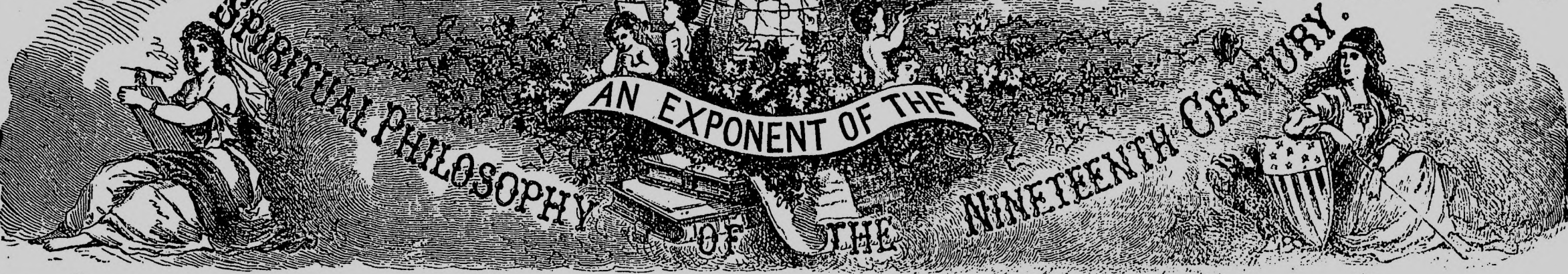


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## CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—The Rostrum: The Spiritual Outlook, Original Essay: The Intuitive and the Reasoning Faculties.  
SECOND PAGE.—The Mosaic Theory of Creation. *Banner Correspondence*: Letters from New York, Connecticut, Maryland, Michigan, Maine, Ohio, Iowa, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Vermont, Minnesota, and Massachusetts.  
THIRD PAGE.—Children's Department: Tales of the Everlasting Mother. *Spiritual Phenomena*: Speaking with Spirits; Independent State-Writing. The Bible of the Future. Out in the Cold. Criticism on "Ethics of Spiritualism." "I See the Angels Now." List of Spiritualist Lecturers.  
FOURTH PAGE.—A Revolution and Readjustment. The Real Men—Report of the Congressional Committee, Investigator Hall Meetings. *New York Special Correspondence*, etc.  
FIFTH PAGE.—New York Matters. New Advertisements, etc.  
SIXTH PAGE.—Message Department: Spirit Messages through the Mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Ridd and Mrs. Sarah A. Henshaw. *Poetry*: An Ocean Tide. *Free Thought*: Truth and Fraud. *Isis Unveiled*, etc.  
SEVENTH PAGE.—Meditations in Boston. Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
EIGHTH PAGE.—Poetry: The Chryseide Massacre. The Brooklyn Discussion—Pro and Con. Brief Paragraphs, etc.

## The Rostrum.

### THE SPIRITUAL OUTLOOK.

AN INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE BY MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

Mrs. Cora Richmond, who has just returned to Chicago from her Eastern trip, resumed her post as speaker for the First Society of Spiritualists, at the church, corner of Monroe and LaSalle streets, Sunday morning, Jan. 28th, and delivered the following inspirational discourse upon "The Spiritual Outlook for the Coming Year."

"We sing unto the Lord a new song of gladness."

To-day our thoughts will be with reference to the spiritual outlook for the coming year. Those not endowed with vision of prophecy; those accustomed to reason from the standpoint of matter, and to whom the schools of materialistic thought are the supreme measure of intelligence, will scarcely find substance in this theme of discourse. Likewise those to whom spiritual inspiration is but a memory, a history, and who look upon the light of a spirit as having closed with what is called "planetary inspiration," will find nothing encouraging in the present aspect of human thought upon those theories that have ever continued to wake since knowledge, science, and true inspiration have taken the place of dogma and creed. But a vast other number—a number constantly increasing with every day—a number uplifted and sustained by spiritual impulses and powers; a number in whose hearts the light of spiritual truth is forever glowing more brightly; who have knowledge instead of mere external faith; who have the wisdom and power of inspiration, instead of belief in past inspirations; who discover and understand the new sweeping of the spiritual life into the world of matter, will find this day occasion for great rejoicing. They will find that, compared with all years of past time, the world is this day wiser, better, purer, more spiritual, more in keeping with the Divine. Much as humanity lacks; much as it falls short of the infinite standard of progress; much as the sacred man, Christ, would find still to criticize and lament in man's spiritual condition—the facts are that the whole human race is steadily advancing with one accord, step by step, up the spiral pathway that leads to the spiritual crowning of life, and that the earth, ancient in creation, ancient in struggles, and battling with elemental strife, ancient in the methods of material law and the outworking of material structures, is now rapidly becoming amenable to spiritual powers, and man is vanquishing his old-time enemies of dust and death.

On the threshold of this new year we pause to consider what the harvests have been, what are the first fruits gathered into the kingdom of spirit, and what the promise of new beginnings or new stepping-stones for that year which has yet to come. Periods of time as they culminate grow rapid in the evolution of thought, and man to-day measures in one year what formerly it would require centuries to accomplish. An idea impelled over the world by steam and electricity does not wait the slow progress of the mere foot-traveler to bear a message from country to country, nor the slow sails of the former mariner, but swift as thought impelled by the lightning rapidity of the age, a new idea circles round the world to those who are ready to receive it.

Thirty odd years of advancement in spiritual truth in modern times present a result which scarcely two thousand years have presented before. Spiritual belief, in its modern aspect, numbers almost as many as believe in Christianity; and they, too, who believe in Christianity, if true to the inspirations of that hour, accept and include the spiritual manifestations of every day and hour. We have gained from the materialists the one only point that baffles and perplexes them, the admission of the existence of a power outside of matter that can neither be explained away nor classified in the usual catalogues of scientific and philosophical investigation. We have gained from the theologians a dread lest this power, which is largely a power appealing to man's senses and philosophy, as well as to his spirit, should also take away the fastnesses and foundations of alleged inspiration, and give the true instead of the false, the spirit instead of the form of religion. We have achieved the acknowledgment from the world at large that a new power is in the world, and the whole thought of this century bends before it; we do not say that it bends in acknowledgment, but it bends either in fear or acknowledgment. When this is accomplished; when this impulse is admitted; when the spiritual world is an acknowledged factor, and by far the larger factor in the great elements of life; when the sweeping kingdom of spiritual thought is admitted to present at all points of human existence an invulnerable tide that is coming earthward, there is that in this peculiar position that gives suggestion to the largest thought and possibilities.

Spiritualism has passed through the stages of persecution and indifference; it is now on the verge of acceptance, a perilous as well as most interesting time. The period of human life is not most imperiled by persecution. There is resistance in truth that brings forth all the innate powers of mind and body to sustain it. Neither is it imperiled by indifference, for it will spring up in accustomed times and places, and demand recognition. The period of acceptance is one attended with peril. The thoughtless, the uncultured, the novelty-seeking, will pursue it. Popularity conveys an element of instability, and with the rushing tide of acceptance spiritual truth would be more in danger than in the midst of all the opposition of the past. Fortunately, however, it is not in human hands. Fortunately truth has its divine sources in far other regions, and

such checks as are needed to hold back the popular clamor of acceptance will be always applied in suitable times and places; checks that seem to the friends of spiritual truth misfortunes; checks that call, perhaps, for momentary sadness from the devotees of the external shrine, who value so much the truth that they do not desire even the external semblances of check in its progress. But remember that, as the earth with volcanoes and earthquakes requires these safety valves for its perpetual existence; as the motor-power of the world requires that there shall be safety-valves checking the too great accumulation of force, and as the history of mankind presents wars and disasters, the stepping-stones for higher progress, so whatever has seemed to imperil spiritual truth in the manifestation of it, in modern times, is but another evidence of that wise power in nature, the compensating force that brings for every too great advancement a suitable recession. The waves and tides of the ocean, the culmination of the seasons of the year, the revolution of planets, all illustrate this sublime and universal law.

You are to-day in the midst, therefore, of this fruition of spiritual growth. The first harvest has ripened rapidly. The manifestations have given in token of physical power the evidence of supernatural presence. The lighter fructification is already garnered, and gathered and many consider that this is the full harvest. Let them be careful lest in gathering these fruits alone they shall neglect the larger harvest that is to come. Let them beware lest in limiting the grander results of spiritual truth they bind into their sheaves only the lighter results of the first summer, and forget that the later autumn brings the fruitage that is to last for the winter snows. Let them beware lest in summing up truth according to their standard, and narrowing it down to the present comprehension of the race, they shall make another bond, another creed, which will require thousands of years to overcome and obliterate. This is not the time for crystallization. The solvents have not fully been applied; spiritual truth has not infused itself into the many channels of earthly existence. All classes, ranks, and dominions of life are to be reached and gathered. The time of fusion is not the time of cooling; the time of gradually instilling spiritual truth is not the time of measuring the full power of it, and those who gather out a small portion, or a handful of truth, and say, "This is the truth," will find that in the end they have omitted the larger and more impressive part and have taken but one of the small dominions of truth for their own.

Those who are anxious to rule and reign over spiritual kingdoms would do well to remember the history of the past. Kings, priests, papacy, are all imperiled; they have brought the world much bloodshed; they have brought the world much bondage. Spiritualism is the solvent of these; it has brought the king, the priest, and the papal power to the very feet of truth itself, and has measured its strength and compass with those individuals and organizations who have sought to hold humanity by mere centralization of individual power.

