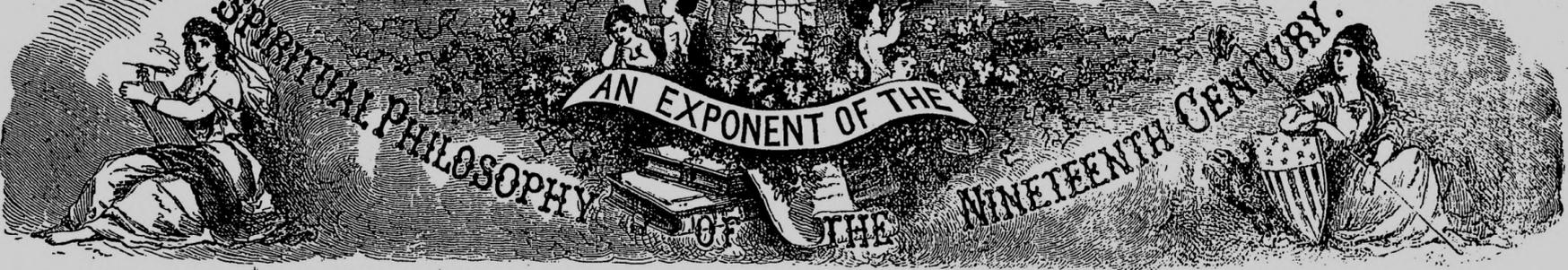


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLIV.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

\$3.15 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 20.

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The Rostrum.

THE RELIGION OF ANTHROPOLOGY: DOES SCIENCE POINT TO A TRUE RELIGION?

A Lecture delivered before the Parker Memorial Society of Spiritualists, Boston, Mass., on Sunday Afternoon, Jan. 26th, 1879.

BY JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

As the word science means perfect knowledge, science must be recognized as the perfect and authoritative guide for the human race in all pursuits, in all the relations of life, and in every sphere of possible existence. Heretofore this truth has been recognized in material things but not in moral; in agriculture, architecture, mechanism, medicine and finance, but not in the higher sphere that embraces immortality. In its largest sense science is to humanity as the sunshine to the globe, the revivifier of all that is; and as the sphere of light is boundless—reaching beyond the powers of human conception, beyond the range of telescope—so is the sphere of science unlimited; and being unlimited it transcends the finite powers of human intellect, and ever invites us to go on and on to higher development—to realize more fully the Divinity within us, by imitating at an humble distance and in our petty way the Divine omniscience.

In the higher realms of science—in the cloud-lands yet unpenetrated—is the realm of mystery, where man realizes his own insignificance and the grandeur of the Divine; where the knowledge brought up from lower realms falls entirely in the presence of new laws, new powers, new illustrations of a wisdom which man cannot fathom, and which he can acquire only by coming forward with that amiable docility with which the child enters its pleasant Kindergarten. God is our teacher by divine manifestation, and the condition of progress is loving obedience and fidelity. The Universe is the Divine Kindergarten, in which they who come to learn with reverential docility become the wise leaders of human thought—the beloved of their heavenly Father, whose wisdom they bring to his erring children in all the diversified forms of knowledge or science.

One form relates to cosmic organization—the planets, suns and stars revealed by the telescope—which is called astronomy.

Another relates to the surface of the globe and the myriad changes it has undergone in the past—this is geology.

Another relates to the life and forms of the vast vegetable kingdom.

Another to the almost innumerable species of animals that fill the land, the sea and the air—including man, the highest animal of all. This is zoology.

Another relates to the career of man—the nations, governments, wars, emigrations, buildings, arts and literature of the multiform race. This is history.

Through all these concrete sciences extend the controlling abstract sciences of mathematics, physics and chemistry, which embrace the laws of forms, magnitude, numbers, forces and atoms.

In these eight departments of knowledge we look in vain for any index pointing to a true religion. Astronomy is as silent as the cold infinities of empty space. Zoology is as voiceless as its granite basis. Zoology, botany, chemistry, physics and mathematics, are equally voiceless.

It is true these sciences do exhibit and illustrate a power and wisdom so great as to compel reason to recognize a Great First Cause, or God, but as to our relations and duties toward Deity—as to the spiritual and religious elements of humanity, and their proper culture or exercise, the physical sciences are utterly silent.

Science thus appears to be beyond the sphere of ethics—foreign if not hostile; and it is not strange that many of the cultivators (exclusively) of physical science have become estranged from religion, and disposed not only to treat it coldly but to freeze it out of human society.

Thus we see physical science looking down sternly upon religion, as the huge, cold glaciers of the Alps look down on the happy valleys at their base.

The reason is obvious, for religion relates to man, but science has hitherto related not to man but to the realms below him.

Religion is therefore as far above science (as that term has been heretofore understood by the majority) as astronomy is above geology. Knowledge has no correlation with religion except when it enters the sphere of humanity, and thus comes nearer to the Divine. Hence the

only correlation that we find is in history, for history deals with man, and shows how man has ever been a religious being, and how religion has controlled the destiny of nations. But history, though it embraces positive knowledge, is not usually recognized as one of the sciences.

If religion and science, as generally understood, thus occupy antipodal positions, it is not strange that scientists have become estranged from religion, and that the teachers of religion have learned to look upon scientists with something of jealousy.

If we could go no further than this we should have to confess that science does not point to a true religion, and that our ideas of religion must be derived solely from tradition and history, in accepting which we must lay aside the positive experimental methods of science. Thus the religious mind becomes unscientific, and the scientific mind irreligious, while the popular mind accepts these incongruities, becoming thoroughly exacting and skeptical in science, but thoroughly blind and credulous in religion—one exhibits faith without reason, and the other reason without faith—and both are equally abnormal.

The warfare of religion and science which was active even in Athens, which showed its ferocity in the days of the martyrs, Vanini, Bruno and Galileo, and which was visible recently in clerical hostility to geology and phrenology, cannot be pacified while they occupy their hostile territories—one identified solely with positive daily demonstration, the other with remote tradition and ancient manuscripts. The modern mind prefers demonstration to tradition, and in the conflict religion has been for a century retreating before science, and is to-day not only checked by science, but greatly overawed and pervaded by its skeptical spirit, losing its ethical life, and becoming a dead form, overshadowed by the skeptical college, until, as Rev. Dr. John Lord says, "Poverty of thought is hidden in pretty expressions, and the waters of life diluted by weak platitudes to suit the taste of be-dazzled and frivolous slaves of society, whose only intellectual struggle is to reconcile the pleasures of material and epicurean life with the joys and glories of the world to come." The Rev. Mr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, speaks of this condition, and calls it an "ecclesiastical twenty degrees below zero."

Spiritual religion is the only power that can meet and overthrow with its own scientific weapons the growing skepticism of the age, which has passed beyond the college, penetrated the church, fraternized with the pulpit, and given to fashionable religion much of the cold and lifeless character of physical science. The fashionable clergyman fraternizes with the fashionable doctor, who considers all religion delusion, and unites with him in repelling the approaches of the spirit-world.

That able divine, Stuart Robinson, says, in the *Princeton Review*, "The present breach between the prevailing secular culture and religion, both natural and revealed, is peculiar and unprecedented." "A revolution seems to have been effected within the last half century by the sudden rise into extraordinary prominence, and claiming universal dominion, of one department of knowledge hitherto known as the physical sciences." "And as its power has increased so its pride and arrogance." "The necessary consequence of this *coup d'état*, and of the usurpation of physical science in the intellectual world with its materialistic culture, is to render science of necessity thoroughly atheistic. The conflict is between atheism on the one hand, and natural as well as revealed religion on the other." "Worse than this again, the department of theology seems in many cases to have caught the infection, and 'speaks half in the speech of Asdod,' a rationalistic skepticism stands within the very enclosures of the conscience, and makes use of the pulpit itself, for the purpose of seducing men into the disbelief of everything that is peculiar to the Gospel system." "The ultimate and real issue of all this babel-voiced clamor and conflict is simply whether Christendom shall any longer have a Christ."

Whether Christendom shall retain its Christ does not depend upon that historical theology which has heretofore been the sole reliance. Modern science is superior to ancient history as an authority, and the religion of history is rapidly falling before the onset of science, which is beginning to invade the church and the pulpit, as Dr. Robinson confesses. It can be met only by higher science. Physical science, crawling as a quadruped on the ground, can be vanquished only by human science, which stands on the ground but carries its head in the heavens.

Anthropology must assert its absolute control of vital science, and drive back the presumptuous champions of physical science to the laboratory, the mine, the foundry and the factory. Spiritual science, the highest department of Anthropology, must demonstrate that governing invisible world which atheistic physical science ignores—for the intelligence of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries will be content with nothing less than demonstration. Science is ready to give this demonstration and reconcile reason and religion.

In the high places of Christendom we see a cold and paralytic church, so far from throwing its arms of love around mankind as a mother around her children, clothing herself in splendor, while the people are left to sink in ignorance and poverty, until, as Dr. Hook, the Dean of Chichester, Vicar at Leeds for twenty-two years, confessed, "There is much hatred of the church, among the working people, as an aristocratic institution. The prevalent feeling with them is that all religion is a humbug, and that we each support it as a party."

In this deplorable and world-wide condition of semi-ossified science and semi-paralyzed religion, when that eclipse of faith is coming on

which excludes the light of Heaven from church and college alike, and threatens humanity with a dreary arctic winter, I venture to say there can be no permanent eclipse—that the pale wintry clouds of skepticism to-day, and even the dark storm-clouds of atheism and bloody revolution which are rising over Germany and France, are but clouds and nothing more, above which the sunshine is eternally bright, and is sure in time to penetrate and disperse all clouds and brighten this world with a richer sunburst of Divine Love and Wisdom than it has ever received in all the ages of the past.

But not through existing forms of collegiate thought—not through the existing forms of creedal religion will that light reach humanity. It will come, as it is coming now, direct from God to man, through all the spheres of spirit-life; not by one or two leaders, not by one or two seers, but into the heart of all humanity, as the sunshine comes unto all the earth, and, wherever the soil is fertile, brings forth the green grass and the graceful flower with rich perfume, which speaks the loveliness of its divine source. It is coming by the army of mediators—by those who bear the name of *mediums*, who are the channels of influx.

