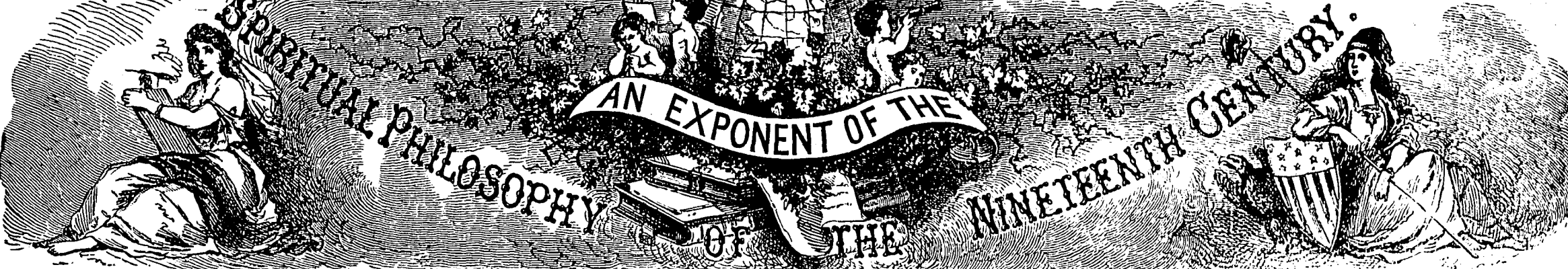


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLIV.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1879.

\$3.15 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 23.

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Biographical.

DR. A. B. CHILD: HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

Prepared expressly for publication in the Banner of Light.

[Conclusion.]

The first number of the *Banner of Light* appeared under date of April 11, 1857, and from its inception enlisted the aid and the sympathies of Dr. Child. He worked for its support in various ways. It will not be in place here to note the vicissitudes of its early existence. It will be readily comprehended that its path was not a flowery one, and that its publishers, Luther Colby & Co., had frequent opportunity to realize the magnitude of their undertaking and the conflicts that they would meet in their efforts to reestablish a spiritual faith upon earth. It was three years old in 1860, and was yet struggling for life. It was, indeed, a hard struggle. It had met foe after foe in the combat of truth against error, and had vanquished them all. It had worked itself, in spite of the unpopularity of the cause it advocated, into the front ranks of social and religious reform, and yet pecuniary means were often beyond its reach. These crises had often arisen before it like a great, impassable barrier to further progress—a wall upon which seemed to be written, "Thus far shalt thou go but no farther." Hitherto, every such wall had been undermined by unseen power—caused to crumble and fall—and the *Banner* was borne triumphantly over the ruins, on, still on, to new fields of labor. The publishers felt that, dark as the hour seemed, light would dawn; that, insurmountable as the obstacles in their path appeared, they would eventually be overcome. Said William Berry, "I have faith in success," and his was a faith that removed mountains. Said Luther Colby, "I will work day and night to accomplish it," and he did work, with an energy and a perseverance that in an earlier age might have been thought supernatural.

Still, how at that particular crisis help was to be obtained it was difficult to determine. Dr. Child was at that time preparing for the press a new book—in fact, it was about ready to appear. It was the largest work of the kind he had undertaken, and its sale was expected to be quite large, as considerable interest had been manifested in the subject upon which it was to treat, produced by articles that had already appeared in the columns of the *Banner* upon the subject, good and evil.

One day the Doctor came into the *Banner* office, and addressing the publishers, both of whom happened to be present, said: "The book is done: it is stereotyped and printed, and the first edition will come from the bindery next week. I place it in your hands, and freely give all profit that may be derived from its sale as an aid to the support of the good old *Banner*." It is needless to say that the gift was received with thankfulness, not only to the generous donor, but to that unseen but ever-present army of friends who foresaw the contingency and made provision to meet it.

The book, "*Whatever Is, Is Right*," soon after appeared, a substantial volume of 221 pages. It immediately called forth opinions of every conceivable grade. Church people thought it an outrage upon reason, an attempt to dethrone their God and bring into disrepute his word and his works. Even many Spiritualists thought it went a little too far. But yet the Doctor found many friends to his views and many able writers ready to aid him in his defence. He met the objections advanced against his theory with a zeal and a determination that indicated how firmly fixed was his faith in God's righteous dealings with his creatures and supervision of every act of their lives.

