trembling voice, with a pallid cheek, and a tear was seen to glitter in his feverish eye. The company were greatly affected, and encomiums upon the behavior of the loving nephew, who so honored the memory of his uncle and benefactor, freely circulated in sympathetic whispers. Suddenly the voice of Nicholas became choked, his eyes started from their sockets, and, with a suppressed groan, he staggered back. Every eye in the crowd followed with curiosity his haggard look, as it remained riveted upon a weakened little face that peeped from behind the back of the Shaman.

"Where do you come from? Who brought you here, child?" hisped out Nicholas, as pale as death itself.

"I was in bed, papa; this man came to me, and brought me here in his arms," simply answered the boy, pointing to the Shaman, beside whom he stood on the rock, and who, with his eyes closed, kept swaying himself to and fro like a living pendulum.

"That is very strange," remarked one of the guests; "why, the man has never moved from his place!"

"Good God! what an extraordinary resemblance!" muttered an old resident of the town, a friend of the dead man.

"You lie, boy!" fiercely exclaimed the father. "Return to your bed; this is no place for you."

"Come, come," interposed the Hungarian, with a strange expression of authority on his face, and encircling with his arm, as if in protection, the slender, childish figure. "The little fellow has seen my Shaman's 'double,' which roams sometimes far away from his body, and has mistaken the astral man for the outward phantom itself. Let the child remain with us awhile."

At these strange words the guests stared at each other in mute surprise, and some of them looked upon the speaker with real terror.

UNRAVELING THE MYSTERY AT LAST.

"By-the-by," continued the Hungarian, with a very peculiar firmness of accent, and addressing the public rather than any one in particular, "why should we not try to unravel the mystery hanging over that tragedy, with the help of the clairvoyant powers of my Shaman? Is the suspected party still lying in prison? . . . What?"

Not confessed till now? This is indeed strange. But now we will learn the truth in a few minutes. . . . My Shaman's second-sight, when properly directed, never errs. Let all keep silent!"

He then approached the Tehukchene, and

making as though drawing an imaginary circle with his hand around himself, the Shaman, and boy, immediately began his operations over the subject without so much as asking the consent of the master of the place. The latter stood rooted to the spot as if petrified with horror, and unable to articulate a sound. Except by him, the suggestion was met with general approbation, and the "Police-Master," Col. S—, was the first to approve the idea.

"Ladies and gentlemen," then said the mesmerizer in an amiable tone, "allow me for this once to proceed otherwise than as I generally do. I will employ the method of native magic. It is more appropriate to this wild place, and, I dare say, we will find it far more effective than our European mode of mesmerization."

Without waiting for an answer he drew from a bag that, as he explained, never left his person, first, a small drum, and then two little vials—one full of liquid, the other empty. With the contents of the former he sprinkled the Shaman, who fell to trembling and nodding more violently than ever. The air was filled with the perfumes of spicy odors, and the atmosphere itself seemed to become clearer. Then, to the horror of those present, he approached the Shaman, and taking a miniature, antiquated-looking knife from his bosom, quietly plunged the sharp steel into the man's forearm and drew blood from it, which he caught in the empty vial. When it was half filled he pressed the office of the wound with his thumb, and stopped the flow as easily as if he had corked a bottle; after which he sprinkled the blood over the little boy's head. He then suspended the drum from his neck, and with two ivory drumsticks which were covered with strange carved letters and signs, he began beating a sort of reveille—he said to drum up the Shaman's "spirits."

MAGICAL WONDERS.

The by-standers, half shocked and half terrified at these extraordinary proceedings, eagerly, yet half timidly, crowded around him, and for a few moments a dead silence reigned throughout the lofty cavern. Nicholas, with his face livid and corpse-like, stood speechless as before.

And now the mesmerizer magician had placed himself between the Shaman and the platform, and continued slowly drumming. The first notes were muffled, and vibrating so softly in the air that they awakened no echo; only the Shaman quickened still more his pendulum-like motion, and the child became restless. The mysterious drummer then began a low chant, slow, impressive and solemn.

As the unknown words issued from his lips the flames of the torches, lamps and candles wavered and flickered, until they began dancing in rhythm with the chant. A cold wind came wheeling from the dark corridors beyond the water, leaving a plaintive echo in its trail. Then a sort of nebulous vapor, which seemed to ooze from the rocky ground and walls, gathered about the Shaman and the boy. Around the latter the aura was silvery and transparent, but the cloud which enveloped the former was red and sinister. Approaching nearer the platform, the adept beat a louder call on his drum, and this time the echo caught it up with terrific effect. It reverberated near and far in incessant peals; one wall followed another, louder and louder, until the thundering roar seemed the chorus of a thousand demon voices rising from the fathomless depths of the dark lake. The water itself, whose tranquil surface, illuminated by many lights, had previously been smooth as a sheet of glass, became suddenly agitated, as if a powerful gust of wind had swept over its face.

Another chant and a roll of the drum, and the mountain trembled to its foundation with the cannon-like peals which rolled through the dark and distant corridors. The Shaman's body rose two yards in the air, and nodding and swaying, he sat, self-suspended, like a hideous apparition. But the transformation which now occurred in the boy chilled every one with fear as they speechlessly watched the scene. The silvery cloud about the child now seemed to lift him, too, into the air; but, unlike the Shaman, his feet never left the ground. The little boy began to grow as if the work of years was to be miraculously accomplished in a few seconds. He became tall and large, and his senile features grew older, in harmony with the body. A few more seconds and the youthful form had entirely disappeared: it was totally absorbed in another individuality! and, to the horror of those present who had been familiar with his appearance, this individuality was old Izvertzof!

THE PHANTOM.

On his left temple was a large, gaping wound, from which trickled great drops of blood. The phantom now moved directly in front of Nicholas, who, with his hair standing erect, gazed at his own son, transformed into his uncle, with the look of a raving madman. This sepulchral silence was broken by the Hungarian, who, addressing the child phantom, asked him in solemn voice: "In the name of Them who have all powers, answer the truth, and nothing but the truth. Restless soul, was thy body lost by accident, or foully murdered?"

The spectre's lips moved, but it was the echo from afar which answered in lugubrious shouts: "Murdered! murdered! murdered!"

"Where? How? By whom?" asked the adept.

The apparition pointed a finger at Nicholas, and, without removing its gaze or lowering its arm, retreated backward slowly toward the lake. At every step it took, the young Izvertzof, as if compelled by some irresistible fascination, advanced a step toward it, until the phantom reached the edge of the water, and the next moment was seen gliding on its surface. It was a fearful, ghastly scene!

When Nicholas had come to within two steps of the brink of the watery abyss, a violent convulsion ran through the frame of the guilty man. Flinging himself upon his knees, he clung to one of the rustic seats with a desperate clutch, and, staring wildly, uttered one long, piercing cry of agony, which rang through the ears of the crowd, but was unable to arouse even one of them from the lethargy into which they seemed all plunged. Like one in the clutches of a nightmare, they saw, heard, and remembered all, but were unable to stir a finger. The phantom now remained motionless on the water, and, bending its extended hand, slowly beckoned the assassin to come. Crouched in abject terror, the wretched man shrieked until the cavern rang again:

"Did not . . . I, did not murder you! . . ."

