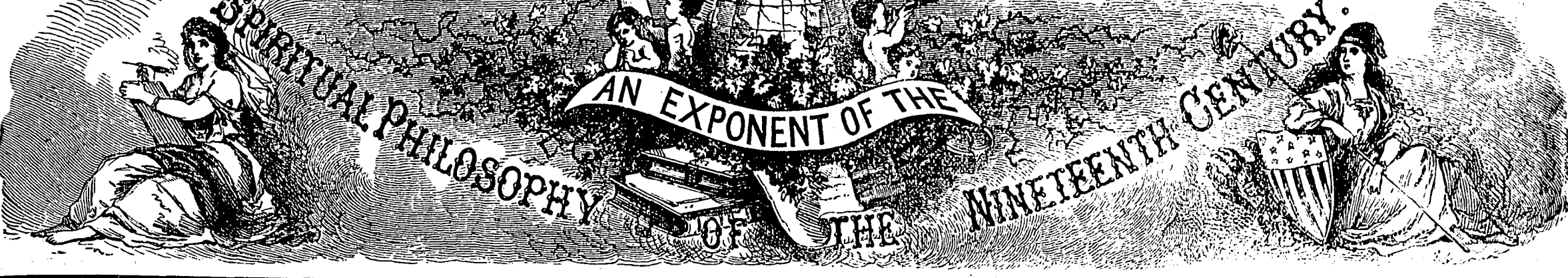


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLIV.

COLBY & RICH,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1879.

\$3.15 Per Annum,  
In Advance.

NO. 17.

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## The Rostrum.

### THE SOUL OF MAN:

MISS FANCHER'S CASE IN ITS RELATIONS TO SCIENCE AND CHRISTIANITY.

A Lecture Delivered Saturday Evening, Dec. 28th, at Everett Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., BY JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by Clara E. Brockway.)

The purpose of my lecture is not to gratify the curiosity that seeks the marvelous, but to address the highest wisdom and the profoundest religious sentiments of my friends before me.

The case of Miss Mollie Fancher stands in the very centre of the battlefield of conflicting forces, where all that is spiritual and all that is grossly material are in an irrepressible conflict, which has religion, hope, philosophy and progress on one side—and on the other materialism, doubt, gloom, and despair.

There is so much to be said that I shall not give any detail of her case, which has already been so fully published, nor shall I dwell upon my own observations of the interesting phenomena in her case, which are not known to the public, and which she does not wish me to mention.

She is a young lady of excellent character, of amiable and confiding disposition, remarkably developed in the ideal, sensitive and constructive regions of the brain, so that if she had never been injured she would have been a fluent writer, a skillful artist, and a clairvoyant, giving to everything in which she engages an air of refinement.

Disease has not evolved any new powers, but only given her a more delicate spiritual organization and nervous sensibility. The power by which she recognizes objects at a distance, or penetrates the character of persons, is no exception to the laws of nature, but simply the exhibition of a natural power which belongs to several thousand persons in this city, and is no more abnormal than the musical genius of Ole Bull or Paganini, which would be equally marvelous in a nation that never cultivated music.

Whenever the psychic powers are cultivated and properly educated, when they are cultivated as generally as music, they will become just as common as musical genius; but no matter how common they may become, the educated and artificial ignorance of materialistic doctors will never admit their existence until one generation of these miseducated men shall have passed away [Applause], for human nature is the same to-day as in the days of Harvey, when the whole generation of old practicing physicians had to die before so simple a matter as the circulation of the blood could be generally received. Medical schools have lost none of their bigotry in two hundred and fifty years. Hence they are behind the age, and instead of leading the public in advance, public opinion leads them, and sometimes pushes them. [Applause.]

If the gentleman who has made such an unfortunate exhibition of himself on this subject in the medical journals, had attended my lectures twenty or thirty years ago, if he was then old enough, he would have been sufficiently instructed to have exhibited his knowledge on this subject instead of his ignorance.

My chief discoveries were made before Miss Fancher was born, and if they had been welcomed by the medical profession in New York, if the admired and lamented Dr. Forry had been permitted to advocate them in the *Medical Journal*, which he established then, instead of being silenced by Dr. Cheeseman and other bigots, there would have been in this city enough knowledge of the nervous system to have treated Miss Fancher properly at first, and saved her from her present condition.

The history of her case exhibits the unconscious malpractice of educated ignorance, which cannot cope with such conditions because the knowledge of the nervous system which explains such cases and their treatment has been carefully excluded from medical colleges, whose graduates, supposing themselves well educated, are involved in darkness as to nervous phenomena and psychic life.

Materialistic ignorance speaks of her powers as abnormal—as something that cannot possibly exist, because it exists in no one else, and is not part of the common endowments of humanity. But in truth the psychic powers which she exhibits have belonged to the human race in all ages; they are not as rare as eloquence, and though they are comparatively undeveloped, there are a number of persons here to-night who possess the same endowments as Miss Fancher, and some who could surpass her in their exhibition.

The fact of Miss Fancher being alive when she does not consume a day's provision in a year—the fact of her passing five months at a time unable to eat anything, ought not to disturb or engage physiologists when medical records are full of similar cases, forgotten now because the modern works carefully exclude all such facts in order to cultivate ignorance, so that the present generation of physicians know nothing about it; yet they do not exclude the authentic case

of a Hindoo Fakir buried alive for ten months at Lahore, India, in 1838, reported by Capt. Osborne and Sir Claude Wade, a case in which the man was kept in his grave while a crop of barley was raised and harvested over it. Frogs have been found alive in solid blocks of stone as old as the hills.

The celebrated geologist, Dr. E. Clark, of Cambridge, England, found in a mass of chalkstone dug up from forty-five fathoms below the surface of the ground, living animals of the lizard species, which were reprinted when exposed to the sun, which must have been from their locality, more ancient than the flood, and were, in fact, so old that they belonged to an extinct species.

The law, therefore, seems to be that in a state of absolute repose and suspended animation no food is necessary, whether for one month, one year, or ten thousand years; and when the soul is partially emancipated from the body, as in Miss Fancher, during a trance, the body is in that repose which absolutely requires no food whatever.

Why should a narrow-minded doctor object to Miss Fancher occasionally seeing persons at a distance, or knowing what they are doing? History abounds in similar cases.

The ladies in our Psychometric Society in New York will often describe an individual and tell of his deeds long after he is dead, and not think it anything wonderful.

These powers were frequently enjoyed among the ancient Greeks, and the greatest of ancient philosophers, Pythagoras, saw clairvoyantly the wreck of a distant ship at sea.

In the times of the ancients such cases frequently occurred, and in the house of the Danish astronomer, Tycho, I recollect the authentic biographical statement that a half-idiot young man, who often saw people at a distance, once laughed while he saw clairvoyantly a party of young men upset in a boat as they were coming to the island.

On the 17th of February, 1851, when Captain Austin and Sir John Franklin were in the Arctic Ocean, Austin being near Cape Martyr, a Scotch woman, as stated by Prof. Gregory, described the position of both at that time, giving the exact longitude, and it was not until they returned, and when they returned from the voyage the statement was found correct. Is it not strange that educated gentlemen should turn their backs on ancient history and modern experience, to become the champions of ignorance? [Applause.]

In discussing these questions of psychic powers, clairvoyance, premonition, &c., I shall not condescend to meet them as though they were debatable novelties like the questions raised by spectrum analysis concerning which the parties stand on equal ground. We have that possession which is called the points of the law, and he who assails us must make a clear, unanswerable case, for the burden of the proof lies upon him, and not upon those who maintain established science and established practice.

That which has been in progress longer than the Anglo-Saxon race, longer than Christianity itself, further back than Greek civilization, and older than the pyramids, is not in any way disturbed by the voluntary ignorance of a pragmatic doctor, or even of a score of colleges. [Applause.]

The learned stupidity of the whole university of Padua, and all its cotemporary universities in Europe, did not affect the planet Jupiter and its moons, or Galileo's perceptions by the telescope; they did not hurt the infant science of astronomy, nor can the colleges which are still faithful to their medieval spirit, still hostile to enlarged thought, do any harm in the end to that science of the soul which is older than all colleges, and dearer to the heart of humanity than all their physical sciences. [Applause.]

For the science of the invisible is the science of the upper world—the science of man's true life and destiny, the science which leads to the sphere of divinity, the science which reveals the grandeur of that ancient religion which gleams upon us in supernatural beauty from the thick darkness of antiquity, and thus by opening our eyes to the divine truth saves us from that suffocating gloom of that modern infidelity and pessimism, which delight in the moral darkness of medical colleges.