The book was introduced by a preface, in which its aim and purpose, and the views it proposed to advance and elucidate, were tersely and clearly stated, as will be seen from the subjoined passages:

"This book aims to speak of life as it is. It has approbation for everything, and condemnation for nothing. It recognizes no merit, no demerit, in human souls; no special heaven for pretended self-righteousness, and no special hell for a bleeding, suffering humanity. It accepts every creed, belief and doctrine, every action good and bad, as being the lawful effect of a cause that lies in unseen spirit, which cause is above the power of human volition.

"The whole book is a very imperfect presentation of a doctrine—if a doctrine it may be called—that is ineffably beautiful, and unutterably grand; viz.: the doctrine that all existence is as it is meant to be by Infinite Wisdom; that all that is, is good; all that is, is right.

"Perfect faith in God is perfect confidence

that all his works are good, the fruition of which is the kingdom of heaven in the soul, the millennium of peace on earth."

A voluminous correspondence at once commenced, called forth by the appearance of the book. A large number of letters were daily received by the author; some confirmatory of the views it advocated, others asking further explanation of special points, while now and then came a low and sullen growl from some dogmatist who had not, as yet, migrated from the valley of dry bones.

Said one: "To see one so gifted and capable come out and advocate these beautiful though unpopular truths so fearlessly, melts my heart with emotions of joy and gratitude, not only to him, but to the powers that be."

Said another, one who has done much, and is still doing valiant work for the advancement of spiritual knowledge among men: "There are differences in nature; all things are not alike; there is light and darkness, cold and heat, good and evil, as we say. There is a necessity for all these things; the wisdom and power of God produces them. To the vegetable world darkness is just as necessary as light. So to the world of intelligence evil is just as necessary as good; without evil there could be no progress. Evil has given us a greater part of our intelligence."

It will be evident to all minds, except those cramped by the crib of creed, or darkened by the shadows of prejudice and bigotry, that the book Dr. Child at this time sent out to the public was one that could not be hastily praised or condemned. The arguments it advanced could not be met by simply a denial, neither were the views those arguments defended to be voted upon, for or against, after an hour's consideration. To begin with, it required a mind of enlarged views to comprehend his position; a narrow, shrunken one could not. For this reason there were many who misunderstood him, and a still greater number who condemned him. I have not space for further words on what may be set down as the masterpiece of Dr. Child's literary labors in behalf of the progress of truth on earth, but as illustrative of its style give the following:

EXTRACTS FROM "WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT."

Good and Evil. Good is eternal; evil is a phantom of time. Good is real and indestructible; evil is unreal, and exists only as a shadow of matter; a shadow of creation made by the sunlight of Infinite Wisdom. For every deed of human life there has been a cause sufficient to produce the deed, whether the deed has been called good or evil; and every cause and effect exists in the bosom of nature—is under the immediate and perfect government of nature's laws. Every law of nature is a law of God, every jot and tittle of which must be fulfilled. God being infinite, there can be no nature or law outside of infinity. God being good, all that is in God is good. So every deed of human life is good—not one is evil.

Infidelity. Infidelity is to me that which another believes, and that which I do not believe. If I believe in one creed, only I am infidel to all other creeds; if I believe in two creeds I am less infidel; if I believe in all creeds I am not infidel at all. So the greatest infidel believes that only one creed is right, while he that is not an infidel at all, believes that every creed is right; believes that every creed is an effect of a lawful cause that exists in nature.

Heaven. Heaven is everywhere, is anywhere where the soul is in peace, in harmony and in love with all existence.

Right that seemeth Wrong. The right lies latent in what is called the wrong. The most beautiful things come to us sometimes shrouded in a mantle of darkness, and it is this darkness that we call wrong. Out of the darkest cloud comes the intensest light—the lightning's flash; out of the dark night come the gentle dews to refresh the earth; out of stagnant, muddy water comes the loveliest, sweetest flower; out of affliction comes a softening and purification of our lives; out of wrong action comes chastisement that humbles and beautifies our existence; out of what seems to us the greatest wrong comes always the greatest good.

A True Life. We talk of true life, and of a life that is not true. How can there be any life that is not true? Is not everything that exists in the great world of mind and matter made by God, and ever and immediately under the government of his laws? Is there anything without law, and are there any laws that are not God's laws? And, so far as the feeble perception of man is able to reach out, is there anything to be found that God has not made known, and also governs in wisdom? Truth is everywhere—in everything. What we call false is only so because our darkened perceptions fail to discover the reality, which is truth; and it is no less truth because our visions that see it false are clouded.

