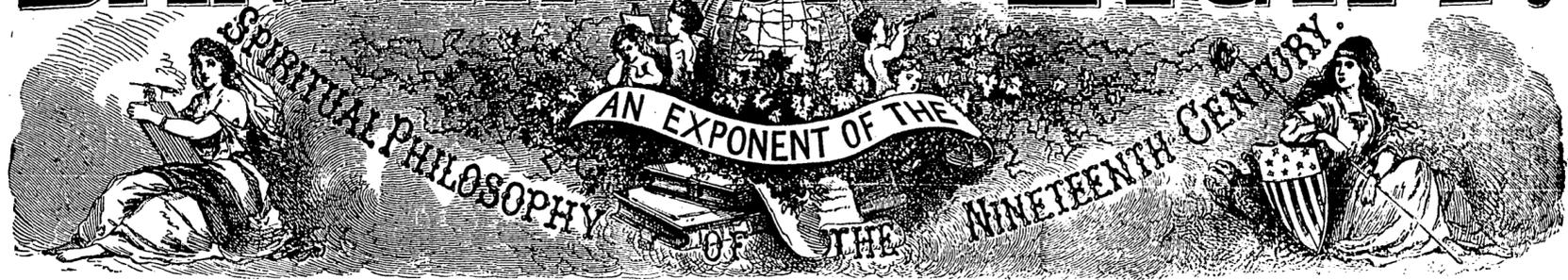


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## The Rostrum.

### THE FRATERNITIES OF DISEMBODED SOULS. BY SPIRIT WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

A Lecture Delivered through the Trance Mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, at Chicago, Ill.

(Special Report for the Banner of Light.)

My theme this evening, friends, relates to the Fraternity of Associated Spirits in Spirit-Life. The text is: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

The perception of spiritual existence is one thing; the existence of life beyond death is quite another.

There are many persons who exist after the decease of the body; there are very many who do not perceive spiritual existence, even though they live after the death of the body. If I come to Chicago and am intent upon works of art, I visit those places where works of art are to be found, and know very little of what the superficial world may have to offer; I perceive only such things as I am in pursuit of, and I could not for the life of me tell the records of what is passing upon 'Change, nor could I determine in any manner the latest scandal in fashionable society. If a man in love with mere diversion visits Florence or Rome, he would scarcely be interested in those wonderful works of art that form the basis of pursuit of the student and scholar, and he very likely would find the cities both insipid and dull, merely because he could see nothing in a tower or dome or in certain pictured walls to suit his advanced (?) tastes.

We see with our minds and the condition of our spirits; certainly not in any high sense with our external vision or the perceptions of our bodies. And therefore the spiritual world being more nearly a world of the condition of the mind, is entirely one of perception. The condition of every spirit depends upon the degree of that perception. The surroundings being less arbitrary than those of material substance, the external substance itself being amenable to other laws than those that govern matter upon earth, you will find that each spirit describes the spirit-world into which he or she enters as being precisely in accordance with his or her highest idea of heaven, or rather perception.

I once had occasion to ask a countryman in Massachusetts what his idea of heaven might be. He said he had a dream once—that he died and went to heaven; and approaching a large red house, which seemed to him the perfection of architecture and taste, he inquired for the master. Everything about the house was spacious, and arranged in strict accordance with an ancient country farmer's mansion. He was informed that the master was away in the fields. He saw broadly cultivated acres and fruits growing in profusion, grain and all kinds of productions in the height of their growth. Presently he saw a man of immense dimensions (who would have appeared gigantic if he had not been so well proportioned) coming toward him; from his own feelings he interpreted this to be God. He, therefore, in abject fear, bowed down before this gigantic man, without making known what his errand might be, and awoke with the full consciousness that he had visited heaven and seen God.

I have seen other men, with larger culture and higher ideas, who had their image of heaven derived from their own minds as much as this man. Whether it be a throne of alabaster with walls of brass and gates of pearl, streets paved with gold and flowing with milk and honey, or whether heaven be, according to the Mahometan, a garden of paradise, where the Peri dwell and where Houris lavish all kinds of blandishments upon the happy and disenthralled Mussulman, it matters not; the ideal heaven is according to a man's spiritual perception, and he undoubtedly enters the state for which he is best qualified. Albeit there is a heaven for the dog-fancier; very likely he will enter a condition of spiritual existence where his mind will still be in sympathy with his previous joys and pursuits. Albeit there is a heaven for the loftiest devotee, who enshrines his images in outward form and worships through sacerdotal rites and around altars emblazoned with emblems of external worship.

The heaven into which I entered was that which was latest upon my lips as a human being, the love of my fellow-man. I believe I can say that I have never cherished—at least I have no recollection of cherishing a feeling of ill-will toward any human being. I believe that my effort in life was, so far as possible, to express that good will; and if ever I was indignant, it was at a lack of the expression of good will among men, not toward the individuals who failed in that expression. If I ever cried out against wrong, it was the wrong, not the wrong-doer; if I ever considered human beings worthy of chastisement, it was only the gentle chastisement of that love which burneth greater than fire, and scourgeth more than a fine scourge of coils.

In spiritual life, therefore, I was prepared to enter an abode of love. I had never the fear of God in my mind; I had no thought of wrath, nor vindictive punishment; I had no terror beyond that of my own shortcomings. I well knew that there were imperfections and faults in the spiritual nature; that surrounded with matter and with dust, the spirit had not been so active as it should have been, but I had striven to keep alive so far as possible the spirit instead of the letter of the Word of God. I had striven, so far as possible, to find out what that spirit might be, and instead of the external form of salvation, I had chosen to receive the spiritual meaning of Christ's mission on earth, his love for man instead of the wrath of God; and I believed that this love was equivalent to the uplifting of all human beings.

With this feeling I entered spiritual life. I did not expect the heaven of the Orthodox Christian; I did not expect a ma-

terial heaven at all. I was quite prepared to enter a state of existence entirely different from my earthly state, and hoped that I would do so for this reason: That I found the earthly body, its surroundings and its needs, sometimes an impediment to the spirit; and while quite necessary for earthly uses, I had imagined a condition of life where the body itself might be dispensed with, as any useless incumbrance may be when we have outgrown it, and I quite well remember that in my last moments I became aware of the uplifting of the spirit beyond the senses, that the body was falling off as husks or shackles might fall from the slave, that an external covering was being removed that admitted my spirit into its native element; and I can realize no greater change that could come to a human being under these circumstances than release from the physical body itself. The bird bursting the calcareous covering, and soaring at once into upper air; the butterfly bursting the chrysalis, and feeding on dew instead of groveling in the dust; the flame mounting out of the darkness in which it has been imprisoned for years, could scarcely be more sudden or a greater transformation than that which comes to the spirit of man willing to be disenthralled from the dust.

I do not say that this comes to every spirit. I do not say that the feeling of release is so sudden and so conscious in all human beings, but I do believe—and in this I may perhaps judge somewhat from what I desire more than from what is really the case—I do believe that every human being feels in a measure disenthralled by the change called death. I believe that the worst conditions, spiritually, are in some measure benefited, by that change. I do believe that the outward body, which is the scene of passion and suffering, is in some measure a release to the spirit, while the condition of that spirit may be.

In my own case it was as I have described it. It was not that I was particularly glad to be away from earth; I found many things to employ me here. I found still the great field of social, religious and political life to be, as I thought, renovated. I found that the actual shrine of existence might remain in the external life for some time, and find ample work for the hands to do; but when once it was shown me that I was to go, and when I saw that my necessary career was in the direction of spiritual existence, I as gladly sprang to that atmosphere as the caged bird would spring to his native heather; I as gladly entered that condition as I would have entered any place of intellectual, social or religious enjoyment that I had long aspired to, but never attained when upon earth.

We enter a drawing-room upon earth, and we find ourselves either at once in our own atmosphere, or in a strange element; if in a strange element we are obliged and endeavor to assimilate with it, and to find some one with whom we may converse in sympathy, or at least observe something that will interest. If we find ourselves at home, we can at once enter into the spirit of whatever conversation, amusement or recreation is passing around.

These external states are, as we say, arbitrary; we are obliged to adapt ourselves to them on earth; in spirit-life we take our state with us. We enter that company and companionship for which we are best fitted. Our thoughts on entering are immediately known; we are recognized, and recognize one another without the formality of external introduction, or social inquisition. We are really among our spirit kindred, whether we have ever known each other on earth or not.

It is the blessing of spiritual existence that it removes external fetters; family lineage is not questioned. The spirit-record only forms the lineage that is to be considered. We are not questioned as to our individual beliefs on any given subject, since life itself is taken as a criterion of belief, and we are supposed to worship the gods we follow. I have known things; to be different upon earth. I have seen men worshipping at the shrine of Mammon in every external action, and yet professing to worship another deity. I have known it to occur in human life that the profession was Christian, while the practice was largely Moslem. It may be that these conditions on earth are only attempts at growth; but they certainly fall to express the profession of life, and make very much of human existence an outward mask, in which men strive to appear what they are not.

In spiritual life this mask is necessarily removed; if we are highway robbers, we enter the heaven of that kith; if we belong to the more respectable class of robbers—those that in human life are considered respectable, because under the guise of society and law—we enter the condition of our kindred; if we belong to a class of human beings that reverse principles, and in our imperfect way strive to express those principles in outward life, we are also known and recognized as we are; there is no disguise, since each one knows his or her own record, and is quite aware that one can be admitted to no company other than that for which one's spiritual state is fitted.

I therefore felt no discomfort on being admitted among the kindred and friends that surrounded me, among the minds that seemed to sympathize with the thoughts that I had held dearest upon earth, and among those whose thoughts had in some manner formed the basis of my external life and dreams.

I found social states entirely different from those on earth. By this I do not mean the actual social states which proceed from the affection of the mind and heart, but the laws governing society were from the very outset different. We begin at the external covering on earth, we attack society as you would a burr; that is, a very rough exterior must be taken by main force. In some instances we attack it as a general does a fortress, and approach by parallel lines, and a series of tactics, that the ingenious man if he understands will well employ; and that even discourages many honest men from attempting to enter the fort at all. Beginning on the outside of human beings, we necessarily in human life discover that which is worst in them; they wear this upon the outside, whether they think they do or not, for if it be a mask that apparently is good, we still must probe that mask before we find the actual individual.

In spiritual existence we begin the other way. We find the heart and mind first, which saves much trouble and misunderstanding. We are one with each other at once, or strangers. The chord of sympathy is at once struck, or is dumb. We understand that there is a common ground between us, or we know that there is nothing in sympathy. I have seen men of equal intelligence and learning sit in a company of earthly people who were enlightened and intelligent for three or four hours, and conversing together with never a thought in common, and with no more knowledge of each other than at the beginning.

If, as Talleyrand said, "words are given as a disguise for human thought," surely much of human society in earthly

life is given as a shroud for human existence, and men and women are buried in the things that they vainly call pleasure, and social life is a mere masquerade in which they assume a guise that they vainly would have their neighbors perceive to be true; and each of them despises the other for wearing it.

The thought of being recognized, the consciousness of being loved, and the fact that the spirit could not be mistaken, with an abiding trust and lofty hope, the endearing sentiment and power, made me aware that I had survived death, was alive, and drew to me the consciousness of those friends that had preceded me into spiritual existence. And now let me just here, in passing, say to those who pursue Spiritualism, who search for the hidden truth in Spiritual Philosophy: Do not seek for your friends in their outward garb merely; do not seek for father, mother, brother and sister as they were in their earthly estate, but only seek for them in the love which bound them to you, because all lesser things than this will have been swallowed up in their spiritual state; and in striving to join them do not strive to bring them down to your comprehension of external things, but rather to raise your comprehension to their new-found state. You will find it much more convenient; you will find it much more useful; you will find it much more truthful as far as spiritual life is concerned. The parent who passes from earthly life in a feeble state of health, and with a form decreasing in strength, vigor and activity, will not meet you, in spiritual life, in a decrepit form or with enfeebled countenance, but as in the full prime of manhood or womanhood. The parents who are to you, even in old age, the representation of all that is sacred and dear, will come to you in the full vigor of middle life, as perfect in form and feature as though no finger of time had ever touched them here. If rounded in spirit and completed in those social qualities which adorn human social life here, they will meet you with the full radiance of that social life expressed in visage and in form, and at outward sight you would certainly not know them, but with inward perception you would feel them at once as your own. It is so in degree with every friend that passes into spiritual life; the external imperfection, if it be a physical one merely, passing away with the body, the spiritual imperfection only remaining, and that, if their natures be more aspiring than groveling, soon wears away in the new atmosphere of spiritual life.

I was struck immediately with the consciousness of being in a world or sphere devoid of mere personality, of self-interest. Now what I mean by this is, that necessarily, owing to the external requirements of the body, you are selfish here, even the most unselfish of men. The house that you live in you consider yours; the property that you aggregate around yourself is yours; the possession of things individually belonging to the individual, creates a sphere of selfishness, and the protection of this property produces in all social life a kind of self-interest in which each human being and each family are hidden from the social observation and intercourse of their fellow-beings in some measure.

Now, you can imagine that in entering a life where you have no dwellings to provide to keep you from the elements; where your clothing is the work of far other hands than of those that are employed to toll day and night to clothe you here; where your food consists of far other substances than those that must be won either by work of the hand or the speculation of the brain, and where, in reality, the outward is surpassed by the inner nature—you must imagine that there is an entire reversal of the social methods; that whatever individually a human being may possess he is not afraid of being robbed of that which is really himself. You are not afraid, when you lock your doors at night, that the burglar is coming to carry yourself away; you do not imagine that individually he would care to become possessed of such an incumbrance; but it is something that you are surrounded with—your goods, your chattels, your diamonds, your plate, your pictures—something that is extraneous to yourself which the burglar does not, perhaps, with a clear moral perception recognize as yours, and thinks he is entitled to it if he can only slip away with it. But in spirit-life everything that surrounds the spirit is as much a part of yourself as your body is here. While, then, you are removed from all necessity for protection against robbery and plunder, or innovation of any kind, there are consequently no inducements to that superficial and external kind of selfishness which constitutes the seeming necessity of outward life. If you could enter earthly society where the houses were all open, where there was perpetual summer, where children were playing to and fro among the flowers, where everything of adornment and beauty was visible, and not concealed, where all objects that met the eye were those of grace and comeliness, where kindly greetings, exchange of fraternal regard, ready sympathy and quick comprehension, were in every mind and heart, where every man who met every other man was as a brother, and all women sisters; where each and all conspire to make the others feel happy, where, if a source of knowledge or wisdom or joy came to one, he was not content without imparting it to all the rest, and where, like a steady breeze that blows in summer time, filling the air with odors of flowers from whence you know not, joy pervades the entire atmosphere, it would give you some idea of the harmonious social state of spiritual existence.

