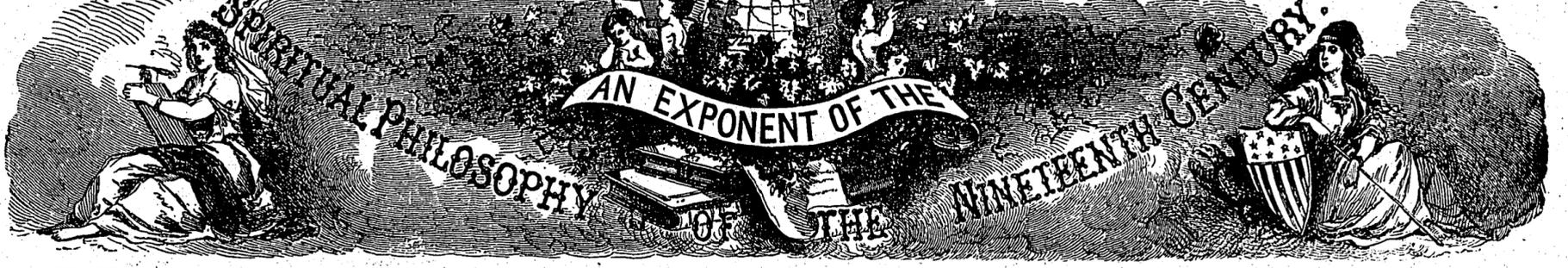


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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The Rostrum.

SOUL GERMS AND SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

A Lecture delivered by Spirit Emmanuel Swenberg, through the Trance Mediumship of MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, at Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, Sunday Afternoon, Feb. 1st, 1880.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

INVOCATION.

Oh, thou Light Divine! thou Infinite Parent! thou Benefactor! thou Friend! to thee we ever turn! Thou ineffable light shining in the firmament! thou glory of every soul and every age! Oh God! we praise thee! Thine is the light and thine the darkness; for these we praise thee. Thine is the winter and thine the summer-time; for these we give thanks. Thine is the life and what men call death; for these we praise thee. Thine is the sorrow and thine the joy, each fashioned for human need; for these we give praises. Thine is the infinite, the immortal, the abiding; these are wholly thine, and we praise thee with inexpressible joy for the inspiration reaching inward and outward to thee, for the aspiration leading upward toward thy kingdom, and for the "forces" that surround, enchain, beautify and uplift us. Oh God, with thy voice speak to the heart of man! May the soul be filled with thy presence! May the charmed inspirations of this moment kindle anew the flame of reverent affection, and link the spirits of those here assembled with thee and thy ministering powers. For past time, that has sown the seed and yielded the flower of the present, we praise thee. For the present, that offers the fruition of the past and prophesies the harvest of the future, we praise thee. For that future that forevermore links our lives with thine, and binds humanity, by many blessed promises and chains of light, to thee, the central source of light, do we praise thee. Oh God! whatsoever paths the children of earth may tread, through whatever wanderings they may strive to find the way, we know that thy life is eternal, thy truth all-pervading, thou shinest in the dark as in the light, and thy glory abides forever; and though man, in the feebleness of his comprehension, may not grasp thee, he forever aspires to thee, linking his life with thine, his endeavors with thy living powers. Oh, if there be hearts in agony, may they turn to the arms of blessing; if there are tears, may they be changed to experience of joy; if there are those in the shadow of doubt, upon whom immortal life sheds not its beams, may these behold, beyond the rifted clouds, the glory of perennial summer-time; if there are those to whom death is still a terror, may these turn to the immortal ones, who, bathed in light, beckon from the eternal shores, and shine as stars in the great dome of eternity.

God of life and light! evermore we praise thee with the voice of thanksgiving and the spirit of aspiration, that the deeds and words in life shall outwardly express the promises of the spirit, and man shall stand disenthralled, redeemed and blessed in the light of thy spirit evermore. Amen.

DISCOURSE.

From the Infinite is the soul, from eternity its beginnings. The spirit is forever striving to return to that estate. As the seed strives ever, through bud and blossom, to return again to seed, as every form of life endeavors to return to its primal essence, so the spiritual nature of man is forever seeking the spiritual. The attainment of it is through dust and organic life. Whatever expression you perceive of matter is an expression of spirit. Whatever there is of freedom is a motion, a domination, or an impulsion from the spiritual. The soul, conscious of its highest inheritance, is not satisfied with the lesser kingdoms. What Napoleon longed for in an external sense to vanquish, the spirit forever longs for in a spiritual sense. The foregleams of eternal life are also reminiscences. No man can have greater prophecy than memory, for the memory is from eternity; not of time, and things, and dates, but of eternal principles. Truth is within the soul, but truth could never be expressed. No atom possesses it, no grain of sand overshines it—the dust does not hold it, organic forms do not create it. There is no possibility of truth save from truth's centre, and this is from the soul. Whatever failures you may consider, they are in the material life; these are not failures of the spirit. That performs its various offices and fills its varied lines of experience with exact reference to the immortal, not to the mortal state. We are humbled from our inheritance; we descend to dust; we take upon ourselves the form of clay; we are enshrouded in night—to what end? That there may be a return by the prompting of the soul; and this return constitutes our knowledge of eternity. We remember the things we have passed through; we recognize the points of the journey. I state no thought to you at this hour that you do not know. Every soul has been there, as I have. You have understood it. What you have not experienced you cannot understand, and in the progress through time and eternity we come upon revelations of ourselves that give what we call knowledge. We

remember where we placed the landmarks before; we recognize these, and call them experience. As when on a journey you will frequently in life come upon places that in dream or vision, or in your angel state, you have seen before, so in spiritual problems you arrive at a conclusion that you have ever been seeking, because once you were there. You struggle for it because you know of it. What we do not know we cannot struggle for. Immortality were nothing without this consciousness. We would not dream of it, if it were not ours. The infinite possession shapes the infinite possibility. We know it, therefore we state it, therefore we hope for it, therefore we seek it. Philosophy cannot reveal it, therefore we do not find it in stones or trees or running brooks, with all the aid that science can give. Nor yet do we find it among the stars, for these are but landmarks, in an external sense, of creative powers or energies that may be withdrawn, and leave the worlds to move on in their courses; but the spiritual experiences of time are the registers of our internal growth. But for these, there would not be what we name as outward consciousness.

Spiritual advancement through external forms is the expression of spiritual growth. The chronometer indicates the time, but it is not time itself. Time itself is the movement of worlds, the revolution of bodies. These in turn are not eternity, they only denote the pulsations of eternity, and are indications of the great heart of life that moves the soul without them, but finds it convenient for expression to have these indices. The stars are the chronometers of the infinite life. Man finds the indications of his life upon the face of the planets, and these planets unfold in expression according to the spiritual state of those who possess the planets. Life is higher than any external form, nor can you have a higher expression of being than that for which the humanity of earth is to-day qualified. Reverse the order of science. Science would have you made perfect by-and-by by the revolutions of the world; by the earth that shall be ground on its axis for many millions of years, and turn out angels instead of men, and will have the earth grow perfect by man's outward endeavor. We will have the angel life come from within, and when the world shall have renewed itself for the hundreds or millions of future years, it will not have been the earth, but the angel, that is wrought out. Soul will do this; dust will never do it; the heart of man will leap toward the spiritual, and this will enshrine the image upon clay. "God's mills," they say "grind slowly"; they do not grind from without, but from within. The great work of the creative universe goes on inspired with his breath, filled with his presence, the void unutterable speaking words that drop straight from the Infinite presence and are vocalized in the stars. This vocalization is the anthem of outward creation, but the song is the soul of creation. Mozart's music is not born of notes, is not born of quaver and grottolet, is not born of stave and line and antiphone, but that is the register whereby you catch the gleam of his soul, and so enter into the atmosphere of his harmony. The harmony records itself along the line of the ages, but the spirit sings its song afar off, and the soul is freighted with possibilities that are not stamped upon the clay.

All the aspiration of this hour is experience, is promise, is reminiscence, and at this time the heart of the world longs for the great past of the soul, as the child longs for the experience of the parent, to become fully grown and engage in the sphere of activity like the parent, of whom the child is the prophecy and also the remembrance.

You must not mistake the forms for life, the images for certainty, the chronometer for time, the stars for eternity. Worlds are stepping-stones. Mankind are eternally advancing, are eternally building worlds with the possibilities and thoughts which shape themselves into images of light, and celestial life is the resting-place of the spirit—is that life wherein the soul derives its continual strength; is the Kingdom of Heaven that is within and without, and that pervades the spiritual and celestial kingdoms with its abiding power. Earthly life is the time of contest, of labor, of growth, and its relation to the celestial life is the relation of the sea to the harbor and the home. Paradise is the transition state between the two. The ancient thought of angels depending to the earth and returning, is expressed in that entire state which you call "spirit-land," "spirit-life." The spheres of spiritual life are the means of introducing souls to and from the earth; are those intermediate grades of experience that blend more fully the heavenly and the earthly states, and point to the full measure of your growth. The judgment day is not a literal day of death, but is a spiritual state, wherein your experience is judged, and the measure of your earthly state encompassed, and your relation to the spiritual and celestial kingdoms declared. This return is also for a time. You may dwell a thousand years in the celestial world for one or two hundred years in the spiritual and earthly states. You may abide there in the utter presence of the Divinity, basking in the smiles and in the light of absolute truth, while the world grinds and struggles on. Then, as a daring voyager, returning to earth, as one who explores seas and lands to find new treasures, the soul again voyages on the outward life to gain new trophies, to work new wonders, to produce new evidences of godliness.

Then, what is this life? You strain every nerve, you strive to compass all possibilities—to what end? The earth that is beneath you has only changed the places of a few grains of dust, a few atoms of primal essence—it has cast you off. A hundred or a

thousand years hence no one will know you have ever been here; there will not be a landmark to show your presence, no record by which any sagacity can possibly tell of you. What have you wrought? Not somewhat that is to be swallowed up in this labyrinth of time and be forgotten, but a single second upon the dial of eternity, that is marked here forever and ever, to show what soul came here at this hour and breathed upon human life, and was you.

Friends, you express, therefore, the predictions of eternity. Your lives contain a revelation of the possibilities of the future; your countenances reveal to me all that you have done upon earth, all that you will do in the future. It is traced there plainly in ineffaceable lines, in glowing light, in shadow, in whatever forms of human expression. To the outward vision it is a line of beauty or a line of deformity. To the inward vision it is a gleam of the spirit, or a chain of the dust. To the soul-vision it is a record of your state upon earth; what time you have been here, how long you have remained, what work you have wrought—the stamp is on your countenances; the expression is made clear; the world regards it; the atoms are vivified by it; the clay is made more glad because of it, if it is an expression of joy and light; the earth is still in the shadow, if it be an expression of darkness. Genius illumining matter creates a glow that is felt throughout eternity; and this thought, coming from within, like one of the lives of the angel band, blesses the world with forms of beauty, and makes record of these forms in time and space.

Of the soul, you have no other indication than what it performs; of the clay you have no other indication than what soul performs with it; and all forms of life, from the impulsion of Deity outward, are forms expressing the degrees of spiritual unfoldment to the end of another cycle of the eternal progress. How strange that cycles are named for worlds by human philosophy, and not for souls! Trees are known by the various lines that indicate the yearly growth, but man is not known by man at all. No one shapes or forms a consciousness of his image by what he speaks; yet there are interlarding marks and indications as clear as geological formations, as correct as the lines upon the tree, as distinct as the form of the flower, to show where you belong; and the spirit, conscious of this, leaps ever toward the infinite, aspires ever toward its primal estate, which is not clothed in outward form, but shaped in the cycles of eternity, that give breathing time and heart-beats to the great earth itself.

Do not misunderstand this thought. I would have you shape your lives from within, not from without. I would have you governed by soul, and not by clay. I would have you comprehend that you are tending spiritward, instead of earthward. I would have you know that the aspiration within you is the impulse that drives you forever toward that eternal home; that the harbor of rest and of safety is in the spirit; that the turmoil, the dissonance, the doubt, the gloom, the discord, are in the material; that unpurged by spirit, matter is dead; that pervaded by spirit, matter is quickened; that the spirit itself is life. I would have you comprehend that the soul is the all-pervading consciousness, of which the spirit expresses in that form the degree of growth, and that that growth registers upon matter precisely the form and image that the spirit at this hour assumes upon the earth. Shall there be in the coming time greater harmony? Will the nations of the earth cease to battle? Will there be a cessation of strife, and contention, and wrong-doing among men? Shall evil depart from the earth? Will the wild beasts of the forests and the serpents with poisonous fangs depart? It will be because humanity registers upon life the pulsations of harmony. Anger is the wild beast in the howling wilderness of time. Strife and contention—these are the animals that torture and bring fear to your hearts. Envy and malice and slander—these are the serpents that crawl by the wayside of life, and sting to the quick the sensitive spirits that are found crouching in the dust beneath your feet. When there shall be no beasts of human passion, there will be no terror in the wild wood. When there shall be no striving nor warfare, there will be no demolition of life, either of beast, or bird, or man. Since the necessities of human life will be spiritual, and not earthly, when there is harmony there will cease to be aught in the elements that will give you pain and unrest. The tempest abroad in the land, or brooding over the sea, is but an expression of that tempest of thought that over the people on the land and over the sea rules and governs humanity by its potent spell. To-day you are angry; to-morrow the wild beast, the cloud and the tempest will sweep over you. To-day the whole community is agitated; to-morrow the sky is rent with thunder, and there is a storm in the world. To-day there are two nations warring; another year there is pestilence, there is famine, there is ruin. Man precedes the elements in his destruction. If he is not destructive, nature is not so. She is his mirror. She reveals him to himself; she shows him his own state. He is the wild beast in the wilderness; he is the storm upon the sea; he is the tempest in the forest; he is the glacier upon the mountain height; he is the cloud above the storm; he is the cloud beyond cloud when the whirlwind comes in its wrath.