In defending these ancient truths, which are now enlarged and illuminated by modern science, I am not engaged in any very serious task. In fact, we are much obliged to those pragmatic gentlemen who are so eager to display their ignorance by going beyond the limits of the physical sciences, in which they are skillful and respectable, to assail sciences which they say do not exist, but which have existed in various degrees of progress for thousands of years, and are to-day progressing more rapidly than any other department of human knowledge.

The psycho-physiological sciences are now not only sciences in books but sciences in practice.

Hundreds of skillful physicians to-day are using the higher powers of the soul in making the most accurate diagnoses of diseases, and in recognizing the condition of patients at a distance, whose condition they describe often with greater accuracy than the physician of mere external observation can realize when he visits them.

Bayard Taylor has just passed away, and the news came over the ocean that his physicians were mistaken in his disease—so the newspapers say—I do not know whether it is so or not, but this is the published statement. It is a tremendous mistake which involves such a life as is in the consequence of the willful ignorance of the learned.

If Bayard Taylor had been in correspondence with myself, his true condition could have been pointed out more correctly than it was by his physicians, and if any medical college wishes to test this assertion I am prepared to prove it. [Applause.]

What I say of myself I could say of many other physicians.

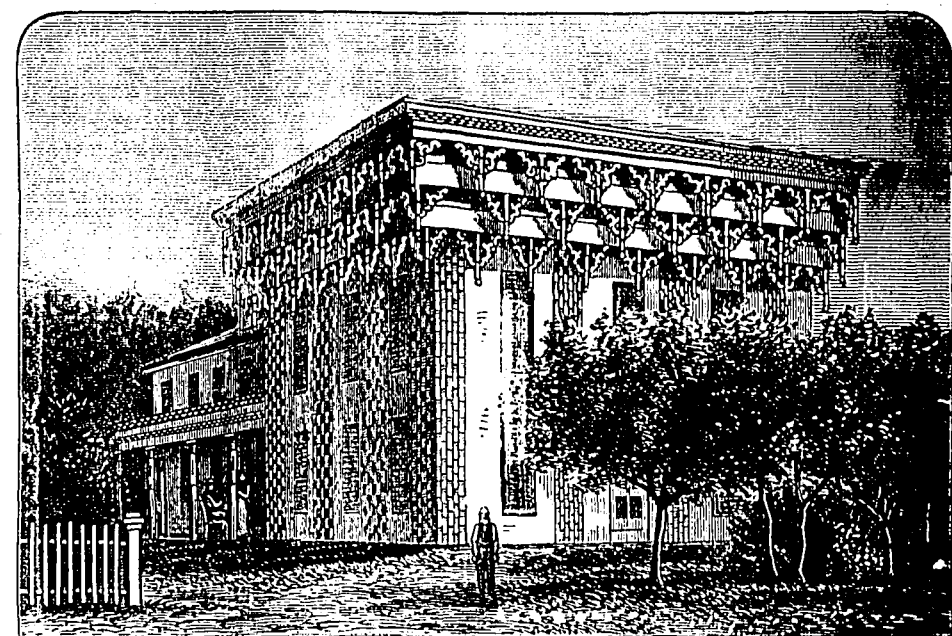
Science does not shrink from proper tests, but ignorance and bigotry always do, always have. [Applause.] I have challenged investigation from the first.

In 1841 and 1842 I invited and urged an investigation by the leading medical college of the West at Louisville, the Faculty of which were lineal successors of the first medical Faculty in the West, of which my father was an honored member.

Soon after I urged an investigation by the Boston Academy of Sciences, under Jackson and Warren, and then by the University of Indiana; also by numerous committees, physicians and professors, and even as late as last year by the Kentucky State Medical Society.

I have done all that self-respect would allow, and have never had an adverse scientific report, but I shall never cross the present lines of the "know" to obtain as a favor what I demand in behalf of truth by paramount right. But I shall ever meet the candor and courtesy of gentlemen by still greater candor and courtesy. [Applause.]

If the learned materialistic bigot is to be believed, all who investigate and testify are lunatics. All the physicians who practice success-



BROWN'S FREE HALL—INSPIRATION AND WILL.

In a pleasant valley among the hills of Madison County, some thirty-five miles southeast of Syracuse, N. Y., is the village of Georgetown—a place of some five hundred people, amidst the dairy farms in the valley and on the hillsides. Sixteen years ago Timothy Brown lived on his farm—a middle-aged, industrious man, and an earnest Spiritualist. A sudden loss of property compelled the sale of farm and stock, and he bought a building lot on which stood an old house, just east of the Baptist church in the village, himself and his excellent wife going there with small means for a new start, but with strong hearts and true lives on their side. He had been occasionally impressed, as he thought, by spirits from the higher life. Awakening from a peaceful sleep in his new home, and lying on his bed thinking how to build a house, he had presented before him several buildings standing out clearly in the air, as though he was to select from them. The model he adopted was thus presented at different times, and so made clear and lasting in his mind. All this, he felt, was from a favorite sister Mary. He once asked: "If this is Mary let her open the bedroom door," which swung to of its own weight usually, but which then gently opened as he laid on his bed. He once saw a luminous mist, which broke away and revealed—as if lying or floating on the air—a beautiful woman, who soon faded from his sight.

Along with this was borne in upon him the conviction that this house must be built, and consecrated to Spiritualism and to free speech in the service of humanity. He could not resist the conviction, and it became the aim and enthusiasm of his life. He bought a wood-lot, got out his own logs and hewed his timber for the frame, which he began to build himself. Not a carpenter, and all unused to tools, he found that if he put his chisel in the wrong place his arm had no power to use the mallet or strike a blow, but when his chisel was rightly placed the blows were freely dealt. So, amidst the doubt or ridicule of his neighbors, the frame of a front building, thirty-five feet square, was finished. A master-carpenter took charge of its raising, and when it stood complete he said to the people, "This is as good and perfect a frame as I ever saw," and they went home astonished. All this time, and through all the ten years which he took

fully the new sciences are knaves, and their patients are fools; and even the learned gentlemen of the skeptical French Academy are credulous fools too, according to this New York and Brooklyn standard. The only authority is the *Ego*, who knows everything without observation by exercising the marvelous power of deduction in his "non-luminous inner consciousness."

I see but little difference between the stubborn skeptic in astronomy and the stubborn skeptic in psychology.

Their skeptical colored brother, Rev. Mr. Jasper, knows by his inner consciousness and deduction and by *instinct*, (as Dr. Beard calls it) that the earth is flat, and that astronomy is a humbug; and Dr. Beard says the profession know by *instinct* that although the Brooklyn physicians connected with the case of Miss Fancher are among the most honorable and able men in the profession, still the whole affair is a humbug. There was another Jasper in England of the white race who was so certain that the earth was flat as to offer a wager. The offer was accepted by that distinguished author in spiritual and physical science, Alfred R. Wallace, and the matter was actually decided by the measurement of a small portion of the earth's circumference in England, and the skeptic lost his wager, and his temper also. The English skeptic has a rival in this country, who understands finance much better, and has a great deal more shrewdness than the Englishman. Dr. Hammond has no idea of losing any money in sustaining his skepticism, for he is not as thoroughly sincere as the Englishman was. He has had innumerable opportunities during the last thirty years of testing every proposition which affirms the existence of anything but the matter and force in which he believes. Clairvoyance has been publicly displayed throughout this country as well as Europe.

Psychometry has been in public progress thirty-six years. Hands have been materialized, and when grasped by the living have melted into air. Human forms have appeared in all the perfection of life, walked and talked with their friends, and vanished—faded out of sight while they were standing near; messages have been written on the inside of locked slates by unseen hands; flowers and birds have been brought into private apartments that were absolutely closed and locked; small objects have been seized and suddenly carried great distances by spirit-power (in one instance from Memphis to Louisville, in about three hours); tables have been lifted to the ceiling with their furniture undisturbed, and persons have been lifted in the same manner, and musical instruments, in full view, have been played on by unseen hands (this is in pro-

gress now in New York), and voices proceeding from vacancy have conversed in an interesting and most instructive and satisfactory manner; hands have suddenly appeared on a table, and written messages in full view, then faded away; substances have been created and left with those to whom they were given; alarming noises have been produced for many weeks, and houses have been shaken as by an earthquake; mechanics and others without knowledge of art have painted pictures of the dead whom they have never seen; blindfolded in the dark or blindfolded in the light, the medium of spirit-power has painted pictures with artistic skill and effect, and graceful combinations of color such as no trained artist ever could have produced in the same time. A German artist of renown two hundred years ago, "Jan Steen," has come in spirit to take the hand of a medium in Glasgow, and painted a *face simile* of one of his old and celebrated pictures. All the powers of matter have yielded to the spirit-power which makes and un-makes it, and thus proves that matter but spirit is the Lord of the universe, for it makes matter and destroys it. It creates human forms in splendid clothing and ornaments of the most costly character, and then causes them to vanish before our eyes; and that we may have some memento to prove the solid reality of the spirit that was with us, they dip their faces and hands in the hot, melted paraffine, and when a mold is formed they vanish and leave a mold which could not have been produced in any other way, for the physical hand or head could not have been withdrawn from the mold without its destruction. Each mold is, therefore, a positive proof in itself of a spiritual presence, while the perfection of the cast taken in such a mold as that is beyond the sculptor's skill. What a wealth of demonstration have we had, profuse poured out, more than I can describe. Voices have been heard by many, singing most sweetly when all living lips were silent; voices have come to hundreds, to warn them of danger or to comfort them in distress. One of the most eminent physicians of New York owed his life, when young, to a warning spirit-voice.

