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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881.

PENUMBRAL SKETCHES.

J. S. Thrasher's Message Corroborated.

BY JOHN WETTERBERG.

"Now came still evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad."

Such was the fact to the world and to me on the closing in of a pleasantly and busily occupied Sunday in May of this present year. I had laid down my pen and folded my notes and papers, and seeing a copy of Paradise Lost handy on the table, I laid the book on them to keep them intact during my absence, which was to attend a circle. The book in question may have invited the draft of the above quotation to begin with, or the man behind the book; it is difficult to tell the exact factors of inspiration, and I do not know in this connection as it is of any consequence. After a pleasant and somewhat thoughtful walk of about half an hour, in which I took no note of time, not even of its loss, I found myself at the medium's door. This was Miss Shelhamer's home circle evening, not for visitors except on invitation, and I was one of the privileged. It proved indeed a privilege, and enables me to corroborate the return of a friend whose name heads this article, and to say also it is one of the most perfect identifications of an individual spirit I ever had or ever heard of; and the circumstances in connection forbid any such explanation as mind-reading, or unconscious cerebration, as is often suggested, at least by those who strain at a grain in the spiritual manifestations and swallow camels in other matters. Such perfect tests of identification as the one of which I am speaking are very rare comparatively among experiences, not tests of spirits, but tests or proofs of identification, and therefore it is worthy of elaborate record; and that is my apology for the space I occupy.

I do not know as it is wise or serious to begin as I have in this somewhat poetical manner; but it expresses the state of my feelings, and may be an impression; I do not say it is, but it reminds me of Junius. Speaking of the eagle, he says: "The feather that adorns the royal bird sustains his flight; strip him of his plumage and you pin him to the earth." I trust, then, the "plumage" of this article, if there should be any, will be forgiven. How much my occupation during the day had to do with the sentimentality of the hour, or how much it had to do with the fact that made this occasion a privilege, I will not undertake to say. I think we sometimes accidentally make conditions that are not always at our command on call; that is my apology now for being so minute. The day had been wholly spent in my study; my books, papers, pigeon-hole contents and correspondence around me, and to some extent in me; it had been a sort of "washing-day" in my literary life. Our thoughts, you know, have queer ways of reaching us; autographic suggestions not only carry memories with them, but they carry presences also. How much, then, of my day's thoughtful occupation had to do with the connection made with my Texan friend I do not know; perhaps my condition was not in any sense a factor; but I feel impressed to begin in this way, and even to call to my aid, in the way, perhaps, of superfluous "plumage," the sweet orphic lines of Emerson, in suggestion of connections that exist, that are not always *prima facie*, where the poet says:

"And on his mind at dawn of day
Soft shadows of the evening lay;
For the prevision is allied
Unto the thing so signified.
Or say the forecast that awaits
Is the same genius that creates."

Before giving the circumstances in connection with the communication that has inspired this article, I will first briefly speak of the man and his association with me, and our correspondential intimacy.

J. S. Thrasher, whose initials were autographically and typographically and, indelibly during life, impressed on my mind as J. S. Thrasher, was a rare man, and, I think, had a tonic influence on my style of expression. The initials of which I have spoken are an important item in this statement, and I shall refer to them again when I reach the proper place. I always called Mr. Thrasher, in my correspondence, the Sage of Galveston, beginning my letters, "My Dear Sage," and, in return I suppose, he always began his letters to me "My Dear Philosopher."

attachment was mutual. It began in this way: something I had written had attracted his attention, and he wrote to me inquiringly, and the reply opened a correspondence which has not ended, it now seems, with his life in the form. I have a box—it is now before me—of about a cubic foot in dimensions, full of his letters to me. There are more bright thoughts, wise words, good advice and common sense in them than can be found in any package of letters that I know of with an equal number of words. Our pen acquaintance began in 1874. My attachment to him was not because he appreciated my articles, for he was much more of a critic than a patron. I used to think oftener of what he would say, when I was writing an article, than what the reading public would say; there was where he tuned me up, and I have no doubt he is now saying, "Condense, John, condense," and I am going to after this; but, for reasons already stated, I want the privilege of superfluity now, for I feel that I am writing on an important matter.