Let those who aspire to limit and circumscribe the pathway of this movement remember that for thousands of ages the world has yielded her spiritual minds to spiritual existence, and that the earth contains but a moiety of the spiritual force that belongs to the earth, and that that moiety must only exercise its power in its proportion to the whole; that you can neither present nor wholly possess a truth of which you are but a thousandth or millionth part; that you cannot by any possibility say this is human, this is earthly, and this much is our possession, whatever the skies may possess, for the reason that the two are interblended; and the sky will possess all that you do not hold, be your measure never so small or never so large.

Therefore you can neither control, direct take the leadership nor assume the head of that whose sources lie far beyond the present aspect of human thought, and whose origin and discovery, if we may use these terms, are in the region of ultimate causes.

We expect for the coming year not only a larger growth in spiritual causes and understandings, but definitions, lines drawn not heavenward, but earthward, materialism cut off from its too strong hold upon the human mind, and limited to its proper region of research. We expect in the coming year greater palpable advancement than during any previous year of the existence of this movement; manifestations of greater force and power, answering the cavillings of the most captious minds; but with these manifestations also such philosophy and explanation as shall turn Spiritualists away from too much seeking of signs and tokens to the more full understanding of inspiration and spiritual power.

We expect that the coming year will define spiritual truth in contradistinction to the opinions of those among you who still cling to materialistic methods. We mean those who, admitting the existence of spirit after the decease of the body, do not admit spiritual sources for spiritual existence; we mean those who, adhering to spiritualism on one hand, cling to the material shadow on the other; who, by evolution, express that man has risen from the dust, and that by spiritual evolution he will rise into a spirit; who commit the palpable inconsistency of deriving an immortal soul from a finite source, and expect then that it is to have an infinite existence; these phenomenalists who believe in the molecular existence of soul in the body, and after death as the result of organic contraction, but who do not extend their spiritual researches into any past existence, and who believe, forsooth, that the universe must have been made for their especial existence.

We expect that Spiritualism will extend its thought and inquiry into regions of spiritual power, giving for the evolution of man's soul a graduated scale of spiritual unfoldment, as science has given for the material body a graduated scale of physical unfoldment; and we expect that Spiritualists will be actively thoughtful in this direction, being compelled to that thought by the inconsistency of materialistic minds who will continue to hurl at them that they are born of the clay, and yet are destined to be immortal souls!

We expect that a distinction will be made between spiritual truth and a truth that emanates, as it is said, from reason. Reason herself, being but the growth or measure of a man's growth, cannot properly be said to contain a principle, or have in herself any ultimate powers or source of inspiration. Reason is, like mathematics, but a measure, a computation for certain principles already known and stated; but reason can no more originate a truth than can a man's body originate a soul. Reason can no more grasp nor seize hold of an ultimate inspiration than can a seed ripen without a previous germ. The reason is but an external fruition, the measure of the material strength of the spiritual power already stated, and that spiritual power being the ultimate principle must be forever the sublime measure and the sublime source of man's growth and progress.

With this statement and this knowledge the incoming year will be fruitful in discussions, fruitful in what will seem to be differences, but they are such differences as abide in the very constitution and nature of truth, and it is well that we do not unwittingly drift

into harbors and bays of material thought that will blind us in the future progress.

Let us remember that if reason is applied to things within her scope and grasp, there are things that she cannot yet grasp, and that until you have such sources of light as shall form the base for reason, you cannot apply her powers of research to that which is still indefinable to her comprehension. Hense, with the sublime prophecy of intellectual inspiration, saw what he could not demonstrate, and the reasoning cavilers of his time said this is absurd, reason rejects it.

All science is prophetic before she is reasonable. Everything that belongs to the world of human progress is a step in advance of human reason, and the intuitive seer, who perceives principles of human progress in advance of human reason, must forever be scorned and sneered at, by the reasoning philosopher who gropes slowly along, first being sure of his foundation. The flight of the eagle is not reasonable to the ground-worm, nevertheless it takes place; and he who can aspire on other wings than those of the climbing step by step of material progress will find an outlook to which the world will one day arrive and wonder that they scorned the sage and seer who saw and foretold the sublime prophecy.

To-day you stand upon one of these outlooks; the vistas of all past and future time are before you; the world is one-half redeemed, one-half saved; it is halfway up the height that marks the spiritual progress of the centuries. Its lower stages have been imperceptible because they have been dealing with the dust. You do not see the germination of the plant; you do not see the first rooting beneath the soil; but that is more than half the growth; the other you see when it reaches the light and the trunk is formed and the branches begin to wave in the air. You are now just discovering the shoots of spiritual growth. They have been taking root in the soil; they have been expanding into the ramifications of life in every age and nation. You are now perceiving results; the tender stem is already visible; the branches are expanded; the tree of life spreads its leaves and fruit before you. A portion of its branches are you; a portion of its first fruits are you, and likewise are you a portion of the results of that thought that has been carefully sown and distributed in your midst, distributed according to your needs, according to the requirements of the hour.

There is no accident in spiritual discovery. No human being has climbed, as it was said in time of old, and gathered the fires of heaven, Prometheus like, without the permission of Jove. No one has climbed into the eland of spiritual truth, dragging back the results to earth and illumining man by accident. An impulse sweeps toward the earth; every heart is touched, every mind is delicately tried, every soul is attuned; those who are ready are at once receptive. It is not simply that you receive it when you seek, but you cannot seek until there is some measure of truth within you. It is not simply that it is forced upon your brain and education from the spiritual world, but you are tried and tested whether you are in any degree ready, or whether you are in any degree capable of serving the advancement of this thought; and the spirit-world know to whom they minister; know to whom they bring the message of life, and it is brought to you according to your need. If the day and hour has not come you may search in vain, you will not be satisfied. If the time has not arrived when your mind can appropriate and absorb this truth, you may seek tests in every direction, but you will get no answer. When the time does arrive, the doors instantly open and the spirit-friends commune with you face to face; you are clasped in their arms, you are one with their spirits.

To-day, according to your need, you are sustained and fed; a small amount of food to the babe, a larger amount to the one whose mind is ready to receive it; strong meat to the grown-up man, and the fruitage of spiritual life to those who are ready for it.

This represents the different degrees of human progress, not the partiality of spiritual truth. The sun shines alike for all, but the fly and the rose do not alike absorb its rays; the oak tree is stronger than the violet, from the very nature of their existence, and those who can receive spiritual truth do so according to their need and measure.

There are those who tremble, who are afraid, who fear lest discord or discussion, or somewhat of this nature, will impair the progress of spiritual truth. We have never known the sun to cease to shine, whatever clouds might arise over the earth. We have never known the planetary system to be disorganized whatever the earth might be passing through. Changes are incident to growth; they are the result of throwing off old elements and putting on of new. There can be no disorganization in the heavenly systems. There can be no overthrowing or destruction of order, and that is order which seems chaos to humanity; and the spirit-world being on the side of order, are not afraid, and perceive the results to be equal to the divine plan.

Have no fears. If you have the truth it remains forever. If you are uncertain about it, it will be tested in every way; you will not be permitted to go on guilelessly unless you are well grounded. There will be agitations and doubts; your mind will be probed in every direction. As the musician attunes the instrument; as the manufacturer tests the fine steel; as the ore is melted in the furnace, and the mind's true gold must be burnt, and tested, and tried. There is no value in truth if it be not thus tried; it is but a weakening of the hour, but the growth of a moment; it is but a string that will snap asunder with the slightest change of atmosphere—but the weather-vane that points in the direction of the wind without having the least relationship to the divine order and elements of life.

Every Spiritualist, every person imbued with any measure of this thought and philosophy, is, therefore, being tried at this hour; the test is applied to you, the touchstone is there—the recognition of spiritual truths. Not simply the individual, but the whole; not simply my salvation and my progress, but the progress of myself as a portion of the divine whole; not the happiness of the individual spirit, but the happiness of the many; that which shall best sustain, uplift, elevate and strengthen the divine purpose of humanity—whosoever finds this finds the true measure of spirituality, and whosoever shall have found this nothing can disturb and nothing can make afraid.

We stand here to-day as the representatives of spiritual power, representing this power in contradistinction to what man calls the senses or reason; that power which is destined to take the place of the supervisory and superficial methods of outward science, as it is termed; not to crowd science out of the world, but within the limits of her proper measure.

Man cannot see if he is blind. The instrument with which he measures spiritual sources and powers must be the full compass and telescope of his mind; he cannot measure spirituality with the material senses merely; he must grasp with the whole of his nature those principles that underlie the foundations of spiritual growth. Therefore we say it is spirituality, spiritual truth, the source of all thought and inspiration as recognized by the spirit of man, which is the outlook for the year.

If you turn to nature without this voice, she is blind, and deaf, and dumb. If you turn to science without this source, she is soulless, and devoid of inspiration and prophecy. If you turn to any form of material thought without this sublime touchstone, you find there is but an avenue of sepulchres, and the history of man is a vast mausoleum of despair, wherein no flowers abide, and no splendors of spiritual existence, but only one sublime tomb, wherein are immured all human existences, fathoms and prophecies—all inspirations.

The grand truth of existence lies in the spiritual kingdom. The earth is the expression of it, and man's work is here for the hour, the day, but the home, the heaven, the spiritual life and light are within the soul, and this radiates from its sublime centre all that makes the world habitable, all that makes it possible for you to plod on in the weary treadmill of earthly life. Take that centre away—that fountain of inspiration, that oasis in the desert, that city in the wilderness—and you take from humanity all that renders life valuable.