Nature Inevitably Right. All Nature is right, for all Nature is the handiwork of God; and there is no wrong or evil in God; there is no wrong or evil in Nature, and there is no place for evil except it be in Nature or in God; there is no place outside of Nature for wrong or evil to exist, and thus it is a plain conclusion that whatever exists is right.

Origin of Thoughts. Our thoughts are always involuntary. Like the beating of our hearts and like our respiration, they are not produced by our will. There must be some acting power behind, unseen by us, that makes us live and breathe and think. We neither make nor control our thoughts.

Self-Righteousness. A consciousness of evil is simply, in one word, a proclamation of "your fault," and "this is not." This is popular Orthodoxy. The man who sees the most evil in the world, and is most troubled by its influences, and feels and utters the severest protests against its existence—without one single exception—possesses self-righteousness, commensurate with the magnitude of the evil he sees.

Each Soul True to its Mission. Judas, the traitor, was as faithful to the condition of his being as was St. John, the divine; each performed the mission assigned to each, lawfully and truly. The lowest brick fills its place and is useful in the wall of ten thousand other bricks, just the same as the highest brick that caps the superstructure. In the architecture of God's great universe each human soul fills its place as designed by the Builder.

It was about this time, 1859-60, that the meetings of the Boston Reform Conference were in their prime. At these meetings John Wetherbee, H. C. Wright, Horace Seaver, and Drs. Gardner, Wellington, Randolph, Child and others, took part, and their remarks were ably reported by Dr. C. for the *Banner of Light*. He also report-

ed many of the public lectures delivered in the city and suburbs; and the plenary, which at that period were popular, being the forerunners of the present camp and grove meetings, were attended, and the remarks made at them by various speakers given a wider field of influence by reports made of them and published in the *Spiritualist* publications.

In December, 1861, Dr. Child published a small pamphlet entitled "*A B C of Life*." It contained upwards of three hundred aphorisms, sententious paragraphs that held, as in a nutshell, the very meat and marrow of the author's theories and opinions. I quote a few of these as representatives of the work:

"A personal God cannot be infinite, for a personality implies lines and limits. Nature has no lines or limits that constrain her infinitude."

"A critic is only a fault-finder. He thinks another man's skin ought to fit his own bones."

"The religious man says: 'Your belief must be wrong, for it differs from my belief.'"

"Meeting-houses are the gymnasiums of opinions."

"That power which made all things fails not to govern all things."

"Philosophy does not govern souls any more than the track of its wheels governs a moving chariot."

In 1863 he published a pamphlet entitled "*Soul Affinity*," the nature of which is sufficiently indicated by its title. In the preface he said he could only speak of, not attempt to define, the subject. He could only describe it as it appeared to him, "a universe of glorious light that shall fill our spiritual heaven with ineffable love and truth."

In 1868 appeared "*Christ and the People*," a book of two hundred pages, the subjects treated upon being Changes, Sacrifices, Justice and Charity, The Laws of Man, Experiences, Necessity of Sin and its Uses, and a lecture having for its text "Resist not Evil." The book called forth many diverse expressions of opinion from the press, and from individuals. The *Boston Evening Traveller* said of it:

"There is an immense amount of radicalism in this fervid volume, and most of its teachings will be apt to startle the staid conservatives who uphold all existing things, because their interests are involved with their maintenance, as the interests of certain shrine-makers of Ephesus were identified with the preservation of paganism. Dr. Child deals with many of the social evils of the times with a trenchant pen, but in a spirit of justice that will commend much of what he says to all right-minded readers. The saying of Chamfort, that revolutions are not made with rose-water, is as applicable to these reforms as those which are accomplished by force; and it is to eloquent writing like that which abounds in this volume that we shall owe the abandonment of many abuses."

The first edition was soon sold, and the publishers were obliged, at an early day, to issue another and larger one.

Two years later came another pamphlet, "*Unhappy Marriages*," in which the subject was dealt with in that radical and fearless manner that had characterized all his previous writings. This was followed shortly after by a book of one hundred and fifty-four pages, entitled, "*Better Views of Living; or, Life According to the Doctrine 'Whatever Is, Is Right'*." It was divided into twenty chapters, and as it was his last it appeared to be a summing up of all his previous writings. No one can read it without being favorably impressed with its style and matter. A fine and fervid spiritualism pervades its pages, and one in perusing them was brought almost imperceptibly to an acquiescence with better views of living than even the self-styled "religious world" had ever thought of taking.