Then came a splash, and now there was the boy in the dark water, struggling for his life in the middle of the lake, with the same motionless, stern apparition brooding over him, from whose very substance the child seemed to have dropped out.

"Papa! papa! save me! . . . I am drown-

ing!" cried the piteous little voice amid the uproar of the echoes.

"My boy!" shrieked Nicholas in the accents of a maniac, springing to his feet, "my boy! save, oh, save him! . . . Yes, I confess—I am the murderer! . . . I killed him!"

"Killed . . . him . . . killed . . . killed!" repeated hundreds of echoes like peals of laughter from a legion of infuriated demons.

Another splash, and the phantom suddenly disappeared. With one cry of unutterable terror the company, released from the spell which had hitherto paralyzed them, rushed toward the platform to the rescue of both father and child. But their feet were rooted to the ground and as they beheld amid the swirling eddies a whitish, shapeless mass, an elongated mist, wrapping the murderer in tight embrace, and slowly sinking into the bottomless lake!

On the morning after these occurrences, when, after a sleepless night, some of the party went to the residence of the Hungarian gentleman, they found it closed and deserted. He and the Shaman had disappeared. To add to the general consternation, the Izvertzof mansion took fire on that same night, and was completely destroyed. The archbishop himself performed the ceremony of exorcism, but the locality is considered accursed to this day. The government investigated the facts, and—ordered silence.

And now a few words in conclusion. I hope that, whoever else may be disposed to question the possibility of an occurrence like the above, it will not be the intelligent Spiritualist. Not a feature in my narrative but finds in the records of mediumship its parallel. The apparition of the astral form like that of old Izvertzof at the baptism, is an every-day affair with clairvoyants. If the child was transformed into a man, in the sight of a crowd of people, so has a child-appearance been seen to emerge from Dr. Monck's side, and many children to step out of William Eddy's cabinet. If elongation of the body occurred in the boy's case, the same thing is alleged of various mediums. If a "spirit"—according to the accepted phraseology, an "astral man" as we term it—crowding out the undeveloped soul of the newly-born dual creature, took possession of his body, so have hundreds of other earth-bound souls obsessed the bodies of mediums. Interchange of "souls" has been noticed in living men unacquainted with each other, and even reading at opposite points of the globe. This may happen either from disease, which generally loosens the bonds between the astral and the physical man, or in consequence of some other occult condition. The levitation of the Shaman is no more a matter of wonder; and if his "double" wandered from his entranced body, so has the same phenomenon been often reported in Spiritualistic papers as happening under our own observation. This Russian episode but confirms what investigators of modern phenomena have experienced. In it, throughout a period of ten years, the whole plot is developed by a real disembodied "spirit." Earth bound, he burned for a just but fiendish revenge, the planning and execution of which constituted certainly an insurmountable impediment to the progress and purification of the troubled soul. The "Elementals" play no part in my story, except when thrown into violent perturbation by the sounds of the magical drum and the incantations of the adept. The action of these creatures was limited to the flickering of the flames, the disturbance of the water in the lake, and the intensification of the awakened echoes. The phenomena at P— were produced and controlled by an adept-psychologist, working for, with and through a disembodied soul, upon a deliberate plan for the accomplishment of a cruel vengeance, which, though charged to the account of the unhappy, restless astral man, yet accomplished the ends of the unerring law of Retribution in punishing the guilty and rescuing the innocent.

Let the Spiritualist who would pronounce magic an exploded superstition, compare the methods of the "magician" with those of the "circle." The latter derives its very name from the most common arrangement of the sitters, required by the "spirits" themselves. This is found philosophical and necessary by the Spiritualists. To ensure the formation of a circular magnetic current, the sitters are obliged to take hold of hands. Most generally the medium will complain of being affected if this magnetic chain is broken. Instances are known where instruments floating in the air have fallen upon the breaking of this current. The "magician" either draws with chalk a circle around the spot where the occult forces are to be concentrated to produce phenomena—as Baron Dupotet is known by all France to do—or forms one in thought, by will power; and this cannot be broken unless his will gives way. The rhythmic drum-beats of the "magician" and his incantations are but another and more perfected form of the singing and music-playing of modern circles. In a word, the modern séance could be and should be made a school of magic, or philosophical, controllable Spiritualism. *Verb. Sap.*

New York, 1878.

Verification of a Spirit Message.

ELIZA DAY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I have just seen Mrs. Day, mother of Eliza Day, of Port (not Fort, as printed), Dickinson, Brown Co., N. Y., whose communication (given through the mediumship of Mrs. Sarah A. Danekin, of Baltimore,) appeared in the Banner No. 6, Vol. 42, date Nov. 3, 1877, and she says the communication is correct and true in every particular. So characteristic is it that a sister of Eliza, a staunch Methodist living some distance away, at Athens, Pa., where Eliza formerly lived, wrote her mother about it, expressing much interest in the same, and affirming the perfect representation of Eliza's style and characteristics, and the marked accuracy and truthfulness of the message. The entire family, and all friends most familiar with her, attest the truthfulness and characteristic style of the message. It caused some comment and curiosity here among the "free thinkers," philosophers, and "Unconscious Cerebration" has another fact to digest and assimilate and dematerialize in the interest of scientific dogmatism and superstition. One positive fact outweighs a mountain of negations and assumptions.

Yours for the building of science on the stubborn foundation of facts. LYMAN C. HOWA.
Binghamton, N. Y., Nov. 16th, 1877.

WHAT WAS HE? OF Jesus in the Light of the Nineteenth Century. By William Denton. Pp. 228. W. L. Loomis (New Boston): The Author, Price, 8c.

The "light of the nineteenth century," in which the author studies Jesus of Nazareth, is the "new light" of Spiritualism. This light, supplemented with the "new light" of "psychometry," Mr. Denton proves (to his own satisfaction) that Jesus was a "medium" of considerable power—a clairvoyant, and a natural healer. In this capacity, however, he was hardly the equal of the "mediums" of a certain notorious "mediumistic bureau," whom he names, and whose "spiritualism" he "reproduces."—The Popular Science Monthly.

The railroad folks are not always "up" in the morning. For instance, they make a full stop at Orono, Mich.,—Lowell Courier.

Children's Department.

THE MASQUE OF THE MONTHS.

(BY AUSTIN DOBSON, IN GOOD WORDS.)

(Continued.)