I say there is no life of humanity on earth, nor atom of dust beneath your feet, nor form in sea or air, that man's state does not control, that the spiritual state of the earth does not govern. Talk you of ancient fables! Of the old earth swinging in her ancient place, with

out intelligence or life! The spirit of our brooding humanity, waiting for the form, was the solution of that ancient state. Man, in the infancy of the race, but reflected the infancy of his creative power. His victory overpast, to-day you stand disenthralled somewhat. The ages of the earth have revealed through you their chosen channels, the voices of spiritual inspiration. But God dwells in man when you utterly inhabit the form with the spirit, when you utterly demolish the material strife with the voice of spiritual harmony. Oh, I have seen the Christ-like soul immured in the outward form, with a spirit so divine, a touch so gentle, that the breath seemed to flow from its presence, and the voice was as the voice of the spheres. I have seen this Stranger in your midst, clothed with immortal light, and radiating from his countenance the glory of the spiritual; but no man knew him, and your senses were not aware of his presence. He was a strange presence, his voice a strange voice; but, like the air you breathe this day, which is made purer by the wind, that you otherwise would not perceive, his presence, like the sunlight, his life, like the all-pervading power and harmony of the universe, shed its benign rays upon the earth, and gradually the discord and dissonance ceased, and his day and his hour brought a period of peacefulness to the nation. Blessed by his presence, they knew it not. (Growing more glad and earnest in the light of this soul, they did not know the source whence it came; but when the life went out there was a void, and the heavens were peopled with more glory.)

This illustrates the contact of the spirit with matter; that one soul stronger than the rest sways and moves the nations, sways and moves the earth. The flowers are brighter, the spring is more radiant, the harvests are more abundant, in proportion to man's harmony. As war produces pestilence and famine, so discord produces deserts and arid wastes of strife. These in turn are transformed into clay, producing vast deserts and wildernesses untrod by human feet. What time humanity shall wake from this dream of strange doubt and contention, and understand the spirit, will be the time when the wilderness shall blossom, and the deserts shall yield fruitage—will be the millennium time of the spirit. You grow toward it in cycle. You are impelled from within toward it. The great truth coming to you at this hour is one of the impulses of that divine breath. It is born from the Godlike necessity within you. It is a saviour, wrought out of humanity, out of the wrangles, the turmoil, the suffering, the despair, the tears of earthly life. From the anguish of the mother's breast, from the prison cell, the dungeon darkness of time, a great voice from the immortal kingdom is heard. It comes to humanity as a child. It is cradled in your midst. It is persecuted by you; it is scourged to death. It rises, and becomes the transfigured Genius of Resurrection to the ages. It is revealed on the Mount of Transfiguration; it glows before you as the polar star of prophecy, the Christ, revealing to his people the wonders of the spiritual kingdom forever above you. Oh, blind dust, putting itself to death! The immortal spirit recognizes life beyond death. One is Calvary; the other is transfiguration, resurrection. One is dust and bitterness and ashes; the other is immortality.

Rising above the tomb, beyond the doubt, the threefold splendor of the light of the spirit gleams upon humanity at this hour. Nor down into any depths of misery, nor into any darkened haunts of crime, nor yet into souls that seem separate from God, can we fail to enter with this light of life. Souls in darkness are allured and won by it, and in those far-distant spaces set apart in spheres of spirit-life for souls that have not yet perceived its radiance, it penetrates with the divine fervor of prophecy, and wins them back to the Infinite.

I believe this now; I know it now. Once I believed there were dark places where souls could forever go out from the Infinite Love. How blind to suppose this! Eternity was not revealed to me. I could see the darkness, but not the pathway of return. Now I know that it was the shaded avenue by which the soul that repents returns to the Divine possession. Can we suppose that life, with its sin, or the spirit, with its wanderings, can forever eclipse the Infinite Love? Eternity is eternal promise. Soul-life is an eternal resurrection. No spirit nor man can see its full meaning, but ultimate resurrection belongs to every soul. Thinking of this, and aware of it, how fully can we people time with infinite splendors, and clothe the earth with the glory of our immortal being, with rainbows for angels to walk upon; with flowery meadows, whereon children's feet will be no longer pierced with thorns!

The physician probes the wound that he may heal. Godliness wounds the spirit that it may be quickened to a higher and purer life. We would not find it otherwise. The rock in the wilderness yields not its cooling crystal drops until it is smitten. So the Christ-life yields not the power of the spirit until the wounds are probed and the heart bleeds. Then we find the love that soothes the pain, the balm for the sorrow, the cure for the evil of life.

Make room for this thought in your hearts. It is growing from within; it is making room for the tender, divine plant by your fireside. In the garden the soil is shaded and covered with that which impedes its growth. Let it go forth in the light of day. Let it bask in the sunlight of eternity. Let it be revealed in your daily lives, and let the power and glory of the spirit penetrate your innermost being. Ever within the soul is calm, is clear, is assured, is conscious, is self-possessed, is born of eternal benedictions. There are no storms there, no darkened places. The mind alone is anxious, is perturbed. You look outwardly instead of inwardly. You look

toward the storm, not the calm. Sunward there are no tempests; earthward there are dark clouds; but, whether earthward or sunward, calm lies beyond. There is the infinite space peopled with the Infinite presence, that abides in its clear tranquillity. All is calm toward eternity. Whichever way we glance, upward or forward or downward, the spirit is aware that the calm remains forever, that the eternal source of life is the same.

Possessing this thought, full of this promise, conscious of this growth in spiritual things, forever struggling toward the Infinite, the love of the Infinite possesses you. Truth and hope and faith and godliness—these are born of that eternal striving, and you put the dust from off your feet and the sandals of earth away from you whenever you turn toward this spiritual light. It is not enough to turn toward it, it must be here; and the promise of eternity is that humanity, rising disenthralled, perfected, made glorious, shall shine as Christ upon the Mount of Transfiguration; shall shine as the love of the spirit through eyes that are filled with love; shall shine as the countenances illuminated by divine benedictions; shall shine as the soul shines in its state of utter blessedness. You reveal it in your countenances; you portray it in light; it beautifies the avenues of your being; it lights up the pathway with verdure; it illumines the tomb with resurrection; it peoples all promises with fulfillment; hopes are born anew by it, death ceases, and life becomes eternal. You rise from the tomb as from the sepulchre of your past to the glorious promises of the future; you are aware of the fulfillment; you live with the prophets; you are one with the poets; you exult with Moses; you sing songs with those who are upon the mountain heights of eternity. Olympus is yours; Olivet is yours; the grandeur of Sinai is yours. You have kissed the brow of the Infinite; you are born again; the light of the soul is upon you; you are no more alone in the universe, wandering through time and sense, without aim or object; the voice of the spirit uplifts you. Oh, wanderer upon whatsoever desert you may be, this voice is for you. Be it of doubt, be it of fear, be it of despair, be it of the struggles of life and its complainings and bitternesses, the voice that comes to you at this hour is from the soul, and belongs to you. No heaven peopled with angels, no glorified state of Christ and his messengers, but you are one day to share.

Oh, you in darkness, pervaded by the sorrow that death can bring, and the feeble strugglings of the futile years, when the dust that you have gathered recedes from your grasp, and the few atoms of gold are changed to ashes at your feet, this voice is for you. The treasures of eternity are enduring; the kingdoms of life abide forever. You have the eternal possession; you are only held from it by your present state. Oh, you who look with longing eyes into other eyes, asking for sympathy and finding none, seeking recognition as one may wander in the dark, or as the child upon the wayside may seek for a loving glance; you who feel homeless and voiceless in the great human wilderness, to whom no heart turns and no eyes are clothed with recognition, oh look again! you have not looked with the eye of the soul. Look again! you have not looked with recognition! Spirit answers to spirit, and, shooting upward from within the soul, the voice of recognition comes so soon as you put forth recognition. Heart answers to heart, and spirit to spirit, love to love and life to life. If you look with the clay, clay will answer; there will be vacancy. If you look with intelligence, intelligence will answer. Mind responds to mind. If you look with the spirit, spirit will answer, and soul will respond to soul, for there is no humanity without it; and, seeking this, you will find the true source of joy that you have failed to find in the feebleness of outward expression. Christ was humanity clothed upon with outward form, expressing the soul-life that, with eyes, and ears, and heart, and mind attuned to every human need turned the angel side of your life heavenward and the angel side of his life earthward for your recognition. At this hour the angel side is turned from the heavenly kingdom; a mighty sweep of angelic hosts breathe upon you, that you may turn your side toward them; the light of their countenances beams upon you; they answer to your call; they recognize the one human voice that asks for aid, and as though the earth were a ship upon a mighty sea, tossed and torn, with a voice asking for help, so those who minister turn toward the earth-life, and with one strong hand the impulse stretches downward, the light is given, the seeking is over, you are safe. Nor materialism swallows up this, nor doubt, nor crime, nor earthly disgrace, nor the spell of the senses, but the very work of the spirit transforms you utterly, and the soul speaks to you with the divine prophecy of eternal life.

Bishop Colenso, of Natal, who was so much talked about a few years ago on account of his advanced views on the *Book of Job*, lives a very quiet, uneventful life at Bishopscourt, near Durban. He is rarely seen in the city except on Sunday, when he conducts services. He is described as elephantine in appearance, being almost seven feet high, and of massive frame. He wears a wide-brimmed stove-pipe beaver hat of the old-fashioned cut, and a long coat of thin black material. He is regarded with awe and reverence by the natives, who salute him as supreme or great chief. The Bishop is now sixty-six years old, but retains his vigor of mind. One of his daughters acts as his amanuensis, and Knolly, whom he has always befriended, are his printers.—*Independent.*

A sailor dropped out of the main-top of a man-of-war, and, after in some degree breaking his fall by catching at the rigging, fell on the lieutenant's head and knocked him down on the quarter deck. The sailor jumped up, as did the lieutenant. "You rascal," said the lieutenant, "where did you come from?" "From the North of Ireland, an' please yer honor," said the sailor.

THE PRAIRIE PATH.

Upon the brown and frozen sod
The wind's wet fingers shake the rain;

AN AFRICAN PSYCHIC.

A REMINISCENCE OF WASHINGTON.
BY A. E. NEWTON.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
In a paper published in the Banner of Light of June

One winter's day, while engaged in superintending
the newly established schools for colored children

Proceeding to the locality designated, on the north
side of M Street, between 15th and 16th, N. W.,

The small and dingy room had few comforts.
The floor was covered with rags, partly the remains of an

Engaging him in conversation I gradually drew from
him this story: Before the war of emancipation he had

Engaging him in conversation I gradually drew from
him this story: Before the war of emancipation he had

Engaging him in conversation I gradually drew from
him this story: Before the war of emancipation he had

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Engaging him in conversation I gradually drew from
him this story: Before the war of emancipation he had

was a much younger person than her husband, very
black, and probably of a more skeptical turn than he.

I leave the reader to imagine the renewed outburst
of surprise, joy and grateful gratitude to "de good

In a subsequent interview, this venerable African
gave me some further particulars of his interesting

I will say here, parenthetically, that this is not the
only African who has referred to his solar plexus

Some students of psychology have come to believe
that this solar plexus plays an important part in many

To conclude my narrative: Not long after forming
the acquaintance of this venerable preacher, one cold

The Old Past - Sainly Symbols - Radicalism -
The Second Spiritualist Society of New York

The past! how grateful to walk in its long
shadows, and meditatively muse upon the inspired

Woodman, spare that tree! When the old
Charter Oak fell in Hartford, Conn., Colt's

Two thousand years ago the Orientals
indulged more in symbol and imagery than they do

Often little symbols have great meanings. You
touch the door-bell. It is a small matter; but

The leather in the babe's shoe is very
much like common leather. The dear one sickens,

The Bible is only a collection of books - a small
Semitic library - and yet within its covers are

My father last year passed the crystal river,
in his 85th year. Old and feeble and partially

I am the resurrection and the life; because I live
ye shall live also.

In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to
prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a

Wife! wife! come and see what de good Lor' hab
done for me!" he shouted. In response the bedroom

Wife! wife! come and see what de good Lor' hab
done for me!" he shouted. In response the bedroom

no more account than an old last year's almanac?
Two things are to be avoided - idolatry, or a belief

Radicalism is from radical, the root. Radicalism,
therefore, is root-searching. Radicalism is of two

This is a live Society with a live committee,
the President of which is Alfred Weldon, Esq.

It may be that I have given too much "emphasis
to Jesus, and no doubt one with Bro. Barrett's

It is old stamping-ground for reformers.
While residing eleven years in Battle Creek, Mich.,

Criticism is becoming more and more a profession
in America; but criticising and reviewing are not

The tone of the criticisms and reviews upon
my late book - "Immortality, or Our Homes and

Immortality, or Our Homes and our Employments
Hereafter, with what a Hundred Spirits, good and

I thought, however, as I read along the pages,
that here and there I detected an anxiety on your

Through the kindness of Mr. Hunt we passed a very
agreeable evening at a surprise party at Mrs. E. Good-

A Touching Far-off Cry,
From a Poor Soul Hungering for Spiritual Food.

The following missive, addressed to a prominent
writer in favor of Spiritualism and its phenomenal

Taylor's Falls, Minn., Nov. 8th, 1880.
Mr. - Dear Sir: I am strongly moved to again

Dear Sir: I am strongly moved to again
enough upon your time and patience, hoping from

Dear Sir: I am strongly moved to again
enough upon your time and patience, hoping from

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There are some statements in your book that ought
to be engraved in gold. This, for instance (page 100)

It is adapted and inharmonious mixing of
mediumistic areas and conditions. It often leads to

Your closing chapter, "The General Teachings of
Spirits," is morally sublime.

The mechanical part of the book is also beautifully
substantial, so characteristic of all the publications

Fraternally yours,
J. O. BARRETT.