By whatever paths of thought, of materialism, of philosophy, of metaphysics, even of poetry and art, you may endeavor to climb into fairer regions, you find them not, unless you find them from within the soul. The spiritual voice is there, its shrine is there; its source, its beginning, its foundation is there. It gathers unto that shrine all affections, all living prophecies, all inspirations and endeavors, and it makes of humanity not a company of metaphysicians, but a band of struggling souls before whom the angelic state rises as the possibility—angels in embryo, angels banished for awhile for toil and labor from their home; angels merging toward the highest possibilities and planting flowers by the wayside of life, and trees, whose fruitage shall be yielded to the future generations of the earth.

See to it that this seed is not neglected, that these fountains are not sealed up, that these sources do not become dry, that the life and power and fervor remain the same. We, in this our New Year's greeting, hope that we have touched your hearts and souls with the divine melody of that life which shall be the symphony of existence, the power and anthem of the spiritual realm.

## QUINA'S OFFERING—A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Quite new comes the day out of space,  
New and glad with its mantle of gold,  
As full of light and of grace  
As in the first morning of old.  
As though never a night had been here,  
As full of pure light, and as dear.

(All the past days their sorrows have shed;  
Like the leaves of the flowers they are dead,  
Like the new buds the young hours are here,  
To crown this day bright they appear.)

Quite new comes the spring-time run a-roam,  
Robed in emerald light, and with thrills  
Of sweet birth-pulses for summer's noon,  
Trembling now beneath woodland and hill,  
Gems the new life in the sod,  
And awakes in homage to God.

(Albeit the past blooms are dead,  
Their petals are strewn where you tread,  
But transformed in new adorns appear  
The new blossoms to crown the new year.)

Quite new are the hopes that arise  
In the spirit this new day and hour.  
New and joyous the young prophecies  
That arise to proclaim their swift power—  
New and blessed as hopes that o'erhung  
The dear past where our best wishes clung.

(All the past hopes arise from their tomb,  
As a soul rises up from the grave,  
As the sun rises out of the gloom,  
These hopes are all potent to save.)

Quite new is the love that inspires  
The soul, new and old as the love  
That lighted the chaste altar-fires  
In the fair Eden bowers from above;  
Old and new as the love of the soul,  
That forever holds perfect control.

(Albeit the loves that are dead  
Were not love, but shadows instead,  
Dust and ashes consumed to clay,  
But the old love is new every day.)

Quite new, the dear lives that have risen  
Unto birth out of Time's drear decay;  
Out of sorrow and care in whose prison  
All the dull dross was melted away,  
By the frost-fires of death now set free  
Forever and ever to be.

(Albeit the friends are not dead;  
Ye are dead who are living instead;  
Transformed, transfigured above,  
They abide as a new crown of love.)

Quite new the blest truth that has come  
From the past like a blessed decree,  
From the centre of her holy home,  
To live in the ear to be,  
Truth that shone from the Master's dear eyes,  
And from martyrs of earth's sacrifice.

(Albeit the Truth that was slain,  
Was not the soul, only the shell,  
The spirit abides; doth remain  
Forever within us to dwell.)

Quite new is the year that apace  
Cometh freighted with every new birth;  
As new as the garments of grace  
That enfold all the blest things of earth;  
New and fair, and adorned as a bride,  
This new life unto all glorified.

(Albeit the past is not dead,  
It is risen, transformed, instead;  
Merged and glorified, transfigured with dew  
Of Truth's morning, forevermore new.)

In his "Impressions of English Life," contributed to the *Christian Register* by George S. Merriam, he speaks of a clergyman of very high ability, an enthusiastic worker in his profession, a man of strong and attractive character, and whose early education had been deeply religious, who told him that the tendency throughout the scientific class was strong and almost irresistible toward the entire surrender of belief in God and a future life, as matters quite beyond our knowledge. The man's own character, and the profound regret with which he spoke of a tendency which evidently he could not himself escape, made his testimony, says Mr. Merriam, very impressive.—*Ed.*

"Can cats be trained to 'fetch and carry,' like a dog?" asks a contributor. They will carry off anything they can catch without training, and if there is anything that will naturally fetch a coop full of young chickens to grief quicker than a cat, it is as yet kept a profound secret.

## Original Essays.

### THE INTUITIVE AND THE REASONING FACULTIES.

BY ALLEN PUTNAM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Most readers probably have heard some people described as being all *head*, and others all *heart*; the doings of the first class are prevailingly regulated by the brain's cold calculations; the second class generally let warm impulses justly reveal themselves in unstudied actions. These classes are extremes, between which are embraced much larger numbers in whom the two chief classes of the mental powers—the more external and more internal—work together with less inequality of force. We assume that both intuitive and reasoning faculties are needed portions of each human mind; that they are designed to operate conjointly, and, so long as held in a material body, with approximately equal force, laboring together for the good of both the mortal and the immortal being of which they are parts.

The desirableness and permanent value of any individual's progressive unfoldment and elevation as an immortal being may depend much upon the care habitually taken to afford each of these two general classes of beneficent mental faculties fair and full opportunity for action and consequent expansion within and away over self. Which class was designed to be ruler? Which can win highest exaltation? Is *head* or *heart* the fountain from which issue the larger streams of abiding peace? From which well up the purest and sweetest waters of life?

A partial response to these questions may be inferred from the extracts below, taken from "The Healing of the Nations," an instructive and profound work by an unnamed, highly unfolded spirit through Charles Linton, amanuensis, with an Introduction and Appendix by Gov. Tallmadge; published in New York, 1865. That book abounds in, sparkles with, rich and instructive apothegms. It is logical too, but its continuous firm thread of connection through three hundred and seventy pages is so fine that any other than a careful reader may frequently lose sight of it. Though among the very early publications of philosophy furnished us by spirits, it merits rank among the eminently good ones now. It came too early for its intrinsic worth to be widely perceived and proclaimed while it was new.

The word *Spirit* in the extracts is so used as to embrace the faculties we have ascribed to the *heart*, and called intuitive, and Reason, those of the *head*:

"The spirit of man is refined essence of intelligence which had birth in the Spirit of God. It is above all save God its Creator and Father. It receiveth strength from God and in his presence becometh perfected. It is independent governor of the body in which it is placed. All powers or actions of the body are under and liable to its control. The house belongs unto it; yet it is capable of possessing, without constantly inhabiting it. It combines with denser particles of the man and thus constitutes reason. Reason is slower of perception and comprehension than spirit, and not so pure and perfect in its conclusions, for the mixture is more dense than is the independent spirit. The spirit is unto reason, in a measure, what God's intelligence is unto the spirit. Reason, unquicken'd by spirit, is exclusively outward, and its conclusions partake of an outward form.

In little children spirit controls entirely; and, consequently, we see them truthful, simple, and loving. They do not exhibit such intelligence as the more developed spirit does, yet infinitely more perception and love of truth than the wary reasoner. They can be enticed by love in sincerity, yet instantly know the hypocrite. Whilst reason would labor in vain with all her strength to detect truth and remove error, the little child would seek the one and reject the other instantly.

If thou wouldst exalt thy reasoning powers, and pour forth thoughts pure and holy, give up all unto the sway of thy spiritual powers. Thy spirit knoweth that which reason can never comprehend, because it inhabits in eternity the pure place wherein is all truth, and where no outside proof is required. Reason formeth its connection with the outer creation, and is partly of the outer creation composed. Reason perfected is a great helper unto the conviction of those who still exist in the flesh; and, for this purpose, used in truth's behalf, it is a glorious instrument. If used exclusively for outer influence and gain it retards itself and hinders its controlling spirit, by constant opposition, from progressing rapidly in the cause of true knowledge.

Reason connects spirit with matter. They all unite and form mind. Without reason the spiritual powers could not be connected with earth; and without spirit the reasoning powers would be useless, for they would be cut away from all connection above them.

The spirit's perfection is reason's annihilation. So soon as the spirit has served out its time of servitude, and in the presence of God is pure, then, as hath been said, reason is useless." If I understand the author aright in other parts of his announcements, he teaches that the embryonic elements which combine to commence the formation of a human being include a particle of "the essence of God's intelligence" distinct from, above and additional to those conjoining in the embryo of any lower order of animal life. That particle or spark is the soul, the centre of the individual's being—is immortal, secures man's unending existence, fits him to aspire above the things of time and sense, gives him power to commune with his Maker, and constitutes him a *child* of the Heavenly Father. That precious and distinguishing particle lifts him high above any lower order of animated beings, is the germ of all man's higher intuitive powers which without effort absorb knowledge; it gives birth and growth to his religious faculties, to his higher and holier affections, to his upward longings, and to those hopes which lay hold upon a joyous life beyond the grave. This spirit or soul of heavenly origin is designed to be "independent governor of the body in which it is placed," and, by fair in-



front rank as a test-medium. She will resume her labors with us after a short rest."



## Children's Department.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

## TALES OF THE EVERLASTING MOTHER.

Written down through the Mediumship of  
ADELMA, BARONESS VON VAY,  
of Gombitz (in Styria), Austria, and translated especially for the Banner of Light.