Each family, indeed, is isolated; there is, indeed, an individuality, but it is so sacredly regarded and so heeded that it is not even perceived. No person can invade the individuality of another. In fact, the spirit is its own protection, and you can be as isolated in the midst of a million as though you were upon a mountain top, or a hermit in a cave. If there be something in your mind or spirit that requires solitude, there is no spirit among all your friends who would or could intrude upon that solitude.

The sanctuary is within the soul! The surroundings indicate that solitude is there. No invading hand or voice ever approaches until you desire it. But where there is nothing to conceal, where solitude is only for self-retrospection, self-benefit, where the thought of others is uppermost in the mind, and where ideas flow forever continually toward the benefit of one's kind, there can be little room for misanthropic meditations, little desire for loneliness, since prayer in this state of existence consists of activity, and the working of the mind toward others is found to be the chiefest instrument for aspiration and ascension.

The hermit who prays in soul, the recluse who seeks solitude, the misanthrope who separates himself from his fellow-beings, is an illustration of a kind of selfishness; but he who only seeks solitude that he may gain strength, he who desires to be alone that he may commune with the highest—with the Infinite—he that strives simply to benefit others by his communion and meditation, does not even find it necessary to separate himself from his spiritual associates and surroundings.

While, as I say, the charm of the family is still preserved, and the nearest and dearest are nearest and dearest still; while the mother folds her child, and the father embraces the darling that comes to him from earthly life; while the brother and sister, who are linked in spirit as well as with the ties of consanguinity, are still brother and sister, there is not only this family, but a larger family of all kindred minds and souls.

You meet in society, or in the world of contact with matter, occasionally human beings, and you will say to them, "I surely have met you before; you seem as near to me as a friend or brother." The kindred nature of your spirits flows together, and you know one another without the formality of long social intercourse. After this manner you become associated in spiritual life—poets, philosophers, artists, those who have loved a single truth, or been associated in the same effort; those who in different parts of the world have dreamed the same dreams, and looked out for the same glorious future for humanity; these are drawn into fraternities and associative bodies. They resemble, in a loftier degree, some of those friendly associations in Germany where every man seems to have the interest of every other man at heart more than his own selfish interest. I have seen some such associations in colleges. I have known of such friendly intercourse among those of some craft, or ilk, or art, upon earth. I have known it to exist even among the orders of secret societies, but the trouble is that upon earth it is the external interest that binds them together, and not the flowing together of the spirit. It is like the membership of the church, that has the external form too often of brotherhood, but within is discord. And I know of no bond in church, in Freemasonry, in Odd-Fellowship, in any outward order created by man, that can take the place of this sublime spiritual recognition that determines the order of spiritual relationship, and determines the fact of spiritual kindred by the nearness of spiritual perception and likeness to one another.

Having found my heaven; having determined it to be a condition of mind more than of place; having perceived that I could make my own surroundings, and that my spirit was indeed amenable only to the laws of its own growth, having such outward adornment only as was necessary for the spirit, not limited to time and space, and only such associations as I could take with me wherever I desired to go—I said, "I long to know more of the mysteries of this spiritual state, wherein the brotherhood of man is more clearly recognized, and wherein I can in some degree see the foreshadowing of what I hope may come upon earth."

I beheld one whom on earth was called a dreamer; who gave incidental thoughts to his time and age, and was denounced as infidel and atheist because he believed in the brotherhood of man, and the love more than in the hatred of God and the condemnation of his fellow-men. I mean Rousseau. I beheld him in a fraternity of associated minds, surrounded by those who had either possessed kindred thoughts for humanity, or stimulated by his words and works, had followed him as their idol and teacher. He seemed to me as a flame. He seemed as inspiring as an eagle. He seemed prone to fly into regions where no other being dared to follow, and yet return again to the conscious work of outward life. Oh, how his spirit flashed! How the air around him seemed to glimmer with transcendent light! How I knew that he had been shunned, vilified, ostracised upon earth! And I beheld there one who loved his kind and hated only tyranny, only those institutions of men that serve the ambition of tyrants and kings by blotting out human life and human liberty. There he was, and could you have seen the minds who surrounded him there; could you have seen how willingly they worked in accordance with his directions; could you have beheld that even as machinery, intricate and complicated, yet all fitted together turns the great motor power of the world, you would have seen that there in that one sphere is a social state equivalent to moving the whole planet of men, stronger than the strongest armies of united Europe, or of the whole world; stronger than the strongest physical force of every masked battery, of every invention of torture that man has ever dreamed of—the one moral power of a single mind round whom other kindred minds are centred, for the purpose of breaking down upon earth physical power and social wrongs.

I did not find him alone great among these minds: I found there many great and risen ones—philanthropists, poets, those who have shed their light upon earth; and linked with them, even far away into the classical periods of time, I beheld other souls whom the world has worshipped as great. I need not say that I found that there were even more modern exponents of the associative effort of man upon earth, attempting to make in external life the semblance of spiritual fraternities. I need not say that in one of the more recent groups I found Robert Owen, the English philanthropist, and he who, perhaps more than any other man of this period, engrained upon the English working-men's minds the necessity of associative effort.

I said: "In what consists the seeming failure on earth of associative bodies of men for fraternal purposes?" I remember the benign visage and hesitancy, as though he felt unequal to answering the question, when Mr. Owen said, "I am at a loss for any explanation other than that which met me in the face when I first attempted this experiment in my native land."

He said: "I mean the selfishness of humanity. I am at a loss for any other explanation than that the moment external matters of business are considered, human beings forget that they are brothers."

"But," I said, "there surely must be a deeper reason than this?" And with this there came out of the sphere in which Rousseau dwelt, one who seemed competent to answer the question. I did not know him, but some one said, "This is Fourier, the French socialist, the leader of a large class who in following or striving to know that which Plato grasped in his time, fell into the revolution of a period of thought that was not ripe for his plan upon earth."

He said: "I know the reason. It is that the external alone has been sought for in associative efforts. Men begin at the wrong beginning. They make property, education, external things, the basis of associative effort. The only fraternity is that of spiritual kinship. Let any class of beings associate together from the love of one idea, and while that idea binds them they are harmonious. Take the religious ideas and orders of the world: when pervaded by them, those who associate together are harmonious. It is only when external matters intervene that they cease to work together. Take all associative efforts based upon religion, and for zeal and bigotry men will do more than they will for their kind. Now," he said, "if we can only have a religion that embraces humanity, and teaches the worth of human life at the very foundation, we shall have associative efforts enough upon earth."

There has never been a religion except in individual and isolated cases that has been sufficient to overcome the love of external power, whether it be of kingship, priestcraft or wealth.

When this religion pervades mankind; when some high sentiment like that of art, poetry and music combined shall take possession of the soul; when the thought itself shall be centered upon humanity as the great power, and upon human brotherhood as the heart and soul of its religion, we shall have associative bodies of men upon earth.

Secret societies, bonds of brotherhood having any relation whatsoever, I consider to be the prophecies of the coming time. The only reason I object to secret societies is that they do not include everybody, and if I ever have an order, or establish one, I should certainly have it include the entire human family.

In spiritual life you will well understand there is no rivalry between artists, no jealousies among poets, none among philosophers; and as for millionaires their wealth is nothing, since they have left that behind them upon earth.

There is consequently none of the stimulus to outward emulation, and selfishness gradually comes to be dropped off, as one would drop off a worn-out and useless garment, of which he is always ashamed.

In spiritual associations, also, there is the constant stimulation that the more active we are for others the nearer do we seem to be to that kingdom of happiness of which we are in pursuit, and the consequence is that one soon learns to forget whether he is in heaven or not, whether he is seeking his own salvation or not, by the consolation that he is striving every day and hour to do something that will ameliorate the condition of others.

The working men of England, of this country measurably, of France, of Germany, of all Europe, feel the mighty force of that power that is sweeping in from the sphere of those so-called communists, and, feeling it, are uplifted by it, and although upon them is no blame of the bloodshed that was seen in France, we must remember that riot and confusion follow tyranny, and are born of it, and are not born of association any more than insurrection among the slaves were born of freedom. We must remember that if there be violence at the breaking out of the efforts toward fraternal association, it is not the fault of the principle, but only of the state of darkness that precedes it.

I perceived other associative bodies for other purposes. It seemed to me that art was one, and that a whole sphere of kindred minds was linked together around the great soul that planned St. Peter's, and that he, having outgrown his ambition, his jealousies of all rivals, sat in the midst with his three-fold power of genius, while many more with him, among whom were Raphael, Da Vinci, and a host of others who seemed to move in harmony together, working for higher aims—what might be their art now? No papal power for which another dome was to be fashioned; no churches to be ornamented with Madonnas, each one wearing the face of some mother in Italy; no babes, infant Christs, to be pictured for the homage of the world and the admiration of all lovers of art! What could they be painting now? Along the vistas of time, and as if in panorama, I beheld their work, and I saw how upon kindred minds they had pictured hope when despair was high; faith when they had been lost in darkness; love when human hatred had condemned them to despair; and I could behold beautiful images, more beautiful than any which adorned the classical scenes of Rome or Florence. Oh, such pictures of human hearts that had outgrown their anguish, of human souls released from the misery of despair and the desolation of fear of death—such pictures as Raphael alone could paint, whose mind, intent upon the love of one human being, forgot that he ever painted a picture which was worthy the consideration of man! Did he not paint for her eyes alone? did he not toil for the infant upon her knee? and was it not this inspiring love that uplifted him to heaven?

Did he care for the divine poem that he wrote, that through all time has been the study of students and philosophers? Nay; he cared only for that one image, uplifted above all others, enshrined within his heart, she who led him on, the saint of his worship, the idol of his life—Beatrice! And that worship and that love made him superior to other souls who are impoverished of love here and who have no divine image to turn to.

Was it not the mother of Christ that taught all human mothers to bear their anguish in silence? Was it not Christ, the elder brother of man, who gave to humanity the one living image of self-sacrifice that they might be uplifted and sustained in every sorrow?

Shall we only paint pictures upon walls? and build temples that can crumble to dust? I tell you that I saw a temple in that artist's sphere that no time can cause to crumble, and no human hand demolish, fashioned of human lives, so perfect and so rounded that each pillar was engraven with a life, and every image was an image of loveliness. I saw mothers enshrined there, no carved images of stone, no painted images upon canvas for men to worship, but the living images of Magdalenas, disenthralled of souls, risen out of despair and desolation, whom the tortures of life had misled, but who were there released.

I saw divine and sacred shapes of art and religion, but they were no lifeless things; they were living beings, pulsating, palpitating with the breath of life, and placed in their own sphere, performing their work there, each one a portion of the living temple which the great Master Artist has fashioned in another sphere than that of Rome.

Oh, could you see that dome? Could you behold the images that were adorning its walls? Could you see the life-current flowing to and fro, that vibrates to no melody save that of love! Could you hear the music of voices all in sweet accord that have no sound save that which breathes of peace and harmony! Could you know that that not one chord of human sympathy is lost! that not one love-note is broken! that not one life is extinguished! Could you behold the risen and created forms that are grown glorious and beautiful in that far-off clime, you would say that all the art of earth sinks into insignificance, that here is the divine fellowship and the divine hand that links them all together.

I will not multiply. These are but typical spheres of thousands of others that I have visited, thousands where no thread of human life is lost, where no hope has perished, where no day-dream is forgotten, where no lofty aspiration for humanity is ever doomed to chains; all are gathered in golden links of perfect shining chains into these spheres of life, and represent the possible of man!

To bring some portion of this divine atmosphere, to uplift you to that height and the structure of these divine temples that are imperishable, to make your lives a portion of that spiritual existence that shall fashion for humanity on earth that which souls have fashioned in spirit-life, is some portion of my errand among you.

If from the sphere of fraternity, which embraces thousands of associative bodies, I have given you one gleaming hope, so that the captive in the dungeon cell, the prisoner in chains, the soul enshrouded in fear of death, or he who walks the earth the victim of despair and melancholy shall be in any measure lightened of his burden, then I am satisfied.

This is my errand of love, and as I go I repeat my text, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

POEM BY OUISA.

I have come to give you greeting From the hunting-grounds above, And I know that in your morning You'll receive me with true love.

Was it not the loving Master That the pale-face says did die To bring peace and love to all men? Then for that love did you try?

How? by slaying me another, Making fire-arrows the while; Loving no man as your brother, And deceiving with your smile: Far across the big sea-water Came the pale-face to this land— Came the pale-face, son and daughter, Bringing war and his dark hand: Then the red man rose to slaughter; Then he slew the pale-face daughter, And he loved no man but the sin.

Did the pale-face come in kindness: Did he teach him of the lore Of the Great White Brother, shining In the far-off world above? Yes, he taught him with his preaching, But his actions were of fear; Yes, he taught him, but his teaching Was as false, dim and drear.

Oh, remember if our Father Ever had told him that with loving He could gain the highest home, Ever had told him that by striving He could win the highest place, Growing ever-so-surviving, Would he ever-so-forgoe

All that teaching, all that kindness, As to rise up in his might, And strike down a foe to brother, Claiming it as his own right: Had the Father in high heaven Ever given all that teaching, Such as the Christians have given: Where the Christian's flag unfurled:

Had he said this to the red man, He would come with pipe of peace, He would strew them round your wigwam, He would seek your hearts' release From all sorrow, pain and sorrow, And bid all your striving cease.

From the hunting-grounds afar-off, Where the red man is no more, United with the cruel warfare, I have brought gifts to your door— Just this greeting to your spirit, Joy into your hearts to pour:

I feel sometimes tears and anguish Gather round my path here, And you have no hope, but anguish For the loved ones in heaven's sphere. For the blood that is transfused I throw down a soul to-night: For the tear-drop that you're shedding I will bring a pearl of light: For each sigh and all its pain here I will bring a dear delight.

I will strive to show you and you All the blessings I can find; I'll bring the pain that hovers near you I'll bring you gladness ever blind: And will make your earth's pathways Bright as paths were in the sky, And will show the higher glory That awaits you here with me.

My crown is made of white pearl, Drawn by white wings of my thought, And my garments are of love, All the ways of kindness wrought: But I don't know when I wander How to wear the crown that burns, Always and I now forget In my home when I return.

