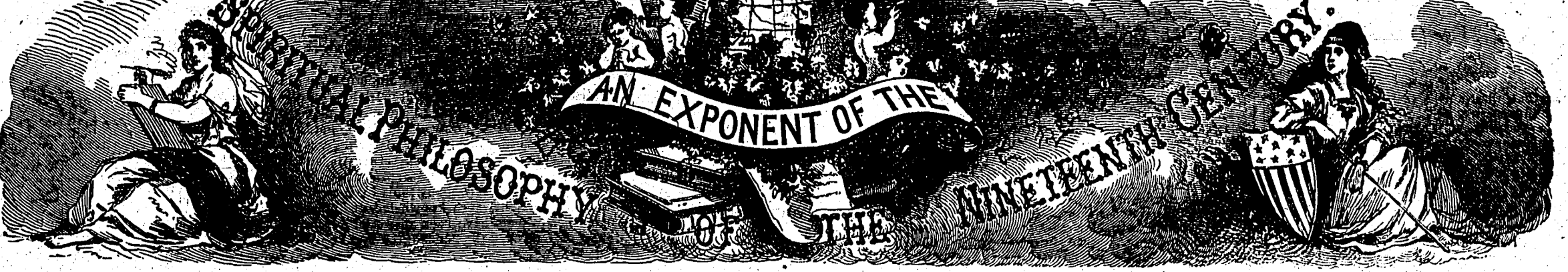


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Spiritual Phenomena.

WONDERFUL NOVELTY IN PSYCHOGRAPHY—SPIRIT-WRITING IN CHINESE ON A GREEN LEAF, APPEARING BETWEEN TWO SLATES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your paper of June 8th you published an account, by Dr. J. R. Buchanan and myself, of some splendid manifestations of psychography (in Latin, French, Italian and English, and in some unknown Oriental characters), in the presence of the medium, Alex. Phillips, at No. 133 West 36th street, New York, as witnessed by us under perfect test conditions.

We have since held another séance with that medium, on the 14th June. It presented nothing very remarkable except one phenomenon which was new and extraordinary indeed. We had placed two well cleaned slates, joined together, under a chair, distant some six or seven feet from where we sat—the medium and ourselves. A piece of white paper had been placed between them, in the hope that it would be written upon, as had been the case at our anterior séance. As before, there was no pencil. After awhile we opened them, but found nothing written either on the paper or on the slates. I then removed the paper and restored the joined slates to their position under the chair. The medium at no time approached them. We then sat for some twenty minutes or thereabout, conversing with the spirits, through questions, which would be answered by raps or by rapid writing through the hand of the medium.

At last I again took up the slates, when we were astounded to find between them no writing on them, but a large green leaf, and that leaf covered all over with large Chinese characters. They seemed to have been made with some sort of reddish-brown pigment applied with great delicacy and perfection of drawing, as though with a fine camel's-hair brush in the hand of a veritable expert. Examined under a microscope, the characters appear to have been indeed the work of a most skillful expert. We asked from whom this writing had proceeded, and laid the slates together for the reply. The answer, in distinct English characters, was "Confucius." Dr. Buchanan, after consultation between us, took the leaf to get it photographed and the Chinese characters translated. A couple of days after, he wrote me that the attempt at photography had failed to produce the characters, or more than a slight trace of some of them, by reason of the combination of the colors of the dark letters on the dark green ground, but that he had secured the leaf under glass in a frame. He had shown it to some intelligent Japanese, who had at once translated the inscription as follows:

"THE DOCTRINE OF CHRIST IS IN THE CENTRE OF OUR TRUE HEART, AND NOT THE EXTERNAL ORNAMENT."

This is what might well have been written by the spirit of Confucius, even in the acceptance of those who disbelieve or doubt the individual personality of Christ, but regard his "doctrine," or the doctrine ascribed to him, as an emanation from what they term "the Christ-spirit."

Dr. Buchanan also mentioned in his letter that he had presented the leaf to several psychometric mediums with remarkable results; that he had taken full notes of the impressions made by it on one of the best of them, Mrs. Decker, and that he would write out a report about it. I advised him to take the leaf to Mr. Henry J. Newton, who is at the same time President of the Photographic Society, and also President of the First Spiritualist Society of this city; that as he was a highly scientific expert, as well as skillful manipulator in photography, he would probably be able to get some negative of the leaf. The result has been a fine success, and we have the pleasure of enclosing to you a distinct photograph of it, obtained by means of the transmission of light through the leaf during several days. To the eye the leaf (now before me) exhibits only the writing on its opaque green surface. The photograph, the negative having been obtained by the transmission of light through it, shows all the fine tracery of the reticulations of the structure of the leaf. The characters, originally reddish-brown, have become quite black, probably under some chemical influence of the light to which they have since been exposed. The edges of the leaf, originally perfect, are now somewhat torn, having been gummed by Dr. Buchanan to the paper on which it was laid when framed under glass. The drying of the leaf has also wrinkled it and torn it a little apart in one place. The

The engraving which accompanies this article is a faithful reproduction of the photograph, and cannot fail of being an object of interest to our patrons.—Ed. B. of L.

Japanese gentlemen who translated the inscription said that the leaf was of a tree from whose leaves silkworms are fed in their country. We think it is of the *Morus Multicaulis*. Many years ago there was for a season an active speculation in this country in imported multicaulis trees. I may add that at a subsequent casual visit to Mr. Phillips I asked the spirits who manifested their presence whether the leaf had been brought from China by the spirit who wrote it. "No," was the reply by raps. "Then it was taken from some tree in this region?" "Yes."

This phenomenon makes intelligible and no longer incredible the stories told by travelers of the holy tree at the sacred city, Lassa, in Tibet, the leaves of which are said to contain certain sacred names or phrases. Since a spirit has thus written on one leaf, why not on many?

J. L. O'SULLIVAN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Mr. O'Sullivan, who is a very accurate reporter, having prepared the above minute statement at my request, which is thoroughly correct, I would add that the leaf when received was green, but wilted or half dried, one corner being quite dry. I am not sure as to its identity, but it bears a general resemblance to my recollection of the mulberry. That the message on it was from Confucius I have no doubt. Its origin is fully verified by psychometry, and I have enough spiritual perception myself to testify positively to the exalted intellectual and benevolent character of the spirit from whom it came. I can perceive that he was one of the brightest and best this earth has ever known.

The day after our experiment Mr. B. was in my office, a gentleman well known among Spiritualists as a popular and gifted writer. It was the first time I had met him, and I tested his psychometric powers, which I found to be of a superior character. After describing other individuals most happily, I held the leaf over his head without his knowing what the object was (in all my psychometric experiments the psychometer is not allowed to know anything of what he is describing, and he gave me an excellent description of Confucius, which I regret that I did not take down at the time. He recognized a very ancient spirit—the spirit of a great philosopher—and finally said that he thought his residence was in China.

Dr. M., Dr. H. and Dr. F. have each in the same way given descriptions as satisfactory as that of Mr. B. Among other remarks Dr. M. said:

"This seems an illuminated brain with highly-developed spiritual conditions—an advanced spirit who has been making some recent acquisitions—a male, with a good development of both love and wisdom. He has a great interest in the people on earth, and the developments now taking place. It corroborates your views of the evolution of the brain and the progress of the race. He is acquainted with what you are doing."

He is a highly developed person, understanding the laws of life, has a wonderful mind considering the age in which he lived. His views of religion are those of a utilitarian. [How does he regard Jesus Christ?] As an advanced worker who received great spiritual light. The divine principle was well manifested through him. He was one of the important spirits who had much to do with the development of Jesus. [What was his location on the earth?] It was in a warm climate, far to the East. The first name that comes to my mind is that of Confucius."

A psychometric experiment with Mrs. L. gave me a realizing sense of the presence of Confucius. She spoke of his healing power, and of his good-will to myself, then said that he passed away from life very calmly, and says you will pass away in the same manner; but he does not approve of all you do. You are too sedentary, as he was sometimes himself; you should go out more; and you should correct the last two pages of your writing—it is not right.

Mrs. L., who had just arrived in the city, had no idea of the subject of my writing; in looking at it I perceived that these two pages needed correction. When I was writing I discovered that in my argument I had been led to speak more strongly of the effects of the absence of religion than was justified by the facts of anthropology and human history, and that the statement would need correction; but I had stopped, and laid the unfinished writing aside without making the correction. Confucius was right, and the correction was necessary; but I had not been thinking of it on the day of this experiment.

Some persons, unacquainted with psychometry but familiar with mesmerism, suppose the psychometer to be like a mesmeric subject under the control of the surrounding persons. But this is not the case with persons who have not been under mesmeric control. A good psychometer is as independent as a microscopic or telescopic observer.

Our most celebrated and accurate psychometer, Mrs. Cornelia H. Decker, of 205 East 36th street, gave the following description without seeing or touching the leaf—her hand being placed on the glass of the frame in a dark apartment:

PSYCHOMETRIC DESCRIPTION.
"This seems to be something in an unknown tongue. The writer is a man. It dates very far back, very remote, thousands of years back to the first periods of human history—before English civilization; everything seems crude."



"The complexion of the people was dark and swarthy, with high cheek-bones, square shoulders, thick neck and lips, full mouth; but without there was a good development of perception, yet not much of the spiritual. There was great destructiveness, a full back brain. The women seem strong as the men; there was very little difference in the sexes. I see heavy burdens carried by women; I see snags. I see something on a man's shoulders like a yoke to carry burdens with. The shoulders are broad and strong. The writer was a leader, and endowed with what they would call supernatural wisdom. He seems to be held up like a deity, or great oracle. I see snakes and reptiles worshiped; but it is not so now."

"There was something magical about this man. He had great power. I do not say that he was a magician, but he has great concentration of soul-power. If he were going to write, he would make characters. He did no physical labor, was not born for that. He was a reformer, an innovator; he enlightened the people, he was an oracle, he brought them up out of degradation and idolatry. He is now at work, bringing up the people to the light of advanced truth. He does not come here much, his coming was a specialty."

