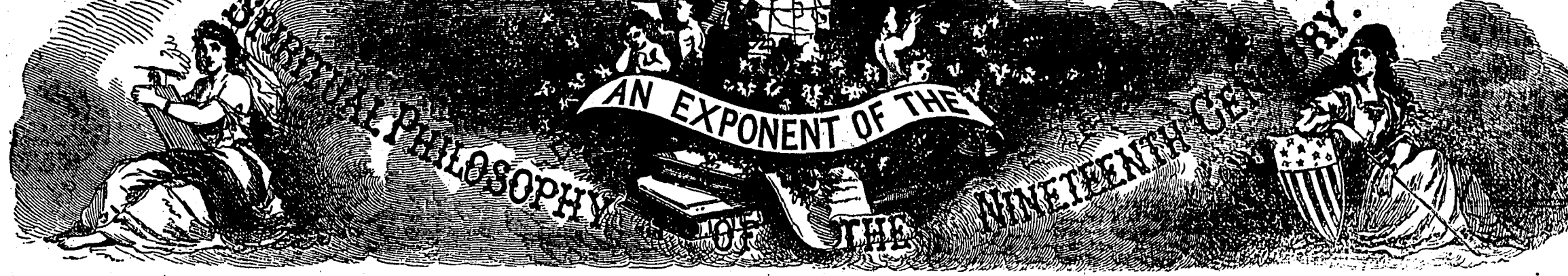


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Spiritual Phenomena.

ALFRED JAMES, THE MATERIALIZING MEDIUM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Thursday evening, March 11th, 1880, I called, by appointment, at 711 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, and held a seance with the above named medium, never having seen him until the day before.

Mr. James had recently moved into the humble rooms he and his wife then occupied, which were very scantily furnished. A dark curtain, slightly suspended in one corner of the room, was substituted for the usual cabinet. The medium was taken possession of by his usual personal guardian control on such occasions, who claimed to be a Shawnee Indian chief by the name of Chawanska, (which means "firm rock,") who fought more than a century ago on the side of the French at the battle near Fort Duquesne, (now Pittsburg,) in which Gen. Braddock was so disastrously defeated—the remnants of whose army were saved from entire destruction through the bravery, prudence and superior knowledge in Indian warfare of George Washington, then a young officer in Braddock's command. Chawanska was called "Wild Cat" by the English. There were no other persons in the room during the seance except Mr. and Mrs. James and myself. The medium was in a very weak condition, on which account, through the advice of his spirit-friends, he had foreborne for some time giving materializing seances, pausing for the recuperation of his physical powers, which he assured me had become greatly exhausted, owing in great measure to the discordant character of some of those who attended his circles.

The first materialized spirit that manifested was a male, who was dressed after the Oriental flowing mode, in dingy white, with a large turban. He came outside the curtain several times and approached me closely, that I might inspect his features, which, though the light was dim, I could very plainly discern were quite unlike those of the medium. After the spirit had retired, Chawanska told me it was the spirit of an Arab by the name of Abdallah, of the tribe of Hassab, an Algerine scout who was killed by the French in 1848.

Next appeared a female spirit dressed mostly in white, who I was told by Chawanska was called when on earth "Catharine Gordon, the white rose of Scotland," who died about 1490. (How far this date and description agree with the real facts, I know not; I merely adhere to my narrative to what the spirit told me through the Indian control of the medium.)

Next came a fine-looking Oriental male spirit, dressed mostly in white costume, with a broad black scarf drawn over both shoulders, which was crossed before and behind. He wore a large white turban. I was told that this was the materialized spirit of Emir Uosoff, a Persian of note, who died at Tahera in 1838.

Next came a tall spirit wearing a white turban and dressed in dark colored garments, after the manner of a Zouave, who took a heavy cane from the hand of Mrs. James and practiced several successive times the exercise of the spear or sword, as if engaged in fighting an enemy in battle. On several occasions the Zouave came close to me and put his fully exposed face close to mine. His aquiline nose and features generally were very dissimilar to those of the medium. I was told that this was a French Zouave by the name of Henri Maurice, of Chalons, in the south of France, and that he died at the Hotel Invalides in Marseilles, in 1858.

Next came a male spirit, dressed mostly in dark clothes, who I was told was the spirit of the Italian Bruno. He stated that he was burned at the stake for advocating Astronomy, and that Galileo was a student of his. (How this accords with history, I know not. I merely give the substance of what the spirit stated through the vocal organs of the entranced medium.)

Next came a female spirit, dressed in modern costume (the particulars of which I do not find set down in my notes made the morning after the seance). She claimed to be Harriet Perkins, of Lowell, Mass., who died in June, 1863, and had materialized at Mrs. Plorking's seances.

Next came a graceful female Oriental spirit, dressed in dark costume, with a white scarf, who said she danced for the Pasha of Egypt, and died about sixteen years ago.

Next came a beautiful female spirit dressed in white, who said she had been one of Mahumud's harem, and died at Constantinople in 1842.

Next came a dark-complexioned form that

claimed to be the spirit of Judah Touro, once of Newport, R. I., who died about thirty years ago. (I am not sure, but I think Mr. Judah Touro, the benevolent and distinguished Hebrew, whose name one of the principal streets in Newport bears, died anterior to the time the spirit stated.) On Monday evening, March 15th, I had another sitting for materialization with Mr. James, under like conditions as the foregoing.

First came on this occasion a male spirit, dressed in dark Zouave costume, with a broad white sash. His person was decorated with a star, which I was told was that of the Republic of Equador, in South America, where he died in 1868. He stated that when on earth he bore the name of Immanuel Escobeda.

A most singular-looking female spirit next made her appearance, wearing a flowing, long white robe, extended out in an unusual manner on the floor in front of her some four to five feet. The spirit showed a good deal of solicitude in keeping the dress in position in front of her by the use of her hands. After she retired, I was told that it was the spirit of Helen Snyder, who had, with such disastrous effect, borne false witness against the Bliss mediums, when they were subjected some time ago to criminal prosecution in Philadelphia. I was also told that the extraordinary length of her dress was the Oriental symbolical method of indicating the progress which Helen Snyder had been enabled to make since she passed to the spirit-world—more rapidly than she could otherwise have done but for my kind and successful intercession with the Blisses to forgive her for which she now expressed great gratitude.

Next came a tall Oriental spirit, dressed in white military costume, with a black sash around his body, also a sash of the same color around his head and chin, reaching to his mouth. He claimed to be an Egyptian officer of some distinction, who lived about twenty-five miles from Cairo, and died in 1871.

Next came a female spirit wearing a dress with dark skirts and white body, who said her name was Maggie Doyle, and that she was a Catholic who lived in Camden, New Jersey, and died last October. She told me that her object in coming was to get a "foothold," so that she could come to her own folks.

One of that singular class of phenomena next occurred that I never witnessed anywhere else but in Philadelphia. The medium was suddenly ejected, head foremost, with great force, from behind the curtain, and fell close by my side on all fours—in which position he seemed to maintain himself with difficulty until he was assisted by his wife to a sofa or lounge in the room, where I left him lying in a partially unconscious state.

A day or two after this I called and had a private sitting with Mr. James, who, after being entranced, told me that immediately after the spirit Maggie Doyle left on a previous evening, the spirit of a Russian patriarch, of the Greek Church got control of the conditions of the circle on account of the weak state of the medium, and entered the cabinet together with (or closely followed by) two shaven-crowned monks, when the latter, by some magnetic power not explained to me, threw the medium out of the cabinet, as I had witnessed. In answer to my queries I was told that this violent procedure was prompted from a bigoted hatred of the manifestations, because the translated priests or monks held them to be antagonistic to the doctrines and well-being of their church organization. I once saw Mrs. Bliss, the materializing medium, thrown head foremost from a cabinet with still greater violence, and also Mr. Wm. S. Roberts, another materializing medium, after like manner, by spirits who were described as shaven-crowned monks. I have also heard it stated by reliable persons that they have been present at materializing seances when Miss Mary Holroyd and also Mr. Henry Gordon have been pitched out of their several cabinets head foremost on their faces in similar manner and by like agencies, viz: shaven-crowned monks, always dressed in long, black robes, except in the case of Mr. Roberts, wherein the mischievous monk, after having been identified by his black, monastic dress, assumed in some instances a white gown, that he might seemingly better disguise his presence from the personal guardian of the medium. All these violent proceedings occurred in Philadelphia, and I have never known an instance wherein such a spirit-phenomenon has occurred elsewhere.

On my asking why such a preponderance of Oriental spirits materialize at Mr. James's circles, I was told by the spirit there in control of his organism that the immediate band of spirits that control his manifestations are Egyptians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, back of whom and working in unison with them are numerous other bands of Chaldeans, Ninevites and Babylonians, who work in concert with the Egyptian band through the direct agency of two principal Egyptian spirits, whose earth-names were *Mustapha*, a viceroys, and *Omar*, a high priest or mufti. Hence the sympathies of the medium's controlling guides being naturally inclined toward their kindred, leads them to favor the Oriental rather than the European and more Northern races.

Mr. James confessed to me (what he alleged he had never denied,) that on certain occasions he had taken with him into the cabinet remnants of white and black muslin, (never, as he stated, to exceed two yards in all,) not as he said, for the purpose of perpetrating fraud, but for the reason that when his vital powers were weak and low, the spirits could expand or multiply the same into the drapery and garments that were needed for the manifestations, from a nucleus however scanty, with much less effort and exhaustion of his vital powers than they could when they were obliged to condense and manufacture the needed articles wholly from

the surrounding elements in the atmosphere and room. I asked the communicating guide of the medium to inform me whether Mr. James was fully conscious of what he was doing when he took the strips of black and white cambric with him surreptitiously into the cabinet? The answer came: "Our medium is a very sensitive man, and is under influence a large part of the time, even when he is engaged in his everyday affairs. He knows by impression what he was about when he took the things into the cabinet, although he was not fully conscious of what the attendant spirits were doing. When the proper time comes, we expect to be able to fully and publicly vindicate the honesty of our medium, and that under absolute conditions, but we must wait for a certain refinement of his physical body before it can be satisfactorily done. Materializing mediumship (continued the communicating spirit,) is one of the hardest phases, because it destroys identity, and unless surroundings are of the best and most harmonious kind, trouble and injustice to the medium will always be the result. Good materializing mediums require to be endowed with an immense concentrative force, and be magnets of the strongest kind, to perform their missions well. Weakness of concentrative force in the instrument causes the features of the materialized spirit-forms to resemble those of the medium, for the reason that when the vital or materializing powers of the instrument's body are weak, its peculiar force can only gather strength enough to envelope the instrument's body without altering materially the cast of the features or form." (This to me seems rather misty, and leaning toward transfiguration; still most experienced investigators are aware that spirit-forms much oftener resemble—more or less—the medium toward the close of a materializing seance than they do at the commencement.)