Human mouths have been inspired by spirit power to sing with supernatural sweetness in language they never knew, to speak of things they never knew, to speak of future events in prophetic, to speak of the condition, the hopes, the wishes and the advice of our sainted loved ones in the spirit world, and then to discuss matters of science and philosophy with a profound knowledge never derived from books, and to pour forth the language of poetry, beautiful and lofty as if from the great masters of the lyre, a living miracle of intellectual power,

to finish his task, he was obliged to make a living and go on as he best could, on simplest fare and with constant labor, up to sixteen hours a day. His brave wife could not share his enthusiasm, but wrought as a skilled cheese-maker in the factories near by, and so won good wages and kept their house in order.

With the frame raised he still toiled on, and all the building, save doors and window-sashes—everything from cellar floor and foundation stones to the quaintly beautiful and unique carving of the cornice, is the work of his own hands—not a week's work to help him, and that of common laborers. All these years he wrought after the spiritual model, ever clear in his mind, and felt that he was guided by supernatural intelligence and skill.

The upper floor was a hall thirty-five feet square, the lower part the home for his wife and himself. He then bought at small cost a second-hand Presbyterian church, put it in the rear on the north side, built a piazza, and laid a floor to divide it into two stories, threw all the upper floor, front and rear, together, and his free hall is now seventy feet by thirty-five, plainly but neatly fitted up to seat some six hundred people or more, and the whole perfected building is the architectural ornament of the town. The singular yet beautiful carving on the front would attract attention anywhere. Good judges say that the work is substantial and thorough, the skill in its finer parts remarkable. His wonderful persistence has well-nigh conquered the prejudice of his doubting neighbors, and the structure stands a striking evidence of the power of will concentrated on one object, and of the guiding inspiration, as he firmly believes, of spiritual beings in the life beyond.

Two Yearly Meetings have been held in the hall, with good attendance and with cheering spiritual power, Mr. Brown and his wife opening their doors for the use of all comers to spread their tables and prepare their meals; and next August will bring a third goodly gathering. This great labor of ten years has left this good couple worn and weary with the infirmity of advancing age, and with too little of this world's goods, yet with cheer and illuminated spirits. The brave and weather-worn veteran Spiritualist, Timothy Brown, stands at the corner of his hall, as seen in the engraving.

Human mouths have been inspired by spirit power to sing with supernatural sweetness in language they never knew, to speak of things they never knew, to speak of future events in prophetic, to speak of the condition, the hopes, the wishes and the advice of our sainted loved ones in the spirit world, and then to discuss matters of science and philosophy with a profound knowledge never derived from books, and to pour forth the language of poetry, beautiful and lofty as if from the great masters of the lyre, a living miracle of intellectual power,

which all the colleges of Europe and America combined might strive in vain to equal. Would the poet laureate of England, would Longfellow, Whittier, or any living poet, dare to compete in improvised poetry with some woman of limited education whose lips are used by the immortals?

But as love and wisdom go together, the same great powers that speak in poetry, philosophy, song and prophecy, are mighty in the deeds of love, to heal when medical skill has failed, to heal both mind and body, and even when necessary to perform surgical operations without human hands, of which I have authentic testimony from a physician in Ohio—for all things are possible in that world of causes, where powers exist to which matter is but as a vapor to us, powers that speak this living world into existence, powers that inspired Shakespeare to the immortal words in which he told us that towers, palaces, and temples, mountains, and the great globe itself, might pass away as the baseless fabric of a vision.

And all the time that this great revelation has been in progress—while ancient miracles repeated from age to age bear the most solemn attestations of any historic events, and these modern marvels of invisible power have been brought under the most skeptical scrutiny of thousands of scientific observers, graduates have been turned out of medical colleges blind as bats to all they do not wish to see; deaf as the adder and dumb as a post, they profess to see nothing, to hear nothing, for the simple reason that they wish neither to see nor hear, and take particular care to keep out of the reach of phenomena that they cannot control. [Applause.]

If they had any genuine love of scientific truth in psychology, they would if they were skeptical have sought and confronted these facts, and either disproved or admitted their reality.

I have great respect for honest skepticism, however stupid it may be; but I have no respect for the dishonest species which shuns investigation, falsifies facts, and slanders its superiors.

Dr. Hammond, while shunning investigation, for he dare not make any such other parties who are before the public, displays the malignant animus which is generally found in dogmatic and unscrupulous skepticism. He makes a cheap parade of a courage which he has not, and of a desire to investigate which he has not, by challenging a poor, invalid woman, long between life and death, who has never come before the public, whose chief desire is to preserve her delicate sensibility from rude contact—challenging her to meet him and his friends—when he well knew that his challenge was in its very language an insult, and would be treated with the silent contempt it deserved. [Applause.]

To assail this delicate invalid with such a charge of imposture because persons of the highest integrity and intelligence have stated what they have observed, is one of those acts of social outrage that may be tolerated by the mob, but is abhorred by all ethical Christians, but which cannot be tolerated by the Christian ethics which the world approves. [Applause.]

In this country, at least, offences against a woman are not tolerated in decent society; the man who violates her person, if he is not suddenly hurried to a jail, will be hung by the neck in a spontaneous and irrepressible outburst of natural justice, and the man who grossly and wantonly assaults a woman's character may be sheltered by city police, but in regions less populous at the West and South, where private energy takes the place of the generous mob, he would not be so lucky. In the bloody responsibility of the so-called field of honor, because men would not place themselves thus upon an equality with him. He would simply be treated as the hoodlum or the petty larceny vagabond, by a vigorous horsewhipping, and he would seek in vain for any damages before a jury.

I do not speak of this to recommend or approve of such a course, but merely to show how the moral sense of mankind recognizes the baseness of an assault upon the angel nature that dwells in a lovely woman, of which we have so diagram an example in the scandalous conduct of Dr. Beard, in a medical journal, which I would not condescend to notice any further, as it is not worthy of a respectful answer. [Applause.] I do not recommend any punishment for bigoted, narrow-minded and deluded people. I would have them placed in an asylum, ordered minds, treated with profound respect and fraternal kindness, humored in their whims, but brought into contact with refined and gifted women of intuitive genius, until their education was completed.

It is not a question of veracity that we have to meet, for the veracity of those who have testified to the wonderful experience of Miss Fancher has not been assailed, because it is entirely above attack from the most malignant, and the character of Miss Fancher herself is so far above reproach that he who would assail it simply covers himself with ignominy.

There is, therefore, nothing personal in the real question. It is the same old question which has been the battle-ground of the ages—it is the old question between Theism and Atheism, between the living God and the dead matter as the Lord of the universe—between the immortality and the hopeless death as our destiny—between the immortal soul and the perishing carcass as the real man—for this is the question which is forced upon us.

A powerful and scientific party—strong and compact in its organization, with a host of exponents in medical colleges with a host of ready writers and an immense amount of easy self-confidence and authoritative dogmatism has determined to annihilate the belief in anything and everything beyond matter and force, in which it sees "the potency of all things," and by which it traces man back to his monkey ancestor, and the monkey back to the slime of the ocean.

These wild and insane doctrines cannot be conquered by reason, for they did not spring from reason. They spring from the selfish, animal nature of man, which seeks for false truth, which belittles moral responsibility, which stifles the conscience, narrows the mind, and determines that it will not be convinced, as Horkey said he would, before he would concede the discoveries of Galileo.

