

BANNER OF LIGHT.

AN EXPONENT OF THE

PHILOSOPHY
OF THE

WELFARE CENTRAL

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CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—*The Rostrum*: The Experiences of George Thompson (Late of England) in Spirit-Life.

SECOND PAGE.—*Children's Department*: Tales of the Everlasting Mother, Miss Faucher's Condition, Poetry: The Young Drunkard; *Banner Correspondence*; Letters from Illinois, New York, Minnesota, North Carolina, and Georgia. Visions Verified, etc.

THIRD PAGE.—*Foreign Correspondence*: Williams and Rha at Amsterdam; the "Linked-Ring" Question; Bishop's Spiritual Experience, Poetry: Light, Recent Experiences of an Allopathic Physician in the Treatment of Disease by Magnetism. *Hypnotism*: Consumption—Catarrh—A Remedy; A Practical Lesson on Ventilation, etc. A Medium Floating in the Air in the Light. Spiritualist Meetings.

FOURTH PAGE.—The Spiritual Outlook, W. Irving Bishop in London, A Benefaction to Spiritualism by a Prominent Citizen, etc.

FIFTH PAGE.—Short Editorials, New Advertisements, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—*Message Department*: Spirit Messages through the Mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Budd and Mrs. Sarah A. Dinskin, Death of W. W. Ward, of Cincinnati. Obituary Notices, etc.

SEVENTH PAGE.—"Mediums in Boston," Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Western Items and Jottings. Notes from Chicago. Letter from John Tyerman. Brief Paragraphs, etc.

The Rostrum.

The Experiences of George Thompson
(Late of England) in Spirit-Life:
TO WHICH IS ADDED A PERSONAL TRIBUTE
TO THE MEMORY OF DR. HENRY
F. GARDNER, DECEASED.

Being the Trance Oration delivered at Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, Sunday Afternoon,
Dec. 8th, through the Mediumship of
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.

INVOCATION (BY THEODORE PARKER).

Oh thou Eternal Parent! thou Infinite Source of every bounty and blessing; thou giver of every good and perfect gift—our Father and our Mother (God); into this presence, and before the altar of the spirit, summoned by the white-winged messenger called death, thy children gather. Voiceless as is that messenger, it speaks unto their spirits with the language of the universe, unutterable things clothed in the diction of eternity. Once more thy children are made aware of the operation of that everlasting law of change; once more they are led by separation from the loved of early days to seek to prove the mystery of the life beyond; once more the question is on their lips: Where has the spirit fled? Oh thou who art the life of all; whose power enfolds every living creature; who art the source of life and of what men call death; who knowest the end from the beginning; who art morning and night, winter and summer, spring and autumn time; who liveth in every form of being; thou who art present in the sowing of the seed and the gathering of the sheaves of life—the thoughts and deeds of the spirit thou soul of worlds and systems; thou who breathest in the flowers and pulsates along the orbits of the stars; gathered within the circle of thy light and presence here to-day, upon the altar of thine Infinite Love we would place our offerings of praise. We bless thee for every good and perfect gift; for life and its possibilities both here and in eternity; we praise thee for the sunshine and for the shade; we praise thee for the spring-time and the summer of existence, and for the winter snows that give rest to the fructifying forces of nature, and patience unto man to repose and regard thy work, and so be willing to abide the decree of the law of his existence; we praise thee for the joy that uplifts the soul into the light of gladness—for the sorrow that chastens and purifies. We praise thee for human intelligence, and for that inspiration which glows and burns on altars not made with hands. Oh thou bountiful Parent, thou Infinite Soul, in whose presence all souls abide, we at this time ask that thou will strengthen the weakness of mortality with the renewed recognition of the truth of immortality. Be this hour and day a service of praise, a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing; let the folded wings of sorrow rest; let despair find no place in the heart; let no tear-drops of loneliness fall from human faces; let every soul rise into the presence of freedom, liberty, and immortality. If there are this day in human hearts any doubtful questionings and complainings, let such understand that thy love is adequate, thy law is infinite, thy truth is abiding! Let thy children, then, in humility and silence, in the restful presence of that angel called Death, but which is the angel of life, forever life, ponder on the question, and may their anguish be brightened by the inspiring presence of thy love. In thy presence, oh Living Spirit, we bend and bow; be thou ever in our hearts as a living flame. Oh Father, abide with us; kindle our lives with the torch of truth; let inspiration flow till the word of knowledge and peace and love shall reach every soul—till emancipated reason shall come with thanksgivings, to sing its song of praise to thee in every heart now and forevermore. Amen.

ADDRESS.

Last Sunday afternoon it was announced that on this occasion George Thompson, late of England, would address you through this instrument, giving an account of his departure from earth-life and his experiences in the land of souls. But as the silent angel of death had called another worker from your midst—one as active in and for Spiritualism as was George Thompson in reform—it has occurred to the hand controlling this medium (a conviction strengthened by conversation with others in spirit-life) that this would be a most fitting occasion for the narration that was promised last Sabbath, at the close of which a personal addition with reference to our ascended brother, whose remains lie before you, will conclude the services of the day. The ascension of one spirit to spirit-life even closely resembles that of another, and thus spirits lately risen can sympathize with those whose change has so recently come; therefore now, with your permission, the spirit of George Thompson will assume control, and give his narration as briefly as possible.

[Change of control.] Beloved Friends—It is

The words that I speak this day are not entirely to you who are here assembled—some of whom I have met in the physical form—but are specially dedicated and consecrated to my daughters who remain in earth-life, to my grandchildren, and to the friends of my family.

There is no death! the change that has entranced my soul is a change of life! Born in a period of doubt and skepticism on earth, reared in the midst of contending factions of religious thought, my latter life was cheered and gladdened by the assurance of immortality, and the first evidence received of the truth of this was in your own city, and through the lips of this instrument. It was at the time of the death of your late eminent statesman and orator, Edward Everett. The assembly on the following Sunday to hear this medium speak under spirit control was quite large, the subject given for consideration was "The Life and Character of Edward Everett." The nature of that address, delivered at that time under circumstances which precluded the possibility of imposition, brought a large measure of conviction to my mind, which subsequent experience broadened to the fullest degree. I pressed on with my labor in behalf of humanity, but my spirit more and more received the light of assurance of existence in spiritual states.

To-day I come to testify to my friends and co-laborers of twenty and thirty years ago, that I am still in existence; I come to clasp hands across the sea of time and death; to give the one full word that every human heart longs to receive; to tell you how it is with me in the new-found state, and to describe, as nearly as possible my sensations and experiences during the change through which I have so recently passed.

There is but one word that can adequately express the nature of this change—*Freedom!* I struggled with men, many of them the representatives of the authority of nations, for the freedom of the poor; I have plead with those in power for the uplifting of the load which rested on the shoulders of a suffering people; the whole of my mortal life was crowded with over-exertion and with all-engrossing efforts for the emancipation of man from every species of political abasement and slavery; in your own city I have stood side by side with my loved co-laborers in times of peril, when popular clamor would have dismembered those who were uplifting their voices for human freedom; the soul of freedom over permeated my every aspiration, whether listening to the glorious utterances of eloquence in the British Parliament, or those of your own statesmen, as poured forth for truth and justice. I say *Freedom*, bright, beautiful and perfect, was the one symbol and object of my life, and yet the freedom nursed in my capacity for comprehension bore no comparison to the grandeur of meaning possessed by that word in the state of life which now claims my energies. For the emancipation of man while on earth I would if necessary have descended into Hades; for the emancipation of man I would have lifted up my voice and plead with rocks and caves, and all the insensate things of nature, to bring them into the work if it were possible. And when I tell you that the highest triumph of my life—the one token of liberty vouchsafed to man in the freedom of the slave accorded, and the indications of a gradual cessation of many other things which tended to drag man down—bears no comparison with the consciousness of freedom that has come to my soul, you will form some conception of the word and its significance in the life that is now mine. Tethered and bound by my physical body, conscious of imperfections and limitations, aware that human existence itself is powerless to battle against the great wrongs of the ages—in the one hour that released my spirit from its body freedom's soul was born unto and within me. *I was free!* fearless! The spirit was boundless.

The few years that have intervened since I was in your midst (in Boston) in the bodily form have been passed across the sea—the physical yielding day by day to the wasting action of ever-increasing debility, but the mental powers retaining their vigor to the last. Longing to be released, yet I lost none of the lessons around me; I was conscious of what was passing over the water, and in the world of human thought at large. As day by day the physical forces waned, my spirit struggled to be free from the bonds of the flesh; I could hear the clock ticking in the room. I was conscious of the ministrations of my kindly daughters; I knew when one came to me, but as the wailing songs of the body departed, those scenes seemed to depart also; but wonderful to me, I found every spiritual sensation quickened; I was released from the long enclothing of disease; every point of past time came before me in refraction with color and lineaments peculiarly their own. I saw what were my mistakes and what were my successes, but the one supreme consciousness was that I was a free man—that every faculty was being re-created, that my mind was being clothed anew, that I was being prepared for some wonderful assemblage in spirit-life of whose existence I had known but whose nature I did not understand. And as the spiritual senses quickened, I found myself a living, perfected human being, endowed with every attribute, possessed of every power I had known hitherto, and yet filled with such crowding thoughts and promptings that the whole universe seemed furnishing the ideas.