So if you will try to be true, When you get away from home, Seeking some one's pain or anguish, When again at home you come, You will brightness find and glory: Waiting you at every turn, And sweet incense, all unblended, Blowing from an unseen urn.

I will ask you now to weave here, All around your brows to-night, Garlands of those heavenly blossoms, Fades of this golden light: And with all your heart's teaching, And with all your heart's love, And with all your sacred preaching, Make your earth like heaven above.

From the Granite State, N. H., Free Press.] THE MEDICAL LAW IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mr. EDITION—It may be well to give to the people through your columns a short account of the origin and nature of the Medical Law, and present some few reasons why it should be repealed. It was concocted by a few interested parties at the close of the New Hampshire Medical Society at Concord, in June, 1875.

The bill was evidently copied from a law passed by the Legislature of New York the year before, in a very hasty and inconsiderate manner. It was presented in the Senate by a doctor—a member—by a suspension of the rules of the Senate, it passed through its various stages in one day, and was sent down to the House of Representatives for their concurrence, where it received the support of a respected member, also an M. D., who said it was simply an act to keep the "quacks" out of the State, and it passed the House in nearly as summary a manner as it passed the Senate, under a suspension of the rules of the House, and was immediately approved by the Governor, bearing date July 3d, 1875.

I am informed, an able member of the Judiciary Committee of the House, the room was packed by a delegation of the members of the New Hampshire Medical Society—which was in session at that time—with chosen speakers from their members to advocate the justice and necessity of the law before the Committee. They failed to show either, especially in its present form, and all of the arguments they presented in favor of the law were summed up in the utterance of one of their number at the close of the hearing, which was "that one half of the people did not know enough to take care of themselves, and that we have got to make laws to protect them."

The report of the Committee was, that the matter be placed in the hands of a commission to be appointed, to prepare and recommend such alterations in existing laws as in their judgment the amended constitution required; and that said Committee properly amend said law or recommend its repeal, as in their judgment the public good required, and report at the next session of the Legislature. This is the situation of the case, and now if the people are willing to acknowledge that they do not know enough to decide who they wish to have treat them in case of sickness, and are willing that "three censors" interested parties, shall decide for them, then they want to sign the petitions which the doctors are causing to be circulated in some localities, to have the law retained. But if they love liberty, have confidence in their own ability to judge for themselves, and are willing to encourage the progress and improvement of the healing art, by giving the various modes of practice equal privileges, and are opposed to giving special privileges to any one class, then they should record their names upon the petitions open for signatures in every town where there is a person who is willing to work for equal rights, and the highest good of diseased and suffering humanity.

These comments are not prompted by any unkind feeling toward Allopathic physicians, for among them are some of my most valued and esteemed friends, and some of them, at least, are ashamed of this law. But when they, or any other class of persons, seek legislation calculated to deprive the people of their inalienable rights, to make a benevolent and human act a crime, and put the remedial interests of the people into the hands of three "censors" who cannot go beyond their own or a kindred school, I deem it my duty as a good citizen to rebel.

E. J. D.

It is said that if electrical wires are wrapped around a common tin can a telephone is produced capable of transmitting musical sounds through many miles of wire. We cannot vouch for the truth of this, but we know that if a common tin can is wrapped around a dog's tail with a piece of rope, the sounds emitted, if not musical, can be heard through as many streets as the can chases the dog.—Ez.

Spiritual Phenomena.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Being a constant reader of the Banner, I have observed that you sometimes publish articles from correspondents giving the different phases of mediumship, therefore I send you some of my experiences, thinking they may interest some of your readers. I hold myself responsible for the truth of the statements I make.

I have had to travel on business for some years to the many cotton factories in all the New England States (being in the employ of the Drapers of Hopedale). I am not what is termed a clairvoyant, yet frequently in my business with the overseers I would have an unsought mental perception of the presence of some departed relative of the overseer whom I would be engaged with, so clear that I could describe the apparition, and I knew what it wished to say to the person I would be talking with. In that way I presume to say I have given scores upon scores of communications, and never made one mistake, and they were all accepted. I never for one moment lost control of my mind, but could easily proceed with my business, even if it were the taking of a drawing of some machine. Where this power came from I never could tell. It did not come through the exercise of my will, for scarcely ever when requested could I exercise it or give any such satisfactory tests.

I have at various times seen spirits of the departed, whether materialized or not I cannot say, but it appeared to me that I saw them with my natural eyes; and at such times I would find myself clairvoyant and would hold mental conversation with them. One or two instances I will relate:

In 1870 I was coming from Sag Harbor, Long Island; and while waiting on the wharf at New London for the steamboat to take us across the Thames, I noticed several other men there, conversing on politics, all strangers to me, and I had not had a word of conversation with any one, but, strange as it may appear, when the boat was about to start one of these men stepped to my right side and said he wanted a seat with me when we went to New York, and he wished to talk with me. I had no objection, and he sat down next to me. He was of the same instant an apparition that I knew to be the spirit of his father approached me on my left side. I said: "Well, I am a great talker, and here is also your father who wants to talk with you."

"My father!" he exclaimed; "my father is dead." "No, sir, he is not," I replied. "I tell you he is," said he. I admitted that his body was dead, but that his spirit was there, and he was with me. "If that is so," said the man, "will you describe my father?"

I told him that his father was nearly a head taller than himself and walked stooping somewhat forward; described his dress, and in particular a short, round tailed jacket. The man replied: "Well, that is all true, but the jacket he called his spencer." So after telling him what a pet his father always made of him, and many things that I knew nothing about, while riding in the cars with him an hour or more I explained the philosophy and advantage of spirit intercourse. He attended to Edwin Adams and other deceased actors seemed to be with them, and to be feeling very happy. A peculiar feature was the audible voices that we heard almost every moment. They were in loud whispers that could easily be heard by every person present. The name of the spirit, or what purported to be the spirit, was spoken first, after which numerous questions were answered. The two actors alluded to received many of these answers, and they kept up an amusing conversation with their departed friends. It was impossible for Mrs. Lord to have simulated these voices, for they were heard repeatedly while she was speaking.

In close proximity to us, the name, John Bennett, (our father's) was distinctly spoken. What appeared like a man's hand slapped our vigorously; an arm, or what appeared to be an arm, was placed around our neck, and we were firmly embraced; and, in a very loud and vigorous whisper, close to our ear, a voice, at the same instant with the embrace, said, "My son, you are doing right; press on in your noble work." We felt cheered and comforted, and knew that no person in the body had thus embraced us. Our wife was sitting on one side, and her sister upon the other, and they were made conscious of the presence of disembodied personages.

Let not our materialistic friends judge too hastily that we were deluded. We know we were not, and had any candid person witnessed what we did, we think he would have been equally convinced.

We are not positive that this was done by spirits, but we are positive that it was not done by mortals.

At another time, three or four years since, I entered the Boston and Worcester Depot to take the second train for Hopedale; and as I stood with satchel in hand looking at a train of cars that were backing into the depot, a man, whom I never saw before, nor since, spoke to me and asked if that was the train that was going to Milford. I said, "Yes, sir, and I am going in it." He then asked me if I lived at Milford, and if I knew Mr. Ballou, the founder of the Hopedale Community, and many other questions regarding persons and things in Hopedale, as I had told him I was living there. He then went on to state that twenty years prior to that date he lived in Milford, and felt deeply interested in the Hopedale Community, but that he went West and joined a community (he told me where and what), and added that he had met with bad luck; had lost all of his property and had lately lost four children.

While I was listening to the man's history of himself I felt a touch on the shoulder, which drew my attention to a rather tall, elegant lady, dressed in pongee, without hoopskirts, whom I knew to be the spirit of a wife of the man I was listening to. She was looking on him with apparent interest, and wanted to converse with him; and as the man said he had lost four children, I said with strong emphasis, "You have a wife?" The man replied: "No, I have not; my wife is living now."

This assertion seemed to give me a stunner for a moment, but I turned to the woman and asked her this mental question: "Do you assert yourself to be this man's first wife?" The answer came, "I do, positively."

I then turned to the man and said: "Sir, here is a woman stands by my side—you do not see her, I suppose, it is a spirit—and she asserts that she was your first wife, and she must have been your wife, or expected to marry you when young." To this the man replied in a harsh way, "Well, I had a first wife, but we parted before she died."

Cambridgeport, Mass., 1878. RICHARD WALKER.

SEANCES AT MRS. PICKERING'S.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Being one of a party of people from Lowell who visited Mrs. Pickering at Rochester, N. H., and whose statement you published not long since, permit me to say that the same party visited her again at a subsequent date. We had every opportunity for examining the premises, did so quite minutely, and all the party reaffirm the statement made at the first visit. The first interview has been quite fully described, but not over-stated, by Mr. E. P. Hill in the Haverhill Publisher. Our first visit was made the next day after the one described by you; correspondent from Brooklyn, and our second the day following the one described by Bro. Wetherbee. I desire to describe my own experience at the two seances.

At our first visit we endeavored to satisfy ourselves of the genuineness of the phenomena. Mrs. Pickering was securely tied in such a manner that she could not personally produce the phenomena we saw, and we were also satisfied that there were no confederates or mundane machinery whatever that produced them. Having become convinced of the genuineness of the phenomena, we desired an interview without her being subjected to any restrictions, and then made arrangements for our second visit.

During the interim of three weeks which elapsed between the sittings, I revolved in my mind the memory of many of our own relatives, and those of my wife, and others with whom I had been associating in social and business relations. Especially I had thought of a group of young people who had, while clothed with mortal bodies, often made my household glad by their presence, and to whom I was much attached. I had also thought of a prominent citizen of Lowell, with whom I had discussed spiritual phenomena, whose native place was near to the residence of Mrs. Pickering. I had thought perhaps some one or more of these might appear to me.

The persons present at our second seance were arranged in the usual way, which has been fully described. I took my seat at the extreme right of the rear circle. Mr. Goward was standing close to my left. The spirit's gaze swept the circle from his right to left, and raising its arm pointed to where I sat. As Mr. Goward was standing so close to me, it was difficult to tell which was selected. He asked if it was for him. A decided negative was given; and again the arm was raised and extended in the same direction. Mrs. Goward spoke and said, "It is for you, Mr. Plimpton," and the spirit assented. While this was passing the form and features were clearly and sharply defined to my view, and at the time there was a strong light. The form and features were like that of a man, and I immediately recognized him. I should not more readily recognize a friend in the body, by meeting him unexpectedly on any street in this city in broad daylight.

I said, "This is Alonzo," and the spirit responded emphatically, his face glowing with joy and gladness. Now, the person who presented himself to me was killed on a railroad in California, in December, 1864, and among all those whom I had thought might possibly appear to me, his name, or any memory of him, had not been thought of by me in connection with either visit to Rochester.

I have asked my associates about it, and they describe him as I saw him, showing the form of a robust built man, who if clothed with mortal flesh would weigh one hundred and eighty pounds, which was about his weight the last time I saw him. I have been thus particular, because I may answer some inquiries that are frequently made, viz: Why the spirits inhere to spirit life? By on such occasions the spirit physical discussion on profound and abstract subjects? etc., etc. I might ask with equal point, why cannot a vessel des be made in and with a saw-mill? or why cannot a vessel dead be made in and with a compass, when it is unequally surrounded with iron ore?

My friend appeared to me for recognition, and assumed the form and expression as I remembered him. It was my friend, who had been in my family and was personally known to me. He did not have to tell me who he was, for there he stood before me. It was not somebody whose picture I had seen, or had heard of, who had been dead years before I was born, but he who had made my household glad with his music and good cheer. Surely this was a great triumph and glorious compensation to me for long years of toil and patient waiting for the fulfillment of the promise of the angels.

Those who were with me can testify to the facts I have given; one of them writes me, that "if they had ever seen the person I have written, they would easily recognize him," and this comports with my own experience, while they also can in a measure partake of the joy that fills me as I contemplate the scene and attempt to convey it to others. Believing as I sincerely do the great truth of immortality is there being demonstrated, I can say to all who approach that shrine, *have a care with what intent and purpose, for it is an opening portal to the home of the angels, a very gate of heaven.*

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Our opportunities for testing what are termed spirit-manifestations have not been extensive; and while we are fully satisfied that many unprivileged persons have been guilty of the basest frauds and impositions in this line, and have abused the credulity of honest people for the sake of making money, we are as firmly convinced that genuine demonstrations have taken place in our presence, when no fraud or collusion was employed. These have taken place both in the daylight and in dark rooms. The strongest cases we have witnessed have been detailed in these columns, and it seems hardly necessary that we should mention them again. Suffice it to say, the results that were produced in our presence and in our view could be accounted for only on the theory that there are existing intelligences capable, under favorable conditions, of making themselves known, and of conveying various tokens of their love and continued life, and which are invisible to our sight.

These seeming intelligences may not be spirits, and science may yet be able to fully explain, upon natural principles, how the class of demonstrations alluded to are produced; but we must say up to this time no explanation we have seen seems as probable and reasonable as that called the spiritualistic theory. A few evenings ago we attended a seance, held by Mrs. Maud E. Lord, at the house of our friend, Mr. Phillips, 222 West 37th street. Nineteen persons formed the circle, and they seemed to be people of good intelligence, some of whom had never attended anything of the kind before. We sat very closely together, forming a complete circle, into which no one could gain admittance, had they been in the room. Mrs. Lord sat in the centre, and some one in the circle kept his feet constantly on hers to be sure she did not leave her seat; besides, she kept clapping her hands to wit, the occasion, and engaged nearly every moment in conversation.

The lights were extinguished, and in a very few moments an abundance of demonstrations took place, like the playing on a guitar while it was sailing over our heads, the carrying around of a music box while playing; the appearance of numerous lights of various sizes and at various altitudes; the taking of several articles, as handkerchiefs, keys, knives, etc., from one and handing them to another; the frequent touches by hands, small and large, patting, caressing, slapping, etc. Many persons in the circle seemed to have numerous friends present; notably two actors, who appeared to be persons of the name of Edwin Adams and other deceased actors seemed to be with them, and to be feeling very happy. A peculiar feature was the audible voices that we heard almost every moment. They were in loud whispers that could easily be heard by every person present. The name of the spirit, or what purported to be the spirit, was spoken first, after which numerous questions were answered. The two actors alluded to received many of these answers, and they kept up an amusing conversation with their departed friends. It was impossible for Mrs. Lord to have simulated these voices, for they were heard repeatedly while she was speaking.