I had observed that Chawanska never spoke through the organs of the medium whilst a materialized spirit was outside the curtain, and asked to have the circumstance explained. The answer came: "Sometimes we use our instrument's organs of speech when the spirit is outside the cabinet, but not often, on account of the then attenuation of his vital powers, there not in general being force enough left to talk with his organs of speech. If you could see the medium when the spirit is materialized outside the curtain, he would look like a mist, merely, in some instances, whilst in others his form would be totally absorbed in that of the personating spirit. Baron Liebig says that when a smaller body becomes wholly absorbed in a larger visible shape, it cannot properly be called a personation or a transfiguration, but is a real materialization for the time being. There are two ways of materialization. The one, absorption of the medium; the other, wherein the elements for materializing are drawn from the outside circle and atmosphere by a process of condensation."

I now asked to have it explained to me why it was that at sittings at a private circle for spirit manifestations I sometimes attended before a certain medium, the manifestations always run in one uniform channel and in accordance with the stereotyped views of the habitual attendants of the circle and diverse with my own?

The following was substantially the answer I received from a spirit purporting to be Justyn Von Liebig:

"In dealing with matter you deal with the physical and visible; but when you enter the spirit circle you are met with an invisible force. There is in every person the invisible force that governs visible matter. This invisible force, or spirit matter, within each person who enters where the materializing phenomena are being demonstrated, the medium attracts, and condenses the spirit forces that are brought there by each individual present. Now in passing through the medium's body the unconscious instrument must of necessity, by a fixed law, take upon itself every individual condition in the circle. The elements thus acquired reflect back upon the circle exactly that which is given by the circle to the medium. Now the individuals in the circle you ask about have arrived at a state of mind in which all their spirit forces have become absorbed in one idea. You, on entering the circle, may have very diverse ideas from these one-idea individuals, who, in consequence of the intensity of the concentration of their one idea upon the medium, overbalance yours and lead to the results you describe. Now let ten of these one-idea men (by way of experiment) withdraw from the circle, and you may find the manifestations to be very different. The reason why certain spirits return so often to this circle and duplicate their sayings, is because it is so difficult for spirits to get a foothold on the mortal plane, that when they succeed they are often disposed to hold on, even if they are obliged to conform to the peculiar views held by the majority of the sitters. The individuals may be nevertheless just and true men, though selfish or pertinacious in maintaining their peculiar theory or idea."

In conclusion, I may say that I feel entirely sure that Alfred James is a genuine medium for materialization, and requires nothing further on the mortal side than to be surrounded with good, harmonious and honest influences, to be a very useful instrument in the hands of the angels. Nor should I seriously object to Mr. James, or other materializing mediums, taking with them behind the scenes remnants of cloth or other materials to facilitate the manifestations, after the manner described; but then, it should always be done openly, so that every sifter in the circle could judge for him or herself how far the articles so introduced could of themselves affect the genuineness (if at all) of the manifestations.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

MR. THOMAS R. HAZARD'S REPORT OF THE ASTORIA MANIFESTATIONS.

TWO SPIRIT FORMS PRESENT AT THE SAME TIME, AND COMING INTO THE PARLOR FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Brooklyn is highly favored (I may as well call it Brooklyn, as Astoria is the most beautiful of our suburban villages,) with the presence of a medium who (with her present earth-life surroundings) seems to furnish the very best conditions for the materializing manifestations. Give other mediums as good conditions as are furnished by the Hatch family, and no doubt results would be correspondingly favorable. This is an important lesson for Spiritualists to learn.

The accounts and reports of the materializing manifestations which I have seen in the metropolitan press and in the *Banner of Light*, are no way exaggerated, but in fact fall short of the reality, and I speak from personal observation. A friend of mine—a well-known citizen of Brooklyn—who attended a seance a few evenings since, stated this important incident. I will give the facts in the language of my informant: "Why," said Mr. P., "what do you suppose happened at Astoria last evening?"

"Well," said I, "doubtless something very grand, for on the evening that I was there there was a succession of brilliant and demonstrative manifestations. But what do you especially refer to?"

"Why, sir, while a form that had been out in the circle, and was returning to the cabinet, was still in the presence of the whole circle, another materialized form came into the parlor from an entirely different direction, having materialized in the large hall (or in the library room off of it), coming through the hall into the parlor. As this form approached me, I recognized my wife, who gave me loving greeting. You may judge of my emotions at such a meeting."

Here in Mr. Hatch's parlor are two spirit-forms, standing in a good light, in the presence of the whole circle; and one of the angel visitors, coming from a room distant from and directly opposite to the cabinet, approaches her husband, singles him out, and they—surpassing pleasure and bliss—recognize each other, and enjoy, brief though it was, a blessed reunion and companionship. What next?

In all of the accounts that I have read of the Brooklyn (Astoria) manifestations, that of Mr. Thos. R. Hazard to the *Providence Journal* (reproduced in a recent *Banner of Light*) is the most full and accurate. I suppose the fullness and accuracy of Mr. Hazard's report is due to the fact that he so thoroughly understands the subject about which he writes, and from his long experience in the materializing phenomena, understands the significance, and thus knows how to interpret the events which he narrates. Long may this glorious old man live to be the historian of these transcendent manifestations. As the defender and vindicator of the media instruments of spirit-power by which these manifestations are produced, he has already won a deathless immortality—such as is only awarded to philanthropists as large-hearted and disinterested, and moral heroes as dauntless as Thomas R. Hazard.

Let me add that the *Banner of Light* is doing a most important work in giving publicity and precedence to the facts of the Spiritual Phenomena.

CHAS. R. MILLER.
Everett Hall, Brooklyn, 398 Fulton street.
April 19th, 1880.

BASTIAN'S SEANCES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Harry Bastian gave seven seances in Scranton, Pa., at the residence of Mr. Daniel Howell, President of the Merchants and Mechanics Bank. At the first three seances that were given, March 21st, 22d and 23d, none were admitted but the nearest of kin of Mr. Howell. During these three circles spirit-forms were materialized, all of whom were recognized as having been while in the form our daily and hourly associates and companions. At the Sunday evening seance given March 28th, a female spirit-form walked out of the cabinet in a good light and dematerialized and again materialized in full view of all.

Mr. Bastian was induced to visit Winton, situated about eight miles north of Scranton, and gave three very satisfactory and convincing seances, both light and dark. The medium cheerfully submitted to any tests suggested, and during the dark circle his feet were held in a position that made it impossible for him to stir without being detected; at the same time he continuously slapped his hands together. A music-box and guitar were floated by an unseen power high above our heads, sometimes striking the ceiling. Unseen hands of all sizes and temperatures caressed us, three and four persons being touched at one and the same time; voices were heard speaking, and by request a cold hand "just out of the grave" was laid on our faces by Johnny Gray, one of the spirit-guides of the medium.

Every evening a committee of two were selected to examine the medium's wearing apparel, who made a thorough and rigid search of each and every article of clothing worn by him, and were fully satisfied that nothing was secreted upon his person whereby the manifestations could be produced. As a test to a very intelligent gentleman, who is a member of the Catholic Church, who was present, the materialized form of a Sister of Charity appeared and announced herself as Sister Celestina, once Mother Superior of a convent in Montreal, and said she came to convince him that good spirits can come, and assured him it was not the work of the devil. Forms were materialized rapidly and in quick succession, male and female, talked to us

and were recognized beyond doubt. We are satisfied that Mr. Bastian is a genuine medium, and to all doubters of spirit-return we have only to state, form your own circles and procure a genuine medium, such as Harry Bastian, and if you do not become convinced you will receive food enough for reflection during the rest of your lives.

Fraternally yours,
H. T. HOWELL.

Winton, Pa., April 5th, 1880.

DR. SLADE IN COLORADO.

As we have before stated, Dr. Slade is meeting with a remarkable degree of success in Colorado. The *Chronicle*, of Leadville, contains an account of an interesting seance held with him by a number of gentlemen connected with that paper on the evening of April 4th. The party having joined hands, two slates, one upon the other, with a grain of pencil between them, were held under a table, and a request was made for the invisibles to write.

"Immediately (says the account,) the imprisoned pencil point could be distinctly heard to start off with an energetic clattering, and while the Doctor conversed fluently on other topics, to keep the mind, he said, from controlling the pencil, the scratching continued ceaselessly, till another bang on the table by way of knocking spirit signified that the composition was complete. Dr. Slade laid the slates down in front of the company, and one of the party removed the top one, and then read the following letter from spirit-land:

"My friends, do you ever think each living soul is equally true to the powers that control it? Had I not been deprived of its selfishness and wedded to intuition, it would have gone forth beautifully, and been strengthened in purity. All that is beautiful and spiritual will be the offspring of this work of intellect and intuition, and everything will take a new light and become divine, bright and true."

I am truly,
L. N. TAPPAN.

Mr. Norton expressed a wish to know if anybody in spirit-land desired to communicate with him. The Doctor placed a pencil-point on the slate, which he held under the table-leaf, and in a few moments the following message was received:

"The best thing I can tell you is that the soul of man can never die."
W. NORTON.

The signature is that of a brother of Mr. Norton, who has been dead for many years, a fact not previously known by any of those present. Mr. Norton regarded it as one of the best tests of Spiritualism he had ever heard of. The doctor now requested one of the party to write a question on the back of the slates so that he could not see it.

Mr. Green wrote as follows:

"What became of Bradley?"
The answer came back written on the slate:

"He (B) got murdered."
Mr. Green was an officer of Co. B, Eighth Missouri Infantry. In the second charge on the works at Vicksburg on the 22d of May, 1863, Bradley, who also belonged to that company, was missing. No prisoners were taken by the enemy. The reputation of Bradley for coolness and bravery banished the idea that he had fled or deserted. He was reported "missing." He was undoubtedly killed, and the burial detail failed to identify him.

The party withdrew at a late hour, well satisfied with the result of the interview.

SLATE-WRITING WITH FLORAL ACCOMPANIMENTS.

