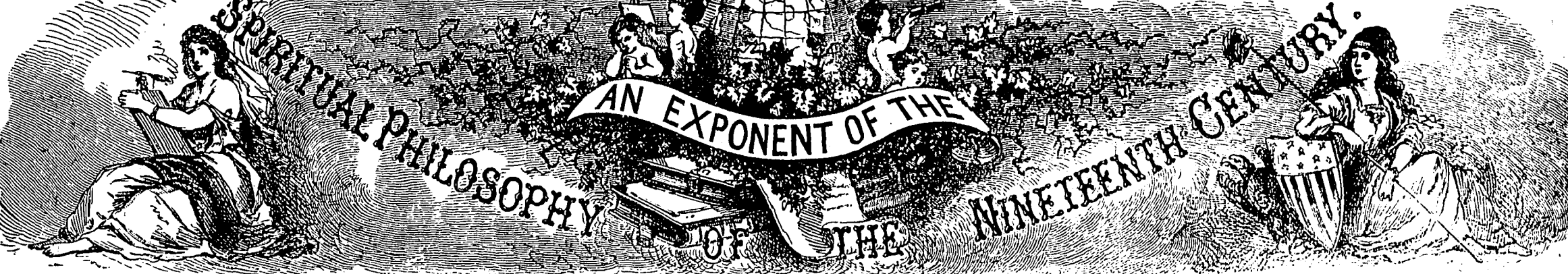


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Foreign Correspondence.

MEDIUMS—THEIR TREATMENT AND RESPONSIBILITY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The year that is now nearly closed has not been one that can be called eventful, unless we consider that a series of blows dealt against phenomenal Spiritualism are events worth note. On your side of the water, as well as in a minor degree on ours, there have been what are called exposures of public mediums. Whether or not such exposures were to be expected as the result of methods of investigation, is a point that may usefully engage the attention of investigators.

Our past experience can hardly be called pleasant in this respect. As a matter of fact we have found that the number of those who possess the power through which these phenomena can be produced in the face of antagonism is very small. Such mediums are consequently much in demand. By necessity, they accept as sitters in their public circles all who can afford to pay the fee. What does that mean? Simply that regard for spiritual conditions is impossible; that all must be accepted, and the circle formed without any respect to its constituent elements, save only the price that they can pay. Now let us turn aside for a moment, and ask what is the method by which manifestations are evoked through the means of a circle? We do not know very much on the subject, but we know at least this: Manifestations are produced by the interblending of the aura—the atmosphere aura that surrounds the several individuals that form the circle. Until that intimate relation has been established all is blank. When it has been established there is a mutual interblending, which results in the vital force of those present being made common property, and utilized by the operating agency through the medium, who is the general depository of the vital forces of all. Into him is poured and through him is utilized whatever the spirits employ. Much of it he furnishes himself; more perhaps (some at any rate) he receives and holds in deposit.

This being so, how important must it be that the circle should be composed of harmonious elements, duly arranged, and each properly prepared for an experiment that must always be delicate. The results to be desired are to be obtained, experience shows us, only by delicate experiment. The best results are to be had only with the most careful and prolonged experiment, after all elements have been thoroughly harmonized, and those which do not properly amalgamate have been rejected.

Yet more. Those who form the circle must be careful to present themselves in a state of due preparation. Extreme sensitivities must see that they have not during the day been brought into contact with disturbing influences. Even though they themselves be calm, they must be sure that external influence has not disturbed them. The less sensitive members must see that physically they are healthy, mentally at peace, and spiritually in an equable frame.

There are other conditions to be considered too. What I have enumerated can be controlled by the human elements of which the circle is formed, though it very seldom is. But we have to reckon with a changeable atmosphere, which imports into our experiments perpetual elements of disturbance. We have to consider the disturbing elements on the other side, and especially the difficulties that are imported by antagonistic and vexatious spirits.

Now, if this be so, and no experimenter of average experience will deny that I have laid down roughly the disturbing causes, and have indicated the conditions under which the best results are to be obtained—I ask how it is possible to get these results under our present methods of public investigation. We all deplore the scandals that bring disgrace on the cause we love. Some of us consider that the medium is hardly treated in being visited by condign punishment for fraud for which he is not primarily responsible. None of us, or very few, ask how far the conditions we set up necessitate the results that we lament.

I do not know how far ingenuity may devise conditions for public investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism which shall be satisfactory. I cannot hope to see any experiments of such a kind productive of the highest results. At the present moment, conducted as they now are, they are productive of results the most deplorable.

Into a room, and round an unfortunate medium, nervously sensitive to every passing influence, is gathered a motley crowd of persons who have assembled by virtue of the dollar they can

pay, and by no other virtue whatsoever, to try the spirits, to while away an idle hour, to gratify their curiosity—for any and every reason (as a rule and as my experience goes) than the right one. There are exceptions, but as a rule, what I have said is true here if not with you. And I suspect that there is a good deal of human nature on both sides of the Atlantic.

The spheres of these heterogeneous sitters are interblended, and the medium is the recipient of their several influences, and forthwith ensues a more or less modified pandemonium. The medium becomes possessed by violent and undeveloped spirits, and the result is violent and painful manifestations.

Or, the spheres refuse to blend; there is a deadlock, and, as a consequence, the medium, having accepted his fee, is in a predicament. If he repeatedly tells his patrons that nothing can be done, as (if he is entirely honest) he must frequently do, the world goes forth that he is not sure, that manifestations are precarious, and so his trade goes. Too frequently, being already half under spirit-influence, he falls a ready victim to any idling, conscienceless spirit, that may be hovering near, and is, from that moment, irresponsible for his acts. If he be himself base enough to trade on such a power and supplement it by fraud—and such things have been—you have an additional element of complication. If he be poor and sorely tried, and if starvation is the alternative, you have another still.

Is it to be wondered at, then, that we have, out of all this sorry complication, fraud, disgrace, and perpetually recurrent shame? And is it surprising that the medium very frequently comes in for far more than a fair share of blame? He is the only person that can be got at, and he catches it accordingly.

I hope that the coming year may clear away some of the fog that has hung around this vexed question, both on your side of the water and on ours. Let us remember that we are dealing with sensitives, and what that means. Let us remember what the constitution of a circle involves, and let us be sure that we are blameless, as having done our duty to ensure good conditions, before we run amuck on mediums.

Mind, I think no punishment too severe for a medium convicted on legal evidence of having basely trifled with the feelings of those who have trusted him. The sin is black, and deserves strong condemnation. But I should like to be sure that he is responsible, and that no one else is, before I visit the whole sin upon him.

At any rate we may usefully set to work to revise the methods under which public circles are held; and I feel sure we shall thereby diminish the crop of fraud. We here, in England, find that manifestations far more satisfactory than any to be got by the use of the cabinet, can be had while the medium is held by both hands in the circle. What a vast element of uncertainty is eliminated by that simple precaution!

These are thoughts that we are concerned with here. No doubt the same have passed through your minds in America. My only excuse for writing such a mass of truism is that we may compare notes.

For the rest, we go on quietly. Spiritualism is interpenetrating the whole fabric of modern thought. It crops out in the most unlikely places, and influences the most unlikely people. As a concrete system it finds no more favor with the man of science and the priest than it ever did. But, spite of that, the thought of the age is permeated with it, liberalized, made more free and thorough, less servile, stereotyped, and stagnant.

May the New Year bring to you and to all your readers progress and peace. We don't think much of our political "peace with honor" here. May yours be more enduring and satisfactory. London, Christmas, 1878. M. A. OXON.

THE CLEAR VISION.

I did but dream. I never knew
What charms our sternest season wore;
Was never yet the sky so blue,
Was never earth so wild and free,
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
And never leaved the lonely's designs
Of beauty in its loveliest lines.

Did ever such a morning break,
As that my eastern windows see?
Did ever such a moonlight take
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?
Rang ever bells so wild and free,
The music of the winter street?
Was ever yet a sound by half
So merry as yon school-boy's laugh?

Oh Earth! with gladness overfraught,
No added charm thy face hath found;
Within my heart the change is wrought,
My footsteps make enchanted ground,
From couch of pain and tortured room
Forth to thy light and air I come,
To find in all that meets my eyes
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these wintry days, and soon
Shall blow the warm west winds of spring,
To set the unbounded rills in tune,
And under earth's blue wing
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods
Grow misty green with leafy buds,
And violets and wild flowers sway
Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own
The wisest love severely kind;
Since, richer for its chastening, grown,
I see, whereas I once was blind,
The world, oh Father! hath not wronged
With loss the life by thee prolonged;
But still in every added year
More beautiful thy works appear!

As Thou hast made Thy world without,
Make Thou more fair my world within;
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt,
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin;
Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life with love to Thee and man;
Strike when Thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best!

—John G. Whittier.