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The rapid advancing of Spiritualism throughout the country is exciting astonishment in our quarters, and such demonstrations as are being brought out by Mrs. J. R. Pickering, of Rochester, naturally are given considerable attention by Spiritualists and the public generally, newspapers included. Thinking that we might learn more of the wonderful phenomena, we attended another seance Thursday evening. The company present comprised about twenty-five persons, ladies and gentlemen, eighteen of them being from Lowell. The Lowell party seemed to be anxious to give the matter thorough investigation, and they examined everything carefully. It was proposed that Mrs. Pickering should sit in the cabinet and see if the forms would appear, and she consented to do so. She sat in a chair near the curtain of the cabinet, her face and hands being hidden from view by a curtain which was used for the purpose. Her dress below her hands could be plainly seen, her hands being folded and placed in her lap. In twenty minutes a form of a female, dressed in white, appeared, and a lady present claimed that she recognized it as a friend of hers. The next form was recognized as the mother of one of the Lowell gentlemen. Then appeared the form of a man which seemed to desire the attention of a gentleman present, although several present asked to attract it. Not until the gentleman desired stood on his feet did the "spirit" seem satisfied. It seems that the gentleman had entered the seance expecting to see a departed friend, and, unbeknown to any one present, was familiar with the Spanish dialect. He said: "Es cierto que es usted, Cy?" meaning in English, "Is it really you, Cy?" The form at once bowed assent, as though the question was understood, and a voice was heard to speak as though it came from this form, sounding very much like the Spanish tongue, though it was not understood by the questioner. The form disappeared, but shortly appeared again, when it was asked, "Puede usted mostrarme una seance?" meaning, "Can you come a little nearer?" The form, singularly enough, advanced several steps in the direction of the speaker at once. He then asked, "Puede usted mostrarme como recibio la muerte?" which in English would be, "Can you show me how you received your death?" The form raised one hand to his head and touched the very place where the form had received his death-blow. The form could not be recognized as having any resemblance to Mr. Cyrus Cummings, who was killed in 1876 by being thrown from a railroad car, his head striking a rail, which caused his death. How the questions were so readily understood, seems very mysterious to the gentleman who asked them.

About twenty forms appeared during the evening, and a few of them were recognized as the same ones which appeared at the seance of the previous Saturday evening. At one time three forms could be seen, all at the same time, representing a man, woman and child. How this could have been done without the aid of confederates, seems wonderful. It seems impossible for Mrs. Pickering to get out of her dress and get back into it again while a great part of the dress can be plainly seen during the whole evening, and at times the curtain was lifted by the forms, to show that she was sitting in the chair.

All classes of people visit these seances, believers and unbelievers of Spiritualism, and many church members. Those who have been present at the two seances we have attended, and who believe it the work of spirits or not, express themselves as being greatly entertained. You are not asked to believe that the forms are spirits. See and hear and judge for yourself.

Says Prof. Gunning, in his work "Life-History of our Planet": "What was the court of justice among your ancestors a few hundred years ago? It condemned to death one of the first physicians of England for the crime of raising a storm by sailing over the sea. In a slave, in company with two wretches on broomsticks; and King James of olden memory, graced by his presence the tortures of the execution. Justice! why there was such a sense in the English mind in the time of James I., and it demanded that Dr. Fithan, of spotless life, for crime of brewing a storm in a sieve, should be burned for a few minutes by men, and then through the aeons of eternity by the merciful God! Justice, the sense of what is just between God and man, so slow in coming, has not yet come into the minds of men in the third sense, the sense of what is just between man and animal. The injustice and cruelty to animals, so characteristic of the race called civilized, will be held in future ages as one of the crowning vices of a more primitive humanity."

The wise man draws more advantage from his enemies than the fool from his friends.—Franklin.

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TO OUR READERS.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

Notices of meetings, lectures, etc., should be forwarded to this office as early as possible...

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JOHN W. RICH, ASSISTANT MANAGER, 157 N. BROAD ST., BOSTON.

Letters and communications for the EDITOR of this paper should be addressed to the Editor, Banner of Light, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

THE MISSION OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM IS TO ENTER INTO EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LIFE...

The Banner of Light Counting Room will be closed to visitors at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of Decoration Day.

Case of Mr. Mott.

In the case of Mr. Henry Mott, the well-known materializing medium of Memphis, Mo., it seems that a Mr. Pattee, a spiritualist, upon the face of the supposed spirit form, and that this coloring substance was subsequently found on the face of the medium.

The Haverhill (Mass.) Publisher for May 18th devotes nearly a column of his space to a description of the experiences of a representative of that worthy and fearless journal at a séance held by Mrs. Pickering in Salem, from which account we extract the following:

An incomprehensible fact is a hard thing to get over, though the attempt is sometimes made with great earnestness.

Every direct examination was passed through with the medium, and the results were such as to leave no doubt in the mind of the audience that the phenomena were genuine.

Every one of these forms were recognized by different members of the party.

As conclusive evidence that our friend and co-laborer, Mr. A. J. Davis, does not repudiate the physical manifestations which are occurring at this time more satisfactorily than ever before, his card in our last issue to that effect is sufficient; but to let the reader know what he said years ago upon the same subject, we give below the answer to a correspondent which appeared in the New York Herald of Progress, of which Mr. Davis was the editor.

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Mrs. John R. Pickering's Work in Salem.

Abbot Walker, in a missive dated Salem, Mass., May 16th, gives the subjoined description of another sitting attended by him, where Mrs. J. R. Pickering was the instrument of the unseen forces:

I attended another of Mrs. Pickering's sances for spirit materializations last Tuesday evening, and think, as a whole, the manifestations were stronger than at my previous sances—some fifteen to twenty forms having appeared during the evening; and as it would be tedious repetition to mention all of them, I shall confine myself to a description of the principal ones.

The first spirit that came from the cabinet was a graceful female, dressed in white muslin, wearing a white veil, which hung over her shoulders. She came out a number of times, and finally advanced into the center of the room, recognized the writer, and threw an amiable kiss. Her complexion was light, and she looked to be about thirty years of age, but I could not see her distinctly enough to identify her.

The next form was that of a woman, taller and larger than the medium, the shape of her head and features differing entirely from the previous materialization. She was clothed in a loose dress of white cloth, with a white cap on her head, her hair being dressed to hang in curls by the sides of her face. A gentleman asked if it was his sister, and she bowed it was.

Four or five tall male spirits stepped out of the cabinet at different times, and pointed to particular members of the circle. The shape of their heads, color of their hair, and mode of wearing their whiskers essentially differed. A splendidly dressed female, wearing a silver coronet, came out a number of times. A little child presented itself at the long opening. Soon afterward a youth, much shorter and smaller than the medium, wearing dark pants and white shirt, walked into the room, and after remaining a short time went to the cabinet, drew aside the curtains, and stood by the medium, who could be seen sitting in her chair.

The spirit of a physician, who used to attend Mrs. P.'s sances in Rochester, recognized the lady who presided at the organ. The little Indian girl, with long black hair hanging over her shoulders, danced about the organ, going to the organ for a hand-bell, which she rang loudly. A female spirit appeared, decked with spangles, and knelt twice by the side of a table standing near the cabinet. Another woman came out, wearing a white dress, trimmed with black lace, and went to the organ, at her request, and patted her on the head.

The reasons, probably, why more spirits are not identified at these sances are that the medium goes into the cabinet in a nervous condition, causing the spirits to partake of her feelings, so that they cannot allow persons to approach them; and because it is necessary to use a dim light. The explanation given by spirits for the necessity, generally, of requiring partial darkness in physical manifestations is, that light produces motion among the refined particles which they use. This seems plausible when we remember that notes floating in sunbeams shining in at a window are more lively than those in a darker part of the room. Also that the photographer always covers his camera with a black cloth immediately after taking a picture, and manipulates his chemicals in a dark closet.

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Extracts from a Letter Just Received from Dr. Peebles.

The following selections from an epistle written us by the Pigrim, under date of St. John's, Newfoundland, May 10th, will prove of interest to the reader:

It was on the 30th day of April that I shipped aboard the Nova Scotian, a large stoutly built steamer, well adapted to defy the gales of the cold northern seas.

During most of my stay in London I was privileged with being the guest of a gentleman residing upon Champion Hill. What an ancient apostle wrote may be said of him—"green to Hospitality." The society given me in Doughty Hall was a grand success every way.

The next morning after the voyage left the city for Liverpool, accompanied by James Burns, E. Harrison, Greene and lady, and others. On Sunday we had an excellent meeting in Liverpool, Messrs Burns and Greene participating. Mr. John Lamont, a very sound, substantial Spiritualist, occupied the chair.

When leaving England the last of April the beautiful lawns were carpeted in green, the trees were in full leaf, and the orchards all crimson and white with apple-blossoms; but here in Newfoundland, ten days later, the trees are shivering in nakedness, and the buds are only slightly swelling.

My health is not only fair, but absolutely good. It is a mystery to myself how I can brave the cold of the frigid north-lands, the torrid heats of India, the fitful changes of the temperate zones, working continually with my pen, and yet coming out fresh each morning.

Though I could hear of no Spiritualists in Newfoundland, I met several "free thinkers," to whom I gave Spiritualist newspapers, tracts, and pamphlets. Let us hope that the seed fell upon ground sufficiently good to produce an abundant harvest.

The volume embodies the responses of Prof. Alfred R. Wallace, of England, Prof. Joseph Rodas Buchanan, of New York, Darius Lyman, Esq., of Washington, and Epes Sargent, Esq., of Boston, to the singularly fallacious and bigoted strictures regarding the New Gospel of the Nineteenth Century to which Prof. W. B. Carpenter and other of the "Scientists" of Great Britain have given vent.

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Letter from Dr. Willis in Regard to Weighing a Medium.

My attention was called to the issue of the London Spiritualist of May 31 by a brief notice in the last Banner. I procured a copy of the same, and have read with deep interest the lengthy article by Mr. Harrison upon weighing a medium during the production of spiritual manifestations, especially those of materialization, and recording the variations from the normal weight of the medium.

In the light of this fact can any one fail to see the possible danger to the medium should the transpiration of these phenomena the body of the medium actually suffers this immense temporary loss of vital forces—of solid substance, may we not say?

It seems to me that Spiritualists themselves are strangely insensible to the wonder of these marvels that are transpiring so generally throughout the world, and most unaccountably indifferent to the effects of the phenomena upon the mental and physical organization of the media.

While I fully admit the importance of protecting ourselves in every possible manner against being imposed upon by unprincipled charlatans in the sacred name of mediumship, I do not believe we have any right to approach mediums in an arrogant or dictatorial spirit, assuming them to be lawless.

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BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

SHORT SKETCH.—Let not adversity tear of the wings of hope; neither let prosperity obscure the light of prudence. The leading communication in the last number of the Investigator is headed, "God is Everywhere." "That's just what we think."

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.—Speakers having matter for this Department are reminded that the Banner of Light goes to press on Tuesday of each week, but on Saturday. Their notices should therefore, to insure prompt insertion, be forwarded to the office on the Monday preceding the day of going to press.

ings were resumed in this hall on Sunday last—after a recess of nearly a year—under the management of Mr. Robinson, the former Chairman, assisted by a large number of speakers and mediums. An excellent quartette choir for music.

BUSINESS CARDS. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a cure for all those painful complaints and weaknesses peculiar to women. Sold by all Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 50 doz. for \$5.00, sent by express. Sent by mail in the form of Lozenges at \$1.00 per box. Address Mrs. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Sent for pamphlet, Mar. 16.

The Psycho-Physiological Sciences, AND THEIR ASSAILANTS. BEING A RESPONSE BY ALFRED R. WALLACE, OF ENGLAND; PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN, OF NEW YORK; DARIUS LYMAN, OF WASHINGTON; EPHES SARGENT, OF BOSTON; TO THE ATTACKS OF PROF. W. R. CARPENTER, OF ENGLAND, AND OTHERS.

THE NOVEL HEALER. She sat in her room, and there she read Till her eyes grew red with weeping. She was so sad, At every pause; That night she knew no sleeping!

THE WONDERS OF NATURE. The sun in his glory, And the moon in her light, And the stars in the sky, And the clouds in the night.

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Message Department.

Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Circle Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Ridd, are reported herein and published week in this Department.

We also publish on this page reports of Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Circle Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

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

Invocation.

We stand some days on earth and wonder why it is that we cannot make humanity understand our presence, and know that we are here, and yet, oh Father, as we come today, and as we feel thy great and mighty love over-shadowing all, we realize that thou art planting the seeds of love even in the hearts of those who preach from the pulpits here in years past the doctrine of hell punishment. We know, oh Father, that thou art good, that thou art giving good gifts unto the children of men, and we feel that we must drop the little seeds of life wherever we have opportunity, into whatever garden may be open unto us.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT. Mr. Chairman, we will hear your questions.

Q.—Why is it that departed friends bear away with them their infirmities, when the Word says we can carry nothing with us, and we have always supposed that released us from all sorrow and pain? How long are our loved ones subject to them, and when is a release effected?

A.—When you die, you simply know that when you come in contact with humanity, you often feel the infirmities with which you passed away. We are peculiar as spirits. When we come in contact with life, just the simplest thing may influence us, and make us feel some peculiar feeling. The aroma of a rose bud might affect us, or make us uncomfortable. Now, when we come in contact with some individuals here on earth, and control them, that we take on our old infirmities, and we do this until we have completely progressed in spirit-life, that we have outlived them, that we can return to earth-life without this experience.

Q.—Charities claim that they see spirits of murderers, who seem to have long tasks protruding from the mouth. Have you ever seen such a spirit?

A.—Although I have been in the spirit world between forty and fifty years, I have never met with anything of the kind. I think that the clairvoyant who saw it must have seen a symbolical representation, not a real one, but it is often the case that the clairvoyant sees a symbolical manifestation, consider them real, and give them out as such. We should say that the murderer who appeared to the clairvoyant were in a low condition, and that the tasks symbolized a lower order of humanity. You know very well that on the prairies you find animals of a lower order, such as instances, that have tasks, and you know that they are very foolish. Now, I suppose the most have been a representation of a lower order of life, to illustrate the fact that the individuals seen were in a like condition, not that they actually had tasks. I never met one who was deformed in spirit-life. All deformities come from this life.

Q.—To what extent are the prejudices and hates of those in earth-life participated in by those in spirit-life?

A.—It is according to the disposition of the individual. If he hates somebody here intensely, and does not progress beyond that hate, he will certainly feel the same in spirit-life for a time. As fast as he progresses he will leave the antagonism behind. Another individual might come to spirit-life very much vexed with some one else, yet on changing worlds he would perceive at once the state of the individual, the reason why certain conditions were brought about, and he would say, "I forgive you," and would no longer cherish unkind feelings. Hate varies in intensity and duration according to the disposition of the individual.