"His reformatory character is fully developed. He is one of the reformers of the spirit-world, propagating science and truth for this and other planets. He seeks moral elevation—his life is devoted to benevolence. [What does he think of the Christian system?] While he has great respect and love for Jesus, he would institute a broader system. He feels that Jesus had his equals before and since. He has much to do with the occult, and could give prophecies. He knows such as you—you would be one of the chosen ones."

"He taught orally—many of his ideas are given on stone; he taught much by symbols. With a suitable medium he would give valuable suggestions. He has great magnetic force—great healing power. His locality was Eastern—very remote—in Asia. He is interested in doing away with all erroneous ideas in regard to the future life. He is not alone. There were others of similar character in his age. There have been many crucified saviors—he does not approve of worshipping them. He is more philanthropic than emotional—does not believe in rites and ceremonies. He teaches unlimited freedom of thought—is not as much interested in the emotional as Christians. He would soften and smooth many things. He was not ascetic, but took life naturally; was often very cheerful, and would descend to familiar pleasures."

To this description of Mrs. Decker I would add that the spirit-nature of Confucius harmonizes well with that of the founders of Christianity, and I have recently seen his name united with those of the four evangelists in signing a message to one whom they propose to use for religious purposes. The signatures, psychometrically tested, manifested the different characters of the signers.

I have found also a character very congenial and similar to Confucius in the poet-philosopher, Xenophanes, a contemporary of Confucius, who was in the meridian of life in Greece and Sicily when Confucius was born. He was an inspired poet and a grand champion of monotheism against the polytheism of his time and those degrading anthropoid conceptions of God which have pervaded not only Greek mythology, but modern Christianity.

Mrs. Decker's remark that Confucius "was not alone—there were others of similar character in his age," is verified by the fact that he had as contemporaries not only Xenophanes, but the Greek philosophers Anaxagoras and Protagoras, the moral hero, Aristides the Just, and the grandest mind of antiquity, PYTHAGORAS; while he was immediately preceded by the noblest of the Greeks, SOCRATES, and immediately succeeded by Mencius, who ranks next to Confucius in China, and by Socrates, Empedocles, Plato and Aristotle, and other illustrious characters.

The persecution and banishment of Xenophanes, Anaxagoras and Protagoras for teaching a loftier religion than the superstitious multitude would tolerate, and the subsequent martyrdom of Socrates, should associate them in our minds with the more fortunate Confucius, who taught similar truths. In the sphere of these wise and heroic ancient spirits we find the noblest influences for our inspiration to-day, and they are not unwilling to come when we

invite them. Confucius is actively engaged in some of the most wonderful spiritual phenomena now in progress.

JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.
1 Livingston Place, New York.

WONDERFUL MANIFESTATIONS WITH HARRY BASTIAN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Harry Bastian came to Lockport the 8th of June, after filling very successfully one week's engagement at Ithaca, this State. On the eve of the 9th he gave a séance at my residence to a circle numbering twelve persons. Care had been taken in selecting the sitters and in making the conditions pleasant and harmonious.

After a dark séance of much interest, full of kind remembrances from spirit-friends and strong demonstrations of spirit-power, we arranged for a light séance, and had been sitting but a few moments when a face came to the aperture, which I instantly recognized as that of my sister. She bowed to my wife and self, and almost immediately came outside the cabinet, smiling and bowing to each of us, then retired within, closing the door. My wife said, "Lizzie, will you please come again? I wish so much to have you come nearer!" The spirit then, from within the cabinet, called for more light, and came out some six feet from the cabinet, within three feet of the circle, and then seeming to decrease in size, and faltering, as if losing power, returned to the medium; but immediately came again, this time close to my wife's side, looking just as in life, and making some signs with her hands, which I did not quite understand at the time. She then moved to the other side of the room, and taking a chair that stood near, placed it by the cabinet door, making signs for my wife to come and sit by her, which she did, while Lizzie stood looking down in her face, smiling and calling her by name; then wishing her to take her place in the circle again, threw her a kiss, standing in the door until Mrs. C. had resumed her seat.

The spirit then sat down in the chair a moment, but soon arose, and taking the chair to the end of the room, sat down close to the sitters, looking upon them all very pleasantly. She then moved back and forth several times, went to a window and leaned forward as if looking out, looked behind the cabinet, and did many other things. Her dress was of white material, beautiful beyond description, gracefully arranged about her form, and having a long trail, which seemed to be her especial care. Once as she came out of the cabinet it caught on the side of the door, and all heard distinctly a sound as if it was torn. She stooped, took it in her hand, examined it very carefully, and seeming satisfied that it was not injured, dropped it again and examined the door. After this as she passed in or out she would lift the trail until safely through. This trail was much longer some times than at others, and as she lifted it up it partially de-materialized in her hands.

I will not attempt to record all that took place at the several sances, but briefly describe what occurred at one given on the 10th to a few friends, six in number. One lady, before taking her seat, placed a bouquet of flowers in the cabinet with the mental request that a dear friend would come, and if possible bring it to her. The first person that came was this same friend, fully recognized, first at the door, then out a little further, but losing power she moved back, and in the door, in view of all, de-materialized from a full form to that of a child ten years old. She then stepped inside, came out still further after a moment, and again, back to the door, where she decreased from full form to the size of a child five years old. Moving back into the cabinet, she remained a little longer than formerly, then came out and passing close to the friend, gave her the bouquet. Returning just within the door, but in plain view, she again gradually decreased in size, until her form vanished entirely, and only a portion of the drapery remained, a small heap of white upon the floor.

The door closed, but soon she came again across the room to the lady's side, and bending over her with a pleasant smile, replied to a question asked, then hastening back, she de-materialized again, slowly going down, until the form was gone; then the portion of the trail became less and less, until that was gone, only a small white spot being seen when the door closed.

Her dress was similar to Lizzie's—white, but not so fine and rich, while about her waist was a bright sash, broad, and shining like silver. Once, the sash or trimming like it, hung in festoons over the skirt; at another time, what seemed to be a red sash or trimming was dimly seen through the white. Once she had a babe in her arms, and again was seen sitting holding the child.

Every séance was of interest and importance in some respect; in fact, at every séance Mr. Bastian has given here, (numbering some twenty-five or thirty) with two exceptions, full forms have materialized, and often two at one time; and I do not hesitate to say, that with proper conditions, the manifestations through his mediumship will equal any ever witnessed.

Yours in the cause of truth,
Lockport, N. Y. WILLIAM CULL.

It is a fact known to the philosophical instrument-makers, that if a metal wire be drawn through a glass tube, a few hours afterward the tube will burst into fragments. This will not happen if a piece of soft wood is employed. In these times, when glass lamp-chimneys are in such wide use, it is of no little importance that this fact should be made known. Thousands of persons who have been in the habit of using wire, table forks, and a variety of metallic articles in the washing of these chimneys, will, in the above stated fact, find the reason of their chimneys so often snapping to pieces on the lamp.

There is no slavery but ignorance. Liberty is the child of intelligence.—Ingersoll.

Original Essay.

THE ORIGIN, NATURE AND ULTIMATE OF THINGS.

BY BRYAN GRANT.

ARTICLE II.

We have seen from our introductory investigation as to the origin, nature and ultimate of things, that man is not the result of a miracle, but that, even as the rocks and plants and earth itself are the results of long and laborious processes of formation, so man is, secondarily, the result of fundamental law, working through vast epochs of time; that his individualized life here is an embryonic type of the life and substances of which he is composed; that even as he comes into this breathing world, creeping at first, and walking only when growth has sufficiently progressed, so the life and substance of which he is composed crawled before it walked. We have seen that this goodly planet was as a vast crucible, into which were poured the essential elements of all matter and of all life, and subjected to the supervising influence of the Great Magnetic Thought in the centre of all centres.

By subjecting a heterogeneous mass, composed of all grades of elementary condition, to the supervising power of a self-sustaining battery, the first element separated and given off will be oxygen, the next chlorine, and so on through the series, until finally potassium alone will remain—the first element so given off possessing but one degree of electrical measure, and occupying, therefore, the lowest electrical life-measure of condition, while potassium, the last given off, possessing an electrical excess of about sixty-eight degrees, occupies the highest.

So in the world's development. Subjected to the all powerful supervision of the Great Magnet in the centre of the system, the protozoa and the mollusk, the lowest and most primitive forms of life, were the first to be given off, or developed; the next to follow were fossil fish, and finally vertebrates appeared. Even as our battery first gives off simple units of electrical measure, and finally a vast complex measure; so the first forms of life were simple units, but increasing in complexity with each successive evolution until at last appeared the grand complex individuality called man.

The crude speculations of primeval ages, condensed into the forms of dogmas and creeds, and made obligatory upon the human mind, declare man to have been miraculously created; that his status and his end were made determinate then in his beginning, and made subject to the will of a personal power.

But these primitive conceptions are fading before the illuminating rays of a more complex entity, which finds man in his earth-life to be linked through and through with all nature, and equally with all things, animate or inanimate, the product of growth, development and evolution—the preparatory stage of individualization and development for the higher spiritual life which lies beyond.

The establishment of these truths makes the dogmas and creeds emanating from the more darkened ages comparatively worthless as guides for human conduct. Something more than a death-bed repentance is needed before the emancipated soul can enter upon the higher beatitudes of the future life; a newer and more enlarged philosophy as a guide for our pilgrim steps, proportionate to the enlarged hopes and possibilities of the ever-opening future, should be given to man.