Japan has 6,000 miles of telegraph, and 1,000 more under construction. It has also 12 telegraph stations. The insulators made in the village of Imari are of such excellent quality that orders for them have been sent from Europe.

The Rostrum.

DARWINISM FROM A SPIRITUAL STANDPOINT.

A Lecture Delivered at Republican Hall, New York City, Sunday Evening, Nov. 17th, 1878, by
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRICHAM.

(Stenographically reported for the Banner of Light by William Jones.)

INVOCATION.

Oh, Spirit of Truth, Source of divine inspiration, to thee we come as naturally as a child comes to a parent, and find that from that communion with thee in our thought and in our aspiration we derive strength and light; strength to pursue the path which lies before us; light to shine through all the darkness, so that we may not stumble as we go.

In prayer we do not seek to bend nor change a law; we do not seek to set aside injustice, or anger, or to turn away the hand of violence; but rather do we feel that by prayer we break through the ice which covers, as it were, the river of life, and feel upon our thought the reflection of a divine life, the presence of endless peace and wisdom and love.

We come gratefully in our prayer, in our thought, to thee, oh, Father. Thy gift hath brought us existence; progression—all the senses through which, while still in the body, we learn of the life which lies around us; and we express our gratitude that life is not narrowed in, that it is not held in bondage continually; that it is not chained to this little earth, but that it has a certain requisite development here, and when it has acquired that, the chain of its bondage is broken, the door of its prison is opened, and it comes out, in obedience to the summons of the Angel which mortals call Death, into the brighter life, where its progression goes on endlessly.

Father, we thank thee, not alone for bliss and joy, not alone for success, but for anger and sorrow, for defeat, if it succeeds us, or uplift us, and then dost assure us that such is the mission of sorrow and of care. We thank thee, not alone for the present which beckons us, but for that future which blossoms from it, which bears its fruit beyond the darkness and the shadow of to-day. Oh, Divine Presence! oh, thou who seest all things, there is not a heart that bows beneath its load, there is no eye dim with the bitter tears, but the nature and the light of thy love cometh to it!

We thank thee, oh, Father, that the earthly life does not continue forever, for its burdens are too heavy and its clouds too dark; but when we know what lies beyond, when we feel the sun is shining overhead, then, looking up, we see the silvery and golden edges of the clouds, and we know beyond the burden of to-day lies the glorious strength of the future. Yet while we thank thee, while we pray to thee in gratitude, we pray to thee for aid from the realms above us; as light cometh down to the earth, quickening and inspiring it, so from the angels, who so near to the true conception of right and truth and all good, may strength and inspiration come to thy waiting children below.

Oh, Father, we pray for light for those whose eyes are dim; for truth for those who stumble in error; for courage for those who sink and droop despairingly along the flinty pathway of human life. And for those who pass over into the other life, for their quickening, awakening, and more rapid progress, and the assistance of higher angels, we most earnestly pray.

Oh, teach us, Father, that prayer uplifts us! Teach us that when the pool of thought is troubled by the angels' wings, it becomes the pool of healing for the angel of prayer brings to its waters the elements of highest spiritual help. Teach us to pray in our deeds, oh, Father, and here and hereafter teach us that our life is thine that to make it noble, dutiful, beautiful, and true, is to give to thee the highest expression of prayer. Amen.

LECTURE.

The doctrine of Darwin is as old as Genesis: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," is a terse sentence which covers the most vital point of Darwinism. Some imagine, when hearing in language, or comparative ignorance, of the theories of this most noble thinker, that he only goes back, in tracing human life, to the monkey, and stops there. Back of that he goes, further and further along the line of organic being, and only stops at the protoplasm, the lowest or smallest point of existence that the mind of man can conceive of; and from that point traces, step by step, that most wonderful spirit of progression until it reaches man, and sees in the development of to-day only the grand combinations of efforts and forces we find at work for untold centuries, ages and cycles of ages. While the enemies of Darwin have even denied that he originated the theory which is known as Darwinism—and, of course, no truth has ever been originated by any minds, for men are only discoverers—we have for years recognized in him a great worker, a helper of humanity; one who has evolved and elucidated a truth of the sublimest importance, and the results, the ponderous results of his researches, you find to-day as the inspiration of the scientific world. See how his thoughts, thrown forth, as they were, at first disturbed the scientific circles: What a flutter they were cast into; how they sought at first to repulse, to repel, to reject, or to ignore, and then, as the truth came, and the feeling that they had attained the truth, and to have these startling ideas worked out in minutiae, so patiently, so clearly, was something which filled them with astonishment. But, step by step, he pursued his own course, not carelessly and aggressively, but with denunciation for the opinions of others, but in a mild and gentle, and yet a forcible manner; setting forth his ideas, illustrating them one by one, till the people could not reject them, and, far and wide, among the best and deepest thinkers, his ideas are accepted, not in all things, but in their most permanent and perfect features. When you see, then, what he has expressed in external things, you only behold his material discoveries, or his discoveries on the material side of life. He has learned that the gigantic wheel of evolution carries all form, all organic form, forward further and further, and that in all nature there is nothing lost, nothing wasted. When he reaches man, and has discovered this, he takes you not beyond this realm of materiality; but, friends, don't suppose that God has ever appointed all human history on a mind which could fathom all thought; which could reach out into all research, and give to you the entirety of truth. Man would need to become Deity to do that. So it has been given to this thinker to seek out on the material side of life, even in minutiae, this important fact of evolution, and to show a natural process by which all things have advanced. Friends, the great apostle of this doctrine of progression in material things is Darwin; but can we stop there? No! we accept his theory, and find most important features, and go beyond that into the spiritual side of it, learning the existence of spiritual forces and the finer laws, and strive in this most difficult task to bring these finer forces into external expressions; to show you that

which works through difficult, intricate spiritual processes in its external and organic manifestations. But, friends, to show you all of this subject is a work impossible for us to do; that is, to carry you to the utmost limit of this spiritual side; for to make you see it, and understand it fully, would necessitate the possession and use of an entire set of spiritual faculties on your part, including one most important one, that of vision, and as while you are on this plane of life your vision is narrowed and limited, and it is only a little way into spiritual things that you can reach, we can carry you then only a little way—as far as analogy; as far as intuition. By comparison it is possible for you to learn of the spiritual side of this great subject.

In speaking of this particular theory, we find that persons who think of original man, are compelled to take one side or the other; that is, to believe in evolution, the gradual progression which has produced human life, or to accept the old materialistic, narrow, sectarian account. Ah! but you say, remembering the remark with which we commenced the lecture, did you not say that the doctrine of evolution was as old as Genesis? Yes! as old as the spiritual part of Genesis: But you must remember that in all biblical statements, if you stop on the outside, you have called on a friend, and are content to stay in the vestibule; and we tell you the only true way to do is to go beyond, to enter the structure of religious thought, of religious expression, and then you will find a higher truth, contained within passages which seemed dark and blind to you before. In reading the old account in Genesis, sectarian who are afraid of science, afraid to begin to investigate, fearing that they may be led to disbelieve in God, or to set aside the divine inspiration and authority of the Bible, say: "Man was made out of the dust of the earth, shaped in that manner, and then when he was so shaped, inanimate, silent, waiting, God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul." Therefore they say, "We don't want science, we don't want modern thought, we don't want anything that you call light upon this matter; you may claim that Darwin has evolved or elucidated a truth, that he has thrown light upon a hidden subject; but all that we want is the light of God, the light of the Bible," and so they solemnly sit down by the side of this passage, saying, "We understand all about this, for the Bible says that man was made out of the dust of the earth." Wait! When the breath goes out of the body, does the body return to the dust? "Yes," you say, "instantly." Oh, no; not instantly. It goes through a certain process, its atoms become disintegrated, detached, and through that process which Nature carries out so perfectly, it seeks, at last, through days and months, and even years, until at last it enters the dust of the earth. Now that is a gradual process when the dust returns to the dust from whence it came.

Don't you see that the same recognition of a gradual process must be given to the other side of that passage? Now if it takes years for the human bones to become decomposed, and to enter into the dust, you would, at least admit, would you not, that it takes years for the spirit of man to attain to its progression, and for the body to attain to its development? "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return!" But whatever you look upon in this earth, in all the forms of growth or unfoldment, is made of the dust, has grown from the dust, and goes back to it again. But in its process of arising, its process of unfoldment, it may cover ages uncounted; and when it returns again to the dust, is it in its old primal condition, just as it was before that dust climbed and towered and blossomed to trees and animals and men? No! It is far higher in the scale of being, for evolution is, indeed, a gigantic wheel, never turns round, and never like a mill-wheel, in the same place, but goes onward and onward, for evolution—well, it constitutes the chariot wheels of time, of eternity; and they move onward forever and ever; there is no power to stay their progress.