Q.—[By John Taylor.] Christ, being a great and good medium, seemed to conquer the conditions which led him into the wilderness, previous to any exercise of his mediumship. Should not modern mediums arrive at the same positive position previous to a public demonstration of their gifts?

A.—Mr. Chairman, is it possible that the world does not know that Christ had very many experiences before he arrived at the day mentioned in the question? Think of him as a little child; think of him at the age of twelve; think of him during all those years of which nothing has been said of the temptations of the cars, of the sorrow which led him up to the positive position which he attained at the time spoken of. All modern mediums go through the same experiences, the same experiences that Christ did. Never has one attained an eminent position, but he or she has walked through the depths of Hades, as I might say, knee-deep. Many a time have they been ready to faint under their burdens, and have begged that we would take them home rather than send them forward on their way, yet the spirit-world has felt that it must have its workers, and they still work on.

Q.—Is it possible to arrive at such a positive condition in mortal life? If so, what are the conditions necessary for its attainment?

A.—It is not possible to attain that positive condition, but not until you have walked all the varied paths of life, but until you have stood upon the uncovered head and begged the influence of the angel-world, and asked God to guide and guard and help you.

Q.—Is it right to be a medium for the angel-world until that positive condition is attained?

A.—It is right to be a medium when you are a medium. If I like to know how you can help it, if you are born a medium? It makes me think of what I heard, not twenty-four hours ago, from the lips of a young man, a medium. He said, "If a man is born a fool how can he help it?" So I may say, "If a man is born a medium how can he help it?" All you have got to do is, when you know an individual is mediumistic, a born medium, assist, guide and guard him all you can. Give him all the power you can, all the life-illumination you can, and remember that we in spirit-life will not forget it.

Q.—Do magnetic healers impart the vital force

forces to the diseased as effectually while in conversation as they would if silent?

A.—There is no time that one can use the whole soul-force as when silent. If you are going to concentrate your mind, your powers upon any object, you can do it better when silent. Sometimes an individual may be entranced by an Indian, who, by constantly talking, may attract your attention and at the same time send a force out; yet, as a general thing it is better to keep quiet. The only object in talking is to occupy the mind of the patient enough to keep him negative, which may sometimes be desirable.

Q.—Why is it that a person who prays sincerely for spiritual light to see things as they are, receives no response?

A.—Whether you receive a response or not you cannot always tell. Prayer is the sincere desire of the heart. It is the aspiration of the spirit seeking for more light. You do not always know when this desire is answered. There may be really an answer, but not in the direction in which you look for it. Then again, it makes a difference whether you ask for something attainable, something that you are thought to you, or that you are in a condition to receive. The best prayer you can offer is to invoke the aid of the spirit-world to enable you to live good and true lives; you will then be sure of an answer to prayer.

Q.—[By F. E. Pulsifer.] An influence comes and manifests through one of our mediums, telling us that there is a place beneath the earth where low, undeveloped spirits congregate; that they seize and drag down innocent babes, and also adult spirits who have led good, virtuous lives here, and that they retain and torment them. Can this be true? Do undeveloped spirits possess any such power? Are the pure and good liable to fall into the clutches of low influences in another life?

A.—I have never heard of any such place, neither do we believe that one exists. We believe the individual who has such communications must be surrounded by a peculiar kind of spiritual influence, it may be by some old Orthodox spirits, who believed in an eternal hell, or something of the sort, and they wish to tell their story in a feeling communication here, or anywhere else, whatever is reasonable, that retain, and whatever is not reasonable throw away. It is not reasonable to suppose there is such a place in existence as that described by your questioner. It seems too much like the old idea of "pophet," altogether.

REBECCA T. READE.

I have been in spirit-life, Mr. Chairman, some time. I have been in your Circle-Room before. I have spoken, I believe, once before, but I desire to speak again. Give my name as Rebecca T. Reade. I left the earth-life a long distance from here, in California. Strange to me, the influence that led me there. Many and strange were the influences that surrounded me. I tried my best to regain my health, but it was too late. I now return, not expecting really to be received by my friends generally. I shall be received by some, for they will know I am not known here, consequently they will accept my communication. I am twenty-eight years old, going on twenty-nine. My little boy soon came to me.

I feel as if I would like to thank you for the privilege of sending this message. I have friends near Boston who will listen to me, I think; at least I hope so. My name was Bessie when I was here, before I was married. March 5.

JAMES T. BURKE.

Please say that James T. Burke, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, called here and sends his love to his friends, also to his two children, James and William. He does not want them to forget him. Say to William, "I will only be with you for a few days, or certainly you will come to him." I speak this because I feel I must, because I know I can guide this letter to him.

I will not take your time, Mr. Chairman, I simply ask just that this may be said and nothing more. March 5.

WILLIAM M. MITCHELL.

I am William M. Mitchell, of Chicago, a moulder or by trade. I was seventy years old. I have been gone eight years. I went in the spring of 1870. I think it was the month of May, sometime about the middle of May. I am English by birth. I have a daughter who used to live with me in Boston. I think she does now. I have a son who lives in New York State. I'd like to reach either of them. They are queer in their ideas. They don't believe much in Spiritualism, but I propose that they shall hear my message. I don't propose to tell much. All I've got to say is what everybody else says: It is pleasant up here, that is, in your spirit world. I don't know the best friends up here that one can ever find. I tell you, if you want to know how to do anything, you had better "come up top," as they say. If you want to learn how to construct machinery, I tell you it's better up here—even to the raising of chickens, or sending forth the strongest, the most complete machinery possible. I've everybody to learn something of Spiritualism before coming to spirit-life. March 5.

ELIZA M. DALY.

I am Eliza M. Daly. It seems strange to me that I can't reach anybody, that I can't do anything. It's been dark and gloomy, and I've been tired waiting. I've waited and waited and waited until the old gentleman that's here gave me light and told me to come here, not to wait any longer. I went out from Charlestown a good many years ago, eighteen years, I think, with consumption. I tried the best I could to do all that was right, but it seemed as though everything went against me. I couldn't do only just what I did do. It was so tired, I feel so much when I come back, do you know I feel tired and worn, but I hope to get more light when I go back. Ah! it's so, sir? [Yes; you will be benefited by coming here.] There's a spirit here that seems to have such a beautiful light about her, and I am so glad to meet her, yet I dare not speak to her, she's so beautiful. There is a beautiful, life is grand—it is eternal. You can stand with me if you like by the side of yonder river. You can walk with me if you please through the valleys where the sweet smiling flowers come with their fragrant blossoms to us. You can look at the time as they travel over the mountain side, you can feel the touch of the spirit-life as you stand on old ocean's shore. Whoever you may be, if it is a spiritual and grand life, nothing curtailed, everything free, everything beautiful, if you can only build for yourself a house before you come here. Yes, I have builded mine. Many thought, perhaps, it would not be beautiful, yet I like it. I see there is no need of windows of glass, for we have columns wreathed with beautiful green vines, and we can see right through the very walls if necessary. I wish you could see it as I see it. There is the fountain grand, there are the flowers so beautiful, there are the birds speaking to us, as it were, of spiritual knowledge. We have our pets, we have everything which on earth made life dear. I feel as if I would like to thank God for the privilege of speaking out and saying whatever I may please to say. March 6.

ROBERT RANTOUL.

Again I stand before you, having come to you several times in the capacity of one who manifested in others, feeling that with the power I

possess I might do some good to humanity. I know that Spiritualism is true. I have proved it feeling here from time to time. I have visited different parts of the spiritual world, and have met with many investigators, those who have come to spirit-life with a desire to further investigate and understand its mysteries.

I want to say that if you mortals were only less skeptical and had a little more faith, you would have more spirit manifestations than you have now. If you were materializations, you would not be so exacting, you would not have the frauds you have. If you would be a little less grasping you would have far greater truths. If you cannot trust the angel-world, then what can you trust? For one would bid you be skeptical in regard to imposition and fraud, but at the same time I would ask you to have strength and power, and discrimination enough to give the angel-world a chance to do their work.

Please say it is Robert Rantoul, who sometimes visits materializing mediums. March 5.

EDWARD N. BABOOK.

I came from New Orleans to visit your Circle-Room. My name is Edward N. Babook. I passed away some ten years ago. I am not a native of New Orleans. I traveled from place to place. I was born in the State of Maine, and have traveled through nearly every State in the Union. I have had deal with almost all the different kinds of trades, from dry goods to jewelry. I never have been married, and unless I find somebody here in spirit-life, I never shall be. I am forty-five years old. I passed out with an internal trouble which I know now was cancer of the stomach, which the medical fraternity did not understand. I am going to do the good they do, and I will do it, as you call it now, and that I shall live with my mother and father, brother and sisters. We have a pleasant home in the spirit-life, a villa of our own, a cottage not made with hands, for I did not make it, but they say it is eternal. I can only say God and the angels be with you. March 5.

WILLIAM C. GREENE.

It is William C. Greene, of Quincy, Ill. I came to assist the man who has just left, because I felt that he needed assistance. I have found my friends and very many that I never expected to find here. I thought in the old idea of heaven and hell. I thought there were a good many of my friends I should never see; I believed I had been regenerated and should see God, while they never would. It is a matter of pleasure to me to know and realize that those friends still live. In the days of my childhood, when I lived in the city of Baltimore, years ago, my sister Mary went out, as you call it now, and she had never experienced religion, had never been adopted by the church, and I really and earnestly supposed that when I went I should never see her; but she was the first one, when I came to this shore and anchored, to wind her arms about my neck and welcome me home. I said if there was such a power as this I would use it at the first opportunity.

I can't tell you, Mr. Chairman, how long I've been gone; it's some little time. I came because I said I would come, because I believed it right to come. I know now that you have a great advantage over many others. It doesn't advance a man or a woman to believe in the hells that were preached in the past; it doesn't advance a man or a woman to believe in a God of wrath, but if they believe and realize these truths that you teach, Mr. Chairman, it is easy to come back again, and it is easy to live in the spiritual life. March 7.

LUCY A. ANDROS.

My name is Lucy A. Andros. I was born in the city of Albany, and I died in the city of New York. I have a sister Jennette, whose name is Miles now, and she has left in her mind to come from the place where she now is to the East, and at her request I come here to-day. She thinks that when another summer comes she will surely leave and come here. She had better say where she is; it is better for her and for her boy Charlie. Let Aunt Jennette care of herself. Tell her to mind her own affairs and let her be alone. If she comes East it will be bad for her.

I have been gone five years. I was thirty-four years old. I went out with consumption. I know that my sister will get this message, because I understand how it is. If you will send it through your post-office I will be much obliged to you. March 7.

GEORGE RICHARDSON.

I wish you would say that George Richardson, of Boston, who has been in spirit-life many years, called to say a word to his Mary. Tell her to come with my brother Samuel, with my father, Benjamin, and that I am using all the force I can for the benefit of my wife and children; that I want her to know that I sometimes am around and about; and not only her, but my friends generally. I went away with consumption. I believed in the great inlets of peace and life everlasting. I have had little opportunity to communicate with earth. I don't know how I became attracted here to-day, except it was by reason of the sympathy existing between me and one or two who are in the place. I want to send my love to my friends, that they may know I am still here. It is so much to say, but I say it with as much love as I can. Keep on investigating, the more you investigate the more you will understand. March 7.

NANCY T.—m.

Mr. Chairman, I am not much used to talking, but I would like to send a message to my daughter, if you are willing that I should put it in your paper. I don't want to say that I shall manage that she sees it, because my sister Susan often sees the paper, and I know I shall be likely to offend them if I put my name in it. I want you to say that I come with the permission of my husband, with my mother, Keziah. I want to make her understand that if she is not careful all that she has will slip out of her hands. She is going to work the wrong way. She ought not to have expelled him; ought not to have sent him off. She ought to have kept him with her. Kept away from him; then it would have been all right. Everything will slip away if she is not very careful. There are some she is dealing with who in the past have got all they could and kept all they have got. They will do the same by her. It troubles me very much. I have watched things ever since I came to spirit-life, a long time ago. Some twenty-two or twenty-three years it is now since I went away, and of late my husband and I have come to me. I am here with my friends, and I have a pleasant home, but still I hate to see the old place going out, so I thought, as nobody else could send her a message, maybe you would let me send one through your post office. Please direct it to Caroline B. B.—r, and say it is from Nancy T.—m. Direct the message to Quincy, Mass. March 7.

MAMIE.

I just wanted to come here this afternoon and tell you, Mr. Chairman, that I've got so I can see just as good as anybody. I don't you remember? I am Mamie. When I came here before I could not see at all, and I told you if I helped would come again and tell you of it. [I remember you.] I don't believe I should ever

have seen if I had not come here, so I've come to thank you. I can see better than you can, I guess and it's so nice! You can open the eyes of the blind, can't you, just like Christ? Oh, I'm so glad, I can see! Now I'll go. Shall I bring here all the blind folks I can find? [Yes.] March 7.

BENJAMIN T. T.—n.

I come here, Mr. Chairman, not at the request of a friend, but because the gauntlet has been thrown down to me—I have been dared to come to the Banner of Light. It is said that I cannot come. I was a Methodist by profession. I believed in a God who did all things right. I recognized Christians wherever I met them, whether they might be, if they illustrated the Golden Rule in their lives, I recognized them as Christians. I have been gone some years. I have never felt as if it was necessary for me to communicate with my friends, for it seemed to me that whether they received me or not, I cared but little, so that I could minister to those who labored for the cause of Christ; but knowing as I do their peculiar feeling, as I said before, having heard them say that I could not come, I determined to come, and in order that they may recognize me, I will repeat the prayer I used always to say at the table, since they will be aware that no one here can be familiar with it. It is this: Oh, Lord, we thank thee for the food we are about to partake of. May it nourish and cherish the weak and decaying body. And for this and all other mercies we thank thee, oh Father. Amen.

Please direct this letter to my daughter Betsey. Say it is from Benjamin T. T.—n. I will see that it reaches its destination. You can say that Otis and Benjamin are with me. I come with all the power I can bring. I send my love to my children, to James, and to my wife. Tell her to listen to the words that come to her, and not throw them off. She will soon be with me, and then we will talk these matters all over. March 8.

JOHN HENRY BUEKHART.