The name of "Christian" was given to the disciples of Christ, first as a term of contempt or reproach, and in like manner to-day they who are estranged from that Christianity which fills the high spheres of Heaven, would make the word "medium" a term of reproach, un mindful of the fact that if there be a God and a Heaven, surely they who are organized with finer elements in soul and body, so that they can approach the outer borders of that land of glory—who can see its beautiful forms and hear its ravishing language of love, are of all mortals most to be envied, even though they struggle in isolation and poverty. They have bread that others taste not; they have society that our ears hear not; and they have friends above who are worth more than all the friendships of earth.

I envy not the millionaire nor the President, but the gifted *medium* who enjoys a wealth that millions cannot buy—who finds in the Father's "many mansions" homes compared with which the palaces of Paris, London and New York are dim and dingy; society compared to which the array of royal ambassadors is dull and prosaic, and artistic beauties before which the Louvre fades and the Alhambra itself becomes commonplace.

Is this the language of imagination, or is it substantial truth? Are there not those before me now who can verify all that I say, and who like St. Paul (whether in the body I know not, or whether out of the body I know not) have walked and talked with the angels.

Mediumship is the richest gift of heaven to man, and they who enjoy it become centres of enlightenment to all around them; and they are sought not only by the curious but by the wise and the good. It is one of the great duties of this century to protect and cherish, to dignify and elevate mediumship, the channel of supernatural light, as you would watch the chief flow window of your parlor, carefully protect it from dust and impurities, fill it with flowers and surround it with beautiful curtains. The Greeks, wiser than we, placed their mediums in temples, and we shall yet become sufficiently civilized to elevate mediumship to the dignity and purity and power of which it is worthy—for mediumship, repressed, persecuted and neglected as it has been, is destined yet to flourish among the noblest, best and greatest of the human race—the brightest flower of all humanity—that flower the blossoming of which marks the millennial maturity of man.

The flowers are already coming, in the humble mediumship of to-day, as the humble dandelion and the modest violet of early spring, that promise the coming wealth of summer.

There are those who would deny, or repel, or conceal, the fact of mediumship, of which I would be proud. I am not at all dissatisfied with my own lot—I would not exchange with any one; but I do count it the greatest of privations that I have not enjoyed the blessing of mediumship, but have had to toil in the labors of science for truths which come to others as a supernatural gift. I have therefore sought to develop mediumship in myself, and with such success during the last two years that I am now daily conscious of the presence and ministrations, the supernatural assistance of those noble beings in the upper world, of whose sympathy and love I am proud, as the highest honors that I could win. I see not, I hear not, I receive no thought, but I feel their ministering presence, and I am stronger in soul and body for their loving assistance. To whom I am thus most indebted I need not say; but I can truly say that I believe there is a fountain of light and life, of power and wisdom, for man's redemption, which is free to all, and the sole condition on which we may partake of its wealth is to obey the command, *come up higher*; live that higher life which Heaven demands—and this higher life is the life of a true religion, and it demands spiritual intercourse as a permanent duty, and there is no discord in the spiritual trinity of love, inspiration and phenomena.

But I have wandered from my text, the relation of science, or rather the relation of Anthropology, to religion. I think I have shown that the relation of science to religion as heretofore understood is antagonistic—it is the relation of the iceberg to the flower-garden. In the laboratories of Tyndall, Huxley and Liebig, the angels are not recognized and the invisible world is unknown.

Religion relates to man alone, and not to fossils, rocks, shells, acids, alkalies, furnaces, microscopes, scalpels, bones, muscles, drugs, steam-engines or cannon; and until science takes cognizance of man, it has nothing to do with reli-

gion, and instead of pointing to a true religion, it points away from the divine to the sphere of that inexorable material necessity which appears to the pessimist philosophers of Germany so entirely gloomy as to annihilate every thought of divine wisdom or divine love—the universe being simply a gloomy and horrible failure, a vast arena of human wretchedness and disordered plans which ought never to have come into being, and if they came from a God, only prove him a clumsy, blundering fiend.

And such is the attitude of science to-day, for there is in the colleges no science of man, no Anthropology. True, there are in medical schools the departments of human anatomy and physiology, but they are not the science of man. They are simply a portion of the general physical science of Zoology, which is considered merely a higher department of chemistry, and which regards the human form precisely as it does that of the horse, the ox, the dog, the lizard, or the fish—recognizing in the human body the same forms and physical functions which are found in animals, and nothing more—every proposition in human physiology being illustrated by the parallel propositions in reference to animals, and nothing being studied in man but the physical phenomena of the body and the appearances of the carcass. This may be zoology or biology, but it is not Anthropology.

Man himself is not studied at all, is not recognized as a proper subject of science, for man is an immortal being, and the colleges see, handle and discuss nothing but the clods of mortality. They grasp the casket instead of the jewel, the shell instead of the oyster, the burr instead of the chestnut, and therefore they are but sciolists in this, for the growth of the shell cannot be understood apart from its living occupant, and the entire mass of our physiology and pathology in the colleges is clumsily defective, because it is external; dealing in phenomena and never rising into the sphere of causes, and the consequences are seen in the erroneous and often fatal mismanagement of the majority of human diseases, of which the case of Mollie Fancher is a signal example.

To establish any relation between science and religion, we must enlarge the boundaries of science and revolutionize its entire spirit and character. To do this, there must be a revolution in the universities as great as that which substitutes a republic for a despotism, for Oxford and Cambridge are only beginning to tolerate physical sciences. The whole scheme of modern scientific culture being framed compactly to exclude Anthropology, the whole framework of thought and all the strong prejudices by which it is compactly held together have to be crushed by blows, or melted by fervent heat without.

It has been the purpose of my life to organize and introduce Anthropology, a profound, a practical, a demonstrable science, but with few exceptions all college doors have been barred against the intruder, coming with the credentials of scientific experiment, as firmly as Oxford and Cambridge were barred against Newton, and the French Academy against Harvey. Honesty, liberality and frankness in the experimental search for truth have never been and are not now any portion of collegiate policy.

When therefore I claim that true science points to true religion, I do not speak of the sciences of the colleges; I speak of the science of man.

When I claim that the progressive cultivation of science must lead all mankind to a perfect knowledge of true religion, I do not speak of any science lower than Anthropology.

When I say that the study of man, in the spirit of honest, faithful, scientific investigation, is competent to lead all mankind to the highest conceptions of duty—to the knowledge of their relations to heaven and eternity—I say that of which I have a personal knowledge, and which I am prepared to demonstrate, and I do consider it an important announcement to a skeptical world full of half-fledged theories and sciolism—full of honest as well as dishonest skepticism; full of honest atheism and materialism, rigidly demanding scientific proof for all things, that by following the scientific route of Anthropology, religion becomes as thoroughly demonstrable as any other branch of human knowledge.

I am painfully conscious that in making such statements, without the illustration and proof which they require, I am taxing the liberality and faith of all who have not read my writings or heard my expositions of Anthropology, but I trust that in our future intercourse all that I affirm may be made clear.

We have an immense number of honest people who have too little faith in the historical evidences of the Christianity of the churches to rely upon any religion resting upon the historical basis. I sympathize with them in their doubts and isolation, and I am delighted to be able to say to them there is no longer any need to vex the soul with historical questions, for that which has been transmitted by historical tradition is to-day a demonstrable truth, which requires no blind faith, and no surrender of reason or common sense, or that proud independence of soul which refuses to surrender to any demands but those of conscience.

We have, too, a large number of those whose earnest philanthropy and sense of justice have brought them into heroic antagonism to the Christian Church and the Bible. They are ready to do battle for religious and intellectual freedom. They see the historical Christianity of the churches identified with the repression of woman, with the repression of freedom, with the martyrdom of science, with the upholding of the Divine rights of kings and inquisitions, with the burning of witches, with the slaughter of untold millions of peaceful natives in Mexico and South America, with the promotion of wars and butcheries without number, with the main-

tenance of intemperance, slavery and systems of social aristocracy, that bind the laborer in hopeless serfdom; and taking all these things together as the future of Christianity, regarding it as a system tending directly to despotism, and restrained only by scientific civilization and freethought from repeating such crimes as the martyrdom of Hypatia, of Vanini and Bruno, and the modern outrage on Dr. Priestly—such crimes as the Holy Alliance of despots for the repression of liberty in Europe—they deem it their duty to antagonize Christianity and the Bible with all the energy which has been displayed by the heroes and martyrs of freethought. Who can blame them? What correct thinker can feel aught but admiration for these fearless champions of Liberty? They have done their work well and perfected the historical record of the crimes of superstition. I honor the brave iconoclasts, but I am not engaged in iconoclastic work. The builder must come after the destroyer, and the question to-day is whether we can begin anew, profiting by the follies and crimes of the past; profiting, too, by all that divine influx into humanity which has illuminated its mountain heights, though it has failed to penetrate the dark morasses of brutality and ignorance.

My theme is vast, but my time is very limited, and I must proceed briefly to answer the question, what does science teach when it occupies the higher sphere of Anthropology?

Pardon me if in this limited time I should not be entirely clear, and should speak in the didactic way without giving demonstration, which time forbids.

Anthropology demonstrates that man is a religious being, and that when, by normal evolution, the maturity of the race shall be attained with ample development of the human regions of the brain, the kingdom of heaven on earth will be fully realized, and all men will be familiar companions of the angels, living a divine life and doing the will of God illuminated by a Divine wisdom which has heretofore been enjoyed only by the gifted few. In that bright age, when the Divine plan of humanity shall be developed in all its amplitude and perfection, when all the faculties which Anthropology recognizes in man shall be fully developed, one half of all the science now recorded in books, and slowly if not painfully learned, will be independent of books, for it will be a matter of intuitive perception to all.

There are many before me who know that what I affirm of science generally is true to-day of medical science, and that the laborious efforts of educated and scientific physicians to effect a correct diagnosis by the accumulation of physical symptoms, often lead to a blundering result, while the untaught power of intuitive diagnosis reveals the whole truth as if by a burst of sunshine. The time is coming when these things shall be generally known.

In that bright age, when governments shall become of little use except for directing public works, when armies and jails shall be unknown, the medical profession will be a minor adjunct to those healing forces which belong to the vitality of man, and medical treatment of any kind will seldom be demanded by those who live on a plane of life above disease. The hospital, the jail, the asylum, the almshouse, the workhouse and the barracks will be known only by the old buildings which were once devoted to such uses.