If you make a mark on the rim of a wheel, to observe it more closely, you will observe as the wheel turns round and round that now the mark is in the sunshine, now in the dust; but whether in the dust or sunshine it is moving onward and forward. So the forms of dust, as they climb upward through this process of evolution, change in the same way. There is no retrogression; there is nothing wasted in all the universe, for the Divine Economy cares for everything. So, if the body of man goes from the dust of the earth, who can tell how long a time, how many ages have covered its development, and brought it to the point at which we see it to-day? It is said that between the physical structure of man of to-day and that existing as far back as we can trace human life there is very slight difference. Now if that is true, if the difference is so slight in development or unfoldment, what does it indicate? Why? Instead of a few thousand years passing over this earth, man must have had millions of years to bring him to his present point of unfoldment! It is said by one of the great and most perfect of those who illustrate this theory of evolution, that there is between man and the ape less of a difference than there is between the ape and the dog. Now, when you trace this physical progression, step by step, it gives you such an idea of the immensity of the past, of the numberless ages that have swept by, as probably nothing else in this world could give you.

But one will say: "You will take it for granted that man did come from life which underlies him. Now is there anything in nature to prove that?" And, indeed, one says: "I would not like to admit this Darwinian theory for in this case I should not be particularly proud of my ancestors!" Perhaps not; suppose then you go to the other extreme, the only other point of acceptance, and you take the Mosaic theory. If we may so call it—the theory of sectarianism; would you be more proud to trace your ancestors to mud pies, so to speak, than the forms of animal life which may underlie you? Is man made only of dust? If so, we ask you then what was it which held the atoms together in that early composition, and what it was that kept Adam, particularly Adam, from dissolving in the very first thunder shower that fell? If this first account is true, what was it that helped hold these atoms together, or kept them from being blown away by the wandering breezes? Oh! Humanity, when you search this earth, when you go into its mystic paths, astronomy will help you form some idea of what the earth once was, and evolution will lift fold after fold of the veil, until the subject takes form and becomes clearer in its revelations. Astronomy will tell you that there are worlds probably now in process of formation; vast nebulous masses floating in space and gradually drawing into shape, growing spherical as the ages go by. Now that which is true of other worlds, is most probably true of this, and there was a time when upon the heated surface of this earth, even after its spherical shape had been gained, it was not possible for even the fittest to grow; not even possible for mosses and ferns to take root. But years passed on, and the lichens came, and ferns came, and mosses came; crude, strange forms of vegetable life appeared, and then out of the great world of waters—for, indeed, that seems to be the cradle of all organic existence—came forth forms of animal life—strange, crude, simple, but holding in themselves a promise and a prophecy of that

which was to be afterward. From the fossil remains which the earth shows us now, those which still exist, we can trace the history of life back to a far-off age; we lose sight of it because we are finite, and cannot grasp the immensity of this subject. Let men trace this thought back, as scientists have done, down through animal life, far down, until in the watery world they find a progenitor, as they might say, even in the form of a clam—back of that back and branches the trilobite; and in all these they find a promise of future and further developments. Take human life as it is now, the body of man, and you find that with all its divine development if we can apply that term to it there are, nevertheless, vestiges of worn-out life, or the life that you have outgrown, lingering relics which show your relationship to the lower types in existence.

But some will ask, "How can it be that human life has ever been evolved from the life that is beneath us, while to-day no such evolution takes place?" And there is a clear, distinct line running between man and animals. But, then, this line may not be so distinct as it may seem to them to be. How is it? Why? You can only answer that as a child's body may have certain expressions of development which change as years go on, as its first teeth are shed, and are never reproduced in exact likeness, so the life has a certain conductive type expressing to you growth and development, a periods of development wherein it was possible to evolve through natural selection from the highest type of all animal existence the lowest type of all human existence. Men have sought for the missing link, and they say it cannot be found. Is there so great a difference between the highest form of ape development and the form of the Pliocene dwarf, or of the Hottentot, the next step in progression? So, step by step, you can go on, through the ranks of savage life, of course, low undeveloped life, and it does not seem to us that that link is missing. It becomes revealed when you study a little more closely and carefully.

But what is there of human life to show the kinship with this life that is beneath us? Man with all the beauty of his development, with all the pride of his life, can find that in this physical structure there is a duplicate of the life that underlies us. In the bones, the muscles, the tissues, in all this complex and delicate structure, you can find a similarity with the life of apes. Now if other forms seem to be reproduced in human life in certain ways, as science will admit, do you not find then a connection, which is, to say the very least, significant? But one may say, "Oh! It is true that in the form of the ape we may find bones, and muscles, and tissues, and blood vessels, and all those expressions of their physical existence very much like that of man, but there are important differences in the development of the brain, or differences which we never fall to find." Why, of course! If you found no differences, if they were exactly alike, why, then, do you not see this lower phase of life would be no longer lower, but it would manifest the same mental faculties, the same mental power. But when we think of this development of humanity, tracing it back as far as we can, we find that through natural selection man has striven until he has attained the higher point of existence; the higher phase of his development. You can see that in the increase of human life a struggle for existence has been necessary, and in the crowded conditions of existence, while it may seem to you that you find a certain presence of unkindness, of injustice, of a God who could so fill the world, who could allow the races to increase that they became crowded and crowded in for space, and hence it was natural for the strong, those more intelligent, and more careful, to use and to crush out and to utterly destroy the weak, yet, friends, if there were no other life, this would be true, but as eternal justice does not find room in this earthly existence to expand in everything to its full perfection, its manifestation, why, then, to the great good of humanity, and in the boundless realm of progression beyond the grave, all these different matters are made straight, and that which seems to you to be cruel and unjust becomes fair and clear with the expression of divinely love. So men have striven; so the strong and the more intelligent have prevailed, and in natural descent from them their offspring have treasured and kept that which was best and highest; and so each generation has carried the work of life onward a little further, step by step, continually.

You can see in Nature certain inherited conditions which would demonstrate these previous forms of life from whence we sprang; these phantasies, so to speak, which leave their imprint not only on the human body but on the human spirits as well. There are certain indications all around you of this truth. As we have said, man keeps in his physical existence a certain record or certain traces of life-primates, from whence he has sprung. Look round you, and you will find that this thing is true. Take animals; for instance, oxen; you find there are certain teeth that they never cut—they never use—they are there, nevertheless. Now, what use are they there for? Why do they exist? We said there is no use for them, and yet God knows they exist for something; they linger as proof of a certain change—a development which is significant to the scientist when he traces those conditions which mark physical life, and spiritual life as well. In many things in humanity, you trace the same truth; and as these are the effects of past conditions leave their imprint, as it were, or their writing, upon the body and spirit of man, you find that when you pass out of this earthly life into the spirit-life there are effects that still exist, there are conditions that you carry, and only as you keep the record—the memory of them—they stand as indications of that which has been, and as living proofs of the power and certainty of progression.

But where is the spiritual side of this Darwinism? Why? Simply this: That as progression has marked all physical life, all material life, so progression has marked all spiritual life. If physical progression can be traced step by step—from the protoplasm, from the atom, through the lowest forms of organic existence until you reach man, and you find that there are certain chains of connection manifest between the higher and the lower—then the spirit of man, also, can give significant indications to those who are ready and willing to seek for them. How shall they be found? You read that God made man out of the dust of the earth, and that he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul. You read that God created the heavens and the earth; these are the generations of the heavens and the earth, as Genesis tells you: That in the day God created them, the plants of the field and the herbs of the field He created before the plants were in the earth, or before the herbs began to grow. Read carefully this account of Genesis, and perhaps these two verses may strike you with a little deeper thought. What does it mean? How could it be that God created the plants and the herbs before they were in the earth, or before they began to grow? Does it mean that they were perfected in some upper realm, and then he came down to the earth with them so prepared, and with a towel, perchance, He placed them in the earth, and then they commenced to grow? Is that the coarse, material idea of the creation of these things? The spiritual side of it, when we cast the light

Children's Department.

TALES OF THE EVERLASTING MOTHER.

Written down through the Mediumship of
ADELA, BARONESS VON VAY,
of Gnanah (in Egypt), Austria, and translated spec-
tally for the Banner of Light.

THE SECRET.

I thought that thou hadst yielded to me, old sorrow! I thought that my heart was healed from thee, old remembrance! Consciousness of what has been, thou secret of my life, I was again happy, and now thou hast once more appeared as a ghost in the midst of my happiness, as a discordant tone in the midst of harmony. And wilt thou never leave me, memory of an old and evil hour, witness of my sorrows? Has what I once experienced all at once become a personified imperishability? Yes, the dead returns to life, arises warm and living out of its cold lethargy, sings old well-known melodies, and speaks deep-felt words whose sounds have long since died away.

Human beings, as ye wander through the world with dull or smiling faces, each one of you carries secret within himself a skeleton; it may be a word, a feeling, or the memory of a deed. I, the Everlasting Mother, know it, and I pity you, poor beings. Often when you are gay and laugh, it is but a mockery; or say, when you are alone in your chamber, what mean those tears, those sighs, what means that flashing, angry eye?