The animal nature of man is dead to any appeal to the conscience, narrow in all its ideas, and groveling in its conceptions, incapable of a lofty sentiment. Above all, it is distinguished by this, that it has no faith in humanity, either collectively or individually. When a man has lost his honesty and truth, he has no more faith in humanity. When he has lost all virtue he has lost all faith, and is incapable of learning by testimony and reason. Like a mere animal, he must touch, or feel, or see, before he can know.

A gentleman who was an eye-witness of the fact informed me that at a scene in Boston on the 17th of December, nine persons who were present each wrote a sentence on a card which was then sealed up in an envelope. Mr. Joseph P. Foster, of 221 East Street, Boston, took up each of the nine envelopes, and after reading it on his forehead, read the writing carefully. Six of the envelopes were sealed and written his name so small as to make it difficult to read it, which he admitted was true. Dr. Hammond, however, has not the slightest desire to do Mr. Foster.



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## UNDER THE DAISIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DAISIES."

I've been learning the lesson of life,  
The sad, and lesson of love;  
And all its powers for pleasure or pain  
Have slowly and sadly grown.  
And all that's left of the bright, bright dream,  
Is a handful of dust in a coffin lid—  
The beautiful, beautiful Daisies,  
The snowy, snowy Daisies.  
—H. Millard.

Yes, there at last our loves must lie,  
And find their rest within the tomb;  
The fate of all is still to die,  
The end of all dark death and doom!  
The times and seasons are not ours,  
The call comes not as we desire;  
The winter takes the summer flowers,  
And in the spring our bones expire.  
Under the daisies, still and deep,  
Under the daisies loved ones sleep!

The flowers of faith and happy hope,  
That blushed with bloom and fragrance sweet,  
Are first to fall, the first to cope  
With death, and suffer sad defeat!  
What matters, then, their blossoming?  
Their fall, fair show of light and gain  
But stings the more our discontent.  
We write but more in parting pain.  
Under the daisies white as snow,  
Under the daisies lies our love!

What though we gather summer flowers,  
To scatter free upon their graves?  
Can we forget departed hours?  
The sense of worth found in our lives!  
No, night and day we feel our loss,  
And walk the earth with vain regret;  
There is no crown to bless the cross,  
No morning star for sunshine set!  
Under the daisies while we weep,  
Under the daisies loved ones sleep.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

## SEANCE WITH A PROMINENT MATERIALIZING MEDIUM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I commenced the study and investigation of the Spiritual Phenomena, as disclosed through spirit-mediums, some twenty-two years ago, and have probably witnessed as much and as many of its phases of manifestation as almost any other living man. At first I was inclined to follow to some extent the knock-down and drag-out system of testing mediums, too much yet in vogue, but soon found that the spirits could beat me in that method of conducting the game, and therefore abandoned it and resolved to permit the mediums and their controls to make their own conditions, and then remain as passive as possible, and in accordance with the logical precept, "Observe well, observe long, and observe all" that transpired, and draw my own conclusions from the results. The consequence has been that the momentous question "If a man die, shall he live again?" that I had been for more than forty years striving to get a solution of by perusing countless books devoted to religious subjects, and otherwise, in vain, was answered in the affirmative so completely and satisfactorily that I know nothing whatever can even again cause me to doubt the reality of a future life. Sure I am that from the critical and skeptical construction of my mind, and its natural mistrust of human and even inspirational authority, nothing short of Phenomenal Spiritualism could ever have satisfied me on that all-important subject, and I believe there are thousands of others in our midst who are now in the same unfortunate position that I once occupied, out of which they may extricate themselves by simply placing themselves in harmony with the spirit-world, and without by any means surrendering their individuality, seek for and wait quietly and patiently for results through the ministrations of phenomenal mediums.

Of the various kinds and degrees of mediumship, I regard that of materialization of human forms the highest, and that which, when fully perfected, will in all probability be most effectively used by the spirit-powers to convey to mankind a knowledge of the future state of being. None can know or appreciate the beauty and glory of this phase of the manifestations, which includes in fact all others that have been vouchsafed to earth, except to those who have succeeded in placing themselves in harmonious rapport with the denizens of the upper spheres and their human instruments. From what I have myself been favored to witness in these respects, I feel confident that the time is not far distant when human spirits from the higher spheres will be enabled to visit earth in tangible form and remain in the society of congenial sympathizing friends for days or weeks together.

Friday evening, the 28th of December, I was for three hours in almost continuous presence of departed members of my family, nearly as tangibly as if their earth-life had never been severed. At this time several of the spirits essayed to show me some of the processes of materialization which I will endeavor to describe.

Some few hours before, I had been present with Mrs. Rockwood, the well-known trance medium, 14 East Springfield street, Boston, at which time several members of my spirit family communicated orally, and told me that my wife and all our deceased children would show themselves in presence of a materializing medium on Hollis street, with whom I had made an engagement for the coming evening. They also said that Juliette T. Burton would come with them. Afterwards Spirit Theodore Parker conversed some time with me, and said that he and John Pierpont would also be there and materialize their forms, if practicable.

My engagement with this medium was for half-past seven, but I made a mistake in the time and got there an hour earlier, so that the seance commenced at seven and lasted until ten o'clock. A curtain was drawn across an aperture left between two partly closed, folding doors, thus making a temporary cabinet of the back parlor, in which the lady, who was in feeble health, took her seat—her husband and myself being the only others present.

There did not appear to be a ripple of doubt or discord to mar the conditions, which rendered music or singing unnecessary. A female spirit came out from behind the curtain within a very few minutes. She wore a white dress variegated with little dark spots, with a few glittering spangles about the waist; a lace head-dress and veil. The last she lifted several times, so that I saw her face and hair very distinctly, and had no difficulty in identifying the spirit as my daughter, Fanny, who passed away at Aiken, S. C., nearly two years ago. Her hair was peculiar, being of a light auburn and unusually fine in texture, and profusely curled over her temples. The chair in which I sat stood, by actual measurement, less than four feet from the centre of the curtain, and the light for all practical purposes, was sufficient. As my daughter stood within a few inches of me she took a little fragment of lace and commenced manipulating it with the fingers of both hands. It rapidly increased in volume, until it fell in sev-

eral separate strips and folds on the floor. This she gathered up and disposed of about her person.

I closely examined the lace and dress; they both resembled, in texture and feeling, linen lace, being more wiry than cotton. (I will just say here that I had been careful not to mention what had been told me at Mrs. Rockwood's.) Before retiring, my daughter embraced and kissed me. Her lips were naturally warm. As she was about to leave, I suggested to her that it might be well for the female spirits that came to use the same dress she then wore, to favor the medium, whose health was feeble, and who could ill afford to part with any elements of strength, such as it is presumed constitute the basis of all materializations of spirit-forms and things.

My daughter Gertrude, who passed away about fifteen months ago, came next, clothed apparently in the same variegated dress just worn by her spirit sister. She showed her foot, on which was a white stocking and slipper. As her sister Fanny had done, she made a great quantity of fine white lace whilst she stood within a few inches of me, which I closely inspected and handled. She then gathered it up in a mass, and walked in a circuitous direction behind my chair, when she placed the pile of floss-like lace on my head, and pressed and manipulated it with both hands for some few minutes, and then came back in front of where we sat, and pointing significantly to a portrait that hung on the further side of the room, intimated that the spirit of the person to whom it belonged was then present in the cabinet. The husband glanced at the picture, and remarked that it was the portrait of a deceased sister of his wife. Before retiring, Gertrude lifted her veil and kissed me. Her features were not unlike her own when in earth-life, though not so exactly similar as Fanny's. Her hair was very characteristic, and quite different from her sister's, being much longer, and not so fine and crisp.

My wife came next, clothed apparently in the same dress worn by the others, though longer, to correspond with her height, she being considerably taller than either of her daughters who had as yet manifested. She lifted her veil, and showed me her face, which I at once recognized as being hers, although her hair was unlike, being of a light auburn color. On my remarking to her that she commenced passing her hand downward on her hair, when it soon assumed its natural color, which was nearly black. She, too, manufactured a quantity of lace, with which she decked her person. When about to retire she lifted her veil, smiled, and kissed me. I said, "Let me embrace you, Fanny?" She again smiled and bowed her head in token of assent, but immediately passed behind the curtain, from whence she quickly reappeared, and again commenced making lace, which soon lay in abundant folds on the floor. This she gathered up, and placing it on my head, manipulated and pressed it to my head for some time with her hands.