This is the normal destiny of humanity as certainly as adult maturity succeeds youth, and this adult maturity is slowly coming, now retarded by a thousand repressive influences.

To bring this glorious epoch here is the prayer and the struggle of the good on earth and the angels in heaven. It will come rapidly when mankind understand and obey the laws of progressive life, and each generation endeavors to bring a better generation into its place. But the spirit of Divine love and wisdom is so little realized among mankind at present that, this great master question, the elevation of posterity, is not only overlooked and neglected, but buried under a hundred brutalities, falsehoods, prejudices, superstitions and imbecilities which prevent even scientific discussion of the fundamental truths on which the welfare of posterity depends.

We are compelled to depend for human elevation largely upon the direct influx of intelligence and virtue by education and religion into a half developed and utterly mismanaged humanity, in which the dregs of the nations are carried on into posterity as rapidly as the nobler portion.

Thus we are compelled to rely on religion as the chief hope of humanity for progress, since education as at present is simply intellectual culture, which gives no elevation to character or destiny, and needs itself to be totally renovated and elevated by a moral influence essentially religious. The unlimited importance of moral education, and the possibility of educating the moral as efficiently as the intellectual powers, were presented in my lecture on moral education, and will be more fully presented hereafter.

Thus does religion appear to me the paramount question of the age—greater than intellectual education, greater than governmental questions, greater than medical reform, greater than the growth of the arts and manufactures—and I would call upon all my friends to give this paramount question the time and attention which its majestic importance demands.

Anthropology teaches that the religious elements in the human constitution are the light and life of all the rest, capable of elevating each individual to a nobler personal destiny, and capable of elevating a nation to the very pinnacle of prosperity, civilization, intelligence, happiness and greatness.

It is not the religion of speculative theorists who speculate about religion, but who have never felt its power; it is not the religion of

theologians who substitute theology for religion, and celestial etiquette for terrestrial duties...

to elevate humanity, leaving memories immortal on earth, while from the upper heavens for many centuries they have been laboring for our elevation...

My own experiments upon the brain and soul authorize me to answer yes, and to affirm that there is a power in his spiritual personality to invigorate the higher powers of the soul...

Anthropology affirms that true religion consists in the strong unflinching enjoyment and use of the high religious faculties of humanity...

But true religion is not a merely a matter of emotion, nor a mere feeling, nor a mere impulse. It is the love of God, which leads to all humanity on earth and in heaven...

But that false theology which has so extensively prevailed, and which finds the overflow of love to leave room for war, avarice and social discord...

Women love more readily, more deeply and more constantly than men, smile more readily, kiss more cordially, weep more tenderly, and hover over the sick couch with more devotion...

The love of all, however we may feel it, cannot be realized in a multitude, but must attain its living warmth in circles of congenial souls, who by frequent communion together and acts of personal kindness and sympathy grow into strong, unchanging friendship...

It were better to affiliate with the infidel in denying the existence of the angels than to bar them out of human hearts; better to reduce God to the Great Unknowable than to make him the Great Archdeacon of the universe...

Anthropology teaches that if the angels are absent from any organization it is because that organization is not truly religious. It teaches that the exercise of the nobler elements—the religious elements—elevates man into the communion of the angels...

When we have realized fully our contact with the spirit-world and its blessed influences, a higher growth awaits us. Anthropology assures us that while the most inferior elements are most limited, the most exalted are of the widest scope and range...

They, on the other hand, who have reached upward in life, have escaped the cramping influence of animality and drawn to themselves the influx of Divine Love, have reached forth

three are gathered together in my name," says Christ, he will be with them, and I believe it. If we are in the same sphere of love which he occupies, our spiritual energies flow together, and his power is a potent help.

We come now to a question surrounded by much prejudice: What shall we call this religion, this scientific religion of the Society of Divine Love and Wisdom? Shall we call it a Christian religion because it embodies that Divine love and human love so grandly taught by Jesus Christ...

I confess that I have felt, myself, a strong prejudice against a term so horribly disfigured as the term Christianity has been, but in reflecting calmly on these great questions I see that scientific religion is in spirit the same as the religion of Jesus Christ...

The great founder and martyr is entitled to this honor. He deserves our love, our reverence and our gratitude above all other men, and I could not satisfactorily ask his grand inspiration, which he has so ready to give, without a loving and faithful recognition of his position as the founder and guardian of the noblest religion ever conceived by man.

It is proper then to say that the religion of science, the religion of Anthropology, is truly the Christian religion—not the Christianity of the historical church, but the Christianity of Christ in heaven—a religion which is the inevitable result of the full normal God-like development of man...

For there is but one thing needed to bring that kingdom here—begin the divine life, adopt the divine law of love proclaimed by the inspired lips of Jesus—and if you fear that it may be superstitious to bow before the inspired teacher because his false followers made him a God when he was simply the human mouthpiece of Divinity...

Oh that I could speak with supernal power to enable you to realize this as I now see it, having toiled forty-two years to reach this height of knowledge—and seeing in all the fullness, distinctness and certainty of a science both spiritual and physical, that Divine Love is the panacea for poor sick humanity...

If the demon of war could be chained for one century by Divine Love; if the criminal prodigality of society could be restrained; if the terrific waste of intemperance and vice could be ended; if the grand industrial armies could be organized in loving cooperation where they are now a discordant mob, confused and paralyzed in all their work, and the strong man starving because he has nothing to do...

We may not all be able to reach our hands aloft for supernal help, but we can all feel the ambition of Abou Ben Adhem, who said: "Write me as one who loves his fellowmen," and as his name led all the rest of the lovers of God, so if we resolve to win the warmest love of all we meet on earth, we shall win the love of God and the angels also...

This is an awfully deceitful old world. An Indianapolis clergyman told me he went to hear Col. Ingersoll lecture on "Some Mistakes of Moses," and saw many of his church-members there than he had seen at prayer-meetings for six months.

A week old baby, if it lives to grow up, may be a weak old man. London, Eng. A child which has already lived a month, if left out on the sidewalk long enough at this time of year, will again turn into a week old baby.

But I believe it will be done. "Where two or

THE DEAD FEAST OF THE KOL-FOLK. CHORUS NAGPOOR. We have swept the door, One, two, three, four, five, We have swept the floor, We have boiled the rice, Come hither, come hither! Come from the star lands, Come from the star lands, Come as before! We lived long together, We were true and true, Come back to our life, Come father, come mother, Come sister and brother, For you are my slight wife, Come take your old places, Come look in our faces, The dead on the dying, Good-bye!

We have opened the door, One, two, three, four, five, We have kindled the coals, And we roll the rice, For the feast of souls, Come hither, come hither! Think not we fear you, Whose hearts are so near you, Come tenderly thought on, Come all unforgotten, Come from the star lands, From the dim meadow-lands, Where the pale grasses bend Low to our sighing, Come sister and brother, Come sister and brother, Come husband and friend, The dead to the dying, Good-bye!

We have opened the door, One, two, three, four, five, We have kindled the coals, And we roll the rice, Come you who are dearest To us who are nearest, Come hither, come hither, From out the wild weather; The storm-clouds are flying, The sun is in the rain, Come father, come mother, Come sister and brother, Come husband and lover, Behold us as we were, Look on us again, The dead on the dying, Good-bye!

We have opened the door! For the feast of souls, We have kindled the coals! Snake, fever and famine, The curse of the Brahmin; The sun and the dew, They burn and they glow, They waste us and smite us, Our days are but few! In strange lands far vaster To wander as wanderers, We hasten to you, List then to our sighing, While yet we are here; Nor seeing nor hearing, We wait without fearing, To feel you draw near, Oh dead on the dying, Good-bye!

—John Greenleaf Whittier, in Atlantic Monthly.

THE DEAD FEAST OF THE KOL-FOLK. CHORUS NAGPOOR. We have swept the door, One, two, three, four, five, We have swept the floor, We have boiled the rice, Come hither, come hither! Come from the star lands, Come from the star lands, Come as before! We lived long together, We were true and true, Come back to our life, Come father, come mother, Come sister and brother, For you are my slight wife, Come take your old places, Come look in our faces, The dead on the dying, Good-bye!

Banner Correspondence.

NEW YORK CITY.—Dr. W. O. Page, 52 1/2 Sixth avenue, writes: "Permit me to state what I heard Prof. Mapes say in the Spiritual Conference, in Clinton Hall, in New York, a number of years before the Professor left this sphere for the next. On the occasion referred to he remarked in substance: 'I visited Mrs. Hatch one morning, she being in the trance; I had a problem in writing which I laid before her. The problem was solved to my satisfaction. I had sent the same to the president of nearly every college in this country and received replies, but none answered the question. I then wrote to the Royal Society of London, and received a reply, but this did not answer the query. Through Mrs. Hatch I have no doubt the spirits answered my question.' I think Prof. Mapes would be reluctant to take and to use for his purpose to earth's children, Mrs. Richmond (then Mrs. H.), who I think is one of the best, if not the best trance speaker in the field."

SPRINGFIELD, ORANGE CO.—W. L. West writes: "I think there are two good reasons why progressive Spiritualists can afford to do so should subscribe for the Banner of Light. First—It gives more general information on the progress of free thought and spiritual advancement than any other publication. Second—the message department, and especially the questions and answers, are worth more than the subscription price to any one that is interested in the study of the principles and laws of life."

AUBURN.—J. H. Harter writes: "Much of the spiritualist light and knowledge possessed by us has come through the mediumship of the ever-glorious Banner of Light, its 'Free Circle' department, and from the lessons, influence and works of that eminent scholar, author and teacher, the 'Spiritual Pilgrim,' Dr. James M. Peckles, whom I have intimately and thoroughly known, but to love and respect, since we were classmates in school, thirty-six years ago."

NEW YORK CITY.—J. William Van Nance writes us from 87 Vandam street, Jan. 27th: "My guides have started me on a missionary tour to carry the news of our glorious philosophy into the highways and byways of life. I lecture next Sunday night on subjects chosen by the audience for lectures and poems, at Harry Hill's theatre. I am ready to undertake any and every quest I will be sustained by mortals in this work. My terms are the band of spirits who control me. Letters of encouragement and aid will enable me to gather strength for the work laid out to do. I wish to raise funds for the distribution of new works of light into dark places. Who will aid me? Let the lovers of truth put their hands to the plow, and help me in my work, humble though it may seem. I am appointed to do it, and shrink not from the ordeal."