I know a deep secret. He loved her warmly and truly, as she loved him. They were separated. At this the woman vowed to him: "I will appear to thee at night, as a shadow on the white wall, so long as thou desirest it. Spiritual shall be our wedding, spiritual and hushed our conversation. Here, thou hast this saying, these looks of hair, thy word and thy love to use as a spell—and I will come and follow thee always, if thou lovest me truly; but if thou ceasest to love me, my shadow will leave thee, and thou shalt never see it again." They parted. Every night as he lay sleepless and full of sorrow, there appeared on the bare white wall of his sleeping apartment a shadow. Dost thou hear it? A rustling. Ha! there she is. The phantom of her beautiful form signs to him, pointing to heart and lips. Yes, she is true to him, for her shadow remains always spotlessly pure. It bends over him, softly whispering in his ear, and intoxicated with bliss he stretches out his longing arms toward it, but a gentle stupefaction comes over him, and he sleeps. So it goes on night after night for a year, two years. Then the shadow begins to fade, for empty it finds the apartment of love, empty the place of rest. Every night it sighs and complains, and at last it vanishes. Where is he? Do you not hear the sounds of an organ and the hymn of praise? Do you not see the lovely bride who so tremblingly and softly gives the word of affirmation? And the man who gives his "Yes" loudly and boldly? It is night; already the bride has retired to rest. Gloomily and yet snugly the silk curtains surround the bed. All awaits the bridegroom. It is night, night—the hour of the shadow's return! There! see! On the red silk walls a dark, dark shadow! It becomes larger and larger, until it has attained a giant size. Now it nears the place of rest, and assuming the form of a woman, softly draws aside the heavy curtains. Her eyes are hot and anxious, her breath is—he feels it—over him, and he cannot move nor scream. The form threatens, and points to heart and lips; then bending over him whispers something in his ears, and moves slowly on its way. Gasping for breath, he would follow it, but in vain. He feels always the last word in his ear and heart, it gnaws and tortures him, tormenting him to death.

Spiritual union burn up life; spiritual unity forbids and annuls other love. Thou hast sworn to the shadow eternal fidelity. Bear now, thou strange human being, thy secrets with thee to the grave.

THE ELF-CHILD.

I knew a little elf that had become a human child. Its hair was fair and fine, and soft as silk; its eyes deep and dark, like the magic spring of the woods; its cheeks when it slept were rosy and full, its lips purple and fresh, with teeth like pearls; and the little blue veins showed themselves on the soft, velvety arms. And so this tender little maiden drank in the love of life at her mother's breast, and was reared to rest in her father's arms till she grew large in spirit, heart, and feelings—a beautiful enchantress.

It was, as I have said, a human child. It had a heart and human feelings; it could speak, sing, and love. Once it became ill, very ill. Then it lay languishing in bed, the poor elf; it quietly groaned and sighed: "Ah, I feel the weight of the whole world upon me. How I should like rain, wind and tempest!" Her cousins, the mountain goblins, gnomes, nymphs and elves, yes, even the hunchbacks and the hobgoblins, heard her. "The poor child!" said they; "let us quickly gather a great storm together. Blister, ye evil spirits, weep torrents of tears, ye clouds and rain-elves, thunder, ye mountain goblins, and lighten, ye nymphs! Quickly, here, all! Blow, whistle, sing the song of the storm! Our human-grown elf understands ye. Yes, she wants refreshment, music and consolation, for ill and feverish she lies there." "What a dreadful thunder-storm," say the human beings. "Oh! the lightning!" says the old attendant, and crosses herself. "I am frightened, mother," cries the real human child. "Ah, how refreshing, how splendid," says the sick maiden, the quiet, mysterious elf-child. "How easy I feel. How the rain refreshes me, how wildly merry sounds the dear old thunder, and how joyfully it lightens. The storm relates to me such dear old fairy tales that I think I must have heard once before somewhere. Ah! I should like to go there again, home, home, through storm and rain." And as she said it nature again became quieter; it had vented its rage, and sung its song to the end.

It is a bright, fresh, humid summer morning. The birds twitter cheerfully, the grasshoppers chirp, the branches and blossoms shake off the sparkling rain-drops. The maiden too is quiet; she lies in her little bed softly smiling, as if she would say, "Oh! how beautiful, how sweet it is to go home!" Behold, the night after, a fresh, lovely little elf danced in the moonlight with her cousins. It is a great elfin feast, and all the mountain, valley, wood and flower-spirits are there, for the child that has been away so long has again returned home. She has now no longer a human heart, and can neither love like a maiden, nor speak as a human being; neither can she be ill any more. But she often sits thinking on the banks of the forest stream for hours together, and throws in forget-me-nots, which the waves carry by the house where she lived, loved and suffered.

[Continued in our next.]

BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF TRAVELS—THE WORK OF DR. CHARLES MAIN.

BY JOSEPH D. STILES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A number of years have elapsed since I ventured to address your large corps of readers through the medium of your columns, preferring that other and abler pens than mine should occupy the space with their progressive thoughts and sentiments. But realizing that among your readers I have many dear and valued friends, who doubtless would like to hear of my whereabouts, and what I have been and am doing, I will give, with your permission, a very succinct account of my past and present labors.

Until within two years and a half my medical mission has been confined to the State of Vermont, lecturing in various places, especially in the northern and central parts, and with uniform success. My audiences generally have been large and appreciative, many journeying miles to hear the principles of the "New Gospel" expounded through my humble instrumentality. Everywhere I found true, resolute and progressive souls, men and women, who, to the very incipency of our glorious cause, remaining firm to their convictions through good and evil report, and under any and every circumstance of condition. Slander, hyperbole and misrepresentation have proved impotent in their efforts to crush down a heretofore unvanquished and heroic army of Progressors. They have only had the effect to make them more determined in their purposes to release humanity from the bondage of superstition and error, and introduce it to a larger liberty and a broader platform. Speakers have been, and are, well patronized, while platform test mediums are in demand there as elsewhere. Bigotry no longer rears its hydra-head, as in days gone-by, is not so bold and defiant. It has been shorn of a portion of its strength, and has lost much of its aggressive power and influence. But it is not by any means wholly silenced. It is now being driven out, putting forth fresh efforts to choke down freedom of speech, and everything that does not harmonize with the popular prejudices of the day. In spite of all this mediums are multiplying; and in Vermont especially there is scarcely a place but where there are at least two or three important vehicles of communication between the two worlds. The cause there, as everywhere else, is rapidly advancing, and rests on so substantial a foundation that nothing can shake or topple it down. To Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hiley, of Montpelier, Maine, and Mrs. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Watson, of St. Albans, Mr. and Mrs. Avery Pitts, of West Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Elhanan W. Fitts, of East Brainerd, Vermont, and Mr. and Mrs. Corey Thompson, of Richmond, and many, many others, I am largely indebted for their kind favors and the most successful and successful of my journeys. And I trust in due time to respond to the earnest invitations I have received from some of the foregoing to resume my labors among them, and which the invalidism of my mother, who has been brought very near to the portals of the eternal city many times within a few years, has prevented my accepting. Should she, by the favor of circumstances, and kind care and attention, regain in part her lost health and vitality, I am in hopes again to revisit the scenes of my former labors, and continue my work as faithfully in the future as I have striven to in the past.

For the past two years I have labored at intervals in different portions of this State. In Quincy I have had large audiences, and in Barnstable and West Barnstable, appreciable and at times full houses. In the former place I am on a firm basis—the philosophy numbering many believers. The old pioneers, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Brigham, Mr. George Venzie, Mr. John J. Glover, Mr. Perez Chubbuck, Mrs. Eldad Worcester, Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Newcomb, and their excellent daughter, Mrs. Mary A. Newcomb, and Mrs. William Torrey, and others, whose names I cannot now recall, have all passed away to the higher life, whose everlasting verities dawned upon their souls in full splendor while in the body, and which illumined their passage through the shadowy realm of the dead. For three Sabbaths I have spoken in this town to goodly numbers—twice in Lincoln Hall, and once in the Reform Club Hall, and should have lectured again at the latter place Dec. 8th, had not bigotry, or something that looks very much like it, closed the doors to the entrance of the Free Thinkers and Spiritualists of the town. This untimely action has not cooled nor killed us. Our opponents will find that we are lively corpses, and will not down at their bidding. The few noble women who, by voice and vote, defended the right of free speech, deserve a commendable notice from us, and the approbation of all who believe in freedom of utterance, however widely different the ideas embodied in such may be from theirs. They will lose nothing, but gain much by their fearless action.