The July thereafter, the eighth,

The August thereafter, the ninth,

The September thereafter, the tenth,

The October thereafter, the eleventh,

The November thereafter, the twelfth,

The December thereafter, the thirteenth,

The January thereafter, the fourteenth,

The February thereafter, the fifteenth,

The March thereafter, the sixteenth,

The April thereafter, the seventeenth,

The May thereafter, the eighteenth,

The June thereafter, the nineteenth,

The July thereafter, the twentieth,

The August thereafter, the twenty-first,

The September thereafter, the twenty-second,

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The November thereafter, the twenty-fourth,

The December thereafter, the twenty-fifth,

The January thereafter, the twenty-sixth,

The February thereafter, the twenty-seventh,

The March thereafter, the twenty-eighth,

The April thereafter, the twenty-ninth,

The May thereafter, the thirtieth,

The June thereafter, the thirty-first,

The July thereafter, the first of the year,

The August thereafter, the second of the year,

The September thereafter, the third of the year,

The October thereafter, the fourth of the year,

The November thereafter, the fifth of the year,

The December thereafter, the sixth of the year,

The January thereafter, the seventh of the year,

The February thereafter, the eighth of the year,

The March thereafter, the ninth of the year,

The April thereafter, the tenth of the year,

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The November thereafter, the fifteenth of the year,

The December thereafter, the sixteenth of the year,

The January thereafter, the seventeenth of the year,

The February thereafter, the eighteenth of the year,

The March thereafter, the nineteenth of the year,

The April thereafter, the twentieth of the year,

The May thereafter, the twenty-first of the year,

The June thereafter, the twenty-second of the year,

The July thereafter, the twenty-third of the year,

The August thereafter, the twenty-fourth of the year,

The September thereafter, the twenty-fifth of the year,

The October thereafter, the twenty-sixth of the year,

The November thereafter, the twenty-seventh of the year,

The December thereafter, the twenty-eighth of the year,

The January thereafter, the twenty-ninth of the year,

The February thereafter, the thirtieth of the year,

The March thereafter, the thirty-first of the year,

The April thereafter, the first of the year,

The May thereafter, the second of the year,

The June thereafter, the third of the year,

The July thereafter, the fourth of the year,

The August thereafter, the fifth of the year,

The September thereafter, the sixth of the year,

The October thereafter, the seventh of the year,

The November thereafter, the eighth of the year,

The December thereafter, the ninth of the year,

The January thereafter, the tenth of the year,

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pain and with the angels. Willie seemed to understand all he said perfectly, and was quite peaceful and happy.

"Yes," said he, "there is no pain nor sorrow there."

His little brothers then came in and kissed him for good-bye, and he kissed them, just as if he had been going away only for a few days. Then he said:

"I want all my books and toys given to poor children."

His voice was weak and broken from his long sickness and the soreness of his lungs, but it was perfectly clear and distinct, and he did not seem to be in the least afraid of what was going to happen. The angels who were with him came nearer to him, so that he felt they were there and was cheered by their presence. Pretty soon he could not speak at all, and his papa got a Bible and began to read to him that beautiful one hundred and third Psalm, about the mercy and loving kindness of God. Willie listened at first, but his hearing, too, was failing, and he soon evidently did not take in the meaning of the words. His papa put down the book and took his left hand, while the nurse held his right hand and his head, and said:

"Willie, if you feel sleepy, shut your eyes and go to sleep. You will soon wake again in heaven among the angels."

Willie shut his eyes, but his mamma asked him to give her one last look at the angels who were to do so. Then he closed them again, and his papa thought he was asleep. But the nurse called his name and he looked at her, showing that he was not yet quite gone. Then his breathing grew quicker and quicker. Suddenly he raised himself up, opened his eyes wide, and struggled for a moment as if to get one last breath. His heart gave a tremendous kick, sending a torrent of purple blood up into his face and neck, and Willie fell back and breathed no more. He was asleep in death.

The bright sunshine streamed into the room, and through the window, which had been opened to give Willie as much air as possible, came in a fresh, cool breeze. All around was hushed and quiet, for it was Sunday, and he had said, and the streets were still. Poor little Fred, sick Willie lay quietly on his bed and suffered no more pain. His earth-life, with all its trials and sorrows, was ended.

A few days after the body was placed in a coffin, and everybody who had known Willie came to his funeral. The parlors of the house were filled with plants and flowers, and quantities of wreaths covered the coffin. Friends were in, and then the body was laid away in its last resting place, and placed in a vault underground to crumble into dust.

But Willie, in the meanwhile, was beginning his second life—his life in heaven—and you shall hear what happened to him there.

(Continued in our next.)

WILLIE'S TWO LIVES.

(Some two years since there appeared in the columns of the Banner of Light a story concerning a child named Willie, who had been afflicted with a very serious illness, and who had been cured by the use of the Spiritualist's power. The story was so interesting, and the cure was so complete, that many of our readers had been desirous to know more of the particulars of the case. We are now able to give you a full and complete account of the same, as it was given to us by the Spiritualist who cured Willie, and who is now residing in the city of New York.)

I.—HIS EARTH-LIFE—CONTINUED.

After Willie had lived about two years in this way, and was nine and a half years old, his health became much worse. He could not get up out of bed at all, he felt so sick and weak. The doctor came and gave him medicine, but it did him no good. He coughed, and it was so hard for him to breathe that he had to be propped up by pillows, as if he were sitting in a chair, to sleep. The disorder of his heart had spread to his lungs, so that every time he drew his breath it hurt him like little pin-pricks. All the rest of the wonderful machinery inside his body became affected, too, and he had constant pain in his limbs. He grew sicker and sicker, and although at one time it seemed as though he were getting better, he soon got worse again.

This had sickness had lasted about two weeks, when Willie was brought down in his papa's arms from the nursery, where he had slept ever since he was a baby, into a cheerful, pleasant room on the sunny side of the house. As his old nurse and his mamma were both quite worn out with watching him, another nurse was sent for to help them. He loved her right away, as if he had known her all his life. She knew how to do many little things which made him more comfortable than he had been. She rubbed his poor, sore limbs and body with her soft, warm hand, to take away the pain in them, fanned him to make his breathing easier, and arranged his pillows in the pleasantest possible way. She taught him how to hold his head, and how to sit up, and even his brother Fred had a very good way with him and loved Willie dearly. Learned to rub him and to fan him, and Willie liked very much to have him do that, which pleased Fred greatly. In spite of all that was done for him, however, Willie suffered a great deal. His cough was very troublesome, and he could only sleep five minutes at a time. It was pitiful to see his poor, thin face, and neck as he rolled his head from one side to the other on his pillow, trying to find an easy position. His papa would go in to see him, but Willie was in so much pain that he could only look at him without speaking. All night long his cough was heard, and the sound of it went to his papa's and mamma's heart as if a knife had pierced them. Children do not know how badly their parents feel when they are sick and suffer pain. He loved her right away, as if he had known her all his life. She knew how to do many little things which made him more comfortable than he had been. She rubbed his poor, sore limbs and body with her soft, warm hand, to take away the pain in them, fanned him to make his breathing easier, and arranged his pillows in the pleasantest possible way. 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Spiritualist Meetings in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gales Forster intend leaving London soon for Paris.

There will be a test circle in the morning, assisted by Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Bagley, and other well known mediums.

In the afternoon a conference meeting will be held; Dr. H. B. Storer, Dr. Richardson, I. P. Greenleaf, Henry C. Lull, E. Gerry Brown

Free labor gives us wealth, and free thought will give us truth.—*Ingersoll*.

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 gratefully received by Rev. Dr. Randolph, through the
 medium of Mrs. Frances C. McLaughlin and Mrs. Lucretia
 Hutchinson, of California.
 As the copies of this work sent us are sold solely for the
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✍ Do not fail to peruse Dr. Ditson's very able and interesting review of the foreign spiritualistic monthlies with which we exchange.

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Message Department.