BROOKLYN.—Mrs. H. Morse writes, endorsing the course of the Banner of Light, and saying: "I have left for a season only the good and noble friends of Michigan, to work among my Eastern friends in my native State—Connecticut. I would like to make engagements to lecture in the other States east of New York, for the year. I shall labor in the State of New York another fall, as I have many dear good friends there. I am engaged in New Haven for the month of March—Friday and the two last Sundays of April; the two first Sundays of April the next year in the vicinity of Meriden. The month of February I am holding parlor meetings in New York, Brooklyn and Williamsburg—my address for that month will be 125 East 10th street, New York. My permanent address is New Haven, Conn., 138 Grove street."

MERIDEN.—F. A. H. Loomis writes: "Although the hard times affect us quite materially, still we are working for the upbuilding and advancement of the glorious truths of our grand Spiritual Philosophy here in the heart of the old State of Connecticut. In December Sister A. D. Hall delivered lectures here upon two consecutive Sundays, which were quite pleasing, log-rolling and entertaining. She also spoke here the last two Sundays in January. Sister H. Morse, inspirational speaker, and State Missionary from Michigan and Iowa, where she has served for five or six years, was with us Sunday, Jan. 12th, and the week following, delivering addresses, giving parlor entertainments and sittings. She is an indefatigable worker for the good of humanity. She is particularly adapted to organizing societies, arranging and assisting in the formation of circles. Her spirit band will also most gladly and willingly render any assistance needed to struggling, undeveloped mediums. She has been laboring quite extensively in Northern Illinois and Indiana. She is here (the place of her nativity) in the month of March, and will be in New York, New York, in the month of April. Her address is Mrs. H. Morse, 138 Grove street, New Haven, Conn."

CHADDS FORD.—C. Brinton writes, in the course of a letter renewing his subscription: "The publication of discourses, as delivered through Mrs. Richmond and others, is eliciting much commendation from your readers. The world is able to receive more concentrated food now, than it has ever before. It could have done a few years ago. The prophetic record of coming events will be of even more benefit in the future than at present, especially among Orthodox converts, whose hearts will be gladdened to recognize that God is still a God of the living and not of the dead."

Merrill. KENT.—Mrs. M. A. Merrill writes renewing her subscription, and saying: "Too much cannot be said in praise of the Banner of Light; it is the leading spiritual journal in northern Ohio, and comes as a welcome guest to our family circle every Saturday evening. My Banner at least does a missionary work, for as soon as

It is read at home I send it to my friends and neighbors, who appreciate it as highly as we do. Long may it demonstrate the truth to mortals, and may God and the angels bless you for your noble defence of mediums."

Colorado. DENVER.—E. G. Granville writes endorsing the genuineness of the development of Howard A. Streight, spirit artist for the production of sketches in oil—his letter being based on satisfactory experiences which he has personally had with Mr. S. In the course of his epistle, he thus describes the method of procedure followed by Mr. Streight:

"I was permitted to witness an exhibition of his rapid painting under spirit control. A piece of canvas 12x16 inches was placed on a stretcher, and then secured to the easel with nails, and the easel fastened to the floor in like manner; the room was then darkened, and the artist with palette and brushes took his seat before the canvas. In about five minutes he was entranced, his eyes being closed, his whole countenance undergoing a change. With movements like electric shocks he seized a brush, prepared his palette and commenced painting with the rapidity of thought. His brush flying from one part of the canvas to another with lightning speed, his whole frame shaking violently, and his face turned from the canvas. In the short space of 15 minutes he produced the first painting of a landscape of mountains, lake and beautiful sunset, which after another sitting of about four or six minutes, will finish a picture that would take any ordinary artist many days to produce, and even then not be able to draw out from the canvas the sketch. The objects painted, as is done by the artist under this power; for looking on his beautiful mountain scenes, it does not require much stretching of the imagination to hear the rippling of the water as it courses through the ravine, or the rustling of the foliage, or feel the cool breezes floating down from the snow-capped peaks in the distance. His productions receive the encomiums of press, public, and also from the most severe art-critics, and yet this man never received one hour's tuition in the art from any mortal on earth."

Public exhibitions of Prof. Streight's wonderful gifts are given under the following conditions: A committee appointed by the audience, if desired, may procure easels, brushes, palette, and tubes mixed together, placed on a table behind the artist, the room darkened so the audience cannot distinguish one color from another, and in this condition, with eyes closed, he selects his colors, and in a few moments produce a beautiful oil painting that would take any artist not controlled by this power many days to execute."

California. SAN FRANCISCO.—J. M. Matthews, Secretary, writes: "The Children's Lyceum in this city continues to exist, and was never in a more prosperous condition than at present. Our seventh annual exhibition was held in Dashiway Hall, in the early part of December, and was a success, thereby securing for the Lyceum a large hall well filled with an appreciative audience on that occasion. Nearly every Lyceum scholar took some part in the exercises, which consisted of dramas, music, declamations and tableaux—and all who took part in the services did so with great interest, and the satisfaction of those present in the audience. The proceeds of the exhibition were used to purchase for each member of the Lyceum a suitable present for Christmas. Our Lyceum numbers ninety children, with an average attendance of seventy to seventy-five. Our yearly festival was held on Christmas night, and the children were happy and eager for the time when Santa should come and unload the large heavily loaded Christmas trees. After the trees had been unloaded, a representation of the 'Old Dutch Myth' appeared in the jolly fashion of long ago. After the presents were distributed, the floor was cleared, and dancing was indulged in by the young and old until the small hours commenced. The hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and with appropriate mottoes suitable for the occasion. We believe much of the success of our Lyceum has been owing to the weekly meetings of the members of the Lyceum to devise the best means of promoting the interest and welfare of the Lyceum, and also for harmonious and social greetings, and we believe that no Lyceum need fail if such business and social meetings are held once a week."

SAN FRANCISCO.—J. D. McLennan, M. D., in recommending a new subscription to the Banner of Light, says: "Spiritualism has many admirers in this State, and on the whole is in a flourishing condition. The Banner of Light is one of the best mediums for each of us. I do enjoy Bro. Peckles' lucubrations very much."

Massachusetts. WEST CUMMINGTON.—O. M. P. writes: "Passed to spirit-life, from this place, Dec. 21st, 1878, Lydia R. Parker, aged 36. She was a consistent and conscientious follower in the ranks of Spiritualism, and derived her greatest strength and comfort from its teachings and philosophy. Therefore immortality was a blessed assurance, and death but an entry road to the possibilities of the future. Her funeral was attended by Cephus B. Lynn, who kindly braved the severity of a ride across the Berkshire hills to brighten the occasion by his soul-stirring, soul-soothing eloquence. Sweet sister, soothed by thy soul, We are the traits that cheer and bless; Kind pity, hope, broad charity, Affection's shielded tenderness, Christian's shielded power, Thy faith illumined life's darkest hour. Dear sister, smiling in our tears, We leave thy spirit to the stars; Thy love shall brighten the lonely years, We have power to comfort, strength to save, Until we meet in Heaven's fair spring, And know a fuller blossoming."

Dakota Territory. FORT TOTTEN.—A correspondent writes: "You can rest assured that the only way to solve the Indian problem is by giving the army full powers over the Indian. By so doing you save him from starvation, robbery, and bad government. When the soldier gets full control of the Indian he will cease to be a villain. I have been among the Sioux Indians for nine years, serving in the army for that time, and I know of what I write. I have taken the Banner of Light for twelve years, and every year there is an improvement. I wish you every success. The beautiful Banner still waves, the best paper in America."

A New Work on Spiritualism. To the Editor of the Banner of Light: In compliance with the request of a number of friends, I feel disposed to undertake the compilation and preparation of a small work on Spiritualism, a work to embody all the most important facts and phenomena which have been developed since the inauguration of the readings at Hydeville, N. Y., a work comprising, in a succinct form, all the principal external evidence of the truth of Modern Spiritualism, restricted to such a size as to place it within reach of every reader in the country. Such a work is greatly needed to put the world in possession of the overwhelming amount of evidence on which the belief in spiritual intercourse is based. For several years I have earnestly hoped some one more competent would undertake this arduous task. I, and hundreds of others, daily feel the need of such a work to put into the hands of skeptics and inquirers. If more than twenty different phenomena which have been developed, and the best attested and most convincing facts which have been witnessed in connection with those phenomena, could be collected together and embodied in a pamphlet not to cost more than twenty-five or thirty cents, I think it might be used to disseminate more light and dissipate more error with respect to Modern Spiritualism than all the papers published and all the speakers employed in the country. My object in publishing this notice is to call upon the friends everywhere who may favor the movement, to render all the aid possible by putting me in possession of all the works and facts they may have in their possession bearing upon the subject, and I desire them to name all the phenomena they have witnessed, and recite the well-attested facts in each case. Friends, will you respond and aid me in this great and important enterprise? KERSLEY GRAVES, Richmond, Ind.

Spiritualists will rejoice in a volume compiled with taste by Mrs. Cornelius W. Lawrence, and entitled "Do they Love Us Yet?" It is made up of selections from a great number of poets and well-known authors, all expressing in more or less beautiful and striking terms belief in immortality and the reality and the happy sympathy of the departed for those of their friends who are still living on the earth. There is something very impressive in what may well be called the "cloud of witnesses" to the belief that souls on earth and spirits in heaven constitute one family, and that the invisible members of it continue their active ministrations though unseen by us. These selections show extended reading on the compiler's part, but the collection might have been enriched by many others quite as striking and impressive. She has given a number of alleged communications from departed spirits through different mediums. Published by James Miller, No. 775 Broadway. —Evening (N. Y.) Express. The Marlboro Times thinks Ruth must have had trouble with her first lover, as she got another Boaz soon as possible.

Foreign Correspondence.

ECHOES FROM ENGLAND.

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

BY J. J. MORSE, (English Agent and Correspondent of the Banner of Light.)