Since my return to Massachusetts I have had the pleasure of forming many new acquaintances and of renewing the old ones, some of whom had almost passed from sight and memory in the rapid whirl of the years. Especially glad was I to grasp again the hand of that early pioneer of the cause, that war-worn veteran in the great battle between truth and error, Dr. Charles Main, of No. 60 Dover street, Boston. Separated from him by the gulf of distance for a number of years, he had passed from the ken of my vision, but not from memory, until the happy mutation of circumstances brought us again face to face. Not long since, Sunday, in relation to the usual exercises of this Sunday school, there is either speaking or singing by persons not in the ranks of Spiritualism, which seems to show that there is good feeling on both sides. Full reports from all the officers were submitted and passed on, from which the Hon. Mr. Lee's comprehensive report, giving a clear digest of the Lyceum's status in this city. The following officers were then elected for the year 1879: Charles Collier, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Van Scott, Guardian; Mr. Hatcher, Musical Director; George Benedict, Treasurer; Mrs. M. E. Cullen, Secretary; Mr. W. E. Cullen, Librarian; Wilbur Olds, Maynard Wilkinson and Charles Watson, Guards. (Mrs. E. L. Williamson has been appointed Assistant Guardian.)

These officers were at once duly installed, and Mr. Thomas Lee, on doing his badge in favor of Mr. Collier, and before retiring, delivered the following valedictory:

OFFICERS, LEADERS AND CHILDREN OF THE CLEVELAND LYCEUM: This day terminates two years of continuous office for me, making in all five years out of the thirteen we have been officers of this Lyceum, and for your Conductor. In refusing the candidacy so kindly tendered for another term, I hope I may not be misunderstood. My interest in the Lyceum has not abated one iota, and I trust as a Spiritualist I shall never so far forget myself and my duty as to neglect the Lyceum, and all that it represents. I am a firm believer in the importance of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. It is the hope of Spiritualism, and should be the pride of Spiritualists everywhere. I merely retire from the leadership for a time, feeling the need of a rest, and with the hope that the good work may be accelerated rather than retarded by the fresh ideas of a new conductor will necessarily bring with him. I fully appreciate the compliment you paid me to retain the office, for it is a position I have ever been proud to hold, and my growth, while in the office, I feel has been commensurate with the responsibilities of the position, and I feel I am fully compensated for the labor expended.

The Children's Lyceum is a positive blessing to all those who participate in its exercises, be they scholars, leaders, or officers; it is the most natural school I know of for developing our spiritual and moral nature. It is almost superfluous for me to say that in the many years I have been with you in the Lyceum, I have become so attached to you, one and all, that it is with positive pain I now "step down," but not out. I have ever felt that your kindly actions toward me were promoted by the best of wishes and the purest of love. It has been this conscientiousness that has upheld me in the trials and struggles of the past; without your love and cooperation no one, be they ever so capable, can do full justice to the position of conductor. I shall watch with much interest the future progress of the Lyceum, and all my efforts will be directed to render any assistance in my power should any emergency arise.

To my successor I would say he can fully rely on me for anything it is in my power to aid or advise him, and to you children, leaders, officers and conductors, as a laborer and fellow worker with you, all I ask is that as to the new Conductor,

doctor diagnosed her difficulties with entire satisfaction, and carried out the application of his magnetic method of treatment, together with the potent remedies prescribed, (and which are his own manufacture) greatly benefited her at once, and she has every reason to feel assured that, under his beneficent ministry, she will eventually regain her usual vitality and health. (At day's visit, she being a school teacher in one of the districts of Barnstable,) she is too apt to go beyond her strength, and unconsciously to obstruct the way to a final recovery.

The most remarkable cure, however, was that of her sister, Miss Hattie A. Crocker, a young lady of nineteen, who was attacked some months ago with all the symptoms of rapid consumption. The hacking cough, the hectic flush, the wasting frame, all told too plainly that she had fallen a victim to that scourge of our Northern clime. Parents, relatives, and friends felt that her case was only a question of brief time. Hope had almost departed, and the shadow of Azrael's wing was deepening around the young life of the daughter, sister, and friend. Her parents hearing good reports from their other daughter, (who was then at Dr. Main's), resolved to place her under his care as a last resort.

The Doctor received her in that cheerful and happy spirit (as he is wont to receive his patients), which inspires one with so much confidence and hope, and which at once establishes a sympathetic rapport between himself and patient. He saw that her case was a desperate one, but not a hopeless one; and with full confidence that she could be helped, he went to work, administering his magnetic treatment and the remedies he deemed necessary in her case. In a week's time and less, she began to experience a very favorable change in her system. Her appetite returned, she slept well, the hectic flush departed, the alarming cough ceased, and the attenuated frame which relatives and friends thought could retain its hold on life only for a few weeks longer at furthest, began to assume its wonted vigor and roundness. In exactly a week from the day she came to Dr. Main's, she was at home improved in health, and has continued to improve, and to such an extent that she considers herself about as well as ever. The family of course feel a gratitude to the Doctor that they cannot express, for watching their young lady's progress, and seeing her escape from those portals they sorrowfully saw the young feet of their heart's treasure tremblingly standing.

The neighbors were so astonished at her improved appearance, that some of the diseased-afflicted ones immediately wrote to Dr. Main for directions, and their cases, which were correctly given, and remedies prescribed and forwarded under the administration of which, as I have learned, they are being much benefited. My mother is also taking his medicines, which he has so generously furnished, and she states that of the past, and of the worst of her illness, she has almost entirely recovered, and her age precludes the idea of a perfect recovery. But she has complete confidence in the Doctor, and feels if any one can benefit and reach her case, he must assuredly can.

These are but a few instances out of a multitude that have been benefited by the Doctor's treatment. His office is at No. 60 Dover street, Boston, to which all sufferers may trustfully repair and find a balm in Gilead for their ills and infirmities. His house is presided over by Miss Carey, whose excellent management and cheerfulness win at once the love and esteem of the numbers who seek Dr. Main's Institute as a Mecca at whose healing shrine they are to find the health of body and mind they have elsewhere failed to gain. All afflicted with disease of whatever name and nature, however chronic and long standing, and who have failed of the services of the services of the successful magnetic physician. Try him first and last, and not wait till you are completely broken down by experimental poisons, administered by incompetent and ignorant hands. Long live Dr. Charles Main to bless and aid humanity, his prayers for the contented and the distressed. Then you, my reader, for your noble defense of mediums. They are obliged at best to travel a hard road, and the compensation too often is very meagre, compared with the services rendered. They may entertain large audiences, (as I have done) and have a large number of mediums often with them, who are hardly able to bear it. Hope there will be an awakening in this respect, and audiences will remunerate as they receive.

Excuse my long reference to Dr. Main. I consider it was a duty as well as a work of justice to let the world know what he has been doing, and is doing, and I am happy to perform the task.

Weymouth, Mass., Dec. 1878.

Our Children's Lyceums.

(From the Cleveland Herald, Monday, Jan. 6th.)

Progressive Lyceum—Annual Election of Officers—Valedictory of Mr. Lee.

But few of the regular exercises of the Lyceum took place yesterday, on account of the storm, and the usual exercises of the evening, however, was neutralized by the beautiful singing of the Cleveland Harmony Quartette, Messrs. W. E. Cullen, Frank A. Doyle, George A. Hennings, and J. T. Cook, who kindly volunteered to sing to the children of the Lyceum, and on Sunday, in relation to the usual exercises of this Sunday school, there is either speaking or singing by persons not in the ranks of Spiritualism, which seems to show that there is good feeling on both sides. Full reports from all the officers were submitted and passed on, from which the Hon. Mr. Lee's comprehensive report, giving a clear digest of the Lyceum's status in this city. The following officers were then elected for the year 1879: Charles Collier, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Van Scott, Guardian; Mr. Hatcher, Musical Director; George Benedict, Treasurer; Mrs. M. E. Cullen, Secretary; Mr. W. E. Cullen, Librarian; Wilbur Olds, Maynard Wilkinson and Charles Watson, Guards. (Mrs. E. L. Williamson has been appointed Assistant Guardian.)

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Mr. Charles Collier, you will do the same to him as you have just done to your sister, your support; let him feel by your actions you are with him in the movement; strive to make him happy in his new position by your punctuality and good deportment. I know from experience the pleasurable feelings derived from presiding over a full and well regulated Lyceum.

And now, in conclusion, my dear children and friends, I thank you for the cordial support of the past two years, and ask your forgiveness if, at any time during my administration, I have ever been remiss in my duties or stepped beyond them. I have ever tried, during my conductorship, to be just and impartial to each and every one, and I retire from my proud position with the consciousness of having done the best I could under the circumstances.