You can thus form some idea of the change that came to me. I did not become less but more conscious; I could feel the heart-beats of my daughters near me; I could feel their questions (if not hear them) and strove to answer them; but when with my audible voice (as I supposed) I spoke to them of my new-found condition, I was surprised to find that they did not answer me. They were not deaf or blind in the realm of the physical senses, but they failed to understand the language in which my spirit strove to make its wishes known. I was, as before remarked, in possession of all my faculties and my spiritual attributes; I was now a living image of what had inspired me to be. But do not think I was overcome with a sense of beauty that is through a mere description of that heavenly art? Can you describe that which is essentially formless as far as the recognition of your physical seiges is concerned, and yet fills the spirit's consciousness with the presence of real and absolute being? I know that material, organized substance is valuable, for I have measured its scope in my mortal form, but I abide this hour there is no materialism—I abide in what is to me spiritually, a tangible, conscious, sentient state, born of what was within me. I perceive only thought, intelligence, ideas, truths; in short, into my mind, greater than living streams, more vocal than the harmony of the voices of the spheres, come the remembrances of the past, the joys of the present, the prophecies of futurity! I do not need a home in a literal sense—for from it I was conscious of my every imperfection, yet the consciousness of the good within me came to me, too, bringing in the close a feeling of humility. The very air around me seemed conscious, and this consciousness seemed growing into my spirit, and discovering my shortcomings with unrelenting eye. I was aware that the universe was filled with thought; that intelligence guides every human being from birth. I knew that in whatever condition I stood, I stood there untrammeled and free; and I repeat to you this message, but can convey no adequate meaning of what consciousness is, because of the blindness which is torned intelligence in outward life, which wins its chief information through the senses of the material body, through the faculties of sight and hearing, and is scarce even approximately possessed of a comprehension of the smallest order of spiritual development. I was conscious in every part of my being, in every avenue of my life; there was an indefinable and absolute freedom of expression which started me by its scope and variety. You call it consciousness when the beauties of Nature, the rippling stream, the

smiling landscape awaken thoughts of rejoicing in your hearts; you call it consciousness when in hours of reflection you perceive crowding around you the expressions every human being may make concerning you—when you recognize the paths they tread, and seem almost convergent with their thoughts; but let the atmosphere be the people, and let every portion of that atmosphere seem the thought penetrating into the innermost recesses of your being; let everything which comes up before your comprehension be alive with the consciousness of its own existence and your relation with it, and you will know the meaning of what I now understand to be consciousness. Like the deaf, the dumb, the blind in the mortal form, is the material life compared with that of the spiritual. That which is I, that which was in the material body, that which I am to be comes sweeping in upon me; and though I do not hear or feel or see, or the sense attached by you to these terms, I yet perceive you closely and utterly.

Consciousness! Why the soul of man is in human life encased in a prison with vaulted aisles and avenues of darkness, through which perhaps a faint glimmering sunbeam may struggle. What means, therefore, the measure of his consciousness as compared with that of the spirit? Message-angels are about you; spirit intelligences are bestowing upon your mind and heart the glad wealth of their love; dearly cherished friends of old welcome you with a distant shake of the hand, no gleaming of the eye through the choked labyrinth of human expression, but soul to soul, the spirit of their intelligence filling your heart and mind with the warmth of a sphere which radiates sunshine and power to all. This was the greeting that met me on the farther shore of life.

Had I an objective form? did I receive a spiritual welcome? did I find a spiritual home awaiting me? did I find preparations for my coming? Time and space seemed to vanish as I changed spheres; my home was in my heart; I was in the midst of thought and intelligence. I did not know or dream of matter as matter, but only as a shadow that I had left behind me. I looked with astonishment upon my physical tenement. Was that my body? As one might gaze upon a manikin, even thus did I upon that which had been called me, saying, Is that pigmy, that atom of dust, that handful of clay, me? I seemed to hear in every part of my being the answer of reason: No! I seemed to feel a world of inherent senses and attributes, which, prisoned till now, appeared in their expansion to fill all space. I could only understand that the universe was mine; that the attributes of thought possessed me, growing stronger and stronger, till I could never believe for an instant that I had ever occupied the diminutive and attenuated form before me.

And yet I know it to be true; the intelligence that is mine announce that that cast-off form was my physical *tantext*, but the power and personality which you called me is a power and personality which I could not now habilitate in a thousand such forms. Such liberty and such power, or unfolding of soul, is death! As the unfettered skill of the chemist sets free various forces to work in and for the world, so the great alchemist, Death, struck the central chord of my being, and now I am free! But the force that governs the world of motion, the leading spirit of the message that bears your thought across the ocean of change—these are something comparable to the universal thought that unbears the soul and releases it to its native air.

I quaffed the elixir of love held up to my lips, I drank in the grand realization of things around me. Whatever I thought of rose objectively before me—the atmosphere before seeming like the vehicle of its appearance. If retrospection was invoked, the past was at once in my presence; if I looked unto the future, I saw a long vista stretching before me. Whene'er I wish to see a friend of the past, that friend, with eyes beaming with intelligence, with soul expanded and glorified, appears before me, teaching me the grandeur of new existence which has come to me. The sight often troubles me with its clearness and minuteness of detail. If in the aforesaid we might have been giants, now it is the spirit that is gigantic, not the form; the raiment of the spiritual body is what you make it, but the soul is the source of all. I seem to have preparation for hearing, seeing, feeling—preparation for every sensation; no attribute of the mind seems to fail in a single channel. In a word there was a divine centre in my being whose expansion seemed the consciousness of the universe.

What is the occupation of my life in the spirit-world? So far as my present experience extends, I am not aware of objective existence at all: I do not wish any home—I am in the hearts and souls of my friends. My occupation is to receive and profit by the lessons incident to this new stage of being. I had as soon renounce my cast-off form, or take up my abode in any form of matter I can call to mind, as to denounce any state, place or condition that I can name in spirit-life my spirit-home. Can I tell you that rivers and mountains, hills and valleys, are not express to me what I call the spirit-world? If I return to you in the material, and endeavor to explain the glories of this state of being, it is like speaking of love to one who has never felt its purifying and uplifting power; who shall tell, by words, of love—what strength there is in its thrilling presence? Who can understand what music is through a mere description of that heavenly art?

Can you describe that which is essentially formless as far as the recognition of your physical seiges is concerned, and yet fills the spirit's consciousness with the presence of real and absolute being? I know that material, organized substance is valuable, for I have measured its scope in my mortal form, but I abide this hour there is no materialism—I abide in what is to me spiritually, a tangible, conscious, sentient state, born of what was within me. I perceive only thought, intelligence, ideas, truths; in short, into my mind, greater than living streams, more vocal than the harmony of the voices of the spheres, come the remembrances of the past, the joys of the present, the prophecies of futurity! I do not need a home in a literal sense—for from it I was conscious of my every imperfection, yet the consciousness of the good within me came to me, too, bringing in the close a feeling of humility. The very air around me seemed conscious, and this consciousness seemed growing into my spirit, and discovering my shortcomings with unrelenting eye. I was aware that the universe was filled with thought; that intelligence guides every human being from birth. I knew that in whatever condition I stood, I stood there untrammeled and free; and I repeat to you this message, but can convey no adequate meaning of what consciousness is, because of the blindness which is torned intelligence in outward life, which wins its chief information through the senses of the material body, through the faculties of sight and hearing, and is scarce even approximately possessed of a comprehension of the smallest order of spiritual development. I was conscious in every part of my being, in every avenue of my life; there was an indefinable and absolute freedom of expression which started me by its scope and variety. You call it consciousness when the

and higher freedom. I know that even the murderer from the gallows, the criminal from the dungeon cell, the miser from his cavern of darkness, feels measurably this sense of relief from the limitations which environed his interior life. How much more then, must it be attendant on him who goes out from his earthly work full of years and honors won by effort for the advancement of truth among men! I bless that sea of life, that eternity of existence, that has swept me from material to spiritual experiences, and I bless also the returning wave that enables me to speak this word to you in mortal life at this hour.

I have struggled for human freedom, for the attainment of that political freedom in a natural way; and I come to state my thought for the freedom of man from the trammels of sensationalism as well. The spiritual state is too conscious to be made the abject servant to the human form; intelligence is too potent and too abiding to come into subjection to the mere chances and changes of material life; demonstrations are valuable to the child, but the grown-up man must be his own demonstrator of life. The spiritual world is reaching toward you, it is bringing upon the waves of that sea of life into your presence *proof* of the existence of human spirits after death—but the truth of that existence is so absolute that I wish you to know it from within, from the clearest faculties of your minds.

But some may say all that we have pictured seems like a figment of imagination; so it is; but if imagination is not reality, then what is seen in the ordinary sense of the word does not exist; for if reality is not in the soul, then life also is not there. As the voice of my daughters read to me from the works of that gifted child who at this hour may be shadowed silent tears, my soul was lifted into the world of spirits; but if glorious inspiration be imagination, then death and life and hope and freedom—all things past, present and to come—are the figments of human error and all aspirations for and belief in the presence of higher intelligence are also imaginations and unrealities. Can that be imagination which can give you today, on earth, truth, intelligence, phenomenal information of the disembodied loved ones of your own life, and the revered and honored of the moon's silver splendor, the solemn glory of the stars, the ever-blooming earth, are all likewise the baseless components of the pageant of a dream?

I am, and abide with you, dear friends; Let me speak this word in closing, that spirit is reality—that it is the ruling, potent power of the universe! I thank you for the close attention you have paid to me.

[Change of control.] "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters; he restoreth my soul;" "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you: I go to prepare a place for you;" "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death."

"There is no death: And leaves the kernel root to germinate."

These are the words, some of them, of past and present inspiration in regard to the change called death. At the memorial shrine we bring the remains of the beloved friend and brother whose name we have known in connection with Spiritualism for a quarter of a century: the casket is visible to you; the tribute to day is, however, not to the form but to the soul. You are here not for the observance of funeral rites, but rather to render grateful homage to the life of one who has a larger life to-day, a higher capacity and power of comprehension than can be yours till you, like him, have bowed to the mandate of change. For the number of years, and the labors of those years, few men have such a record of usefulness and power. The lesson of the change that is in your midst to-day is a lesson of the value of human life; what its purpose is—what also is the design of earth-life as related to immortality, and what is acquired by it. The sheaf of grain (referring to the floral and other decorations of the casket before her) is typical of his ripened life; the fruitage at the feet of the casket is typical of the results which waited on his efforts; the flowers blooming about him are symbols also of life's value in the plane of the affections. Whatever life on earth has wrought for our friend and brother who is here this day, his spirit knows. There is now no life, no other spirit that can come to him and tell him of the lesson of death; that lesson is his possession; he has tested for himself the realities and the possibilities which follow the change of spheres.

To those who are here in mortal form, this occasion is a valuable one whereby to measure the outcome of human life. Is it a structure for material use alone, or is it valuable for spiritual uses? What is it that the material tenement crumbles into dust? Does not all by the law of strict material observation pass away? Are the pyramids forever to remain? Does not the temple of even the most sacred church abide forever? Are the struggles of material nature, that for which man lives, alone? Are the efforts put forth to obtain the supplies for his material nature, slow of attainment and swift of consumption, the all of his being? Are all to be measured from the fleeting and transitory standpoint of earth and its belongings? Throughout man's life, how very little of it is visible to his friends—how much is held within the grasp of his interior being, and makes no appearance in the light of public comprehension? Is all this reserve force to pass into nothingness at the stroke of death? The silent prayer and struggle, the hope and the aspiration, that which is obtained in the spirit, the truth of man, the intelligence, the fervor of his being—are these to be declared to be but the little ripple that he makes upon the surface of human life, or the larger wave that he may make by and through the influence of his talents? Such is the conclusion arrived at by the materialist, who says this ripple or this wave will undulate to the shore of matter, there to be lost forever! And yet science tells that not a particle of whirling dust is lost—that in the great universe of existence, no atom, star or planet can be blotted out from the realm of the common and all-embracing activity! Shall that then which can weigh the atom, and measure the star, and probe the atmosphere, abide in the life of materiality only, and finding it sole avenue of expression there perish at death with the ephemeral form? Spiritual knowledge says No! *Forever and forever*, No! It shall not be lost. And streaming into the midst of the nineteenth century, where materiality on the one hand has destroyed the human soul; and theology on the

Foreign Correspondence.