How often it is that our intentions remain unfulfilled, even though our desire is that they should be carried into effect at once. The pen has been in your contributor's hand to take up his former threads with, but alas! each effort has been frustrated. But if not writing to greet your myriads of readers as he desires, your correspondent feels his heart go out to them, and you, Mr. Editor, in soul-prayers for the success of your noble work and the upbuilding of our glorious cause. An over "welcome guest," the noble Banner of Light reaches me every week, its ample folds inscribed with many a beautiful thought from its numerous able contributors. Free from all that is objectionable, holding the scales impartially, and dealing fairly, the Banner sets an example that Spiritualists everywhere may well be proud of. We here in England, read with much pleasure the excellent reports of lectures through Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. Brigham, Dr. Peckles, W. J. Colville, and the host of other workers good and true. These reports bring us face to face, as it were, with workers we have met here, and serve to draw still closer the bonds of love and sympathy between us. For this new year may it bring happiness and peace to all, and may the good old Banner wave over many a new etidelle—once perhaps a stronghold of materialism, or of clerical intolerance, but now the lasting home of spiritual truth.

Since my last the Williams-Rita affair has blown itself out. As usual, opinion ran high and strong, and a tendency to recrimination was manifested. The British National Association dealt with the matter, and the outcome of their committee's report has been that Mr. Williams has resigned his membership of the above body. Of the membership of Mr. Williams there is no doubt in the mind of any person who has sat with him the writer has witnessed most excellent phenomena under satisfactory conditions on various occasions, and at the present time Mr. Williams is obtaining phenomena that are indisputable, while Mr. Rita has satisfactorily established that his membership is thoroughly genuine. Exposers and their exposés, while they often air their own unwillingness to deal with the subject, but seldom succeed in "showing up" a medium in a thoroughly indisputable manner. Miss G. Wood, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who was considered to be quite wiped out by her exposure, (?) has since then again and again proved the genuineness of her mediumship. Outside the cabinet, clothed in a tightly-fitting steeple-jacket and hood, made of white tulle, and in a fair light—sufficient to see the time on a watch-dial by—Miss Wood sits and obtains startling manifestations. Forms emerge from the cabinet, she talks under control of her little guide, "Puck," a bell is rung, a tambourine played—and all done simultaneously. The writer and four others were privileged to witness the above only four days prior to writing this. Frant of course was impossible on Miss Wood's part, as she was in sight all the time; confederates she could not have had, as the entire party of five could see each other the whole time. Reputed exposures are unworthily as tending to show that any medium is a cheat.

The progress of Spiritualism in London has not been marked by any very striking events since my last, and indeed the fearfully depressed condition of our country just now is not calculated to assist the spread of any movement. That good and gallant war-horse, Maj. Forster, has retired to our warmer southern air, and will, it is said, spend the winter out of London. True, London Spiritualists will be deprived of his valuable services on their platform, but the Major's health must engage his first attention. And there may be other reasons also that deprived us of his labor. I see my friend Mr. Fletcher has acquainted you with the appearance of Bishop "the bumptious" in our midst, and the failure he made. We have Bishops enough of another sort, and so can't spare time to assist the precocious preserver (?) of the Old South I. By the way, the latest movement in London is the establishment of a series of free lectures by Mr. J. W. Fletcher, at that spiritually historic meeting place, the Cavendish Rooms, London. Mr. F. gives his services free, finds the hall at his own cost, and takes no collection, nor makes any charge whatever. It is the first time in the writer's experience that anything like it has been done, and it is a reflection upon us that the establishment of entirely free Sunday meetings has been left to a stranger to inaugurate. The first of the series was held on Sunday, Jan. 5th, and was a crowded and enthusiastic success.

That well-known medium, Mr. W. H. Lambelle, so well known in the north of England, has during the past year been associated with Mr. Burns in the office of the London Medium, and acting as one of the medium speakers at Mr. Burns's Sunday services. Mr. L. was forced to sever the connection at last, but not through any fault of his own, and has since attempted a series of Sunday services in London on his own risk, but they not meeting with the required support had to be abandoned. The hall was inconveniently situated. Mr. Lambelle will have good reason to remember his experiences in London, for he has fully realized that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Our British National Association is in shallow water, and among shoals. Your correspondent once previously stated a few facts concerning its position that a spiritual journalist over here took exception to. But the statements made in this column were correct, and the abolition of the Guarantee Fund did financially paralyze the Association, for it was found necessary to make a special appeal during the past year, and as that appeal was not responded to sufficiently well, there was a deficit of \$150, which amount was required to meet the expenses of the year now closed, and has to be drawn from the annual subscriptions due in the present year; and, as further evidence of the strait things had got to, the salary of the resident secretary had to be reduced from \$750 to \$400 per annum, while the offices are now only open from 2 P. M. till 9:30 P. M., and on Saturday from 10 A. M. till 1 P. M., till 9:30 P. M., and the former hours of 10:30 A. M. till 9:30 P. M. The fact is, the B. N. A. has not got the affections of the provincial Spiritualists, and they are by very much the largest body of our people here. Hitherto the Association has seemed quite incapable of attracting this section, and consequently the B. N. A. S. is supported mainly from the wealthier London Spiritualists, and some few of those are taxed rather hard to maintain the offices in Great Russell street. It is submitted that the above facts amply support my statements in a former letter, and it need scarcely be added that your correspondent does not venture upon statements unless he knows they are true.

The close of the year brought us what is called "Intuition Week," during which societies and individuals are invited to hold special meetings and forward special donations to assist Mr. Burns in his work. However, from bad times and other causes, the result of the effort this year was only some \$200 instead of the usual \$700, or so.

Information reaches me of a "new movement" that is likely to appear ere long in London. I am informed that gentlemen of influence in London and throughout the provinces are interested in it, and are giving their influence and means to support it. But as it is sub rosa at present, a more detailed notice must be reserved until a future letter.

At a recent session of the fortnightly discussion meetings of the British National Association of Spiritualists, the Reverend Stanton-Moses read a most excellent paper entitled "The Intelligent Operator at the other end of the line." A résumé was given in the Spiritualist, and the entire paper, with additions, is promised as a pamphlet, to be issued almost directly. Mr. Stanton-Moses is without exception a true type of a cultured Spiritualist, and the very reverse of some who claim the above title. Long may he labor for us.

The American mediums in London—Mrs. Annie Loomis, healer, Miss Houghton, medical clairvoyant, Dr. J. Mack, healer, J. W. Fletcher, test medium—are all doing good work and maintaining their excellence in their several specialties, while the district societies in Dalston, Hackney, Mile End and Marylebone are carrying on their labors with ability and vigor. Our new journal, Spiritual Notes, makes its seventh appearance in the number for January, now before me,

and gains steadily in power and usefulness. Its circulation increases with each issue. Ere long it will make its appearance as a weekly sheet. The "Spiritualist" and "Medium" each keep their accustomed lines, and are doing their work in their respective spheres. The "Psychological Review" completes its first year of existence with the number for January, and will, no doubt, increase in favor as its undoubted merit is more generally recognized. The only new book that has appeared since my last, is a reprint of Mrs. Kingman's tale entitled "Intuition," issued by Mr. Burns. As most of your readers have perused the pleasing brochure, it is not necessary to refer to it further than to announce its appearance in its present form over here.

The provinces are feeling our hard times most cruelly. In some towns—Manchester, for instance—as many as sixty thousand have been in receipt of charitable relief at one time; and in other large centres of trade the distress has been quite as marked and painful. Lancashire has felt the times very much; and necessarily these commercial depressions have affected the progress of Spiritualism, as of all other movements. The "District Spiritualists' Committee," that represents the Spiritualists of the above county, has had its efforts restricted somewhat by the stringency of the times, but nevertheless it has done an immense amount of work. So thoroughly has it organized its labors that societies within its area are supplied with the best talent to be obtained, and the working expenses are economized as was utterly impossible at one time. The "Committee" organized a farewell soiree to Mrs. Patie, in Manchester, on January 1st, on which occasion over one hundred and fifty persons sat down to tea, and over two hundred were present at the demonstration afterwards—and these were gathered in from the district immediately around Manchester, and no special effort made to get them either. The committee presented Mrs. Patie with a testimonial, consisting of a very beautiful portrait album, of American manufacture, a set of silver spoons, and \$125 in cash. Mrs. Patie as a trance speaker has won the hearts of thousands, and gained affection and esteem in all quarters she has visited by her qualities as a woman, and it is with deep regret that her many friends contemplate her proposed departure for the United States. In fact, so strong is the desire to keep her with us, that it is likely after all that she may reconsider her determination and remain. The above meeting was a most enjoyable one, and formed a pleasant and happy inauguration of the New Year, unmarred by a single hitch or failure.

The Spiritualists in the midland counties of Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire, lately held a united conference and formed the "Midland District Spiritualists' Committee," and though only in existence for one quarter, they have been fairly successful in obtaining funds and holding meetings.

Newcastle-on-Tyne has held two very successful soirees—the last at the close of the old year. Each was well attended and highly enjoyable. This society is the leading institution of the kind in England. In Scotland things are in a low condition, the financial collapses that have occurred having created a very dispirited condition of affairs. The Glasgow Spiritualist Society, however, still holds upon its way. Mr. David Duguid, the "Hafod" medium, continues to give séances that are marvelous exhibitions of the powers of our immortal friends. Some of the pictures that are done "direct"—that is, without mortal contact—are marvels of execution and are real artistic gems. Liverpool is going on in an extremely satisfactory way, and its new hall is well filled with earnest and attentive audiences. In fact, considering the state of things generally, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon the position of our cause. In Manchester, where a new hall was opened last year, the friends are working with vigor and enthusiasm.

The many friends of Mr. W. J. Colville are much pleased at the lengthy reports you have given of that gentleman's labors in your city, a pleasure the present writer shares in; and, judging from all accounts, my co-worker has as much reason to be pleased with his reception at the hands of Boston Spiritualists as the present writer had during his well and pleasantly remembered visit to them. We wish Bro. Colville a successful tour through other States, and a safe return home again, where he will be welcomed warmly by his admirers over here.

Mr. E. W. Wallis, our other noted trance speaker, has much improved of late, and excellent reports of his valuable services reach me from all quarters. He is a most worthy and unassuming young man, and is esteemed by all who know him. Among our other mediums may be mentioned Messrs. Westgarth, Brown, Dun, and Miss E. A. Brown, Miss Hall, and others too numerous to mention, who are all working loyally for our cause; the angels bless every one of them, and increase their usefulness continually.