The above letter is a revelation of Bro. Barrett's
culture, sympathy and spirituality. It may be called

It may be that I have given too much "emphasis
to Jesus, and no doubt one with Bro. Barrett's

A VISIT TO NEW YORK.
BY T. LEES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Leaving Cleveland, O., on Monday, Nov. 4th, to meet

On Saturday evening (6th), I again visited Brooklyn,
and heard for the first time Prof. Henry Kiddle, who

Sunday morning (7th) I again started for Brooklyn,
this time to visit the Lyceum presided over by

On Monday (8th) the floating ocean hotel, "Galla,"
arrived, bringing safely to the harbor our long-absent

Through the kindness of Mr. Hunt we passed a very
agreeable evening at a surprise party at Mrs. E. Good-

A Touching Far-off Cry,
From a Poor Soul Hungering for Spiritual Food.

The following missive, addressed to a prominent
writer in favor of Spiritualism and its phenomenal

Taylor's Falls, Minn., Nov. 8th, 1880.
Mr. - Dear Sir: I am strongly moved to again

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which to me is so incomprehensible - for to me Spiritu-
alism is the bread of life. I welcome every scrap

You who have such heavenly intercourse with your
loved ones must feel that you are more than recom-

Now I ask your advice as to which would be the
best book, and most satisfactory and consoling; one

Go on in the way you have selected, my brother, and
many will rise up and call you blessed. You have

Most respectfully yours,
H. S. GWYNNE.

THREE PHASES OF MODERN THEOLOGY - Calvinism,
Unitarianism, Liberalism. By Joseph Henry Allen, A. M.

These ably written essays have previously appeared
in print, having been published in the Unitarian Re-

"Liberalism" is stated to be, not a code of opinions,
but simply a habit of mind, making the atmosphere of

Charming books, all of them; bright pictures, bright
thoughts, nothing to mar but much to increase the joy

George Milner Stephen and his Marvellous Cures.
By his Son, H. W. H. Stephen. (See Mensen Curer,

REV. DR. DASHWELL, THE NEW MINISTER AT
HAMPTON. By E. P. B. The American News Company,

A satire upon sensational preachers. A young minister
with somewhat worldly proclivities manages to

New Jingles for 1881. Chatterbox, Junior.
Sunday Chatterbox. Tro's Journey, Pictures and

A profusion of very attractive engravings, short
sketches, stories, poems and music forms the contents

THE ANTHEM HARP. For Chorus and Quartette
Chords. By W. O. Perkins. Boston: Oliver Ditson

The experience of Mr. Perkins in the training and
education of choirs has rendered him ably qualified to

WITCHRAFT OF NEW ENGLAND EXPLAINED BY
MRS. J. M. PEARL. A new and original work, in a sub-

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MRS. J. M. PEARL. A new and original work, in a sub-

TO BOOK-PURCHASERS.
COLBY & RICH, Publishers and Bookellers, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass.
 Agents for sale of a complete assortment of **Religious, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books, at Wholesale and Retail.**
 Terms Cash—Orders for books to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or part cash. When the balance must be paid C. O. D. Orders for books to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. *We would remind our patrons that the carriage and the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps are not to be paid for by the publisher.* We are looking to the sale of books on commission respectfully declined. Any book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.
Catalogue of Books Published, and for Sale by Colby & Rich sent free.

SPECIAL NOTICES.
 In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condemned or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of *Impersonal* free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied theories of authors, which correspondents are invited to express. We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the article will be sent a favor by drawing a line around the article he desires specially to recommend for perusal.
 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.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1880.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE.
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 LETHBRIDGE COLBY, EDITOR,
 JOHN W. DAY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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THE WORK OF SPIRITUALISM is as broad as the universe. It extends from the highest spheres of angels to the lowest conditions of human ignorance. It is as broad as Wisdom, as comprehensive as Love, and its mission is to bless mankind. *John Pierpont.*

The Sabbath.

Prof. John Tyndall, in his Presidential address, on the 25th of October last, to the Glasgow Sunday Society, chose the above theme for his discourse, which was a historical examination of the day called the Sabbath by the Jews, and which the Christians, in their public religious observances, have confounded with their Sunday. He spoke of the desire and the tendency of the present age to connect itself organically with preceding ages, a desire whose expression is not limited to the connection of the material organisms of to-day with those of the geologic past, but manifests equally in the domain of mind. It is to this source, the distinguished speaker said, that the philosophical writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer may be traced. To it, he added, we are also indebted for the series of learned works on the "Sources of Christianity," by Renan, for the researches of Max Müller in comparative philology and mythology, and the endeavor to found on these researches a "science of religion." Principal Caird, in his recent work, an "Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion," discerns throughout the ages a purpose and a growth, wherein, in the words of Prof. Tyndall, the "earlier and more imperfect religions constitute the natural and necessary precursors of the later and more perfect ones." These changes in religious conceptions and practices, says he, correspond to the changes wrought, by augmented experience in the texture and contents of the human mind. Acquainted as we now are with this immeasurable universe, and with the energies operant therein, the guesses under which the sages of old presented the Maker and Builder thereof seem to us to belong to the utter infancy of things.

Prof. Tyndall regards it as nonsense to represent Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy elders of Israel, as climbing Mount Sinai, and actually seeing there the "God of Israel." And he quotes Principal Caird as saying, "There is in all this much which, even when religious feeling is in its fullness, even when contained in it, is perceived to belong to the domain of materialistic and figurative conception." The children of Israel, remarks Prof. Tyndall, received without idealization the statements of their great law-giver. To them the tables of the law were true tablets of stone, prepared, engraved, broken, and re-engraved; while the graving-tool which inscribed the law was held undoubtingly to be the finger of God. He declares it to be impossible to use such conceptions; we may by habit use the words, but we attach to them no definite meaning. "As the religious education of the world advances," says Principal Caird, "it becomes impossible to attach any literal meaning to those representations of God and his relations to mankind which ascribe to him human senses, appetites, passions, and the actions and experiences proper to man's lower and finite nature." The forces which differentiated Christianity from Paganism early made themselves manifest in details producing disunion whose creeds and interests were in great part identical.

There were struggles for priority, and Jesus had to quell them by teaching humility. There were also conflicts over points of doctrine, especially as to the continued binding power of the Jewish law. On this point there were discussions, and bitter ones, among the apostles themselves. Paul had to carry on a lifelong struggle to maintain his authority as a preacher of Christ. There were many who denied him all vocation. James was the head of the Church at Jerusalem, and Judeo-Christians held the ordination of James to be alone valid. As Paul had no mission from James, he was deemed by some a criminal intruder. Paul's real fault was his love of freedom; he rejected to the last, on behalf of his gentle converts, the chains of Judaism, and proudly calls himself "the Apostle of the Gentiles."

We who have been born into a settled state of things, says Prof. Tyndall, can hardly realize the primitive conditions out of which this tranquility has emerged. We have, for example, the canon of Scripture already arranged for us, but to sift and select these writings from the mass of spurious documents 'aloft at the time of compilation, was a work of vast labor, difficulty and responsibility. The age abounded with forgeries. Even good men lent themselves to these pious frauds, believing that true Christian doctrine, which of course was their doctrine, would be thereby quickened and promoted. There were epistles and counter-epistles, epistles and counter-epistles, frivolous, dull,

speculative, romantic, rich and penetrating, and saturated with the Master's spirit. Then arose the Gnostics, to whom succeeded the Agnostics—the men who know and the men who do not know, both of whom in turn were rejected by Christians. It was a time of throes and travail and whirlwinds. Men at length began to crave peace and unity; and then followed the Church of Rome, having its precursor in the Church at Rome. Rome was then the capital of the world; and in the end that great city gave the Christian Church established in her midst such a decided preponderance that it eventually claimed to be the "Mother and Matrix of all other churches." And so "with jolts and oscillations, resulting at times in overthrow, the religious life of the world has spun down the 'ringing grooves of change.'" If a smoother route was discoverable it was not discovered.

Prof. Tyndall, looking at it one way, laments the gifts and labors of intellect which the Sabbath question has absorbed; but, looking at it another way, he becomes reconciled to the fact that "waste in intellect may be as much an incident of growth as waste in nature." In passing through the collected passages of the Pentateuch which relate to the Sabbath, the collected utterances of the New Testament on the same subject, he insists that we are at once exhilarated by a freer atmosphere and a vaster sky. Christ, he says, found the religions of the world oppressed almost to suffocation by the load of formulas piled upon them by the priesthood. He removed the load, and rendered respiration free. He cared little for forms and ceremonies which had ceased to be the raiment of man's spiritual life.

He sought to restore the spiritual life. Luther said that Jesus broke the Sabbath deliberately, and even ostentatiously—for a purpose. He walked in the fields; he plucked, shelled and ate the corn; he treated the sick, and he imposed on the restored cripple the labor of carrying his bed on the Sabbath day. It was he who said: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Learned Jews, some of them, would have expanded the uses of the seventh day. Philo, one of their number, a contemporary of Josephus, on that "propriety of studying philosophy" which he said, "As on that day it is said God beheld the works that he had made, so you also may yourself contemplate the works of Nature." And that is all that is claimed the right to do by the liberals of our day.

"Where shall we find," asks Prof. Tyndall, "such samples of those works of nature which Philo commended to the Sunday contemplation of his countrymen as in the British Museum? Within those walls we have," he says, "as it were, epochs disentombed, ages of divine energy illustrated. But the efficient authorities resolutely close the doors and exclude from the contemplation of these things the multitudes who have only Sunday to devote to them." Taking them on their own ground, he asks if the authorities are logical in doing so. "Do they who thus stand between them and us really believe those treasures to be the work of God?" The accounts of the origin of the Sabbath are discordant, one making it a purely Jewish institution, and the other being in violent antagonism to the facts of geology, unless it is regarded as a myth and fable.

The alleged "proofs" that Sunday was introduced as a substitute for Saturday, and that its observance is as binding upon Christians as their Sabbath was upon the Jews, are regarded by Prof. Tyndall as "of the flimsiest and vaguest character." "If," says Milton, "on the plea of a divine command, they impose upon us the observance of a particular day, how do they presume, without the authority of a divine command, to substitute another day in its place?" "There is nothing," says Prof. Tyndall, "that I should withstand more strenuously than the conversion of the first day of the week into a common working-day; quite as strenuously, however, should I oppose its being employed as a day for the exercise of sacerdotal rigor."

Luther said, "If a preacher wishes to force you back to Moses, ask him whether you were brought by Moses out of Egypt. If he says No, then say: How, then, does Moses' concern me, since he speaks to the people that have been brought out of Egypt?" Melancthon says "the Scripture allows that we are not bound to keep the Sabbath." Tyndall, the English Christian martyr, said, "As for the Sabbath, we are lords over it, and may yet change it into Monday, or into any other day, as we see need." Toward the end of the sixteenth century, demands were made for a stricter observance of the Sabbath, owing to the offensive coarseness of the manners of the people. God's "judgments" on Sabbath-breakers began then for the first time to be pointed out. There is no laying down any rule for the observance of any day as holy above the rest. Natural differences must be taken into account in making rules for the community. The yoke which is easy to the few may be intolerable to the many.

As a rule, ministers of religion do not appear to advantage on the political stump, says the Boston Herald. Genius makes its exceptions, but even genius had best stick to its own work. It seems impossible for the average parson to leave his shop behind him when he enters the political field. And it does not comport with ideas of reverence that are by no means uncommon, outside of pulpits and studies, for a speaker in a brawling ward meeting to be "thanking God" every three sentences throughout a partisan harangue, as Rev. Dr. Fulton appears to have done at a Brooklyn wigwag on a recent occasion. Think of a minister assuming to issue a divine patent of nobility to every man who works for the candidate that he favors! We are not squeamish in regard to a clergyman's active interest in advocating righteousness in politics the same as in other things, but the habit which some of them have of assuming to speak for God on the stump is demoralizing.

At a Methodist ministerial convention for the Dover District, in Lawrence, this week, Rev. Mr. Dinmore, of Salem, N. H., late of Amesbury and Merrimacport, read a paper on the "Possible Inspiration of man to-day," in which he argued that there was as much inspiration in men now as in the writers of the Bible. Rev. Mr. Spaulding, of East Salisbury, dissented, as did all the other clergymen present in the discussion which followed. Mr. Dinmore's position would be that of the Spiritualists; and as a possibility there is no question of its correctness, unless the Infinite has lost the power of communicating as in former ages, which is an absurdity. The *Merrimac Valley Visitor* is the authority for the above remarks.

We extract (fourth page) from the *Olive Branch* a good notice of Rev. Samuel Watson's new book, "THE RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM." Colby & Rich have the work on sale at 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

"A Haunted House."

This time it is at Nashua, N. H., and a correspondent of the *Boston Journal* describes it: It is a large two-story, modern, unoccupied structure. A family took possession of it, and the first evening the door-bell rang, and upon answering the summons no one was seen. The lady returned to her work and presently heard footsteps in the hall. She sought to learn the individuality of her visitor and found *nobody*. The next night there was what the correspondent terms a "general racket" in the house; and from what he says we judge the "General" brought all his available forces into action in order to storm the redoubt and all other doubts on the premises. The covers of the kitchen stove were shuffled around. Investigation being made, no cause for the disturbance was found. A few moments after a stove in the attic was "thumped and banged about," and a variety of sounds were heard in various parts of the house. In the course of the next day the stove covers were rattled, and the lady of the house as she was passing up stairs felt a pressure as of some one crowding by her. The family soon after all this moved out.

A gentleman who next proposed to hire the house, undertook, with a friend, to spend the night in it, but the traveling about the hall, ringing the door bell, rapping upon the walls and a bright light which was frequently thrown into their faces from "nowhere in particular," frightened them so that they fled at midnight in dismay.

Now, far more singular to us than all the above occurrences is the conclusion soberly arrived at by "a gentleman residing in the neighborhood" as to their cause. The writer of the account says: "We dislike to spoil a good story, but since the foregoing was written, a gentleman residing in the neighborhood of the haunted house has informed the *Telegraph* that the strange phenomena are traceable to a family of rats that had made a nest in the furnace."

What extraordinary rats those must be that can ring bells, rap on the walls, produce sounds as of human voices and footsteps, remove stove covers in the lower and at almost the same instant in the upper part of the house, cause a bright light to flash in the faces of investigators, and impart to a lady a sense of some one crowding by her on the stairs. Surely, in this effort to evade the only reasonable conclusion in regard to the cause producing the manifestations, these disposers of "the strange phenomena" strain at a noiaid and swallow an elephant.