In 1867, his health being poor, he retired from the business of dentistry, and spent the summer of that year on a farm in Vermont, and in October, his health, being greatly improved, he made a journey to the West, visiting Chicago, Cincinnati, and other places. I may mention here that, in addition to the labor of writing his books, contributing to the columns of the *Banner of Light*, and other spiritualistic and reformatory publications, he cheerfully answered calls to lecture before societies and lyceums, usually bestowing what he had to impart at such times freely, without cost, to the recipients. He took a special interest in jails, prisons, hospitals and homes for the poor, availing himself of every opportunity to do their inmates good by word and deed. He spent the summers of 1868 and '69 in Vermont, and in the spring of 1870 returned to Boston, and entered business again at No. 30 School street, which place he had previously occupied, in connection with his son, J. T. Child. He remained there until April, 1872, when he removed to West Fairlee, Vt., to reside with his sons.

It had been his ambition for many years to settle down amid the scenes and familiar places of his early days, in the State of Vermont, engage in rural pursuits, and pass the remainder of his life on earth in the joy, and peace, and quiet, which such pursuits invariably bring. But just as he was on the point of having all arranged to this end, a paralytic shock attacked him. This occurred on the 3d of August, 1872, and rendered him incapable of any great exertion or enjoyment. He gradually regained his strength, however, so that he could attend his daily duties, but on the 17th of February, 1874, he had a second shock, which rendered him entirely helpless.

I have before me a communication from Mr. S. P. CHANEY, of Sacramento City, Cal., written under date of September 9, 1875, which gives so able and interesting an account of Dr. Child's last days on earth that I transcribe it:

"About four years since I called to see the Doctor at his new home in West Fairlee, Vt., and found him ailing from a recent attack of paralysis. His mind was but little crippled, but he felt it was the beginning of the end. His great heart was more tender and his sympathies broader than ever.

"One year ago last spring, and I think in March, I was invited to West Fairlee to instruct a select singing-class. I was there some six weeks, and was with the Doctor a good deal. He had regained considerable strength, and was quite active about his place. One quite cold day he worked too long, as I think, which induced another 'stroke.' He started for the house, but fell before he reached the door. We were with him in a moment, and carried him into the house. He could neither stand nor walk, and his mind was much shattered.

"He was silent for three or four days, at the end of which time he began to understand what had happened to him. He called me to him one day and said he wished to say something to me, which he did in these words: 'Since I wrote my books different persons have said to me, "When you come to your death-bed you will be sorry you wrote those books." I wish to say to you that I wrote them in the love of God and for the good of the people, and am not sorry I did.' He did not say, but I understood him to wish me to make public as I now do, what he told me.

"After that I talked with him every day, and found him more thoughtful than his silence indicated. I once asked him if he had had any visions since his illness. 'Yes,' said he, 'last night my friends,' giving their names, 'let down a beautiful couch to me, very low, so that I could easily place myself upon it, from the golden gate, where they had promised to be in waiting for me. I saw them, in great beauty, standing there, each holding a cord that was attached to the couch.'

"At different times he expressed a strong desire for me to be at his funeral, read a chapter he had selected from one of his books, to sing something, and to make such remarks as the occasion might suggest.

"His feebleness gradually increased, and at times his mind wandered, rendering him a great care and a source of much anxiety to his loving and capable wife, who exhibited wonderful endurance and goodness in her constant efforts to do all she could, to his last hour, for his comfort. "I had correspondence with him for years, but after the last attack he was unable to write with his own hand. He did, however, write the following on a postal card, and they were the last words he wrote:

"S. P. CHANEY, Esq.—My Dear Sir: I cannot write to you again. I think my earthly life nearly over. I can only say, good-bye. S. P. C."

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"His wife wrote me that on Saturday, the 17th of August, he seemed better and brighter than he had been for some time, and on Sunday morning his face lighted up as he proclaimed the goodness of God and Christ. He said: 'All is well. All is right. The whole world is blessed, and the clouds we call dark, are but so; they are light, gloriously light, resting upon our heads and blessing us.'

"How beautiful, and how like him. He soon added, addressing his wife, 'Helen, the end has come.'

"At ten o'clock that night he had severe spasms, which lasted until three the next morning, when they ceased and he fell into a quiet sleep, from which he never awoke again on earth.

In that quiet sleep he continued until the next Tuesday morning, August 17th, 1874, when, at half-past four, his breathing ceased, and his spirit was released."