Commercially and industrially things are very bad over here, some croaking critics going so far as to say that "England is played out, sir," a statement that is far from true. The flush times of five years ago naturally entailed a reaction; now we are feeling the full force of it. Time will, however, show who is right, those who say our "turn has gone," or those who say the present condition is only temporary. Many reforms we must make, and when made, and when labor and capital can in some sort be adjusted on a basis of justice, better times will surely come. Politically the outlook is not pleasant. Our war in Afghanistan, a little war on the Cape, a government that has a policy of "fireworks," are not likely to promote stability in home trade, or confidence abroad. We have now got a spirited foreign policy, and it is costing us \$300,000,000 a year to support it. What an expensive luxury morally is. No wonder people are poor, souls stunted, and nations ground to the earth, when such enormous treasures are worse than wasted.

Let us hasten the coming of that glorious era foretold by the inspired of every age, and reaffirmed by our spirit-friends in these times, when "Peace on earth, good-will to man" shall universally prevail. As the angels perceive we second their noble efforts for humanity's good, their exalted bosoms will be fired with redoubled zeal to aid us, and truly shall we find that God (good) helps those who strive to help themselves. Work on, then, fellow-laborers, harvest time will come, and then how sweet the reward in garnering to the heavenly home those full ears we help to sow and tend.

From old England the writer sends across the waters to all true Spiritualists the greeting of a Happy New Year, a wish in which all unite. And echo answers, "So mote it be."

Elm Tree Terrace, Ullozter Road, Derby, England.

DOUBTFUL MEDIUMS AND DOUBTFUL JUDGES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Although your readers may have come to a different view already on the important Williams-Rita difficulty (as reminding one of the Bliss and Pickering cases), a few remarks, in addition to the able letter of "Fidelity" in a late issue of your paper, may be opportune and in harmony with your, alas! almost solitary example of bestowing equal justice and exhaustive consideration to both sides of a question. When I first read the tale of the "unmasking" of our best mediums, the discovery of the slate-writing machinery struck me at once as nonsense, because the phenomenon of writing was not at all in the programme of these mediums, and how could the peculiar order of apparatus they described be set in operation without the slate being held either by a confederate (or an ignoramus) who had a "finger in the pie"—at least between the two slates? The boasting triumph, too, of eight unknown Hollanders, who have caught the secret which puzzled well known scientists for years, in a scuffle of some minutes in the dark, so disgusted me by its arrogance that my surprise turned to the easy acceptance of the farce by Spiritualists who had been fattening with spiritual food at the generous and liberal table of Mr. Williams for ever so long! This extraordinary willingness to believe evil of a fellow-worker, however, may be in part explained by the fact that the Banner of Light is freely quoted hereabouts, when "exposures" have to be trumpeted out, but silence is observed when the same Banner of Light vindicates the victims by showing up the conspiracy of enemies. Hence the rapidity with which Spiritualists on this side of the water credited the unsupported (by the facts) declarations made in this case (as in others) against the characters of their fellow-creatures. The "respecta-

bility" of eight unknown somedebies was allowed to tell against two—mediums! whereas no sound Spiritualist should be influenced by that altogether too handy term, "respectability," which might be defined as "the honorable distinction of having hitherto escaped the keener eye of judgment and the entanglement of the law."

Let it be borne in mind that mock-séances were held by one of the "slayers" where "John King" and "Peter" have been limited to perfection, hence the emphasis on recognizing "the apparel" falls to the ground as telling against our mediums; and the appearance of the slate-writing machinery was naively admitted as a manufacture of imagination. Dr. Carter Blake seems correct in blinding (in a late Spiritualist) at the filmy and splendid nature of the evidence. My protest is inspired by the attack not only on the honesty of these mediums but on their intellect, they being depicted as willing to risk a firm reputation by whaling up a string of successes in the last moments by a sudden trick! Mr. Williams is reported as saying on the occasion in question: "This affair may ruin me" and these words are quoted to prove his evil conscience, as if a to-be-elected juror, assailed with foul and cunning slander, should not similarly express his apprehension! The matter has at last fortunately died for want of breath and sympathy. Let us rejoice that the infectious pain takes away the ugly sting of personal malice in our ranks by the glaring contradictions offered by the same sources of information. Permit me, in conclusion, to state that in one point I fully agree with all parties concerned, that is in my indignation and resolution to prosecute if a case of fraud is so clearly disclosed that it stands in reason without the aid of imagination. Yours truly, C. FRANKS. 47 Mornington Road, London, Eng., Jan. 1879.

CHRISTMAS IN PARIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGE VISITORS." To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Strangers who expected to see an imposing spectacle on Christmas Eve at the churches in Paris were greatly disappointed. Many of my American acquaintance attended Mass at the Madeleine, and avowed they were astonished at the simplicity of the service, the crowd being the greatest sight to be seen. The infant in a crib, with kneeling cattle and adoring saints around, and the smiling "Virgin" which greets the eyes of faithful pilgrims in Rome on Christmas Eve, are not patronized in destitute France.

I attended midnight mass in a small church near the Bois de Boulogne, and certainly expected some typical spectacle of the event, but nothing of marked interest transpired. The singing, however, was very good, and I enjoyed highly to hear Christ's birth ushered in by the musical airs of Verdi's opera. Though I smile at many of the forms of the Roman Catholic religion, yet I love to see the simple faith of its followers in the symbols it displays.

Let the Blessed Virgin and Christ come to us, no matter how, whether it be by gorgeous tableau or inspiring song, visibly or invisibly, so that their advent bring "Peace on earth and good will to man." I remember how these words sang by my father used to thrill me as a child; now the learned say they have been badly translated and only mean "Peace to men of good will." How utterly insignificant becomes the whole drama of Christ's life under such interpretation! It takes not a God to say that—the savage says the same. Christendom, alas! seems to put such interpretation upon the text, for the followers of Christ are always fighting. When will the days of warfare end? Some prophetic minds see days of struggle awaiting all the nations of the earth.

A lady author who surveys with keen eyes the events of the times, remarked to me that on Christmas day she attended service at St. Roch and had her interest awakened by a poorly-clad, rosy-looking man, who gazed vacantly at the gorgeous ceremony of the day, while ever and anon he cast a sort of defiant glance at the well-dressed people around him, seeming himself like a volcano smothered, gathering force to break out ere long in fire and burning lava.

These are the signs of the times to be read everywhere—in Germany, Italy, France and England, and perhaps in our own country—revolt everywhere among the half-famished masses and men without work. When will governments cease to lavish wealth upon those who are already in affluence—the nobles and courtiers around the throne—while they forget the poor of the land, the unfortunate masses to whom they owe their position, and whom like a good parent they should provide with means of support.

A French lady informed me that she was sent to Spain on official business to see the brother of Queen Isabella, and he said to her in course of conversation: "If every day I should rake up all the gold of California it would not suffice for the greed of my family!" Is it astonishing, amid the extravagance of royalty, that the so-called socialist, in his blind efforts to bring food and work to the starving, strikes equality at the Emperor of Germany, the young and unostentatious King of Italy, the retired Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India? Alas! their grand titles will not feed the multitude.

The depression of trade is felt all over Europe; not half the Christmas sales have been in Paris; all the large magazines like the "Bon Marché," the "Livre," &c., opened their shops on Sunday before Christmas and New Year's day, hoping thereby to make up for their scant sales. Magnificent embroidered satins and velvets trail over their counters in vain. Americans and English cast a loving, longing glance and pass them by for less pretentious articles.

The weather is bad here, and I shall open my wings and fly to Nice. SUBAN G. HORN. 5 Place D'Esplan, Paris, Jan. 4th, 1879.

To the Spiritualists of Minnesota.

Dear Brothers and Sisters: For various reasons, and a multiplicity of causes best known with our Association, many of the Spiritualists of Minnesota seem to have fallen into a state of apathy and indifference, as regards the welfare of the Association and Spiritualism generally; hence there has been a falling off in the attendance at our Conventions. At our last Convention in Farmington, our number was smaller than ever. We were disheartened and discouraged; but at this critical moment we heard cheering words from the invisible world, bidding us be of good cheer, assuring us that, notwithstanding we met in sadness, we should go away rejoicing; and so it proved. Our meeting on Sunday afternoon will long be remembered by all who attended it. We listened to a most soul-stirring appeal from the spirit-world through the mediumship of Miss Susie Johnson, and felt that we had received a baptism of the Holy Spirit, and went away full of joy, and hope for the future, determined to do all in our power to promote that gospel that has brought light, liberty, joy and peace, to hundreds of souls who sat in darkness—a religion that has transformed the grim messenger, Death, into an angel of mercy, who when our work on earth is done, comes to set our weary spirits free.

For the purpose of disseminating this precious gospel, the Executive Board have engaged the services of Bro. T. H. Stewart, of Indiana, to do missionary work in the State. He has been a missionary for several years in other States, and is an earnest, faithful laborer. His heart seems to be in the work, and he is anxious to be engaged all the time. Let us bid him welcome to our State, and cheer and encourage him in his arduous work—not only with kind words and acts, but with our money. It is not enough that he be housed and fed; he must be clothed as well. There are hundreds of ministers in the State preaching what we believe to be error, supported by the people, and shall we not support one advocate of what we believe to be true? If there is a man who is willing to become a wanderer on the face of the earth, that he may carry the joyful tidings of this new gospel to those who are living in doubt, and fear, and uncer-

tainty as regards the future, let us do all we can to help and sustain him, while we are enjoying the comforts of home. And more than that, let us all do what we can to spread the glad news of immortality, and never rest from our labors till every son and daughter of humanity has caught the glad refrain. If there is a Spiritualist in Minnesota who thinks he is too poor to give anything for the promotion of this best of all religions, let him think of the poor widow and her two mites. Did not Jesus say "she gave more than they all?"

A good brother, long since gone to his spirit-home, was once asked how he could afford to give so much for Spiritualism, (for he was not rich,) and he replied: "I am building me a house over yonder, and I want one that I shall not be ashamed to occupy." And he was right. Our home "over there" will be just what we make it.