We have seen that in the "beginning" when matter, latent life, (or force) and Soul, were dormant, that Thought went forth as a polarizing principle, in fact the primal polarizing principle that gave to atoms their primal power of activity, charging each atom with a greater or lesser number of degrees of electrical measure, according to its nearness to, or remoteness from, the Great Central Magnet, or Source of Thought, and thus through and by means of this regular gradation of distribution of electrical measure, establishing the fundamental basis of all law of action. Powers of consequence were also primarily established. While, for example, an atom possessing but one polar point, by which it could be brought into confluence with one of its kind, and but one degree of electrical measure, which was all that was needful to bring that confluence about, a second grade of atoms, less remote from the Great Magnetic Centre, had developed two polar points of union, and received two degrees of electrical force, by which confluence could be effected. The polar points thus established became neutralized by confluence and developed in the molecule—thus formed, new points of union, with heightened degrees of electrical force, ready to bear its possessor on to the higher conditions of granules, of substances, and, finally, of animate and inanimate forms of being.

This regular gradation of power to do, and capacity for transmutation, establishing the monad, the dyad and the triad, formed, as it were, a dual stairway of condition and power, the substantial basis of all fundamental law—the source of all motion—the law of all formation and of all advancement, and of that harmonious conflict which has effected all changes in all the vast dominions of nature's illimitable empire. Thus were established all the wheels and springs of power by which all things moved in a perpetual orbit of advancement, that never can cease until its great mission is accomplished—its mission of individualization and redemption.

It is not our purpose, at this writing, to follow the gradual advancement of these forces and conditions, from their primitive beginnings, to their present complex powers and forms, as such an undertaking would involve a disquisition of great length, and vast research in the domain of the past, and is not necessary to the establishment of the elementary principles which is the object of our present undertaking.

If already we have tested your patience with some dryness of definitions and details, we beg you will remember the rich kernel of Truth is incased with an almost impervious shell, which must be patiently penetrated ere the internal realities can be feasted upon.

Before we can proceed understandingly we must again return to the fundamental principles governing the confluence of atoms, and in so doing point out one of the most startling and impressive truths in all of nature's great field of elaboration, evolution and development.

When two atoms of like character and electrical measure form confluent union, their respective polar points are neutralized and satisfied, and the atoms thus united pass, by this process of transmutation, into the condition of a molecule, which will possess the united powers and added possibilities of its component atoms. Such a molecule is a perfect harmony within and of itself; it is good. But where two atoms of unlike character and unequal degrees of electrical measure, as a monad and a dyad, are brought into confluence, all the conditions of the monad will be fully met, neutralized and satisfied; but there will remain in the dyad an unneutralized point and an unsatisfied degree of electrical excess, and the molecule thus formed

and conditioned will be an inharmonious—an irregularity—a thing of evil. "The sweet bells are jangled, harsh and out of tune." It is tied, by reason of its deformity, to the lower order of things, and thus handicapped, cannot rise to the higher order of grandeur above.

Thus in the "beginning," in the establishment of the fundamental principles of action was also established the fundamental rules of advancement, and, while we realize that good and evil were thus made consequent upon fundamental law, we also cannot fail to see that they are but grades of condition of progression and advancement, and that it is but a question of evolutionary time, when all life shall have passed on up these utilitarian stepping-stones—when every demand shall have become satisfied, and neutralized—when all evil shall be advanced to goodness, and all perfected and harmonized life shall have become prepared to plume its pinions for the sunlit heights above and beyond.

Thus was necessarily established all that is fundamental of what we call good and evil—the shade and sunshine of ever progressive life—the joys and sorrows of time—protecting love and murderous hate—the balmy breath of summer and the bleak storm of winter—the smiling fields of peace and plenty—the desolate plains of famine and war.

"While, therefore, man was brought forth upon a field of action, growth and development, in which were and are the conditions and foods of good and evil, he had within himself the power of election, by which the evil could be rejected and the good received.

In a proper understanding and use of this power of selecting and rejecting, lies the whole philosophy of life and right living. Learned ignorance may tell you that the consequences of these selections and rejections may be escaped by miraculous interposition; it is a fatal error; as you have builded your house so must you occupy it.

The sculptor who builds for Truth strives to illustrate his highest ideal conception. As chip after chip flies from the chisel, and features and form begin to appear, inspiration guides the hand, giving touches and revealing unexpected lines of beauty, and the original ideal is gradually replaced by something higher, or rather, as he advances, his ideal recedes before him, gradually growing into something purer, nobler and higher than he had at first deemed possible. When at last his work is done he stands enraptured; it is all with more than hope had ever revealed to him.

So it is with that man who rightly builds for Time and Eternity. Evolved from the womb of Nature, man finds himself thrown helpless upon her bosom; but upon his infant years falls the protecting light of cherishing love, beneath whose nourishing beams the individualizing mind unfolds to receive the truths that are needful for his earthly guidance. He listens, and before his mind appears an Ideal Man, and the purpose becomes fixed to mold his life according to the perfect lines his conception has placed before him. He pursues his ideal through youth, manhood's prime and the silvered years of age—through all vicissitudes—joys and sorrows, victories and defeats—and as his ideal has advanced, more and more exalted has his ideal grown, until at last he beholds an image worthy of a niche in the celestial halls of his Father's house in heaven.

To reach this exalted ultimate man must remember that, practically, he is of the earth earthy; that as the twig is bent so will the tree be inclined; that as an earthly being man is made up of matter of greater or lesser perfection and goodness; that every unsatisfied condition adds to the measure of his imperfection; that these material substances form the earthly mold by which the spiritual being is shaped for eternity; that as he builds his earthly tabernacle so is he building his spiritual self, and that both are a matter of growth and development, and contain within themselves the records of their strivings.

The riches of the universe are at his command from which to choose that which is best for physical and spiritual needs, and, so perfect is the equipoise on the earth-plane between things material and things spiritual, that there is no conflict of needs; that which is best for the material is also best for the spiritual, and that which is best for the spiritual is also best for the material, since the perfect growth and development of the one depend upon the perfect growth and development of the other—a co-relation of needs being a fundamental law. The rightful supply to these material and spiritual needs constitutes man's highest duty to himself and calls for the exercise of an enlightened self-interest.

The man who has thus been mindful of his highest duty to himself, yet never trespassing upon the rights of another, is prepared to enjoy the highest riches of the "Eternal Home."

But what shall we say of the man who, with no conception in his mind, no ideal of beauty that he would translate to the marble, grasps his mallet and chisel and blindly chips away, bringing forth the outlines of an uncouth image, neither fish nor fowl, beast nor man, but a rude conglomerate of angularities and irregularities? What shall be done with such an image? Place it in the temple in a niche opposite our lovely statue, and make the imperfections of the one more apparent by contrast with the perfection of the other? No. Such an image shall have no abiding place in the Temple of Light; it must remain in the hands of the modeller until Truth's ideal lines are revealed to him, every angularity is cut away, and it stands forth at last a thing of beauty and joy forever.

So it is with that man who has no ideal whereby to build up his material and spiritual being. He is full of all deformities and monstrosities, a chaos of irregularities and inharmonies, and unsatisfied and imperfectly developed conditions. Is such an one to be ushered into high heaven to shock its refined sensibilities of all that is beautiful and true? Could such a discordant being breathe in an atmosphere of perfect purity?

In the days of our bewildered youth we were taught to implicitly believe that man was primarily created a perfect being, and that the one all-important thing to do to secure a position near the Throne of God, was that he should die repentant and prayerful, making the death a man dies, and not the life he lives, his highest passport.

The Great Builder of the world toiled on through the darkness, the chaos and the fires of millions of years before he beheld the realization of His Ideal Hope. But he toiled for a purpose. And man is here on the globe's surface for a purpose, and he is a toiler for a purpose. It is not the death a man dies that makes him a hero, but rather the life he lives. Neither is it the birth or the death of a man that is to fix his status in the world to come, but the life he lives.

How exalted the duties, then, that fall to every individual! With what ceaseless vigilance should we seek those paths which lead to the highest material and spiritual good! With what abhorrence should we shun and avoid those which lead to evil! It is facts (light) and not myths (*guinea fowl*) that man needs for his guidance in a world that has grown and developed from something, and where man himself came from no mythical Adam, but is a result of growth and development, and where all things are as so many marks of degrees of progression of things, governed by fundamental law.

As we have seen, in the nature of things, that good and evil are natural results under a fundamental law, so we, also, cannot fail to see that the natural ultimate increase is in favor of good; in fact, that all true progression takes from the scale containing the unredeemed (evil) and carries to the scale containing the redeemed (good); that "though the mills of the gods grind slow, they grind exceedingly sure and exceedingly fine;" that even in the span of our own brief life we have seen this mighty work advancing on tireless wheels, and are thus made to know that it will continue to go on until the last atom gives up its imprisoned life to a world of light above.

"*Full redeem*" is the promise that is to be fulfilled. As this was the promise of the Father so should it also be the promise of the child.

"I will redeem," is a promise that every individual owes to his immortal soul. "*Redemption*" is the word of hope which breaks with resurrection power upon the dull cold ear of death itself. The despairing, the broken, the crushed—even they who lie beneath the pall of a hopeless life—may find the ransom power, and be freed forever from the burden under which they fell.

Redeem the time! That is, work out your own salvation while here in the body, while you are yet on the primal field of growth and development. "Sow your seed in the seed-time, and reap in the harvest-time."

It is no far off Recording Angel who keeps your life record; but every act and atom makes its record upon your spirit, from the cradle to the grave, to be carried with you into the life eternal. Then make haste to redeem the time. All that is possible of good for any is summed up in those golden words. They comprise in their limits the whole duty and hope of man.

But, says some catechizing mind, if all life is to be redeemed sooner or later, what is the use of individual effort? Why not take it easy and float with the tide? Such an interrogatory implies an entire misconception of the fundamental premises.

If a man's status in the higher life is fixed by birth and death, then it matters little how his earth-pilgrimage is made; but if his status in the higher life depends upon the status of his earth-life, then the manner and conduct of the earth-life is a matter of transcendent importance. Seeds are sown that are destined to bear fruit in the bright gardens of eternity. Beyond the border line of earth-life no soul will occupy a position to which it is not entitled, and which has not been reached by honorable means.