The spirit messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. JENNIE S. RUDD, are reported, explained and published each week in this department.

We are glad to see the reports of spirit messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free Meetings.

These messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth life, and that they are not so much changed by the passage from the earth to the spirit world, as is generally supposed.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his own reason. All expressions must be true as they perceive, no more.

The Banner of Light Free-Spirit Meetings.

At 8 o'clock, N. Y. Monday, every place (second story), corner of Broadway Street, every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 8 o'clock, N. Y. The meetings are held at the Banner of Light Public Free Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. JENNIE S. RUDD, are reported, explained and published each week in this department.

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We do the venerable editor of the Investigator, and having known him some time, while we were in the earth, and of the advantages which had been given him from time to time, we do not expect to make him comprehend anything in regard to the spiritual. That which his own spirit does not comprehend outwardly he will not understand, or, if he understands, he will not own to the fact.

Q.—Can impressions made on the mind by the medium be transmitted to the child?

A.—Most assuredly, Mr. Chairman, I believe, as a physician, that impressions made upon the mother's mind for the first seven months before the child is born have far more to do with molding its character, with giving it a distinct force, than all the teachings for the next seven years after it is born. We dare not open our book on this subject; it would take us too long were we to speak on it as long as would be necessary to explain it. We can only say yes.

Q.—[By Dr. Hartman.] Is every human soul immortal, as asserted by the majority of Spiritualists, or do degraded and immoral spirits "go out as a candle does," as Madame Blavatsky and Hudson Tuttle assert?

A.—Remember that we only give our experience, our opinion. We have no desire to clash with Madame Blavatsky, or Hudson Tuttle, or any other individual medium. We have never seen anything so degraded yet in the form of a human being that did not have a life principle and spirituality therein. True, there are spirits that seem almost, as it were, to go out; so little of them is left that you can hardly recognize them as human beings; yet there is a spark there, there is a life principle which comes to itself, even if ages go by before the time is reached. No; we know of no human being so totally degraded, we know of nothing so truly low that there is no life eternal for it. This is our opinion. You can take it as such, letting others say what they please; your own good common sense must be the bearing which will show you the way across the sand bars to the shore of life. Recollect here, again, never receive anything which falls from the lips through which we talk, unless it accords with your reason. Never feel that we are the beginning and the end; we are only humble workers in the field of spiritual life.

Q.—[By Edgar M. Sellon.] Do Spiritualists believe in any God or Creator outside of the unknown laws of Nature?

A.—It would be a hard thing to tell what Spiritualists generally believe, for each one has a creed for himself, a Bible for himself. They are individualized and individualized. So far as we spirits are concerned, we know of no personal being, but we do understand that there is an Overruling Power which guides and directs all things. You may call it God, Nature, the Supreme Control, Jehovah, or whatever you will.

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burg, Penn., called and sends word to his friends that if they ever wish to hear from him they have got to call upon some medium competent to allow him to control, and they will then hear very much that will be of benefit to them—especially my wife, my children, and my brothers. Dec. 13.

Helen Shaw.

Mr. Chairman, again I return to ask your sympathy and your attention. I am sorry to call upon you again, but I wish my friends to understand that Helen Shaw returns to earth and wishes very much indeed to speak to some friends of hers. If they will allow me to speak to them it will give me infinite pleasure. I shall realize and understand more than I ever have before. I can warn them of some difficulties. I passed out from earth by my own hand. I have been here once before. I presume you will not blame me, but I felt a little hesitancy about intruding, yet I felt that I must come again. Dec. 13.

Nancy Remington.

I wish you would say that Nancy Remington has called here. Do you take snuff? (No.) Then I won't say anything about it. I want to tell my sister Caroline that I know all about it. I know what to make me shake so. Tell her William is here, and Stephen, and father, and mother, and Lydia, and Isaac. Tell her Sam has come lately. Tell her I feel better than I did. I am glad I got out. Although they did all they could for me, they were glad, some of 'em, when I was gone. Tell 'em Luke is here, too. They wanted me to come. I've done the best I could. Tell 'em I've got a good home. I am happily situated. I haven't got to beg from anybody. Tell Lydia she'll have something more long that'll make her feel as if she'd like to have some spirit come and talk to her. I tell you no matter how much money you've got, or anything else, you've got to be yourself, and you've got to do the best you can, or else 'tain't no use. I'm sorry about Eben. I can't help him. Nancy must take care of herself; so must Stephen. Direct my letter to Canton, Mass. Dec. 13.

Sarah A. Gunnison.

Sarah A. Gunnison. I left this life in Worcester, Mass. I have been gone a little more than two years; I think it will be three years next February since I went away. I was something over thirty-six years old. It would please me very much to hear from my friends and to talk with them. I have very much to tell you. As I come back here I cannot remember names and dates as I wish I could, but I'll try to do the best I can. Will you understand, dear friends—will you know that it is I? Will you call for me somewhere where I can make myself manifest more acceptably? Dec. 14.

Joel D. House.

I wish you would say that Joel D. House, of Jofferson City, came here to Boston, quite a long distance, and wishes to send word to friends of his who live in Little Rock, Arkansas, that he is doing the best he can; that it has been a hard struggle to untangle the yarns; to get all made right. Please say to James T. M., if he will use him to try to make harmony in his family, for he never will do it. The only way for him is to bust up and go ahead and take care of himself. I've come here for this purpose, to tell him that Lydia will never be harmonious with him, they can never have anything in common. The best that he can do is just to allow her the liberty of her life and let her go, and then go on his own way.

George E. D. King.

My name is George E. D. King. I was a native of Philadelphia, and lived there until I was sixteen years old, and then I took leave of my home and started on a tour of investigation. I sailed east and I sailed west, and at last I came back to America. Then I went to Canada and did the best I could at trading. I came here with the gentleman from Vancouver's Island. He was engaged in fur trading, so was I. I went out rather suddenly. I had the misfortune to take an article which I supposed was a simple article of medicine, when it was a subtle poison; it took hold of me, and I went out very suddenly. Nobody knew what the matter was with me; they called it heart disease, generally—some called it paralysis. It was simply a mistake, that was all. I desire to be as brief as possible, to say to my friends that I still live. If they've got any fur to sell, I shall be happy to buy them and do all I can to sell them again. My old friend who came here with me will assist me all in his power. Dec. 14.

Mary Elizabeth Upton.

I am seven years old. My name is Mary Elizabeth Upton. I can't remember the street where I lived. I lived in New York City. I've got a mamma and papa there, and I've got an Aunt Anne and an Uncle John. I can't think where she lives; I guess it's Troy. I've got a cousin Addie; she lives close by in Brooklyn. I can't go home, so I thought I'd like to come here and tell my story. I went away with a kind of a sore throat. It hurt awfully, just like having needles in my throat. I couldn't swallow, and they put something down that hurt fearfully, it seemed as though it took the skin off, and it didn't do me a bit of good. I had to come up here. Father and mother and my little brother and sister all felt bad, but I had to go. The first thing I knew I saw myself in a box with flowers all around me. My lips were black, and I didn't look pretty a bit. Then there was a man come and talked a good deal, and they all cried, and I couldn't help laughing to think they were making such a fuss when I was right there. I tried to tell them, but they wouldn't hear me. I believed, but I don't know why. Why couldn't they hear me then? What makes you hear me now? [Because you now have a medium's voice to use.] I know I've got a woman here, and that that ain't me. I'm awful old now, ain't I? I don't believe I'd like to come back here and stay, and be an old woman. Dec. 14.