There appears to be no limit to the ability of our spirit friends to furnish new demonstrations of their power and presence. The variety that has already been given is so great that upon the appearance of every new phase we are led involuntarily to ask, "What next?"

A correspondent (A. P. N.) writing from Pittsburgh, Pa., sends us the following account of a seance in that city, at which writing upon a covered slate was given with a new feature attending it. He says:

"While so much is spoken of slate-writing mediums, suffer me to tell of a seance that occurred here at a seance held on Friday evening, March 26th, in the presence of the medium, Mrs. Sarah Patterson, of 81 Franklin street. There were eleven persons present, including the medium. A bit of pencil about the size of two grains of wheat was enclosed between a double slate. The gas burning above the table being turned partially down, the medium held the slate under the table for one or two minutes. At the sound of three raps it was lifted, when the pencil point was found lying on the top of the slate, as is always the case with this medium when a message is completed. The slate, on being opened, showed a message addressed to a member of the circle present, purporting to be from a spirit-friend; and lying directly on the writing was a beautiful rose, as fragrant as if just plucked off its original stem. This was repeated until eight persons sitting around the table had each received an appropriate message and a flower over it. The flowers varied in kind, but were all fresh and blooming, and filled the room with fragrance. The light was sufficient to show every object in the room, and deception on the part of the medium is not admissible under the circumstances. After this performance a materializing seance followed, in which several spirit forms came out from the door of the cabinet."

[From the Sunday Herald, Boston.] MRS. THAYER AGAIN.

THE OTHER SIDE OF HER MEDIUMSHIP IN WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Thayer and her friends are naturally much disturbed by the publication of recent reports of her career in Washington, the former averring that the letter of Mr. Steinberg to the *R. P. Journal*, of Chicago, accusing her of fraudulent practices, was inspired by merely personal feelings. Among other letters from Washington in vindication of her assailed mediumship we have the following:

Allow me a small space in your liberal paper to describe a wonderful manifestation of spirit-power, demonstrated through the mediumship of Mrs. Thayer, at my house, on the evenings of March 10th and 11th, 1880. The medium, at her own request, was placed under the strictest test conditions, after the company had assembled. She was taken to a room over the parlor by my wife, and every article of clothing removed from her person and thoroughly examined, after which my wife accompanied her to the dining-room in which the seance was held. This room was carefully examined by all present. The doors and windows were securely fastened, so that neither ingress nor egress was possible. The party then took their seats around a long table and joined hands. Those

of the medium were held by the gentlemen on either side of her; the light was extinguished, and in about ten minutes a gentle fluttering was heard, when a striking light, a beautiful canary was nesting on the breast of a gentleman present. The second night the medium was subjected to the same test conditions; the same party was present and arranged as on the previous evening, and the result was a liberal supply of the most beautiful flowers was spread over the table and the laps of the company. The flowers were in great variety, but the most remarkable was a strand of smilax about six feet long, dripping with water, lying in the center of the table in the form of the letter S, and woven together in the most artistic manner. The company was composed of fifteen persons, all well known in this city, who are willing to testify that the manifestations were genuine, and that fraud or deception was impossible.

Yours for truth and justice,
M. McEwen.

451 M street, Washington, D. C.

The Anniversary.

Second Grand Celebration of the Thirty-Second Anniversary of Spiritualism in San Francisco, California, Sunday, April 4th, 1880.

[Reported by William Emmette Coleman.]

The Spiritualists of San Francisco have had two grand gala days this year. Mrs. Britten having graphically described the exercises of the first, it devolves upon my humble pen to report those of the second. The First Spiritual Union of this city, meeting in B'nai B'rith Hall, devoted the entire day Sunday, April 4th—three sessions—to the anniversary exercises. The hall was elaborately decorated with flowers, evergreens and floral emblems, while the platform fairly groined beneath the weight of choicest flowers, tastefully and deftly arranged by the delicate fingers of Spiritualism's fair daughters in 'Frisco. The platform seemed, indeed, a living *parterre* of flowers, as did also that of Charter Oak Hall the preceding Tuesday. Portraits of A. J. Davis, J. M. Peebles and Dr. Slade, various spirit pictures of W. P. Anderson, and Joseph John's "Dawning Light," all appropriately festooned, adorned the walls; while the *Banner of Light* and other spiritual journals, and a choice collection of spiritual literature, found ready sale at the tables of good mother Snow.

The exercises of the Children's Progressive Lyceum in honor of the day were varied and appropriate. Some one hundred and twenty-five scholars were present, all of whom seemed to enter into the duties of the day with zest and earnestness. Mrs. Seales, Miss Clara E. Mayo, and other mediums, announced the presence in spirit of various deceased members of the Lyceum, and the Conductors, Mrs. Laveria Mathews, read the following poem, given through her mediumship, from Josephine Stephens, one of the bright scholars of the Lyceum, lately deceased:

Dear little Joey Stephens
Whisper me to say
That in the Children's Lyceum
She can be found away.
That Willie Andrews, Jennie Rider,
Also come and stand beside her;
That Mrs. Miller's patient face
Is, too, in this assembly place;
That Mrs. French, who led us all,
Is now within our Lyceum hall.
These spirits meet on this occasion
To join with us in celebration;
Mark! I said "Our Lyceum hall";
And have we not an interest all
In this Lyceum? It was our home,
And here we've always loved to come.
Bright, beautiful flowers, brought with love,
We bring you from our homes above;
With reverence lay them at your feet,
That joy, to-day, may be complete.
"Where's the reward," I hear some say,
"This hand so faithful to-day?"
Ah! labor to the children's Lyceum,
Is counted in the glorious Eden,
And you cannot afford to stay
Idle all the live-long day.
The gems of thought which here we glean
In heaven's bright corridors are seen;
The threads of love which here are woven
Will make our garments up in heaven.
Then never think your task is hard
When wait for you such rich reward.
Dear Joey returns to earth, to tell
That you have done your duty well;
That, when you reach the shining river—
Crossing o'er the bridge of silver—
You'll meet again your Lyceum band
In the bright and glorious Summer-land.
Dear papa and mamma, do not cry!
Sure you'll see me by-and-by.
Oh! help, sustain with feelings tender,
Thoughts that help the world to grow,
Proving that you remember
Two and thirty years ago.

A most affecting incident occurred during the recitations. Mrs. Hattie J. French, the former Conductor of the Lyceum, passed to spirit-life over a year ago. She recently gave a poem in honor of the day through the mediumship of Mrs. Seales. This poem Mrs. Seales gave to Mrs. French's daughter Jennie, about twelve years old, and a regular Lyceum scholar, to read to the Lyceum. Jennie ascended the platform and began to read it; but she had only read the first two lines when she burst into loud weeping, exclaiming, "Oh, my mother! my mother! I can't read it, I can't read it!" Dropping the paper, she retired up the stage to mean and sob over her mother's loss, her schoolmates finding it difficult to cause her to restrain her grief and cease her lamentations.

Little Annie Perkins, the musical genius of the Lyceum, rendered two ballads very sweetly, and other beautiful musical selections were given by Tenie Ray, Alice Cameron, Henry Andrews, Emma Booth, Mina Robinson, Della West, Maud Danks and Frankie Robinson. Among those giving recitations worthy of special note I caught the names of Charles Stern, Herbert Harding, Thos. Wise, Harry Mayo, Lizzie Powers, Jennie Greenwood, Daisy Peck, Edna Hope Loomis, Katie Hammond, Sophie Eggert, Nattie Mayo, Etta Benjamin and Lottie Hebe.

At 2 P. M. the large hall was thronged with an eager multitude, awaiting the promised intellectual and spiritual feast, and filling every seat. Mrs. Mathews worthily presided over the three meetings of the day. Exquisite singing was interspersed afternoon and evening, rendered by Mrs. Feathers, Little Annie Perkins and the regular quartette.

Mrs. E. F. McKinley was the opening speaker, delivering a chaste and practical address, full of earnest thought and inspirational truth. Spiritualism, she said, was to her the most substantial blessing of existence. It inculcates the broadest charity; it has no children for the unfortunately situated, but says to all, "Come up higher." Whatever your besetting sin or weak points may be, ask God's angels to aid you in their betterment and help you to improve. Let us all, by and with the help of the loved ones from the bright beyond, do all we can to overcome the evil of our natures.

Prof. W. N. Van De Mark followed in a stirring, vigorous speech, emphasizing strongly the ethical side of Spiritualism, its potentiality as an instrument for the moral elevation of mankind. In the boys and girls of the Lyceum, he said, he saw the stimulus of the moral teachings of our philosophy, he saw a mighty force springing up, calculated in time to achieve marked results in the paths of reform.

Miss Clara E. Mayo, under influence, next delivered a pleasing and thoughtful address. This is our natal day, said her angel prompters, as well as yours. Cherish the memory of this day in your daily life, letting its beneficent influence permeate your thoughts, words and deeds. She also spoke of the difficulties of mediumship. If we come not as you wish, think not that we have forgotten you. You cannot know how difficult it is for us to linger in your atmosphere, it is so repellant to our souls. But for all that we come, and in the spirit's best way we come to you. Look not so much sweep of all you, for the tiny tests, but rather at the broad sweep of the great religion you profess.

Mrs. Mathews then read an inspirational poem called "Two and Thirty Years Ago," written through her mediumship. Mrs. M. J. Upham-Hendee, a veteran medium of twenty-five years' standing in Califor-

nia, was the next speaker. Spiritualism, she remarked, was no mythical delusion, but a grand reality. She had seen and heard the spirits—seen the spirit realm—hence knew, not believed, these things were true. It is the emanations of the spirit-world that carry you safely through the dangers and pitfalls of every-day life, inspiring you to heavenly aspiration and earnest endeavor for the pure and good.

"Father," Pearson, another old veteran in the sacred cause, followed in a line of remark somewhat similar to that uttered at the Tuesday celebration. He gave as a rule of conduct for all, this: "Do no wrong consciously." It embraced the whole moral law except in one point. That point was covered by the eleventh commandment, "Love one another." From observance of his rule for several years he knew its beneficial effect. 1881 will be an eventful year. Spiritualism will then be thirty-three years old, the length of an average human generation and of the life of the great medium, Jesus. The perihelion of the four largest planets would create disturbances, to be followed by beneficent changes, the character of which could not be determined. In 1881 would be laid the corner-stone of the spiritual temple—the temple to be called Temple Arabula, or Divine Light.