"Go, and sin no more," was the advice of the Great Teacher of Judea, and it was given as the rule by which man might redeem the time.

There are, therefore, in this earth-life two things of paramount importance to every human being, namely, his physical and spiritual growth and development, and the character thereof. The advancement and perfection of these calls for the display of the highest individual and political economy.

We may, by the aid of microscopic amplification, ascertain the primary laws of atomic and molecular life, and their rules of advancement by transmutation, and it may be possible to detect the imperfect molecule, and bring into confluence with it that which is needful for its perfect symmetry and proportion; but a man's imperfections and inharmonies must of necessity be studied from an entirely different standpoint and by entirely different methods.

An atom is a simple unit of life and matter. Man is a grand complex unity, whose component substances have passed through the crucibles of the ages, from the simplest to the most complex forms of condition; and you cannot place him under microscopic tests and discover the millions of imperfect molecules in his physical being, and supply mechanically his various needs, and thus perfect the individualization. There is a life-presence at the very surface that forbids physical internal examination. We are forced to regard man in his entirety as a unit, a world within himself, and treat him as such. A thought-atom of the universe, he finds himself upon the earth-plane, and equally with all entitled to its bounties; may, he equally with all be entitled to a just supply of his inevitable needs. This supply involves all the struggles of life and battles for possession. These consequent needs gave him certain inalienable rights, and among them, liberty to pursue his highest individual interest. Self-preservation became a primal law of necessity, and man began as the defender of his individuality and his individual rights, acting as judge, juror and executioner of all that concerned him. His individual and political economy was a simple unit.

Upon this *Eocene* status there followed the more complex *Miocene* status, in which the rights of defence were delegated to a chosen disinherited few, with a view of better defending the weak against the unjust aggressions of the strong. This departure from a simple to a complex social system was the advancement of man from the so-called savage state to the first cultus of civilization. Startling as it may seem, with this multiplication of safeguards for a people under the forms of civilization's code, also came an increase of dangers to the individual, and the struggle and the conflict for self-preservation and advancement is as inevitable to the civilized man as willow to the simple barbarian.

Such being the facts, it becomes of the first importance that he who would reach the highest status must keep pace with the foremost spirit of the age in which he lives. And woe to him who plays the laggard or who stumbles and falls, for in a moment the ever-advancing wheels will be upon him and his earthly field must remain unharvested.

Man's life is as a tree, which may be made to bear good or imperfect fruit; and, as the status of the tree depends upon the soil upon which it has grown, so the status of the man depends upon the material by which he has been nurtured. And even as the tree should be carefully nurtured and pruned, so should a man be watchful of himself and keep free from all parasites and inharmonies. He should beware of hatred, envy, avarice and intemperance, and cultivate forbearance, charity, hope and love.

Hatred is a destroying fury that never sleeps; it tortures the body, ulcerates the soul and brings moral and physical ruin. Envy excites to malice and blinds its victim in self-created torment. Avarice brings envious, jealousies, despair, and numberless ills, dwarfing and rotting the substance of the life of the man. Intemperance enervates mind and body and saps the substance of body and soul.

All these destroying elements should be pitilessly lopped off from the growing tree of life, as so many parasites and dead limbs, that either suck up the sweet sap so needful to growth and development, or weigh it down with a death-weight burden.

On the other hand, love should be accepted as the great universal conductor to health and happiness, forming as it does, when attended by the safe-guards of virtue and lawful operation, the sweetest charm of life and the brightest hope of eternity.

The highest earthly food of the soul is hope, and it forms the source of all genuine happiness and becomes the guiding star to a home in heaven.

Charity give us peace with all and calms the troubled soul.

It is an old but profitable tale that is told of a king who gave his court-jester a fool's cap with the injunction to wear it until he met a greater fool. In time the king sickened and lay close unto death's door, when he summoned his jester to his bedside, telling him that he was about to set out on a long journey for which he had made no preparation, and asked his poor fool if his wit had no remedy for such a strait.

"What," says the fool, "do you tell me you are about to set out upon a long journey for which you have made no preparation?"

"Yes."

"And your Majesty has long known that, sooner or later, he would have this journey before him to be undertaken?"

"Alas! yes."

"Your Majesty, take the fool's cap which I was bidden to wear until I met a greater fool than I."

Sooner or later this mystic journey, the deep preparation for which is the labor of a lifetime, looms up before each and every one of us. When the messenger has come, then must we go. No time then for the long neglected preparations. The hour for the unveiling of the statue has arrived. Will it be a work of grace and undying beauty, or an uncouth object? Shall the celestial journey be entered upon with the proud consciousness of a hero returned from victorious fields, or staggering under the weight of deformities of the most repulsive character? Can Heaven be enjoyed without due preparation for it? No man can live this earthly life, and build himself up, or allow himself to be built up, of all material and spiritual irregularities and monstrosities—full of hatred, envy and malice, and guilty of crimes against himself and against society, and then, by prayer, meditation, or some other equally fabulous spiritual sleight-of-hand transportation, by some unseen harlequin, be lifted into the highest realm of heavenly enjoyment. It was, and is, against the Archetypal Plan that the pure essence of life and soul should be returned to the heavens individualized into monsters of deformity. Perfection and purification is the price of a home in the Eternal Kingdom. Between the Father and his children the element of justice is as unwavering as the fundamental law that governs the stars. It would be neither justice nor mercy to admit a deformed soul into heaven, where its own deformities would become painful by reason of the surrounding perfections. No saintly soul can be by a murderer's hand consigned to a world of eternal torment, and he, the red-handed one, be by prayer purified into Heaven. Justice, and not mercy, is the law. Mercy is but another word for injustice, and the law of Heaven admits of no injustice in its finalities.

In the imperfection of our earthly understanding we may exalt most unworthy individuals to the highest positions in a community, or in a nation; but in the Courts of the Most High a soul must grow up to the

position of exaltation before it can enjoy or fulfill one. All the world's great workers and thinkers were men who by industry, self culture, right doing and wisely directed effort, grew to their positions. No special favoritism ever placed over the brow of Plato that dome of brilliant thought which served to illuminate, with an undying light, the age in which he lived, and shed a lustre over the sepulchre of Time. By self-culture it grew into a brilliant light that shall beam in Heaven when the light of stars has faded from the sky.

In this earth-life the wolf may wear the sheep's clothing, and hypocrisy and fraud have their brief day of seeming success; tyranny may set his cloven foot upon all that is beautiful and true; hate, envy and malice may be covered by the thin disguise of seeming good; but across the border line of earthly conditions all disguises must fall, and each and every individual will be revealed in its true character and in its true light.

How appalling must be that moment when the disenchanted soul stands on the border line of the Eternal World and essays to reach the golden heights of Light and Love above and beyond, only to find that the Sins of Time weigh him down like lead, and that the great work of preparation for the higher life must be begun in that border land. He realizes at last that the bird who would soar lusts upward. Alas! he had been no more than a prowling beast. Before him rise the golden heights to which he would ascend, gemmed with the bright faces of angelic beings. He looks at them, but the very light is painful to his eyes and fills his soul with a horror of himself. All his life long had been one of hatred, envy, jealousy and revenge. In deep dark dens his slimy path had been laid, and the food of life had been digested in bitterness. At his sullen eyes behold the familiar paths of his unredeemed earth-life along which he crawls to hide amid howling beasts and hissing serpents. But that one gleam of Heaven hath awakened the aspiring soul, and he hates these low conditions now, and begins, at last, the long neglected work of emancipation and redemption.

But when the harmonious individuality—the child of purity and perfect unfoldment—stands on that border line of life, how different to him does it all seem! To his eye, which does not fear to look upon the light, all is lovely. The delicate flower, the graceful tree, the grassy plain, the undulating hill—all show unto him the enduring love which brought them forth. He turns toward Heaven as to his longed-for home. Angelic hosts smile down upon him, and the heavens resound with notes of welcome.

He beholds with untrodden joy the completion of the arch over the span of earthly-life. He has voyaged from the Orient to the Occident, and seen the horizon and surrounding of mortal dawn and mortal sundown. As there was wisdom and purpose in the "beginning," so is there wisdom and purpose in the ultimates. These things he gratefully desires that all men should know, that they too, may see that even on earth there is a most exalted path that he may tread, and that this path leads to the highest walks in the life beyond.

We have seen life and matter and soul diffused and chaotic, flowing down into the crucible of earth and time, and life and soul, individualized and redeemed, seeking its eternal home, there to be decorated forever with heaven's choicest garlands of light and love.

That these supernatural glories may be reached by all, even from the earth-plane, a nobler and broader philosophy of life must be taught unto men. We do not deny any truth that has been taught by science or revelation. All have been as needful stepping-stones. Man treads upon the dust of his dead self long ere his body falls into the grave. The religions of other ages are the mouldering dust-heaps of to-day, the crumbling ruins upon which the great church of a divine humanity is being reared for all the future.

With a growing apprehension of these great truths, and the consequent enlarging hopes and possibilities of the human race, we should seek for higher wisdom in the guidance of growth, development and individualization. Every man should feel that within himself a new being is to be wrought out in the time to come. The effort will bring hope and joy and the strength to succeed. Evil habits, cruel hatreds, frivolous pursuits, hopeless sorrows, the entire slavery of selfishness, all may be sloughed off and burned with the dead past, and we be made ready to receive the new heart of life in the future. The cald before us is ever a virgin page, and we may write upon it, even though it be amid some stains that mar the ever-improving record, the history of our deliverance.

Such is the nature and character of our earthly self and earthly life that amendment is the only and true watchword of the future. It is not a mausoleum in which to hide the ashes of a mispent life, but a new being to be built up in the time to come. The strength to win victories where there has been nothing but defeat is to be found in new alliances, and not in morbid wallings over a mispent past.