The funeral occurred on Thursday, August 19th, and was largely attended by members of the Masonic and Odd Fellows' Lodges. The ceremonies, which were strictly Masonic, were performed by members of Jackson Lodge No. 60, of which he was a member.

In a letter from Mrs. Child to Mr. Chaney, she writes: "Now that I have become more capable of thinking over all things concerning his death, I see how beautiful it all was; how perfectly his prayers have been answered in regard to it. He hoped to die when the flowers were in bloom, and in the morning. The day was just breaking, and he passed the invisible river without pain. The sad, care-worn look was gone, and his face was very calm and beautiful in death."

Mr. Chaney writes as follows regarding his writings and the manner of their production: "At two different times I asked him if his writings were the result of his own individual thinking and reasoning; and each time he declared they were not. He told me that when he was writing his books he was in the habit of sitting awhile at his table in his own room, with pen in hand, and if no influence to write came he would leave the room. Usually two evenings each week the writing power would be given him, when his head would be pressed, even to painfulness, and he would write with great rapidity till the power was withdrawn."

"He did not know what he was going to write, and often disbelieved what he had written, and so declared to the spirits who, as he believed, gave their thoughts and views through his hand. But it was ascribed, in return, to be the truth, and that he must publish it. He obeyed, was taught by his own writings, and became a firm believer in the doctrines they set forth."

"The last few years of his life the perusal of his books gave him great happiness. They seemed new, fresh and beautiful to him."

"His views and feelings concerning Christ were more interesting to me than I ever met with elsewhere. I have several times seen his face changed so that he looked like another being, at the mention of the name of Christ."

"Much as his writings and sayings interested me, I think what most attached me to him was the unspeakable in him; it was the wonderful feeling with which he was filled; the unearthly, spiritual magnetism of his inner being."

What constituted a peculiar phase of Dr. Child's mediumship was his power to see visions. These visions had a wide range, embracing the past, present and future, and were remarkable for their accuracy and truthfulness. Rev. John Pierpont, who was a frequent visitor at the Doctor's office, was deeply interested in these visions, as, indeed, were all who became knowing of them.

"Do you find the visions you have to be of any practical value?" asked a friend of the Doctor one day.

"I do," he replied. "They indicate character with great preciseness. I was one day seated in my office alone, when the door opened, and a stout, strong, rough looking man entered. I confess I was a little frightened, and I invoked my spirit friends to give me a vision. Closing my eyes there was instantly presented to my inner sight a box of coarse, black soil, from the center of which arose a tall, broad-leaved plant, and taller still, a stem, on the top of which was a lily of the most delicate construction and exquisite whiteness. At this I took courage, and rising, I advanced to the man, and, extending

my hand, said, 'I am not afraid of you, sir. I am glad to meet you.' The man must have been strangely impressed upon receiving such a greeting, but he took it in good part. Being seated, I told him how I felt when he entered, and related to him my vision. He remarked that it was all true, and that no words could so faithfully portray what he was and from whence he came. He had struggled, agonizingly, through the blackness of darkness, and had arisen triumphantly above his first condition to what, he hoped, was a life of purity."

"Now you see," continued the Doctor, "that the vision was of real, practical benefit to me; and that was but one of many instances of its kind that have happened in my experience."

Dr. Child's charity to the poor was proverbial, and the aid he rendered to those seeking material food to sustain their bodies, or spiritual food to nourish their souls, was freely bestowed, with a liberality limited only by the means at his command. Mediums looked to his office as children to their home, came to him as to a father and in him they invariably found a wise counselor and a faithful friend. Many who subsequently became prominent advocates of the cause of Spiritualism, teachers of spiritual truths and defenders of free thought, received their first lessons from the inspiration of his lips.

An acquaintance of Dr. Child, greatly reduced in means, was accustomed to call upon him for a pair of cast-away boots, his happening to be the same size as those the Doctor wore. One day Dr. C. had just purchased a new pair, and placed them aside, with the intention of taking them home at night. During the day the friend above alluded to called, and asked for an old pair, as those he had on had become rather too much ventilated for a show of decency or an experience of comfort. Dr. Child immediately arose, passed to a closet, and returned with the new pair in his hand. "Here," said he, "take these. If you can wear old ones, I can, and you pay as well have the new ones. I will wear the old."

This may be thought a trifling incident, but it shows the character of the man, and his unselfish charity.