WILLIAMS AND RITA AT AMSTERDAM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The public mind has been somewhat agitated by the alleged exposure of Mr. C. E. Williams, England's most celebrated medium, at a séance given at Amsterdam, a partial report of which has appeared in the columns of your paper.

To make the story short, Mr. Rita, an English medium, was engaged to give a séance at Amsterdam; he invited Mr. Williams, who was visiting the Hague, and under whose influence he was developed, to accompany him, which invitation Mr. Williams accepted.

On arriving at the house where the séance was to occur the circle was formed in the usual way, around a table in the dark; the mediums firmly held by the sitters, and all hands joined, the usual manifestations transpired, such as touches, raps, voices, &c. After this had taken place for some time, it was proposed that both mediums go into the improvised cabinet, which was accordingly done, and very soon the materializations began. While the apparition known as "Charlie" (an attendant spirit of Mr. Rita's) appeared at the opening, a man, followed by the other members of the séance, plunged at the cabinet, and wonderful to relate, found the mediums inside, a scuffle ensued, blows were given, ladies fainted, and finally a light was struck, the half-entranced mediums were dragged forth, and the process of examination begun, when certain things were claimed to have been found upon Mr. Rita, while some one from behind Mr. Williams took up a very small roll of what appeared to be muslin, saying they had found it in Mr. W.'s back coat pocket. This being done, the amateur prize-fighters turned the mediums out of doors.

Mr. A. J. Riko, of the Hague, who was not present by the way, at once made public the above version of the story, together with the alleged contents of Mr. Williams's portmanteau, describing a wonderful instrument for writing on the inside of two slates tied together à la Slade, which he said he found; he has since said in print that he really found nothing of the sort, but as there were some small pieces of slate pencil he supposed they were intended for some such instrument; however the various articles of spirit drapery were sent to the British Association whose council has seen fit to take up the matter.

The mediums admitted the facts as stated but denied any knowledge whatever of how the things came into the séance, or that they had anything to do with the matter, but were willing to give any number of séances to prove the genuineness of their power.

The press has been somewhat divided in its treatment of the affair. The Spiritualist at once accepted the affirmations of the accusers, dropped Mr. Williams's advertisement, and prejudged the case; while the Medium and Day break, imitating the example of the *Banner of Light*, in a long article defended the mediums.

The National Association took the matter up, since they were appealed to, and Mr. Williams appeared before them, and reiterated his former statement, that he knew nothing of the affair, that he had never had the slightest inducement to cheat, and called upon them as a body to sustain the truthfulness of his mediumship, which they were compelled to do. A gentleman who had held séances with him for years, the scientific experiments before the Research Committee, where the medium and spirit were weighed at the same time, a report of which had gone forth to the world from them as *proof conclusive* of the genuineness of his power, and hundreds of other séances in private houses, where, held hand and foot, the manifestations had taken place the same—in the light of all this evidence of their own senses, and thousands of witnesses in England, they preferred to believe in the testimony of eight "men of Holland," who shield themselves behind the word "investigators"; and after various convocations the following was proposed and carried at their last meeting:

"Mr. Dawson Rogers, as Chairman of the Committee, then read the following report of the Special Committee on the Williams-Rita case:

To the Council of the British National Association of Spiritualists:

The Committee appointed to consider the changes brought against Mr. C. E. Williams by friends in Amsterdam, and to report the result of their deliberations to the Council, have the honor to report as under:

The Committee have no reason whatever to doubt the genuineness of Mr. Williams's mediumship, which they regard as conclusively established by the irrefragable evidence of competent witnesses. They desire, however, to suggest to inexperienced observers, that while on the one hand discovery of trickery is no proof that the deceiver is not really a medium, so on the other hand the existence of genuine mediumistic powers is no guarantee that the medium will never resort to the practice of deception. A public physical medium—when not placed under stringent test conditions—has many temptations to simulate phenomena. Genuine manifestations are often obtainable only by a great expenditure of vital energy; they are always more or less uncertain; and they frequently fail altogether to satisfy the sitters—so that, by simulating certain manifestations, the dishonest medium avoids the expenditure of strength and vitality, affords in most cases greater satisfaction to inexperienced observers, and thus is able to give more séances and to earn more money than by acting conscientiously; while, if his character as a genuine medium should be impugned, he generally has the resource of offering to obtain indubitable phenomena under rigid test conditions. All these considerations are, however, no justification of fraud, and the attempt to deceive by pretended manifestations is deserving of the gravest possible censure. The case of Mr. Williams has occupied the careful and very anxious attention of your Committee, and, after an interview with Mr. Williams, and a careful investigation of the evidence, they regret to have to report that the charges brought against him by the friends in Amsterdam have, in the opinion of your Committee, been sustained. Your Committee therefore recommend the Council to direct that Mr. Williams shall not be again employed for the purposes of the Séance Committee, and that the same rule shall also in future apply to every medium whom the Council shall believe to have in any instance resorted to deception.

(Signed)

E. DAWSON ROGERS, Chairman.

C. PEARSON.

W. MILL.

M. R. THEOHALD.

RICHARD PEARCE.

D. G. FITZ-GERALD.

R. A. MARCH.

H. WITHALL.

Mr. Dawson Rogers moved, and Mr. March seconded, the adoption of the above report."

Mr. Williams, who was a member of the Association, at once withdrew his name, as he could not remain in connection with any "public body that discredited his word as a gentleman or his honesty as a medium."

It is a notable fact that Mr. Williams never refused any test demanded of him, and has always acceded with great willingness to every condition, and yet some evil-disposed person or persons desiring to do the cause harm

—and there are too many in the world who would be glad to do the same—have been the cause of all this commotion. Mr. Williams was never in better power, as will be shown in the letter from Mr. Charles Blackburn, recording a séance in which the medium was examined, and yet he and the spirit were seen at the same time:

"Sir—I wrote you an opinion a few days ago touching the Rita and Williams affair in Holland; since which I sent for Williams to interrogate him, and to have a test séance with him at Signor Rondi's studio, 22 Montague place, London, on Friday last. The house is half a mile away from Williams's residence, and I invited Lady G.—, also Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher and Signor Rondi, to be present.

They arrived about three o'clock; and we all heard Williams's flat contradiction of his guiltiness: he having been in a semi-trance at the Holland séance, and his attendant spirits, John King and Peter, not having arrived, he was awakened by the screen being knocked down over him, and a rush into the cabinet. He says he brought nothing but his ordinary clothing with him, and had left his carpet-bag at the hotel—so whatever was found during the séance did not belong to him; nor was he engaged there at all, for it was Rita's séance, &c., &c. I replied, 'We will end this affair, so far as I am concerned, by now having a test séance in the presence of these witnesses.' He replied, 'I am quite willing, if my attendant spirits will obey my wish.' I then asked Williams into an adjoining room, and took also Signor Rondi as a witness, leaving the two ladies and Mr. Fletcher for a few minutes only. Myself and Mr. Rondi made Williams strip himself, whilst we examined his clothing and pockets, and were satisfied there was no calico, or oil, or anything different from our own clothing. We waited until he dressed, and then took him back into the next room, placed him in a chair in a corner of the room, behind two green baize curtains, and whilst I was drawing together the curtains, 'Peter, the spirit,' shouted out, 'Mr. Blackburn, very glad, you are here, at which the medium and ourselves all laughed, for the exclamation was so sudden that Williams had scarcely got completely seated. The room was darkened by a Venetian blind, and brown paper over that; a little gas was on, but Peter requested the gas to be put out, as he would show himself by his own light, so the gas was put out. We then all heard the medium breathing heavily, as if he had gone into trance, when suddenly Peter told us to change places, and he would come out of the cabinet. He said that Lady G.— was to sit next the cabinet, and I next to her, and Mr. Rondi next to me, then Mrs. Fletcher, then Mr. Fletcher, and all to join hands.

This being done Peter opened the curtains, came into the middle of the circle, and lighted up something white in his hand, for as he breathed on it, it illuminated his face (which is very different to Williams), and showed a mass of white calico on his head in turban shape, and a separate lot over his arms, shoulders and breast. His light went out; we heard the medium again groaning and his chair cracking. Then Peter came and stood in front of me and Lady G.—; blew on his light, showing himself plainly. I said to him, 'Now, Peter, is your time. Whilst your medium is groaning take me into the cabinet by the hand, and don't leave go until you bring me back to my chair.' He said, 'Come along.' So I left Lady G.—'s hand and gave it to Peter, who led me into the cabinet and placed my left hand on Williams's head; I felt his hair and face; my right hand felt his shoulders and body without any calico on them whatever. Peter and self went back to my chair, he never having loosed me for one second. The company then asked to see the medium, and Peter took us all into the cabinet, and with his light showed me plainly in trance. I speak as I experience, and trust others will do the same without prejudice.

We quickly broke up the séance. After such evidence I must say I am satisfied, and I think my previous letter will help to throw light upon this subject.

CHAS. BLACKBURN."

As far as the Association is concerned the matter is closed by the Committee's report, the mediums having no redress, as any one of the people at the séance might have brought the articles in, this not being the first time an attempt has been made to expose mediums by the same party; for example, the case of Mr. Firman, where he came very near being served in the same way, and in a recent published letter warns all mediums against the jealousy of the private mediums in Holland; but Mr. Williams is very little affected by the affair, as the people outside the B. N. A. S. do not believe in it verdict, and sustain the medium to a greater degree than ever before.

The lesson taught is a useful one, especially to mediums, namely: Not to sit with people promiscuously who take the name of "investigators," for their uninformed minds or hatred of the truth may lead them to almost anything; and also never expect any charity or assistance from a body of organized Spiritualists; although you may have served them faithfully, they will always take sides against the medium.

London, Eng. FIDELITY.