William C. Sylvester.

Please say I am William C. Sylvester. I desire to reach friends of mine in Boston and in the vicinity of Boston. I went out rather suddenly. I suppose with heart disease. I've hardly got my wits about me yet. I've been gone something more than a year. I called here because I heard this was a place where I could get help. [Yes.] I'm glad there's one free place God's footstool. I haven't found any other in the world that was free. Well, all I've got to say is, Give my love to my friends, and ask them if there's any place where they can let me report. I should be very glad to talk to them; to my children, to my brother, to friends in general that know me. That's all I've got to say. Dec. 14.

Charlotte B. M.

Won't you please say that an old lady called here who is eighty-one years old. She wants very much indeed to talk with her friends. She is very much surprised to find that she can still have a life and a feeling and a hope to live on from year to

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Spiritualism Abroad.

REVIEW OF OUR FOREIGN MONTHLY SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

SOUTH AMERICA.

I have in hand five numbers of a new periodical published in Buenos Ayres, bearing the name of *Contadencia*. It dates from the 18th of November to the 30th of December. Taking a general view of it, looking over its contents, I think I can safely say that very few of our periodicals have a fairer chance of being acceptable to the public or doing a greater amount of good. It certainly has for its contributors not only such as can write about the "unknown God," but those who are well read, as we say, in spiritualistic literature. In the several numbers before me are extracts from the valuable work of M. Chagnon—than which few have done more to place our faith on a scientific basis; from the life of D. D. Home, the Davenport in New Zealand, from such notices as have appeared in the *Banner of Light* respecting Mr. Slade in Belgium, Mr. Foster in various places in the United States, Mr. Mansfield, and Mr. D. C. Dake.

Among the interesting articles which I am enabled to condense to suit my space here are the following: A German family, composed of husband, wife and children, residing in Buenos Ayres, when leaving the fatherland bore away a saddening prophecy which in time was verified: "I shall not live long," said the mother to the daughter-in-law, "and you will know at once of my departure." The great distance that was to be placed between them seemed to render this impossible, but she added: "At the moment of my death that portrait of myself, which you will keep, will fall from the wall." The warning words had nearly been forgotten, when the daughter-in-law, sitting with one of her children in the room where the portrait hung, was startled by a crash, and, turning, saw that the aforesaid portrait had indeed fallen to the floor and been smashed in pieces. A thrill of dismay passed over them as they realized the words of their far-off relative, for they felt that the prediction perhaps had been realized. Letters from Hamburg soon brought the sad news of the announcement of the lady's death, and that she actually died not only in the day but in the very hour in which the portrait had fallen.

Among the moral and philosophical maxims of various spirits occur the following: From Mme. Victor Hugo: "The perfume which exhales from every good sentiment is a constant prayer that rises up to God, and all good acts are acts of thanks which we give to the Eternal One." From Mme. Daubant: "A sacrifice made from gratitude is an impulse of the heart, a sacrifice from love is an impulse of the soul."

"Materialism and Spiritualism," which seem to be ably discussed in *La Contadencia*, cover too much ground to be further noted at present; but "Spiritualism in Buenos Ayres" is an article little briefly quoted from: "As little by little the vapors which the earth exhales rise into the atmosphere, so in silence, in a mysterious way, those acquainted with the practical features of this science dispersed all among their families and friends. Rallies fell upon those who had the boldness to defend it publicly; but there arrived a medium for physical manifestations and materialization, St. Don Camillo Bredif, and a new energy spread throughout the country, new mediums with notable facilities arose, adding spiritual assemblies that were held everywhere. Thank God who has permitted conversion in a sympathetic centre, by this holy doctrine, that which heretofore was refractory. Still there is much to be done with pride, the lack of charity, egotism, hardness of heart." Quoting from Victor Hugo, as found in this magazine: "They say that the soul is but the resultant of corporeal forces. If it were so that my soul is more lucid and active when my corporeal forces begin to fail? Winter is on my head, in my heart an eternal spring. 'The nearer I approach my end, the clearer I hear the immortal symphonies of the worlds which draw me hence.' (A part of this I may have once before translated from another periodical.) Several more numbers of this attractive publication claim attention, but I must lay them aside for the present.

Revista Espiritista of Montevideo (November, December and January numbers, which I can but briefly notice,) has thirty six pages of important matter, such as "Disquisitions" by the "Angel Guardian" and the "Guide," and by Don J. de España; also from the pen of the distinguished poetess Amalia Domingo y Soler, views of "The End which we Seek." "Desire is power," say the Spaniards. In this there is more power than we are apt to imagine, and in a moral sense a force that has hardly any limits. In treating of "Obsession," the lady says that many Spiritualists think that it consists in a demon taking possession of and making one write and do a thousand little things against one's better light; but the danger rather lies in the hidden influences, the secret snares in which we may be caught as by a wolf from his lair. Spiritualism tends to dissipate the half-tints and demonstrate where the shadow is, and where the light; it has no need of great men, but it must have good men. Many can write good books, pronounce good discourses, but when they enter their homes are apples of discord. Virtue has but one road, etc., etc. The closing article of the *Revista* is a just tribute to the memory of the late Cardinal Ruffini, whose goodness and charity were almost limitless. During the cholera of 1854, in Naples, though deemed contagious, he passed from house to house, among the most miserable, giving comfort, medicine, money. When his means were exhausted he called upon one of the wealthiest nobles of the city, and asked for fifty thousand francs (\$10,000). He was refused. I will call then on a Jew, he said, and went to the Rothschilds, and received it without any conditions for its return.

MEXICO.

The really grand *Ilustracion Espiritista*, February number, has come with its accustomed regularity, bearing its rich burden of good things. Don Juan Cordero contributes the first article, "Infallibility." This is followed by an interesting extract from a Belgian paper, "To the Incredible," and this by "Conjunctio" from the pen of Don M. Cruz on Catholic rites, dogmas, &c.; this again by two lengthy articles of much value on evidences from "Beyond the Tomb," scientific and otherwise, by Sns. F. Court and Godin, the latter a member of the National Assembly of 1871-3. No effort of mine, short of an entire translation, could do these several contributions justice. From the minor articles of this journal I will take the following:

"The Abbot Durand, professor in the Catholic University, has written a book entitled 'Spiritualism,' in which he recognizes the reality of the phenomena of our faith, but attributes them to the Devil." With the title of "The Restorer of the Nineteenth Century," the prosbyter, E. Ramon Alsina, has published a work in which he devotes several pages to Spiritualism, combating it; but it would be better, says the critic, if he turned upon himself and fought his own errors and corrected his grammar. Here it is also stated that the Rev. Dr. Richard, Catholic bishop of Grahamstown, Africa, has recently delivered some violent sermons against Spiritualism. The *Ilustracion* publishes from a German paper an article written some time since for the *Banner of Light* by Mr. Hazard, concerning the satanic attempt once made by Christians (?) to bribe Mrs. Wilson, of New York. It also announces that our *contredans* in Puerto Rico are much persecuted by the ultra-montanists, and that Miss Kisslingbury, on her return to England from the United States, had expressed herself as having many grateful remembrances of kindnesses shown her there, and as having met with many and very sincere Spiritualists.