Many times I have been seated in his office when women and children came in, asking for aid. He never said, "No." His purse seemed always open, and his hand appeared to have become so habituated in going to it as a source of relief for the poor, that it always found its way there at such times, and in answer to such calls. "I do not know," said he one day, as the door closed, and the echo of a "God bless you, sir," sounded through his office, "whether the woman is really needy or not. At any rate, she looks so, and it is right that I should give to her, and I have." One old, impoverished girl used to call regularly every Saturday for his Sunday dinner, and it was always ready, and given cheerfully, and with kind words.

Mrs. Conant, so long and favorably known in her connection with the *Banner of Light*, some years prior to the existence of that paper, gave sittings at the north part of the city, and they were frequently attended by Dr. Child. On those occasions he rendered her great assistance in that development which eventually became of eminent service to two worlds. At the time to which I allude the control of mediums was not so well understood as now by spirits who sought to make their presence known. It was, to a great extent, experimental work, and failures were of common occurrence. Besides, mediums were subject to many inharmonious influences, and these often controlled the medium in a manner that had a tendency to send terror to the heart of the beholder. It was with such influences that Dr. Child's great power lay. When those whom some denominated "evil" came, and with direful imprecations and fearful threatenings addressed all who were present, he did not adopt the Mosiacal law and give curse for curse, but talked to them kindly, told them we were all children of one Heavenly Father, and differed only because of our surroundings and the circumstances under which we had been born and reared. Never did he command them "in the name of God to depart," but rather bade them stay, feel the pulsations of a friendly heart, listen to kindly words of advice and human sympathy, and learn that, however dark the sky above them might appear, light would sometime dawn, the clouds break, and the sunlight of truth, and love, and purity, make bright a pathway for them to realms of joy and peace eternal. Unaccustomed to such treatment they who came as enemies remained as friends, and when they left showered blessings upon the head of one who to them had indeed been a savior. As an illustration of Dr. Child's manner of proceeding with such visitants there is nothing better than that given in the "*Rivulet*," a book already referred to.

Hearing of a medium who had just begun to give sittings in Boston he felt inclined to visit her, and invited a friend to go with him. This latter person, though a firm Spiritualist, had not much faith in paid mediumship. It looked too much like "business" to suit her ideas of propriety, and for any one to put up a sign and deal in spirit messages, to her mind seemed a little too much like sacrilege and the making of "my Father's house a den of thieves." But the Doctor was not changed much in his purpose by her views. He considered the laborer to be worthy of his hire, and if an opportunity was offered for him, or any other person, to exchange gold and silver for convincing proofs of an immortal life as the inheritance of mankind, he parted with dross and received a pearl of great price.

Dr. Child himself did not expect to obtain much, if anything, and the lady who accompanied him thought the time would be worse than lost. However, they went, and the medium requested the Doctor to occupy a seat next to her.

matter; but when the spirit wished to give the name of a sister, the best it could do was to write Hattle for Anne. Shall we then give up these beautiful phrases

body was right there in the coffin. But your
Co'ldn't d'it 'come from your dead body, did it?
No, sir, that seemed quiet—it lay still. But I
was there too; there was one Mary Mahoney in
the box, sir, and one Mary Mahoney outside.
Not a stir could I make to the Mary Mahoney
in the box. If you can tell me why, sir, I'd like
to have you. [The spirit, which never dies, had
left the body.] Is it my spirit that is talking
now? [Yes; you've borrowed another body,
and are talking through it.] That so, sir?

matter; but when the spirit wished to give the name of a sister, the best it could do was to write *Hattie* for *Annie*. Shall we, then, give up these beautiful phases of mediumship because of their imperfection? or shall we be thankful for what our spirit-friends are able to do for us? Let us accept that which is reasonable and discard that which seems false, remembering that there are no infallible men, books or mediums—probably never will be.

Modern inspiration will compare favorably, to say

looking down at the medium. Snuff, I was twice as big as this body. I didn't see it before, sir. This is but a little thing; she's no bigger than nothing, while I was a good-sized woman. Faith, I thought I was myself all the time. Now, sir, this is a puzzle to me. Oh, sir, I didn't have these things on the top of my head neither, I wore a cap. Nor I didn't have any flowers in my hair, I wouldn't offend it. Ah! I could do

the least, with ancient; for do we not read in one part of the Bible that "Moses talked to God face to face," and in another, "No man hath seen God at any time"? Also, "God repented that he made man," and "Is God a man that he should repent?" These conflicting passages cannot all be true.