Where is Col. King?

Will some person acquainted with "well-known Spiritualists" inform us who the "well-known Spiritualist" is, who, according to the statement of the Rev. Geo. Washburn in the *New York Independent*, challenged the Rev. A. A. Waite, to a competition before the public with such a medium as the said Col. King might select? Will Col. King himself, or the Rev. Mr. Waite, or any other of the Colonel's friends, have the kindness to send us his address? After we have got the desired information about Col. King, we may have some questions to ask about the medium which this "well-known Spiritualist" selected to represent Spiritualism. It is said that "a lie will run around the world while truth is putting on his boots"; but truth is pretty sure to overtake it in the long run.

Warren Lincoln's latest put-up job in the medium line was at New Haven, on Wednesday night, when there was a pretended contest between him as a medium and a "Mr. Somerby of Boston," in the rôle of Mr. Chalk-Talk Waite. The audience voted both men frauds. On Tuesday Lincoln was arrested for giving an exhibition Sunday night without a license.—*Boston Herald.*

Mrs. Richmond at Parker Memorial Hall.

Arrangements have been made by prominent Spiritualists in this city whereby Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond has been secured for a lecture in Parker Memorial Hall, (corner of Appleton and Berkeley streets), Boston, on the afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 12th. The meeting will be free to all; Mr. Lewis B. Wilson will preside, and vocal music will be furnished by a choir under direction of Mrs. Nellie M. Day. There exists no reason why an audience which will crowd the hall to the utmost of its accommodating capacity should not gather on that occasion to welcome Mrs. Richmond to Boston, on her return from her transatlantic labors to the scenes of her native land.

Woman Suffrage in Oregon.

Both houses of the Oregon Legislature have passed a Woman Suffrage bill for an amendment to the Constitution of that State—the Senate by a majority of two-thirds, the Assembly by 22 against 27. It must, however, pass through another Legislature and receive a majority of the popular vote ere it can become a part of the fundamental law of the State.

"The Principles of Nature."

The first edition of the 2d and 3d volumes of the remarkable work by Mrs. Maria M. King whose title occurs above, is nearly exhausted, and a new one will be brought out in a short space of time. This practically demonstrates the deserved public interest which this book has already evoked, and is a good augury for its future.

We learn from the *Medium and Daybreak* that Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond had a large and most intelligent audience at Neumeyer Hall on Sunday evening, Nov. 7th, to hear her closing discourse. After answering questions the lecture was given, consisting of, first, a word of warning of the troubles that are about to spread over civilization, and which have commenced; secondly, a word of consolation—which must be derived from the interior or spiritual nature, as no power can shield man from physical suffering and personal inconvenience; thirdly, a word of promise—the Comforter or New Messiah is to come and be the stay and upholder of all who can appreciate his merits.

Mr. Lucien Prince, of Worcester, made us a pleasant call last Saturday. He has been West for some time on business. While in Chicago he attended one of Mrs. Maud E. Lord's sances, at which some splendid tests were received. He informs us that Mrs. Lord is doing a good work in Chicago. Her rooms are at 49 South Elizabeth street, that city.

An interesting letter from Bro. Ed. S. Wheeler, of Philadelphia, arrived too late for this issue. It will appear in our next.

A full statement of the Fletcher case will be found on our eighth page.

Dr. Win. C. Gibbons of Kansas, now on a tour Eastward, called at this office recently.

Return of Mr. and Mrs. Richmond.

The ship *Baltic* arrived in New York on Sunday morning at 8 o'clock, having on board Mr. and Mrs. Richmond.

The violent gales during the week, and the failure of the *Cunard* and *Imma* steamers—which sailed from Liverpool three days earlier than the *Baltic*—to put in an appearance, had caused anxious hearts to turn toward the cruel waters of the sea with many forebodings, and glad indeed were the tidings that gave the loved ones back from the arms of the storm.

A lecture had been advertised for Sunday morning and fortunately not recalled, as Mrs. Richmond, notwithstanding her stormy voyage, was well and ready for work. She proceeded in her traveling costume to the hall, where, in spite of the uncertainty of her arrival, a goodly number of friends were already assembled to welcome her.

Prof. J. R. Buchanan presided, and introduced the speaker with warm words of welcome. As no subject had been announced, the guides asked for questions from the audience, which were promptly offered, and the majority of them were intelligently framed, evincing a good degree of culture and deep, earnest aspiration after the higher truths of Spiritualism.

The answers were given in the incomparable style, both in manner and matter, that always marks the utterances of this most gifted lady. Never at a loss for the best word and thought on any subject that can be suggested by the most cultured minds, she embodies the most advanced conceptions and reaches the highest altitudes of spiritual inspiration known in this or any other age of the world.

The poem, the subject for which was also chosen by the audience, "A Storm at Sea," was marvelous in its poetic and descriptive power. Mrs. Richmond remains in New York during the week, and will lecture next Sunday, Dec. 5th, at Masonic Hall, morning and evening. (A reception will also be given her during the week by her friends here.) In the morning the subject announced by the guides is "The Present Religious, Political and Social Crisis in England and America."

Joseph Cook bemoans that some Spiritualists are "infidels." Strictly speaking, the word *infidel* means a *disbeliever*. Hence to know what one man means when he says another is an infidel it is requisite to know from what standpoint the allegation is made. Spiritualists are no more infidels to Mr. Cook than Mr. Cook is an infidel to Spiritualists, to Unitarians, to all liberal-minded, progressive people. Nine-tenths of the members of the strictest evangelical churches of our day are infidels when judged by the Forms of Belief and the Confessions of Faith of the days of Jonathan Edwards.

The Fontenello affidavit relative to the condition in which he found the Indians at the Ponce agency in the Indian Territory in June last, is confirmatory of the testimony of Mr. Tibbles, Miss "Bright Eyes," and other friends and advocates of the rights of this oppressed people, who "know whereof they speak" by practical acquaintanceship with the facts in the case. The abominable rascality to be met with in the record of the treatment accorded to this long-suffering tribe is—we believe rightfully—attributed to the subtle schemes of the land-grabbers; and it is shrewdly hinted that several Washington government officials, and other influential parties, belong to the "Indian ring."

The Free Religionists express regret that Lucretia Mott's connection with their movement—she at one time being one of the Vice Presidents of the Society—has been studiously kept in the background in newspaper articles relating to her life and services. Spiritualists can readily appreciate their feelings, for the same neglect to make any allusion to the belief in Spiritualism held by President Lincoln, Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, William Lloyd Garrison and scores of other eminent men in this country, and an equally large number in Europe, was too apparent and general to be charitably thought unintentional.

A great writing, Nov. 6th, to our agent in Great Britain, J. J. Morse, from an address on Manchester Road, Sudden Rochdale, Eng., forwarding funds for the renewal of subscription, and saying: "I peruse the pages of the good *Banner of Light* with great pleasure. It is the most welcome journal that comes to my household."

"E. P. II." writes from Haverhill, Mass., Nov. 25th: "The utterances of the last number of the *Banner of Light* are intensely interesting, and indicate that our march is rapidly onward. The cause is advancing at 'double-quick' just now."

A good word is spoken for Allen Putnam's new work by the *Boston Commonwealth*. See our second page.

We shall print next week a fine discourse by Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, bearing as its title, "Why we are Christians."

Mr. Augustus Day, of Detroit, Mich., is in town.

The Ladies' Aid Fair.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*: This enterprise was inaugurated Nov. 1st, at our hall, 718 Washington street, Boston, and closed Nov. 20th. It proved to be more successful than the committee anticipated. Notwithstanding "election week" and bad weather, the attendance continued good until the close. The silver service was drawn by Mrs. S. E. Stone, of Everett; the gold watch, by Miss E. Keating, of Canton street, Boston; pickle dish, by Mrs. M. T. Dole, of Somerville; the silver casket, by Mrs. A. A. C. Perkins; the cake basket, by Mrs. Hart, of Charlestown; the parlor chair, by Mrs. Eliza Rowell, of Clarendon street, Boston; the sewing chair, by Mrs. Metcalf, of Cambridgeport.

Many fancy articles, elegant bed-quilts, a music-box, etc., remain at the Aid Parlor for the share-books to be filled before the final drawing. The receipts of the Fair will net the Society three hundred dollars. The committee wish to extend their thanks to the *Banner of Light* for gratuitous advertising; and to all friends who have contributed to the Fair fund.

The committee on Sunday meetings have decided to hold a circle every Sunday afternoon, and a conference meeting every Sunday evening, commencing next Sunday afternoon, Dec. 5th. The Society has also decided to have a series of weekly entertainments, commencing Thursday, Dec. 2d, with the Centennial Jubilee Singers. Mrs. A. A. C. PERKINS, Chairman Committee. Ladies' Aid Parlor, 718 Washington street.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

It is not work that kills men—it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

The Mother of Pearl visited the Museum the other evening.

How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish? The last takes the dish with the egg, and can let it lie there as long as he pleases.

The Hoosac Tunnel is to be lighted with electricity.

A school for teaching the blind to tune pianos is in successful operation in Paris.

"And now," says the California *Christian Advocate*, "comes the time for church fairs and frolics, and mysterious and doubtful ways of getting money. Jacob's well and the plous grab bag and the post-office with excellent and prudent communications, and various and elegant lottery devices for evading gambling laws, petty lotteries and systems of voting for the prettiest girl or the most popular minister or candidate, or something else. We are not as well up in the literature and ways of such 'entertainments' as we might be, but they are all doubtless very beautiful, since they are baptized. Swindling and lotteries and games of chance are all sanctified if dedicated to a good purpose. . . . But let us keep out of the clutches of the law."

A coal dealer is coaled all the time, but seldom sick—while his customers go in for consumption.

Four inches of snow fell in Baltimore Thanksgiving Day. It only spit, at the Hub.

THE RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM—ITS PHENOMENA AND PHILOSOPHY, is the title of a book just published by Dr. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn. The phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism are attracting the attention of multitudes of people within the Orthodox Church, as well as many who are not identified with any religious organization. To all inquirers this book will commend itself. Dr. Watson has had a large experience in connection with spiritual manifestations. Possessing a keen, cultivated intellect, he has spared neither time nor expense to prove the genuineness or falsity of the phenomena of which this book treats. We commend it to the reading public as being just what they need.—*The Olive Branch.*

To cure specks in the eyes look through red glass. It is a sure remedy. We discovered the fact by accident.

In giving advice we must consult the gentlest manner and softest method of bearing; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, addressing down and making that to drop which it was meant to cherish; it must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

Heretics must be all daff. They dinn think as we dae; Heretics must be all blind. They dinn see as we see. In matters holy and divine Inquiry 's out of season; Since faith is all the Lord demands, It's foolishness to demand more.

Buy Dr. Babbitt's book on "Light and Color." It is an invaluable work. For sale at No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

The celebrated comedian, Finn, issued the following *marceau* the day previous to one of his benefits in this city: "Like a grate, full of coals, I burn. A great, full house to see. And if I burn, as a grate, too. A great fool I shall be."

Do the best you can where you are, and when that is exhausted God will open a door for you, and a voice will call, "Come up hither, into a higher sphere."

The Turks had to fight the Albanians ere they would give up Dulegno.

"What's the name of this street?" inquired a stranger in Boston, and just then he stepped on a piece of ice and fell. "Elm street," replied the interrogated. "Slippery Elm," suggested Jo Coze, as he passed, in which the stranger seemed to acquiesce as he arose and busied himself in re-adjusting his bones.

The Peru-Chill war still continues.

A maid, as by court records doth appear, Whom \$20,000 made so dear, Unto her waiting lover sternly said: "Forego the weed before we go to wed. For 'smoke take flame; I'll be that flame's bright faunter. To have your Anna, give up your Javanna." The wretch, when thus she bravely him to the search, Lit his cigar and threw away the match.

Men in a passion should be treated like kettles—when they boil over they should be taken off.

Mr. R. M. Breton, chief engineer of the Great India Peninsula Railroad, says the Americans build the best working locomotives in the world.

There is a degree of ingratitude which passes the bounds of charity.

Sensationalism and selfishness are twin sisters. Jameson is a fair specimen of both.

CRIME.—A man in Bliddeford, Me., has just been found in his house covered with wounds, from the effects of which he died. Nov. 26th a man-and-a-half woman were stabbed in Norwich, Ct., in a drunken affray. Juvenile thieves are on the increase in Boston. So are scandal mongers.

A late snow-blast in Colorado buried sixty laborers. One man was killed and nineteen badly injured.

Truth has vitality within itself. Lives for a fellowship with purer light— With loftier action, thought and hope, and faith— Lives with an ever-concentrating power, Which, as it strengthens, reaches centrewards.

Literary buzzards disgrace the press.

Charity is one of the cardinal virtues. Those who possess the most of it get along the best in this and the next world.

The managers of Paine Hall, Boston, are to give a grand ball on Wednesday evening, Dec. 1st—the first of the season.

Mrs. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, is a partner in the law business with her husband. She has practiced before the Superior Court, and is a brilliant and powerful speaker.

Lord Beaconsfield was paid fifty thousand dollars for the manuscript of his new novel, "Endymion," by the Longmans, and has contracted with those London publishers to furnish another copy at the same price.

The sudden appearance of cold weather has proved disastrous in its results in many quarters. There are nine hundred boats laid up on the Erie Canal, six hundred of which contain grain. All work on the Delaware and Hudson canal has stopped on account of the ice, and a coal famine is anticipated. In some localities on account of the winter supplies being frozen up in transit.

Message Department.

Public Free-Circle Meetings. Are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, corner of Province street and Montgomery Place, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY AFTERNOONS. The hall will be open at 2 o'clock, and services commence at 2:30, in case of absolute necessity. The public are cordially invited. The messages published under the above heading indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil—consequently those who pass from the earthly sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All expressions of truth as they perceive it are welcome. It is our earnest desire that those who may recognize the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by informing us of the fact for publication. As some anxious spirits desire to behold natural flowers upon our Circle-in-loom table, we solicit donations of such from the friends in earth-life who so kindly that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of spirituality their floral offerings. Miss Shelburne wishes it distinctly understood that she gives no private sittings at any time, neither does she receive visitors on Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Fridays. Letters pertaining to this department, in order to ensure prompt attention, should in every instance be addressed to Cady & Clark, or to LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

Messages given through the Mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelburne.