My wife then commenced again to make the lace, until it had accumulated in unusual quantity. She next took it up in strips and threw it over her shoulders, so that, as I soon realized, it formed quite a thick covering on her back and shoulders. This done, she came close to me, lifted her veil, opened her large lustrous eyes, and smiled. I threw my arms about her, when she sank upon my bosom, as we pressed our lips mutually in a succession of kisses. Her dark, lustrous eyes were as expressive and her breathing as measured and distinct as when in earth-life, and in all respects she seemed a human being clothed in earthly mold. This manifestation confirmed me in the belief I have of late entertained, that the clouds of face that so often envelope returning spirits contain elements of health and strength that can be utilized by the spirits both for their own good and that of their friends who still remain in mortal life. In answer to my queries in these respects, my wife, by signs, intimated on this evening, as she had done before, that such was the fact.

My daughter Anna, who passed from earth ten years ago, came next. Unlike her sisters that had appeared, she had her mother's clear brunette complexion and dark hair. She came dressed in a flowing robe of very fine but soft feeling cambric, white as snow. She was, in accordance with her earth-nature, very free and decided in her movements. In her last sickness, her long dark hair had been cut off, and she now came with it as it was when she passed away—a few inches long only. This she commenced to manipulate as her mother had done before, when at every pass of her hands it increased in length until it reached full two feet. This manifestation, as well as all others made this evening, occurred in a good light, and within, at the furthest, two feet of my eyes, so that I feel sure there could have been no legerdemain tricks of spirits, whether in or out of the flesh, connected with the phenomena. I know that it is impossible I should have been mistaken in Anna's identity. Her features and person were very marked and distinct, and the conditions were so free and harmonious that there was scarcely a particle of facial resemblance to the medium in any of the form materializations that occurred, as I have often witnessed to be the case in promiscuous circles, where skepticism and perhaps acrimonious feelings have more or less thrown a strain on the mediums' mental and vital powers, and necessitated the abstracting portion of the material elements wherewith to reclothed with a "mortal coil" the soul-body of the otherwise invisible and intangible returning spirit.

My daughter Constance, who passed from earth in embryo, nearly thirty years ago, next came, clothed in pure white, with a quick, elastic, graceful step, as has always been her wont from the first time she materialized, last May, in the presence of Mrs. Bliss, in Philadelphia. On this occasion she walked out of the cabinet, clothed in resplendent white and sparkling with jewels, leading the medium, who was twice her size, clothed in black, by the hand, and seating her in a chair by my side, whilst she herself stood in front of me, making perhaps a striking personal contrast with Mrs. Bliss as can be conceived of existing between two human beings, whether in or out of the form. The complexion and hair of Constance were light, the latter hanging in short ringlets from her temples. I asked her to lengthen it as her sister Anna had done. On her intimating assent, I examined with both eyes and hand her locks, and finding them rooted firmly in the scalp, I applied a pocket-rule to the roots over the temple and found the hair was nine inches in length. Constance commenced passing her hand downward over her side-hair, as her mother and sister Anna had done, for a short time, when I measured it again and found it twenty-three inches in length, and after a few more passes it increased in length to twenty-seven inches.

Constance now held to us for examination a

little parcel of fine white lace with narrow stripes of black running across it, about an inch apart. She then held it in a crumpled mass in one hand whilst she commenced drawing from one side portions of the material, which, as it passed downward in folds on the floor, became of as pure a white as the driven snow, until the whole was transformed into a mass of sufficient volume to fill a large-sized handbox. Before retiring she lifted her veil and kissed me, as her mother and sisters had done, her lips being as natural and warm as the others. Constance was surpassingly graceful in figure, but more slender in person than her sisters.

Mrs. Juliette T. Burton (the well-known accomplished lady and writing medium), a much loved friend of my spirit-family, came next, as had been announced at Mrs. Rockwood's. Her general personal appearance and manner were very like hers when in earth-life, and I have no doubt of her identity, although I could not touch for it with the certainty I would that of several of my own family who manifested on this evening.

My daughter Mary, who passed away in childhood in 1832, aged about two years, came next. She was very erect in figure and somewhat taller than her mother or either of the sisters that had so far materialized. Her complexion and hair were rather light, though not so much so as her sister Fanny's. She held toward us in her hand for our observation an oblong piece of white material of the size and thickness of a primer, from which she proceeded to develop a great quantity of lace, as her mother and sisters had previously done in different ways. I asked to be permitted to take her in my arms as I had her mother. She was at that time about to take leave of me with the accustomed kiss. This she now delayed for a short time, and standing erect before me, a plain, thick white lace-like garment developed itself over her dress, reaching well downward. She then lifted her veil, smiled as her mother had previously done, and threw herself affectionately into my arms, pressing her lips to mine and exchanging many kisses. The snail was probably intended for some occult shield or other purpose, on the same principle that the lace had been used by the mother under similar circumstances.

A female spirit next came that I could not identify. On her intimating that she was a medium I named several whom I was acquainted with, to all of whose names the spirit shook her head. She repeatedly passed her hand over her front hair, which was very smooth and lay parted from her forehead diagonally over her temple. Finally, Molly, the Indian control of the medium, rapped on the letters A and S, whereupon I responded it must be Aelsa Sprague, to which name she assented. The husband of the medium then remarked that Aelsa used to wear her hair very much as had been represented by the spirit. This spirit had not been announced at Mrs. Rockwood's. She however not infrequently (as well as through other mediums) came there with my family when I was present.

The form of another daughter, who passed from earth in embryo, was the next to come. She was of a darker brunette complexion than her mother and sister Anna, with very dark hair, and taller and more robust in form than either of them. She had shown herself to me once before only, at my own house in Rhode Island, with the same characteristics that attended her on this occasion. She, like all the rest of my children, manifested much affection, and before retiring lifted her veil and kissed me.

Next came a son, who had also passed away in embryo. His hair was dark, and his complexion of a still darker brunette than his sister who had just left. The power was getting weak, and his manifestations were not so demonstrative as were most of those who preceded him. He was of medium height, and not large in person, and wore a light-colored blouse dress. He seemed unable to approach me as closely as the others had done.

A spirit claiming to be Caroline Hall, a niece of my wife's, and intimate friend of my daughters, was the next to manifest. She was beautifully clothed in white garments, with an elaborate head-dress, singularly plaited in front, and decked profusely with lace and other ornaments, which was in accordance with her disposition and taste when on earth.

Lastly a young lady, who said she passed away when in her teens, came, and before leaving pretty satisfactorily identified herself as Miss Auchincloss, a friend of my daughters, whose father came annually from New York and occupied a summer residence he owned in Newport, R. I.

There had now twelve different spirits materialized their forms, each one and all nearly as palpably, and in most respects as tangibly, as if they were still denizens of earth. There were no two of them but what differed materially from the other.

The hour of ten had arrived, and Molly, the Indian guardian, guide, and personal care-taker of the medium, told us that the seance must be closed. I asked Molly if there were any other spirits present. She replied that the Parker man and another man were there, but that the medium's strength was exhausted, and they wanted her to say they would come to me next time.

I may say, in conclusion, that this lady does not profess to be a public medium, nor does she solicit the "patronage" of any class of persons whatever, much less of those who visit mediumistic seances for the mere purpose of gratifying an idle curiosity, whilst her physical, mental and spiritual organisms are of altogether too delicate and sensitive a nature to bear the society of the professional "tester of mediums," whose presence is not only unwelcome to her at seances but absolutely very injurious to her health.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

## ALPHABETICAL ALLITERATION.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,  
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.  
Cossack commanders, commanding, came,  
Beating destruction's devastating doom.  
Every endeavor engineers essay,  
For fame, for fortune, fighting furious fray;  
Generals' gaudy generals' gaudy gauds,  
How long have they heaped havoc on the land!  
Infantry's infernal infernal in fire,  
Kiselman kill Kiselman—Kiselman killed kill!  
Labor long leaves lost, languid, languid,  
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid mud round mines.  
Now noisy, noxious numbers notice nought  
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought.  
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,  
Quick quaking, quietly quartered, quarter quest!  
Reason returns, religious right redounds,  
Succors such such sanguinary succors.  
True to thee, Turkey—triumph to thy train,  
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine.  
Vanish vain victory, vanish victory vain!  
Xenos' Xenos' Xenos' Xenos' Xenos!  
Yield, ye youths! ye youths, yield your yell to  
Zen's, Zepher's Zepher's zeal!  
And all attracting—against arms applied.

The "guard" is so much in the habit of keeping the "safe" side of every question that it introduces an editorial entitled "A Breath of Fresh Air" with an apology for the little unorthodox. So slowly, neighbor—Chicago Alliance.