## IN THE CARRIAGE.

In the rolling of a carriage I once heard the tale of the madness of a woman, the humming song of a broken life. See it rolls there, the carriage, drawn by two mettlesome horses. Inside, leaning back on the soft cushions, a beautiful woman sits deeply thinking. In the front is a gloomy-looking man who manages the shy horses with an iron hand. I can read the thoughts of both. They are riding on a quiet, bright moonlight night home from a country entertainment. There had been dancing in the open air by day, and all were happy and gay. There in a sweet-smelling bower of roses I saw the woman and the gloomy man. They are talking together. Let us hear what they say. The carriage rolls it all out in its humdrum way.

"It is nonsense of you, dearest, to reproach me with the slightest coquetry; a love like mine to you deserves not the shadow of a reproach." And she reached up her rosy mouth for him to kiss. But he turned away.

"Leave useless talking. I demand now from you an immediate departure from this place as a sign of your love."

She is young and beautiful—fiery and passionate. Revolving appears to her a command founded on injustice. And now it is whispered among the company:

"The Count with his beautiful young wife will leave already."

Then they all come and beg him to remain, but in vain.

In the meantime the sweet sounds of an enticing waltz fall on her ear.

"I must have one more dance," she thinks to herself, and in a kind of desperation she does it, and afterwards reaches the carriage panting with excitement. Gloomily her husband hands her in. As they drive off she speaks to him:

"Do not be angry with me, I love only you; dear husband, look at me! I only like to dance, and that is quite innocent; remember I am only seventeen years old."

"Yes, and fourteen days married," answered he. "What will you be doing in ten years?"

"Ah, foolish man! do not torment that young and passionate heart so much. She weeps and sobs aloud and he refrains from saying more. Say only a kind word to her, give her a kiss, and her childish heart will be happy again. But no, he thinks to himself, one must be consistent and strong.

"Madam," said he aloud, "be still; I do not wish the coachman should be a witness of our disputes."

"And have you no kind word for me?" asked she, looking at him earnestly.

Without a word he sprang on to the box, and himself managed the horses, who pranced under his guidance.

What peculiar light was that in her eyes as she had put this last question to him? It made him strangely uneasy.

"And so I shall live on," she thought, "and my whole life will be overwhelmed with reproaches and coldness. Oh, my poor, poor young life! If I had only never left my dolls! He does not love me! To imagine such a thing of me! I who love him so ardently! Yes, I make him unhappy. Oh! shall it always remain so? I am in despair!"

She ventured to try him once more.

"My dearest husband," she called aloud, "look at me!"

"I beg you to be quiet," he answered sternly. This is enough to double her despair. "If he does not love me! Shall I live on?" She takes from her pocket a little bottle of brown tincture, which the physician had given her against spasms of the heart. Opium! Quickly it is drunk, and the little bottle thrown out of the carriage on to the white moonlit road; there it lay and glittered. She is now quite still, and leans back, as if sleeping, in the carriage, which rolls on and on. "She is gone to sleep, the willful, dear child," murmurs the husband to himself.

The carriage still rolls on for a time, and then stands still in a garden where all is blooming and giving out fragrance, and the moonbeams are peeping into every blossom. Here is a fine dwelling, out of which the servants hurry to receive them. The lady's maid hastens to the carriage to meet her mistress. She is still lying back on the cushions, and the moon, lighting up her pale face, shows that her eyes are firmly closed.

"My lady is asleep," said the maid.

"My dear wife," said the man, "wake up! We are at home!"

But still she does not move. "Is she really so self-willed?" thinks he. But she looks so distorted. Ha! what is this! "She is dead!" he shrieks out. "Dead!" is murmured around him with horror.

All run, cry, weep, a physician is sent for; she alone lies quiet and pale on her bed. "Why hast thou done me this wrong? Wife, beloved wife! Poor ignorant child!" he cries out in his despair.

And now I hear a second carriage in the distance; it is rolling the same way. Two young men are sitting in it. One of them holds the reins and drives, composedly smoking. "She is beautiful, that is true. So natural and child-like, a charming creature. He is, however, jealous, as jealous as he can be; it is ridiculous." What is that? The carriage rolls over some hard substance that crackles and grates under the pressure of the wheels.

"Anton, get out and see what that is."

"It was a little bottle," said the coachman, indifferently; "the little pieces of glass lie glistening by the carriage."

"That grating sound gave me quite an uneasy feeling," said one of the gentlemen.

The next day these gentlemen drove over to visit their neighbor, and his beautiful, gay young wife. To their amazement they found her lying quiet and dead in her youthful bloom—a white rose on a black bier. A fine poison had penetrated into and destroyed her heart and soul—that terrible poison of the soul—jealousy, and the feeling of not being truly beloved.

(Continued in our next.)

## SPEAKING WITH SPIRITS.

COMMUNING WITH SOULS THAT HAVE PASSED TO THE OTHER SHORE.

A little circle of Liberalists, in Fulton, have been investigating the mysteries of Spiritualism for a year or more; striving to separate the true from the false and educate their minds to appreciate the teachings of the new religion. The meetings have generally been so small that the parlor of a private residence would accommodate all who came, and so quiet that passers by have never been impelled to pause to wonder why the little gatherings, or the shaded windows. The circles from the first have been composed of men and women of mature years, of intelligence and respectability, who have been endeavoring to find the pathway that leads to the Beyond—the link that joins heaven with earth. Occasionally these circles have been enlarged by the attendance of some youthful students, as was the case a short time since, when some wonderful demonstrations were had. The following account of one of these sances appears in the *Phoenix Register* of last week. It is written, it will be seen, by a prominent and reliable citizen of Oswego Falls, and is endorsed by a number of Fulton citizens whose words cannot be doubted:

I would like to give the readers of the *Register* a description of a spiritual sance held at the residence of Mr. Andrew Jones, in this village, on the evening of Dec. 7th, where we had numerous materializations, through the mediumship of Mr. Henry France, of Oswego. The sance was formed in the usual way, by hanging black cloth on a frame constructed by Mr. Jones, and placed in the sitting-room of his house. Soon after the medium entered the cabinet a number of bright lights were seen floating around the room and in the cabinet, hands and arms were thrust through above the cabinet, then faces were visible at the aperture in the curtain, then forms were seen, most of which were recognized by friends present.

The one grand and glorious feature of the evening was a fully realized sance of a friend of Andrew Jones (who had passed to spirit-life) appeared, and each one greeted father, mother, and an uncle, who were present, kissing them loud enough to be heard across the room, shaking hands with them, her patting their cheeks in an affectionate manner. Then she was a mother (Mrs. Herbert Taylor) beckoned to her little children that she had left on earth. The children recognized their mother, and rushed to her embrace without the least sign of fear, and were caressed as only a mother can caress a child. After those forms disappeared, another form appeared, and bowed to Mrs. James Chesbro, whom that lady recognized as a sister who had passed to spirit-life some thirty-five years ago. She greeted her with a kiss. Her father, Wm. Ingell, also appeared, and greeted her.

Other forms then appeared. Mr. Klee recognized in one a brother-in-law, and shook hands with him. Mrs. Jones also recognized her father, and her mother, and Mr. Bartley, who passed to spirit-life during the civil war, appeared and answered questions by bowing or shaking the head. A little girl then put in an appearance, showing herself in the lap of the medium with her head upon his arm, and she seemed to be in a net with a bell in her hand, which she rang merrily, while she danced before the audience; then, by the request of Mr. Polley, she reentered the cabinet and made her appearance to her father, and her mother, and her brother, who were all present. A young man, who had been with a bell in his hand, which she rang merrily, while she danced before the audience; then, by the request of Mr. Polley, she reentered the cabinet and made her appearance to her father, and her mother, and her brother, who were all present. A young man, who had been with a bell in his hand, which she rang merrily, while she danced before the audience; then, by the request of Mr. Polley, she reentered the cabinet and made her appearance to her father, and her mother, and her brother, who were all present.

The mother then asked if the other daughter, Mrs. Taylor, could show her black bracelet on her arm, and a hand was immediately thrust out with a black bracelet on. The bracelets were too small for a man to slip on. Then the mother asked Mrs. Bartley if she could take her watch that she had on; she took it from her mother, went to the top of the cabinet and let it down by the chain into her mother's lap. Then the mother asked her if she knew who had got the engagement ring; she answered, "Tom."

I cannot tell you great more wonderful things than we saw, but it would take up the whole of your paper, so I will stop here. Any who do not believe these statements, let them see for themselves. Truly, the God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform. Yours, &c., E. K. JEFFERDS.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we were present at the sance described by Mr. Jeffers, and declare the statements correct.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES CHESBRO,  
MR. AND MRS. W. H. KLEE,  
MR. AND MRS. N. ROWLEY,  
MR. JOHN SHARP,  
MR. AND MRS. E. K. JEFFERDS,  
MR. H. POLLEY,  
MR. AND MRS. ANDREW JONES.

## INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dr. A. B. Dobson, of this place, held an independent slate-writing sance at my house a few evenings since. There were fifteen persons present, and all received the best of tests. The Doctor is an excellent medium for slate-writing and other phases of mediumship. He is also a fine magnetic healer, of long standing. The following is a copy of a certificate endorsing him.

H. W. McCARRON.

Maquoketa, Iowa, Jan. 14, 1879.