My name is John Henry Buekhart. I come from a long way off, from Louisville, Ky. I had an idea that a friend of mine might perhaps listen to me, who is very near and dear, if I got as far off as possible. When this thing became real to me, and the door was open, and the sun shone in, I found I had got to plant my own acorns if I wanted an oak tree to grow. I found I must do something for myself if I would develop and progress. After I had met dear friends of mine, heard their experiences and compared them, I said, if it is possible, I will send my name down, any way. Although I can't remember the experiences that I'd like to, still I am going to give the best I can. March 8.

AUGUSTUS, to Sarah B.

Again I approach you, Mr. Chairman, feeling that friends are beside me, and knowing that those I love are with me. Though but yesterday I have passed since I last came, yet I come again, feeling that I will not be repulsed, but that I will use all the strength I can to those that I have loved. I ask them to receive my message here in this room to-day. Give to my daughter the love which I feel that she merits; to my dear friends the strength which I feel they ought to have; and to my wife, who has nobly braved the storm of life, good forward and done whatever she could to spread the words of Spiritualism, I say to her, "I will be with you. As in the days of the past, when we sent forth the little dog through the snows of winter with a message to a neighbor, so to-day I send forth my message through the snows of distrust and the winds of adverse circumstances to her who sits near me; and I say to her, "Be strong, and be true." Please say it is from Augustus, to Sarah B. May 2.

ANONYMOUS.

I have been in spirit-life nearly all the time of my life. I was not a year old when I passed away, but I was brought under my parents' influence and been nurtured, helped and assisted, particularly by an aunt, Abbie, who seemed to feel she had me in her charge, and also by one— a mulatto—who went away from the South and had a hard time in life; it was a long time ago, when they had slaves there—Henri Montague. He assisted me very much, and has gone on assisting me, but I have lived many years in spirit-life, at the home of my grandmother and grandfather. I have enjoyed life, yet still I feel as if I had a duty to perform. I find here a brother so discouraged he hardly knows which way to turn; I find a father an invalid; a mother an invalid, but still not hopeless. I want to give them all the strength I possibly can; and, sir, [to the chairman] if it is possible and everything is perfectly agreeable, I would like to have my message advanced.

I want to say to my brother, R. D. W.: Please remember that at morning, noon and night I am with you whenever you are doing your work. You may not feel that your brother Fred is doing as well as you want him to, yet we are with you with him, and will help you right along. Don't be discouraged; if one thing fails another will certainly succeed. I send much love and kindness to my father, R. H. W. I want them all to understand I am doing the best it is possible for one to do who has been brought up in spirit-life, because I have little knowledge of the material. I am often with them. I am often with father when he is going round, trying to do the best he can in his feeble condition. I want them to be kind to me, and to be with them as I am kind to them, and to do their work the best they can. I will help them just as long as it is possible. I am tapping H. on the head. If there is anything I can bring to bear, I shall certainly help them. I am a disciple of my aunt's. I have done the best I could in spirit-life. I went away when just a little baby. I come back a strong man, I have been gone a good many years. I can't reckon them up, Mr. Chairman, but it seems to me at least twenty-four years. May 9.

HATTIE.

I wish you would say this is from Hattie, and that I send my love to father and mother, and I want mother to know I am looking after her in Europe, and that I am looking after the family generally. I am doing whatever I can, doing the best I can. I with certain others, an helping father all I know how. They need not be discouraged at all. I shall come whenever I can make myself manifest, if it don't satisfy 'em. I am sorry mother do n't like things just as they are. Tell her they can't be any different. She'd better go somewhere, where she goes sometimes, where they do things the best they can do. If conditions were better, we could do a great deal more. Ask her to go sometimes, to do the best she can, and we will help her all we know how. [To the Chairman.] You need n't be at all troubled. They will know who it is when they read it, and they always read the Banner. May 9.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

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

Mrs. Danskin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Part One Hundred and Six.)

BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

One of the most remarkable features of Mrs. Danskin's mediumship is the power manifested by her spirit-friends to restore the vital energies after periods of excessive labor and great prostration. Sometimes when she has been greatly overtaxed and her physical structure, always frail and delicate, seems ready to break down under the mental pressure of a few hours' undisturbed repose will restore her to normal force and vigor. During the past twenty years her life has been a striking illustration of the power of mind over matter. When her strength is exhausted,

and she is compelled to retire for rest, there is first a short unconscious slumber, then comes a current of air passing over the face from head to foot, then she has an indistinct perception of hands waving and fluttering, like shadowy pinions, above and about her; finally mesmeric passes are made, and when these are finished she seems filled with new life; the very atmosphere imparts a renewed spiritual vitality.

Some fifteen years ago a gentleman came to me at our lecture hall, on Sunday morning, and said his child was very ill; that he was from Massachusetts, had been but a short time resident in Baltimore, and knew of no magnetic or clairvoyant physician whose services he could secure. He was unwilling to entrust his child to the old-school practice, and asked me if I could assist him. Invited him to my home, and Dr. Kusch, controlling Mrs. Danskin, appointed a time for him to call. She had been prostrate several hours, and seemed incapable of any physical exertion, but at the time appointed she was restored to her usual strength and treated the child successfully.

All mediums, whose powers are much used, should have an apartment where they are free from intrusion; where that magnetic force which has been withdrawn in the exercise of their mediumship may be restored by their spirit-friends.

LOUISA WATKINS.

I give you greeting. Am I likely to be considered an intruder? [She was welcomed.] My name was Louisa Watkins, and I was eighty-one years old. When I left the lower world for the higher, I was conscious, fully developed with a knowledge of Spiritualism. I resided in Massachusetts.

I have two daughters and a son-in-law; and with that son-in-law I lived most happily, most pleasantly, for he, like myself, knew the worth, the beauty, and the utility of Spiritualism.

I have a darling daughter who lives in the West, and it is to her to-night that mother wings her flight, to let her know that I have eternal life beyond the grave. Not space, but fact, the fact in which all the faculties of her youthful days are being brought into exercise. I hide my light under a bushel! No, not I! I want it spread broadcast that I died without fear and trembling; that I passed out calmly, serenely, like unto the little infant when sleeping. When I awoke on the other side of life, the angels came to me. Well, good, and faithful servants, said they, "enter in, for ye have labored both past and present for thee." My children, mother loves you, but she also loves the spirit-world.

The beautiful gift is mine not with wings to fly, but with power to come and see and know that I can ever come to thee for good. Oh, eternal Master, I have done thy work, and thou hast compensated me beautifully with life; not only with that life that giveth comfort to myself, but life that enables me to give comfort to others.

Children, mother has done this through a stranger, to make your hearts glad, though I know not one of you mourned, for our religion taught you better.

RAY.

My name was Ray. I died at Santa Cruz, California, in April. I do not believe a thing in this. It's only a matter of sport and pastime that I'm here, nothing more. I don't believe it's myself doing this. I don't believe it is I.

Singular fact: Over here they believe spirits can go back and communicate through organizations. I do not believe it, because it's inconsistent—not compatible with science, and has no authenticity. To know what is true, and to be about it. When a man tells you plainly and decidedly that he doesn't believe a thing in what he's doing, which way can you twist it?

Turn the book upside down and you can't read it. Let the light go out from a man's eye and he cannot see—take the speech from his mouth, he can't talk. But over here they have delegations who go out wandering over the planet Earth, searching to find out mysteries and solve them. I know full well the Good Book says: "Verily, verily I say unto you, he that believeth shall have everlasting life." Well, I didn't search that book; I didn't believe much about it hereafter. I knew that when people died they had to be put down in the ground, but I didn't know that spirit could arise, go out in search and then return, nor did I believe it.

It seems to me that I am trying to do something that I cannot understand nor comprehend. Whether it gives me light or gives me darkness, here I go, with the spirit eye, with the spirit voice searching into the mysteries of the human heart, finding out the component parts of man, dividing and subdividing them, weighing and measuring them, dealing them out according to their qualifications. If I learn anything I'll return to you again; but if I remain ignorant I'll ask the winds to take me where earth, heaven, man, woman or child will never more hear of me.

WILLIAM M. TWEED.

[The spirit of an old friend—E. L. Davenport—had been conversing with me, and after he withdrew another took control. Keeping Mrs. Danskin's head bowed nearly to the table, he said:]

I would have my head erect. I cannot. Kindly and beautifully have you spoken to the King theoretical. I am like him, I hold high rank, living in a palace, if I died in a prison. I have held an iron grasp upon this woman for two days, and at last have mastered control.

I am suffering the torments of hell, even more now than when the spirit was encased in its carnal flesh. The demon of night tempted me in all my transactions, and still holds me. I am a target for humanity, and I curse the ground upon which my weary footsteps were ever set.

It is not so much for myself as for those I leave behind me. They must feel the scorn of men who were no better than myself.

I have not seen God nor the white throne. I've seen nothing. I sit on the rock alone and converse with the rippling waters. I despise men. I am held here in check, or I would give the names of those who hold responsible positions who were worse even than I. I am held, and dare not. Were others benefited by holding me a prisoner when they knew that disease had set in and death must follow? Was I the first one who ever committed wrongs? Death came and released me from one position, but placed me in another equally unpleasant. Why is it my head is bowed and I dare not raise it? The whisperings of others bid me come here. They said by doing so I would find some relief from this inward suffering, not outward.

I am now going to uplift the cloud I have placed around this woman, and see if I can find one who is physically stronger to do my work.

[The influence of this spirit was very depressing to the medium for some twenty-four hours previous to the control; but I felt no anxiety regarding it, because I knew it was under the supervision of my spirit father, who would shield her from all detriment.—W. A. D.]

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED:

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

MESSAGES RECEIVED LAST WEEK:

Heman Lincoln; Father Gleason; George F. Chandler; H. M. Underhill; M. D.; George M. Wheeler; Louise; William M. Tibbels; Frederick Gregory; George H. E.; Abbie S. Hazen; Olive A. Deane; Ann A. Allen; James C. Williams; Hannah Ford.

John D. Salter; Maria Scoville Jones; Joseph Curtis; B. C. Lotthrop; Nancy, to her father and mother C. Jacob.

TO BE PRINTED IN OUR NEXT:

Henry Jackson; Henrietta Maria F. Dimmock; Silas D. Hosmer; Rebecca F. Galagher; Jane M. Jones; Ferdinand Shepard; Luke P. Blackburn; James Riley; Lewis B. Browning; Sarah; Thomas Suttif; Rosa Hayes; Eliza D. Mason; Eliza Smith; Emily L. Odion; John Lord.

[Owing to our limited space, the remainder of our list of announcements or "messages to be published" is necessarily omitted, but will be reprinted at a future day.]

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

Dora Hamilton; Blanche Worthington; Cecelia Moffett; Frances Faulkes; George Roberts; Robert Olinamond; James Howell; Philip Motta.

Women are generally very smart, but they cannot hold a candle to a can of kerosene with morality.

M. SAJ Ph Office, I DURI purp curbed th bason the work and two The P Is an un Lung. by E. Price 8 WASH. CURE this Great Re Required and P. In most effect beout the April 6 Dr. Care Dr. W. V. polt and un known and Dr. W. have been had fatie Send 7 DR MI Astral For an Life-Rec rectio For a k k Thousand and more call, time of 1 part of h ness, and plain clans are The me hie m in way, or. N INCI "T G Nu S HOUL M to r person, O to r peen and futuro ill what is successful tending 1 April 6 E THE O wter 1877. 17. Now I discuss kind. A April 7. TH W E of Special 12 for 82 COLLEGE THE D. I Grove, C FOR A TISS A Portat A Portat the bod the Appy leading 1 April 7. AN THE 1878. 15 cents; the paper paid) to Jan. 5. ] POWE descu and, an locations stragac stags ago dressed e 30th Jan. 7. En DON SPH we will s plan for COLB Province \$99 00 Aug. 11 50 LA 50 LA W AN Tr Falls, Mr

Advertisements.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENT. SARAH A. DANSKIN, Physician of the "New School," Pupil of Dr. Benjamin Rush.

DURING fifteen years past Mrs. DANKIN has been the pupil and medium for the spirit of Dr. Benj. Rush. Many cases pronounced hopeless have been permanently cured through her instrumentality.

The American Lung-Healer. Prepared and Magnetized by Mrs. Danskin, is an unfailing remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

DR. J. R. NEWTON, The Celebrated Healer. CURES all Chronic Diseases by magnetized letters. By this means the most obstinate diseases yield to his great healing power as readily as by personal treatment.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis. Care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass. Dr. Willis may be addressed as above. From this point he can attend to the diagnosing of disease by hair analysis.

DR. C. D. JENKINS, Astrologer, MEMBER OF THE MERCURIUM, AND OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR Astral, Cerebral and Mesmeric Science, No. 67 Dover street, Boston, Mass.

For answering questions... Life-Reading, with advice for Future Direction... For a Full Nativty from Birth... \$2.00 \$5.00 \$20.00

THE object of a Nativty being calculated, is to obtain knowledge of the constitution and mental character. Thousands are purblind, bring their native honor and profit, because they have no natural talent for their calling.

New Life for the Old Blood! INCREASE YOUR VITALITY. "The Blood is the Life."

DR. STORER'S Great Vitalizer, THE Nutritive Compound, SHOULD now be used by weak-nerved and poor-blooded people everywhere, as the best restorative of nerve-cells and blood-globules ever known.

SOUL READING, Or Psychometric Delimitation of Character. MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in person, or receive a copy of her "Soul-Reading," will receive an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical conditions, with prescriptive directions which business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those including marriage and life to the individual's talents.

Boston Investigator, THE oldest reform journal in publication, will enter upon its Forty-Seventh (47th) Year on the 25th of April, 1878. Price \$3.50 a year, 47 cents per single copy.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES. WE deliver Strong Pot Roses, suitable for immediate planting, safely by mail, at all post-offices, for 50 cents per dozen, your choice, in packages, for \$1.00 per dozen, for \$1.25 for \$1.50 for \$2.00 for \$3.00 for \$4.00 for \$5.00 for \$6.00 for \$7.00 for \$8.00 for \$9.00 for \$10.00 for \$11.00 for \$12.00 for \$13.00 for \$14.00 for \$15.00 for \$16.00 for \$17.00 for \$18.00 for \$19.00 for \$20.00 for \$21.00 for \$22.00 for \$23.00 for \$24.00 for \$25.00 for \$26.00 for \$27.00 for \$28.00 for \$29.00 for \$30.00 for \$31.00 for \$32.00 for \$33.00 for \$34.00 for \$35.00 for \$36.00 for \$37.00 for \$38.00 for \$39.00 for \$40.00 for \$41.00 for \$42.00 for \$43.00 for \$44.00 for \$45.00 for \$46.00 for \$47.00 for \$48.00 for \$49.00 for \$50.00 for \$51.00 for \$52.00 for \$53.00 for \$54.00 for \$55.00 for \$56.00 for \$57.00 for \$58.00 for \$59.00 for \$60.00 for \$61.00 for \$62.00 for \$63.00 for \$64.00 for \$65.00 for \$66.00 for \$67.00 for \$68.00 for \$69.00 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Spiritualism Abroad.