Science Oct. 22d, 1880.

Invocation.

We thank thee, Father, for the hour That draws the soul to thee, In contemplation of thy power Which everywhere we see. We bless thee for the gift of love That every heart enwraps, And for that world of light above, Where holy wisdom shines.

The world is glowing now in light, Beneath the mellow sun; And waving fields of harvest white Proclaim their labors done. The vines have yielded up their globes, With purple sweetness here, And nature dons her richest robes In thankfulness for life.

Oh Holy Spirit, Perfect Soul! We bless thee more and more, As round and round thy seasons roll, With plenitude in store. We bless thee for the harvest time, And fruitage of the land, Oh thou whose majesty sublime Is felt on every hand!

And oh! we pray that human hearts, May with that kindness glow Which strength and sympathy imparts To all in want and woe. May love and helpfulness and cheer Extend from soul to soul, Till crime and misery and fear Shall lose their dread control; And human life, grown grandly sweet, Shall blossom out in joy complete.

Elvira G. Gardner.

Oh, it is a sweet joy to return here to friends and to send out to them a word of love and cheer! I had dear friends in the mortal; I have them still, close to my heart, and not a day passes over their heads but I return to minister to them in spiritual ways, and to seek to bring them some little knowledge of my presence, of the love and sympathy I bear for them. It was a joy for me to pass to the spirit-world. I entered that world of joy and peace with a smiling face, for I had many, many friends upon the spirit-side who were waiting to welcome me to their new home, and I saw them before I passed entirely from the body; I recognized their dear faces, and it caused my heart to sing with gladness that there was a beautiful home of the angels, and that they could return to minister to loved ones, and teach mortals that there is no death. I would say to my dear ones on the earth who watch and wait for the footsteps of their loved ones from on high, that we return daily, sometimes hourly, to bring you peace and blessings. We would lead your spirits heavenward; we would teach you of immortal things. Earthly dress is of small avail; material things seldom benefit the spirit; what we always desire is for you to look above for wealth and all that is good; for love and sympathy, purity, peace and gladness can ever be found in the spiritual world. I return to-day with my measure full of all that is good for you. I would ask you to let your light shine as a beacon star for others who are in darkness; and let your good works show that your belief is founded upon a rock, and that you are steadfast and true to all that is noble and good. Remember always that we are leading you onward, guiding you upward over the mounds of time, until you, too, shall join us in the angelic world. To my friends in Akron, Ohio, I will say: It is four years since I was called home—and it has been a blessed four years to me, bringing me much gladness and joy, causing me to grow strong and happy and free. I send back all that is beautiful to those I love. For fifty-five years I lived in the mortal, and I feel that my friends will be glad to realize that I have returned to send a few little words to them, and bid them be of cheer. Press on, for all is well; each change that comes brings you only nearer to your heavenly home. All is for the best. Elvira G. Gardner.

Erastus Collins.

I am a stranger here. My name is Erastus Collins. I believe I can safely say that I was well known as a citizen of Hartford, Conn., and a man of business. I feel it my duty to return to earth and speak to my friends and associates. I find in my new home that my abilities have still opportunity to expand, and that I am not cut off from exercising my faculties as I was wont to do when in the mortal flesh. There is much that spirits can accomplish in deeds of philanthropy, and I find that I may work in this direction—which I certainly desire to do. I have learned since my departure the lesson that I knew something of when on earth: that material wealth is of value only so far as it is used for a wise and good purpose. The man who accumulates riches for the sake of hoarding his wealth to gaze upon, receives no good from his possessions, but rather receives an injury; for when he passes over the river of death he will find that he has indeed been harmed through his worldly accumulations. Now I wish my friends to ever realize this truth: that material wealth is of good only when used for a noble purpose. I do not object to a man's accumulating what wealth he can, provided he does so honestly and consistently; but I do deprecate the hoarding of wealth apart from the public good. I do certainly desire my friends to use what they possess for the best advantage to themselves and to humanity at large. I would have every one scatter his wealth with lavish hand; not foolishly, but wisely. Let it be so used for the benefit of others that it will brighten up some life that otherwise might be in darkness and want. There are many ways by which this may be done without encouraging idleness, vice or wrong-doing. I feel that if every one who is able would only seek to benefit humanity at large, there would be but little

crime, misery and degradation in the world. It is my purpose to strive earnestly to this end, and seek, as far as I can, to accomplish some little good for others. I find that many poor disembodied spirits, weighed down by sorrow, sin or degradation—the result of earthly conditions—have need of missionary laborers to uplift and instruct them. I feel deeply in my soul that if we would, whilst still in the flesh, seek to elevate humanity, to enlighten it concerning its spiritual needs, and befriend it in a material way, we would not have so many degraded, unhappy beings in the spiritual world. This is why I am at work upon the material plane for a time, striving to influence others for the good of those who are in need of a helping hand, or who are in need of material assistance while still in the mortal. They should be educated for the life which they are to live in the future.

I may not express myself as my friends would desire, yet I say to them, Seek earnestly for truth from the spiritual realms, and you will not fail to receive it; seek for knowledge concerning those who have passed beyond the grave, and you will certainly receive some tidings from your loved ones. The curtain which hangs between you and them is very thin, and oftentimes you may see their faces shining through. Then, my dear friends, remember that I shall come to you in the future; I shall seek to influence you for good; I shall also endeavor to gain knowledge and truth from higher ones who are above me, that my own spirit may still blossom out more beautifully than it ever could have done on earth.

Charlotte Nevins.

I think it is nearly a year since I died. I have many friends on earth, many friends whom I would like to reach. My husband is George P. Nevins. I died in New York City. I wish to send to my husband my love, and tell him I was glad when I found I could return to his side and see what was transpiring around him. I was indeed pleased to find that I was not separated from all my earthly friends and earthly interests; that those I loved could draw me from the spiritual spheres to them. I desire so much that they may realize my presence with them, and that I may impart words of cheer, and strive to influence them in their earthly lives. I do not understand a great deal about the laws of spirit-control; I have been studying them since I passed over, and still they are strange to me. I again hope I shall be able to return, from time to time, until I become so experienced that I can come daily in the midst of my friends. I cannot say a great deal now, only I wish every friend to receive my love, to know that I bless them—that I thank them for the kindness shown to me when I was in the body; that I remember each one, shall always do so, and shall be indeed glad to meet them when they come to me in the spirit-world. I would say, if they ask me what I think concerning my home, I have a good home with my friends. We are happy, and there is room for each one who shall come: we will meet them with love and gladness. My name is Charlotte Nevins.

Henry Morrison.

[To the Chairman:] And so, sir, every one must register himself, I presume. Well, my name is Henry Morrison, and I hail from Philadelphia. I have a number of friends in that city, and in various places in the State of Pennsylvania. I feel that perhaps they will like to hear a word from me. I hope they will. If they do not care to, why, I shall be a gainer by coming, I am sure. Do you ever get things mixed here? Well, I should think you would; there are so many spirits who seem anxious to come, that I really feel ashamed to press in. I had to crowd in between two or three others. To tell you the truth, I feel a little conscience-stricken. I thought if I didn't come now I never should. I have attained the age of forty-seven—that is, counting my earthly life with my spiritual life. I have been in this other world about twelve years, as near as I can reckon on back. Now my friends have had a long silence from me, and I feel that it is time to speak. I should like very much to reach my son John; he is now quite a lad, and is looking around to see what steps he shall take for his future. I would like to say from my standpoint that he has not yet looked in the right direction. I hope he will pause and consider; certainly, before he takes any steps whatever. The future he is thinking of marking out for himself is not adapted to him at all; physically he will not be able to endure it; mentally it will chafe upon him, and spiritually it will retard his advancement. That is a very gloomy view to present to a young man, but I feel it to be my duty to speak. I wish to say that I would like to have him write to his uncle Thomas; tell him of his plans and ideas and ask his advice. I know I shall be able to influence my brother Thomas in a way that will be for the good of my boy; and I feel that my son will abide by it. Perhaps, getting this line from such a distance, he will consent to my wishes. If he does, it will be the best thing that ever could happen to him.

I have many friends who were connected with me in business, and I desire to send them my greetings. I wish them to know that I am active, not at all asleep, and although I have been silent for a number of years, I have been looking around, and I know very well what has occurred. To one friend in particular, who had the management of certain affairs of mine, I wish to say: Those papers were not settled satisfactorily to myself, and I have been uneasy concerning them ever since. Now I know it cannot be rectified; that this cannot be changed; but if you value my esteem, I hope you will have a conversation with my family, and do the best you can for them. My son will know to whom I refer, and I hope he will send my letter to him. I do not know as there is anything more to say, except that I send my love to my friends, and am glad to be able to speak to them. If any of them are ready and willing to hear from me privately, I shall certainly be on hand to respond, but I do not desire to push myself in unwanted. I felt it my duty to come to-day; and I hope my wishes will be respected.

Science Oct. 20th, 1880.

Advice to Spiritualists.

By one of the Circle Band.

We have been requested to control and speak upon a matter which seems to interest many Spiritualists, and to reply to certain questions which they have propounded to us concerning the interests of mediums at large and the work in which they are engaged. We find many Spiritualists (who should be better informed) confounding the operator with the instrument, or, in other words, they do not discriminate between the spirit acting upon the medium, and the medium himself or herself; hence, whatever action is performed by or through

the medium, these individuals are pleased to consider the medial instrument responsible for. To illustrate: Take a public medium, whom the spirit-world may have used long and successfully as a teacher of spiritual truth, and as an inculcator of moral purity; you have learned to look upon that medium as an embodiment of all that is true and good. In a moment of great receptiveness he or she may have been brought under the influence of some evil-disposed or carnally-minded being, in or out of the form, and fallen into temptation. What is the result? In a little while you are startled by the terrible disclosure that your idol is but clay, and that when subjected to great temptation may fall before it!

You become indignant, but you cannot forget the beautiful teachings that the medium has voiced; and yet you rush to the conclusion that he or she is a hypocrite, living a lie, under the mask of truth and purity. In your excitement you do not take into consideration the fact that the teachings of spirituality and truth, which so delighted and sustained you, were from the spirit-world, and given by earnest spirits behind the veil, and not in any sense the production of the passive or unconscious medium.

An exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy should exemplify his teachings by a true and noble life; but all beings are to a large extent swayed by the conditions which surround them, and particularly is this true of the sensitive mediums for the spirit-world; their very susceptibility to spiritual influence, which denotes mediumship and makes them of use as instruments to the higher powers, renders them negative to positive influences, material as well as spiritual. Hence, if a medium is surrounded by gross or dishonest persons in the flesh, he or she would not only be left to the mercy of the darkened influences that would naturally be attracted to such a sensitive, but the entire being would become contaminated by the moral poison which emanates from them.

We are asked why it is that mediums who have been well tested, and proved reliable, are sometimes found wanting in the moral principles that beautify and adorn the spirit? Also, when the spirit-world has found a medium to be untruthful and immoral, why does it continue to make use of such a person? The spirit-world cannot always choose its instruments where it desires. A corrupt state of society, false education, inherited tendencies and improper surroundings may shape the character of a susceptible person. But the spirit-world may find this mediumistic person (who may be in the meridian of life) capable of being acted upon by spirit-intelligences; and through his or her instrumentality they may send forth to humanity a knowledge of eternal life; also of the condition of the spirit after the death of the body. Shall we, then, reject the services of such instruments because of the evil that has been wrought into their lives? The man who is far away from home and friends would not reject the only means of communicating with his loved ones because it was imperfect, but rather would gladly avail himself of the slip of soiled paper at his command, by which measure he could communicate with his friends. So it is with spirits: they will not reject the use of a medium on whose brain they can impress holy messages to loved ones, merely because that medium is not perfectly pure and good. We do not excuse wrong-doing, or the violation of any moral principle, but rather we would urge earthly mediums and all others to strive to live pure and good lives, and remain faithful to the principles of truth and honor; then they will be fitted to always receive grand teachings from the spheres of Wisdom, Love and Harmony.

While there is one mourning heart to comfort, one spirit struggling in misery that can be alleviated, one mind unenlightened concerning immortal life, we must continue to use the instruments provided for us, even if some of them are not in every respect adapted to our purpose. It is the paramount duty of Spiritualists to surround their mediums with a refining, elevating and purifying influence: to remove them from the debasing conditions which the low, vicious and dishonorable create, and lead them into association with the beautiful and good. But this will not be accomplished by indifference and neglect. You must extend the hand of love and friendship; speak words of sympathy and cheer; render material aid when needed; convince them by your acts that you recognize them as laborers for the angels.

When one who is working night and day in alleviating the pains of those afflicted with disease, or those suffering through exposure to the merciless elements, contracts a disease that may prove fatal, you do not refuse to care for him, for that would be monstrous. Rather do you seek to minister to his wants, and, by tenderest care, often restore him to health. But when a medium, who has toiled almost ceaselessly to alleviate the woes and to dispel the doubts of humanity, becomes exposed to the terrible influence of some ill-conditioned being in or out of the form, and falls a prey to temptation, it is considered justifiable by you to neglect entirely or upbraid him or her with scorn and reproaches. Oh, Spiritualists, be careful what you do! Remember that you owe your knowledge of immortal life to your mediums! Then treat them tenderly and teach them wisely. We rejoice, however, that there are many in our land who are above reproach. These are the faithful, tried workers, who have proved a blessing to mankind. Their white lives shine out in purity. They are noted by the angel-world. All honor to such noble workers! They form our vanguard of Spiritual Liberty and Truth.

In the palace and in the hovel our workers are to be found; and wherever we find need of spirit-presence—wherever we find an organism adapted to the purpose of spirit-control—we use it to send forth our influence and to perform our work so that mankind may become enlightened concerning the future life.