We, the undersigned Spiritualists, having tested Dr. A. B. Dobson in various ways, do certify that he is a genuine medium for spirit manifestations:

Maquoketa, Iowa—Samuel Sunderlin, Mrs. L. A. Sunderlin, Tom Roserans, Mrs. M. Tucker, G. W. House, Mrs. D. House, B. W. Viers, Mrs. H. A. White, L. Tucker, Jerry Abbey, Mrs. H. C. Abbey, Mrs. J. Glaser, Mrs. E. Mosher, Mrs. T. E. Roserans, Charles E. Northrop, H. Dunn, Calvin E. Northrop, Jacob Glaser, Mrs. J. E. Goodnow, H. M. Arnold.

Clinton, Iowa—O. H. Jackson, Mrs. M. C. Jackson, Mrs. H. Yale, Mrs. S. E. Harding, Wm. Skinner, Mrs. S. J. Aikens, Miss Lillie Aikens.

Camanche, Iowa—S. E. Dillon, Mrs. Sarah Dillon, A. Bailey, Mrs. I. F. McKenrick, John McKenrick, Milo Dillon, Miss Ella McKenrick, E. M. Osborn, Miss Alice McKenrick.

Fulton, Illinois—G. Utz, J. S. Knight, Mrs. M. Utz, Charles Kahl, H. C. Follows.

## The Bible of Bibles.

WEBSTER, IND., Dec. 24, 1878.

D. M. BENNETT—Dear Sir: I have just finished a careful reading of Mr. K. Graves' new book, entitled "The Bible of Bibles." This is another wonderful book, another astonishing production from the pen of Mr. Graves, another deadly battery plated in the field of orthodoxy. I am absolutely amazed when I behold the mighty work effected by this book, and the manner in which it is done. Of all the books ever published exposing the errors, evils and absurdities of our false theology, this book certainly takes the lead. I am familiar with all the principal Liberal works that have been published, and I confess "The Bible of Bibles" excels them all in the way of exposing and exploding popular theological errors. The complete wreck and ruin it makes of old theology is really astounding. The overwhelming amount of facts and arguments which it wields against the whole list of popular dogmas excels everything I have ever read. The laborious researches of Mr. Graves into ancient history have arrayed

against our modern Christianity such a battery of logical needle guns that no Christian dogma or superstition escapes utter demolition. In fact, the book is a complete armory of weapons against that false religion that every lover of truth should have; it explodes its ten thousand errors into fragments. No Liberalist should fail to secure a copy immediately, and it is just the thing for a Liberal club, and no one should be without it. It is worth three times its price. No work of a Liberal class ever equalled it. I consider Mr. Graves the greatest theological writer of the age. He makes thorough work in demolishing the temple of old theology. He leaves not one stone upon another. The reader's astonishment will be excited a hundred times to the highest pitch on reading it, and when he gets through, and looks back at what he has read, and views the vast field he has gone over, he will be struck with amazement. Never before has the subject been so thoroughly and completely handled in all its details. "The Bible of Bibles" is a complete library in itself. It casts all other Liberal works in the shade in the thorough manner in which it analyzes and pulverizes the whole list of errors, evils and absurdities in the orthodox creed. Again let me urge every Liberalist and lover of truth to procure a copy at once. He or she will never regret it. It is true that times are hard, and money difficult to obtain, but by the use of a little economy, or a little sacrifice, any one can obtain this great theological work, one of the most valuable acquisitions to our Liberal literature, a masterpiece of logic, and a theological battering-ram. Any person who will procure Mr. Graves' three works will have a complete library of Liberal works.

Yours for the triumph of truth,  
—(Truth Seeker.) THOS. HARVEY.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## OUT IN THE COLD.

BY MRS. H. N. G. BUTTS.

As the storm increased and the biting winds came moaning past my cottage door, and while the "beautiful snow" was sifting down, covering the brown, frozen earth with its fleecy whiteness, how grand and inspiring, thought I, such a storm might be, if everybody was well housed, and nobody was "out in the cold." There is a majesty in the driving snow storm; the sluggish blood stirs in our veins while we wrap our drapery about us and go out to face the merciless north winds. The poets may write of "balmy spring," of summer with her "floral train," of the "autumn tints," but the grand old winter, with its frosty head, snow-clad hills and ice-bound rivulets, is not to be overlooked by artists or philosophers.

There is joy on a winter's night to those blest with home and friends, as they gather around the glowing grate, which summer with her warmth and beauty does not bring. There is a restful, homelike feeling while we sit by the familiar fireside, with dear faces beaming upon us, as the wind-harp chants its solemn music among the leafless trees. There may be vacant chairs in the household, and sad eyes looking down upon us from silent pictures on the wall; still we nestle closely to each other, and pray that our loved angels may guide us safely over life's wintry sea.

But alas! how many there are who have no homes, no pleasant fireside and friends to greet them when the day's work is over; and no voice rich in love to cheer them in hours of sadness and despondency. As I write I recall the faces of little children who I saw in the city of Boston not long since—children with pinched faces, who looked as though light and love had been crushed out of them. There were women, too, "out in the cold," scantily clothed, buffeted with the cold North wind. The "beautiful snow" which mantled the streets and towers of the great city had no poetic charm for them. We saw disconsolate looking men, with countenances which spoke plainly of want and privation, and the cry of the unemployed, in imagination, reaches me in the retirement of home.

But it is an occasion of joy to the friends of progress that the desert of sorrow and the prison-houses of crime in our world are being slowly visited by the healing breezes of universal love; and on the long, desolate altar of peace, instead of the scalding tear being dropped the reviving dew of human sympathy and hope. May the rising sun of philanthropy ascend the frozen summits of Church and State like the returning Cancer over the Northern icebergs.

I look up from my paper, as I write, and out at the window. Behold, there is a rift in the clouds! The storm has ceased, the winds are dying away in the distance, and the blue sky is the precursor of a brighter morning. Now the setting sun shines upon the wintry landscape, bathing it in golden light. So we will trust that in the opening future the heart of humanity, now often crushed over by ignorance and selfishness, may become warmed and enlightened by the All-wise Father, and that there may be one brotherhood, with none left "out in the cold."

Hopedale, Mass.

## Criticism on "Ethics of Spiritualism."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have just received a letter from an intelligent gentleman and firm Spiritualist in the South, and I was at first inclined, as he rather expected, to give a more elaborate expression of his thought, but his own brief wording seems to be so complete that, like truth, anything added to it would be deformity, so I hand it as he wrote it, with this (it seems to me) necessary explanation as an introduction.

Yours,

JOHN WETHERBEE.

MY DEAR PHILOSOPHER—I wrote to you a few days since, and now I write again because I have a grievance. My first impulse was to write a letter for publication in the dear old *Banner of Light*, but though the mind coordinated well enough with what I wanted to say, my physical organs were averse to the effort, so I have sent it to you for the victim, and I only say half what I wish to you will understand me, and if it finds public ear, it will be intelligent.

My complaint is Hudson Tuttle. I have been reading his "Ethics of Spiritualism." When a man undertakes to write a code of morals, his work should be complete in all its parts. If a chain has a single weak link, its strength is only that of the weakest part. Amid much that is good, Mr. Tuttle has several weak points—teachings that do not seem to me to accord with Spiritualism.

And first I take issue with his motto: "The new. Do all for others." Not so. There is a necessary exercise of the care for self, without which our power to do for others soon comes to an end. As with everything else, it is the abuse not the use of selfishness that is wrong.

On page 102 he says: "If all the priests of Christendom stationed themselves on a railway track, and pulled at every stop a train by simple prayer, their united voices would not have the weight of a single wave of a red flag." This is pure Tyndallism—a one-sided, materialistic view of the subject. Nothing one-sided should be set down as axiomatic in a "system of moral philosophy."

On page 103 he says: "Of the countless millions of prayers made by Buddhist, Mohammedan and Christian, there is nothing cognizant to human intelligence, and no certain truth never has been answered by a personal interference of any deity, or that any law of Nature has been changed." The limitations to "a personal interference of any deity, or that any law of Nature has been changed" is the subterfuge of a sophist. Spiritualism, as I understand it, teaches the benefit of prayer, as a helper of con-

ditions, and we have abundant evidence that it has been answered. Is George Muller a liar? Is the story of the Bristol, England, Orphanage a fable? Do the facts resulting wholly the answer to prayer. Spiritualism makes this claim reasonable; Orthodoxy and Materialism only make it improbable or impossible.

There is much more in Mr. Tuttle's "System of Moral Philosophy" that I cannot accept, but I am beginning to feel relieved and will not weary you, nor impose on myself an ungracious task. Let me touch only one other point.

The whole tendency of his treatment of the will is to sustain the assertion that there is no free will. Here again he brings in the sophist's subterfuge. He says: "So far as man is a circumstance his will is not free; as a center of force, it becomes free." (Page 87.) But when is the will a center of force? He has already told us on the same page "the will cannot act without motives." This doubtless is true, but these motives are to be judged by our reason. If this is not so, if there is no freedom of the will, what is the use of saying to me, "Do unto others," &c.? What is the use of the Ten Commandments? What is the use of Mr. Tuttle's writing "a system of moral philosophy?"

Mr. Tuttle does not grasp the spiritual enough to write a code of ethics for me as a Spiritualist. He does not at all times remember how largely the spiritual enters into man's being and conduct. He could not write a code of ethics for me, but he can write a code of morals must ever bear this in mind, and remember many facts which Mr. Tuttle chooses to ignore.

Yours truly,  
T.