## Banner Correspondence.

## Connecticut.

HARTFORD, E. E. B. writes, Dec. 28th: "Mrs. Abby N. Burdum has been here for the past two months, and has held two public meetings every Sunday, and sometimes one on a week night, having crowded houses all the time. Even on the stormiest night known here or elsewhere for a great many years, quite a number braved the blasts to hear her. A larger number than I have sometimes seen in churches in our midst stormed out."

The full houses she draws testify to her success here. At the close of each lecture she gives psychometric readings, in which tests are often given of the presence of departed ones. And the numbers who hurry to the table on the platform with articles to be read at the close of the lectures point to the desire in every human soul for some means of communion and communication with their so-called dead. So far as I have learned, those who have carried articles to her have pronounced her readings correct. While the table is being laid with articles to be read to the audience, but she may not see or know anything about the persons who take them to her. She also has a good many applications for private sittings during the week, but she cannot attend to more than a few. As she has to save some strength for her Sunday work. A few weeks ago her friends here gave her a public reception in the hall where she holds her meetings. At the reception a heavy gold ring was presented to her, on which is engraved the word "Mizpah." Tables in the ante-rooms were spread with refreshments, and music and dancing went on all evening, the whole affair being pronounced a decided success, and a fine testimonial of appreciation of Mrs. Burdum's services here. Mrs. A. E. Reed was the prime mover in the affair, and she made a graceful little speech on the presentation of the ring to Mrs. Burdum. To Mrs. Reed the Spiritualists of the city are indebted for Mrs. Burdum's advent here, and for her success in her work. It is a great day in our acceptable manner. Should a successful Spiritualist organization be the result of these meetings—and so far as I have heard such an one has not yet been formed—it will be due primarily to Mrs. Reed.

Last Sunday the temperance reformers here had Mrs. Burdum speak on temperance for them in their hall, and she did so with great success. Her words were hands with Spiritualists in their labors, which makes it all the more noteworthy as significant of the advance of liberal ideas."

## Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—Capt. H. B. Brown and M. C. Vandercook unite in the following card: "After our four months' sojourn in Eastern Massachusetts, we desire, upon leaving for our work elsewhere, to return our sincere thanks to the *Banner of Light* for its kindness and many favors to us, and through its columns to tender our thanks to the friends of the cause in Boston, and the friends of the cause in other parts of the State, who have done so much to make our stay pleasant. Mr. Vandercook would especially kindly remember the friends in East Milton for the rosewood table which makes his way easier."

We would also say it is our hope to return to Massachusetts in time for the fall camp meetings, and it will give us pleasure to see our friends and remain in New England as long as may be desired. Our spirit friends have urged us to give partial lectures during the winter, and we will do so whenever the friends on our route will make the arrangements. Where a hall cannot be procured this is a good plan. We can be addressed at any of our apartments, as advertised in the *Banner*, or permanently at Allegan, Mich."

AYER.—Ellijah Myrick, Esq., as was announced a few weeks since, forwarded his contribution to the *Peebles fund*—the date of his letter being Dec. 24th; and his epistle was so earnest, and his words so apposite, that we have decided to put the following extract on record:

"To-morrow we commemorate the anniversary of the birth of our Saviour. Why not remember our present sorrows, here with us today? Let us do so, and let our brother whom we have seen. God and Jesus will accept this as done unto them. Ancient Paul is one of our modern Pauls—Paul is in traveling more, and preaching the gospel of truth, in 'pressing toward the mark for the prize of our high calling, let us not neglect, but bless and help our projects while they are with us.'"

## New York.

BROOKLYN.—Charles R. Miller writes: "The Brooklyn Spiritualist Society have now one of the finest public halls in the city, centrally located, with seating capacity for eight hundred. Since the summer vacation we have had a free entrance to our Sunday lectures, and we have had a large attendance. Mr. E. V. Wilson, who recently delivered a course of lectures here, accomplished a good work. His tests, given from the public platform during the delivery of his Sunday lectures, have been very successful."

Prof. J. R. Buchanan's lecture on the Faneuil hall was one of the most complete, masterly and triumphant vindications of the Spiritual Philosophy that was ever embodied in a lecture. He was deeply and earnestly packed with an enthusiastic audience, and a larger hall ought to have been provided. Probably no four walls in Brooklyn could contain an audience better entitled to be designated 'instructed' and 'cultivated,' than the one which gave to Prof. Buchanan such a greeting, and to which he gave such an enthusiastic impulse and illumination."

UTICA.—E. B. Poole writes: "We are progressing finely now with our society, having Bro. A. A. Whipple as our regular seance. His discourses are brilliant and instructive, new and original in thought and expression, and all are satisfied with him as a man and speaker. Meetings are more largely attended than ever; our hall is filled every Sunday. We have had to provide a new and splendid organ for use at our meetings."

ALBANY.—J. McCall, in renewing subscription to the *Banner of Light*, writes: "We want a good test-medium in this city; at present we have none that I am aware of. I like the articles you are publishing in the *Banner*."

## Ohio.

CLEVELAND.—The following certificate, dated Jan. 4th, is received:

"The public recognition and thanks of the Cleveland Lyceum are due to one of our best mediums in this city, Mrs. A. A. Whipple, who has been the most successful and most successful test medium, who so kindly and generously gave a gratuitous public seance in Hall's Hall during the Lyceum session on Sunday, Dec. 24th. The hall was well filled, and the daily papers of the day gave a flattering account of her wonderful powers. The nature of her seances and mediumship is somewhat peculiar. Mrs. A. A. Whipple is seated at a low table on the platform, and the seance is conducted by her side was placed a box of thirty or more colored crayons and some plain drawing paper. As soon as entranced, one of her controls sketching a portrait, may be of some spirit, and the sketching of the different colored crayons with much dexterity, while another control (a bright Indian spirit) keeps up a running conversation, and answers all questions put by those present. This control also reads anything put on the table, such as books, letters, cards, etc., frequently stopping to describe the spirit-friends of those present. Another paper next day, 'Not only were the little ones astonished, but many of the grown folks also.' Mrs. A. A. Whipple has resided in Cleveland the past two or three years, and is well satisfied in her mediumship."

## Pennsylvania.

POTTSVILLE.—E. D. Y. writes, Jan. 4th: "Light is breaking in upon the darkness. This has been a locality where to avow belief in Spiritualism was to invite social ostracism, and it is so yet; but there are quite a number who are getting courage to acknowledge the truth in regard to spiritual intercourse which have been pressed upon them. A few days since a friend of mine told me that his father put his hand upon a table in the night, and that the table moved. He invited me over to see the phenomenon, remarking they were not Spiritualists, but it was very funny. I went over, and after seeing the table run and move, and carefully questioning the genuineness of the fact, I said to them if it was done by spiritual power I believed it could put the table in answer to questions. We sat down and asked the spirits to come to the table in the bright daylight. This they would do, and the result is, some most wonderful communications have been received. A spiritual circle has been formed on the other side to cooperate with us, and promises us much stronger manifestations. The table answers mental questions as well as oral, and answers correctly. Although at first skeptical, the whole family may now be said, in Orthodox language, to be 'thoroughly and soundly converted,' and anxious to spread the glad news among their friends."

## California.

SACRAMENTO.—A correspondent writes: "Mrs. W. H. King, a French seance and test medium, is engaged to lecture for the 'First Society of Spiritualists' in Sacramento City, Cal., on Sunday evenings during the month of January 1879, and will answer calls to lecture during this winter in surrounding towns and cities with reasonable distances. Mrs. King has been a constant worker in the cause for over twenty-four years." The same writer speaks well of the work now being wrought in that city by Mr. W. H. King as a magnetic healer.

## Maryland.

TOWNSHEND.—(G. A. Yellott, in renewing subscription for the *Banner of Light*, says: "Some months ago there was a communication received through the

mediumship of Mrs. Danksin, and published in the *Banner*, purporting to come from BLANKIE WOODMAN, of Baltimore, Md. I know it to be a fraud and a lady of that name, and a resident of Baltimore Co., Md., departed to spirit life some few months before the message was received. About the same time there was published a message received through the mediumship of Mrs. Ridd, from E. H. RICHMONDS, formerly of Baltimore. He says that he was connected with the press. This is true. About eighteen or twenty years ago Brak H. Richmond was the editor and proprietor of the *Baltimore Republican*. He has been in spirit life some ten or twelve years."