Let us try to make our lives so pure that the good and loving spirits who have gone before us to the summer-land may be attracted around our pathway, to guide us in the journey of life. Truly hath the poet of the "New Year" said with reference to the comparative values of lives as spent in efforts to promote the good of humanity, or the reverse:

"Life is like a book, And new years are the openings of fresh pages, Each number in its order. Books are prized Not for their strength, but for the thoughts that crowd In listless balms round their hallowed leaves. And though the book of life may be but short, Yet if from every page there shimmer out The one word, Love, that volume will at last Rest in a golden binding, on the shelves. The mystic shelves of God's great library. We measure life by years; but not so God. A thousand ages are as one short day With him. He counts by deeds, and fleeting hours, And he who speaks a gentle word, or gives A cup of water to a fainting one, Will count more birthdays in Heaven's register Than if he lived a million centuries. Unto himself alone, The second time now is ours, And with each new year we begin to sow Another furrow in life's fertile field; And at the coming harvest, we shall reap, As we have sown—rich golden grain, or weeds."

MARY A. CARPENTER, Secretary of State Association.

ROSES WILL BLOOM AGAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DANSERS AGAIN." Roses shall bloom again, Sweet love will come again; It will be summer-time by-and-by. L. J. BATES. Though the roses in our path grow pale, We know that all things change, they do not die. Alice Duden.

Under the sad ace our loved ones reclined, Say we in grief as we mourn o'er their tomb; Dreary and dark are the thoughts of our mind, Dark as the water in sorrow and gloom; Seem they afar as we think of the past, Walling the wind the forest flies fast; Autumn is here, roses are dead, Loved ones are gone, Summer is fled, Yet will they come again by-and-by!

Daisies that grew to adorn their last rest, Lilies that bloomed with the warmth of the May, Teach us the lesson to trust they are blest, Blest in the light of Eternity's day. Faith in our God as we look to the sky, Gives us repose that no doubt can deny; Roses that fade return anew, Swallows revisit afar that few, These say they'll come again by-and-by!

What though the time and the season seem far? What though the winter intervenes with the snow? He that hath set in the light the North Star, Guides us and keeps through the darkness of doom; Naught that the years in their judgment may do, Naught that our fears picture dark in the tomb, Faith like our own can disown, Darken with gloom glorious day, For the dead come again by-and-by!

Earth is the word of the God of our life, Cadence most dear of the Lord's loving speech, Telling us true that the end of our strife Will the bright summer of love surely reach! Death is the gate of the soul to the sky; Out through its portals the spirit doth fly; Roses repose under the snow, Loved ones arise far from all woe, All of us meet again by-and-by!

ODDS AND ENDS FROM THE WEST.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Now that the Indian Question is again brought prominently before the public, it seems fitting to express the hope that the future of the Indians be kept out of the hands and away from the influence of the military. Army men trained and drilled to fight—men with few exceptions shrewd, "survival of the fittest!" exterminate the Indians! are morally unfitted to be trusted with the Indian affairs of the nation.

Admitting the truth of history, the Indians in Columbus's time were not only brave, kind and trusting, but they were the truest of friends. Shame to a civilization that has caused their degeneration. Originally there were orators among them. This to a limited extent is still true. Not very long since Skenado, the aged Oneida chief, when robbed of a portion of his tribal lands, said pitifully: "This is a sad day for Oneida. Our souls are heavy. Our eyes rain like the showers that roar in the tops of the trees of the wilderness. Our lands are gone. Our hearts ache—our heads fall upon our breasts. . . . Where now are the children of the rising sun? White men kindle fires upon their graves. . . . I am an aged tree. I am dead at the top. The winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches. I pray the Great Spirit to take me to the happier hunting-grounds, where the old become young again."

DR. CROWELL OF BROOKLYN. While delivering a course of lectures last month in Marion, Iowa, I was the guest of Maj. J. B. Young, a prominent lawyer, and a very influential man throughout the State. The lectures were delivered in the Congregational church. Mr. Young, a broad, rational Christian Spiritualist, says that Dr. Eugene Crowell's work, "Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," ought to be in every family in the country. Could this be, it would produce a complete revolution in religious thought.

"SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS." Such is the title of a new book that I have just commenced the perusal of. Thus far it interests me deeply. Dr. Charles Beecher, its author, as well as Thomas K. Beecher, and others of this gifted family, are avowed Spiritualists, and he is said to their honor, they dare express their well-matured convictions. If the middle and closing chapters of this book, fresh from the brain of the Rev. Charles Beecher, are equal to the opening, it is a most valuable contribution to Spiritualist literature. Among the doctrines that run like living streams through this last book of Beecher's, are those of preëxistence and incarnation. Mr. A. J. Davis, so he writes, has been holding "sweet communion with the thought-sphere" of Mr. Beecher. Every Spiritualist in the country should procure the volume, read it, and loan it to some narrow-minded sectarian neighbor.

THE THREE LIBERAL LIGHTS OF CHICAGO.

Prof. SWING, administering to the spiritually

"poor" of this great city, delivers one sermon per Sunday, and has \$7000 salary. As a preacher he is clear-headed, philosophical, exact, practical and cautious even to "trimming" for the sake of pleasing. He has led certain admirers a goodly distance out of the Egypt of orthodoxy; but he has neither the independence nor sufficient grit to conduct them over into the Canaan of Spiritualism.

Robert Collyer, cordial and sunny-souled, is as a preacher more social and sentimental than solid or profoundly logical. He is certainly liberal, with at least one positive theological conviction—the unity of God—and the Mahometan has the same conviction. As a liberalist he is so balanced, so serenely pivoted, that he sees no necessity for pronouncing either for or against Spiritualism. True, he does not—cannot deny the reality of the phenomena; but then, to him they are "mysteries" inexplicable, and he proposes to "wait."

Dr. Thomas, the liberal Methodist clergyman, is not only a man of research and culture, but a man of positive convictions. Coming into his presence one intuitively feels that he is an honest and spiritually-minded man. He believes in the Spiritualism of Jesus, the Spiritualism of John Wesley's time, and of these times, seeing in them all God's persistent witness of immortality. As a preacher he is calm, thoughtful, pathetic, eloquent. To know, is to love him. There is nothing of policy, nothing of the trimmer, nothing of this too-often clerical cunning about him. He is doing a glorious work right where he is.

MRS. M. E. WEEKS AND HER TESTS.

Chicago has excellent test mediums. Among them is Mrs. M. E. Weeks. Sitting in her presence one day my recently deceased brother Leonard came, spelling his name, specifying the number in his family, giving me Masonic "grips," "words," and other unmistakable proofs of his presence. Her Indian influence is a gem of genial intelligence and practical good sense. It is deeply interesting to converse with her.

MRS. H. H. CROCKER.

No thoughtful person can attend one of Mrs. Crocker's séances without being satisfied of the presence of spiritual intelligences. Some of her tests are truly startling; and often, those who go to doubt and to criticize, return to ponder seriously and prayerfully. On New Year's the admiring friends of Mrs. Crocker gave her a hearty surprise.

Mrs. "Pet" Anderson's friends gave her a most flattering reception before her recent departure to California. It was held at the residence of Dr. J. S. Avery, long a faithful worker in the spiritual vineyard.

MRS. SIMPSON AGAIN.

How wonderful is spirit-power! No—not so—for all power traced back to causation is spirit-power. Recently at the sunny home of Messrs. Lewis and Tuttle, a goodly number of friends having gathered, the mediumship of Mrs. Simpson was the wonder and triumph of the hour. She shrinks from no test—only a want of room prevents the recounting of the crucial tests to which she has submitted. And then, remember—these séances of hers are held in the daytime, or under the blaze of gaslight. They are positively and absolutely genuine, and it is with a thrilling delight that I endorse such mediums and mediumship.

THE BATTLE CREEK SPIRITUALIST CONFERENCE.

Seldom—never in fact, have I attended a more enthusiastic meeting of Spiritualists. It continued two days. On Sunday, and especially Sunday evening, the hall was not only crowded, but the standing room was fully utilized. It reminded me of the good times of past years. The speakers were A. J. Fishback, G. H. Gear, Mrs. Whiting-Anthony and myself. The music was by Mrs. Childs and several others.

THE NEW SPEAKER, GEAR.

"Many are called, but few are chosen." So it was of old. So it is to-day. And some that hear the call obey it reluctantly. This was the case with Bro. G. H. Gear, of Minnesota. Intelligent spirits seeing in him a faithful farmer's son and a successful schoolmaster, proposed to call him to the advocacy of the truth—proposed to make him a shepherd to feed the sheep. He fought against the missioned call—but the moral battle was useless. He is in the field as a trance speaker—and a most excellent one he is. He is now filling a second engagement in Battle Creek. During next month, February, he speaks in Sturgis, Michigan.

AND STILL ANOTHER.

As speakers, because of declining years or impaired health, cease their labors, or pass on and upward one step higher, or—putting it Masonically—"pass from labor to refreshment," it is encouraging to notice new speakers about to enter the field. Such is Mrs. U. U. Pratt, of Aurora, Ill. Though timid and sensitive, she has excellent mediumistic powers and is capable of richly edifying the public. Will Western friends of the cause aid her to appointments?

Hudson Tuttle Criticising A. J. Davis.

Though this is mid-winter it seems to thunder all around. Bro. A. J. Davis, in treating of "conflicts and a crisis in our house," draws a sharp line of demarcation between the Harmonical Philosophy and Spiritualism, especially in "the spheres of public uses." Mr. Tuttle, after removing all blame from Mr. Davis for "pushing the claims of the Harmonical Philosophy," being its "founder," makes bold to tell him that "Spiritualism is the Harmonical Philosophy and a great deal more." And he further says: "Perhaps, also, the attendance at circles is sometimes carried to extremes. What does this show? that all circles should be condemned? This would be a most illogical conclusion. Were there no circles, had there never been any held, were there no mediums, what would be known of Spiritualism? Can Bro. Davis or any one tell us how we are to arrive at the facts of the next state of existence except through mediumship? Perhaps he will say through what he calls the "Superior State." While I recognize the possibility of such a state, in which the spirit arises to the consciousness of spiritual things, I know that it blends so inseparably with spiritual influence that it is impossible to separate the two."