To look upward and upward means something more than a mere reversal of the inward and backward look of a selfish life. To look upward is not alone or chiefly to forecast the future, but to catch glimpses of the brightness beyond and fill our hearts with heavenly hope.

To look upward is not so much to take observations of our course, to cheer ourselves with the light that falls through the rifted clouds, or to steady our brains already dizzy with the tumults about us, as to seek for those angel hands of help which the bond of love draws to us, and which are our best alliance amid the perils we must encounter.

LOWEST ON THE LIST.

The cold, wet day—the windy street—

The open gates of Trinity—

Whom do the College Fellows greet

With such a cheer and mockery?

Poor Oliver! we know thy face.

So shy, so plain, so void of grace.

"Last on the list"—through taunts and sneers

He stumbles to his garret room,

And for an hour his lonely tears

Give his poor walls a deeper gloom.

Then smiles return—this cheerful lad

The "knack of hoping" always had.

He took his flute, and of his woe

He made the saddest, sweetest strain;

"I am so dull and plain and slow,

No honors I may hope to gain;

No skill have I in anything,

Unless like some wild bird I sing."

And so the cheerful, kindly heart

Spoke to the world in naughtingale

Soft smiles and tears from thousands start.

Sweet singer! who could do thee wrong?

By all beloved, thy very name

Is spoken tenderly by Fame.

Now, if through Dublin you should stray,

Stop at the gates of Trinity;

There a grand statue stands to-day

To the poor lad who wore the cap.

Passed through the gates, a scorn and drudge,

"Last on the list"—as men could judge.

And if through London, do not fail

The Temple's solemn yard to seek;

Brave knights lie there in carven mail,

Who never feared a lance to break

With mortal man—that mighty line

Who fought and bled for Palestine.

They are forgotten, and none know

Their names or deeds—those Templars brave;

But ask a ten-years' lad, "Where blow

The grasses over Goldsmith's grave?"

This singer more than knows his dear,

And he will say, "I know his here."

"Last on the list"—but time is gold;

Although the hand that wrote his dust,

His songs live on, his tales are told.

Highest in many a heart sits he

Who lowest stood in Trinity.

In a late issue of the *Lewiston Journal* the Rev. J. Benson Hamilton complains that while driving in the suburbs of Lewiston on Sunday last he saw a "mowing machine cutting hay." He then exclaims: "Little wonder the army worm is hunting the hay fields of New England!" If the reverend gentleman actually saw a mowing machine cutting hay on the Sabbath it was his duty as a minister of the gospel to have gone into the field and demonstrated with said mowing machine. Doubtless the machine would have reformed, and, if asked, would have then and there promised never again to cut hay on the Sabbath. The mowing machine that is hard-hearted and sinful enough to withstand the eloquent and pathetic appeals of the Rev. J. Benson Hamilton must indeed be a tough one.—*Boston Post.*

The Gates Ajar.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Something over ten years ago was published a little book bearing the above title and written by Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps which has brought comfort and consolation to many a sorrowing heart that has not as yet been baptized into the new faith. The book has been a sort of John the Baptist, preluding an acquaintance with the facts and philosophy of Modern Spiritualism, and as such we hail it with joy and gladness. As the soul is prepared for new light and new truths, the angel-world drop here and there a seed which, when watered by a true, earnest and loving faith, returneth an hundred fold. In sickness and sorrow, when on the bed of anguish, how many souls have cried out for more light, more knowledge, and how many such prayers have been answered by the loving presence and the touch of the loved ones gone before.

In our city for fourteen years has lain, in one position, in extreme anguish and pain, Miss Mollie Fancher, and how many a lesson has been taught unconsciously at her bedside! Those who have been blessed by her friendship have truly caught glimpses of that world of life and beauty where all sorrow and pain is turned to joy and gladness. Recently it has been my privilege to enter this sanctuary of patient waiting for the angel of death to come and bid the spirit ascend to that other home "where the loving life and the living love." I am often asked: "Do you know Miss Fancher?" Are the facts as stated? And, if so, what methods are used to prolong life? I am glad to say that I have met Miss Fancher several times, and each succeeding visit convinces me more and more that the "gates are ajar," and through their open portals the "angels of God" daily minister unto her, sustaining physical life by the power of spirit over matter.

But I am asked, "How do spirits feed her?" In reply let me say: "Precisely as Jesus fed the multitude with the loaves and fishes—not by a miracle, not by the suspension of natural law, but by the power of one spirit over another." Miss Fancher is clairaudient and clairvoyant. Her angel-mother, who passed to the spirit-world when Miss Mollie was but six years old, is ever by her bedside. She sees her, talks with her, and not only her, but the spirits of friends who may come to see her.

On Sunday, April 18th, I called upon Miss Fancher with Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, of Baltimore, who was filling a lecture engagement in Brooklyn, and who was our guest at the time. On that pleasant Sabbath morning we visited her home, and, on explaining our mission we were invited to the room where Miss Fancher had lain for fourteen years in one position—for nine years without sight, and mostly with the use of but one hand during all the time. It is with feelings of deep reverence that we pass into the room, and we feel like taking off our sandals, for we "tread on holy ground," and the spiritual and magnetic forces, so tangibly felt, again remind us that the gates are ajar, and we are about to get glimpses of another and a better life—one revealing to us an unbounded faith in God's love, and one showing to us that the kingdom of heaven has come to that darkened chamber where lessons of faith and patience are brought day by day to those who may have been admitted to her presence.

And is this fair face with its curling, crisp hair the patient sufferer of so many years?—this pure, angelic face so full of the light and joy of the eternal life! We are welcomed cordially, and the bright, intelligent answers to our questions and a deep insight into spiritual matters show to us that sorrow, pain and suffering have only aided the soul to pass into a realm of perennial peace. Soon Mrs. Hyzer feels the presence of the mother who has watched over her suffering child, and she sees her and describes her so accurately that both Miss Fancher and her aunt exclaim, "It is Mollie's mother," and the words of sweet consolation breathed through the inspired lips of Mrs. Hyzer come like a healing balm to them both. Turning to Miss Fancher, she says, "I see her weaving a wreath of lilies and pansies which she places on your brow," and as she said this she was influenced to improvise the following sweet poem:

TO MOLLIE, FROM HER ANGEL MOTHER.

Sweet child, a mother's tender hand
Culled fresh flowers in angel-land,
Exhaling fragrance pure and rare,
To twine amid thy tresses fair.

She watcheth o'er thee day by day,
To soothe thy heart, and sweep away
With love, that cannot fail or die,
The valley-mists that round thee lie.

Although thy life is full of pain,
No grief or anguish hath been vain;
Though on thy pale and youthful brow
Is placed the bitter-herb of sorrow,

The lilies of immortal love
Thy mother brings thee from above;
Prolife of thy future bliss,
Sealing the promise with her kiss.

Then weep not, darling! God is true;
His angel-bands shall guide you through
Earth's shadow-plane to that bright shore
Where loved and living part no more.

When the close of the fourth verse was given she bent over and imprinted a kiss on the cheek of the suffering one, and the tears rolled out of her sightless eyes—not of sorrow, but of joy and gladness that her mother was thus able to control Mrs. Hyzer and to demonstrate her visible presence. Mrs. Hyzer requested that she might take with her to her distant home a lock of her hair, so that by this symbol a chain of sympathy might unite the mother and daughter and inspired teacher in a trinity of love. With grateful hearts we clasped the hand of the invalid and gave her our good-bye blessings, and reverentially we passed from this inner sanctuary out into the active and busy world; but the peace, the loving, trusting patience, the unquestioning faith in the ministry of angels and the new strength given us to strive more earnestly for the gifts of the spirit will abide with us forever. May the memories of that sweet, angelic face and the lessons taught us in our realizing that the gates are ajar be incentives to a holier consecration and a sublimer realization of the glories of our faith.

S. B. NICHOLS.

467 Waverly avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"VISIONS OF THE BEYOND," is the pleasing title of a neat volume of 186 pages. The title is pleasing because whatever calls our attention to the better life beyond pleases the soul. The volume is a revelation of the life beyond the grave, through the mediumistic power of Mrs. Anna D. Loucks; edited by Bro. H. Snow, a Spiritualist of twenty-five years' standing, one who should be well able to know that which he says. The introductory handles Spiritualism without gloves, showing the uses and abuses of circles, the tendencies of the movement, and many other interesting facts pertaining to the spiritual religion. It gives a glimpse into the future home, to which we are all going. For sale by Herman Snow, San Francisco, Cal.—*Light for All.*

Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference, held in Ormo, June 18th, 19th and 20th, 1880.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The Convention was called to order Friday evening by Dr. J. C. Phillips, in absence of the officers. J. O. Barrett being called upon for a speech, responded in his happiest manner, speaking for three-quarters of an hour, touching on nearly all the reforms of the day. Adjourned to meet Saturday morning.

Saturday morning, at 9:30 o'clock, meeting was called to order by Vice-President, Mrs. S. E. Bishop. Forenoon occupied by Bro. Barrett and Sister Bishop. Session closed with song, entitled, "Gone Through the Beautiful Gates," by Misses Cora and Winnie Phillips.

At 2:30 P. M. meeting called to order. Afternoon spent very profitably, the speakers going over quite a large reform field.

President Lockwood having arrived, called the meeting to order. Arrangements previously being made for the President to address the Convention, he took for his subject, "Spirit Photography," showing how many of our spiritual photographs were produced. The subject was ably handled. The reason of his speaking on the subject was the fact of Mrs. Bishop having with her a photograph of herself, taken in Chicago, there being on the plate some four or five partially revealed faces. Amongst the number is an unmistakable face of a former resident of this place, and a member of our Spiritual Society. Every one who saw it recognized it immediately. Meeting closed with instrumental music by Pres. Lockwood.

Sunday morning, 8:30 o'clock. The services of the day were held at 10 o'clock. J. O. Barrett, Esq., our brother should be kept at work, as he has grown more positive and aggressive, which was needed to make him more of a success. His lecture abounded in facts and figures. Adjourned for the day.