La Ley de Amor, of Yucatan. Three numbers of this enterprising little periodical are at hand, the last dating Jan. 30th. It closes the year by an expression of satisfaction that its affairs are as prosperous as ever. One of its leading and most praiseworthy features has been its constant appeal for schools for the education of the young; and in its New Year issue it has another able effort in that direction. After stating very succinctly what changes had occurred in its favor and how wrought, it says: "Such has been the light which surrounds the truths of Spiritualism that its most ardent detractors have come gradually to accept it."

FRANCE.

The February number of the *Revue Spirite*, Paris, has forty pages of inviting matter. Though not pertaining to Spiritualism, an account of the Institution at Guse, by M. Lymarie, is particularly attractive. Harper's Monthly some years since contained an illustrated article upon the same subject. It is a kind of cooperative establishment of the most perfect and successful character, and worthy of imitation, worthy of careful study.

Under the head of "A Regret and an Objection to the Address of M. Faurely" occurs, in brief, the following: "The brother of my husband, you are aware, resided with us," says a very good, pious woman, of Chaumont, Mme. Umo, of Jewish extraction. He was of an excellent disposition, wise in council, but considered eccentric. One morning he arose earlier than usual, came to us, and with a very sad expression and without any preface said: "They have announced to me some bad news: our sister-in-law in Marseilles died last night. My husband and myself regarded each other with a look which said: 'Decidedly he has lost his reason.' The next day we received a letter bearing the Marseilles post-mark, which informed us that our relative had departed this life just as had been told us by our brother-in-law. And this was not the only time he had been enabled thus to foreknow, as it were, events of this nature: on two other occasions he had announced in the same fashion the death of other relatives of the family."

"The First Cause is not Defined," an able article by C. L., a civil engineer; a characteristic letter by M. Thiers; the "Music of Spirits"; "Ghost Land"; the "Advantages of Typology," and "Meditations," are the other articles in this number of the magazine, which I can here only name.

The visions of the medium Amélie, recounted in the *Revue*, become more and more effective. One day the spirits whispered in her ear, "We are going to show you a singular sight." Presently there arose before her a luminous cloud, which soon assumed the figure of a man; but as he partially concealed his face, which had evidently been disfigured by a frightful sore, she was ready to scream with fear. She however described his general appearance and age, and said that he directed himself toward a Mr. V., whom he enveloped with a white fluid. Mr. V. felt indeed a pressure over his whole body. He divined who the figure was and was quite certain of it when his hand was taken and pressed in a peculiar way. It was his father, who for ten years had been practised upon by the physicians of Paris. The medium then gave a cry of joy, for the visitor from the other world had passed his hand over his face and transformed it into one much more youthful, smiling at the sight he had caused the young lady. The spirits had also promised to bring flowers for a new year's offering, but they concluded to make the gift in anticipation (Dec. 23th) in honor of three ladies present, who were strangers. Primroses came, fresh and moist.

The *Revue* notifies us that the *Chercheur* and the *Guide* of Belgium have been united, and are to appear henceforth on the first of each month as the *Revue belge du Spiritisme*. Its articles will be classed under three divisions: Spiritualism, Magnetism, and general Philosophy. Among the distinguished dead which the *Revue* chronicles as eminent Spiritualists are Mme. Méline Contancan, an authoress; at Verrière, a noted patriot and writer, M. Eugene Bolmida, and Mme. Mounier, of Valenciennes; at Rouen, on the "day of all souls," the Spiritualists gathered at the graves of two of their former highly esteemed co-religionists, Mlle. Lieutaud and M. Guilbert, where Mr. Blot, President of the Society of Spiritualists, pronounced a discourse.

Mr. E. Rossi de Justiniani, of Smyrna, Asia Minor, has just published a brochure of much merit called the "Demon of Socrates." Mme. Van Calcar, is to edit a new spiritualistic magazine at the Hague, to be called the *Op de Grenzen van twee Werelden*. New works also highly praised are *Les Dignes Nouveaux*, by Eugene Nus; *L'ingé Conscience*, by M. Marchal; *La Vision du Prophète*, by Mikael; and in German language, *Des Kierikalismus, Unfehlbare, Ueberwinden*, which has for its object the refutation of all the errors spread abroad respecting Spiritualism.

NELOUIM.

Le Messager, of Liege, three numbers of which, including that of the 15th of February, have come to hand, has several valuable articles on the "Congress of Gaud," on the "Union of Souls," "Catholicism Before the Time of Christ," "Correspondents," &c. The author of the first named of these contributions says that on the day when he came to Liege to see Mr. Slade he met with a Doctor, a Burgomaster of Spa, and in conversation got him interested in the slate-writing phenomenon. The Burgomaster went to see Mr. Slade and obtained writings in Greek, French and English on a slate which he himself had cleaned, and which he knew had not been exchanged or tam-

pered with by the medium. He keeps the slate as *pièces de conviction*.

Intolerance in Switzerland and the ignorance of some of its officials, is well illustrated by a letter, over the signature of M. H. Huot, written some time since, and to the effect that a party having gathered in their room at an inn in the Canton de Valais, were astonished at the entrance of a couple of *gendarmes*, who, without removing their hats, prohibited the turning of the table, around which they were seated, under penalty of two years imprisonment.

The *Messenger* quotes the following from an American paper. Mme. Lagrange was about to depart from New York for Boston by steamer, after having discussed with her husband the easiest method of going, that is, by rail or by boat. When it had been decided upon, the singer's daughter, ten years of age, began to cry and beg of her mother not to go by water, for in a dream the preceding night she had seen the steamer in collision with another, and afterward sinking. To relieve her daughter's grief she promised to go by rail. The next day the Count de Stankovi, walking the streets of Boston, suddenly returned home and announced with great emotion that the predicted collision had taken place, and that thirty of the passengers had been drowned.

SPAIN.

One of the most welcome of foreign periodicals is *El Criterio Espiritista*, of Madrid. It begins its new, its tenth year, with an address to "Our Brethren," in which occur these words in reference to our faith: "We are under obligations to record the immense progress which it has daily made." A pleasing salutation to Donna Amalia Domingo and Don E. Martinez; a scientific article on the new registering telephone, and "Celebrated Spiritualists," make the leading features of the present number. In the last named are mentioned Archbishop Whately, Prof. De Morgan, Elliotson, S. C. Hall, William and Mary Howitt, Mr. Crookes, Wallace, and a number of others distinguished alike in science and literature. Under the head of "Forms Spiritually Materialized," occurs an account of the wonderful manifestations recorded by Rev. Dr. Colley and others through the mediumship of Rev. Dr. Monck.

El Buen Sentido, of Lerida, has published an opportune and rational review of an inaugural oration before the Madrid Athenaeum, by St. Moreno Nieto, refuting his arguments. "La Cruz Religiosa," or, The Discourse of Sr. M. Nieto, is the heading under which the article appears.