REVIEW OF OUR FOREIGN MONTHLY SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES.

BY G. L. PITSON, M. D.

When the police pounced down upon Mr. Leymarie, the editor of the Revue Spirite, and thrust him into prison, many, including the priesthood, doubtless thought that that would probably put an end to the able and post-positivist Review and spiritist Spiritualism at the same time; but the April number of our Paris periodical has not only come forth with its usual amount of good matter, but with a "supplement" of forty pages—all indicating an increasing rather than a diminished interest in our good cause.

The "supplement," which I will notice first, is devoted largely to the Revue Spirite, a translation of Col. Oest's letter, explaining the aims and objects of the "Theosophical Society"; fragments of communications upon the same subject, from the able pen of the learned Mme. Blavatsky, reflections upon those by D. A. C.; an interesting letter from Dr. J. R. of Vienna, on the "Supernatural and the Miraculous," with a lengthy reply to the same by M. Leymarie; and a contribution from Col. Oest's "People from the Other World." Here also is a further account of manifestations in the presence of Mme. Andrieu, which are briefly as follows: Having passed into a somnambulic state, the spirit, Blanche, appeared in great beauty, holding a papyrus in her hand. No material was she that the large mirror upon the wall reflected her person. She seemed to be partially supported in the air by another person whose hand only was seen, but this being the ring with the green stone, by which the spirit had been recognized in a previous trance. Blanche gave her signature, also, by direct writing. Several others manifested themselves, recognized by descriptions imparted by the medium. They gave names to the writer a vigorous stroke of the hand. The lady of the house having offered champagne to her guests, the spirits were invited to partake with them. "Immediately the jugle of life" classes was heard as they touched ours, and the fingers that carried them were also felt," says the narrator, "and we drank with grateful hearts to the health of the spirits. 'Ah, I see the Greek and Arab,' he drank his glass, and he drank his glass, and he drank his glass. Light was made, and the glass was found empty upon the table. The spirits then brought bowls of a kind of cake to some of the party, pointed out the wine that remained, and rolled the empty bottle upon the floor. The spirits, being asked what could be done for them, replied, 'Offer up prayers, if you please.' At another trance three strangers were present, and flowers were brought to them. A Russian gentleman had the initials L. J. given to him, but he seemed not to recall any friend he had lost whose name embraced those letters. The medium came to his aid and said, 'The spirit writes in letters of fire, My son' and he was deeply moved by it.

Under the head of *Verdugo* are noticed the departure from this life of the eminent scholar, writer, patriot, Spiritualist, M. Guibera de Bozzi; from the Doct. Jaurico, an estimable, intelligent young lady, beloved by all who knew her, Mme. Laure Bourdin, in Quebec, M. Chochette, who left France to reside in Canada, but soon passed away being in Spiritualism; also the worthy young son of M. and Mme. M. rise—George Albert; and the noble, excellent son of M. Chevalier. I should not omit to name the young wife of M. Gendreau, severely mourned by all. Her demise has thrown a gloom over the "Group spiritist Mass."

"*Amour propre*, vanity, pride," contribute the subject-matter considered in the main body of the *Revue Spirite*. Under the head of *Verdugo* are noticed the departure from this life of the eminent scholar, writer, patriot, Spiritualist, M. Guibera de Bozzi; from the Doct. Jaurico, an estimable, intelligent young lady, beloved by all who knew her, Mme. Laure Bourdin, in Quebec, M. Chochette, who left France to reside in Canada, but soon passed away being in Spiritualism; also the worthy young son of M. and Mme. M. rise—George Albert; and the noble, excellent son of M. Chevalier. I should not omit to name the young wife of M. Gendreau, severely mourned by all. Her demise has thrown a gloom over the "Group spiritist Mass."

Here, also, M. T. commences the romance of a real life—the sad history of a young medium who has to struggle with her education (as a Catholic), with a wretched fortune as a bride, but was still upheld by a kind spirit, who whispered in her ear and preserved her life where death seemed imminent. The sketch is, I am glad to see, to be continued.

Magnatism, regarded in its historical and religious aspect, as the Church has considered it, the "true and the false," is very ably discussed in the Review in hand—a review, in fact, of an elaborate work on the subject by M. Ch. Hue. "Certain priests," says the writer, "prohibit the employment of magnatism as something supernatural, outside of their faith, because they cannot at one glance embrace all its results." "These priests, blinded by prejudice or led by a spirit of prudency, find themselves in contradiction with the court at Rome, which sees nothing in magnatism opposed to the faith or to good manners." Here follows quotations from the "Congregation Generale de l'Inquisition," and from the writings of St. Augustine, Origen, the Abbé Lacordaire, etc.

A "Little Dialogue" carried on between a priest and a countryman, is continued in the Messenger and has many points of interest; but of greater historic value is the brief report of the "Conference of the Grand Rabbins of Belgium," where M. Astruc read a paper on the Jews in Spain during the time that country was in possession of the Arabs. "During the eleventh and twelfth centuries," he said, "the Jews occupied in the Kingdom of the Mussulmans of Spain the very highest positions, and were never molested on account of their religion. Besides poets and theologians there were those whose works permit us to know and to appreciate the religious ideas of the Jews of that period, their philosophy, their morale, the degree of civilization to which they attained. M. Astruc recounted the lives of many of the illustrious Jews and ana-

lyzed their productions. Maimonides, the wonderfully astute writer, was particularly dwelt upon. This deep thinker's first name was Moses. He was the son of Maimoun, and was born at Cordova. The *Revue Belge du Spiritisme*, (April number), has thirty-one pages of such substantial readable matter that it is hardly possible to make a single extract without marring the whole. "The Last Days," (relating to the posthumous works of Dr. Dupuis); "The Mission of Spiritualism"; "Morality," (ably continued); "Materialism"; "Mahomet," as a reformer, and a "Variety" of other subjects make it a very attractive periodical.

SPAIN. *El Criterio Espiritista* of Madrid opens with an interesting article from the pen of the Viscount Solano on mediums as healers. Among many excellent sentiments here expressed, occurs the following: "Truth, love, and charity are the first mottoes upon our banner, and these exclude immorality, chicanery, &c." "That mediumship in general being a gratuitous gift, should be used gratuitously," and this, he says, "we are almost tired of repeating;" and this, doubtless, founded upon the fact that Christ and his apostles went about doing good without any remuneration. Following the above is a remarkably sensible communication from a gentleman in Barcelona, Don R. Caruna Berard, on "Communications Between the Visible and the Invisible Worlds." Love binding two hearts which death cannot annihilate, is one of the arguments used to explain the reasonableness of possible manifestations of the sympathy abiding beyond the tomb. Notable also are "Considerations on Spiritualism," the "Physiology of Magnetism," and the "Miscelanea" which grace this number. Several items among the latter I will quote: "Circles," for the study of Spiritualism, taken from day-to-day a more serious character. Curiosity, interest in phenomena, give place to the intensely interesting studies which our doctrine offers. "It is suggested that each group should devote itself to that particular aspect of the faith to which it was best adapted; one to philosophical researches, others to morals, some to the laws by which verifications can be established of spiritual phenomena, &c. Certainly, more of this among American Spiritualists would give character to the abundant demonstrations with which we are favored. *El Criterio* further says, that in *Verdugo* they have published a collection of communications in prose and verse, obtained at the spiritual 'circle,' called *La Esperanza*; that the Protestant paper *La Aurora de Grecia* published an article against Spiritualism, but that the illustrious and able *polymata*, our brother D. M. Gonzalez, had replied to it, divesting it of all its force by clear and incontrovertible reasonings; that the *Revista de Barcelona* is publishing notable doctrinal articles from the pen of the erudite writer, D. M. N. Marillo; that the first numbers of the new spiritual periodical published in Vera Cruz had been received in Spain; that *La Discusion* of Guadalajara (Mexico) reproduces the interesting narrative of the illustrious Mr. Epea Sargent, upon the phenomenon of "Spirit Materialization"; and that various periodicals, not spiritualistic, of Belgium and Holland, insert articles from our brethren in defence of Spiritualism when attacked.

Accompanying *El Criterio* is a valuable supplement from the pen of the distinguished Viscount Torres Solano, addressed to the Jesuit missionaries in Huesca.

MEXICO. *La Instruccion Espritista* of Mexico, (April number) has been received. Its mass of matter, however, renders it appalling when the thought of condensing it into a few paragraphs comes up. Don Juan Cardero opens his fat pages with an article on "Conscience," "Popular Instruction," "Hell," "Life Immortal," "Material and Spirit," "Retrospective Review," from the French, and "Animal Magnetism" from the other themes that invite attention. A communication from Melancthon says: "The Pharisees and Sadducees sought a miracle from Jesus. My children, the truth is clear water through which you can always see the bottom; the truth is the firmament above, through which we see the constellations that illumine it. To establish the doctrine which shall serve to sustain the Spiritualists of to-day, there is no need of miracles; . . . study; seek to understand natural laws."

*La Ley de Amor*, of Merida, is also at hand. "Memento Homo," from the pen of the editor, is his first article—a consideration of man as he is, his life, duties, end, a tolling creature of dust, destined to return to dust. Some remarks follow respecting the "carnival," which it was thought would be suppressed on account of the arrival of the news of the death of P. IX.; but *La Revista de Merida*, an impartial periodical, says that "on Monday and Tuesday the enthusiasm of the people had reached an aspect of delirium. It is impossible to paint in all its details the wildness of the revelers of the carnival." After this comes a translation (taken from a Mexican paper published at Puebla) of some observations by Alex. Dumas (*pere*) respecting the youth Antonio, who, in a somnambulic state, was enabled to traverse the universe and describe accurately places and things of which he really knew nothing. Of much interest is a short notice, in *La Ley*, of a people near Merida who speak the Maya language: some historical facts concerning them would be of great value. They are called the Kukab; were a few families—a *rancheria* of *indigenes*—when first known, but have increased to their place of residence has been honored by a name, "Cepeda," given in memory of a Gen. C. who had distinguished himself in the cause of liberty. *La Ley* also says: "At last we have the pleasure of receiving the Banner of Light, the largest periodical published in the world, dedicated to the cause of Spiritualism. We thank the editor for his kindness in exchanging with our little paper, and for the honorable mention he makes of our humble labors."

SOUTH AMERICA. The *Revista Espiritista*, of Montevideo, has a limited amount of matter, seldom anything of the phenomenal, but articles always well considered. "Charity" opens the present number. "Spiritual Dissertations," by the "Angel Guardian," some of the same quotations which I have made here from the Barcelona correspondent, and views on the creation, God, sin, &c., make up the larger portion of this March number.

ITALY. The neat, handsomely-printed pamphlet, *Anni Dello Spiritismo*, of Turin, (April number), contains thirty-one pages of very readable, very attractive contributions, opening with "Demonstrations and Defence of Spiritualism" (its tenth article on this subject). The late lamented Baron

de Bozzi contributes also his "Religion of the Future"; this is followed by a statement of some experiments in a private family, where, on one occasion, through the mouth of the medium, who speaks good Italian, a communication came in the old Romanesque language, with all its vulgarisms, such as was used by the most ignorant of the people. She began by asking the medium for a pinch of snuff "which did her head so much good." She had been a washer-woman, and had received some money, in her needy hours, from the medium. The "Vision of Pope Clement IV," and a notice of Mr. Slade in Germany and Russia conclude this number.

The valuable weekly, *Le Desir*, *La Revue Magnétique*, the *Revista Latino-Americana*, *La Jeune Jeune*, the *Physico-Eclectique Journal*, and the *Religion of Spiritualism* shall notice further and at length in my next.

Robert G. Ingersoll in Reply to his "Christian Critics."

This distinguished apostle of free thought addressed an audience which crowded Music Hall, Boston, to its fullest capacity on the evening of Sunday, May 19th. An organ concert of half an hour preluded his discourse. The appearance of the speaker called forth a universal burst of applause, which gave proof that the people who were in attendance were in full accord with the Colonel in the bold position he had taken before the public. Without preliminaries he at once plunged into the work in hand, and for two hours held the respectable and cultured audience before him with the grasp of an intellectual giant; his hearers being sometimes won over to the melting mood by his pathos, and then stirred to the pitch of enthusiasm by his flights of oratory, then convulsed with laughter at some telling point.

He said, in commenting, that there had been a good deal of talk for a great many years about this being a free country. He had heard much about it—how our fathers established liberty religious and political—especially on the 4th of July. And he made up his mind to investigate it and find out if a man could make a living by his profession in these United States and not agree with the popular forms of religion. And he delivered a lecture on skulls, and it was called paganism. He had no idea at the time he delivered it that it would cause "the slightest ripple on the ocean of theological stupidity." He found, however, that he had raised the ire and malice of the Orthodox clergy, and when these Christian critics got hold of it he found it was not his ideas but himself that was to be criticised and censured. Attacking him rather than what he said was a fair proceeding. "I say 'twice five are ten.' You can't dispute the fact by showing that I am aascal." He made liberty his religion and worshiped it that shrine; for he found there was no feeling of obligation without liberty; that duty is a word that cannot be learned in chains. The slave to save his back obeys, but the only safe man in the community is a free man. And he wished he could get out of the hands of the people that ignorance is a duty; that a chain is one of the implements of civilization; that there is a penitentiary for the soul; that God kept a prison and rounded through infinite space with the key in his hand. [Applause.] He did not think a good Orthodox clergyman, with all the wealth and civilization behind him, with an infinite God to do battle for him, would be found who would prevent a man's saying his honest say. But such told him he must not say that. After the attorneys for the plaintiffs had been sacking eight hundred years they wanted the attorney for the defendant not to say a word. Beside this, there was arranged on the other side hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of church property, there being at the present time \$22,000,000 invested in church property in this country, on which not a cent of tax was ever paid, and he could not help thinking that if three or four million dollars a week, the \$45,000,000 for every day of ten hours, which it costs to maintain the churches in this country, could be used to better ends. In presence of all this lavish expenditure he could not help thinking of the poor he had seen in the streets of New York, whose children could freeze upon the stone steps of these costly piles and no door be opened to them. When he visited the grand cathedrals of Europe his soul walked with double step through these monstrous mistakes. When he saw the frescoes upon their walls he became mad with art because it had gone into partnership with falsehood. And he thought that all this great wealth and time wasted over it could have been lavished upon man in such a way that he could take advantages of nature, make his body more beautiful and his mind richer. In that lecture he argued for the banishment of the clergy and the end of the man-made, and he thought all would agree with him. He confessed he did not know all quite certain, but it was his honest belief, and he stated it to be such.