ABBOT WALKER.

Salem, Mass., Feb. 18th, 1879.

"I was getting a bit of something to eat, and a stip of something to drink. This is a fine world you've called me to, after all. Well, sir, I'll not be ungrateful with you. I don't know what my father was a—was a—what?—yes, he was a lawyer about forty or fifty. I came over when I was a bit of a child, no more than fifteen years ago; a good bit of a girl, you know. I went to work, sir, and worked all I knew how. Shure, I never got married at all. A match would have been made for me, but I had a heart to take care of a man, too. I thought it better to take care of myself, so always did. I didn't live long here. This is Boston, isn't it? I lived here five here, lived out a bit, in Troy, sir. Well, sir, I'm glad to see you, and I hope you're as well as yourself, and I needn't say myself, and I never was distressed so fine in my life. Indeed, I'm much obliged to you, sir, and can't I come again?"

The Bible of Bibles.

A few extracts from letters received from those who have examined this work will tend to show in what estimation the work is held by its readers.

J. Perry, ex-Judge of the Wayne Circuit Court, Ind., says: "I have read 'The Bible of Bibles' with the most intense pleasure. It far exceeds any other liberal work I ever read as a masterly exposition of the errors of our current religion, and a fine and beautiful presentation of a better religion proposed as a substitute. I should think several hundreds of thousands of copies of this work might be sold at all liberal and inquiring libraries in Europe and America, and it would be the existence of the work and its rich character."

C. C. Luther of Modesto, California, writes: "I am mightily delighted with it. I anticipated a rich feast, and was not disappointed on reading it."

James M. Lawrence.

James M. Lawrence.

Please say, sir, that James M. Lawrence, from Milledgeville, called. I am fifty-one years old. I went out with malarial fever about a year ago. I desire to reach friends of mine in Port-

Book of Books through while in Greenville, Ohio, and I confess I am highly pleased with it. It is truly an extraordinary work. It far exceeds my most sanguine expectations."

Elljah Myrick of Ayer, Mass., writes: "A large army is being recruited who will rise up and call Mr.

and in Bangor, Me. Jan. 14.

Julia A. Frost.

I am Julia A. Frost, from Ottawa - nineteen years old. I died with consumption in 1874, somewhere about the middle of May. I wish to reach some friends of mine - not there, but around Boston - James and Henry, who, the last I knew, were in Bangor; also a cousin, Eliza McFarland, who is in New York City. The last I knew, she will send my letter to your spiritual post-office, hoping it may reach them. I think it will, for a grandmother whom I loved very much - while here, stands by my side and

S. W. Underhill writes from Kaneville, Mo.: 'The Bible of Bibles' is another extraordinary work by that able writer, Kersey Graves. Nearly every line of it is ablaze with important thoughts and facts. I assure those who have not read it that it is marvellously interesting. It is certainly the most masterly and thorough exposition of the thousands of errors and evils of our popular religion of any work ever before published. All the doctrines and dogmas of the Orthodox churches are overhauled and their numerous errors and deformities laid bare in the most striking manner. The

Jan. 11.

book will prove a most terrible and fatal bombshell fired into the camp of Orthodoxy. In fact the whole system is torn to pieces, overthrown and demolished beyond the power of resurrection. Every priest should

Mr. Chairman, I return to your circle-room with a feeling of reverence which I never expected to feel. I have looked upon it as almost a humber, and many times it has seemed to me that the words spoken here went further to send Spiritualism to hell than they did to send it to heaven; yet, on arriving on the shore of the spiritual life, I saw crowds of individuals working their way to your building, really assisting each other, placing their hands on the shoulders of others, and thus making the path of the spiritual life a path of love and sympathy.

have a copy of the book. Every person who reads it will confess it is a great, extraordinary and marvelous work, which everybody ought to have."

☞ To-day Spiritualism comes like a billow to the land ; it does not come with a new church, it does not come with a new creed, it does not come building a temple in the midst of people and saying : "I want to go forth and gather all

degree. I remember saying, not many years ago, that no medium could sit in this chair and be honest to herself; that no individual could take the part of a medium for the communication of different spirits, giving different names, and be true. I come to-day, not because I want to come, but because I am driven by the force of truth.

the people together into this creed, this belief, this temple, that they shall worship God in our way." You know how men go into caves where there are stalactites and stalagmites with all their white crystals; now, if you go in without

of eternal life—by a power outside of myself to acknowledge that you are right and I was wrong; that this has been a great and mighty work; and I can see, as I watch on the shores of the immortal life, the spirit-world making its way along; and the spirit coming from day to day to receive a power which I once realized when in mortal life. I am doing all I can to sustain and help you. I will sign my name G—, that is all.