## "I See the Angels Now."

Rev. A. A. Miner, D.D., pastor of the First Universalist Society, Boston, relates the following touching incident in a recent number of the *Universalist* (newspaper):

"It was Thursday, May 9th. I was called to the house, very near my own, at about half past eleven in the forenoon. Mr. and Mrs. Norris were in a flood of tears. Mrs. N. exclaimed, as I entered, 'Our hearts are breaking.'"

It was manifest that their only remaining child, Julia, could survive but an hour or two. The truth had just been opened to them. The doctor had said, 'There is no hope now.'

The quick of the bright little girl, just turned eleven years, had heard it. 'Did you mean me?' she said.

'I have a very sick patient at the Highlands,' said the doctor, 'who may not recover.'

Mature beyond her years, Julia comprehended it. 'I think you mean me,' she said.

Would you feel badly if you thought you should not recover, asked her mother.

'Oh, no!' replied Julia, 'for I should then see little Henry.' Her brother had died three years before. 'I have always wanted very much to see him.'

I had come, meantime, at her request. Turning to me she said, 'I thank you for coming.' After a little, her thoughts turning again to the meeting of Henry, she added, 'And I shall see cousin Maria Vose, and grandma's man Avery, and a great many I can't now think of. The Saviour, too, says he will visit me.'

If you do see Henry,' said her mother, 'will you tell me?' she replied; 'I want you should lay me at Forest Hills, beside Henry; and put just such a little monument over me as there is over him; I always thought that was lovely.'

We shall come out there often,' added the mother, 'and bring flowers to lay upon your grave.'

For both, suddenly responded the little girl. Turning to her mother, she said, 'Don't cry! It will be but a little while before Henry and I will both come for you.'

The minutes wore on. Her suffering was great. She threw herself from side to side, and could find no rest.

Presently she said, 'I see a little boat coming toward the shore; I shall go now.'

'Do you see Henry?' eagerly inquired her mother.

'No, I don't see him,' she replied. A few minutes elapsed, when she exclaimed, 'Now I see him, in the middle of the boat. He has got to the shore. I shall go now. Good-bye; and, calling father, mother, grandmother, uncle, pastor, and other friends in the room, she gave every one a parting kiss.'

And at this time she watched her steadily, sometimes holding her hands, sometimes her head, listening to these choice sayings, to which she added, a few minutes later, 'I see the angels now.' At twenty minutes to one she breathed her last. Through all that hour not a single anxious look upon her face nor one incoherent word. Such was the last hour of Julia Avery Norris.

Wonderous scene! I asked myself, Was it Providential that I had declined a service elsewhere that I might be a listener here? Of many remarkable experiences at the bedside of the dying I have witnessed none in which earth and heaven were more perfectly blended.

## SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves those immediately interested to promptly notify us of appointments, changes of appointments, whenever and wherever they occur.)

REV. WILLIAM ALBERT, South River, Connecticut, Mo. 10, Madison, Mass., 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570,



## New York.

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

**Sudden Departure of Dr. Hallock.**—Dissolution results from disease of the heart—His Quaker Ancestors—Early Education—His studies—Allopathy—An Early Disciple of Hahnemann—Professional Experience and Medical Education—Magnetism and Electricity as Remedial Agents—Investigation of Spiritualism—Conviction of the Truth of Immortality—New York Spiritual Conference—Speaking the Truth in Love—A Practical Reformer—The Doctor's Obsequies—Address by Rev. John Tyng—Funeral Oration by Mrs. Brigham—Members of the Family—Miss Linda Deitz and her illness—Prominent Persons Present—The Vacant Chair.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The event of last week, which excited the deepest interest among the Spiritualists in this vicinity, was the sudden departure of that veteran defender of truth and righteousness, Dr. ROBERT T. HALLOCK. Like the mountain oak he seemed to have gained new strength from every rude wind of life that swept over his head, and from every cloud that cast its shadow on his path. His remarkable vitality, his mental equipoise, and uniform health, were such that his speedy dissolution seemed improbable. On Friday evening, the 17th instant, he attended the meeting of the Liberal Club and was apparently in his usual health. After listening to a lecture by Stephen Pearl Andrews he retired to the ante-room. He had not been there long, when his friends observed that he was seriously indisposed. A carriage was procured and he was immediately removed to his residence, No. 140 East Fifteenth street. Dr. Slocum—whose residence is at the same number—was in immediate attendance. Perceiving that the patient was in a critical condition, and apprehending that the result might be doubtful, he insisted on calling some one to his aid. This was opposed by the patient, who was inclined to treat the matter lightly. He seemed confident that he should soon recover from the attack. His symptoms were, however, of such a nature as to awaken serious apprehensions in the minds of his friends, and Dr. Louis T. Warner, an eminent physician of the homeopathic school, was called. He was not at first inclined to despair of the patient's life; but the symptoms soon became more alarming. At half-past two o'clock in the morning the resolute Doctor seemed determined to get up. He made an effort to accomplish his purpose; but yielding to the advice of his attendants he proceeded no further than to assume a sitting posture in bed. He had maintained this position but a few moments when he said, "Lay me down." His request was instantly complied with. He made an effort to speak again, but the words were inaudible. A moment more, and the last mortal struggle for immortality was over. His mind was unclouded, and consciousness could scarcely have been wholly interrupted by the transition. It was forty minutes past two o'clock, on the morning of Saturday, Jan. 18th, 1879, when—at the ripe age of about seventy-four years—the venerable Doctor closed his mortal career.

The ancestors of Dr. Hallock belonged to the Society of Friends; and for at least two generations before him were preachers of that pure and peaceable religion which has so much faith in God and confidence in man, that, at all times and everywhere—amidst the jarring discords of common life—it bears the olive branch; and breathes the benign spirit that is full of mercy, alike for the weak and the unworthy. They were honest tillers of the soil: men of pure and generous hearts; with hands that were never soiled by bribes; vigorous minds and serviceable lives, that reflected the truth as the crystal flood mirrors the forms above its surface. They evinced their reverence for God by gratitude for his gifts, and their love for his less fortunate children. Such were the Hallocks, as we have reason to believe, for several generations. Robert inherited the good qualities of the family stock—a strong and well balanced vital and mental constitution; with the peaceful conditions of rural life, habits of industry, and the priceless boon of domestic harmony. Under these happy influences his mind was developed and his character formed. From such sources he derived those amiable qualities and sterling attributes which sweetened his disposition and fashioned a character which commands our respect, as truly as it won the loving affection of those who were nearest to him in life.

Dr. Hallock's early education at school, and in the arts of husbandry, was succeeded by professional studies in medicine, and the subsequent practice of the healing art, in which he made much use of magnetism and electricity as remedial agents. He was at first an allopathist, but soon embraced the system of Hahnemann. For several years he practiced homoeopathy in Utica, N. Y., with gratifying success. About the year 1850 he removed to this city and continued his practice. Never a bigoted adherent or dogmatic defender of any particular system, he was always sufficiently inclined to a liberal eclecticism to select his remedies from the universal pharmacopoeia embracing all the kingdoms of Nature.

In his professional capacity Dr. Hallock was highly respected and esteemed. He possessed certain rare qualifications which are wholly wanting in many physicians of the highest pretensions. He at once inspired the confidence of his patient. The profoundest science may never do this; and without it few cures are accomplished by ordinary professional methods. Indeed, he carried along with him, and to the bedside of every patient, an atmosphere of health. Virtue went out of him to the sick. Hope revived, and the clouds that darkened the mind were dissipated. The forces of another and a stronger life were infused into many a worn and wasted body. Disease relinquished its hold; the pale emblems of decay and prophecies of premature death gave place to the freshness of health and the beauty of youth renewed. This was all natural and easily explained. The good Doctor possessed a normal constitution, body and mind, such as we seldom meet in the crowd. And over all, a smile, warm and genial as sunshine in summer skies, irradiated a countenance on which God had set the broad seal of his loving spirit.

At an early period Dr. Hallock had become familiar with the physiological and psychological phenomena of Magnetism and Clairvoyance. He had, therefore, a suitable preparation of mind for a proper investigation and rational understanding of the psycho-physiological facts of Spiritualism. Accordingly, in 1851, in company with Charles Partridge, Dr. John F. Gray, Prof. George Bush, William Fishbough, Thomas L. Harris, J. K. Ingalls, and several others, including the undersigned, he engaged in an investigation of the various phases of the spiritual phenomena. The Doctor had lost his original faith in a future existence. In the absence of strong corroborative proofs, the evidence derived from the Scriptures was insufficient to sat-

## Investigator Hall Meetings.

On Sunday, A. M., January 28th, the services at this hall were largely attended. The subject of the morning's discourse was "Occult Science Viewed in the Light of Modern Science and Spiritualism." The systems of thought, and proceeded to explain that those who are in our day reviving ancient practices, while they may themselves be unconscious of inspiration, are acting under the direct influence of societies in the spirit-world which at the present time are bringing forth into prominence the symbols of ancient systems in order that public attention being directed to them they may receive their interpretation, and thus add to the bulk of human knowledge. The question of elementary spirits was entered into, and their existence as fragmentary souls not yet human was called in question. The theory which was started in order to explain occult phenomena, supposed to be produced by spirits not yet human was that these spirits were the spirits of undeveloped human entities, who through out of the form were yet susceptible to the influence exerted upon them by the adepts who are distinguished by their strength and pertinacity of will and purpose. The wonders of the Orient were accepted as historic facts, and the method of their production was said to be in direct accordance with that law which manifests itself in mesmerism as known to us of today.