Mrs. Lewis next favored us with an inspirational address, which, as regards beauty of diction and sublimity of thought, may be considered the gem of the meeting. I will make no attempt to reproduce her eloquent phrases and sparkling imagery, I requiring her exact language to do her justice. She closed by calling upon the Spiritualists of this sun-kissed clime, whose treasures have largely filled the coffers of the world, to build a hall for the religion of the angels of heaven—a religion which has reason for its guide, love for its inspiration, and progression for its motto.

Mrs. Seales announced that she had seen Rev. T. Starr King inspiring Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. McKinley. She also announced the presence of many spirit children. Since she saw the improved and beautified condition in spirit-life of her late husband, Mr. McDonald—shown her, at her request, while visiting his grave—she had never shed a tear for the dead. She also described various spirits seen by her in attendance upon persons in the audience, which were recognized.

Mrs. Wiggins also described the spirits seen by her. Spirits, she said, are here in greater numbers than mortals. Spiritualism is to me all that I ever hoped for—a saviour. If we do all that Spiritualism tells us to do we'll do much better than any of us do now. Let us all do the very best we can.

The afternoon exercises closed with a half-hour

sermon by Mrs. Breed, a telegraphing, seeing and writing medium, in which she gave some of the most thorough, satisfactory and convincing tests I have ever seen in a public audience. As a missionary among skeptics, she, like Mrs. Foye, should accomplish a good work.

At 7:30 P. M. another large audience assembled. Mrs. Hicknell began the services with a recitation of a poem given her inspirationally by Nettie Pease [Fox], Wm. Emmette Coleman was the first speaker, his subject and its manner of treatment being similar to that in his Tuesday's address in Charter Oak Hall—"The Value of Spiritualism." It being greeted during its continuance and at its close with considerable applause. (*En passant*, let me remark here that all the speakers during the day received their due share of merited applause.) Mr. Coleman was followed by Mrs. Dr. Henderson, who said: The truths spoken on this platform are moving through the spheres beyond. We are sowing seed that will spring up in beautiful flowers in the garden of the soul. In the great telephone of time you will find your words re-echo from the evergreen shores of life. Down in each soul lies a diamond. Polish that diamond; place it so bright in your crown that angels may sing: "There is no night."

Prof. Van De Mark again spoke of the ethical relations of Spiritualism and its utility as a reformatory power in the world. He also paid a passing tribute to the old patriarchs in Spiritualism; those who had had to stand the fires of persecution and obloquy in the early days—the martyrs of our religion. Spiritualism does not condemn the erring man or sinful woman, but taking them by the hand lifts them up. "I have been made better," said he, "and feel higher incentives to live a good life since I came among the San Francisco Spiritualists."

Mr. Irvine read a carefully-prepared paper full of sound practical counsel and encouragement, showing the importance of Spiritualists embodying their principles in their daily lives, and closed with a poem urging them to strive to attain the higher and purer life opening up to all earnest aspirants for the good and true.

Mrs. Miller, an enthusiastic and untiring medium, thanked God for the great-grandmothers of the Fox girls, for had there been no great-grandmothers, we would have had no Fox children. "God bless," exclaimed she, "the fathers and mothers. No woman can know the luxury of goodness till she becomes a mother. The way to conquer your boys is to make them love you. Thank God, all my children are Spiritualists. Glory to God for our wives and husbands, fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers!"

Mr. Ferrie, late Methodist minister, followed in a rousing, soulful speech, full of the old-time revival fervor. All things are ruled by law, he remarked, and come in regular sequence; so Spiritualism must be its advent in the world at the right time. The angel intelligences who assumed control of this planet when it was first evolved from its parent sun, determined the time for the appearance of life on its surface, the time of man's appearance, and the time when Spiritualism should appear. When Spiritualism did come, all the forces of the universe were behind it, and it could not keep from coming. Spiritualism is the second coming of the Nazarene, the culmination of the song of the angels to the shepherds eighteen hundred years ago.

Rev. Mr. Parker, Universalist, gave his views concerning the identity of true Christianity and true Spiritualism. He also spoke of the importance of having right beliefs, for much of our happiness or gloom is dependent upon what we believe.

Mr. Wilson thought that man was prone to do good rather than evil, instancing in point the marvelous growth of Spiritualism in thirty-two years in all parts of the world. What will Spiritualism have to show, queried he, at its centennial anniversary?

Mrs. Miller announced a brief spirit-message, extending encouragement and cheer to those present. Owing to the fact of the failure to be heard, through lack of time, of several of the speakers present, and the exceedingly deep interest manifested in the exercises, it was determined to resume them on the following Sunday. And so came to a close this second memorable day in San Francisco Spiritualism in 1880.

Onset Bay Camp-Meeting.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

At the last meeting of the Directors of the Onset Bay Grove Association, it was decided to hold the annual Camp-Meeting from July 15th to August 10th, inclusive. It was also decided to celebrate the opening of the season of 1880 by a basket picnic at the Grove, June 17th. In accordance with this decision, work is already being pushed forward as fast as possible.

The Association has built five more cottages since the first of last January, with two and four rooms each. A well has been made at Central Square, and work is now going on upon the new auditorium, which will, when completed, have a seating capacity for three thousand people.

Private enterprise has also been steadily at work all the time since the close of the Camp-Meeting last August—there not having been a time when there was not one or more cottages under the builder's hand. The cottage of Mrs. Jennetta Bullock, on South Boulevard, Mr. S. P. Willis's cottage on Highland Avenue, and Mrs. Lucy Baker's cottage on West Central Avenue, among the good ones lately completed. As a place of permanent resort, we can say that there have not been in this part of the world since the first time during the past winter. There is a steady demand for building lots by parties who signify intentions to build, once or before the opening of Camp-Meeting in July.

From present indications, the season of 1880 at Onset Bay Grove will be a busy one. The friends of the cause who intend spending the season there, or who intend to visit there this season, can rest assured that the Directors, with the Committees that have the preparatory work in charge for the coming season, will leave no stone unturned to insure the comfort of the people who stop at Onset Bay Grove.

W. W. CURRIER.
Haverhill, Mass., April 8th, 1880.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SOUL COMMUNION.

BY MRS. G. L. SHACKLOCK.

Not in the glare of sunshine,
When the tide of human life,
Like a surging sea, is round me,
With its turmoil and its strife;

When, with a bold endeavor,
Like a warrior in the fray,
I, with my mortal brothers,
Battle from day to day

With all the hosts of evil
Which strive to press us down,
Bearing the cross while hoping
One day to win the crown:

Come that loved presence near me,
Breathe that dear voice to me—
Too dim my earthly vision
That cherished form to see:

But in the solemn night-time,
When, at the eventide,
We leave our cares and sorrows,
Like garments laid aside,

And, passing sleep's fair portal,
We gain the mystic land,
Where flowers unfaded in beauty,
By odorous breezes fanned;

Where every cloud that floateth
In the pure azure sky,
Seems like a memory, ever,
Of something long passed by;

Where every stream that floweth,
And every tree that waves,
Shadows some precious blessing
Our inner nature craves.

Then, when by sleep divested
Of every earthly dross,
My lone heart throbs with rapture,
It heeds no earthly loss,

I fold my long-lost treasure
In my embrace once more;
The tie, supremely blessed,
More sacred than before.

And in that blissful dreaming,
No longer torn apart,
We hold a sweet communion
Together, heart to heart,

Too sacred for expression,
Too precious to reveal,
Oh! if our spirit vision
Sleep doth so well unseal,

How blest will be the waking
When earthly life is o'er,
And from our long, last slumber,
We rise to dream no more!

La Porte, Ind.

Funeral Prayer and Address.

Over the Remains of the Late Commodore Francis Connor, delivered March 24th, in the First Unitarian Church, San Francisco, by Mrs. Emma Harding Britten, under control of the Spirit Thomas Starr King.

INVOCATION.

Oh Thou Infinite and eternal Spirit; Father, God; Lord of Life and Death; Author and Finisher of Being! Lo, thine hand is heavy on us in this trying hour.

As we stand in the valley of the shadow we hear Thy voice calling home our hearts' beloved, and our spirits fall as we listen to the summons which removes from our mortal vision the father, friend, the strength, the consolation of many a pilgrim in earth's rough and rugged pathways. But even now, as we bend beneath the weight of our mighty sorrow, whilst our strength is laid low and the voice that has spoken the word of power to the weak and comfort to the helpless is hushed forever, Oh, teach us that thou art still the strength of our weakness, the light to our blindness, the truth through the eternal silence that has closed these mortal lips, bidding us pause and consider the solemn lessons which death alone can teach. Oh, trusted but most eloquent teacher! as we stand in the presence of thy white angel, Death, and still the throbbings of our beating hearts to hear the message that he brings, we uplift our souls to thee, thou only strength and consolation, and learn to lay the burden of our cares and griefs on thee, who alone canst bear them. Help us, Oh Heavenly Father! and clear away the mists of sorrow from our eyes, that we may discern the footprints of the beloved one in his pathway to the land of light. Help us to re-tread the tracks of honor, truth and duty that he has left behind. Captain of our salvation! Pilot of souls! Thou who hast steered thy beloved one's bark to the port of eternal safety, be with us now!

We see with streaming eyes and arms outstretched in pain the receding light of the white and flowing sails, as his ship of earthly life is fast drifting out of view. The thickening mists of death have closed around him, and we are left alone, straining our eyes, falling sight to catch faint glimpses of the glory in which our vanished friend has cast eternal anchor. Oh, thou Great Spirit! Pole-star of every drifting craft, freighted with frail humanity! teach us how to cry out to Thee with heart and voice. We trust Thee, Oh, our Father, in life as in death, in darkness as in light, in our hour of human grief and weakness, as in the more peaceful days of life's full blossoming. We know that all is well with him who has gone before. We know he has gained the shores of endless day and waves aloft the banner of immortal triumph over death. The veil of mortal being, so dense to us, is luminous to him, and from the Mount of Vision we know that he still watches with an angel's tender pity the bereaved and mourning friends who linger yet behind and bear the burdens he has dropped.

We know the immortal still loves, and that he is all—ay, more than all—his ever was, or could be, to those who love him still.

Thou, who dost make the very roses thy preachers, help these faltering lips to tell of the joy and glory he has gained. Show to these mourning ones the radiant Mountain of Transfiguration to which the angel Death has raised him. Help us to kiss and bless the rod that smites the human heart but sets the immortal free, and once more teach us all to cry in spirit and in truth, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven, forever and forever!"