THE "LINKED-RING" QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Having been away from home for some time, I could not read the *Banner* regularly and at leisure, but glancing the other day through previous numbers, I found some lines of regret on the indications of possible "fraud" in the inter-linked ring question. Permit me to state that from my pen only the pointing out of a "law" (by accident) served as an argument for postponing judgment. I hold that the result was genuine, as far as conditions practically and morally are considered, and I feel convinced will be repeated in proper time, that is, as the first experiment, with one of the rings previously opened and restored (by gluing) in a manner that a second meddling on the spot or séance would be absolutely impossible without detection. I rest my conviction of success on the hypothesis that the ring test is only possible if one of the two bodies is either a living being or previously disturbed in the cellular arrangement, in fact inter-linking of two solid bodies as coming from the hand of Nature may be impossible, but if cutting, sealing, and the like, opening and reclosing operations, have once let pass through a current of human magnetism, then the inlet of spirit manipulation is possible.

The marvelous results of knots in endless cords refer to ends sealed together. If knots are made for once in a ring, say cut out of one piece of leather, then the interlinked rings of two solids may be obtained; and, indeed, I would be the first to rejoice in the defeat of my melancholy hypothesis. Yours truly, C. REIMERS.

47 Mornington Road, London.

BISHOP'S SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A few weeks ago a young man, with much of the "swell" about him, called at 38 Great Russell street, the Reading Rooms of the British National Association of Spiritualists, and asked to see file of the *Banner of Light*. This, of course, was furnished him, for this admirable institution, unlike another that claims greater precedence in the same cause, combines much civility to strangers, together with a large supply of the current spiritual and scientific literature of the day.

Before leaving the room he was, as is usual, presented with the visitors' book, in which those visiting the Institution are expected to write their names, and it was the cause of no little

surprise to see the name of Washington Irving Bishop, U. S. A., when he had left, in a book hitherto an honor to the Institution.

The next morning the same individual called and asked for the "Manageress." Miss Kislingbury, with her usual amiability, replied that she was the secretary, and would be pleased to serve him.

"I think this is an admirable institution," said the wily Bishop. "It must be productive of great good. I should like to become a member. I [with a smile of affability] suppose, my dear madam, I could do so?"

"To be sure," was the reply, "if you were to furnish the proper references as to eligibility, &c.; but are you not the young man who pretended to expose Spiritualism in America, and have come to England with an idea of doing the same thing?"

The "young man" is sometimes troubled with bronchitis, together with a tendency to blush, which, by the way, is scarcely indicative of innocence, even in a Bishop; but having recovered himself replied:

"Well, really, I can't say. I have never exposed anything except the *fraud* in Spiritualism. That is all I ever pretended to do."

"That is exactly what we do," said Miss K.; "but there are two ways to investigate Spiritualism: one in the spirit of inquiry, the other in the spirit of scoffing. The first we welcome, the second we decry."

"I am quite in the spirit of inquiry, and I shall refer you to Mr. —, a trance medium, as to who I am." And so saying the young exposé bowed his good morning.

After due inquiries a letter was sent to the given address running thus:

"Mr. W.— I am deemed not eligible for membership to the National Association of Spiritualists."

Thus ended Mr. Bishop's *début* into Spiritualism, while his other arrangements have quite fallen through, as Mr. Crookes declined to meet him with Dr. Carpenter to witness any of his exhibitions. And in like manner may all the attempts made against the truth meet their reward.

J. WILLIAM FLETCHER,

4 Bloomsbury Place, W. C.,
London, Eng., Nov. 20th, 1878.

Written for the *Banner of Light*.

LIGHT.

It came on the wings of the newly-born earth,
And dispelled the deep darkness that shrouded its birth;
It breathed on the sun, and its glory unrolled,
Revealing its bars of pure amber and gold;
It touched the broad face of the dark rolling deep,
And crowned her with gems as she rose from her sleep;
It glowed at the stars on the dark brow of night,
And, peerless in beauty, they sparkled in "Light";
It sped to the mountain, bare, barren and grey,
And gave for its darkness the glory of day;
It paused by the forest—grand, stately and old—
And painted its frontlet with silver and gold;
It gave to the rainbow its form and its hue,
And deepened its colors of crimson and blue;
It pierced the dark mire, far down in the earth,
And gave to the sparkling diamond its birth;
It breathed on the valley, the streamlet and dell,
And opened the buds with its mystical spell;
When to the fair earth it repeated the story
Of God in his goodness, of God in his glory,
In the shimmering, soft-fading clouds of the west,
Crest-crowned with glory, "Light" passed to its rest.

Port Gratiot, Mich. MRS. E. A. ATWELL.

Recent Experiences of an Allopathic Physician in the Treatment of Disease by Magnetism.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

Not satisfied with the past results in the treatment of disease, I have recently been making trial of what is called the magnetic mode of treatment. With your permission I will give you the history of a single case. Let me, as preliminary to the account of this case, state that I am a regular physician of the old school—a graduate of more than twenty-five years' standing of one of the oldest medical institutions in the country. My experience in the new mode of treatment must be reckoned by months rather than by years, and is known to a very limited number of my personal friends. Notwithstanding this experience is of short duration and quite limited, I recall several cases of equally successful treatment, by the magnetic plan, with that here given. With patrons accustomed to the old mode of treatment it has not been an easy thing to make a fair trial of the new method. In many cases patrons would turn with disgust from their physician, should he adopt so novel and what would be to them so nonsensical a method of treatment. It would be to them like the show and nummery of ecclesiastical forms and ceremonies. The case which I hero give, and several others occurring about the same period, struck me so forcibly that I made at the time a careful record of them, and the account given is an extract from that record, which is as follows:

CASE III.

"Sept. 2d, 1878, I was called to attend Mr. —, aged eighty-two. I found he had been ill nearly a week, and that his cough and other unfavorable symptoms had been much worse during the last two days. He was expectorating the peculiar, bloody, viscid matter which points invariably to pneumonia. His breathing was hurried and laborious, accompanied with great restlessness. My prognosis of his recovery was exceedingly unfavorable. I assured the family that the case looked to me very unpromising. It did not seem at first, nor for the first day or two, that magnetic treatment could be of any avail. Accordingly I entered upon the approved allopathic treatment of expectorants, opiates, the application of hot fomentations, &c., &c. A little rest was obtained, but the expectoration was checked, and there was a marked increase in the congestion of the lungs, and of course the difficulty of breathing was much increased. . . .

"I pursued this plan of treatment for the first thirty-six hours, and my patient grew steadily worse. I was not surprised at this, for the case from the beginning seemed almost hopeless. On Wednesday evening (thirty-six hours from my first visit) I was summoned to the patient, who was much worse, and thought to be in the last struggle of life. The breathing was excessively laborious. Expectoration had entirely ceased. His moans and other expressions of suffering were so loud that I heard them in the street many rods before reaching the house.

"Unable to lie in bed he raised himself on one elbow to enable him to breathe with more ease. I at once directed him to be placed in an easy-chair, and the upright position gave a little relief to his breathing. Still, the pulse was so rapid and irregular that I found it impossible to count it.

"As soon as it became evident that he was not to pass away at once, I volunteered to be physician and nurse also for the night, and requested all the family to seek the rest they needed from the constant watchfulness of the past few days. This was acceded to, and I was soon alone with my patient.

"Abandoning wholly the use of medicine I commenced the magnetic passes from his shoulders, and continued them for more than an hour. In all the use I have ever made of medicine, I have never seen a patient quieted so readily and so perfectly as my patient was on this occasion. At the end of an hour and a half he wished to lie down, and I placed him in bed. He immediately fell into a quiet sleep. Seeing that he was resting quietly I withdrew to an adjoining room, and, leaving the door open, I laid down upon a lounge and had an hour's sleep or more. At three o'clock, four hours after I had been summoned to him, he was still sleeping, and I left him in the care of his wife, assuring her I should visit him again at an early hour, but directed no medicine whatever to be given.

"Four hours later, to wit, at 7 o'clock in the morning, I visited him and found him much relieved, though not so quiet as when I left him. I repeated the magnetic treatment for a short time, say fifteen minutes, when he became perfectly quiet. Not deeming it quite polite to have my patient appear to be so well and yet taking no medicine whatever, I prepared an exceedingly weak solution of carbonate of ammonia, and ordered a teaspoonful to be given every hour. So weak was this solution that as medicine it did not really amount to anything.

"I visited him several times during the next twenty-four hours, and at each visit found him doing well. I repeated the magnetic treatment under the plea that I thought rubbing would do him good, and each treatment would be followed by the same happy effect. Expectoration has been re-established, and the breathing has been very essentially relieved. . . .

"My patient now bids fair to recover, no medicine whatever having been used but the weak solution of carbonate of ammonia, above referred to.

"I have disclosed to no one, not even any member of my own family, the course of treatment I have pursued. I am revolving the subject over in my own mind, seeking to get the truth in the case. Is it possible that my patient would have improved equally without any treatment whatever, and that my treatment of the first thirty-six hours was a damage to him? Then why did he not begin to improve before I was called to him? If my treatment of the first thirty-six hours was all wrong, then I have erred in the great company of allopathic doctors. Is it possible that these-called magnetic passes and treatments have brought about this result? This really seems to me almost too wonderful for belief, and I must submit the

Wonderful Materializations in Philadelphia.To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

The walls of "Doubting Castle" were assailed on Wednesday night, Dec. 11th, and the banner of spiritual truth planted on the ramparts thereof. Mr. Champion, the President of the First Association of Spiritualists of the city of Philadelphia, kindly furnished the use of his elegant parlors for a test séance, given by the young and newly developed medium, Alfred James. There were assembled about thirty persons to witness the manifestations, all anxious to know whether the spirits or the medium produced the wonders nightly exhibited at the latter's residence.

A committee of six gentlemen were appointed to examine the medium in a private room on the second floor of Mr. Champion's mansion; your correspondent was also present as a witness. The medium was stripped naked, with the exception of his red flannel undershirt; a portion of that committee even placed their hands beneath the undershirt to satisfy their credibility by feeling the medium's skin. His white drawers, shirt, collar, suspenders and handkerchief were taken from him and put aside. He was then escorted to the parlors, guarded by the committee, and placed in the cabinet with only his red flannel undershirt, black pants, and dark colored stockings on. The committee then reported that the medium had not a particle of white about his person.

The new cabinet, the strangeness of the place, the audience pressing too near, the improper and too close position of the gazing, the unfriendly magnetism generated by many skeptics, rendered conditions unfavorable for the best results. The audience sang:

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowers beds of ease?"