ITALY.

Annali Dello Spiritismo, of Turin, with this number, enters upon its fifteenth year. Its opening pages are occupied with Sr. D. N. Filaret's able contribution, which considers "The Natural," "The Supernatural," and "Negations *a priori*," involving Mr. Renan's views, etc. "Indeed who can perform a miracle?" says a quoted paragraph. "From said theology comes forth a God and a devil: the first to illuminate, the second to deceive us. But by what sign are we to know the one from the other? Perhaps from their nature? Impossible, for every miracle is a miracle, or to say, made of the supernatural, which is of an identical nature. Perhaps from their effects? But no." Here follow able elaborate arguments to which I cannot do justice. "Signs of the Times," a letter from Victor Hugo, and an article from Sr. F. Clavarez, make up the more important features that remain of this number, except perhaps "A Convincing Proof"—an account written from Florence of a séance held at the palace of Baron Michele Guitera de Bozzi, where certain things were hidden and returned by the spirits in a manner altogether convincing to the experimenters. Among the book notices of the *Annali* is one on "Practical Spiritualism" by the above named Baron de Bozzi; "Animal Magnetism," by Dr. Gregory, and the "Spiritual Almanach." Here also it is stated that a new society of Spiritualists has been formed at Porto Plata, in St. Domingo; and another at Nance called the *Société Nantaise*; that Mrs. Dutton is in California; that Miss Fowler, Mr. Foster and Caswell are at work at various points; that Miss Cook has been holding sances in Manchester, and Mr. Slade in Copenhagen.

The *Dagbladet*, Mr. Thane's little Scandinavian paper, has again made its appearance after several months of suspension. It is published at Becker, Minn., at \$1.00 a year. An American Inquisition, is its chief article. Have we not it, in a moral sense?

New Publications.

THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON magazine for March, published at Springfield, Mass., has the following among its table of contents: "The Crew of the *Saint Weller*," 111; "Science and the Exodus, I.," "Frost Bound," "Jeri-do Jim," "Tom's Heavens," VII, VIII, IX; "The Faintest of the Antares," "Some European Churches," "Theology and Beer," "Maud Pomeroy's Ambition," "Labor and Capital," "Editor's Table," etc., etc.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE for March—issued at the publishing house of Mr. L., 337 Pearl street, New York, and conducted by C. F. Deems, D. D.—is received. Its pages are, as usual, rich in pictorial design, and contain much matter of general interest to readers everywhere, as well as articles which appeal to the taste of persons within the church. A frontispiece of the child-king of Israel, Josiah, opens the array of good things; a series of striking engravings illustrative of the life-experience of Jesus, the martyr martyr, a full page likeness of Alexander, the Russian Czar, one of the late Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, and other well-executed portraits with story and poem, sketch and excerpt, in making an interesting number.

THE BIBLE DOCTRINE OF THE SOUL, or, Man's Nature and Destiny, as Revealed. By Charles L. Fisk, M. D., late Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine in Yale College. This is a strong and learned effort on the part of the author to show from the Scriptures that the wicked are to die eternally; that "death means death, the loss of existence, as the threatened punishment; that life means life as the promised reward." He holds that the Christian public has gone astray on this subject from the first, by not rightly conceiving the biblical revelation made of the soul. The extinction of the wicked is the theme of the book; and it will prove instructive and entertaining to see how the author has proceeded to establish his belief with his argument. It is, at any rate, a book of originality and power.

BEYOND THE VEIL, a posthumous work of P. B. Ranney, a Unitarian minister, and others, through the medium of Francis H. Montgomery and Louis Hutchinson. Published by D. M. Bennett, of New York. This book is wholly characteristic of the one who dictated it, and is a most impressive manner. His picture of experience in the other world are vivid in the extreme, and betray the spirit released that could express itself so glowingly in the form. It is a book of spirit romance made reality. For sale at the *Banner of Light* Bookstore.

ATRICULAR CONFESION AND POETRY NENNERIES, by Wm. Hazen, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, for twenty-five years a Confessing Priest, is the revised edition of a book of revelations on priestly habits in the Romish Church, whose first hasty perusal will sufficiently excite the thoughts of the reader. The object of it is to put the people on their guard against the practices alleged to be a part of the confessional and the sundry. Published by D. M. Bennett.

KATHLEEN, by Mrs. F. H. Burnett, author of "The," "That Lass of Lowrie's," etc., is one of the popular Irish tales, covered stories of society and the time which has been widely read and much admired. It is a lively production. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

"Man suffers," says a French author, "because he belongs to two worlds, the finite and the infinite, and the claims of each pull in opposite directions." Correct.

When mischief is afoot it is just as well to ride horseback.

The cremation of the dead on battle-fields is strongly advocated by Mr. William Easie in an address to a sanitary congress in England. He is confident that by means of portable crematories he could reduce to ashes 10,000 bodies in as many minutes of time. Intemperance of bodies by thousands must of necessity pollute the springs and contaminate the air.

Wilson Flegg comes to the front with the following neat tribute to J. G. Whittier:

"The *Harvard*, as ancient authors write, Would compass earth to make one proselyte; 'O'er-taker' hard, with no sectarian will, Has turned his whole wide country into Friends!"

Is what you are, this is the first step toward becoming better than you are.—J. G. Hirst.

A farming exchange informs us: "How to tell bad eggs. When an egg is laid, a man doesn't want to tell it anything—he wants to get right away from it."

The exposure of dishonesty in this country has kept pace with the development of the press. This is the glorious office of our newspapers.—R. C. Joseph Cook.

A man may forget his business, his family, and all the sacred obligations of life; but he always remembers where he got that counterfeit bill.

THE ROBIN.

The robin sings in the tall old tree, And listen here below: But the song is naught but *Greek* to me, For his words I may not know; For all of man's wisdom may not tell The words that the robin slugs; Though we list with joy to the notes that swell From their throats in the beautiful spring!

MILTON H. MARBLE.

The famine in China continues to be unabated as to its fearful ravages.

War has again broken out in Cuba, and the small-pox also appears there as a reinforcement to the other agencies of destruction.

There is a student at the Haver College Theological Seminary who has written a book on the subject of the "Mystery of the Holy Spirit."—Boston Herald.

The steamer *Magenta*, running on the Hudson river between New York and Haverstraw, burst her steam chimney on her down trip Saturday morning, March 24, instantly killing Albert Kneel, and a man named Wright, of Sing Sing, and badly scalding seventeen others, several of whom have since died.

CHEROKEE SONG.

"The following is as literal a translation of a Cherokee song into English as can be made. We have shown it to our critics, and they say that for a translation it will do well enough, not much being expected of translations."—Editor Cherokee Advocate, Talequah, Indian Territory.

SONG.
Sit we down beside this brook,
And listen here below:
We will on the prospect look,
Far and high, far and high,
Flowers are blooming, spring is here
For my love, for my love;
See from out yon blue sky clear
Two stars above, two stars above,
Now they shine a beauteous host,
To our view, to our view,
The distance is not too far,
Of those two, of those two,
So from loving hearts shall spring
Joy that last, joy that last,
As each flying year takes wing
To join the past, to join the past.