According to ancient Cabalistic writers, gnomes, sylphs, undines and salamanders were merely terms used to designate the different attributes of the human soul; when on passing into spiritual life any spirit is exceptionally developed in one particular direction, he appears to those gifted with clairvoyant sight, as being that which would be likened unto a soul in an embryonic condition. These undeveloped spirits are attendant principally upon those who practice black magic, which is merely the misuse of mediumistic power. The "Philosopher's Stone" and the "Elixir of Life," sought after by the Rosicrucians and others, were regarded as symbols or forms of expression to convey the idea that there was a universal solvent. In nature discoverable, and that there was a power which could be apprehended and made known by humanity, which though it could not turn all material things into gold, yet nevertheless would render all things valuable to the children of earth, by explaining their uses and interior wants. In Modern Spiritualism all the manifestations presented by so-called Occultism are produced, and more fully and positively because Modern Spiritualism is merely a higher growth and more complete development of that power which in all the nations of the earth has been clearly exerted, though with more or less transient internissions. The inspirational poem delivered by Winona, at the request of the audience, was on "The Life of Thomas Paine." The regular service concluded at half-past twelve, at which time about one-third of the people left the hall, the residue preferring to devote an additional half hour to listening to the replies given by Mr. C. S. guides to queries from those in attendance. Several pertinent questions having reference to the power of the human will in elevating the present sordid conditions of our world, received lengthy and interesting treatment. The services were evidently enjoyed by all who attended.

Next Sunday morning the subject of Mr. Colville's discourse will be "Thomas Paine, and the Influence which his writings have exerted upon society." The admission to these meetings is entirely free, the expenses being met by a voluntary collection.

On Sunday evening last a very successful meeting was held in Concert Hall, Market street, Lynn, by Mr. Colville, whose guide treated in a pleasant and profitable manner the theme chosen by the audience, viz: "The soul and its development, and how to attain to the perfect man." The intelligence controlling expression it has decided opinion that individually we could only attain to complete manhood by first discovering what are our particular talents, and then assiduously endeavoring to cultivate them. The speaker regarded the present condition of society as to trade stagnation, business troubles, etc., to be largely attributable to the forcing by parents of children into avocations in life for which they were particularly unfitted, thus doing a double wrong, by depriving those in the mass who were fitted for the position of their due, and continuing the first named parties in conditions for which they were naturally unfit, thus depriving society of the elements which were their rightful duty to contribute to it. An impromptu poem was delivered on "The Heavens and the Hells of Old Theology," and many questions from the audience were replied to in a satisfactory manner. Next Sunday evening (7½ o'clock) Mr. Colville speaks at Lynn, in the same hall, the subject of his remarks to be chosen by the audience.

The death of Mr. William S. Pendleton in this city at the ripe age of eighty-four years, occurred on the 23d of January. He was a man of great culture, moral integrity, and marked sagacity in business. In connection with Messrs. Perkins and Morse he was the originator of the New England Bank Note Company of this city. He introduced into this country the art of lithography, soon after it was brought out in France. He subsequently became the senior member of the extensive firm of Smith, Pendleton & Smith, of Philadelphia. Mr. P. retired from commercial business about 1855, having acquired a handsome fortune, although he afterwards associated with the late Hon. Philip B. Tyler in several mechanical inventions. He survived his wife, who died at the age of eighty-two in Florida, and leaves a family of three sons. Mr. Pendleton was a man of genial character and respected. The remains have been interred in Woodlawn Cemetery, N. Y.

PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE, 6th Inst., from Amesbury, Mass., Sarah Bagley, widow of the late Lowell Bagley, Esq., aged 87 years 8 months. Mrs. B. was an excellent woman and a firm Spiritualist. She took great pleasure and comfort for many years in conversing upon the subject of Spiritualism, "the grand knowledge of immortality," as she expressed it. Mary, her oldest daughter, who died some years ago, was an excellent trance medium.

Dr. J. E. Briggs has removed from No. 121 West 11th street to the new and elegant house, No. 126 West 11th street, New York City, where he has fitted up the large and commodious rooms for the better accommodation of his patients. The Doctor established the well-known "Healing Institute" at Troy, N. Y., in 1865, since which time he has been known as a celebrated magnetic healer.

Elder Fred. W. Evans will present an essay on Shaker Socialism at the Ladies' Rooms, 4 Park street, Boston, Friday evening, January 31st, after which the subject will be discussed by those present.

Mr. Ezra G. Perkins, railroad contractor, and known to Boston Spiritualists as the husband of Mrs. Mary Hardy-Perkins, deceased, passed on recently in North Carolina.

In the Banner of Light for February 15th we shall print a Biography of Dr. A. B. Child, as prepared for our columns by John S. Adams, Esq., of Boston.

It gives us pleasure to announce that Mrs. Kendall, test medium, is improving in health, and purposes to return to her rooms, No. 84 Montgomery Place, Boston, March 1st.

Colby & Rich, publishers, have just brought out a new edition of Dr. J. M. Peck's work entitled "JESUS: MYTH, MAN, OR GOD," which has been so long out of print.

The man who deliberately and willfully endeavors to assassinate the reputations of his fellow-men to promote his own selfish purposes, is a pirate on the ocean of literature.

## Parker Memorial Meetings.

The Parker Memorial Society of Spiritualists in Boston listened Sunday afternoon, Jan. 26th, to an eloquent and instructive discourse from Prof. Joseph Rodas Buchanan, of New York, on the subject of "The Religion of Anthropology—Does Science point to a True Religion?" The elements on the preceding night had seemingly conspired to render his presence in this city impossible, or at least to delay his arrival to an hour too late for his appearance before the Society—the Sound steamer being greatly retarded by the storm—but as a telegram reached the committee at 1½ o'clock, Sunday noon, that the steamer train was en route for Boston, they had faith that he would yet arrive in time. To avoid disappointing the people who might gather to hear Dr. Buchanan, Mr. W. J. Colville was invited to be present that he might officiate if needed. The friends waited patiently, the minutes stole on, the choir wailed away the hour with singing, and finally, after remarks from his guides explanatory of the situation, Mr. Colville began a lecture upon the subject: "What Does Spiritualism Imply, to what changes is it likely to give birth, and what will be the result of that birth?" He had proceeded but a short distance in the elaboration of his theme when Prof. Buchanan arrived at the hall and delivered the regularly announced discourse, which met at frequent points with the applause of his auditors. We shall print Prof. B.'s oration in full next week. The committee desire to return their earnest thanks to Mr. Colville for the willingness with which he responded to their request for his services on this special occasion.

## W. J. Colville.

Will address the Parker Memorial Society of Spiritualists during the Sunday afternoons of February. His address on Sunday, Feb. 2d, will be founded on the subject of the discourse begun by him last Sabbath, viz: "What Does Spiritualism imply?" etc.

## Simple Justice.

After all the preaching and moralizing and theorizing about life and its conduct has been patiently listened to, we are forced to come back to the simple rule of justice in order to make of life what it ought to be. And the basis of justice is truth. Emancipation, not more in utterance than in conduct, is one of the flaming faults of the times. We all fall into lay ways which are virtually those of infidelity. As a professed religious paper, published in Chicago, expresses it, "It is not that public men design to pervert, but that they have learned to prefer the slashing style to the just style."

The editor was just speaking of the writings of Macaulay and Dr. Dwyer. "To be fair," he says, "is a lost art." The simple truth is, all men are liars. They speak rashly. Even a religious editor will drink a half-dozen cups of strong coffee, and will repair to his sanctum, and will mistake the heat in his brain and heart for an inspiration, and half unconsciously he will write down a story which ought to have place in the collection of lies told by the Grimm Brothers. A minister ought to know best how he feels under the influence of six cups of "strong coffee," but we should say that if the above was intended to give a proper description of him he must feel dreadfully silly. But we need not go to him to learn that simple justice is a thing greatly wanted in these times; and simple truth makes it everywhere possible and easy.

We are under obligations to A. E. Giles, Esq., for the account sent to us from New York last week for publication of the demise of our personal friend, Dr. R. T. HALLOCK; but it came too late for our last issue. We print elsewhere a brief sketch of the life and services of this able and devoted pioneer in the cause of Spiritualism, prepared by our special correspondent, Prof. S. B. Britton. We paid our respects to Dr. H. not long since, and found him as enthusiastic as ever in regard to the spiritual philosophy. He regretted exceedingly, however, the dissensions in our ranks, but was confident, notwithstanding the idiosyncrasies of a few indiscreet persons, that the cause would go on conquering and to conquer until the whole human race accepted the beautiful and exalted teachings of our divine faith. He has now gone up higher to more fully realize the beauties and the grandeur of that spirit realm of which he has so often and so eloquently discoursed to the multitudes of people he has addressed in different sections of the country.

Mrs. Hannah White, mother of William White, our ascended co-laborer, passed from the scenes of time, Jan. 21th, at Epson, N. H., where she has resided for many years past. She was born in November, 1799. During a large portion of her lengthy sojourn on earth her heart was cheered with a full faith in Spiritualism and its revelations, and she passed peacefully away to the enjoyment of the realities of the better land, belief concerning which she had so long cherished.

One of our best writers and correspondents—a gentleman well known in this country and in Europe—says in the course of a private letter dated Jan. 25th: "I am sorry to learn that you have been unwell. The contention, the fighting in the spiritual ranks is enough to wear one out, but you must not despair—you have friends, wise friends, true friends, and hosts of them! and they will stand by you and the Banner of Light to the end."