Then the light was toned down, and in a few minutes afterward a form stepped a pace from the cabinet, draped in a loose robe of white silk, and over his shoulders was pendant a long and broad silk scarf. On his head was a white linen fez. The form appeared taller than the medium, was stately in presence, and his pose as striking and classic as a marble statue. There the form stood, in a moderately strong light, a dignified and undeniably fact; a personification of *Grace, Truth and Victory!*

Afterwards another form came to the entrance of the cabinet. It was differently draped, and in partial white; but his presence, too, was not to be gainsay'd nor denied by the skeptics there assembled. The name of the first form was not announced; "Wild Cat," the Indian control, would not give it. The name of the second form was announced as Moses Chorenis, an historian of past eras.

The test séance closed with the visitation of the two forms. Still it was sufficient proof of the honesty of Mr. James's mediumship, and of the power of spirits to utilize the body of the medium to demonstrate immortality!

I rejoice that through the kindness of Mr. Champion, the medium has thus been afforded an opportunity to vindicate himself in a public test séance. He has often been insulted and slandered to his face in his own home; has been lied about in the newspapers of this city by persons who attended his séances; and his heart has been almost broken by the persecutions of those who should have befriended him. His life since his development in the great gift has been one of bitter experience in sorrow and almost despair from the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

On Friday evening, Dec. 13th, at the usual séance, Claudio, the Roman Gladiator, a materialized spirit, came from the cabinet and requested a very large gentleman from Dike Co., Penn., to seat himself before the cabinet in a stout chair. "Wild Cat" shouted to me as conductor of the séance, "Brave Oak, the Gladiator, is going to tackle the fat man!" Then the strong spirit, placing his right arm across the broad chest of the sitter, and reaching down, seized the ring of the chair on the right, and with his left hand clasped the opposite ring, and lifted man and chair a foot from the floor. I asked the stranger how much he weighed, and he answered, "Three hundred and twenty pounds." Now, add the weight of the chair and behold, there was a total lift of three hundred and thirty pounds! The gentleman's name is Shapley.

The medium is a small, delicate man, weighing but one hundred and ten pounds. Did he lift three times his own weight? or did a materialized spirit perform it? In conclusion I will simply add spirit Oliver Cromwell's ultimatum as given lately through Mr. James's mediumship: "We will compel our enemies to show just reason why they resist the truth we bring, or remain forever silent!" JOHN OAKLEY.

Philadelphia, Dec. 14th, 1878.

W. J. Colville's Meetings.

On Sunday last, Dec. 15th, in spite of the unpleasant weather, Investigator Hall, Paine Memorial Building, Boston, was filled in the morning by an intelligent and attentive audience. The musical portion of the service was very attractive, and the discourse on the "Temptation of Jesus" was pronounced by many present to be one of the ablest yet delivered in this country through Mr. Colville's mediumship. Several interesting questions were answered, and an impromptu poem was delivered on "The Passage of Dr. H. F. Gardner to Spirit-Life," by request of the audience.

On Sunday next Mr. Colville's guides will deliver two discourses in this hall—in the morning, at 10 A. M., on "The Day of Judgment and the Advent of the Angel Harmony," and in the evening, at 7 P. M., on "The Social Mistakes of the Present Age and How to Remedy Them." The latter discourse, we are informed, will be of a similar nature to a lecture delivered through Mr. Colville's mediumship with great success in all the large cities of England; it is always delivered under inspiration of Mr. Colville's mother in spirit-life, who has made the study of the social welfare of humanity a specialty.

On Friday, Dec. 27th, a spiritual conversation will be held in the same building. The proceedings of the evening will include an oration and poem, and replies to questions by the spirit-sides of Mr. Colville; music and singing by ladies of rare talent; recitations by Mrs. Jennie Potter and other well known Boston mediums, etc. Admission by tickets to be obtained on application to Mr. Colville, who supplies them at 25 cents, or at the door 50 cents. The entire proceeds of the evening will be devoted to the fund for the New Year's Presentation to Dr. Peebles.

Mr. Colville is still located at 8 Davis street. His hours for receiving calls are between 11 A. M. and 3 P. M. He desires to announce that he has made arrangements to hold a series of interesting meetings in Boston on Sundays and Fridays during the entire winter, and is still open to week-day engagements in other cities.

Mention was made some months ago in the columns of the *Banner of Light* that A. J. Davis's "Harbinger of Health," with its valuable prescriptions for the human body and mind, had been translated and published in Germany. Recent advices from Leipsic state that his "Tale of a Physician," has also recently been published there, and that copies of it have already been ordered for about sixty libraries. A newspaper in Halle, with thirteen thousand subscribers, is about to bring out the same work by chapters in its successive numbers.

Several interesting articles prepared for this issue of the *Banner* have been crowded out, owing to the very full reports of public meetings, letters from our valued correspondents, etc., etc.

Our Australian files speak of the doings of Dr. Slade—or rather of the spirit forces operating through him—at length and with fairness.

Mrs. M. J. Folsom, medical medium, will be located at No. 6 Hamilton Place, Boston, on and after the 23d inst.

New Year's Present to Dr. J. M. Peebles, the "Spiritual Pilgrim."To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

Funds previously acknowledged..... \$218.82
P. C. Tomson, Philadelphia, Penn. 100.00
J. H. Clement, Baltimore, Md. 25.00
S. M. Clement, " " " 25.00
Dr. E. Crowell, Brooklyn, N. Y. 25.00
Joseph Kinsey, Cincinnati, O. 10.00
Mr. & Mrs. J. N. Holmes, Boston, Mass. 9.00
J. M. Roberts, Philadelphia, Penn. 5.00
Mrs. C. M. Emmons, Baltimore, Md. 2.00
Daniel McArthur, Amsterdam, N. Y. 1.00
Widow's Mite, Springfield, Mass. 1.00
Bachelor's Mite, " " " 1.00
E. M. Lyman, " " " 1.00
S. S. Billings, " " " 1.00
Total..... \$424.85

We most cordially second the proposition of our friends of the *Banner of Light* and wish we had the means to make our contribution as large as our will is to render the proposition a success. We regret to announce that the small sum of five dollars is all we can afford at present to contribute toward so commendable an object. Mr. Peebles has unusual claims upon the sympathy and generosity of Spiritualists. It is rarely that men of his ability are willing to give up the tempting influences of popular favor, and devote their lives to the propagation of a philosophy advocating it as Mr. Peebles has done in the cause of Spiritualism. The movement of the *Banner of Light* is as just as it is wise.—*Mind and Matter* for Dec. 14th.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Matter for this department should reach our office by Tuesday morning to insure insertion the same week.

C. B. Lynn will lecture in Springfield, Mass., during December; in Troy, N. Y., during January; in Philadelphia, during February; in Stamford, Conn., during May and the first three Sundays of June. Mr. Lynn can be engaged for March and April. Address him according to engagements, or at Sturgis, Mich. Keep him at work.

P. C. Mills spoke at Grand Army Hall, Saugus Centre, Sunday, Dec. 15th, forenoon and evening. He will speak in the same place on the 22d; also at Stoneham, Thursday evening, the 19th. He would like to make engagements for January in the Eastern and Middle States. He intends going West the first of February, and would be pleased to correspond with any Societies in the Middle or Western States.

Mrs. F. A. Logan-Robison's address is now Forest Grove, Oregon.

H. H. Brown and Mr. C. H. Vandercrook will be in Quincy, Mass., Sunday, Dec. 22d, afternoon and evening. During the week they will lecture there on Thursday evening, 19th, and Weymouth Landing, Friday evening, 20th.

Hou. Warren Chase lectured in Crane's Hall, Santa Barbara, Cal., Sunday, Dec. 8th; subject: "Christmas—Its Origin and Uses."

Lottie Fowler has removed to No. 471 Sixth avenue, New York. She does not intend to go to California or Australia, but intends to go to England in June.

Attention is called to our Foreign Correspondence Department. Next week we shall give it in letters from Agnes Slade and Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten (Australia), Sig. G. Damiani (Naples), and others.

DANGER FOR LORNE AND LOUISE.

Louise, good Queen Victoria's charming daughter, who with a golden spoon was kindly born, has lately come across the waste of water, and with her came her husband, noble Lorne. Thereat, throughout the mother Queen's dominion, her loyal subjects hasten to greet the pair; The Blue-nose mugs upsons with apple pie, and all Kanuckdom throws its cap in air. Doubtless this friendly greeting will yet merit a hearty welcome, though a little ride; Louise is a youthful nob of sense and spirit; His princess wife is fair and kind and good. But there is danger for the noble couple, a ghostly Neander is on their track; In thus the logs that now they see so supple may aye to kirk the Campbell scot back. His predecessor set a bad example. And scattered money with a lavish hand; Thus did his liberal soul and fortune ample Compeit the Bluenose bosom to expand. But Louise is not overweighed by his here, nor yet a milionaire is fair Louise; Besides, he frowns on all attempts to encure His Scottish thrift of its beloved bawbees. Thus it may chancy that there will be some suffering. Some pain of heart and emptiness of purse, If they shall follow in the tracks of Dufferin, And lend the people on from bad to worse. But if they don't? If Lorne shall show his Scottish descent and training, clasp tight his hand, Then will the general public, bare and soft, Upturn the bluest nose in all the land.—[N. Y. Sun.]

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

PARKER MEMORIAL HALL.—Spiritualists meetings will be held at this hall, in Parker Memorial Building, corner Appleton and Berkely streets, Boston, on Sunday afternoons (3 P. M.) during the season of 1878-9. Good lectures and addresses will be invited to attend, free of charge. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmon will lecture during December. *Per Order Ex. Com.*

INVESTIGATOR HALL, PINE MEMORIAL BUILDING, APPLETON STREET.—W. J. Colville delivers an inspirational discourse and prays and relates to you his personal experiences and trials, etc., etc., during 1878. Congregational Singing Practice at 12.45.

AMORY HALL.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 holds its sessions every Sunday morning at this hall, corner West and Washington Streets, commencing at 10.30 o'clock. The United Societies at Shakers, N. Y., 60 cents per annum. Single copies 10 cents.

PYTHIAN HALL.—The People's Spiritual Meeting (formerly held at Eagle Hall) is removed to Pythian Hall, 176 Tremont street. Services every Sunday morning and afternoon. Good mediums and speakers always present.