Meeting called to order by the President at 2:30 P. M., when he continued his appeal for money to meet the expenses of the meeting, and also to finish paying debt on hall—which was responded to by his expectations. Mrs. Bishop, then took for her subject, "The spiritual life," and the subject was ably handled. She has been in the field for nearly thirty years, and is to day more zealous, if possible, than ever. She is to go to Colorado soon, and if any societies along the route from Chicago to Colorado wish to have her as one of the ablest speakers in the Spiritualist field, they can address her until July 15th, at Eagleville, Ashland Co., Ohio. The Secretary having received a letter Friday evening announcing the serious illness of Bro. V. Wilson, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously passed:

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communications (contributed) of our correspondents.
Our columns are open for the expression of impartial free
thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied
shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance.
We do not read anonymous letters and communications.
The name and address of the writer are in all cases
indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot under-
take to return or print anonymous letters and communications.
When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for
our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a
line around the article he desires specially to recommend for
publication.
Notices of Spiritual Meetings, in order to insure prompt
insertion, must reach this office on Monday, as the BAN-
NER OF LIGHT goes to press every Tuesday.

Banner of Light.

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SPRITUALISM, like an enduring rock, rises up amid the
conflicting elements of ignorance and passion—a rock which
the waves of Time and Change can never shake—on whose
Heavenly-bright pinnacle the Angels build their thrones, and
kindle beacon-lights to illuminate the world.—Prof. S. B.
Britton.

The Soul's Immortality.

Not long since we encountered in one of our
secular exchanges an article from "A Congrega-
tionalist," correspondent, the aim of which
essay was to prove that immortality is condi-
tional, the condition being that it shall be ob-
tained by justification through faith in Christ,
to whom it belongs "exclusively." He is at
the pains to show that the word "immortal"
occurs but *once* in the entire Bible, and is there
applied to God; while the word "immortality"
is found but *five* times in the Bible, once being
applied to God, twice to the saints at the resur-
rection, once when it is presented as an ob-
ject to be sought, and once its equivalent—
"eternal life"—is said to be the gift of God
through Christ to the justified only. But, on
the other hand, he says that the terms "abundant
life," "everlasting life," and "shall live
forever," which necessarily imply the perpetu-
ity of conscious being, or immortality, are often
applied to those who are justified through
faith in Christ, and to those exclusively;
while their opposites—"death," "destruction,"
"burned up," "consumed," "be as though
they had not been," etc.—are terms habitually
applied to "the wicked." Anybody can see at
the first glance that the writer's plan is merely
to eradicate the inconvenient dogma of an ever-
lasting "hell" from the creed which he holds
as fast as ever.

In order to do this he has to fall back on the
textual matter of the Bible for his only sup-
port, and willingly vote the greater part of the
human race out of future existence in order to
prolong the existence of the bare handful who
are described as worthy to possess immortality
because of their faith in Christ. This vague
but very common term plainly means, with Or-
thodoxy: subscription to "our creed," and fel-
lowship with "our church." It is fully as dog-
matic as any other dogma which the writer at-
tempts to upset. Nevertheless he says truly
that "philosophers and creedists are revising
their formulas of statement, and making such
corrections as a more critical knowledge and
broader analysis have rendered imperative.
Many clouds of error have been dispelled, and
much which was accepted as authoritative is
found to have rested on no better foundation
than the shifting sands of popular tradition." He
admits that the religious creeds "are no
exception to this universal law of progress. Be-
ing merely the deductions of the human reason
in the form of a summarized statement of be-
lief, so much of the human has been interwoven
with the divine element in their construction
that much of error has, in one way or another,
been intermixed with truth." Yet he proceeds
to erect still another creed on the very same
Bible foundation on which were built all the
others which he criticizes.

It is the same Bible, too, of which he says
that "from a thoughtful consideration of the
many centuries during which it was kept in
detached rolls of parchment; of the various
transcriptions which were made by unknown
and uninspired men; of their exclusive reten-
tion by the cloistered monks of a corrupt and
ambitious church during the long years of popu-
lar ignorance known by the significant title of
the Dark Ages; of the various translations of
uninspired men—first into the Greek, thence
into the Latin, and from that into the English
language; of the additional light which the
discovery of earlier manuscripts and the acqui-
sition of a more perfect knowledge of philology
have thrown upon it; of the confessed neces-
sity of a new translation, in which the dele-
gates of the Christian Church are now engaged;
of the natural and unavoidable differences of
opinion and construction of even the most
learned—we surely are not warranted in re-
garding it as absolutely correct, and adher-
ing with immutable tenacity to our accepted
creeds."—All of which is extremely well said;
but it is by no means consistent with it for the
writer to straightway proceed to set up a new
creed on the subject of the soul's immortality,
which he bases on a handful of texts taken
from the very same Bible.

It is in reality much that the worth of creeds
themselves is destroyed by those who would as-
sume to propose new ones; and it is much
more that the creed-holders are compelled to
admit the fallibility of the Scriptures which
they still blindly idolize. Surely the world is
moving, though Orthodoxy resists the motion
with all its feeble might. What Jonathan Ed-

wards demonstrated to the perfect satisfaction
of Old Theology, employing powers of reason in
doing it that were acknowledged to be the fore-
most of any of his age, the advanced and more
elevated views of humanity reject in spite of
his subtle logic, preferring to be guided by
their purer intuitions rather than by the iron
chain of any logic however powerful. The fact
is, Orthodoxy is giving up hell and gradually
ceasing from its blind worship of the Bible. Im-
mortality is brought to light by Spiritualism, at
the very moment when Orthodoxy stands ready
to reject it for the sake of its creed.

Too Great a Head of Steam.

As a people we Americans are trying to do
too much, and to do it too fast, besides. There
is no good reason to believe that we were sent
into the world to know all things during the
brief interval of our stay here, or to finish up
everything, so that posterity will have nothing
to do but enjoy itself in idleness. The simple
truth is, we have forced ahead at such a rate
without stopping to reflect on the why and the
wherefore, that we really know no other way
than the pushing, driving, steaming and self-
exhausting one which we are now so wildly fol-
lowing. One consequence is, that what is done
has such a look of haste about it that it gives no
impression of being accomplished. Another is,
that we are insensibly unfitting ourselves for
doing well what we undertake to do at all.

The alarming increase of the roll of sufferers
from various peculiar nervous diseases hereto-
fore almost unknown, is a commentary on the
fact above adduced which it is deplorable to be
compelled to read. Every one seems to be en-
gaged to get at the high pressure of speed, let the
endurance go how it will. Foreigners notice it the
moment they land among us, and silently won-
der what it is we are in such a hurry about.
There is a constant strain on the nerves that
makes their eventual snapping a question of
time only. Even in our public schools the ten-
der brain of youth is subjected to this cruel dis-
cipline of high pressure, until the physical forces
have little or nothing left to rally and recover
upon afterwards.

Perhaps all the warnings in the world would
be of no use in effecting a change in this mat-
ter, where change is so lamentably needed; yet
it is none the less the duty of those who are
impressed with the fact to lift up their voices.
There is no mistake whatever that we are in
too great a hurry. A man sets before him a
purpose to realize a fortune in trade or by
mechanical industry, and he puts everything
else aside—friendship, leisure, domestic attach-
ments, social delights, and the ordinary ameu-
ties and refinements of life—until he has at-
tained the object of his supreme desire. And
when he has at last secured it, he looks around
to discover what he pursued it so eagerly for,
and finds too late that he has entirely lost sight
of his first inspiration. He should have carried
all the parts of his life abreast, as a mason
builds his chimney, whereas he has arrived at
the end totally destitute of equipment and re-
sources.

There is nothing gained or to be gained by
procedures of this sort. More men go mad
than become happy as the consequence of such
folly. Apoplexy, paralysis, softening of the
brain, absolute and complete misery are man-
ly the rewards reaped for so much self-denial
and pains. The evil may, and indeed must,
cure itself eventually; but at what a fearful
and needless cost to humanity, and with what
a blighting effect on all the buds of human
hope! We need not think we can crowd more
into one short life than belongs in it; and with-
out meditative leisure, intervals of rest and
recovery, and the silent and unseen conditions
of spiritual growth, it is a melancholy failure
and worse.

Earth-Bound Spirits.

In Eugene Crowell's "Spirit-World" occurs a
most satisfactory explanation of certain gross
habits to which mortals are addicted even after
acknowledging the misery and curse which they
entail, and of the readiness with which truly
elevated natures oftentimes fall into tempta-
tions of an order which would be thought whol-
ly below their sphere and reach. Mr. Crowell
states that good spirits, as a rule, are unable to
long remain either on earth or in the second
sphere without inconvenience. They cannot
successfully resist beyond a certain point the
depressing adverse influences of either place,
while on the contrary were the lowest spirit,
with all his imperfections, introduced to the
realms of bliss, he would only find his misery
increased, and would avail himself of the first
opportunity to return to his own place, where
his surroundings would be in harmony with his
own feelings and condition. Heaven to him
would be a worse hell than the lowest spiritual
sphere.

There are spirits, adds Mr. Crowell, who in
this life were so debased, so gross, so steeped
in depravity that they remain in their degraded
condition and continue to inhabit the lowest
spheres for long periods of time, and in some
rare instances even for centuries. They have
no desire for improvement and progression, and
until they experience this desire their advance-
ment is impossible; but in time, remote though
it may be, this is awakened within them.

The spirits of misers sometimes are bound to
their earthly hoarded treasures, and they are
released from their bondage only when their
wealth has become distributed among or squan-
dered by their heirs; and it frequently happens
that when they are brought to realize their ab-
ject condition, they labor more strenuously to
scatter their wealth than they did to amass it,
and not unfrequently with success.