THE ADDRESS.

Friends, we meet this day to celebrate the birthday of a soul into the life immortal. Fifty-three years ago there was a birthday of another sort in the home where this ascended soul first saw the light as a helpless, wailing babe. Born into the life of earth, where care and toil are the milestones at every step of the weary way, with all the bitter pangs of humanity's stupendous warfare looming up before him, still he was ushered into being without one tear or sigh to mar his welcome. No prophetic voice of warning spoke of the thorny road those infant feet must tread. The mother's heart was full of joy, and rejoicing feelings hailed the young stranger's advent on life's stormy sea without one sad misgiving.

And now, when we know how well, how nobly life's battle has been fought and won, how gallantly he's run the race God set before him and gained the victor's prize of a well-earned immortality, shall we fail to bid the triumphant soul God-speed, or stay with a single murmur the hand of the liberty-angel that sets the ripened spirit free? Rather let us strive to follow the shining sails of his true life's ship to that glorious port of rest where the storm is lashed forever, and the sunlit waves of joy are beating on the shores of eternal light. Whilst he who is transfigured from the clay of earth to the spirit's glory which our dim mortal sight cannot penetrate, the mute and touching eloquence of the form we have beheld in all the pomp of life and strength, so strangely still, so dumb and silent now—al! In short, of the solemn mysteries of death prompt us to inquire their meaning and pause in the glory rush of life, to ask of God, the quiet dead, and one another: What has death done to this our friend and brother?

The ways of the Infinite One must ever be mysterious to the minds of his finite creatures; but in his mercy he

has taught us enough, by that we do know, to trust him in all things of which we are yet ignorant; and to hasten the brightest revelations of our present day and hour are those that have stripped the grave of all its terrors, death of its awe and mystery, and shown to the weeping eyes of bereaved humanity its precious dead, in all the glorious reality of life immortal—and death itself to be but the archway to the higher, better, happier spirit-land. Another of our Father's gifts to man have been the messages of love brought by the very beings nearest to us. They point to the wealth we gather upon earth, the splendor that we fondly lavish upon the crumbling dust of those we've loved, and remind us that all must be left behind, and that the spirit takes not with him the value of death's shroud in material treasure. And yet it is given to us to know there are many mansions in our Father's house; wealth and possessions there; power and strength; and noble work to do; joyful duties to fulfill; and life, with all its glorious energies and powers, continuing the work of being from the point where death has swept it. If this be so, and these revelations of the life beyond are now reaching through the wide, wide world, truly we may lift up our hearts in joy and triumph when we recall the noble record of our friend has made, and count up the freight of duties well performed, with which his gallant ship has sailed away to heaven. Besides the early years of his brave and useful public service, the lives of thousands have been entrusted to his skill and care; and the fortunes, no less than the safety, of countless multitudes have hung upon the faithful performance of his untiring watch and ward, as the captain of many a ship destined to plow its way on the roughest seas and brave dangers which none but the well skilled mariner could conquer. None but those "who go down to the sea in ships" and track their way through the pathless wastes of ocean, can understand the perils of the deep—the ceaseless cares and toils, the sleepless vigils of the stormy night, he passed "neath the rayless skies, 'midst the howling tempest, drenching rain and piercing cold; whilst the lives of multitudes were hanging in the balance on his skill and care. And yet we know that out of his brave hands no single life was ever lost. In his clear record there's no black mark of duties unfulfilled, no employer wronged, no murmuring crew oppressed, no friend forsaken, no stranger left unaided.

Not one soul he ever knew or served with but would have united in crying, "God speed our gallant captain to his well earned rest. If ever seaman plowed his way to heaven he is the man!" Staunch and true! Brave man, great heart, gallant sailor, faithful servant of the King of Kings! He watched and waked while others calmly slept. He thought and thought, and battled with the stormy seas and wrestled with the elements until they became his subjects; and whilst the fiery scriptures of the skies stretched out above his head their canopy of glory, he read their solemn lessons in the fireless duty, and worshiped his Creator in noblest ardor to follow him. My friend, the last, best lesson which this wonderful preacher, death, has taught us, as we thus render the noble record of this gallant life, to emulate its beauty; re-tread the deep, strong footprints he has made—not in the "sands of time," but in the hewn-out rock of grand endeavor; and the last, best lesson which the best outpouring of the spiritual hosts have brought us is the sweet, consoling truth, that nothing that is good and true and beautiful in manhood can ever be marred by death. God gathers up the beautiful, and he who cares for the falling sparrow and clothes these blossoms with their wondrous beauty, has treasured up the blossoms of his noble life, and only left the dross and dust to death. "We cannot make him dead," the gallant sailor! For mates, companions, friends, he is still the same, though a watcher now on a fairer, calmer sea. For the dear companion he is still the tender guardian of her precious life; for the earth and man and all he's lived and toiled for, he's a guardian angel now, a ministering spirit, making our path more bright, our way more plain, our lives more holy and nearer heaven because a good and faithful man has lived and died. He may, he must, have left a void which none can fill again. Many will miss his helpful, outstretched hand, and she—his best beloved one—will miss the coming foot that was ever prompt to hasten to her side; but she knows, as we do, he lives and loves and watches over her now.

The veil of earth, transparent to the eyes of spirit, is only dense to us who linger yet behind it; but when we know, as God in his mercy shows us, through his angels risen, that the form that sleeps the sleep that knows no waking is not the man we've loved—that death has no power upon him; that he lives and stands in our midst this very hour, with all that made the man, and the added glory of life immortal, why should we weep or sigh or put on the weeds of mourning? Why should we wish him back, or stay the hands that lay away the garments in the grave and leave the guardian-angel of the home behind? Remembering all we do know of the shining seas our loved ascended brother is sailing over now, surely we can trust our Heavenly Father in the yet veiled realms of mystery hidden from our view. "He doeth all things well," and though the golden bowl of mortal life is broken, the silver cord of earthly duty loosed, the pitcher broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the elms, we can bow, and led in calm submission, look back in high emulation at the record of a well-spent life, and forward with triumphant joy that he has reached the goal from which his loving hand will beckon us to follow onward.

Oh, may the memory of this hour be ever green amongst us! May the record he has made, the wealth of freight with which his ship of life was laden, be a never-dying remembrance to us, to strengthen us in the hour of trial, encourage us to speed on, amidst thorns and briars, to the goal of victory he has gained, until we meet and greet him in the land where the angels have welcomed him with the glorious cry: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant! Enter into the joy of thy Lord." And now it but remains to put away with all reverence the faded garments an immortal soul has worn; lay down to rest the crumbling form of clay. With tender reverence give back to earth the pale, white form of earth. Put out the earthly lamp—be it will not need it more. Quench the dying flame. Nor heat shall burn nor blinding frost consume the happy dwellers of the summer-land. Let dust and blossoms sleep in the tranquil grave, while the shining soul inhales the deathless perfume of the flowers that bloom in the land of never-setting sun. The last rites paid, the last farewell said, the honored dust closed up from mortal sight, commit we all that's left to the silent grave, and bid God-speed to the newborn son of heaven with the sweet, familiar closing words of love: Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And leave us not in temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever.

After the hymn by the choir, "Rock of Ages," Mrs. Britten again said: Before we listen to the benediction which closes these sacred rites, in the name of the wife and friends of the good and true man whose spiritual birth we celebrate, we tender earnest and heartfelt thanks for the deep reverence, earnest feeling and kindly sympathy, manifested by every friend and stranger gathered together in this hallowed ceremony! Above all, we offer on our own behalf, and that of those nearest and dearest to our beloved Commander, our grateful thanks to the trustees of this church, who in their kindness and generosity have granted us the use of this sacred place for the performance of the last and holiest duty to our honored dead.

Whilst memory lasts, we shall ever cherish the tokens of deep sympathy which, for one brief hour at least, have bound together this vast multitude in the ties of a common humanity. I know it has been to you, as to me and all of us, a grateful task to render the best tribute in our power to the memory of a great, good man. Your presence and kindly feeling have helped to strengthen me in the performance of a sad, though pleasing duty, and almost changed bereavement into gladness. Let us all go hence, cherishing in our hearts the memory of the brave and true; seeking to shape our lives like his to the love of duty; striving to bring home to earth's last waymark a record as clear and true as his has been, and commending ourselves to the Father of All, with the reverent cry, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," now and evermore.

The history of a magnetic physician, which in its course contains a variety of incidental information concerning the nature of the treatment by magnetism; how it affects different persons and different diseases; who have shown great power of healing by the touch in past and present times, and the methods of different healers. Mr. Mack's career as a healer is mainly confined to England; and, as in the case of others, his testimonials show the possession of wonderful powers. The book, although exhibiting many of the characteristics of personal advertising, is much more interesting to the general reader than any other book of the class which we have read.—*Phrenological Journal for May.*

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.—The leg is mightier than the pen. The editor of a paper is satisfied with \$3,000 a year, but the average pedestrian wants \$5,000 for a week's work.—*Exchange.*

The Reviewer.

SPIRITUALISM AS A NEW BASIS OF BELIEF. By John S. Farmer. "Out of Darkness into His Most Glorious Light." London: E. W. Allen. Glasgow: H. Nisbet & Co. 1880.

The arguments of this book rest on the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism as admitted facts, requiring no other evidence than that already existing to establish them as truths; since it cannot be apparent to every reasonable mind, that, if these are not sufficient we may as well discard all human testimony as worthless upon any and every subject where it may be introduced. Assuming that the phenomena are of actual occurrence, the author proceeds to show the outlines of a belief founded upon the new revelations that, by means of them, are coming to mankind—revelations that will in all cases greatly modify, and in some cases completely revolutionize, the usually accepted views of life in all its relations, both in this world and the next.

The author is of the opinion that upon no subject of human knowledge does there obtain, in popular estimation, such inadequate, mischievous and untruthful views as upon the subject of the mysterious phenomena included under the general appellation of Modern Spiritualism. It is to break down the barriers that interpose between the minds of the people and a fair and honest consideration of the subject, and to silence the roarings of the lions of bigotry that would frighten away all who seek to approach it, that this volume is given to the world.