EAGLE HALL.—Spiritual Meetings for speaking and testing mediums in this hall, 16 Washington street, every Sunday at 10.30 A. M. and 2d and 7/2 P. M. Excellent quartette singing provided.

PARKER MEMORIAL PARLORS.—The Spiritualist Ladies Aid Society will meet at this place, Parker Memorial Building, Berkeley, corner of Appleton street, every Friday evening at 8 P. M. Mrs. John Woods, President. Miss M. L. Barber, Secretary.

UNIONNELLIE HALL, 7 Tremont Row.—Meetings continued every Sunday at 10.30 A. M., 2d and 7/2 P. M.

ABROTFORD HALL.—Meetings are held in this hall, Waterley Building, Charlestown District, every Sunday evening, under direction of C. B. Marsh.

Amory Hall.—Though the weather was unpropitious this morning, the attendance was large, and the exercises consisted of a full programme of very entertaining matter. The remarks of Mr. Day, of Detroit, Mich., (a Spiritualist of many years' experience,) were very complimentary. He informed us that though he had visited very many Lyceums in the different sections of the West, this was the best he had ever attended; and he assured us, that though his Lyceum had disbanded, and laid aside its paramonial for eight years, he should see it to on his return that it should be brought out again, if it must be done at his own expense. We are much pleased at this token of the influence we have been privileged to exert, not only in our own city, but in the far West, and hope it may be the means of awakening an unbounded interest in many other sections. Let us all feel the importance of this noble work, and we shall be amply paid in the blessing that always attends well doing.

The exercises consisted of an overture by the orchestra, consisting of ten pieces; singing, responses and Baner March; impromptu selection by orchestra, "I Wandered by the Brook-side," introducing a flute solo, finely rendered by John Celoni; reading by Mrs. Jones; piano solo, Miss Helen M. Dill; recitations, "The Fox and the Farmer," Charles Cutler, "Little Brown Hands," Emma Buck, "Childhood Long Ago," Jennie Lothrop; song, "Strong Faith and Perfect Love," May Waters; recitations, "Dollie's Foot," Bertie Davis, "The Butterly," Georgie Cutler, "Sunset," Arthur Rand, "Papa's Letter," Charlotte Kessler; Wing Movements, led by Mr. Ford; reading, "God Knows," Miss Dill; piano solo, "Auld Lang Syne with Variations," Emma Bell; recitations, "Learn to Forbear," May Waters, "The Green Mountain Justice," Oscar Dresser, "Women and Wine," Charles Lothrop; song, "Good Night, Little Blossom," Nellie Thomas; recitation, "Deacon Munroe's Story," Abby Peabody; remarks by Mr. J. W. Hatch, introducing Mr. Day, of Detroit, Mich.; overture, "Romanza, When the Swallows Home Fly"; concluding with the Target March.

W. M. Rockwood, Cor. Sec.

Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, Boston, Dec. 16th, 1878.

Usonellie Hall.—A correspondent writes that

on Sunday morning last, notwithstanding the weather, a fair attendance characterized the meeting at this place. The music rendered was much enjoyed, and the tests given through A. W. Scott, Usomellie and others were good.

Python Hall.—Owing to the inclement weather last Sunday the audience were small, but the harmony in the meetings was excellent. The afternoon services were opened with an invocation by Dr. Charles Court. Mr. Day, of Michigan, made a brief but appropriate address upon the condition of the spiritual cause at large, deprecating the want of harmony and concerted action among its advocates. Mr. Bickford, of the Bunker Hill District, Dr. Court and others filled out the time to the interest and profit of all present.

F. W. J.

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DECEMBER 21, 1878.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

7

Advertisements.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENT.

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

Office No. 70½ Saratoga Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

DURING fifteen years past Mrs. DANSKIN has been the pupil of and medium for the spirit of Dr. Benj. Rush. Many cases practiced by him have been permanently cured by her instrumentality.

She is clairaudient and clairvoyant. Reads the interior condition of the patient, whether present or at a distance, and Dr. Rush treats the case with a scientific skill which has been maintained by his fifty years' experience in the study of surgery.

Application by letter, enclosing Consultation Fee, \$2.00 and two stamps, will receive prompt attention.

The American Lung Heater,

Prepared and Magnetized by Mrs. Danskina.

An unfailing remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. TUBERCULAR CONSUMPTION has been cured by it. Price \$2.00 per bottle. Three bottles for \$5.00. Address WASH. A. DANSKIN, Baltimore, Md.

DR. J. R. NEWTON,

The Celebrated Healer.

CURES all Chronic Diseases by magnetized letters. By this method he can tell to the physician at his distance, the patient's age, sex, and a description of the case, and a P. O. Order for \$5.00, or more, according to means. In most cases one letter is sufficient; but if a perfect cure is not effected by the first treatment, magnetized paper will be sent at \$1.00 a sheet. Post-Office address, Yonkers, N. Y.

Oct. 5.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis

May be Addressed till further notice

Care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

DR. WILLIS may be addressed as above. From this he can attend to the diagnosis of disease by hair and handwriting. He claims that his powers in this line are unrivaled, combining, as he does, accurate scientific knowledge with keen and searching Clairvoyance.

DR. WILLIS has the skill of treating all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Cancers, small in all its forms, Epilepsy, Paralysis, and all the most delicate and complicated diseases of both sexes.

DR. WILLIS is permitted to refer to numerous parties who have tested him in his system of practice when all others had failed. All letters must contain a return postage stamp. Send for Circulars and References.

July 6.

SOUL READING,

Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce that she has the pleasure that those who wish, and will visit her in Boston, to have their portraits taken, and to receive an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical diseases, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to success in the world; the financial condition of those impending marriage; and hints to the inharmonious married.

Full delineation, \$2.00, and four 3-cent stamps.

Address, MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,

Centre street, between Church and Franklin streets,

White Water, Walworth Co., Wis.

Spiritual Notes.

A MONTHLY EPITOME OF THE TRANSACTIONS OF SPIRITUAL AND PSYCHOCALMICAL SOCIETIES, TESTIMONIES OF HEALING, ETC., ETC., ETC., AND THE LECTURER, and containing Articles and Reviews by experienced writers, with concise reports of proceedings, brief Notes of the monthly programme of arrangements of societies and mediums, and other interesting information.

Published on the first of each month. Price twopence. Annual Subscription 25s., of E. W. ALLEN, 11 Ave Maria Lane, London, E. C., England. Orders can also be sent through Messrs. COLBY & RICH, Banner of Light, Boston, Annual subscription, 75 cents, postage free.

Aug. 21.—II

THE

Boston Investigator,

The oldest reform journal in publication.

Price, \$1.00 a year.

8 cents per single copy.

Now is your time to subscribe for a live paper, which discusses all subjects connected with the happiness of mankind.

Address, J. P. MENDENHALL, Investigator Office,

Paine Memorial, Boston, Mass.

April 7.

THE SPIRITUALIST NEWSPAPER.

A RECORD of the Progress of the Science and Ethics of Spiritualism. Established in 1869. The *Spiritualist* is the organ of the International Spiritualist Union of Europe. Annual subscription to residents in any part of the United States, in advance, by International Postal Order, the fee for which is 25c., payable to Mr. W. H. HARISON, 38 Great Russell street, Bloomsbury, London, is \$3.75, or through Messrs. COLBY & RICH, Banner of Light, Boston, Annual subscription, 75 cents, postage free.

Jan. 5.

PSYCHOMETRY.

POWER has been given me to delineate character, to describe the mental and spiritual capacities of persons, and sometimes to indicate their future and the best location for their permanent abode. Persons desiring aid of this sort will please send me their handwriting, state age and sex, and enclose \$1.00, with stamped and addressed envelope. JOHN M. SPEAR, 2210 Mt. Vernon st., Philadelphia, Jan. 17.—I

PATENTS

PROCURSED BY T. H. ALEXANDER & ELLIOTT, Solicitors and Counselors in Patent Cases, established 1857, 605-607 7th st., Washington, D. C. No fee unless patent is procured. Send for "Guide for Inventors" (free). Sept. 7.—it

NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH,

CONTAINING seven sections on Vital Magnetism and Illustrated Magnetotherapy by DR. STONE. For sale at this office. Price \$1.25; cloth-bound copies, \$2.50. Sent by express only.

PSYCHOMETRY.

FOR a Reading of Character, Business Capacities, Advertising, etc. lock of hair, \$1.00; lock of hair, \$1.00, postage free, and enclosing \$1.00, with two 3-cent stamps. Address MRS. G. DENNIS, care of Letter Carrier No. 22, Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 12.

TEXAS

Lands and Tickets for sale. Map and Immigrant's Guide free. Dr. AMMI BROWN, 58 Sears Building, Boston.

Dec. 14.—8w.

JOHN WETHERBEE has a safe and attractive proposed plan to make to any who have a little money to invest. Address him for particulars at office, 18 Old State House, Boston.

Dec. 14.

A NINE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S Magnetic Plastic Liver Pill for Hematite Constitution, Loss of Appetite, Aching of Limbs, Back, &c. Price 50 cents, per box. Also *Magnetized Paper*, 2 sheets 23cts. Address 119 Pearl street, East Somerville, Mass.

Nov. 23.

POWER has been given me over undeveloped spirits and cases of obsession. Persons desiring aid of this sort will please send me their handwriting, state age and sex, and enclose \$1.00, with two 3-cent stamps. Address MRS. H. STANLEY, P. O. Box 633, Haverhill, Mass.

Dec. 7.—it

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 discovered.

Milk and soothin' in its nature, the feeblest child can take it. Constitutes the best nutritive power, the worst form of disease yield to it powerfully.

Send it to DR. H. B. STORER, 29 Indiana Place, Boston, Mass.

Price \$1.00, postage 18 cents; Six Packages, 65 cents, postage 8 cents.

Sold in New York City by J. R. NICKLES, 607 Broad-

way, corner 4th street.

The Spirit Offering.

This picture represents a half-life-size figure of a most lovely child just budding into girlhood. On her head is a crown of flowers, and a garland of white roses and violets hangs from her shoulders. She holds a cluster of roses in one hand, and in the other a small bunch of violets.

Photograph copies, 10 by 12 inches size, carefully enveloped in card-board, mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

The Spirit Bride.

This is the name of the beautiful crayon picture which attracted such marked attention in the BANNER OF LIGHT.

FREE CIRCLE ROOM. It was drawn by S. H. Smith, in the name of E. HOWARD, of Baldwin.

Mr. Smith, a gentleman, has had no instruction in drawing previous to the time the spirit communicated his hand for that purpose. At solicitation of many admiring friends we have had photographs taken of this picture, made in card-board, mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

Babbitt's Chart of Health.