Read "THE SPIRITUAL OUTLOOK" on our first page. We are indebted for this report of an eloquent discourse by Mrs. Richmond to the columns of the Chicago Times, of Jan. 6th, and for the poem by Oulna to a late number of The Spiritual Reporter—a worthy enterprise in the printing line just started in that city, to which we shall refer more fully in our next.

Every invalid having any tendency to consumption, or affections of the throat and respiratory organs, should read and possess that most invaluable book by Dr. Stone, "The New Gospel of Health." It is for sale at this office. Sent by express only. See advertisement on seventh page.

Harry Bastian still continues his séances in Chicago. He intends journeying eastward in the spring, and will stop on his way and give sittings wherever desired. Parties on the route wishing his services can address him until spring at 121 Winchester Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Our friend and occasional correspondent, Edwin D. Babbitt, D. M., was united in marriage with Mrs. Elizabeth S. Clark, on Wednesday, Jan. 23d. Their address, as per card, is 1521 Dunganon street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A spirit doctor—see sixth page—prescribes the use of hemlock bark for the cure of diphtheria.

to be read many times, and most thoughtfully. The mental experience of the writer in making the acquaintance of Spiritualism may not be so very different from that of many others, yet it is exceedingly interesting in the narration, involving as it does an analytical discussion of the history of the human mind, whose innate perversity can hardly be estimated. And so is the passage which relates to the psychological resources of the great epoch in which we are permitted to live. How few of us all even attempt to realize the facts with which we are surrounded. This is the era of new dispensations, and future generations will recognize it as such far better than we do. Unseen intelligences are shaping events, are selecting their agents, and are advancing the race by methods of their own, according to their own wisdom.

It is a mistake to suppose that the highest culture gives the clearest sight; the case is more often the reverse. The present blindness of learning and science is declared to be as great as that of the age in which Christianity was heralded. That age knew and cared nothing about the new religion, and never dreamed that it was going to engage the thought of mankind, much less work the great moral revolution which it has. And so with the present age; it is one more out of the mouths of "babes and sucklings" that praise will be ordained. We are in the midst of a revolution that is all the more effective because it is noiseless. Let us remain single and untroubled, and be at all times ready to receive the light that is given us.

## The Red Men. Report of the Congressional Committee.

The report of the four members of the Joint Committee appointed by the two Houses of Congress at the last session to take into consideration the expediency of transferring the management of Indian affairs from the Interior to the War Department, who favor the transfer, is just completed by Representative Boone of Kentucky, and will be submitted to the House at the first opportunity. The principal features of the document are as follows:

The history of our management and our treatment of the Indians is one of shame and mortification to all right-thinking and liberal-minded men. Hence it is not strange that grave complaints have arisen in the public mind upon this question, and loud denunciations have been uttered that these grievous wrongs at last should be redressed. Proper solution of the Indian problem demands the immediate attention of Congress, and cannot, with either safety to the Indians or honor to the Government, be longer delayed.

Our wrongful treatment of them is coeval with our existence, though not to the same extent in the earlier and purer days as at the present. During all the years past complaints have been made of ill-treatment, broken promises, and lack of efficient and responsible management, and to such an extent have fraud and corruption crept into the management of Indian affairs, and so glaring and shameful have these frauds become, that indignant public opinion will no longer look on with indifference and unconcern, but demands that these matters be looked into, and the wrongs, as far as possible, be righted, and that a policy be adopted which will co-ordinate with the dignity and character of our Government, and secure at the same time full and ample justice to a suffering and oppressed people. That these wrongs and abuses do now exist, and to a fearful extent, we think none at all acquainted with the facts will deny. If proof upon this point were wanting or demanded, we have but to refer to the statements of all who have investigated the question, and to those most familiar with our present management, and to those who are to-day prominent advocates of the present system, and who ask its continuance and seem to believe in its ultimate success. A very important question arises here as to the causes of these wrongs and mismanagement. Is it a wicked purpose on the part of the United States Government to wantonly and cruelly inflict injury upon these helpless and defenceless Indians? We do not so believe. If, then, it follows that the defect lies in the system, and that the management of our Indian affairs is connected with the inefficiency or dishonesty, or both, of those who are charged with the carrying out of the details of this system.

The glowing accounts of the rapid strides of the Indians in the ways of civilization and their rapid march to the standard of civilization are not borne out by facts. Shameful irregularities and gross frauds have crept into every branch of the service; no one is found who has the slightest tendency to deny the history of such frauds as is visible on every page of Indian management for the last several hundred years. It is deep, so flagrant are these frauds and so defiant have their perpetrators become, that it appears a ridiculous act that a ring exists composed of contractors, employees of the Bureau, and wealthy and influential persons outside, whose object is to swindle and defraud both the Government and the Indians. The opinion of the undersigned is that these frauds will forever exist, even with the most vigilant and scrupulous honesty brought into the management of the Indian Bureau, because we believe the method or system of this Department is inadequate to prevent fraud, however honest the head of the office may be, and for the reason that the system of accountability in the Department is not close enough to detect corruption. We are asked the very pertinent question, whether or not the same abuses and frauds would be practiced if the management should be transferred to the War Department?

We do not undertake to say the War Department is so perfect in its management that abuses do not occur in its administration also; but we think it compares favorably with any other department, and that fewer instances of dishonest practices have been laid to its charge than to almost any other branch of the public service.

The report concludes: We believe the interest of the Government and the good of the Indian will be best promoted by transferring the management of Indian affairs to the War Department, leaving it discretionary with the Secretary of War to appoint civil agents to those agencies in which, in his judgment, the interest of all concerned would be best secured by such agents, and officers of the army where the interest of the service requires it.

CLERICAL CONTENTION.—There was quite an exciting scene at the Conference of Baptist Ministers in New York last Sunday, caused by insulting language used by Rev. (C) Justin D. Fulton toward a brother clergyman, in consequence of which Mr. Fulton was suspended from the Association. In the course of the wrangle Mr. F. asked the moderator why he didn't keep order; to which reply was made "How can the moderator keep order when he has untamed beasts to control?" Then a member insisted that Fulton sit down; to which the latter, under great excitement, said, "No, I won't," etc., and after further sparring the irate pastor of Brooklyn indignantly left the hall. The motion of suspension was carried by a vote of 50 for and 12 against! And this is the same Fulton whilom of Tremont Temple in this city, who from his pulpit thanked God because the great fire in '72 destroyed our establishment!

THE FINAL SLAUGHTER OF INDIANS.—As one of the leading journals of New York expresses it, four companies of United States cavalry have given battle to thirty-two Cheyenne Indians, and brought in all but nine of them dead. It was a great victory, and nobly vindicates the humane and just policy of a great nation that still presumes to style itself civilized. We shall have more to say upon this subject in our next issue.

## TO BOOK-PURCHASERS.

COLBY & RICH, Publishers and Book-Sellers, No. 8 Montgomery Place, corner of Proctor Street, Boston, have just received a large stock of Spiritual, Occult, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books, of the following titles:

Trance Mediums, by W. J. Colville, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by a bill of lading. When the money for the book is sent by mail, the book will be sent by mail, and the bill of lading will be sent by mail.

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Trance Mediums







**Martin Stockbridge.**

I cannot see very well, Mr. Chairman, as I return to earth. I came here as a matter of curiosity. Learning from some sources, as I have, of this peculiar phase of life, I wanted to see what it was like. I wanted to see what was

Jan. 18.—Mrs. Lileas; James D. Upham; Aggie Taylor; George W. Wood.

Jan. 17.—James M. Lenox; Mary Marla Farley; Black Warrior; William Peabody; Julia B. Hinckley.

Jan. 21.—William H. Dabnon; Mary T. Lord; Patsie Farrar; Ediza B. Livermore; W. & A. J.; Sewall Watson.

**GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANKIN.**

James Carthoune; Rev. John Thayer; Isabella Brenard; Henry Wilson, of Sterlingville, N. Y.

---

The *Whitehall Times* man is a diligent Bible student and he claims that the ark was a row-boat, and propelled by an Noah. We do n't Noah's we care to dispute that, but we would like to ask where did Noah get the wood to build his ark. Do n't all speak at once now.

soul, must be reserved the supreme punishments of the land of souls—the vulture and the rock, the wheel of Ixion, the longings of Sysyphus, even the plagues of Revelations. But what frauds are perpetrated, or have been, I have no personal knowledge. I do not know who has, I mean *sur sur*. The mere cry of "fraud" is so simple and easy, but to clearly prove seems to be so much more difficult task, especially just where it commences and where it ends.

through it. Many spirit-friends stand by you; their aid is valuable and incalculable. Bend your ear and listen gratefully to their gentle words. Love and greeting to all.

OAK LEAF.

Among the men who might have been celebrated as "mounted to something," they had but tobacco alone. — Dr. Faustus, Thomas Hobbes, Isaac Newton, Thomas Carlyle, Tennyson, Campbell, Byron, Lord Eldon, Sir Walter Scott, Palmerston, and others too numerous to mention. — *Boston Post* \*

Joseph B. Belden, from Richmond, Va., wishes to reach friends of his. If they will visit him, in New York City, at any medium's whatever, he will call there and will speak to them of what they wish to know, otherwise they can find it out at their own convenience. Please let this go forward soon, will you, Mr. Chairman?

gather wood to build his ark. Do n't all speak at once.

Eldon, Sir Walter Scott, Palmerston, and others too numerous to mention.—*Boston Post*



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