Then he delivered his lecture on Ghosts, in which he tried to show that just in proportion as we find out the laws of nature superstition fades away. Immediately the gentlemen who considered that they are preventing the whole world going to hell, attacked him, but not his ideas—to uphold them. Now I see that upholds the man, the lecturer contended. It gives them bread to eat, a home to shelter them, and everything they have, and in turn they give what they call advice. He claimed that it was the instinct of preservation that made every priest and clergyman; in early days men feared the ire of God, and had men whose business it was to stand between him and themselves to keep him good natured. These priests pretended to be on good terms with deity—to know many court secrets—and in consequence came to be looked at in the light of lesser gods by the people; these priests did not fail to turn their supposed knowledge to good account in governing the people and perpetuating that appeal to human fear, which was their strong hold on the world's thought. But gradually people began to learn to do things which their prayers could not effect. All the prayers in the world, said the lecturer, will not relieve hunger as such as one hot biscuit with a little butter. Now that the clergy are no longer useful, he continued, the question arises, "are they ornamental?" [Great laughter and applause.]

His Christian critics declared that this world was nothing—the next was the all in all. They said this world is nothing. Is nothing? It may be so, but this is the only world I know anything about, and it is a mighty poor farm that I would swap of for a cloud. [Applause and laughter.] It has been said, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and he would say in the same strain, one world at a time. There is sorrow and sadness enough in this without borrowing from another. Let us do away with some of this sadness, help to cultivate more sweetness and do something for this world to make it better than it is, and not be working so far away we don't know what the crop will be cultivating with imaginary plows the vast field of space. "I believe in the religion of this world, I believe in the religion of liberty, in the religion of home, in the religion of fraternity and equality—a blessed trinity. I believe in the blessed trinity of science—reason, observation and experience. I believe in the trinity of family—man, woman and child. These are the trinity in which I believe, and I find as much work in this world as I want to do." [Applause.] He had noticed in life this fact, that those who had the smallest, meanest souls make the greatest fuss about getting them saved. [Prolonged laughter and applause.]

The lecturer considered at great length the inspiration of the Bible. The great question has been, did God use man as we use a pen; not to dip his ink in a bucket, but to inspire him to write, or did the fellow who he wanted? Some say the whole Bible is inspired; others that it is inspired except where it had to be corrected. Some say the writers were inspired as was Shakespeare. He thought not. His writings are grander, have more intellectual beauty than all the

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Bibles ever written. The only question is, then, is it true? You cannot afford to swap old truth for to his children, or such of them as happened to live in Palestine, and in the fullness of time, about two thousand years after, he was going to make it more clear; but this new revelation failed when made as surely as the first one, and the people speedily fell to cutting each other's throats to convince each other that they were right or wrong.

What could be thought of the impudence of a man who would write a commentary on an infinite God's letter to those he had created? When he wrote to John Smith he knew how John Smith would read it and what he would think of. If a man can't write a letter that can be read without a commentator's services being necessary he ought not to write, and it is because these letters are differently understood we have hundreds of sects among us. What would any one think of a town clerk when he had to agree about as to the time it indicated, or a railway time-table on two understood alike? If their book was by an infinitely wise God we would understand it. If there is any divine revelation of justice and charity, it is the perpetual revelation of the human heart.

The speaker proceeded to analyze the teachings of the Bible, asking whether any of the lovable, the grand, the progressive qualities of human thought and action would ever spring within its pages. Did the sentiment of honesty, patriotism or honor come from it? They say we get our ideas of mercy from that; that if it wasn't for that, mothers would broil their babes for their sippers. Now what kind of a God of mercy is this that talk of. First he drowned a whole world filled with his children. [Sensation.] And was that the God to tell him how to raise his children? And had he ought to teach me what to do when he had to know his? The speaker quoted from Joshua what he called the Lord's general orders in time of war, counseling the putting to death all those who opposed the invading army, and making captive those people which surrendered, and this because these people worshipped a stone god. Better, said he, worship a god of stone than one whose sayings would make hundreds of millions of his children—create one set of children to be immorally dealt with by another. Quoting copiously from the book itself, he pointed out that the Bible taught cruelty, slavery, concubinage, polygamy, superstition, and intolerance in religion. On the last point he asked if a God who had given to his people such a law as that in Deuteronomy xiii., 6, 7, 8 and 9, should take upon himself the likeness of man and teach men and strange doctrines to them—if a God who should do this, if not to do it for them, he simply meaning what he has sworn? When people read of things like these, which shocked their senses, they could be sure they were not inspired by a merciful God.

Regarding the world as it is to-day, he said he believed that there was a vast amount more of good than of bad in it. We get a wrong idea of God, because only the bad is thought worth printing, but if all the acts of patriotism, bravery, devotion to human and family, obligation, honesty and love were printed, the papers would be filled with the names of noble men and women.

Referring to the teachings of the New Testament, he incidentally spoke his regard for the Universalists, who had discovered in it a God of love and mercy. But according to this we are told that the mercy of the Infinite Being is found in the plan of salvation. And he considered that the innocent suffers for the guilty to satisfy the law. He was informed that in some mysterious way he was to be held responsible for the sins committed by Adam, but he was not aware that he had ever voted for Adam to be his representative, and he did not consider himself responsible for any crime committed by him. He maintained that there could not possibly be such a thing as vicarious sin nor vicarious virtue. By this original sin—Adam's was held to be the original sin, and that if he had been no sin, then there would have been no death and no heaven. If there had been no death, then we wouldn't have stood much of a chance here. Some one went when he came into the world, and he was willing to go out for some one else to come. Had there been no death we should have had no room here, so, on the whole, doubtless death was a good thing. Then there is the doctrine of hell, which he argued could not be considered as tending to make us kind, affectionate and merciful. It was that doctrine that gave us the rack, the inquisition, the cell of torture, and inspired the painting of the self-satisfied redeemed looking over the battlements of heaven upon mortals in the unquenchable fires of hell, and he believed whoever preached that preached what he felt and knew was a lie. The lecturer concluded his remarks and the questions whether either political liberty, or woman's equality with man, was taught by the Scriptures; whether domestic virtue, benevolence, filial duty, equality or fraternity were inculcated by it, claiming that they were not.

He had been asked what he would give in exchange for the doctrines he so determinedly attacked, and to that question he would answer by saying that, in place of the slavery of the Bible, he would give absolute intellectual liberty; in place of the polygamy of the Bible, he would substitute a home where one man loved one woman; in place of the geology and astronomy of the Bible, he would give the results of the scientists, who have done so much for the world; in fact, he would do away with the book, which he said, was the production of barbarous men in a barbarous age. He closed by urging his hearers to send their minds of the teachings of superstition and to stand up and battle bravely for absolute intellectual freedom!

Spirit-Communion—Verification of Spiritual Messages.

DANIEL LAKE. To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I wish to inform you that in the Banner of Light for July 7th I noticed a communication from DANIEL LAKE, of Bridgewater, Vt. That being the place of my nativity, I have means of knowing the truthfulness of the message. He was a man over ninety years of age; he had excellent means of investigating the phenomena, as in their early days they were manifested in the family of his daughter, a very few steps from his residence. The daughter of Dr. J. M. Holt, his granddaughter, became a medium. Mrs. M. S.

Townsend, now Mrs. C. N. Wood, is well known as a speaker. She possessed many phases of mediumship, hence her grandfather Lake had every chance to learn the true alphabet. I was personally acquainted with Uncle Daniel, as he was called. Respectfully, Mrs. S. A. JESMER, Upper Falls, Vt., July 8th, 1877.

MRS. MARY F. STEARNS. A few weeks since I read in the Banner a communication from Mrs. MARY F. STEARNS, who passed on from Clinton Junction, Wisconsin, in October last. Mrs. Stearns was born and lived very near neighbor, as also an intimate friend of our family. The message speaks most truly of her, particularly the earnestness and desire to let us know of her joys and the great hereafter. I am most happy to acknowledge the message as from her. With our best wishes for yourself and your glorious work, I am most truly yours, M. K. EMERSON, 19 Lyman street, Waltham, Mass., July 14, 1877.

LYDIA HALL. In the Banner of August 18th is a communication from LYDIA HALL, which has been read by many of her old neighbors, and so far as I have heard—and to my certain knowledge in many instances—is acknowledged to be remarkably characteristic of the old lady, and to be correct in its statement of facts and dates. Yours truly, D. GILCHRIST, Franklin, N. H., Aug. 27th, 1877.

SAMUEL MOUNT. To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I wish to say that I recognize in the Banner of Sept. 15th the spirit message of SAMUEL MOUNT, of Fleet street, Brooklyn, as characteristic of the man in every particular. It is over forty years since I became acquainted with him. I have often talked with him on religious subjects. The message is Mount all over. LE GRAND DOUGLAS, SR., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 17th, 1877.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May—Houghton, Osgood & Co., 220 Broadway street, Waltham Square, Boston, publishers—introduces its contents with another installment of W. H. Bishop's "Detinoid." An extract from the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau; a sketch of travel by T. B. Aldrich; a shoe-splitting article "About Magnanimous Incident Literature," by Mark Twain; and a geological consideration of the silver question, by Prof. Shaler, may be mentioned as among the chief attractions. J. T. Fowler contributes pieces of verification which most prove of decided interest—especially to readers in Boston and vicinity—on "Memories of Lake," (Spy Pond, Cambridge,) and poems also contributed by Benj. F. Taylor, "H. H.," "Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesson, and others. The departments are excellent.

SCHUBNER'S MAGAZINE for May—Scrutiner & Co., 743 and 745 Broadway, New York, publishers—reaches us by the courtesy of A. WILLIAMS & Co., 233 Washington street, Boston, who have it on sale, as well as ST. NICOLAS, a copy of which we have also received from them. THE ILLUSTRATED contains specimens of the work furnished by eight new draughtsmen, as well as the old favorites; W. M. Thelston contributes a pleasant article on "Non-Sporting Dogs"; Miss Trafton's "His Inheritance" continues a series of absorbing interest; and the departments are up to the usual standard. Some "wonder" has tried to distinguish himself in its pages by a pitting bluff at the spiritual phenomena, but such squibs are sure to find their end to burn the fingers of those who light them.

ST. NICOLAS for May is a charming number. Its front-piece, "Mandy and Bub by the Nets," drawn by Mary Halleck Foote, is a fine sea-shore sketch. Ranging through the pages of this issue, the eye meets, among others, with the following articles, poems, etc., of special attraction: "The Sibley Goose," by E. Smalley; "Parian Children," by Henry Bacon, with five illustrations by W. F. Brown; "The Sing-away Bird," by Lucy Larcom; "Old Song," by Mrs. E. W. Lattimer, illustration by J. E. Kelley; "Where Money is Made," by M. W., with six illustrations by Fred. B. Schell; "Wild Geese," by Celia Thaxter; "The Charcoal-Burner's Fire," by David Ker, with illustration by J. L. Dickerson; "The King and the Hard Bread," by J. L., with illustration; and "Discontented Polly" (illustrated), by K. B. H.

WIDE AWAKE for May—D. Lothrop & Co., 20 and 22 Franklin street, Boston, publishers—is received. "Drooping Corn," its front-piece, by Mary A. Lathbury, is supported by a poem by Mary B. C. Slade, which is destined to take a high place in the bardic literature of the household, and can be read with profit by the parental mind as well. The illustrations furnish the theme of the present installment of "Child-Talkers of Boston Streets"; childhood's wonder, the tale of "Auldin," fine treatment in choice illustration and verification, and in addition, many other just claimants to attention are furnished. The older readers will doubtless consider No. XVII. of the Poet's Home Series the most valuable article in this number, it being about Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, by Arthur Gilman, and illustrated by a fine portrait of the poet from a recent photograph. It also gives a charming view of the study in his house on Beacon street.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE, conducted by Charles Forbes Deems, D. D., and issued at the Publishing House, 537 Pearl street, New York City, has in its May issue a collection of good things from which for special mention it is indeed hard to choose. Its front-piece has for a subject, "Abolition," and its tragic fate. Illustrated sketches on "Cuba, the last of the Hermit Nations," "Bulgaria," "Wild Asses of the Desert," "Pope Leo," "John Bunyan," etc., etc., are embraced in it, and many miscellaneous readings of value is given in the (over) 120 pages constituting the number.

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING for May—published at Springfield, Mo.—reaches us from the hands of its editors, in an entirely new dress, typographically speaking, and begins its second volume with a fine table of contents as well. Since its inception the Offering has doubled its number of pages, unimpeded its reading matter, and has won a good hold on the popular estimation. The present number has, in addition to other good things, a steel-plate front-piece of S. B. Brittan, M. D., also the first part of a biographical sketch of this talented gentleman.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON—published at Springfield, Mass.—has in its May issue some seventeen articles in prose and verse, going to prove its right to be considered a fresh and sparkling magazine, and one which gives good promise of the future. It has never been our privilege to meet with a better satire on popular religious prejudices than is contained in the article "A Typographic Crime," by Rosette Johnson.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for May—S. R. Wells & Co., publishers, 737 Broadway, N. Y.—is received. It is full of good matter, phrenological, hygienic and reformatory. The number for June will contain, among other things, sketches of Dr. H. A. Butolph, Superintendent of the New Jersey State Insane Asylum, and Mrs. M. S. Wetmore, the prisoner's friend, of Massachusetts.

VOL. First Part. Speaking. Second Part. Questions. Third Part. Law. Fourth Part. Science. Fifth Part. Advertis. Mrs. R. Soul. To the Editor. Shoulder a med could be Hull. D. Boston 1 she had near she on I (quest) which I that by dentally of acout under dual. As a statement teaspoon to a dru physica deadly ptement never for My chiel many m might b (pated) But I so this, as passed, I a stran feet and whole b had been ev and I co words t fast losh in the h sent his through my phy had been hopeful I could that ev man ski critical althoug remaine hear ev that my sensible beat, I all right poison tion 1 fast b hear lost sig heart I just ab most gl was a s beautif The bri spirit fr tion. I not. S not. S see me. T may be plainly in earth father looked friends prison In a st heart e smiley what tious e saved that r and v to pei faithp say th told v told h On i she s curial side, tolera was t possifi