What I have done in the past for the Lyceum I have done from a sense of duty and love of the cause so dear to us all. I was late in waking up to the truth of Spiritualism, but have been trying the past eighteen years to make amends for my tardiness. When speaking of Spiritualism, I feel in rapport with the author of the following beautiful lines, W. D. Rockwood, I believe, when he says:

"To me 'tis a beautiful beacon light,
Ever leading me on in the pathway of right,
It teaches that God, in his infinite love,
Hath sent the bright angels from their homes above
To wipe the hot tears from the sorrowful eye,
And assure us not of this children can die,
It teaches that death is no terrible fright,
Is so very near—just over the way,
But only a change that comes over us here,
The door to a higher, more beautiful sphere.
It teaches that heaven, in beautiful array,
Is so very near—just over the way,
It tells us in language so plain that we know
We can if we will make our home here below."

It gives us no special religion or creed,
But one universal—and all are agreed
Its teachings are suited to old age and youth,
Its claim, and its only foundation, is truth."

The Reviewer.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EXISTENCE.

Significant as is the title of Dr. Kelley's volume—*The Philosophy of Existence*—it can hardly be said to denote the contents of the work. It is rather a cursory view of ancient legends and Mythologies. The author has collected a number of legends and investigations are candid and generally stated with great clearness. The conclusions are not always so distinct; nor is it often easy for the reader to make them for himself. The omission of the index detracts much from the value of the book to students, who will accordingly consider themselves deluded from using it in their more careful explorations.

The writer has employed the older plan of giving Latin names to the Hellenic divinities; and we notice some mixing of Egyptian with Grecian myths. There are likewise several new orthographies to Oriental names; as though there were not too many already. The modern scholars appear to do such things for the purpose of "cashing a spell" over their untutored readers. It is not safe, except for the very few, to attempt to spell or pronounce an Indian name. No two writers spell alike, and no two persons give a word the same sound and intonation. Even the most familiar words are daily mispronounced. Every man says his *shibboleth* with a *sank* to the scholar. He cannot safely trust his ears. The *a, o, j, n, r, s, ch, etc.*, are prolific sources of blundering. If Orientalists wish their books sold and read, they must unite to abate the spelling nuisance. Why not, like men, let go the petty jealousies of which no real scholar is guilty, and adopt a uniform orthography for Sanscrit, Old Persian, and other Oriental words, when there are to be expressed in European speech? Dr. John Weiss's great work on the English language proposes a sufficient rule—to pronounce words as they are spelled, or to spell them as they are pronounced.

Book I. is subdivided into two parts: 1. Theism; 2. Mythism. By theism, the author means the belief in a God, yet without attributes and acts; and by mythism, the legends of mythic deities and divinities. The first part accordingly includes the God, or Trinity of Gods, of the nations that believe their respective Godhead to be the true Eternal First Cause. These several peoples had not only their sacred records of the doings of their deities, but of the national religion of each as well. The polytheism of certain of them, who believed in inferior local deities, tends to place them among the mythical, so that the division is necessarily somewhat arbitrary. The author overlooks ancestor-worship in a great degree, and assumes the Sun, or his radiant spirit, to have been the anterior, and probably the chief object of adoration. Part Second embraces the gods of the Greeks and Romans, together with those of the forefather-nations, chiefly of modern Christendom. These deities and divinities were derived from those of antiquity, from celestial objects, from phenomena in nature, and from deified heroes—subordinated to the One Sole, Supreme, Unseen God of all, in whom was general belief. There is little occasion to prosecute the examination of these chapters more critically; the author has been very liberal in his quotations from classical and other authorities, with which scholars are generally familiar.

The Second Book is a treatise upon the Celestial Regions. It is not always quite clear in its distinctions. There is a confounding of heaven and paradise, or Elysium, which may be common enough in our modern parlance, but is hardly permissible when ancient faiths are the subject of consideration. No old time hero or patriarch cherished any expectation of going to "Heaven." "I will go down to Hell to my son, mourning," says Jacob. "Thou wilt not leave me for a forsake my soul in Hell," says the Hebrew psalmist. "It is pleasant to descend under the shades," says Father Anchises. Hell was a place of bliss to him, compared to his life on earth.

Dr. Kelley, citing the first chapter of *Genesis*, infers that "heaven" is "the heaven of heavens," and the firmament another heaven, one elementary and one empyrean—possibly some circulating orb of the universe; and as such, the supernal abode of the Great Unknown, the true Creator. To sustain this construction for some of his inferences, he has mistaken heaven as being in the singular number, whereas in the Hebrew original, the word is generally plural. After speculating in regard to the heaven made at the same time with the earth and the firmament, he next surveys the current opinions of the ancient and archaic periods. Here his labor is really valuable. We are informed that the Chaldean and Persian accounts were similar to that of the Hebrews. This is not to be doubted; the Zoroastrian revelation was the older of them all. All nations placed heaven away or above the planetary worlds, and peopled it with gods, but not with men. Only when metempsychosis, vrilinnesia, or re-births, was adopted as a belief, did men aspire to be united to the deity. But when this doctrine became prevalent, theologians proposed the existence of a great number of heavens. Especially was this the case in India and China. The Jewish Rabbins, copying from the *Frutidus* and old Chaldeans, described a plurality of heavens and subdivisions of heavens; and Mohammed, Dante, and perhaps Swedenborg there derived the ideas which each elaborated in his own method.

"The principal revelations from heaven, recorded in the Bible, are those of the New Testament, comprising most of the books so called, or the *Apostolus*," Dr. Kelley has noted the strange resemblances of this work to the book ascribed to the prophet Ezekiel. But he omits to elaborate conclusions, having left this to a future contemplated work. He does not fail, however, to give due importance to the great sage and seer of the eighteenth century. "In addition to the revelations made to St. John, we have not less important disclosures vouchsafed to Baron Emanuel Swedenborg; and these are not only of the celestial regions, but of the infernal, and also of an intermediate region, or the realm, according to some, of all the final judgment, when the righteous are assigned to heaven and the wicked to hell." He adds: "It is a question whether his voluminous works are not even more generally read and believed than those of St. John, although they apparently are not."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EXISTENCE. The Reality and History of Mythology. Book I.—History of Mythology. Book II.—History of Mythology. Book III.—History of Mythology. Book IV.—History of Mythology. Book V.—History of Mythology. Book VI.—History of Mythology. Book VII.—History of Mythology. Book VIII.—History of Mythology. Book IX.—History of Mythology. Book X.—History of Mythology. Book XI.—History of Mythology. Book XII.—History of Mythology. Book XIII.—History of Mythology. Book XIV.—History of Mythology. Book XV.—History of Mythology. Book XVI.—History of Mythology. Book XVII.—History of Mythology. Book XVIII.—History of Mythology. Book XIX.—History of Mythology. Book XX.—History of Mythology. Book XXI.—History of Mythology. Book XXII.—History of Mythology. Book XXIII.—History of Mythology. Book XXIV.—History of Mythology. Book XXV.—History of Mythology. Book XXVI.—History of Mythology. Book XXVII.—History of Mythology. Book XXVIII.—History of Mythology. Book XXIX.—History of Mythology. 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W. J. Colville's Journeys.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 24th and 25th, Mr. Colville delivered three addresses, followed by the answering of questions, and the improvisation of poems, in Everett Hall, 308 Fulton street, in the above named city. Large and intelligent audiences convened to listen to his guides; many subjects of importance were presented for treatment, the people preferring that the controlling intelligences should from the number given choose the theme most agreeable to their own views, the speaker weaving in an allusion at least to the themes which were not fully discussed upon. On Tuesday evening the subjects treated were, "The Origin and Destiny of the Human Soul," and "The Way to prevent Crime and Pauperism." The replies to questions were principally with regard to mediumship, its rights and responsibilities, and those also of sitters in circles. The guides of Mr. Colville expressed it as their opinion that when the necessary conditions were supplied at a seance, spiritual manifestations of a low order could not take place; that the sitters would either achieve communion with spirits of an intelligent order, or no results would transpire—at least, none owing their existence to spiritual sources. They considered that spurious manifestations did not in any way necessarily affect the cause of Spiritualism itself; as such bore only the relation to genuine spiritual manifestations which a counterfeit dollar did to the entire currency of the country.

Wednesday evening, all the subjects from the audience received extended attention—the control making exception in favor of none; an hour and a quarter being consumed in this exercise, Winona improvised several poems, which won the applause of the audience. The people present at these two services were remarkably attentive to the nature of the addresses, and evidently pleased with both the manner of its delivery. The interest of these meetings was enhanced by choice instrumental and vocal music.

On Thursday evening, Jan. 24th, a reception to Mr. Colville was held at the residence of Capt. Martin, 221 Livingston street, a numerous and select body of friends attending. Miss Allen favored the company with several musical selections of a high order, and friendly congratulatory remarks by Mr. Colville and other services combined to make up an enjoyable occasion.

On Friday evening, Jan. 25th, a very successful meeting was held in Phoenix Hall, Williamsburg; Charles H. Miller presided, and made a very interesting and appropriate remarks. "Is God a Personal Being?" was the subject chosen for the address, which, in addition to the nature of the address, was met with great interest at the hands of the audience.