The Harmonical Philosophy minus spiritual manifestations, physical and mental, can hardly be said to excel some of the philosophies of ancient India and Greece. Epicurus taught the "unity of the universe"—taught that "the primordial elements of matter are infinite, eternal and self-moved," and that "plants, animals and man were spontaneously generated from ether and earth." Prof. Cocker, of the Michigan University, further tells us—referring to book and page—that Lucretius taught that "spirit is the father, and earth the mother of all organized beings." Aristotle denominates God "the Eternal Reason," and Plato terms him "the Supreme Mind."

Philosophy, whether ancient or modern, and however harmonical, can hope to do but very little toward demonstrating a future existence and defining the conditions and modes of that existence, if it ignore, discourage, or treat lightly spiritual manifestations, and more especially the higher sweet love messages that drop upon us like sunbeams from the paradisaic abodes of purity and holiness. Sturgis, Mich.

Message Department.

The spirit messages given at the Banner of Light Public... The spirit messages given at the Banner of Light Public...

what this Spiritual Philosophy is. So I will add them all I can. I will bring flowers of truth, dreams of warning, thoughts which if followed out will bring them into the right path.

Mary A. Smith.

I am MARY A. SMITH, of Akron. I was sixteen years old last November. I shall have been one year and ten months since I went away from this world. I don't know what else to call it. They said it was consumption, but I only felt that I was tired. I've got an old Aunt Almida, she's way down East somewhere. I believe it's in Turner, Maine. I'd like to send her word that I am alive. She bears this thing, she wanted me to read your paper. I never cared about it, because there were no stories in it. I liked story papers the best.

Sarah B. Trumbull.

My name is Sarah B. Trumbull. I came from Albany, N. Y. I was born here one year since I went away. I have been here since 1872. I believe it was in June, somewhere about the 15th. I went away with some sort of a fever. I don't know as I've got any friend that will write to me. I don't care whether it does or not. I wanted to hear my voice once more and to feel that I still lived. A lady invited me to put my hand on this woman's head. I did so, and now I am talking. I feel as if I were a great privilege. Mr. Chairman, I don't know how long I have been here. I don't know how long I have been here. I don't know how long I have been here. I don't know how long I have been here.

Capt. Nelson.

On once again looking through mortal eyes I feel compelled to say, thank God for life, thank God for the power which sustains the immortal life of man; that though we were dead yet are we still alive, though our voices have been hushed, yet mortal lips can be touched with inspiration and give forth the words we would speak to those we love. Years have fled with all their changes, time has been as yesterday, my life has been a changed one. Born, maybe, with a rebellious disposition, with a desire ever to make things my own, I never feel my power and own the way which I could use over them, in the spiritual I have found a counterpart. Not that I can be the one power, but that others can have the power over me, to stand me where they will, and move me like an automaton, upon the spiritual plane, to make me feel the smallness of my being, and to know and acknowledge that I was wrong. I have been from earth since 1862. I return that I may gain peace and happiness; that I may be able to feel better and happier. Please say it is from Capt. Nelson.

Uncle Zeke Aldrich.

I have not got such good-looking clothes on as the man that came before me, but I suppose I am just as welcome. I am an old hick, layed out in my coffin. I have not got any more on my shoulders, nor stripes on my arm; I've got on a darned and ragged coat, yet I don't see as he's much better than I am. I used to be round these 'ere parts once. I worked on most all these streets round here, but I lost myself, and I had pretty hard work to find my self after I had got rid of what you call the thold body. Now I never did believe that God was partial; that he whipped half his children, and gave stripes to the other half. I never could believe that. They tried to preach it into me, but I never could believe it, and I don't believe it now. I think when one cares only to help himself, and have a good time here, and don't try to do anything for anybody else, most likely he'll have a pretty tough time when he reaches the spirit-world, for he will then have to do something for everybody else, and stay in that condition, too, and 'tain't a very good place to stay in.

Mary M. Pearson.

My name is Mary M. Pearson. I was formerly of Boston, but I lived in Chicago some years. I was born into the spiritual world about five years ago. I want to send my love to some friends of mine who live in Boston. They will look out for your paper; they are expecting that it is possible I will just mention my name. It is but a short note, Mr. Chairman. I'll not trouble you with a long one; but maybe I may reach my friends, then, I presume, I can have the privilege of returning.

J. Y. S.

Mr. Chairman, during my earth-life I heard something of these manifestations, but they seemed to me of but little account; and yet there were sometimes small raps which caused me to look about me, and to ask the question, "Can it really be so?" I have crossed the river; I have landed on the spiritual shore; I know now that life is a reality—that he who believes that this earth is all there is of life has but a little conception of the future.

William M. Poore.

My name is William M. Poore. I went out in Minneapolis. I have a sister in Montreal—Sarah. I have a brother in Minneapolis. I want to say to him: James, please look well before you step; make no false move; remember that he who takes unjustly from a brother man loses twice the amount in the end—if not in the material, he will in the spiritual; therefore be careful; gather nothing which belongs not to you.

Julia K. Meade.

Julia K. Meade, from Bangor, Me. I have been out of this body nearly thirty years—it will be that in the spring, when the May-flowers come. I come back from a desire to see if I can talk and feel, and be like my own self, with

the powers of my nature, with all the strength that I used to have, and the knowledge that I have gained in the spiritual, but I find myself as a little child. I was ushered into the spiritual world by friends who had gone before, and there carried to a room where I was taught by a teacher who had been a teacher of children who had no parents or homes. I brought them back to earth and held them near their fathers and mothers that they might gain material strength. I have been a worker in the spiritual world, trying to do for others that which I failed to receive when I was here. I have of late felt a desire to speak. I have a friend in Boston who has many times expressed a desire to hear from me, and I am anxious to respond to that desire. A few weeks ago I promised at a circle that I would come and speak here, and I come to-day to tell them that I now know something more than tips or raps or writing; that I can hear my own voice, feel my own strength, and yet I am but a babe. I shall return to the spiritual to learn more, to go into the halls of learning, and listen to the lectures given there, to visit those who give good gifts—for not as in our world, do they who possess knowledge keep it to themselves, but the controlling power of the Great Immortal compels them to give it to those who know less than they do.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MISS SARAH A. DANKS.

I died suddenly in New Jersey, but I was buried from Brooklyn Heights. The seasons come and go. Man lives and dies, and through that death he finds a wondrous life perpetual, with not a trace of mystery surrounding his origin. He is truly and divinely fashioned in the image of his Creator. He has, like unto him, all his attributes, and it lies with him to cultivate them, whether he lives in a circle or dwells in a world. He can become master over all obstacles, let them be ever so heavy or ever so tangled. I am not drinking now from rusty, worn-out cups; I am drinking from crystal goblets, water that is sparkling with light and life. I am a laborer with the sword and the spade, I am a worker with the dead faculties which were given to me in my birth. Those which I cultivated are now being cultivated. Now I can see the grand utility of application of study, of closely analyzing. What a grand and beautiful school-room were it! Why should man fear death—the only thing that gives us actual manhood, life, force, and vitality. Did I say death? There is no death, there are no dead. I am only speaking so as to be comprehended. Though I passed on quickly, without thought, without meditation, yet when my eyes were opened I realized my position, and with an exultant cry I exclaimed, "I am here, I am here, my dear friends, still I am high unto you; not one tie that bound me to earth and earthly friends has been severed."

Rev. John Thayer.

As the equilibrium becomes established, both mentally and physically, I shall advance. John Thayer, residing on Dean street, New York, the seventy-first year of his age. I was a pastor, a lecturer, a controller and director of the human soul. Though my body was given to Mother Earth, still the spirit, by its relationship to Deity, has full life, and with life it has power to speak, to hear, and to know. I was not a deep investigator of the divine philosophy that connects the two worlds, and even had I been I would not have dared speak it to my flock, for condemnation would have been mine. But now I speak in profound recognition of my truthfulness, knowing that ensure can only fall very lightly upon me. I can safely say: Blessed are they who search Nature's vast book and from it learn the laws of life, not of death!

Isabella Brenarde.

Isabella, widow of Charles Brenarde of Brooklyn, is the daughter of Mary and John Murdock, they resided on Dean street, New York. It may or it may not be a consolation to receive tidings from those who have passed to the better land with senses quickened into activity, with energy and force to accomplish that which we have learned to be of benefit to humanity. There are no inconsistencies under the law of spirituality. We drink and eat of that spiritual food which in time prepares us for the higher and more beautiful world. There are many worlds in the broad east of the Summer Land; there are some spirits who are listless and idle, they are staying about the planet earth; there are others seeking for new revelations, knowledge and understanding of their positions, they are workers, and without work we gain nothing. We start from earth very ignorant, however much we may have learned of the law and the conditions of that beautiful land. All things have vital force and activity of purpose, some in one direction some in another. This privilege has been granted me, not for the unfolding of earthly things, but for the unfolding of spirituality. Is it not beautiful to be a believer in the divine philosophy of soul-life? Where you have not this belief it is a great impediment to your ascension. Learn, children of earth, learn all that pertains to your spiritual life, for you, likened unto I, are hastening day by day to that country whence travelers do return.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED: GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

- Jan. 7.—Aaron Pierce; Alice Somers; Samuel King; George W. Wilcox; Julia A. Mann; George M. Sawyer; James O'Hara; A. A. Rogers; Lillian Day; Jan. 8.—Sophia S. White; Frederick W. White; William Farley; John Shackford; Mary Wheeler; Aunt Nancy Freeman; Jan. 9.—John A. Brown; Alcock Simons; Anna C. —; R. H. Murphy; Darius Harlow; Anonymous; Jan. 11.—Walter Graham; Isaac M. Daley; James Johnson; Mary M. Thayer; James S. Lawrence; Julia A. Frost; Jan. 12.—Mary Lewis; James D. Upham; Aggie Taylor; W. W. W. W.; Jan. 13.—Jan. M. Leno; Mary Maria Farley; Black Warrior; William Farley; Julia B. Hickey; Jan. 14.—Jan. M. Leno; Mary Maria Farley; Black Warrior; Elizabeth Livermore; W. G. A. J.; S. W. Wallace; Jan. 15.—From a Friend to D. F.; Abraham Melrose; Jan. 16.—From a Friend to D. F.; Abraham Melrose; Jan. 17.—From a Friend to D. F.; Abraham Melrose; Jan. 18.—From a Friend to D. F.; Abraham Melrose; Jan. 19.—From a Friend to D. F.; Abraham Melrose; Jan. 20.—From a Friend to D. 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