## Address at a Spiritualist Funeral.

The following beautiful and touching sentiments were uttered by Mrs. Eliza M. Hickok, at the funeral services of Mr. John G. Abbott, of Charleston District, this city:

Whenever, wherever, however we are called to stand in presence of that Power unto which all must bow at last, we are conscious of a solemn awe which no other presence inspires. We feel a tender reverence for the still and silent form deserted by the spirit. We step more softly; we speak more gently; we feel more deeply, and with careful hands, perform the last offices, as if we feared to break the slender reed which is eternal, as if we feared to disturb the exceeding peace which the blessed angel has brought. And the harshness and the discord and confusion of life seem held in abeyance by the space hush which pervades all. The grandeur of life is better seen in view of death, its importance more clearly understood when we are reminded how uncertain it is. Even stranger hearts are touched by a tender pity, and we give our kindest thoughts to the departed. If they have erred, we find it easier to forgive; if they have been kind, we sorrow for them; if they have been noble and true, we mourn their loss and bless their memory.

Quite recently I stood beside the still form of a fair young girl, a stranger whom I had never met in life, but my heart ached as I looked upon the beautiful face so lightly marked by the hand of disease, not because the sweet rest had come to her so young, but for the fact, that little more than one score of years had marked her stay on earth, and yet it felt no brightness for her. Homeless, dependent and despairing, because some cruel blight had wrecked life, hope even in its early morning, she had turned to the tender ministrations of a seance. No other form of comfort and relief were there, only the flowers given by the kind lady whom I accompanied, because there were no friends to think of them. Oh, it was pitiful! And yet we felt to rejoice for her. I thought then if we might only give a little of that love and tender sympathy to those suffering souls on earth which we send out after our beloved ascended ones who need it not, how much more of happiness could exist in this fair world. But human affection is strong and clinging, and there is a tenderness, pathetic and beautiful, in the expressions of grief, which bespeaks the worth of a departed life, which tells how it has endeavored itself to those with whom it has been associated.

Such an occasion is sacred and impressive, adding as it does, making us better. Through all human life there runs a slender thread of sympathy, which, as it sometimes shrill and expressive to the ear, and as it flows much deeper, then, must be feelings, how much more intense our sympathy, when we feel our last tribute to one who has been a kind, personal friend, and who is known to be thoroughly just and faithful; one who has and respected among men, dear to intimate friends, and worthy of all honor in this closing scene of mortality. When I remember the untimely death of this departed father and of those who yet remain to the gentle one who passed beyond but little more than one year ago, and who in passing left behind him and lovely memories—when I think of those who have been drawn to her in the last lonely hours, I feel that all human life is just and sympathetically intended. The mortal life just ended leaves behind it a kind, loving and sympathetic heart, responding quickly to the call for help and sympathy, which quite indifferent to the world's censures or applause; a soul capable of doing good without a thought of reward or praise. Such a soul is a true and extended angel. Such a life is its own best illustration; best exemplifier of what is good and true. This completed life, so well improved, witnesses to many virtues, to firm integrity, to honest and pure motives, to pure, unselfish loyalty and love. But over and above all else seems to shine most clearly the inscription, *faithfulness*. To all who read the life and requirements, *faithfulness*. Friends, the light of that shining record, remember what the Master said should be the welcome after such a life: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thy reward, the light of thy Lord." No greater reward, no higher gift can be pronounced. Oh, not in the darkness of doubt or despair, but with joyful, passionate rebellion do we sorrow that the sun of this noble life has set, and that the tender, chastened grief, looking through a mist of tears, even to its triumphant rising in the glory beyond, transfiguring in the faith which had long been an abiding assurance, knowledge, he told his faithful attendant that he was perfectly reconciled, and though taking a deep interest in life's active responsibilities, willing to share with his longer, he was *worthy to go*. No sorrow, no shrinking from the change, which from the first he had felt was near at hand. Not obscured by clouds, not in uncertainty and gloom has this sun gone down, but calmly by radiant, sublimely trusting to shine no more, but continued usefulness upon the fairer shore of immortality. But for the third mortal, so ready to second the promptings of the generous spirit, all is done. The light has fallen, the sleep has come.

Oh, long and dreamless sleep! Oh, calm and infinitely peaceful! how they have left their impress on the marble tomb! how gently the spirit angel set his seal. How restful in its eternal stillness seemed the peaceful home, where the living active spirit had long dwelt! Ah, there were loved ones waiting near, to receive that spirit! There were tender, helpful hands, ready to be in a joyful welcome to the home already prepared and beautified by kindly deeds on earth. Could we trace the unseen way of the spirit, even beyond the falling shadows of what mortal life have marked its path, we would be comforted and cheered by the happy meeting there, on the dawn of that day which long ago heralded a new era of glorious light and truth to all mankind. While Christmas bells rang and our joyful proclamations of glad tidings to all; while joyous Christmas greetings were lightly exchanged by the dwellers on this earth, what higher joy could we have awaited this earth-ford one who had done the Master's work, and waited for the Master's call. What holy and more blissful greetings must have been his from the loved companions, to whose memory and example he was faithful; from the son, on whose promising life he had once built high hopes; from the daughter, whose thoughtful care and gentle kindness can never be forgotten. Nay, such a severe is to be a blessing, and to be humanly to witness. It belongeth not to us. It is hidden wisely in that mystery which each for himself must solve. We leave the precious gift of immortality and faith, saying only, Rest, spirit, the loved and honored dead before us. Oh, rest in thy new life with that art strong for continued usefulness. Though we shall miss thee in the daily work of life, we must grieve awhile over thy departure, and deeply feel thy loss, we will rejoice over thy happiness in that home of the faithful, now forever thine. Oh, friends, let us all strive to be worthy of this gift of life, and of mine are needed to bid you cherish his memory. And friends who have not as intimately known this pilgrim who has won the final victory, let us all strive to be worthy of the immortal power already pervading this assembly.

The tear-wet faces attest your respect for the departed, your sympathy for the bereaved, and your own hush, the silent harmony, your hearts have been touched to-day. Let us thank God for this angel side of human nature; this touch of divinity which brings our better impulses to the surface, and over a harsh discord and unrest breathes a thought of tenderness and charity. Oh, brothers, who have well and nobly borne life's changes, looking back over the dreary life's past, with pleasant memories of happy home-lets, at last so sadly narrowed on earth; looking out through the dim vista of the future, to where it is waiting in Heaven, the faith which uplifts and saves is yours; the knowledge which transcends all earthly gifts is yours. The sorrowful soul whose happiness is measured by the glitter of worldly possessions, whose affections are centered upon failing things, who finds no consolation in the thought of immortality. The craven soul, held willing captive by gross and material conditions, sees nothing pleasant in the outlook for the life beyond. But the *higher spiritual soul* looks out to where its dearest treasures are, with joyful anticipation. The reduced soul looks ever upward. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. The blessed are they with the *Kingdom of Heaven* in heaven. Oh, brothers, heretofore and alone, yet recognizing the companionship of dear ones unseen; alone on earth, yet loved and guarded by more than earthly care; alone, and yet *betrothed* by angels, may their Benedictions descend with rich blessings to sustain and strengthen you—may the near presence of the loved in spirit still cheer and comfort you, and may the love and strength of the Infinite Father, who giveth and alloweth all, baptize you anew in this hour, for the duties of this active, present life. The path hath been laid, the future glorious promises, the future glorious promises, steadily out beyond the stormy waves and shrouding darkness, remember the glad reunion that awaits with those who will never forget. Oh, from the comfort and the cross, behind the story crown. Whether in sunny lands or shadowed pathways, in joy or sorrow, in quiet scenes or stern fierce conflicts, hold fast the glorious thought, that *one God is our God*, that *one Father is our Father*, and that *one God is our God*, after the feverish unrest, He can give exceeding peace.

"Oh, earth so full of dreary noise,  
Oh, soul with waiting in your eyes,  
Oh, hearted God the waters help,  
Oh, spirit, oh, earth that's full of fall,  
God strike a silence through our fall,  
And growth his beloved cease."











stood? It is an established fact that when an element has passed through any given physical

stood? It is an established fact that when an element has passed through any given physical form for the first time, its life-essence merges with the life-essence that determines the character of all forms that spring from that form. The life-essence of the food that a lion feeds upon leaves the lion with the lion character added to what it had before. So with all other forms; so with the human. Now, in this sense, the atmosphere of the earth and the elements are becoming humanized. The elements that have passed through a human body left it changed, not in their elementary substances,

but in the principle that gives life to the substances. A few people in a room soon impress themselves upon everything in the room, atmosphere included. Now as the world grows in age, this humanizing of the elements becomes more marked, and, in the case of Mollie Fancher, allows her to live without resort to ordinary alimentation. The strength and vital power that is communicated from one to another in magnetic treatment, or by the simple presence, is well established. Then why should not the same sustaining power be first communicated to the atmosphere and then taken from it by breathing through the lungs and endosmosis through the skin? *No one can tell how much we all live that way even now*; nor how soon the elements will be so surcharged with human vitality that the coarse medium of the foods may be abandoned. Materialization and all the other won-

ders of spirit-phenomenon depend on this vitality in the atmosphere, and when it shall become potent enough by becoming pure enough, and sufficiently highly spiritualized, then we may look for the return of the spirits to *stay*; and this will be the resurrection, to be counterparted by that other phenomenon by which St. Paul says "we" (that is, those who are still living, "shall be changed," which is the case with Mable Fancher. (See I. Corinthians, v. 32.) Such, to me, is the significance of the Brooklyn wonder.