In her evil doing Catherine de Medici did not forget her own sex. She is said to have invented the corset, and introduced it into Italy.

NEWS FROM THE EAST.—England having taken the position that she "must adhere to the demand that the entire treaty of San Stefano be submitted to the Congress," in other words, that Congress must be empowered to make a treaty to itself, and Russia having peremptorily refused to acknowledge the right so to do, the holding of this proposed pacific meeting is considered to be very doubtful, while an armed collision between Great Britain and the followers of the Czar grows daily more imminent—at least as viewed by the general mind. Servians have resolved to occupy all the territory conquered from Turkey, in order to nullify the Congress (if ever held) shall act on the treaty, with which they are dissatisfied. The Turks have been committing the most frightful atrocities among the captured Thesalonian villages, and a British man-of-war has been despatched to lay siege to the matter.

With roses, lilies, and the fragrant
Love filled our hands, and from the grapes that hung
Above his garden, quick with scent and song,
He pressed us sweet and sleeping with his wings,
And melody, intense, remote, divine,
Flooded from his own harp, and he was singing:
And when some faded, so many sweets among,
And every passion threatened to decline,
He plucked for us the sharp and bitter briar,
Wherever our aching brows he garlanded,
And made a sudden discord with his lyre:
Then in his cruel cheeks his lips grew red,
And pain was swiftly converted to desire:
"For thus my bitter tears to sweeten Love said,
Slaves I, I suffer, for I love for a friend."

"The girls of our day are very badly educated," said one of the members of a committee on education to the Bishop of Gloucester. "That cannot be denied," retorted his lordship. "However, there is one consolation, the boys will never find it out."

Hydrophobia can be prevented. The following is cited as an infallible remedy. If properly administered, for man or beast, a dose for a horse or cow should be about four times as great as for a person. It is not too late to give medicine any time before the spasms come on: The first dose for a person is 15 ounces of clear champagne root, bruised, put in a pint of milk, reduced to one-half by boiling, then taken all at once in the morning, fasting until afternoon, or at least a very light diet after several hours have elapsed. The second dose same as first, except take two ounces of the root; third dose same as last; to be taken every other day. Three doses are all that is needed, and there need be no fear. This remedy has been used in and about Philadelphia for forty years and longer with great success, and is known as the Goodman remedy.

When screws are driven into soft wood and subjected to considerable strain, they are likely to work loose. In such cases the use of glue is recommended. Prepare the glue thus: Immerse a stick of about half the size of the screw and put it into the hole; then immerse the screw and turn it home as quickly as possible.

Mrs. Richard Currier, of Amesbury, daughter of the late John Morrill, of Salisbury, had her ninety-first birthday March 19th, when a large number of friends called to pay their respects, and she was the recipient of many good wishes. She saw George Washington when he passed through the town, and in her memory is stored the history of all his successors in office.

DROWNED WHILE AT PRAYERS!—The British naval training ship *Eurydice*, from Bermuda for Liverpool, with over four hundred men on board, was capsized in a squall at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, March 24th; she sank at once, and only one boy and one seaman are known to have been saved. All sail was on the ship at the time of the accident, and all hands were about half the size of the vessel. The vessel was five miles off the south coast of the Isle of Wight at the time of her loss. She was commanded by Capt. Marcus Hare.

Logical conundrum proposed by an Essex County minister to his children in vacation, and when he was not well: "If there had been no cats in the world, and if people had called tumble-bees cats, would there have been any cats?"

VERNAL WARNING.

A zephyr from the southward
Through the open window blows,
With his prophetic of Jesumaine,
Of misanthropic and rose,
But a voice from it is calling,
"Don't leave off your winter clothes."
Though the softness of the tropics
In the wings of March is set,
And the bluebirds and the pansies
Their appointed time foretell,
Come a warning with the blandness—
"Wear your winter flannels yet!"

THE BEST YET.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, are now publishing a new edition of Charles Dickens's novels, which for beauty and cheapness far surpasses any ever before issued. It is called "Peterson's American Edition," printed on fine white paper, from large clear type, headed with some of the original illustrations as selected by Mr. Dickens, and designed by Pizz, Cruikshank, Brown, Maclellan, and other artists, and bound in red velvet, gold and black, with the cover filled with the author's principal characters, which he has made so world-famous. Price \$1.25 per volume. Any person sending the publishers \$12.00 will receive the first twelve volumes as published, by mail, postage paid. Address all orders to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 308 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A fire broke out in a paint shop on Fourth street, above Arch, in Philadelphia, Monday evening, March 25th, and owing to a strong breeze, spread, destroying many business buildings in the vicinity. About thirty houses were more or less damaged, including the St. Elmo Hotel, damaged about \$10,000, and the total loss is estimated at about \$1,000,000.

SECOND EDITION—JUST PUBLISHED.

SEQUEL TO THE STELLAR KEY.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

This important and attractive new book, which is deservedly meeting with a warm welcome and rapid sale, is known by this suggestive title:

"VIEWS

OF OUR

HEAVENLY HOME."

Some idea of the scope of this volume can be obtained by glancing at the titles of a few of the chapters:

The System of Nature Described.
The Sixth Circle of Sun.
Magnetic Rivers in the Upper Spaces.
Author's Views confirmed by Science.
Origin of Electricity and Magnetism.
Location and Functions of the Celestial Currents.
How Spirits Ascend and Descend.
The Pilgrimage of the Human Race.
Psychophonic Message from Pythagoras.
The Universe, a Musical Instrument.
Concerning the Solar and Astral Centres.
Wonders of the Great Central Sun.
Multiplicity of Mental Sun Centres.
An Arcanum Concerning the Summer-Lands.
Formation of the Milky Way.
Origin and Motion of the Solar Systems.
Beauty and Glory of the Planets.
Appearance of Jupiter and Saturn.
A Remarkable Custom in Jupiter.
Inhabitations of the Exterior Planets.
A Belt of Cometary Bodies around Mars.
The Summer-Land as seen from Mars.
Reality of Life in the Summer-Land.
A Natural Home not Made with Hands.
Earth's Distance from the Summer-Land.
Individual Occupation and Progress after Death.
Despair of Persons who Know It All.
Wonderful Scenes in the Summer-Land.
Flight of Thought can be Determined.
Disappearance of Bodily Organs after Death.
Eating and Breathing in the Spirit-Life.

The above are less than half of the questions treated by the author in this volume.

The human heart is aching with painful doubts concerning the future life, which this book is designedly empowered to dispel; and the thinking mind can herein find abundant "food for thought." The language employed is plain and easily understood. "Views of Our Heavenly Home" is a work destined, we think, to be even more popular than Mr. Davis's widely-read and truly spiritual volume entitled "Death and the After-Life," of which many thousands have been sold, and which is now one of the best selling books in the author's list. We shall publish from time to time extracts from many of the chapters by editors and correspondents. This book contains nearly three hundred pages, and is illustrated with impressive diagrams.

In cloth binding, 75 cents, postage 6 cents; in paper covers, 50 cents, postage 4 cents.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Psychology; Re-Incarnation; Soul, and its Relations;

ON,

THE LAWS OF BEING:

SHOWING

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