The introduction furnishes the reader who may have known nothing of the origin of the manifestations, with information respecting their advent at Rochester; twelve propositions forming a concise argument in favor of the spiritual hypothesis and a classification of the phenomena *in extenso*, as given by Prof. Wallace. The existing breach between modern culture and popular faith is considered in full. That such an antagonism exists is evident to all. Science and religion do not harmonize—their only agreement is in agreeing to disagree, which they do very steadfastly, and more so now than ever before. "This antagonism," says Mr. Farmer, "has been attained all the more speedily because Orthodox teachers persisted, and still persist, in teaching the immortality of the soul, accompanied by dogmas so inhuman and cruel that the human heart refuses to believe in a future coupled with such conditions." The fact is, the church is more intent upon driving man with the fear of hell than in drawing him with the joys of heaven; and he don't take kindly to such treatment. The author of this book looks for a repur of the breach, and finds it alone in Spiritualism. He proceeds, in a manner that will not offend the most worshipful churchman, to show the correspondence between what are called the miracles of the past and the spiritual manifestations of the present age. Modern thought has been unable to grasp the idea of a future life, because those who advocated it appealed only to the emotions; but Modern Spiritualism steps in and, by its phenomenal evidence, confirms and demonstrates its existence. The unconscious influence which Spiritualism has exerted upon the church is greater than most people have the least conception of. A comparison of the pulpits utterances of thirty years ago with those of to-day will show this to some extent.

The nature and source of revelation and inspiration are critically examined; the identity of Bible facts and spiritual phenomena established; various phases of mediumship described, and popular errors and objections explained and answered. The book is well suited for the instruction of those who know little or nothing of Spiritualism, or who have thought of it only as the foolish pastime of an over-credulous people who seek in dancing tables evidences of immortality. It is especially adapted to church members and all who may have theological prejudices against a consideration of the subject. Well-printed, large type, substantially bound, it is a credit to the cause it advocates, and will be found to be a great help to all who would make its facts and philosophy known.

THAT PINEAL-POINT SOUL.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Bro. J. O. Barrett, for whom I have the highest esteem, seeking for light on the subject of the soul, and especially to verify or refute a statement which I made in the Omro Convention, has received Dr. J. M. Peebles' reply, which doubtless Mr. Barrett is glad to learn fully substantiates my statement. Far be it from me to misrepresent any man. While it is true that Mr. Peebles employs many words to explain what the soul is, my statement in Omro was in regard to where it is located in the human organism, as taught by J. M. Peebles. My words were that he said "It is located at the end of the pineal gland." Now, what does Dr. Peebles say he does teach? He locates it just as I said he did. Here are his words: "The soul, from its central throne in the brain." "The head is the topmost story of this bodily temple, and the soul is supposed to be located at the delicate point of the pineal gland, [I italicize] which is a small, conical mass of gray nerve-substance, attached to the floor of the ventricle just forward of the cerebellum. It is plain that whatever exists must exist somewhere, and somewhere implies location. [Attention! friend Barrett! Accordingly the distinguished Des Cartes taught, and intelligent spirits teach, [I italicize] that the soul is located at the pineal point." The italics are mine.

Thus it is perceived that Bro. Peebles sustained his point by the corroborative teaching of the eminent philosopher, Des Cartes, and of "intelligent spirits." In my speech upon Materialism in Omro I said: "If Dr. Peebles is right, Materialism is wrong. If he is right, the soul is an entity, which we deny. But I look upon his statement as a mere statement without proof, a theory without a single fact to support it."

Our discussion was very earnest, but conducted with the utmost cordiality on all sides.

Mr. Barrett made a mistake when he said: "Bro. Jameson replied that he personally heard you say that such is your doctrine." I said that I saw it in print, Mr. Peebles's own signature accompanying the statement, and criticised it in the Boston *Investigator*.

There is much of the spiritual philosophy which I like, so far as it pertains to this world. If we live on after this life-journey is ended, I will be agreeably disappointed. It is a beautiful belief to think that we will live forever, and forever explore the depths of this magnificent universe—to live, breathe, and have a being with those we love on earth. I am not a Materialist because I chose to be, but because I cannot help it. The evidence which satisfies my mind at twenty years of age utterly fails me at forty.

I wish you, Spiritualists, success in your work of liberalizing minds. If your ideas about a future life shall be proved true, why then I will have to adjust my Materialism to fit your fact!

Very respectfully, W. F. JAMIESON.

Lake City, Minn.

The *Banner of Light*, whose advertisement appears in another column, is the oldest Spiritualist paper printed. It is acknowledged among Spiritualists generally, and more especially in New England, to be the best exponent of technical Spiritualism of any paper in circulation. They have correspondents in many foreign countries, and a person can keep himself better posted in matters of Spiritualism through the columns of this paper than any other paper printed. It has almost weekly lectures of some of their most talented speakers, and is every way worthy the patronage of any one desiring reading matter in this direction.—*Journal of Industry, Orange, Mass.*

HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS. By James Mack-

James Mack, Boston:

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 In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of 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 print anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When necessary, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a line around the article he desires specially to recommend for removal.
 Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday, as the BANNER OF LIGHT goes to press every Tuesday.

Banner of Light.

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SPiritualism, like an enduring rock, rises upon the conflicting elements of ignorance and passion—a rock which the surges of Time and Change can never shake—on whose Heaven-lighted pinnacle the Angels build their altars, and kindle beacon-lights to illumine the world.—Prof. S. B. Brittan.

Good Things About to Appear.

Next week we shall devote space to the publication of a verbatim report of a trance address delivered through the mediumistic instrumentality of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, at Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, Feb. 8th, 1880, and entitled: "SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF DR. HENRY F. GARDNER." Those who know the Doctor in earth-life will, we feel sure, be much interested in perusing the narrative of some of his experiences since passing to the spirit-land.

On the week following we shall place before our readers the report of a lecture delivered in Steinway Hall, London, Eng., through the mediumship of Mr. J. William Fletcher, and bearing for a title, "MATERIALIZATION"; with questions from the audience, and answers by Mr. Fletcher's guides. This discourse will be found eminently apropos to the present position of affairs.

Next in order will be given Dr. Joseph Rodas Buchanan's address on "THE OLD RELIGION AND THE NEW," as enunciated by him in Clarendon Hall, New York, March 14th.

Other and excellent addresses, essays, records of phenomena, etc., are on hand, and will be published as fast as space will permit.

Sold into Egypt—"A Vehement Anti-Spiritualist."

The Bible contains within its lids the story of a certain young Hebrew, the son of a patriarch; a son who was but one of a numerous family of brothers: a young man gifted with mediumistic power which in after years proved (if the narrative be not a figment of the Mosaic imagination) to be of the most important character, raising its possessor at last to the chief post of the Nile kingdom. But ere he reached that position this young man—the wearer of the "coat of many colors"—was (because of the striking character of his views and his outspoken manner in proclaiming them) most cruelly persecuted by his brethren, thrown into a ditch, and finally extricated from thence by them only for the purpose of selling him to a band of wandering Ishmaelites, who carried him a slave to Egypt, where his after exploits have been alike the wonder of the adolescent student of biblical lore, and the piece of resistance of those staunch technical disciples of "foreordination" who still refuse to temper their ideas concerning human destiny with the slightest latitude of free will.

It would now seem that in our modern days (which are rapidly paralleling many of the recorded occurrences in the Old and New Testaments) we are being treated to the opening chapters in the history of a new Joseph. He is the Rev. Joseph Cook; he is of the progeny of the Evangelical Christian system; a whilom disciple of the Andover Theological Seminary; and has numerous clerical brethren of the Judah, Zebulun and Issachar stripe; and like his prototype he has—by and through his efforts to persuade the church of the utter untenability, now-a-days, of the old fortress of blind faith (which it has occupied so long), and his efforts to lead its followers out upon the broad plain of scientific reasoning—caused these brethren to look askance upon him in the past; and now, to carry out the similitude—although in this case the repetition of what the modern Joseph has seen with his own eyes, rather than dreamed, as did the ancient one, is the cause of his trouble—he has drawn down upon himself the wrath of the bigots all around the family circle by daring to speak from his platform in the Old South Church, Boston, upon certain phenomena which he personally witnessed, and to which he assigned a meaning peculiar to himself.

The modern bigots (ah! more than the ancient) could not, however, "see" their sheaves of priestly tenets bowing down before the upright shaft of the modern Joseph's logic, therefore they have taken the old-time method to crush him; and he is at present piteously pleading for help at the bottom of that opaque mine-shaft of obloquy which suggests itself to the imagination of the average churchman when he hears it said of any person: "He is a Spiritualist." "I am," he earnestly declares, as he views the gathering of his credal brethren, led on by the Watchman, around what many of them hope perchance may prove his theological grave, "a vehement anti-Spiritualist!" The question now is, may not his vociferous vindictory shouts attract so much public attention as to lead to the next step toward the fulfillment of the parallel; will not his brethren of the sur-

plice finally take alarm, hoist him out of the pit, and thrust him, *volens volens*, into the hands of the Free Religionists, and hence necessitate a march on his part constantly toward the east of an ever-increasing spiritualization? reaching at last the complete rounding out of the similitude by his winning a high place in future among those who are the friends of humanity for humanity's sake? The coming years must tell, and as the bard of oldtime has recorded it, "The good can well afford to wait."

This prophetic perspective is by no means an Utopian view. Mr. Cook is an original, and in the main an independent man; he is gifted with a mind which "fears not to pry into the thunder-cloud," even though at the risk of losing his standing among the brethren; he has studied into the scientific aspect of Spiritualism, has sat—as a reader at least—at the feet of the German and English philosophers who have investigated the phenomena; he has seen some marked occurrences in that line himself; and the seed is sown in his interior consciousness which cannot but produce a harvest, however diligently the outer man may try to disguise the fact. If the reader will pardon the change in comparison, the arrow of truth has found a weak joint in the harness of him of the Monday Lectureship, and the giant must feel the sharp barb of conviction incising the very vitals of his intellect at every after movement on his part. The "end" of this "may crown the work" in his case in a much different manner than this ditch-imprisoned Joseph or his militant brethren now dream.