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For sale by COLBY & RICH.

Mediums in Boston.

MRS. A. W. WILDES,

Electro-Magnetic Physician,

No. 803 Washington street, Boston.

SPECIAL treatments for Cancer—a cure guaranteed.

Medicated Baths given. Office hours 10 to 12, and 2 to 4. Patients treated at their homes if desired. SW—Nov. 23.

Dr. Main's Health Institute,

AT NO. 60 DOVER STREET, BOSTON.

THOSE desiring Medical Diagnosis of Disease, will please call at 60, or a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and sex and age.

All Medicines with directions for treatment, extra.

Oct. 19.—13w.

DR. H. B. STORER.

office 29 Indiana Place, Boston.

MY specialty is the preparation of *Nervous Remedies*.

For the cure of all forms of disease and debility.

Some of them are to be applied externally, some internally.

Benefit to the patient, money will be refunded.

Enclose \$2 for medicine.

Nov. 3.

Lyceums, Circles and Camp-Meetings.

BY S. W. TUCKER.

This book is not a collection of old music re-published, but the works are mostly new, and have been prepared to meet the wants of the public throughout all over the country for a fresh supply of words and music.

ORIGINAL PIECES. Beautiful Angels are Waiting for Me; The Land of Faerie Beauty; Oh, Shaw me out; The Golden Melodies.

A NEW COLLECTION OF WORDS AND MUSIC FOR THE USE OF LYCEUMS, CIRCLES AND CAMP-MEETINGS.

BY S. W. TUCKER.

Price 25 cents, postage free; 12 copies, paper, \$2.50; 25 copies and upwards to one address at the rate of 20 cents per copy.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

Mrs. M. J. Folsom,

MEDICAL MEDIUM. Many remarkable cures have been performed by the intelligences that operate through her. Office 22 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Nov. 2.

Mrs. C. H. Wildes,

TEST AND BUSINESS MEDIUM, No. 9 Hayward Place, Boston, 9½ to 10. Saturdays and Sundays except Dec. 21.—1w.

I. P. GREENLEAF,

Medical Clairvoyant and Homeopathic Physician.

Office at 8½ Montgomery Place, Room 4, Boston, Mass. Nov. 2.

MRS. L. W. LITCH,

PHYSICIAN and Test Medium. Circles Wednesday afternoons at 2:30, and Sunday evenings, 6:30 Court street, Nov. 30.—4w.

CLARA A. FIELD,

CLAIRVOYANT, Magnetic Physician, Inspirational Speaker, Test and Business Medium, 7 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

March 23.

Susie Nickerson-White,

NAME and MEDICAL MEDIUM, 130 West Brookline Street, Hotel Brookline, Suite 1, Boston, Hours 9 to 4.

Aug. 17.—2w.

Miss Nellie B. Lochlan,

BUSINESS AND TEST MEDIUM, 17 Hayward Place, Circles Sunday and Wednesday evenings, at 8 o'clock, Dec. 21.—1w.

A. B. WEYMOUTH, M. D., Magnetic Healer,

Diagnosis removed without operation. Diagnoses of disease from lock of hair for \$1. Female Diseases especially.

Address true to the poor on Wednesdays. Office hours 10 to 12. 10w—Oct. 26.

MRS. JENNIE POTTER,

MEDIUM—Test, Medical and Business, 130 Castle st., Boston, 9½ to 10. 1w.

MISS KNOX, Test Medium. Medicated Vapor Bath given with success. 1 Wyman Place, off Cornhill, Boston, Nov. 2.

10w—Oct. 26.

MRS. FANNIE C. DEXTER, 476 Tremont st.,

(Continued from first page.)
ening shadows with the soft moonlight falling tenderly upon this open grave, we feel that we cannot omit this loved form to rest without speaking a few earnest words of affectionate farewell. We ask not for inspiration from the higher spheres, to aid our utterances. The love that is eloquent in the hearts of those standing here transcends meditation, and is sufficient for its own expression.

Here is represented the love of an only and well-beloved son, together with his chosen partner in life. That son now stands by the grave of both father and mother, and henceforth he must encounter the rude buffetings of life unaided by their immediate counsel and guidance; yet we may surely trust that in the deep places of his inner life he may yet recognize their presence and be thereby comforted and strengthened to do deeds of manly worth, and to act his part in life both wisely and well.

Here, too, is the love of a little child, bearing the name of him who has passed before. How often he has told this little one by a tender laugh to his bosom, and breathed blessings upon his head. Will love which is stronger than death and the grave forget its own? and will not the freed spirit return over the celestial highways to guide these young and tender feet into the "ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace?"

Here, too, is the love of an aged woman, the friend and helper of his early years, to whom the high gratitude and sincere affection he often gave the tender name of mother. And with all these are peculiarities and friends, with kindly memories and tender, outstretched sympathies and tears of sorrow, gathered round.

Out of the hearts of those who knew him best and loved him well, by his side lay stoners. He was strong and robust man, born in commoner's stock, and efficient in executive, and for this he was sent to educational. He was frank and ready in the expression of his honest opinions, seeming caustic, and passing easily to the frank fight of battle when the cause beloved was assailed, and to this was honored him. He was large-hearted and living full of warm and tender sympathies. His hand was ever open to the suffering and needy, and for this we loved him. The standard of the tree is attached by none, but now that the young man is laid low none need fear to do the same.

If the free spirit still tingles near, we will ask our own deepened that when our hearts are filled with yearnings that are planted after the good and true, and our souls are tossed with a continual anxiety to know that we are something more than mortal, that then this strong leader in the spiritual vineyard may be permitted to return in reposer, and with power, and give to us beings sons the perfect demonstration of immortality which we so earnestly desire.

When the kindling glow of the morning flushes the eastern skies, his spiritual vision was unsealed to the light of the celestial day, and now, when the shadows of evening are deepening and closing, it is seen that we have the worn and wasted soul down to rest in the kindled depths of earth. Therefore free from the binding sold to us in vain do we surrender the soul to the law, and is into the keeping of that mysterious power in which we all "live and let live" to him.

Let us, then, with this lesson in the head, go forth to meet the inevitable end, and let us die like heroes, and let us die well.

For further information concerning the life and death of Dr. Gardner was passed by this article to its regular meeting in the parlor of the Parker Memorial Building, Boston:

"AUSTRALIA OR AMERICA VS. WHICH?
The following paragraphs are copied from the last *Harbinger of Light*, published in Melbourne:

"We see that Mr. Hudson Tuttle, a Spiritualist writer of considerable note in America, says in the latest number of the *High Grade Philosophical Journal*: 'That Spiritualism in Australia is twenty years behind the movement in America.'

The statement quite surprises us. Will Dr. Peebles, who is acquainted with the status of Spiritualism in all parts of the world, taylor in with an opinion upon this twenty years in the rear matter?" — *Ed. H. & H.*

Spiritualism in Australia is not only abreast of the movement in America, but far in advance of it, say in our Southern States. In proof of this, Mr. Tyerman, now in this country from Sydney, is one of my witnesses. Jesse Shepard, the musical medium, and Dr. Slade, are both in Australia, and are well-sustained. Australia has also superior mediums of her own. Mrs. Britton and Mr. Walker are drawing crowded audiences in that country. They have organizations, Children's Progressive Lyceums, and saying nothing of the well-established *Harbinger of Light*, they publish a fine *Monthly Monitor*, devoted to the Lyceum interests. These are the plain unvarnished facts, each and all must draw their conclusions.

MY DESPAIR.

Last week I received a letter from B. O. Fenton, Marion Station, Ohio, containing this passage: 'I do not see how you can make out Jesus Christ to be the cornerstone of Spiritualism.' And R. S. Clark, Sheldra Prairie, Ind., writes me thus: 'Having read and re-read your book, "Jesus, Myth, or God," I do not see how you could write a book making Jesus the cornerstone of Spiritualism?' Dear beloved brethren, I've written no such book of pamphlet as you desire to. For the humble expenditure of ten cents, forwarded to the *Editor of Light* Office, you can procure a pamphlet of between thirty and forty pages, entitled: "Christ, the Corner-Stone of Spiritualism." Having read it, you will probably thereafter see the difference between personality and principle—Christ, and the man Jesus.

Chicago, Dec. 7th, 1878.

NOTES FROM CHICAGO.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Of course, any editor knows everything, and can remember everything that he ever published; so in all confidence I ask you to republish a statement made, I think, in your *Banner of Light*, months or years ago! of Dean Stanley's opinion of Spiritualism, an extract from a sermon of that eminent divine.

Several persons have expressed a wish to see it, and if you can find it, or if some of your scholarly contributors or correspondents could send it to you, I would surely be indebted and grateful with many others. The generous sentiments of this English prelate, in his late visit to this country, have awakened new interest and added value and significance to his words.

I am here for ten days, and find Chicago alive, as it ever is.

Dr. Thomas has full houses, even while some of his Methodist brethren suspect him of heresy. He is a sincere and devoted man, simple, unpretending, with the deep spiritual life of early Methodism, and the broader thought of to-day.

I sat in McVicker's Theatre, Sunday, amidst the audience that filled it to hear David Swig, the quiet speaker, opening in a low and indistinct monotone, not reaching to grace of speech or impassioned utterance, but flashing up now and then rare intuitions that gleam and glow like rubies and sapphires.

I heard K. Applebee, Unitarian, lecture in Hooley's Theatre, on John Wesley—a rare treat, for he had fine appreciation of Wesley's spiritual gifts, and gave a glowing description of his life and work.

I had set apart Sunday night to hear Mr. Peebles on India, but a severe storm, and my illness, and the distance, put me on the list of "fair weather Christians," to my disappointment. It was heard with much interest by an audience not large, but good, in a snowy night. I met him, and others, at a pleasant sociable at the church, and again at Dr. Avery's.

The *Religious-Philosophical Journal* goes steadily on its way, and I see your *Banner of Light* and your publications on the book-shelves of its pleasant office.

The Monday morning daily newspapers have valuable reports of Sunday's sermons, orthodox and heterodox, even to an occasional discourse on Spiritualism. So you see that Chicago lives not merely and only in business and external affairs, but has an inner life of thought, and aspiration, and growth. I go to Sturgis, to-morrow, and will give my epistle the crowning grace of brevity, by closing with best wishes. — *Chicago, Dec. 11th, 1878.* — G. B. STEBBINS.