Here is a passage from the work that merits
special attention, in connection with the habits
and temptations to which we referred at the
outset: Its author says there are certain earth-
bound spirits which infest our public convey-
ances, steamboats and the like; they frequent
the lowest quarters of our cities, and liquor-
saloons, brothels, gambling-saloons and the like
places are crowded with them. They subsist
mostly on the emanations from earthly food.
Restaurants and kitchens, especially when un-
clean, are resorted to by them when hungry.
They also frequent hotels and pygmy houses,
where rich and luxurious repasts are habitually
served, and inhale the odors and impalpable
elements arising from them. Some attach them-
selves to gluttonous persons who are medium-
istic, and are able to abstract the more subli-
mated and vitalizing elements of the food from
their victims as fast as it is swallowed, and thus
a morbid appetite is created, which impels the
person to continued and extraordinary efforts
to satisfy it.

He really is eating for two persons, one of
whom is invisible. Such spirits are veritable
vampires. Liquor saloons are crowded with this
class of spirits, and not a person who possesses
medial power in any degree—and most persons

possess it in some degree—there moistens his
lips with wine or liquor, who is not at once ob-
sessed by miserable degraded spirits, and by
them urged—often irresistibly—to further in-
dulgence, until, as it frequently happens, the
victim becomes prostrated by the demon of
drunkenness, with perhaps the obnoxious spir-
it lying equally unconscious and helpless at his
side.

These remarks, slightly modified, says Mr.
Crowell, are also applicable to gambling saloons
and brothels. Could the frequenters of these
abodes of sin and evil have their spiritual eyes
opened, as were the eyes of the servant of Elisha,
they would rush with horror from such scenes,
and in their subsequent sleep they would be
tortured by dreams only less horrible than the
reality which had been presented to their spiri-
tual sight. Many times these spirits are at-
tracted and attach themselves to persons on
higher planes, who, though not actually given
to evil practices, yet are not earnestly opposed
to them, and who, under the temptations of
such low spirits, soon fall into them and are re-
duced to the level of their tempters. The fall
of such persons would frequently be prevented
were they to know and realize that they also
have good spirit friends around them, who would
effectually assist them if they would only wel-
come them, and by their prayers and desires
strengthen their hands so that they could put
to flight these dark and degraded enemies.

Spiritualism in Australia.

It argues well for the strength of Spiritual-
ism and for the prospect of its universal accept-
ance throughout the world in coming days,
that, in a locality so far distant from its start-
ing point as Australia, it supports an ably con-
ducted journal, *The Harbinger of Light*, pub-
lished by W. H. Terry, whose efforts for the dis-
semination of truth are worthy of all praise.
The Spiritualists of that region are to be con-
gratulated upon their good fortune in having in
their midst so zealous a defender and so effi-
cient an exponent of their belief. The June
number of the *Harbinger* contains nearly twenty
meritorious articles, presenting the most in-
disputable evidence of the truth of the pheno-
mena and unanswerable arguments in sup-
port of the teachings of Modern Spiritualism.

Rev. John T. Yerman commences a searching
review of "The Attitude of the Churches toward
Spiritualism," opening with the remark that
"The attitude which the Christian Church has
assumed toward new discoveries or movements
in the past, especially such as did not originate
with itself and were supposed to be contrary to
its teachings, will some day make an instructive
chapter in the history of the conflict be-
tween truth and error."

"The Orphic Circle" relates the experience
of a private circle instituted by its writer, with
the supposition that "what has been done can
be done again." After sitting for eight months
without any indications of spirit-presence, move-
ments of the table suddenly occurred, followed,
at subsequent sittings, with various convincing
manifestations—a good example for those to
follow who lack confidence in outside parties.

A new trance medium has appeared as a pub-
lic speaker, and commenced a series of meet-
ings. At his first lecture, being under control,
he said, "Spiritualism is no new thing. As in
the great amphitheatres of old, the presence of
dear friends amid the lookers-on stimulated
the arena participant to nerve himself for
brave deeds, so should the knowledge of the
overlooking eyes of our spirit-friends stimulate
us to greater energy in the battle with error."

A good illustration of the value of "Healing
Mediumship" is given, and it is proposed to
form a Society for the special purpose of aiding
itinerant lecturers through all the colonies.

Joseph Cook's experience with Mr. Watkins
at the residence of Edges Sargent is noted; and
a very excellent address upon "Mediumship"
given through a medium at Cardiff is presented,
containing much that is instructive. Alluding
to Materialization it says:

When a circle sits for materialization they ought
always to be careful of the conditions, or, say, the posi-
tive and negative influences. Always let those sit
around mediums who have a superabundance of the
brain aura, who throw out their entire sympathy to-
ward the spirit-form. The medium is a magnet to
the subtle matter around him; being for the time
an attractive electric body. It is always safer for the
medium to be away from the eyes of the sitters,
because the influence that penetrates from the
eyes is most severe and detrimental to the
medium. The medium should be in a state of
drawn from the medium and into a vapory
cloud; then the spirits who desire to show them-
selves plunge into this cloud; but first they make
themselves positive, so that the matter may be attract-
ed to them. If the spirit has more powerful or posi-
tive mind than the medium, and if there is not a suf-
ficient supply of these forces from the sitters, then
there is much more force attracted from the body of
the medium; not that they take the flesh and blood
from the medium, but they draw the spiritual sub-
stance from its surroundings, consequently the condi-
tion is altered. In this case the medium's body would
become much lighter in consequence of the matter
having been attracted to the spirit body, and when
this force, the attraction between the spirit-form
and the medium is always greater. Persons admitted
into a circle ought to be very careful as to their state
of mind before entering, for they are truly most deli-
cate in the case of materialization it is mind attract-
ing matter to make spirit visible to their gaze, and
when a number attend a circle merely to expose it,
their minds may have power to becloud the spiritual
influence or drive it away from the medium, or pro-
duce the very results they desire. Of course you will
understand these sitters stand on more advantageous
ground than the spirits. These things can be proved
even from nature; when there are unfavorable condi-
tions, the flowers never get beautiful flowers. You must in
nature always provide conditions for the growth and
expression of these beautiful products; so how
much more in a spirit-circle, where you deal with the
influence of mind upon mind. No person ought to be
admitted to a circle until they have learned to
understand the law that governs them."

There are in our ranks, we regret to be
obliged to admit, individuals who carry two
faces under one hood; but with the invisible
hosts watching them they can do but very little
harm. It is indeed strange that our beautiful
philosophy should be hampered at all by self-
ishness. It is made to bear the stigma of many
whose hearts evidently are not in the good
work, but who vainly imagine they are to be
looked up to as the apostles of the New Dispen-
sation. They are but the froth, however, that
rises to the surface on the ocean of thought, to
be engulfed in the sea of oblivion the moment
the purified waters of our living faith become
transparent to the children of earth! Let,
then, the humble workers take hope, and still
trust their angel guides, who have toiled as-
siduously for many years to bridge the chasm
that has so long separated the world of causes
from the world of effects—which labors have
resulted in the revelation of a full and com-
plete knowledge that there is no death; that
our dearly-loved translated ones still live, and
under the proper conditions can and do hold
communion with us.

Another installment of Dr. G. L. Ditson's
Review of the scope and contents of our foreign
Spiritualist exchanges will appear next week.

Some Old Opinions.

In one of the many "Imaginary Conversa-
tions" of Walter Savage Landor, Andrew Mar-
vel, who lived two centuries ago in England, is
made to say to Bishop Parker, "Men do not
stick very tenaciously and passionately to a
pure religion; there must be honey on the out-
side of it, and warmth within, and latitude
around, or they make little bellow and bustle
about it. That Milton has been latterly no fre-
quenter of public worship may be lamented,
but is not unaccountable. He has lived long
enough to perceive that all sects are animated
by a spirit of hostility and exclusion—a spirit
the very opposite to the gospel. There is so
much malignity, hot-blooded and cold-blooded,
in zealots, that I do not wonder at seeing the
honest man, who is tired of dissension and con-
troversy, wrap himself up in his own quiet con-
science and apart indulge in a tranquillity some-
what like sleep. Nearly all are of opinion that
devotion is purer and more ardent in solitude,
but declare to you that they believe it to be
their duty to set an example by going to church.
Is not this pride and vanity? What must they
conceive of their own value and importance to
imagine that others will necessarily look up to
them as guides and models? A hint of such an
infirmity arouses all their choler; and from
that moment we are unworthy of being saved
by them."

"But if they abandon us to what must appear
to them so hopeless a condition, can we doubt
whether they would not abandon a babe float-
ing like Moses in a basket on a wide and rapid
river. I have always found these people, what-
ever may be the sect, self-sufficient, hardhearted,
intolerant, and unjust—in short, the oppo-
site of Milton. What wonder, then, if he ab-
stain from their society, particularly in places
of worship, where it must affect a rational and
religious man the most painfully? He thinks
that churches, as now constituted, are to reli-
gion what pest-houses are to health—that they
often infect those who nothing ailed, and with-
hold them from freedom and exercise." These
are excellent opinions on religious bigotry and
the hypocritical tyranny of the churches, even
for such old ones. Had they been more preva-
lent in the age when they are reported to exist
at all, it would never have been possible for
Protestant bigotry to have held such a curb on
the human mind as it has. But looking back
two centuries we can see the crevices gaping
and yawning in the Protestant structure. To-
day there are falling walls and indistinguish-
able ruins. The churches as a religious system
are doomed. They fail, because they refuse to
represent the growth of knowledge and the ex-
pansion of the human mind. They cling to
blind faith and refuse to hear anything beside;
and the world moves on and leaves them grop-
ing in their morass of Orthodoxy.

A Pertinent Word from Charles Bright.

We have on various occasions in the past re-
ferred to the work being done in the antipodes
by the brave disciple of free inquiry whose
name heads this article. Mr. Bright is an out-
spoken man—none more so—as will be seen by
the following extracts, which we make from a
letter written by him to the May number of
Freethought, the able magazine published at
Sydney, N. S. W., by E. Cyril Halland, Esq.