J. H. BLOOM.

Portland, Me.

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{From the San Francisco Daily Call.}

A POET'S DEATH SONG.

*A Poem Written by Col. Reelf on the Day Previous to his Death.*

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" When  
For me the end has come, and I am dead,  
And little volatile, chattering days of merr  
Peek at me curiously, let it then be said  
By some one brave enough to speak the truth,  
Here lies a great and good man, who has  
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth

To Thy black, desolate noon, with sword and song,  
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,  
Thou hadst been stabled) congenial with painful art  
Through wasting years, mastered him, and he  
And sank there where you see him lying now,  
With that word – 'Failure' written on his brow.  
But say that he succeeded. If he missed  
World's honors and world's plaudits, and the wage  
Of the world's love, he would have found his kiss  
Daily by those high angels who assuage  
The thirstings of the poets – for he was  
Born unto singing – and a burden lay  
Weighty on him, and he would not shun it  
He could not rightly alter to this day  
What God taught in the night. Sometimes, perhaps,  
He would have been a poet, and his songs of praise  
And blessing reached him from poor souls in stress;  
And benefactions from black pits of shame;  
And little children's love; and old men's prayers;  
And little children's love; and old men's prayers;  
And little children's love; and old men's prayers;  
So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred  
With thick films – silence! he is in his grave,  
Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred.  
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.  
And he will wait till the angels come to him  
The popular shibboleth of countless sinned;  
But smote for her when God senters' Ape and  
And all his ardent skies were in eclipse.  
He was weary, but he would not fight,  
And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed

to see the august benediction of the night,  
To see the new-born stars, and from the void,  
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—  
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

—SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 29th, '90. Richard Beal com-  
mitted suicide at the Windsor House, Oakland, last night  
the use of morphine. Doubtless he came here to see  
the new-born stars, and from the void. The suicide is  
attributed to ill health and domestic difficulties.

**Spiritistism Convention.**

The Vermont State Spiritualist Association will hold their  
Quarterly Convention at St. Johnsbury, Friday, Saturday  
and Sunday, Jan. 17th, 18th and 19th. In addition to our  
regular speakers, Messrs. W. H. Brown, J. H. Brown and  
Capt. H. H. Brown and Mr. C. M. Vandever have  
been secured for the occasion, and they will *positively* be  
heard. The Convention will be held at the Hotel, which is  
highly appreciated by all who have heard them, each sur-  
passing his predecessor in opinion of his hearers. His topic  
will be "The Power of the Human Mind," and will cover the  
broad domain of all human progress and reform. His mouth-  
piece will be the "Human Mind," the lowest and the highest  
field of handling them. His large following of the  
true-faith has kept him fully abreast with the leading lec-  
turers.

Mr. Vandever's rendition of original songs and melo-  
dies, which he obtains by inspiration while sitting alone  
to all ears are true ones that he hears in his mind  
deeply into the hearts of his numerous hearers.

He has the array of talent that will be presented. It can-  
not be said that he is a "medium," and he is confident  
that all Spiritualists and Liberals will be present.

St. Johnsbury, N. H., Jan. 17th, 1891. The Convention  
had for \$10.00 per seat. St. Johnsbury is a very desirable

point for holding a Convention, especially at this season, the weather being so favorable, and the hotel with good hotel accommodations and a spacious hall.

The usual courtesy of the several individuals will be gratefully acknowledged. C. A. 2128, Secretary.

*Gouldville P. T., Dec. 9th, 1878.*

### Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Charlestown District, on the morning of Dec. 25th, after an illness of three weeks, resulting from heart disease, Mr. John Gilbert Abbott, aged 66 years and 9 months.

Some readers may remember an account of the funeral of this gentleman, which was held in the cemetery, and published in the *Banner of Light* of Sept. 15th, 1877. At that time, he was in the declining stage of his illness, and has long been a weekly visitor at his home, and he was always and everywhere a decided advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy, and a firm adherent of the doctrine of reincarnation, never seeking to display his good deeds, but only those intimate with his daily life could well recognize his true character.

Funeral services were conducted by Mr. W. J. Colville and the writer. Mr. Colville presided, the services with a hymn, the reading of the funeral sermon was taken up by the Rev. Mr. C. A. 2128, and a prayer was read by the writer. A brief prayer offered by the writer, and a beautiful hymn sung by the choir, and the funeral services less sky and chilly wind heavy hearts felt their desolation yet were able to look beyond, even to the glorious beauty of the resurrection, and the glorious revelation of such a grand, comforting and elevating truth.

See Mrs. Hickok's remarks in another column.

The funeral the late Geo. W. Winslow took place Tuesday morning, Dec. 25th, from his late residence, in Fair

From Paterson, N. A., Dec. 5th, Allen Lapham, in the 52th year of his age.

*(Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published free of charge. When they exceed this number, reasonable prices for each additional line is required. A line of average type averages ten words.)*

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- 2.ect. 6. Spirit: What is It? and Its Ultimate.
- 2.ect. 7. Occult Forces in Spirit Spheres Illustrated.
- 2.ect. 8. Spirit's Externalizing.
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OR THE WORLD TO COME, AS REVEALED' IN THE LIGHT  
OF SPIRITUALISM.

<sup>a</sup> Reported for the Ratio of Light.

9. I wish to say a few words

What is man, and what is his eternal destiny? Life is sometimes compared to a *railroad journey*. We are speeding near the end of our career, and existing in the last few years of our lives. What is our destination? Shall we at the end of life's journey be precipitated into a chasm, whose depth has never been fathomed, nor silence broken? Or is the dark gulph bridged over, and shall we be permitted to enter the life of our Father in heaven? Life is also likened to a *rampage*. We have launched our bark on the ocean of time, and are crossing its vast and restless waters, sometimes with full-spread sail and pleasant weather,

They have a fourth class of Christians, who each what is called *conditional immortality*. "Life only in Christ" is their watchword. Only those who will live forever, say they, are those who believe after death. The rest of mankind, no matter how good they may be, will be annihilated either at death or judgment, or sometime else. Their theory is, that Adam and Eve were created immortal beings; that, by falling from perfection, their children lost that privilege; that now, instead of being involved in their fall; and that now, instead of immortality being man's birthright, it is a favor bestowed only upon those who exercise faith in Christ. I reject this doctrine.

experienced in former times.

Such is a brief summary of most of the best evidences and the strongest arguments the Christian can use in support of the doctrine of immortality; but whatever force there may be in them—and I admit there is considerable in some of them—they fail to carry conviction to thousands of the most cultivated and logically minded men of the present age. And as the Christian's religious prejudices will not allow him to use the facts which are absolute proofs of a future state, occurring under the New Dispensation, because they are not in harmony with his stereotyped creed, he is compelled to take refuge in the force of his argument; his materialistic neighbor by argument, and failing in this, he can only commend him to the mercy of God, and pray the Holy Ghost to take away his unbelief and bring him to timely repentance—a prayer that is not very likely to be heard or answered.

It is here that *Spiritualism* comes in, and supplies the present, *living* demonstrations of a life beyond, which the Materialist professes to want. It bids him listen, and he will hear forever; it tells him of a life which he thought were silenced forever; it tells him to look and he will again behold the loved forms which he bemoaned, and he will again behold

Fifthly, *punishment*<sup>2</sup> in the next world is not in itself a punishment for sinners by an arbitrary external Power, after a sort of judicial trial has been gone through; it overrules the wrong-doing, and is a *revelation of the truth* in its *history in its object*, and therefore only *temporary in its duration*. Then there is punishment beyond the grave? Certainly there is. True Spiritualism never taught the contrary. But what are the sins for which spirits are punished? In what way do their punishment consist? how is it inflicted? and what object is it intended to serve? These are important questions. And here again Spiritualism and Orthodoxy are in direct opposition to each other. In their teachings, the reborn spirits are not to be regarded as *unhappy* or *in need of consolation* by Christians, for unworthy purposes in a social

[Continued 'on fifth page.]