Mr. Joseph P. Hazard, of Rhode Island, United States, arrived in London last week, after traveling round the world, and observing spiritual phenomena among the natives of India, China, and other countries. He is a firm Spiritualist, and brother of Mr. T. R. Hazard, one of the most active workers in the movement in the United States.—*London Spiritualist, Nov. 29th.*

CHICAGO.
It was late Saturday evening when the coach-drawn carriage stopped at 38 Ogden avenue, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Richmond. Here I found the double parlors and hall crowded almost to suffocation with Chicago Spiritualists. Dr. Bush-

nell opening the exercises, Mr. Tuttle made the principal address. Mr. Chandler read a beautiful poem adapted to the occasion from Quina of one of the controlling intelligences of Mrs. Cora Richmond. Master Wells Anderson presided at the piano. Miss Bushnell, and others, gave some vocal music, and several mediums were entranced, telling us of the better land. It was a most enjoyable occasion. Mrs. Richmond, so I hear, had large and enthusiastic meetings, they were held twice each Sunday in the Third Unitarian church—a magnificent edifice. The Lyceum, I am told, is in a flourishing condition.

On Wednesday evening of last week I dined with Col. Bundy and lady, just after which the Rev. Robert Colver and Giles B. Stebbins dropped in for an evening's social chat. Mr. Colver, a liberal and cultured gentleman, is a power in the ranks of Western Unitarianism. Mr. Stebbins, able and constructive in thought, is at present giving parlor conversations in Chicago.

W. H. ANDERSON, THE SPIRIT-ARTIST.

It is about eighteen years since I first met Mr. Anderson in this city. He was then penning spirit-pictures. In this line of art he now wears the wreath and the laurel. Invited into his room the other evening, where the walls were hung with the most exquisite works of art, he requested me to blindfold him, which I did most effectually. Then placing drawing-paper in front of him, my fingers resting upon the edges of it, the controlling spirit through his hand seized the pencil, and in less than two minutes produced a beautiful picture. It purported to be the face of a spirit-guard who had accompanied me around the world. The gas in the room was burning brightly, and I carefully watched every stroke of the pencil. The work was right the reverse of the way the artists usually work—that is, the head, bust and form were "being drawn" instead of toward Mr. Anderson. Such tests are not proofs of clairvoyance, but of direct spirit control. Mrs. Anderson is said to be an excellent trance medium. Their residence is at Linden Avenue, Chicago.

MRS. SIMPSON A GREAT TEST.

Something like ten years since, while giving a course of lectures in New Orleans, Mr. Simpson, for the first time in his life ventured to attend Mrs. Simpson, with Roman Catholic propensities, refused, pronouncing me a "charlatan—an impostor," and hoped that the "New Orleans people would tar and feather" me. Only one decade has passed, and Mr. Simpson thanks me for his conversion to Spiritualism, while Mrs. Simpson is one of the finest test mediums in the world.

Permit me to describe one of these tests. I stepped into their residence on Ogden avenue about nine o'clock on a bright, sunshiny day. The room was plain but pleasant, and as bright as sunshines could make it. The independent state writing was as good as I ever saw through Dr. Slade. No one can witness this, and yet doubt its genuineness. Finally, Mrs. Simpson put a number, say half full of water, on the top of the state, and the hand extended under the state, the latter resting upon it. I could see the print from the shoulder down to below the elbow. Within, say a minute, she withdrew the slate and goblet, within which was a beautiful ring of incised blossom, and under the slate the full imprint of her hand in perspiration. Possibly it should say that the table consists of four legs and a very plain top-board. Tilting it upwards I examined it carefully before she placed the slate upon the slate for the phenomenon. It is but justice to say that Mrs. Simpson is willing to submit to the most rigid critical tests.

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"We see that Mr. Hudson Tuttle, a Spiritualist writer of considerable note in America, says in the latest number of the *High Grade Philosophical Journal*: 'That Spiritualism in Australia is twenty years behind the movement in America.'

The statement quite surprises us. Will Dr. Peebles, who is acquainted with the status of Spiritualism in all parts of the world, taylor in with an opinion upon this twenty years in the rear matter?" — *Ed. H. & H.*

WESTERN ITEMS AND JOTTINGS.

BY J. M. PEERIES.

Having finished a course of lectures upon foreign travels, delivered in the Unitarian Church, Vineland, N. J., I left immediately for the West, and Mrs. Peeries the same day for our home in Hammondsport, organizing it more correctly, with our home when the frowning "mortgage" is removed.

MY DESPAIR.

Last week I received a letter from B. O. Fenton, Marion Station, Ohio, containing this passage: "I do not see how you can make out Jesus Christ to be the cornerstone of Spiritualism."

And R. S. Clark, Sheldra Prairie, Ind., writes me thus: "Having read and re-read your book, "Jesus, Myth, or God," I do not see how you could write a book making Jesus the cornerstone of Spiritualism?"

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I sat in McVicker's Theatre, Sunday, amidst the audience that filled it to hear David Swig, the quiet speaker, opening in a low and indistinct monotone, not reaching to grace of speech or impassioned utterance, but flashing up now and then rare intuitions that gleam and glow like rubies and sapphires.

I heard K. Applebee, Unitarian, lecture in Hooley's Theatre, on John Wesley—a rare treat, for he had fine appreciation of Wesley's spiritual gifts, and gave a glowing description of his life and work.

I had set apart Sunday night to hear Mr. Peebles on India, but a severe storm, and my illness, and the distance, put me on the list of "fair weather Christians," to my disappointment. It was heard with much interest by an audience not large, but good, in a snowy night. I met him, and others, at a pleasant sociable at the church, and again at Dr. Avery's.

The *Religious-Philosophical Journal* goes steadily on its way, and I see your *Banner of Light* and your publications on the book-shelves of its pleasant office.

The Monday morning daily newspapers have valuable reports of Sunday's sermons, orthodox and heterodox, even to an occasional discourse on Spiritualism. So you see that Chicago lives not merely and only in business and external affairs, but has an inner life of thought, and aspiration, and growth. I go to Sturgis, to-morrow, and will give my epistle the crowning grace of brevity, by closing with best wishes. — *Chicago, Dec. 11th, 1878.* — G. B. STEBBINS.

Mr. Joseph P. Hazard, of Rhode Island, United States, arrived in London last week, after traveling round the world, and observing spiritual phenomena among the natives of India, China, and other countries. He is a firm Spiritualist, and brother of Mr. T. R. Hazard, one of the most active workers in the movement in the United States.—*London Spiritualist, Nov. 29th.*

CHICAGO.
It was late Saturday evening when the coach-drawn carriage stopped at 38 Ogden avenue, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Richmond. Here I found the double parlors and hall crowded almost to suffocation with Chicago Spiritualists. Dr. Bush-

nell opening the exercises, Mr. Tuttle made the principal address. Mr. Chandler read a beautiful poem adapted to the occasion from Quina of one of the controlling intelligences of Mrs. Cora Richmond. Master Wells Anderson presided at the piano. Miss Bushnell, and others, gave some vocal music, and several mediums were entranced, telling us of the better land. It was a most enjoyable occasion. Mrs. Richmond, so I hear, had large and enthusiastic meetings, they were held twice each Sunday in the Third Unitarian church—a magnificent edifice. The Lyceum, I am told, is in a flourishing condition.

On Wednesday evening of last week I dined with Col. Bundy and lady, just after which the Rev. Robert Colver and Giles B. Stebbins dropped in for an evening's social chat. Mr. Colver, a liberal and cultured gentleman, is a power in the ranks of Western Unitarianism. Mr. Stebbins, able and constructive in thought, is at present giving parlor conversations in Chicago.

W. H. ANDERSON, THE SPIRIT-ARTIST.

It is about eighteen years since I first met Mr. Anderson in this city. He was then penning spirit-pictures. In this line of art he now wears the wreath and the laurel. Invited into his room the other evening, where the walls were hung with the most exquisite works of art, he requested me to blindfold him, which I did most effectually. Then placing drawing-paper in front of him, my fingers resting upon the edges of it, the controlling spirit through his hand seized the pencil, and in less than two minutes produced a beautiful picture. It purported to be the face of a spirit-guard who had accompanied me around the world. The gas in the room was burning brightly, and I carefully watched every stroke of the pencil. The work was right the reverse of the way the artists usually work—that is, the head, bust and form were "being drawn" instead of toward Mr. Anderson. Such tests are not proofs of clairvoyance, but of direct spirit control. Mrs. Anderson is said to be an excellent trance medium. Their residence is at Linden Avenue, Chicago.

MRS. SIMPSON A GREAT TEST.

It is about eighteen years since, while giving a course of lectures in New Orleans, Mr. Simpson, for the first time in his life ventured to attend Mrs. Simpson, with Roman Catholic propensities, refused, pronouncing me a "charlatan—an impostor," and hoped that the "New Orleans people would tar and feather" me. Only one decade has passed, and Mr. Simpson thanks me for his conversion to Spiritualism, while Mrs. Simpson is one of the finest test mediums in the world.

Permit me to describe one of these tests. I stepped into their residence on Ogden avenue about nine o'clock on a bright, sunshiny day. The room was plain but pleasant, and as bright as sunshines could make it. The independent state writing was as good as I ever saw through Dr. Slade. No one can witness this, and yet doubt its genuineness. Finally, Mrs. Simpson put a number, say half full of water, on the top of the state, and the hand extended under the state, the latter resting upon it. I could see the print from the shoulder down to below the elbow. Within, say a minute, she withdrew the slate and goblet, within which was a beautiful ring of incised blossom, and under the slate the full imprint of her hand in perspiration. Possibly it should say that the table consists of four legs and a very plain top-board. Tilting it upwards I examined it carefully before she placed the slate upon the slate for the phenomenon. It is but justice to say that Mrs. Simpson is willing to submit to the most rigid critical tests.

AUSTRALIA OR AMERICA VS. WHICH?

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When the kindling glow of the morning flushes the eastern skies, his spiritual vision was unsealed to the light of the celestial day, and now, when the shadows of evening are deepening and closing, it is seen that we have the worn and wasted soul down to rest in the kindled depths of earth. Therefore free from the binding sold to us in vain do we surrender the soul to the law, and is into the keeping of that mysterious power in which we all "live and let live" to him.

Let us, then, with this lesson in the head, go forth to meet the inevitable end, and let us die like heroes, and let us die well.

For further information concerning the life and death of Dr. Gardner was passed by this article to its regular meeting in the parlor of the Parker Memorial Building, Boston:

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