Christian Orthodoxy in the United States has for
three or four years past been much of the Rev. Jos-
eph Cook. He has been the one orator, with a smat-
tering of scientific culture, who could be produced
upon the lecture platform to bolster up the failing
creeds—the one popular spokesman who had a favor-
able word to offer on behalf of orthodox Calvinism.
His Monday noon lectures in Boston have, for nearly
three years, drawn their successive audiences—
if not enthusiastic, at least satisfied to be assured that
the old sulphur-suffocating faith could be upheld by
something which sounded like science. That it was
not science needs not be told to those who have taken
the trouble to peruse these lucubrations, now publish-
ed, many of them, in voluminous form; but, at any
rate, it was something cast in scientific shape—some-
thing which looked like the terminology of sci-
ence. Yet, although the Reverend Cook's mind is
not so completely scientific in its tendencies as to im-
pel him to follow truth heedless of what familiar li-
bels may be broken in the pursuit, he still is one who can-
not altogether close his eyes to the facts of the uni-
verse in his own prejudices. He seeks to twist these facts
to suit his own predilections, but he cannot completely
ignore them. Hence even he, Orthodox though he
strives to remain, has proved a delusion and a snare to
the good ventures and the true seekers of truth who put
their trust in him. For in his 14th lecture, delivered
on the second of last February, Joseph Cook was im-
pelled to place before his audience some of the facts
of phenomenal Spiritualism in a light which startled
the Bostonians, and which, we are told, led to a
wild Christian war-whoop being raised around the re-
verend gentleman, under the effects of which he is still
suffering. . . . It is perhaps needless to remind those
who know anything of the subject of Spiritualism that
a simple like him, Cook, however self-confessed he
may be, is not a person entitled to pronounce an *cathe-
dra* upon apparent "impostures" or "trickery" in the
subtle and complicated phenomena which he is com-
mencing to study. Above all, it is not for him to at-
tempt to catalogue these modern marvels in their re-
lation to the ancient Jewish ones he has been trained
to worship."

Slate-Writing in Colorado.

Mrs. R. H. Simpson is at Denver, Colorado,
where many are availing themselves of the op-
portunity afforded by her visit of witnessing the
evidences of spirit power given in her presence.
These consist of slate-writings and the produc-
tion of flowers in a glass of water. The account
in the *News* (of that city) states that questions
were written upon pieces of paper, that were
then folded and placed between two slates. A
bit of pencil was then placed with them and the
slates sewed together by passing a needle and
thread through the cloth with which they were
bound. Correct answers to every question were
written upon the slate. The reporter, who
takes special care to inform his readers that he
is not a Spiritualist, remarks that "Looking at
her simply as a medium or a subject for news-
paper investigation and comment, without any
consideration of the value of Spiritualism as a
belief, Mrs. Simpson is a remarkable woman."

Mrs. Carrie Grimes Forster writes re-
cently from the Mountain Summit House, Tan-
nersville, N. Y.:

"My sister and myself have been in this 'Heart
of the Catskills' for two weeks, and are soon to be
joined by my good husband (Thomas Gales), who is
at the present time visiting his daughter in
Illinois. We have taken up our residence with
Mrs. Hollis-Billing, an old friend of Mr. For-
ster's, and highly esteemed by both of us. I re-
gard the manifestations occurring in her audi-
ence chamber for the profound truths and the most in-
teresting that it has as yet been my privilege to
participate in."

A correspondent writing from Tontine,
Ill., wishes "to know if J. Foster, J. Nelson Jeffer-
son and May Holmes," now traveling up
and down the West, are known among Spiritu-
alists as accredited mediums. In answer we
reply that we have no personal knowledge
whatever of these parties, neither do we know
anything of the "National Lyceum Bureau of
Boston," under whose auspices they claim to
travel.

In another column will be found an ap-
preciative notice of Giles B. Stebbins's latest
work, which we copy from the *Christian Regis-
ter*.

Keeler and Rothermel.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

When I see anything in the way of spiritual
manifestations new or remarkable I like to tell
the community of "saints" of it. I am aware
that long stories and detailed accounts of what
occurs under this head are at this day very
apt to be tedious; and yet, while there is still
so much that is questionable, at least among the
skeptical, or the class that may be called semi-
believers, a statement of good, square, unmis-
takable phenomena, if not at too great length,
will not be a superfluity. On Friday evening,
July 23d, on invitation of my neighbor Epes
Sargent, Esq., I attended a séance at his house,
Messrs. Keeler and Rothermel, of Brooklyn,
N. Y., being the mediums. As Mr. Charles R.
Miller, in a late *Banner*, has described the char-
acter of the manifestations, I will not attempt
to do that; but on this occasion the whole affair
was so highly satisfactory that I feel it my duty
to add my testimony in their behalf; and as I
am a veteran as far as experience in these mat-
ters goes, such occurrences must be a little ex-
traordinary and remarkably satisfactory for me
to call particular attention to them.

The mediums told me they had come to this
city because, told to by their guides; they did
not know for what; I can hardly suppose the
spirits sent them for the sole purpose of giving
Mr. Sargent and myself the pleasure of witness-
ing their phenomena (or rather those of their
spirits), but I think them just the same, for it
has amounted to the same thing.

A table covered with various musical instru-
ments and bells was placed in the corner of Mr.
Sargent's library on the evening of which I
speak, and in front of it a curtain about four
feet high was extended, leaving the table in a
triangular space; in front of the curtain sat
the two mediums and two of Mr. Sargent's
friends, the mediums and the friends taking
hold of each other so as to perfectly prevent
any deception, and a curtain front of them cov-
ering them all but their four heads. The mani-
festations commenced at once. The room was
light enough to consider it a light circle, and so
many things were done and at once for the
space of half-an-hour that no one could question
but invisible spirits were the actors, even if the
mediums had had their hands free, but being
held by the two sitting with them made the
matter doubly sure.

To me the most interesting part of the mani-
festations was the writing by spirit hands, per-
fectly visible, while the paper was held by the
friends in the room. During the manifesta-
tions, from the start, the sitters in front of the
curtain were manipulated by spirit hands, and
all saw them and knew they did not belong to
the mediums; and the hands being disposed to
write, some of the friends present put pen-
cils into the grasp of these hands, sometimes in
one place and sometimes in another, where they
happened to be, and holding a sheet of paper
the hands wrote with the pencil intelligent mes-
sages on the sheets of paper so presented; all
could see this done and know that it was accom-
plished by spirit hands, that belonged to no visi-
ble human body, and every human personage in
the room was visible. I have never seen anything
more satisfactory than this writing was; they
were spirit hands, and no mistake, materialized
for the purpose. I say hands, because different
ones came, and the style of writing was differ-
ent also. To put a pencil into a superhuman
visible hand and see it held in a human way,
and while one of the friends held a piece of white
paper to see it write, and then read perhaps
this: "I have not been here long, but I am very
happy," and the person recognizing the one
who wrote the message, who had passed on a
month or two ago, was something quite remark-
able.

These gentlemen, I learn, are new mediums—
have been developed within a year or two. I
wondered I had not heard of them, when they
told me of this fact, which accounted for it; but
I shall hope to see more of them, and I hope
the friends will remember them, and when the
opportunity offers, see their manifestations,
and be as gratified as I have been. As some
one said to me as these things were being
done, is it not strange that there are people
who think such a performance as this is
jugglery, and won't believe such things are
possible? Well, it is strange, and I am only too
glad for my many advantages, which have made
me a believer in a conscious hereafter, which
theology and religion utterly failed to do.

JOHN WETHEBEE.

[We received a pleasant call at our office from
Messrs. Keeler and Rothermel's agent, and one
of these gentlemen, on Tuesday, 27th inst., and
were informed by them that the two mediums
will hold séances for the presentation of the
singular phenomena described above, on each
evening of the present week, and Sunday night,
Aug. 1st, at 8 Davis street, Boston, after which
they will locate at Lake Pleasant Camp-Meet-
ing. We bespeak for them a good share of the
public attention.—Ed. B. or L.]

Henry B. Allen, the genuine and reliable
medium for physical manifestations, etc., called
at our office on Monday last—being at that time,
in company with his wife, on the way to Onset
Bay Camp-Meeting; having left his location at
the Lake Pleasant Camp for a week at this sea-
side resort. Mr. Allen is looking hale and hearty,
and evidently has years of mediumistic service
before him. He reported that everything was
proceeding with the greatest harmony and suc-
cess at Lake Pleasant, and that the many me-
diums there were already doing much work,
and finding a strenuous call for the exercise of
their diversified gifts. Among those to whom
he specially referred as having come under his
immediate notice were Dr. Weeks of Rutland,
(clairvoyant and magnetic physician,) and Dr.
and Mrs. George Dillingham, of Lynn.

Dr. G. L. Ditson writes us as follows
from Albany, N. Y.:

"Allow me to say that I think Dr. J. R. Buchan-
an's lecture published in your issue for July 17th,
is one of the grandest productions ever furnished
by the *Banner* to its numerous readers. Every
sentence is golden. I wish the discourse could
be put in a more permanent form, for it sur-
passes in its profound truths, the sublimity
of its sentiments, in the clear exposition of
what is most important to us in our mundane
journey, anything I remember to have read
heretofore. I would like a dozen copies if put
in cheap pamphlet form."

A. S. Hayward, magnetic physician, will
remain in Augusta, Me., for ten days. He then
intends visiting Cottage City, Onset Bay, New-
port, Saratoga and Lake Pleasant, returning to
Boston by the 1st of September. Letters ad-
dressed to him at the post-offices in the several
places mentioned will be called for on his arrival.
His magnetized paper can be obtained as per ad-
vertisement in another column of this paper.

The attention of the reader is called to
Bryan Grant's admirable essay (pages 1 and 2),
the concluding portion especially.

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