An urgent request has, we are informed, been made that Mr. Colville accept an engagement with the Brooklyn Society of Spiritualists as their regular speaker, commencing with March next.

On Wednesday, Jan. 23rd, Mr. Colville, under influence of his spirit guides, addressed an influential meeting of inquirers into Spiritualism at Fitchburg. The meeting was convened by Dr. Brigham, a resident physician of that town. The audience completely filled the place of assembly, and all expressed themselves as highly gratified with the services.

On Sunday, Jan. 20th, Mr. Colville delivered two inspirational discourses under the auspices of the Free Religious Society at Providence, R. I. In the afternoon at 2:30 the hall was crowded by a very attentive company, who appeared much pleased with the utterances of the spirits on "The Advantages of Spirit-Communism to Humanity." This theme was not chosen by the audience, as it was thought best to leave the topic in the hands of the lecturer. After the discourse two subjects were handed up for a poem, "Immortality" and "Psychological Influence." Both were dealt with by the control at considerable length. These poetical effusions were very highly thought of by many sitters present, who could not readily account for their impromptu production.

In the evening the choice of the subject for the discourse was left to the audience. The theme selected was "Real Life and Occupations of Spirits in the Spiritual World." For upwards of an hour the spirit-guides of Mr. Colville graphically described various spheres in spirit-life which they had visited, and entered intimately, as far as time would permit, into the details of their existence, such as food, clothing, sleep, dwellings, &c. After various questions had been answered, a poem was given on "America and her Future," this being the subject which received a large majority of votes. Winona's reference to the white man's unjust and cruel conduct to his red brother was very touching.

Next Sunday evening Mr. Colville will occupy the platform in the Concert Hall over the Five Cent Savings Bank, Market street, Lynn, where the meeting will begin at 7:30. The hall is well furnished with comfortable seats, and has a good organ at which G. A. Hardy will preside. The Committee of these meetings have secured the hall for every Sunday until the end of February, and trust the public will attend regularly.

Close of the Peebles' Testimonial.

As announced last week, the committee of friends having the matter in charge decided to "close the polls" in the way of subscriptions to the fund for Dr. J. M. Peebles, on the 15th day of January. Thanks are respectfully returned to all who have felt to contribute to this worthy object. The sums received, together with amounts furnished the committee by certain friends of Dr. Peebles who do not desire the publication of their names, make up the amount desired—\$1000. It gives us true pleasure to announce that this kindly effort to strengthen the hands of one of Spiritualism's most earnest and devoted workers, has been brought to a successful conclusion.

The Fair at Bodin's Bower

Closes the present week. We are pleased to learn that it is receiving the generous support it so well deserves. Miss Jennie Collins is doing a grand work in providing meals for destitute shop-girls, and the blessings of the recipients go out to her continually.

It is to be hoped that the friends of progress in medicine will strengthen the hands of J. R. Buell, Esq., who is endeavoring to frustrate the efforts the Allopaths are making in the Indiana Legislature to create a medical monopoly for their own benefit in that State. Parties wishing to come into communication with him for a better understanding of the case can address him 246 So. Delaware street, Indianapolis, Ind.

On the first page, present number, M. A. Oxon, our valued English correspondent, gives his views on the correct method of conveying sances, the temptations presented to and the responsibility of mediums, and the treatment accorded these sensitive instruments in too many instances. Read the article, and reflect upon its lessons.

Baroness Adelmä Vay, of Gonobitz, Austria—with whose attractive contributions to the Children's Department our readers are so pleasantly familiar—has our thanks for a *New Year's Card* (sent by ocean mail) expressive of good wishes for us concerning the new cycle of time into which all have entered.

President Hayes recently expressed himself as follows to the Visiting Committee of the Woman Suffrage Convention in Washington: "You say I have ignored the women of the country in my annual message. In my next message I will act according to the dictates of my conscience and the best light I have."

Investigator Hall Meetings.

On Sunday last, Jan. 19th, a very interesting service was held in this hall, commencing, as usual, at 10:30 A. M. Mr. Colville—who is the regular speaker—being absent from Boston on this occasion, the platform was occupied by Madame Usoneille and Mr. Robert Cooper. The lady gave (under inspiration) vocal and instrumental music, which was evidently appreciated by the audience; and Mr. C. read interestingly from one of Mrs. Richmond's orations concerning the effect upon the earth of the present aspect of the planets. The discourse was replete with matter of a most entertaining and, to many minds, somewhat novel character.

On Sunday A. M., Jan. 20th, the service will be conducted as usual at this hall by W. J. Colville and G. A. Hardy. Mr. Colville's guides announce as their subject on that occasion, "The Occult Sciences viewed in the light of Modern Science and Spiritualism."

A recent number of the *New York Sun* sets forth that Andrew Jackson Davis has been interviewed by a reporter of that paper with reference to the case of Miss Fancher, of Brooklyn, who is supposed to live almost without food. Mr. Davis thinks the condition claimed for her possible, and even probable. He referred to the case of Daniel, the prophet, who fasted three whole weeks, at the end of which time he had a vision. He saw and heard spiritual persons and things. Mr. Davis says he himself had to adopt a system of fasting for three months before he could begin his clairvoyant investigations; and no doubt was left of his possessing the power to see accurately, in the clairvoyant state, what could not otherwise have been known to him. Mr. Davis's explanation of the fact of subsisting without eating is that food enters the system through the cellular tissue and nerves, of which there are hundreds of thousands, and which are the products of elements and essences that are totally unknown to chemists. A magnetizer fed his vital forces just as Miss Fancher is fed, by breathing, and through the nervous system, and through the skin, so that his mind was entirely emancipated from the necessity of carrying out those processes in the body in which we are all constantly engaged, under ordinary conditions. He thinks the condition illustrated by Miss Fancher's case is designed for, and really adapted to, "the study of the truth of ideas, the furtherance of science, the development of philosophy and the spiritual education of the world."

William Denton inaugurated a course of illustrated scientific lectures in Investigator Hall, Paine Memorial Building, Boston, Sunday evening, Jan. 12th, his presence calling together large audiences—which was the case on the 19th, his subjects for the two evenings being: "The Fiery Beginning of Our Planet;" and "How the World was Made." He lectures next Sunday evening on the "Law of Progress as Exemplified in Geology."

The *Santa Barbara* (Cal.) Independent intimates that the cause of Spiritualism is far from retrograding in that place. The monthly entertainments of the Children's Lyceum at Crane's Hall, and the lectures of Hon. Warren Chase, come in for special mention—as they richly deserve to do.

Charles R. Miller writes us from Brooklyn Jan. 20th: "John Tyerman was with us at the Friday and Saturday evening Conferences, and spoke well and acceptably to good audiences. He was to lecture last evening in Republican Hall."

Read the announcement made on our second page by A. B. Spinney, Esq., President Michigan State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists.

There will be a celebration on the 20th instant in Paine Hall, this city, in honor of the name and memory of the patriot-statesman, THOMAS PAINE.

The Boston *Sunday Herald* gives a very clever epitome of religious news and gossip at home and abroad.

An Interesting Experiment.

I recently attended a seance of the Holmeses, in the course of which it was announced by John King, who appeared, that, at the conclusion of the materializations, the spirits proposed to make an experiment with Mrs. Jennie Potter, who was present. Accordingly, when the time came, we were directed by a spirit through Mrs. Holmes to write questions on cards and enclose them in envelopes. This being done they were placed on the table, and Mrs. Potter taking her seat beside it, took one of the envelopes and placed it on her forehead. After a brief interval she commenced reading the enclosure, which was certified by the writer to be correct. The same process was gone through with the remainder (some seven or eight in number), and in each case the writing was deciphered almost verbatim. The questions averaged a dozen words each. Mine was, "How do you like my new Sweet By-and-Bye tune?" which had been sung during the evening. This was read exactly except the last word, which, occupying the last line by itself, was for some reason omitted. The questions were briefly replied to by the spirit under whose control the medium was acting. It was announced that it was the first time Mrs. Potter had ever exhibited this form of development, and suggests the question whether it was clairvoyance *pur et simple*, or whether the writing was read by a spirit and then transmitted through the medium. ROBERT COOPER.

Is it not enough to make one's blood run cold to read the account of the massacre of the Cheyennes? An attempt had been made "to starve and freeze them out," and making an attempt for liberty, they were shot. And this is called a Christian country, and the church was at that time having a week of prayer.

We confess it makes us almost heart-sick as we read and think of the horrible way the Indians are treated by our government. They are swindled by the Agents, and abused and ill-treated by drunken and wicked whites till they fight, and then they are shot down like dogs. If there is a God that watches over his abused children, and avenges their wrongs, the United States has reason to tremble as they reflect that God is just.—Gardner (Me.) *Home Journal*.