By-and-by we expect Spiritualists will become so well informed in regard to the subtle, delicate laws which govern mediumship, that they will be ready, willing and able to assist us in our God-given work, and so provide for us instruments through whom only the holiest and loveliest teachings of the highest heavens can be given. Therefore guard well, and fully protect and strive to elevate by every means in your power, we repeat, the medial instruments in your midst, and you will in due time have no cause to condemn the sensitive ones who possess the divine gift of mediumship.

Julia Stokes.

[To the Chairman:] My name, sir, is Julia Stokes. I have friends in Wilmington, Del., whom I wish to reach. I died with congestion of the lungs. I was very ill before I passed away; I could not speak for a long time before my departure. I was taken suddenly ill, and before I knew, or my friends were aware, I was

past recovery. I wish them to know that I can return. I send them my love. I want my little sister to be taken care of. I feel sure my friends can do it if they only will, and it will be such a relief to me. I am very anxious about her all the time, so I cannot be happy in my spirit-home. All around me looks very bright and beautiful; it seems that I might enjoy it if I could only rest satisfied concerning the future welfare of my little sister, who is unable to care for herself. I know she is temporarily cared for now, but I wish to say to my friends, Do not pursue that course you have thought of; I want her to go to her aunt in Minnesota, but I do not wish her to go alone. It seems to me some one of you could take her there, and see that she is well situated before you leave. I would do so much for you, were it possible for me to do so. I am certain when you find I am so anxious about this you will do it for me. I have never been able to speak in this way before. I cannot find any medium to control where my friends are; I find it impossible to impress them, and having heard that your paper goes out so far, I felt bold to come and speak, feeling that my friends would see my message, hoping they would consent to comply with my desires. I should like to come again some time, if I find they have performed all that I wish. If there is anything I can tell them, or any use that I can be to them, I shall be most happy.

Mrs. Sallie D. Clement.

I thought I would like to look around a bit, and when I heard that you let folks like me talk here, I thought I would like to send my love-home to my friends, and tell them I am pretty comfortably off. I have a good home, and I have found all those friends who died so many years ago. They are all well and young, and they tell me I am going to grow to look just as they do. It is too good to believe, but they speak the truth, I know. Now I want to say this is a blessed world, but I think I have found one more blessed—it is to me, anyway. It looks strange to come round here, but I like to see what is going on. I was eighty-one years old—almost tired out. I am getting rested and smart and chipper, now, so I'll do very well. I want my folks to look into this, and live so that when they come here to live they will be smart and strong and happy. I am Mrs. Sallie D. Clement. I am from Newburyport.

Willie Carey.

[To the Chairman:] Please may I come? I am a little boy; my papa lives in Boston. I did, too; my mamma lives here, too. I was my mamma's baby, and I was her little man, too. I don't want her to cry at all like she did. I want to send my love to all at home, can I? My name is Willie Carey. My papa's name is John W. My mamma has got a real soft, pretty name; it is Mercy. Aint that pretty? I can't home. I did n't go 'way, 'way off, but I can't home to see my mamma, and she was crying. I did n't feel good; I felt bad, I did. I come real often and play; and I looked out the window and I saw the pretty snow coming down, and I like to see it. I wanted my mamma to see me, but she did n't. I pulled her, but she did n't know it. Wa'n't that too bad? I've had a birthday since I went to sleep, I have. I am over five, now, and I's going to have all the birthdays just the same as I would have if I had n't gone where the pretty flowers are. I want 'em all to know it. I want papa and mamma to see what I say; I want to send my love, heaps and heaps, to 'em all.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

- Oct. 25.—Charlotte Bunwell; Nathaniel C. Small; David White; Georgiana C. Jarvis.
Oct. 26.—John Beale; Nancy Green; Dr. Shaw; Mary A. Farwell; Alex. Marshall; Walter J. Stowers; Guide of the Medium.
Nov. 5.—John Capt. Henry Prince; Mary A. Weichtman; Laura Miller; Capt. Homer Kellogg; Margaret Clavin; Samuel Thompson; Simeon.
Nov. 6.—Anna Lyman; George Carter; Dr. Charles Dunham; Annie R. Freeman; Richard McIntire; Deacon George W. Holmes; William H. Dwellman; Mary Hutchins.
Nov. 12.—Rev. William C. Wisner; Mrs. Emma L. Barrows; James Warren; Thomas West; Louisa Wilkins; Agnes Peck; John A. Stevenson; Emma S. Dodge.
Nov. 13.—John Flanagan; Charles H. Gendel; Lavina Mersch; Col. J. P. Barber; Mary E. Collins; Henry Kayser; Sarah L. Merrill; Washington Johnson.
Nov. 14.—John R. Freeman; Richard McIntire; Deacon George W. Holmes; William H. Dwellman; John A. Curtis; Mrs. Alice Frazer; Carlo Lewis.
Nov. 23.—George A. Freeman; Henry J. Raymond; Mary Crowley; Sarah Miller; Jonathan Brooks; Clara Alice Morley.
Nov. 27.—David S. Farr; Lydia M. Flanders; Lizzie Atkinson; Mary Bennett; Samuel Taylor; Dr. Henry Clark; John Augustus.

REPLIES TO QUESTIONS, GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF W. J. COLVILLE.

AT THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLIC FREE-CIRCLE ROOM.

Invocation.

Thou Divine Intelligence, pervading all space, and permeating every heart, we praise thee for the light which illumines the darkness of all worlds, and for the wisdom which guideth all things onward through the varied changes of their growth from chaos into perfect order. We praise thee for that love which illumines our pathway; which gives us all the trials, as well as the pleasures of life, with glimpses of beauty born from the splendors of the noonday of heavenly glory. We praise thee for the love that, while it marks the flight of an angel, also guides the sparrow to its destination, where it may pick up from the ground the crumbs that are needful to satisfy its wants. We praise thee for that power which is gentleness and mercy unto all which, while it insures the eternal recitule of all things, yet reveals unto us the perfection that dwells in the heart of God and constitutes the Infinite Mind. May we all drink deep draughts of inspiration at this hour. May we all receive communications from the pure and the noble who have preceded us in the angelic spheres. May all of us, united as one company of earnest truth-seekers, lift up our aspirations unto thee by every noble thought, and by every hallowed action; and so may we be instrumental, now and ever, in advancing thy kingdom among men, in casting out fear, and doubt, and superstition, and in bringing nigh a glorious deliverance from the bondage under which humanity now groans. May we be pure in heart, and sound in head, and whenever we approach the spirit spheres, by purity of heart and careful investigation of all things, may we arrive at conclusions in harmony with the laws of nature, and by interpreting history more and more of the mysteries of life, may all mystery vanish, may the sunlight of heavenly day reveal unto us the spirit in all things, and matter but as the form that enshrouds the soul. By daily conflict with evil, by hourly victory over temptation, by incessant work for human well-being, may we realize thee in this and in every world in which we may be called to live and labor, in time and in eternity. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—Is it the opinion of the control that it is desirable for all who can, habitually to hold intercourse with the spirit-world, either through mediums or directly?
A.—Decidedly—provided that your motives are pure when you desire and practice such intercourse with the spirit-world. Whenever the motive in consulting a medium is pure; whenever you desire information in order to help you along in the world, that you may be more useful to society; whenever the motive is innocent, there can be no harm whatever in holding intercourse with the spirit-world, because the spirits who will respond to your inquiries will have no desire to do you harm,

even if they do not accomplish absolute good. To rely upon spirits for what you can do yourself, is a very great mistake. You do not wish to summon spirits from the spirit-sphere, in order to tell you that four and four make eight; you do not wish spirits to come and influence mediums in your behalf in order to take a step which, if you use the common sense with which you should meet the ordinary duties of life, you would be able to take without their assistance. Spirits should only be summoned to assist you out of difficulties which you are unable to overcome without their help, or to give you truth from a much higher plane than you can get it unaided. Unless intercourse with spirits has a view to the elevation of society, unless it is practiced with a desire to do good, and thus become more useful, it may be denounced as sorcery or witchcraft, and is liable to be connected with fraud. There will remain an element of black magic or voodooism in Spiritualism as long as there are persons who wish to make a market out of certain occult knowledge, or by it to work harm to others. Your motive when approaching the spirit-world is everything. There are means of communion with the spirit-world which there would not be if they were not intended to be used: use them aright, and they will bless you; abuse them, and of course they will curse you.

Q.—The late rebellion in this country caused sorrow and tribulation in most of the families in the nation. That rebellion was an outgrowth of slavery. Now shall it be said that this great tribulation was a supreme judgment upon the nation for having legally harbored bondage?

A.—Decidedly it was the result of having legally harbored bondage. Cause and effect work in all portions of the universe, and thus everything which occurs is the result, the flower of that which has gone before; consequently any evils, which are nursed in society to-day, must necessarily explode in some form of rebellion and disaster in coming years. If you nurse a viper, that viper will sting you, sooner or later; it is in the natural sequence of events. If you sow wild oats in your field you cannot expect to reap good grain that will make sweet flour for your bread. It is utterly impossible for the seed of the thistle to bear the rose; if the seed germinates at all, it must bear its natural product. So in the natural order of things slavery, tyranny, and everything hostile to human well-being, necessarily works disaster to the community which has harbored it; and while those who may have been the sufferers may have been led through the furnace of affliction to a higher state, the real sorrow, the real disaster recoils upon the heads of those who have perpetrated the wickedness; even though they may be outside the physical form, they themselves suffer in the long run from the catastrophe; their victims find that their unmerited sorrows have been more than compensated.

Q.—That servicable and much abused animal, the horse, has life. Life is the soul. Will that life have a future existence?

A.—Decidedly; all life has a future existence; but the life of an animal is not the life of the human soul, as the life of the man or woman is. I cannot find an attribute in the animal that I cannot find in you; I can find all in you that I can find in the animal kingdom; and thus I find that all fragmentary, elementary expressions of life may not retain a persistent individuality, but may be merged in the general life; thus spiritual life, expressing itself in material form, may produce vegetable forms before it produces animal forms, and may produce animal forms before it produces human forms; but the human form is the result of the combined expression of millions of rays of spiritual light, which, in the concrete, constitute the human spirit. For a time an animal may be perpetuated in individualized form in the spirit spheres in the atmospheres of the earth. If you love your horse you may have your horse with you in the spirit-spheres. If you are much attached to any animal, that animal may continue to live as an attendant upon you; but as soon as its individual expression is no longer needed by human spirits, it will gradually associate with other elements until completion is the result; because the animal spirit is in alliance with the human spirit, but represents only a portion of it.

Verifications of Spirit Messages.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:—In the Banner of July 24th is a communication from Dr. Wm. BUSHNELL. I read the message to my mother, and as I read she would interrupt me by saying, "That sounds just like him"; "The age is right"; "That's him," etc. (Mother is not a Spiritualist.) Dr. Bushnell was my uncle. His residence was on Prince-street, East-Boston. He passed away April 28th, 1879, aged seventy-eight years fourteen days. He was not a believer in Spiritualism. He used to say that it was all a "humbug." Years ago he was a Congregational minister; he afterwards took up the practice of medicine. I have no doubt about the message being given by my uncle, Wm. Bushnell. I would have verified this before, but I wanted to see if any one else would do so.

I hope that you may ever be sustained in the course that you are pursuing. Truly yours, HENRY E. HULL.

Granby, Conn., Nov. 4th, 1880.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: The message of LYDIA JONES in the Banner of Light of Oct. 30th, her friends fully recognize as coming from her, and all the facts to be true. Her husband gave one message through the Banner. He passed away some time ago—she in 1877—and at that time was living in Phenix, N. Y. L. V. FLINT.

Dartmouthville, N. Y.

Married.

Mr. John L. Binkley and Mrs. B. E. Holmes, of Tampa, were married by Dr. F. Branch on Sunday evening last. Quite a number from town went to see the ceremony performed, and were highly pleased with the reception given them at Mr. Isaac W. Warner's residence. We offer our congratulations to the happy couple, and wish them a long and happy life.—The Tampa (Florida) Guardian of Nov. 13th.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Ann Arbor, Mich., Nov. 4th, 1880, Mrs. Deborah Kellogg, aged 80 years. Mrs. Kellogg was sister of Horace Kellogg, and mother of the widely known and highly respected "inventor" physician, the late Dr. B. Kellogg, and one of the pioneers of the spiritual faith in this city.

Her was a life of purity and sweetness. Generosity and sympathy shone in all her ways. Her loving kindness and sweetness of disposition, her thoughtful deeds of charity, her humility in every walk of life, and her sterling adherence to everything that was good and true and noble, won for her the respect of all who came within the radius of her pure influence. As a wife and mother, she was the idol of her household. As a Spiritualist, she proved to the world her sincerity—not by argument, but by her noble life and the cheerful performance of its duties. Though she suffered much pain, her last hours were made glorious by the recognition of her friends soon before, and her soul was cheered by strains of spirit music. She wondered that those who watched her departure could not see the bright aura she saw or hear the sweet music audible to her spirit sense, and repeatedly called upon them to listen. She passed to her higher life enwrapped with the tangible proofs of her faith. Many friends, and a son and daughter, mourn her absence from their sight. Through the mediumship of L. D. White, of this city, she has already returned the message of love and remembrance. A. C. B. Ann Arbor, Mich.

Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed this number, twenty cents for each additional line is required, payable in advance. A line of agate type averages ten words. Poetry inadmissible in this department.

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The Editor-at-Large at his Work.

THE SPIRITUALISTS DEFENDED.

CHARLES CARLETON MASSEY, OF LINCOLN'S INN, LONDON, ENGLAND, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

"That shall not bear false witness against his neighbor."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

My attention has been called to the report of a discourse by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on October 2d. The main object of the eccentric teacher seems to have been to arraign and denounce the enemies of the divine institution of monogamous marriage; and so far it may be presumed that he fairly represents the general sentiment of all civilized nations. But there are several things in this loose harangue which would invite severe criticism if they were only presented with some show of reason, or otherwise supported by the evidence of a single fact. It will be obvious to every logical mind that the frothy brain of this sensational preacher imposes no restraints upon a lawless tongue. Two things, however, lend a fictitious importance to what he may say. First is the fact that he is the accepted religious instructor of a large society and congregation of people who profess the Christian religion; and second, that his utterances obtain much wider and more enduring a press through influential public journals. It is chiefly for these reasons that I am induced to notice this discourse, and these considerations alone must serve as my apology for asking space in your columns for this letter.