But added to the higher points of his character, Mr. Cook has an excessive amount of morbid sensitiveness, which it is hard to account for in the premises. To such a degree does this carry him that he is swayed now and then rapidly from one point or statement to another, in a manner alike amazing to his critics and confusing to his friends. For instance, the very letter in which he denies being in any sense of the term a Spiritualist appears in the columns of the *Daily Advertiser*, a paper which Mr. Cook personally assured us during a call made by him at our office (and made for the purpose) was not reliable in its reports of his utterances—he wishing the sweeping denunciation put in his mouth by the *Advertiser* against the moral character of Spiritualists (and against which we had warmly protested) radically modified; as proof of the verity of what he said he left with us at that time a proof-slip of the report as printed in the *Independent*. [Readers of the *Banner of Light* who will refer to their files will see that on the fourth page, Feb. 7th, we printed the reports in the close juxtaposition of a double column, showing the marked difference in the language made use of in these two papers.] It now seems that though the *Advertiser* is an unreliable reporter, it can be relied on as a vehicle of correspondence, since Mr. Cook so promptly flies to its columns in order to defend himself when attacked. We would, however, intimate (in passing) that since we published that correction, at the express request of the reverend gentleman, there have not been wanting both correspondents and callers at our office who declare that the *Advertiser* did tell the unvarnished tale, while the *Independent's* account had evidently passed through the hands (after delivery) of a skillful "finisher."

Mr. Cook having found a sphere of usefulness in which the *Advertiser* can be relied on, now utilizes its space for the purpose of giving expression to sentences like the following:

"The Congregationalist is perfectly right in representing me as an earnest opponent of Spiritualism. Here in the West I do not see the *Watchman*; but if it has been representing me as in any way a friend of Spiritualism, it has been publishing first-class rubbish. To call me a defender of Spiritualism is as inaccurate as it would be to call Wendell Phillips a distinguished pro-slavery orator. I have the strenuous and bitter opposition of every important spiritualistic newspaper in the world, and this indicates how far I have shown myself a friend of the enemy."

And further on he speaks to the following effect:

"The gigantic mischief of Spiritualism requires a union of all its foes in opposition to it. You are at liberty to assure any one that the *Congregationalist* and the *Independent* are wholly right in telling their readers that I am a vehement anti-Spiritualist."

This is the language which our (over-sensitive) modern Joseph now offers to his brethren, as a reason why they should cease to regard him as a Spiritualist. We will do what we can to help him out of his present dilemma, and onward toward the next step in fulfilling his mission, by saying that personally we have never regarded him as a Spiritualist, or claimed him as such distinctively—though whatever he may have had the courage to state heretofore that was true concerning the phenomena has been grateful to us, and has received our commendation.

All that Mr. Cook really means, it seems to us, by the language used above, is that he draws his own conclusions from the phenomena classed under the head of Spiritualism; and this he has a perfect right to do. We do not ask him to accept anybody's theory as to what produces the phenomena. All that we can reasonably ask of him as an honest man is to admit that certain occurrences, testified to by certain persons calling themselves, or called by others, Spiritualists, are not lies or fancies, but real facts. This Mr. Cook has done, so far as some of the phenomena are concerned. He may draw what line he pleases between what he elects to call "the superhuman" and "the supernatural." We ask of him no merely speculative concessions. He has seen enough to satisfy him that materialism is not only a fallacy but a blunder. He has seen it shattered by one simple experiment, thus confirming the grounds he had previously taken in his lectures. Now he may go on and show up as much as he pleases the shortcomings which may in some instances result from taking it for granted that all that the spirits say is true. These mistakes bear the same relation to the grand fact of Spiritualism, pure and simple, that the crimes and follies of bad or foolish men bear to the great fact of humanity; and it would be just as sensible for Mr. Cook to say—giving its true meaning to the term *Spiritualist*—that he is a "vehement anti-anthropologist" as to say he is "a vehement anti-Spiritualist." Mr. Cook will not deny that he is a Spiritualist in the philosophical and religious sense. Before he can do this he must repudiate his Bible. Satisfied that the truth has to a certain extent found lodgment in his mind, we await in confidence the results which we feel will in good time be brought to pass.

The following from the Boston *Herald* gives the truth "in a nut-shell" about the Government and its wards:

"The whole United States army cannot keep the miners out," says a Western "professor," speaking of the raid that is to be made this spring upon the lands of the Indians. If the United States cared anything in particular about keeping its faith, it would take up this challenge, but it doesn't—not when an Indian is concerned.

Psychometric Contagion.

Many persons become sick, they do not know why or how; yet in such cases there is nothing like accident, for all goes by law. Dietary habits do not wholly explain it, and oftentimes have nothing to do with it. Were people to make a rather thorough search through their own experience and observations, it would surprise them to find how frequently, and as it then seemed to them mysteriously, they were influenced to their discomfort and even to serious illness. We firmly believe in this transmissible power of magnetic conditions. Every one must realize, on reflection, that in his different moods he is influenced by different contacts or surroundings. A person comes into the room, holds a half hour's conversation or more, and the recipient of the visit is in a new frame of mind and temper. These changes are of course but temporary, but working incessantly as they do, and having such close relationship with our happiness, they deserve to be considered with care and treated as of leading importance. And it is on this very basis that we shall be wise to determine who are and who are not to be our personal friends. Do we not shrink from some persons from sheer instinct, unable to find any reason for it? And toward others are not the doors all open and the walls all down?

Some time since, one who described himself as an "incipient healer" set down a short list of his experiences in this particular direction, and it is exceedingly instructive to run them over again, as they appeared in the *London Medium and Daybreak*. He rightly speaks of it as one of the most important subjects that can engage the attention of the students of spiritual science, and adds that he has become convinced that "the happiness or misery of a large part of the human race is seriously affected by the lack of a proper understanding of what he styles 'psychical contagion.'" While he admits that there may be some persons who are so positive in constitution as to be all but impervious to this contagion, or perhaps to psychical influence of any kind, he is certain that there is a vast number of persons who are continually suffering from or benefited by it, without ever suspecting that their ailments and the removal of them might be traced to the action of laws of which common sense or physical science knows nothing. He presents no theory on the matter, being content simply to record a few of his own experiences, which he thinks will speak for themselves. For twenty years he has suffered from no more serious disorder than a cold, an occasional bilious attack, or a "short catch" of bronchitis. He is habitually careful as to diet, drink, and in observing all the laws of health, and believes himself to be free from disease. Yet he says that all his life he has been subject to unaccountable periods of exhaustion, to stomachic derangements, and moods of depression or elevation, varying with the persons with whom he came in contact.

He states that he has learned from experience the importance of using the greatest care in selecting one's surroundings as regards persons, places and things. While it is, of course, impossible for one who has to mingle with the outer world to avoid coming in contact continually with influences that may be either beneficial or the contrary, what he has found it most important to avoid is the admission of injurious influences into his home; for when the home-sphere is invaded one's refuge is gone, and it seems impossible to avoid absorbing, to some extent, the unfavorable influences one is thus closely brought in contact with. On the other hand, few things are more beneficial or gratifying than to receive into one's home persons of a sympathetic disposition and a genial temper; the influence they leave behind remains often for days after they are gone. The medium referred to says that a relative who stayed with him for some time in a former residence left in his room an influence which he never got rid of; and for months afterward he never entered that room, even with window and door wide open, without a sense of being oppressed. And the same individual, whenever he sees him or receives a letter from him, imparts a feeling of unrest and feverishness. Some persons' letters, says this medium, always bring the writer's ailments with them; or they at least establish a rapport by means of which disease or vitality can be transmitted, irrespective of distance. He gives a number of very striking instances of this kind of transmission, the trouble being indigestion and other non-contagious disorders.

With such experiences as those related, he thinks it will be readily understood that he has no sympathy, and not much beside disgust, for those persons who are in such haste to "expose" mediums, who first pollute the latter with the influence they bring with them, and then persecute them for the consequences. He says he feels a strong desire to expose the expositors themselves, and to do all he can to cause them to be studiously shut out in the outer darkness until they are more fit to receive the inner light which spirit-circles should make it their first object to seek. There is a world of meaning in these revelations. They tell us all of our susceptibility to the influences of others upon us, and set us to thinking about our own influence upon them. We are constantly giving forth of our influences, and this should teach us to be especially careful in forming the characters which are to give out these influences. If we should be careful in letting others approach us, we ought to be no less so in what constitutes our real approach to them. This is a mutual affair. We live in a state of constant interaction one upon another. We are continually giving and taking. It is possible for us to reject many advances which are deleterious in their results, and it is our duty to do it. How long will it be before people learn that there is a *spirit* within the body, which is all that gives it influence or power over others? When this is understood, people will see the necessity of keeping *clean spirits*, that they may give forth healthy influences rather than disagreeable and dreaded contagion.

The Mediumship of Mr. Edison.

Rev. A. L. Hatch, Congregational minister, of 69 Liberty street, New York, furnishes the following statement to the *New York World*:

"You know Mr. Edison is a medium, and his great invention of the quadruplex telegraph instrument was revealed to him in a trance state. He sat one day, and passing into that condition seized some paper lying before him, and wrote until he had filled several sheets with closely-written notes. Then waking up, and rubbing his eyes, he said he thought he had been asleep, until his attention was called to the paper, which he had not read through before he broke out with his usual expletives, and said he had got the idea he had been struggling for so long."

Dr. J. M. Peebles

Lectures in Boston on Sunday next. He will be at the Shawmut Lyceum session, at Amory Hall, in the morning; Berkeley Hall in the afternoon, and Amory Hall in the evening.

Spiritualization.

The *Merrimac Journal* is pleased to observe that "the Spiritualists are somewhat reviving their energies this winter. As a distinct order, however, they are likely to fall by the general acceptance of the leading features of the faith by a majority of the Christian world." Whether Spiritualists "fall" or succeed "as a distinct order," they assuredly will succeed in the promulgation of their faith and their philosophy when the latter become fairly accepted "by a majority of the Christian world." It matters little indeed to them whether they build themselves up into "a distinct order," so that the work which has been given them to do is really done.

By admissions like the foregoing we are able to see to-day how much more effective and rapid the work of Spiritualism has been by reason of not having its current dammed up to run in a private channel than if it had been distorted and obstructed for personal, selfish and ambitious purposes. Its character alone forbids that the notion of erecting "a distinct order" upon it should for a moment be entertained. Only as such a notion is and shall continue to be avoided, can the believers in Spiritualism hope for the achievement of that universal success of which a mere hint is given in the admission above. We must work for the Cause, rather than for an Order. The trouble of troubles in matters of religion consists in this idea which has controlled the human mind, that *authority* is the thing to be secured.