Jan. 11.

—

Joel Saunders.

a light, all the whiteness is blackness, simply because you cannot see; but if you take a light with you, all around you is the glory of that snowy beauty—the gleaming crystals everywhere. So *Spiritualism stands in the world—the torch-bearer!* It holds the light in its hand. It does not say we bring a new religion. No! *It only holds the light, and from far-off southern shores sends a message from the great South*

Joel Samuels, of Jefferson City, I was always a good friend to the cause of truth, and tried to do whatever seemed to me to be right. I am not a humanitarian; I am not an individual who is known, but I come here to-day hoping to reach some friends of mine who are not a great ways off, and yet a long distance away, if you can understand that. I have a friend by the name of Joseph Gray, in Boston somewhere. I wish to reach him. He is visiting here. I hope some word of mine will reach his eye, because I have something I would tell him in regard to

oceans we find answers; from climes among the frozen Arctic lands come back the sparkle and the glitter; far over the wilds of the Western forests, across the wide plains, away to the sunset sea, *everywhere comes to us the answering light*, and all over the world we find these truths which God has implanted in humanity everywhere!—Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham.

one whom he thinks much of, and it will be of benefit for him to know it. If this is not objectionable I will ask you to print at an early day.
Feb. 14.

—♦—

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD
GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Dr. Franklin to Miss E. Hubbard.
 "DEAR CHILD—I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation, but it is the will of God and Nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter into real life. Existence here on earth is hardly

MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

Trance Mediumship.
[CONTINUED.]

BY WASH. A. DANKIN.

The influence of a clear, bright mind that has been gathering knowledge and unfolding wisdom for half a century or more - of our time - in the spirit-world, must necessarily leave its impress on the mortal who

to be called life. "Tis rather an embryo state—a preparation to living; a man is not completely born until he is dead. Why, then, should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals—a new member added to their society? *Philadelphia, Feb. 12th, 1756.*"

Michigan Spiritualists and Liberals.
The Annual Meeting of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists at Fairbairn will be held at Lansing, Michigan, on Thursday, Nov. 29th, and Friday, Nov. 30th.

the recipient of such influence. I have seen those who were exceedingly deficient in the lessons of the schools become, through the ordinary acquirements of the school men, under the tuition of their spirit-guides. My experience has taught me to believe the educational methods of the spirit-world far superior to the system of our mundane sphere. Instead of making memory the sole repository of our attainments, there is a quickening of the faculties that enables us to perceive and comprehend the principles which underlie the great problems of Nature, and knowledge

will. Among the speakers expected to be present are J. P. Whiting, Mrs. L. A. Pearson, Mrs. Mary C. Gale, Mrs. H. M. Miles, Mrs. H. Shepard, Rev. T. H. Stewart, Rev. C. A. Andrus, Giles, B. Stebbins, Geo. C. Fox, Rev. J. Fishback, Rev. J. H. Burdham, and others. It is also expected that Mr. C. H. Dunning, member for Michigan of the National Committee for the Abolition of Live Stock Expositions, will also be present and present the aims and objects of that organization.

S. B. McCracken, *Secretary.*

Chapters from the Bible of the Ages.

Edited and compiled by H. D. STEBBINS, Fourteen Chapters, Selected from Hindu Vedas, Buddha, Confucius

I have been an interested observer of the development through which Mrs. Danksin has been passing since she became a trance medium, and especially since Dr. Rush has controlled her for the treatment of disease; and I find that while he gives the diagnosis and directs the treatment of her patients, he leaves with her distinct and accurate knowledge of the disease, and her mind thus becomes educated in medical science.

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[To be continued.]

BY N. B. WOLFE, M. D.

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DIAKKAISM;

Marquis Richards.
Richards—sometimes called Marquis Richards. I died at New Hartford, Conn. If I hold it right in my mind, I was paralyzed. I was seventy-four years old, I think, or about that. I had a will to come and a will to go, that was not controlled by friends or foes. This divine privilege has been centred within me by the spirituality of my education. It is a grand theme which breaks the human mind to contemplate. Then once and for all the etheric mortuary is obtained, and the stillness of the etheric world obtains.

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