The preacher's exordium—describing the nuptials of Adam and Eve in Paradise—most resembles a theosophical prologue by a mad poetaster, who mistakes the small pyrotechnics of his own disordered brain for a heavy rain of Promethean fire. The whole picture is worked up in what may be, for aught we know, a pre-Raphaelite style. The wild beasts occupy the back room in Eden, and are on their best behavior before the new lord of creation, while the birds perform the grand epitalamium or nuptial song in proper time. No cards.

After this poetic rhapsody the preacher enters at once upon the solid work of his argument to prove that the Old Testament is at war with the practice of polygamy, and that the sacred writings of the Jews contained evidence to support the sacredness of the divinely ordained institution of monogamy, or the marriage to only one wife. In attempting to prove this from the book itself, and to defend some of its authors from the suspicion of being tainted with free love, the speaker is more earnest than convincing. Indeed, it must be admitted that our modern Boanerges, in popular parlance, undertakes a very heavy contract, but he evidently thinks he is equal to the task, and the real facts in the case do not appear to subject him to the least possible embarrassment. On this point his reasoning and company remind us of the popular logic and self-satisfaction of the Liberator, who, having stated his theory of a certain subject, was told that the facts in the case proved the contrary, when he replied, "Bad luck to the facts, then." Dr. Talmage attaches a similar importance to his own naked assumptions, and never suspects that facts susceptible of the clearest demonstration as effectually explode his hollow pretensions as a shot from a columbiad would demolish a chicken-coop.

It is true that the most illustrious of the Hebrew patriarchal princes, faithful Abraham, had not only Sarah for his wife, but two concubines, namely, Hagar and Keturah—wives of inferior rank, whose offspring could claim no lawful inheritance in the father's estate. Not to speak of the inferior personages, whose lives are a subject of record in the Jewish Scriptures, we may mention the fact that David had seven wives and ten concubines. The latter he left as mistresses of the royal palace when, during the conspiracy of his son Absalom, he fled, with bare feet, from the Holy City, over Mount Olivet, of the king and his attendants, with bowed and covered heads, "weeping as they went" their way. (11 Sam. chap. xv.) And yet "the Lord God of Israel" is represented as speaking of him after his death as "my servant David, who kept my commandments and who followed me with all his heart, to do that only which was light in mine eyes." 1 Kings, xiv. 8. Then Solomon—according to the catholicism, the wisest of men—had no less than "seven hundred wives," princesses who, the pious Alexander Crichton, author of the "Complete Concordance of the Holy Scriptures," tells us, "all lived in the quality of queens," and "three hundred concubines"—one thousand in all.

It is written in the First Book of Kings that this wise man "loved many strange women"; also, that "it came to pass, when Solomon was old, that his wives turned away his heart after other gods." The history shows that he erected altars in high places and worshipped the gods of his mistresses, including the bloody Moloch, chief divinity of the Ammonites, to whom human sacrifices were offered in the valley of Hinnon or Tophet. Perhaps we ought not to be surprised that Solomon went after and supported the grossest abominations of the surrounding heathen tribes. A man with so many queens and women of inferior rank to keep his household more than human if he did not do something desperate to entertain the court and divert his own mind from the miseries of his situation. In his senseless imbecility we might naturally expect that he would be as likely to worship one god as another. Yet the Lord is represented as hearing testimony to the unimpeachable wisdom of Solomon in these words: "Lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart; so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee." (1 Kings, chap. iii.)

In respect to his free love inclinations and the number of his wives, Solomon has certainly had his peers in these latter days. True, our own Joseph Smith and Brigham Young are only vulgar imitators of a regal prototype, following at a respectful distance, and subject to the embarrassing conditions and circumstances of our improved civilization. But the Grand Turk at Constantinople has sometimes had more wives than even "Solomon in all his glory." In the reign of several of the sultans—within the present century—the imperial harem has included from 1,500 to 2,000 beautiful young women, all slaves, and sacrificed to the lawless passion of one sovereign master. These are mainly contributions from Turkish provinces and the Greek islands, and a large proportion of them are said to be the daughters of Christian parents. We have no means of knowing how many such veiled beauties now occupy the summer seraglio on the Bosphorus.

Dr. Talmage has a convenient faculty of seeing only what suits him, while to everything else he is happily blind. He hustles the records of history, the facts of science, and every day's experience out of his way, as readily as a bustling housewife sweeps down cobwebs. Regardless of premises and all rules of ratio, he vaults with a reckless daring to such surprising results that one almost fancies the shepherd's crook has become a magician's wand. It is not strange that such a man should announce the astounding discovery that Modern Spiritualism originated the "free love" doctrine, and that those who practice it "are almost all Spiritualists." It would, however, surprise us to know that any sensible man is disposed to credit this assumption. That no one may either misapprehend the oracle of the Tabernacle or suspect the present writer of misrepresenting his views, I here reproduce what he says on this particular topic:

"Another mighty foe of the family relation is the prevalent doctrine of free love. Newspapers in advocacy of these doctrines fill the land. The greatest argument against it is that the advocates of it, without any exception, turn out libertines, having broken up their own homes, they go about to destroy the homes of others. This obscene flock of carnal crows, caw, caw, caw on their way and from the moral carcases. They are almost all Spiritualists, and they get the people of this world and the next so misled that they do not know who belong to them and who belong to the others. Free love and Spiritualism are twin sisters, and their morals are so bankrupt that they cannot say one word of righteousness. I can tell the spirits of the next world that if they cannot find any better company than they are said to pick out on earth, they had better stay where they are if they have any regard for their reputation. When those who are united in holy marriage have a special affinity for some one outside that bond, they had better go to studying the Ten Commandments. Such persons are on the edge of sin."—Useful Knowledge and General Literature, by Rev. J. L. Blake, A. M., page 81.

of a fall about ten thousand feet down. But at that distance they only strike once on the rocks and then bound off into the unfathomable.

Spiritualists do not concern themselves about the manner in which this shepherd of souls may choose to pursue the game of which he speaks, namely, "This obscene flock of carnal crows"; and as little do they care to know whether the chase is for exercise, profit or amusement. Being a lively representative of the Brooklyn pulpit we can but realize that the Messenger of the Tabernacle knows—from observation of course—a thing or two about the average phases of free love, also of its accidental relations to the church and the ministerial office; likewise concerning its liability to produce great trials and social discord, in which the family relation may be ruptured for all time. Moreover, having in his ministerial capacity for righteousness' sake—to the end that he might see and comprehend the naked truth, however shocking to his moral sensibilities—made the circuit of the gin mills and gambling-hells of New York; and having, also, under the protection of Providence and the Metropolitan police, whose ways are mysterious and past finding out, repeatedly visited the haunted shades of the Cyprians, it is quite possible he may have found the roosting places of the "unclean birds" of our modern Babylon. If he did, he must know that when he made the discovery he was neither in the illuminated courts of the great Spiritual Temple nor in the dwelling places of its recognized disciples. Let us respectfully admonish this clerical sportsman that in this field his instinct is moreerring than his reason. If he is careful to keep the trail and not allow himself to double in the dark, and so return to the starting-point, he will find the game at last. Nor is this all; he will not incur the least danger of poaching on any sacred ground or of being held for trespass on the complaint of any Spiritualist.

When a public religious teacher, whose office is supposed to insure something like the practice of righteousness in his treatment of others, using both pulpit and press in the dissemination of his views, boldly charges that Spiritualism is responsible for the free love doctrine, for the breaking up of so many homes and the utter desecration of the most important of all human relations, the Spiritualists claim the right to defend the man on his own chosen ground who thus defames their character and dishonors their most sacred convictions. That Spiritualism per se sustains any natural relation whatever to illicit love and licentiousness is an assumption which cannot be supported by a single substantial reason. These never had any such relation, indeed, they never can have, since, in the nature of things, they are essentially and forever incompatible. The principles of Spiritualism and the unrestrained indulgence of the animal passions are so irreconcilable as to be incapable of permanent co-existence.

But I shall be told that a number of professed Spiritualists have actually broken up their homes, established other relations, or allowed themselves to drift at random, following one attraction or another, as determined by temporary convenience or the passion of the hour. This is, unhappily, too true; but it is no less susceptible of the clearest demonstration that, outside of the ranks of Spiritualists, there are numberless examples, including many church members and several clergymen, who, through the triple power of "the world, the flesh and the devil," have "fallen from grace"—from places as high and to depths as low as any Spiritualist is likely to find. Every one knows that there were many cases of alienation, desertion and divorce before the advent of Modern Spiritualism. Men and women have been untemporarily yoked together in all ages, principally by the clergy, and domestic unhappiness is no new thing under the sun. We have never yet met with a single spirit, in all our intercourse with the invisible intelligences, who either recommended or sanctioned the looseness of life which is charged to the account of the great body of Spiritualists. It finds no countenance in the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy. On the contrary, if I have any knowledge of this subject, this pure and sublime philosophy demands of every man that he shall subordinate the appetites, impulses and passions of his lower nature to reason and the laws of the higher or spiritual life. It is in this respect especially that Spiritualism, in its most comprehensive sense, rises heavenward above all other systems. In its supreme demands for the purification of human nature, the consecration of all our powers to beneficent uses, and the highest moral elevation of our ideal of the divine life on earth.

Now, what would become of the existing religious institutions if they were judged by the character of such of their supporters as fall below the standard of morals they set up? It is a notorious fact that most of the criminals who fill the State prisons all over the country are firm believers in the cardinal doctrines of the evangelized churches. In some of the prisons investigations have been made into the religious faith of the convicts without discovering a single Quaker, Swedenborgian, Unitarian or Spiritualist. Scarcely a capital offender against the laws swings out of time into eternity at the end of a halter who does not profess his belief in the doctrines of original sin, total depravity, vicarious atonement, a personal devil and a merciless retribution for all the impignit. Multitudes of those people live and die in the Calvinistic faith. Is Mr. Talmage willing to have the ministers of his faith, the people of his charge, and his system of religion judged by the State Prison standard of character? If he is not, it may be well for him to take warning from the Scripture which reads: "For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." (Luke vi. 38.)

Not only is it represented that the free lovers "are almost all Spiritualists," but it is affirmed that "newspapers in advocacy of these doctrines fill the land." One would be authorized to infer from this that such papers are more numerous here than were the frogs which came out of the waters in the days of the Egyptian plagues. Also that, with few exceptions, not worth mentioning, they are all supported by Spiritualists. But what are the facts? Why, that there is not a single spiritual paper, either in this country or Europe, that has any recognition as an exponent of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, which advocates free love on the plane of our animal life.

The Spiritualists have no virtue and religion to boast of, nor are they accustomed to advertise their plea from the pulpit and in the papers. Indeed, the Divine Messenger at the Tabernacle boldly affirms that we "cannot pay one per cent. of righteousness." If this is so, the failure is complete; and it is all the more to be lamented for the reason that we may not hope to borrow any small surplus righteousness from those who accuse us falsely. Such people are sure to have enough to do to meet their own obligations. And here we are reminded that they have another advantage over Spiritualists which is a great thing for those who most need it—they have a moral and theological bankruptcy law by which any rascal—even the vilest slinger—may have the righteousness of a just man imputed to him. Under this peculiar arrangement those who wickedly revile their neighbors may continue to do so—may grossly misrepresent their characters, vices and conduct as long as they are so disposed, and at last take the benefit of that law.

The man whose business it is to dispense Calvinism and his own crude ideas at the Tabernacle is ignorant of one subject on which he presumes to speak with oracular authority. Spiritualism is not the insignificant and slipshod creature of his imagination. No! It is a mighty angel, descended from Heaven and radiant with the morning light of a New Dispensation. It comes to roll the stone away from the sepulchre of universal humanity, and to demonstrate our immortality. In the presence of men and angels it breaks the seals of the invisible arena, and reveals the sources of the world's inspiration. It is the living Interpreter of the sacred books of all ages and nations. Spiritualism has no flesh and blood relations. It never had a "twin sister," and hence cannot have had one of easy virtue. On the contrary, it sustains the same relation to "free love" that the uncorrupted Gospel of Jesus did to the scarlet woman of the Apocalypse.

The charge that Spiritualists, as a people, have less respect for the relations of home than others has no better foundation than ignorance of the real facts and the heedlessness which is governed by the most superficial appearances. In referring to this subject we are reminded of a man who, many years ago, was a frequent and most welcome visitor at the residence of the writer. He was a gentleman of rare intelligence and

unusual refinement, with the feeling and taste of a true poet and the delicate sensibilities of a woman. Although a wanderer for years, in many countries and among rude peoples, yet the domestic circle—the sanctuary where faith is mutual and all the pure affections bud and blossom in the unclouded sunshine of love—was the ideal of his life. No saint ever sought a holy shrine with a more sincere devotion; yet the heaven of his imagination eluded his grasp. He was a wanderer to the end. While engaged in the service of his country he died far away in a foreign land. His ashes mingle with the sterile sands of Algiers, but his spirit has gone home to rest in heaven. This modest layman did more to consecrate the domestic relations and affections in the universal mind and heart than all the dogmatic theologians and homilists of the present century. Our gentle friend was the author of "Home, Sweet Home." His name is yet green in the world's memory, and his song will continue to be sung in every land and in all living tongues. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE gave us that deathless song, and he was a Spiritualist! Rest, spirit of blessed memory! S. B. BRITTON.

Vindication of the Fletchers.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: As our names have been brought so prominently before the public in a legal affair, we feel that the time has come for an explanation of the whole matter. The charge which was preferred against us was the larceny and embezzlement of a large amount of property belonging to Madame Hart-Davies who for a long time was an inmate of our home in London, and who accompanied us to this country. That the charge was false is proven by legal documents, and the only reason we can possibly ascribe for the charge being made was due to the influence of Dr. Mack, an old-time enemy, and who, having met the lady at Lake Pleasant for the first time, took her away with him and instituted proceedings against us.