Spiritualism comes to reverse this long-standing error. It seeks first the kingdom of truth and love. In doing this it excites no hostilities, arouses no prejudices and erects no barriers; but offers the simple truth it bears within itself to the hearing and hospitality of all, trusting to its own power to make its silent but sure way into every heart. Is not this a far better and greater work, yes, and a much more lasting one, than to expend its forces in the creation of a selfish establishment after the pattern of the church ecclesiastical? Manifestly it is, for it includes that and all other establishments, melting them all down in its capacious crucible. People who are disposed to speak of Spiritualism as if it were at bottom self-seeking and ambitious, openly confess that they have the poorest possible comprehension of the subject as yet.

Spiritualism comes to spiritualize. It is a great mother plant, and no mere graft or offshoot. Its aim is to work upon existing institutions to improve and exalt them, not to overturn and destroy them. It comes to enlighten, and expand, and liberalize the current methods of thought, not to cut them off and supersede them. It seeks to set things running in a new channel, draining all the old streams and currents gradually into it. Or, to use a familiar and favorite image, it is like the light of the sun that comes to flood all places alike, seeking no mere earthly name and power, but desirous of being the benefactor of the whole human race. And they are true Spiritualists who cooperate in such a work. Success of this character is far more and better than to have built up "a distinct order" merely.

The Church Giving Up the Miracles.

The popular church, having made an effort to rid itself of hell, is now going in an iconoclastic style after the miracles. A California clergyman, Rev. W. W. McKaig, of San Francisco, recently said in a public discourse:

"With the exception of a small number of priests in the Catholic Church, a general incredulity on the subject of miracles colors the thought of all educated men."

He says this is not for lack of evidence that the events narrated as miraculous actually occurred—they probably did; but at the time of their appearing the limited field of vision comprehended by the human mind, of the possibilities of nature was such as would lead mankind to judge as supernatural what to-day, with a vastly extended field, we would attribute solely to natural causes. And further:

"It has been noticeable that within a few years past there has been a growing tendency among the leaders of the church to give up the miracles of the Old Testament. That there was something at the bottom of some of these Christian miracles, something that we cannot now understand, something that Spiritualism may yet explain, I admit."

That is just precisely what Spiritualism is doing. It is bringing to light the dark places of human belief—straightening out the tangled threads of thought, and harmonizing, to the hitherto distracted mind of man, Nature with Nature's God. And thus, one by one, the cumbersome piles of theological rubbish that some denominations "pillars of the Church" are being swept away. Long since "infant damnation" passed to the shades; then "total depravity" drew its dark mantle about it and skulked off; after that the doctrine of "the elect" concluded it was time to go, and went. Next the "devil" began to have his character questioned, and some concluded that, as far as personality was concerned, he wasn't much of anybody after all; and a year ago all our evangelical pulpits were self-appointed investigating committees on whether there is such a place as "Hell." Good-by, all! May you have more happiness than you have given to others. To-day we welcome the light and the truth of heaven!

Imprisonment of a Medium in England.

England has added another proof to those it already possessed of the intolerance of its laws by the prosecution, trial and imprisonment of Frank Owen Mathews, at Keighley. It appears from a statement in the *London Spiritualist* that Mr. Mathews was accustomed to deliver lectures upon Spiritualism, and afterwards to reveal information about the private affairs of those he had never before seen, even giving the names of their departed relatives. He also gave private sances, one of which Mr. James Sharphouse attended, and not being satisfied with the result, he caused a prosecution to be instituted against him under the same statute that was raked up from the dusty alcoves of the court for the persecution of Henry Slade. The farce of a trial, in which the defendant enacted the part of a lamb among wolves, and ignorance exhibited itself in laughter at what it could not understand, was passed through with, and resulted in the conviction of the prisoner and a sentence of imprisonment for three months.

A petition for his release has been drawn up by Mr. J. W. Fletcher, and largely signed, setting forth that Mr. Mathews was engaged in what he believed to be a holy calling; that he is at times controlled by spirits of the departed—a possibility that is attested to by the leading scientific men of England and other countries, and of which the magistrates before whom said Mathews was tried were ignorant, and hence believed him to be an impostor, thereby depriving him of a fair trial.

Strong Argument Against Medical Monopoly.

The following case—the points concerning which are gained by us from personal conversation with the gentleman experiencing the cure—is one which those regular M. D.s who want to rule Massachusetts so much (but who are shown the door every time they approach the State Legislature with such intent) will do well to ponder over. It is in itself a living argument against medical monopoly in whatever form or in whatever locality it strives to appear, and such arguments—adduced through the successful services of the magnetic healers, the clairvoyants, etc., everywhere—are increasing in number each day, all over the State, the nation and the world.

Mr. John Rowe, Jr., of 147 Tremont street, Boston, called at our office some days since, and put us in possession of the facts we here proceed to relate: He was seized, Nov. 12th, with severe pains in the stomach, which continued to increase in intensity for twelve hours, and ended in throwing him into a fit. A homeopathic physician was summoned, but although the doctor continued his visits afterward, day by day, the patient did not improve, and his symptoms, which assumed the form of paralysis of the stomach, to the extent of the closing of the pyloric orifice, took on, as time proceeded, a most threatening aspect, though the physician refused to give up the expectation of helping him, affirming that the old adage "While there's life there's hope," was true in his case. For thirty-eight days Mr. Rowe was unable to take into his stomach anything of the nature of food—water was all that he could retain; and nothing which went into his stomach was able to leave it. For the last two weeks of this period, beef-tea and brandy were introduced into the system by means of intestinal injections.

At last, feeling that his hold on life was daily growing weaker, Mr. Rowe decided to try the process of treatment followed by magnetic healers, and to that end called in Dr. Webber, of 8% Montgomery Place, Boston. He came, and after the first day also after every subsequent treatment the patient felt greatly relieved, and was certain in his mind that Dr. Webber was assisting nature to overcome the difficulty under which he was laboring. Finally Dr. W. expressed it as his opinion that Mr. R. could commence eating, at least to the extent of a raw egg; to this the sick man demurred, averring that his stomach, long unaccustomed to tellon, was now incapable of assimilating the order of food. Mr. Rowe finally decided to try the experiment, (though such was his weakness that he consumed two hours in eating the egg, and was thoroughly exhausted when he had finished; but subsequently found to his surprise that he experienced no difficulty whatsoever from it. This simple order of diet was in time expanded to include milk, mush, and comestibles of like frugal nature.

As soon as he began employing Dr. Webber, Mr. Rowe discontinued taking, and caused to be thrown away, the medicines prescribed by the physician first spoken of (who was a "regular" by education, as well as a homeopath by practice), though he did not, through a sentiment of delicacy concerning that gentleman's professional feelings, inform him of the fact, but allowed him to continue his visits from time to time. When, therefore, the sick man began to exhibit an improved state of health, under the magnetic power of Dr. Webber, this medical gentleman forthwith commenced to praise the unexpectedly favorable action of his own remedies to such an extent that Mr. R. felt it incumbent to tell him plainly that he had ceased long ago to take them, and was under the charge of a healer by laying on of hands! To his surprise the physician did not resent what he had done, but was pleased to see that by any means the patient was recovering—which commendable feeling on his part proves at least that there are yet left among the educated M. D.s of the present day a few real gentlemen—men who have hearts within their breasts, and who prefer the saving of human life to the mere upbuilding of the edifice of their own or their Society's professional pride.

Mr. Rowe stated to us that he thoroughly believes that the services rendered him by Dr. Webber are the means of his being alive to-day, which opinion is also shared by his (R.'s) wife; and he further stated that should disease again attack himself or his family, he should at once call for aid not on an Allopathic, a Homeopathic or an Eclectic physician, but on Dr. Webber, the healer, toward whom he cherishes the liveliest sentiments of gratitude.

This case speaks volumes as to the value of the practice of healing by laying on of hands, in general, and is but one of many which Dr. Webber has been privileged to perform since he laid off the policeman's uniform to put on the magnetic robes which his unseen guides at that time imperatively called upon him to assume.

Spiritualism One Hundred Years Ago.

The *Merrimac Valley Visitor*, (Newburyport, Mass.), contained in its issue of April 10th a lengthy article upon Shakerism, in which it is stated that for upwards of one hundred years what is now known as Modern Spiritualism was familiar to that people. The manifestations were prevalent during the times of Ann Lee, who was born in Manchester, Eng., in 1736, and came to this country in 1774, "driven by persecutions and instructed by revelations," and continued until 1837, when, from that time until 1848, they appeared more frequently and with greater power.

"It came upon them by songs and music in the air; it seized upon little girls at their amusements and whirled them around the room, prostrated them on the floor, and threw them into trances. Soon they began to talk, narrate what they saw in the spiritual realms, sing hymns unwritten, set to music that mortal eyes had never seen. They had the gift of tongues; also the gift of discernment, so they could read the characters of those they had not before met."

It is fortunate for the world that these things subsequently occurred outside of that community, for they considered that the people of earth were in a totally unprepared state for what they (the Shakers) were experiencing. Having held this view of the case for more than a century, it is quite probable we should have been debarré from communion with our spirit-friends up to this time, and whether we should ever be granted the privilege would depend altogether upon whether—according to Shaker judgment—we were sufficiently prepared for it. But the invisibles were not to be kept back, and so they rapped at Rochester and sought an interview with the people of earth.

These old-time Shaker manifestations prove to us, what the history of all past ages confirms as truth, that evidences of spirit-presence and power are not new, not characteristic of our times alone, but as old as history itself.

Jonathan Nayson, one of the most prominent citizens of Amesbury, Mass., died Friday morning, April 23d. Mr. Nayson was born in Weare, N. H., in July, 1803, and was consequently nearly seventy-one years of age. In 1830, and three years subsequent, he represented the town of Amesbury in the Massachusetts Legislature, and was the mover and most prominent supporter of the ten-hour law. He was also a member of the Constitutional Convention. During the administration of Pierce and Buchanan he occupied the position of weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom House, and was President of the old Jackson Democratic Club of Boston. He was for three years selectman of Amesbury, and assessor of internal revenue in Essex district. Among his townsmen he was highly esteemed and respected.

Mrs. M. F. Cross, of West Hampstead, N. H., and Sarah J. Pattee, of Bath, Me., will please accept our thanks for bouquets of trailing-arbutus for our Free Circle-Room. We also thank Dr. R. N. Porter, of Deerfield, Mass., and several other friends, for like donations.

MISTAKES AND PREJUDICE

Connecticut, the Willimantic Society had you in view when they located me here. They hoped I might

be | conditions.—*N. B. Reeves.*