The Boston *Banner of Light*, whose prospectus is printed elsewhere in this paper, is the best journal of its class within knowledge. It is devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy; and through all the vicissitudes of the past twenty years and more has kept on its steady unweakened way, never wavering in fidelity, never weakening in faith—always firm, temperate and fair. Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. Three dollars a year, postage fifteen cents.—*The Fulton (N. Y.) Times*.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

For this department should check our office by Tuesday morning to insure insertion the same week.

Dr. J. M. Peebles recently attended the two days' conference in Battle Creek, Mich.—lectured three evenings and Sunday in the Unitarian Church in Toledo, Ohio, and is now speaking in Sturgis, Mich. During February he speaks in Cleveland, Ohio. Address care of Thomas Lee.

J. William Fletcher now lectures regularly on Sunday evenings at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer street, London, Eng.

Capt. H. H. Brown will speak for the Brooklyn, N. Y. Spiritual Society the Sundays of February. He will be glad to make week day engagements during that month for hall or parlor lectures, anywhere within twenty-four hours' ride of New York City. If desired, Mr. Vanderehook will accompany him. Address him at 125 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J.

C. R. Lynn will lecture in Philadelphia during February. Address 119 North 11th street.

The Olympia, W. T., *Transcript* of a late date announces editorially that "the Spiritualists of this city are quite elated over the presence of Mrs. Dr. Lou Patterson with them, who is reported to be one of the best test mediums."

Dr. William Wiggins, the famous magnetic healer, has located at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The well-known and distinguished medium and healer, Dumont C. Dake, M. D., who has, through the aid of his spirit guides, performed thousands of remarkable cures these several years past throughout the Union, is now in Boston, and can be consulted until Feb. 1st at 26 Dwight street.

A correspondent writing from Brooklyn, N. Y., recently states that "J. Frank Baxter is acquiring himself well on his Sunday platform."

T. H. Stewart has entered upon his work as Missionary Agent for the Minnesota Association of Spiritualists. His address is Farmington, Dakota Co., Minn. care S. Jenkins, Treasurer of the State Board.

Mrs. Clara A. Field lectured in Grand Army Hall, Quincy, Mass., Sunday afternoon, Jan. 19th. She will be there again next Sunday. She spoke in Lynn on the evening of the 19th.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Wheat have located in Colfax, Iowa, for the winter.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

PARKER MEMORIAL HALL. Spiritualist meetings will be held at this hall, in Parker Memorial Building, Boston, every Sunday morning, from 10 to 11 A. M. Good lectures and excellent music. The public are invited to attend free of charge. Dr. Richardson will lecture Jan. 25th. *Parker M. H. Com.*

INVESTIGATOR HALL, PAINE MEMORIAL BUILDING. A. Colville delivers an inspirational discourse and poem and replies to questions in this hall every Sunday morning, from 10 to 11 A. M. Good lectures and excellent music. The public are invited to attend free of charge. Dr. Richardson will lecture Jan. 25th. *Parker M. H. Com.*

AMORY HALL. Children's Progress Lyceum. Spiritualist sessions every Sunday morning at this hall, corner West and Washington streets, commencing at 10 o'clock. The public cordially invited. D. N. Ford, Conductor.

PSYCHIC HALL. The People's Spiritual Meeting (formerly held at Esplanade Hall) is removed to Psychic Hall, 175 Tremont street. Services every Sunday morning and afternoon, from 10 to 11 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M. Good lectures and excellent music. The public are invited to attend free of charge. Dr. Richardson will lecture Jan. 25th. *Parker M. H. Com.*

PARKER MEMORIAL PARLORS. The Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society will meet at this place, Parker Memorial Building, Boston, every Sunday afternoon, from 2 to 4 P. M. Good lectures and excellent music. The public are invited to attend free of charge. Dr. Richardson will lecture Jan. 25th. *Parker M. H. Com.*

ESPLANADE HALL. Meetings are held in this hall, corner West and Washington streets, every Sunday evening, under direction of C. R. Jones.

Amory Hall. The interest at this place continues unabated; many new faces are seen, and many whom we used to see are coming back to the fold. This is as it should be, and when the friends of progress have waked up to their duty, we shall have such a gathering that our small hall will not contain them, but we are ready and glad to receive them, and will make accommodations suitable to the occasion. The exercises to-day were as follows: Overture by orchestra, pieces; singing, responses and songs; March; remarks by Dr. Richardson, of Charlestown; reading, by Mrs. Francis; recitations, "The Independent Farmer," Charles Lothrop, "Disappointment," Eva Folson; song, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," Nellie Thomas; recitations, "The Complaints of the Poor," Ada Downs, "The Christmas Tree," Alice Hubbard; piano, duet, Mrs. Ricker and Annie Folson; recitations, "There's a Silver Lining to Every Cloud," Affy Peabody, "The Boy that Saved the Train," May Waters; song, "Old Black Joe," Mr. Fairbanks, Grace and Frankie, accompanied on the piano by Miss Betty; recitations, "The Snack in School," Maudie Lord, "The Hell of the Puritans, and the Future of Our Beautiful Philosophy," Affy Peabody and Jennie Dicknell; Wing Movements, led by Mr. Ford, singing and Target March, closing by choice selections of the orchestra.

Wm. L. Rockwood, Sec. Sec. Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, Boston, Jan. 19th, 1879.

(Copy.)

MR. JAMES B. HATCH: Dear Sir—At a meeting of the Children's Progressive Lyceum Association of this city held this evening, a vote of thanks was extended to you for the faithful and able manner in which you have filled the position of Conductor of the Lyceum for the past two years.

Per order, C. F. RANX, Secretary. Boston, Jan. 24th, 1879.

Pythian Hall. The morning conference exercises were opened last Sunday morning by an invocation by Mrs. M. A. French, also remarks by the same. Mr. Geo. C. Wait, Dr. Charles Court, the Chairman of the meeting, and others filled out the morning hour quite interestingly. Mrs. H. C. French, who presided, read the report of the conference, and in the afternoon, and spoke upon "The development of the undeveloped faculties," the subject chosen by the controlling influence out of several which were proposed, although all the subjects were commented upon to a greater or less extent. The controlling influence held the medium over an hour in speaking, giving tests and answering questions.

By request of the audience, Mrs. Clark will speak again next Sunday afternoon in the above named hall.

Charlestown District—Abolition Hall. Sunday evening, Jan. 19th, Mrs. N. J. Willis occupied the platform. She gave a very eloquent address, taking for a text these words: "And there shall be a new earth," and a new earth," closing with a fine poem, which was listened to by a very attentive audience. Next Sunday evening, Jan. 26th, Mrs. Dr. P. R. Lawrence will speak in this hall at 7 1/2 o'clock.

The question of organizing the Territory of Oklahoma out of what is now known as the Indian Territory will probably come before Congress again at the present session. We trust it will not receive favorable consideration, for we do not believe that the scheme is based on honest counsels. It looks more like a movement to circumvent the peaceable and civilized Indians and pave the way for an invasion of their privileges than anything else. The Congressional Committee appointed to visit the Indian nations and look into the merits of the case are favorable to the change, but Senator Patterson, the Chairman of that Committee, has admitted that a vast majority of Indians are opposed to any change, to let the question of the rights and privileges of these nations are nominally secured to them by the most solemn treaties, the terms of which they have kept inviolate. It has been bad and base enough to break our promises to the wild savages; these civilized tribes should receive better treatment than this. We ought to have more respect for Indians who pay more per capita for education than the population of many of the States. When the Indians of the Territory petition for the change it will be time enough to seriously contemplate it.—Boston Post.

In 1874 nineteen (19) death claims were paid by the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Maine, on which the persons whose lives were insured paid only the first year's premium, amounting in all to \$2,049.83, for which the Company returned \$49,000.

"LIFE LINE OF THE LONE ONE." An autobiography of Warren Chase, the world's child. The sixth edition of this popular book has just been issued by Colby & Rich, publishers, Boston, Mass. It is a highly interesting narrative of the early life of the editor of this paper, 310 pages, mostly bound in cloth; price \$1. Copies may be had at this office, or will be sent by mail; postage 15 cents.—*Santa Barbara (Cal.) Independent*.

"The scene at the gallows in Camden, on which Hunter was strangled to death in thirty-four minutes, his body being alternately hoisted and lowered according as the examining surgeons were tall or short, was one to call for both executive and legislative interference to put an end to the possibility of such shocking barbarities in the name of penal justice."—*Boston Post*.

The Tenth Annual Convention of the New England Labor Reform League. Will be held in Nassau Hall, 81 Washington street, Boston, on Monday, Jan. 28 and 29th. These sessions each day, from 10 to 11 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M. Mr. W. H. Sawyer, John Davis, A. D. Wheeler, Geo. C. Wade, Prof. J. H. W. Tinsley, E. H. H. Wood, and other speakers expected.

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