The right of possession is explained in the following papers which have already appeared in the Sunday Globe and other journals. FIRST.

To whomsoever it may concern: I join the death of my mother, Anne Heurtley, of Hampton Court House, Hampton Court, county of Middlesex, England, she left to me, Juliet Anne Theodora Hart-Davies, her daughter, a certain quantity of jewelry for my own separate use and control.

I, the said Juliet Anne Theodora Hart-Davies, now residing in London, in consideration of the love I bear to Susie Willis Fletcher, of Boston, United States of America now residing in London, and for the many kindnesses shown by her to me, and for other good and sufficient considerations, hereby give and relinquish to the said Susie Willis Fletcher, the said jewelry which my mother gave me, for her own separate use and control, and have made this writing: First, that she may be fully protected in the possession of said jewelry; secondly, that I have made the gift of my own free will, and, further to say, that she has consented to accept the jewels only upon my earnest request and solicitation, and upon assurance that it is my earnest wish and desire she should do so. The said jewels were selected and desired by the death of my mother, I have preferred to dispose of the property in the manner above indicated, and during my lifetime, rather than it should be disposed of in a way repugnant to my whole nature by those who might obtain possession of it upon my decease, or by disposing of same by will, as I might have done but for this gift, on conveyance. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this twenty-fifth day of August, A. D. 1870. (Signed) JULIET ANNE THEODORA HART-DAVIES. Witness—Francis Morton. [SEAL.]

NEXT:

UPPER NORWOOD, Aug. 29th, 1870. DEAREST MRS. FLETCHER: After my repeated and urgent solicitations you have very kindly and generously permitted me to send my jewels, clothes, boxes, and sundry other articles, etc., to your house, where you have undertaken the charge of their safekeeping. These said jewels, clothes, boxes, and sundry other articles, etc., being my sole and absolute property, and free from claim or interference from my husband, or any other person, I am aware that I have, therefore, the perfect right to deal with them, or to dispose of them, in whatever manner I may think fit. Dearest friend, out of gratitude for all the usefulness and inestimable services of friendly kindness shown by you and your excellent husband, I hereby and voluntarily (thereby causing my life to be legally binding), I wish to notify you that I do hereby express my wish and ardent desire to make you, as a humble and free gift from myself to yourself, of the whole of the property above mentioned, and that it shall hereafter become, by right of gift, your sole and absolute property, to have, to hold, to enjoy, and ultimately to bequeath or dispose of as you shall of your own free choice deem suitable. These, my intentions and acts, I have purposely thus declared upon paper in order to effectually preclude any risk of future hostile dispute about your possession or right to the said property, and, as a guarantee, moreover, that the dedication of the gift made by me to yourself is purely voluntary, and is evoked out of a spirit of the deepest affection and gratitude toward yourself and your husband. You, who daily labor for the happiness and spiritual welfare of your fellow-creatures, may God Almighty ever reward your virtuous and ever-increasing deed of divine beneficence. Such is the prayer of your faithful and devoted friend. (Signed) JULIET ANNE THEODORA HART-DAVIES, (née Heurtley.)

Thus, whatever could be said, in no way was this property stolen.

Dr. Mack having gained possession of the property in this country—through means that would not bear legal scrutiny, was arrested, and after a hearing which lasted several days, he sent for Mr. Fletcher and begged that all proceedings be stopped, and signed a paper agreeing to return the greater amount of property of the goods taken in this country, and to pay a "satisfactory" sum of money. The papers were drawn up and signed; he was allowed to recognize to the sum of forty thousand dollars, by taking the oath not to leave the State, and by Mr. S. B. Ives, his solicitor, giving his word of honor that the arrangement should be carried out. The things were to be returned to us the next day; but nothing was heard of either of these parties until they turned up in London ten days after. The case, which was postponed until the 10th of November, was called up on that day, and we submit the report of it which appeared in the Herald of that date:

"THE FLETCHER LARCENY CASE COMES UP IN COURT AND IS DISMISSED."

"In the Municipal Court, before Judge May, this forenoon, the often continued and well remembered case of Mr. J. William Fletcher and his wife, Susan E. Fletcher, was called, it having been continued to this day. This case is the one where the defendants, who are well known in Spiritualist circles, were charged with having obtained a large amount of property from one Julia Hart-Davies by false representations. When it was reached to-day, Major John W. Mahan, of the counsel for the defendants, read the following letter from S. B. Ives, Jr., counsel for Miss Davies:

"UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT, BOSTON, Nov. 20th, 1880."

My Dear Major—I am actually engaged in the trial of a case here, and can't get away at present—perhaps not to-day. As you know, an arrangement was made between your clients and mine, in the matter of the complaint against Fletcher, for an adjustment of all matters in controversy, by which nearly all the goods claimed by my client were to be given up to Fletcher, and others surrendered by F. to Miss Davies. I am sorry to say that this arrangement was not carried out, by no fault on your part or that of your clients, and that my client has left the country. Under the circumstances, I do not see that my presence in court can be of any service, as I can only say this, and that I could not ask that the proceedings against the Fletchers should be kept alive any longer.

Yours respectfully, (Signed) STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. John W. Mahan, Esq.

"Joseph H. Bradlee, also counsel for the defence, addressed the court briefly, contending that the relations between Miss Davies and the defendants were of a happy and amicable nature, until one Dr. Mack, seeking revenge toward the defendants, poisoned the mind of Miss Davies, and induced her to make this prosecution. At all times defendants have been ready to meet the charges against them, and, finally, to show they did not have any dishonest intentions toward the complainant, they consented to an arrangement whereby

the property, which remains intact, would be restored to her, although the proof was positive that they—the Fletchers—were in legal possession of it. Finding that they had placed themselves within the reach of the law for defamation of character, Miss Davies and her advisor, Dr. Mack, had left the country, and there is now no redress for the defendants.

"The court asked if there was any one to appear to prosecute the defendants, and, being answered in the negative, he ordered the case to be dismissed."

Dr. Mack was to appear the 18th, that his hearing in regard to the charge of obtaining this property through illegal means might be completed, but it is quite unnecessary to state that when the hearing was called he (Mack) was not present and was pronounced a defaulter. Thus ends the case so far as this country is concerned. Our persecutors break their oath and flee the country. Does it need words or argument to throw more light on this case?

Some may ask the motive: a question easily answered. Dr. Mack has never forgiven us for declining his acquaintance three years ago in London; and he said, when accompanied by the officer, if we had treated him as our friend this would never have happened.

Madame Hart-Davies's position in our family was that of a sister—and that she shared the home and accompanied us in our travels proved that position. So far as Madame Davies is concerned, if her only desire had been to regain the property, she could have stultified her wishes in other ways than dragging her own name and that of her mother before the police court. Why did she pursue the tortuous course she adopted, instead of coming in a straightforward manner, and asking of us that the things be returned? This matter will not be allowed to drop here, but will be carried out to the extent of the law in England. We have to thank the many noble and true hearts who have gathered around us in this hour of trial; we have also to regret that there are so many in the ranks of Spiritualists who seize upon every morsel of scandal as the "bread of life"; but each have their place and their part to play—yet it would seem to be the duty of every Spiritualist to defend the workers until, at least, wrong is proved. We think no one can fail to see the animus of this whole affair. And with every determination for future work, we remain,

Yours in the truth and for the truth, MR. AND MRS. J. W. FLETCHER, 8 Davis street, Boston, Nov. 18th, 1880.

RESOLUTIONS. Unanimously adopted at a public reception held in Harvey Lyman's cottage at Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting, Montague, Mass.:

Whereas, Certain slanderous reports have been circulated through the American press derogatory to the good name and standing of our esteemed friend and co-worker, J. William Fletcher, of London, in reference to some business transactions of said Fletcher with Mrs. Davies; and Whereas, Certain scandalous imputations have been whispered and circulated among the Spiritualists at Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting about J. William Fletcher in connection with his life and labors in London; and Whereas, We believe J. William Fletcher has acted justly and honestly, and in every particular acted the perfect gentleman in all his dealings with said Mrs. Davies; therefore, Resolved, That we denounce said reports as malicious and false; having originated in the futile brain of envy and jealousy, prompted by a spirit desirous to injure and destroy the good name, standing and work of our esteemed friend, J. William Fletcher. Resolved, That we condemn the action of said Fletcher in reference to his business transactions with Mrs. Davies, and that we cordially recommend Bro. Fletcher as a man of culture, ability and honesty to the Spiritualists and lovers of truth everywhere, and entitled to their sympathy and support.

- H. A. BRINGTON, Springfield.
- HARVEY LYMAN.
- MRS. H. LYMAN.
- J. HART BRITTON, Philadelphia.
- G. LOWRY, M. D.
- J. H. COOK, M. D., Concord, Mass.
- MRS. COOK.
- DR. S. J. DAMON, Lowell, Mass.
- REV. AND MRS. BRINGTON, Brighton, and several hundred others.

The December-Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, 4 Park street, Boston, Mass.—has for its initial article a paper on "Label and its Legal Remedy" from the pen of E. L. Goukin; "The Esthetic Value of the Sense of Smell" is considered by H. T. Pink; the problem of "Children's Labor" receives attention at the hands of Emma E. Brown; G. E. Woodbury contributes a readable essay on the life and experiences of Mary Wollstonecraft; the Washington Reminiscences reach the Folk administration; there are other articles of merit, continued stories, etc., not here mentioned, together with poems—by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Rose Terry Cooke and Edmund C. Stedman—and the usual departments. The year 1880 finds thus an appropriate closing, as far as this magazine is concerned; while the promises made for 1881 show the publishers to be determined to maintain the high standing of this popular magazine in future. Among the attractions announced for the coming twelvemonth may be noted, for instance, serial stories by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, George P. Lathrop, W. H. Bishop, W. D. Howells and Henry James, Jr.; short stories and sketches by Harriet Beecher Stowe, T. B. Aldrich, Sarah O. Jewett, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Mark Twain, Ives Terry Cooke, Ellen W. Olney; essays on biographical, historical and social subjects, by Goldwin Smith, Edward Everett Hale, William M. Rossett, John Fiske and Joseph Dugdale; travel sketches in Norway, by H. H., and other excellent writers; etc. The Atlantic contributors include Longfellow, Whitlitt, Holmes, Lowell, Hale, Whipple, Howells, Aldrich, Steadman, James, Warner, Waring, Fiske, White, Scudder, Bishop, Mark Twain, Mrs. Stone, Miss Phelps, H. H., Miss Jewett, Miss Loomis, Miss Preston, Mrs. Cooke, Miss Woolson, Mrs. Thaxter, and many others of the best American writers. The numbers for November and December will be sent free to all new subscribers who pay for The Atlantic for 1881 before December 20th.

A. WILLIAMS & Co., 283 Washington street, corner School street, Boston, furnish us with the current numbers (which they have on sale) of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE and ST. NICHOLAS. The first named is a royal magazine for the household, whose visit to our office is always appreciatively welcomed, although we cannot as yet avoid glancing askance at its new cover, which to our mind is far from an improvement over its old one. Among the richly illustrated articles which give chief interest to the present number, may be noted "Glimpses of Parisian Art," "Jean Francois Millet—Peasant and Painter," "Hunting the Honey Bee," "Montenegro as We Saw It," and "Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer"—which last continued historical narration looms up prominently as the months go by, and is a sterling production. Among the unillustrated articles may be cited "An English War Correspondent" (the individual referred to being that indomitable scribe Airedale Forbes). It gives us pain to record, however, that the fine table of contents could not conclude without a brainless, witless composition by Henry Eaton, in which the effort is made (a la Waite) to connect Spiritualism with the tricks of the cheap conjurer. Scribner makes good showing for 1881: A short serial by Mrs. Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," etc., will begin in the February number. Mr. Cable's new serial, "Madame Delphine," will also begin in February, and run through three or four numbers. Mrs. Schayer's "Tiger-Lily" will be concluded in the January number.

ST. NICHOLAS is a Christmas issue in every sense of the word. It starts out with a finely engraved cover, on which are depicted the traditional Saint and his "spanking" team of reindeer—a copy of the magazine itself being ingeniously arranged in the picture as the sleigh conveying the patriarch on his mission of love to the children. The frontispiece is entitled "The Madonna of the Lily," and is after a painting by Leonardo da Vinci; the table of contents is so rich and varied that it is difficult to make a selection of what should be specially referred to; though among the illustrated articles those concerning "King Arthur and his Knights," "A Christmas Dinner with the Man in the Moon," "The Governor's Ball," "King Canute" and "Lady Bertha" (with its spiritual and touching limning of "The Plover of Tears"), are especially attractive. Lovers of music will find in "The Land of Nod—an opera for Young Folks" words by E. B. Brooks, music by Anthony Reiff and W. F. Sherwin—most enjoyment. This magazine has since its incep-

tion made for itself a high place in the periodic literature of the world (we use the term advisedly), and every evidence is given that no retreat from the position it has won is contemplated by its management. The January issue is to be also made appropriate for the glad holiday season; and many happy child (and adult) patrons will, we are sure, go hand in hand with the Saint on his journey for 1881.

[WIDE AWAKE; THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and OUR LITTLE ONES, have been received, but notice of them is unavoidably deferred to next week.]

Hop Bitters is a preventive and cure for Ague; it is your own fault if you have it.

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TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS.

An Account of Experimental Investigations from the Scientific Treatises of

JOHANN CARL FRIEDRICH ZÖLLNER,

Professor of Physical Astronomy at the University of Leipzig; Member of the Royal Saxon Society of Sciences; Foreign Member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London; of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, Natural Philosophy, of Moscow; Honorary Member of the Physical Association of Frankfurt-on-the-Main; of the Scientific Association of the Geological Studies, Paris; and of the British National Association of Scientists at London.

Translated from the German, with a Preface and Appendices, by

CHARLES CARLETON MASSEY, Of Lincoln's Inn, London, England, Barrister-at-Law.

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