The "Sage of Galveston," as I still like to call him, was a man of wide experience, and had led an active life, commercial, political and literary. Some twenty odd years ago he was on the editorial staff of the *New York Herald*, occupying the position several years. He was born in New England, but left it when a young man. He lived at the South the latter part of his life, beginning his residence there before the late war; and when he came across my pathway, as I have said, some six or seven years ago, he was and had been long a resident of Galveston. He was then a Spiritualist, had lost by death his wife and children, so his home in the ordinary sense was desolate. His aged mother lived with him, and she seemed to be his only connecting link with this life. He was singularly modest and retiring for so full a man, and was very happy in his belief in Spiritualism. He had very thoroughly investigated it, and being satisfied he stayed satisfied, living the life that Spiritualism teaches, at least teaches theoretically. I trust that some day, as our truth gets incorporated into humanity more generally, there will be more Thrashers living practical lives than now, so that it will be less of a theory and more of a life.

The "Sage" had great practical common sense in Spiritualism as in everything else. He seemed to know where he was going, when this life closed in, more intelligently than most men that I have met, and he has gone there; and now tells me, as his "message" will show, that "he is quite comfortable." How natural that easy way of saying it, so like him, as the general tenor of that box of letters will show. He put himself in the shape to take life easy. Having made up his mind, in his lonely domestic state, that commerce and enterprise would allure him no more, or disturb his mind, he invested his available means in an annuity that supported him generously, so that he could live to his liking, and have something for charity, and be hospitable, as many traveling Spiritualists can testify. He often sent for mediums to visit him; they became residents at his house for longer or shorter periods, and great was the comfort he took in the manifestations at his own home and elsewhere. Even the account of them gladdened my heart. His experiences and wise conclusions have helped the stability of my own sensuous experiences. I do not mean that I needed his evidences to endorse mine, but it is so pleasant to find bright, scholarly, cultured minds in accord with one's own. He lived with the spirits; he seemed to fully realize that he had invisible company. As I have said, commerce and business, which once allured him, had no attractions for him, and when he died, the competency he had died with him. I do not know as that was a wise investment, but I think it was wise for him. At any rate, when he died he was not weighed with the ballast of wealth that anchors so many spirits to earth after their bodies are dead and buried. It was, of course, a misfortune to have been left alone, death taking his family, but he felt always near them, and on many important occasions they were vividly manifest.

He visited the East once a year during the last three years of his life, and we were much together during these three visits. When last here, in the summer of 1879, he spent a few months in the western part of the State for his health, which was poor. He was then alone in the world, his aged mother having a few months before passed on, near fourscore and ten, and he seemed ready to go himself, and felt, and so did I, that he was near the end of the road; and when I bade him good-bye in the fall of that year, as he left for the South, he said, as he had said many times before, *au revoir*, meaning that he would manifest at the earliest opportunity, and report how he found things. He has now done so, at least in a measure, and to me, who have his letters, that tally with the tenor of his message, the report is ample and satisfactory, and I am glad he has been, and is to be, near me; I knew it before he said so. I am glad he proposes to communicate again, and perhaps continue, and thus, though the "river" divides us, we are not divided.

In getting the "true inwardness" of this identification the reader must permit me to refer again to his initials. He signed his name on his two or three hundred letters as J. S. Thrasher. Capital J's and S's in writing are often written alike, but in addressing his letters to me the J in John was a J, and came below the line, while the I or J in his signature did not, but was written exactly as he wrote the personal pronoun I, and I always superscribed my letters to him I. S. Thrasher. After a pen acquaintance of about a year, I noticed his name printed in a list of small contributions in a newspaper, thus, "I. S. Thrasher, Galveston, \$3.00," and I became as perfectly satisfied that his initials

ter was an I as I am that mine is a J. There was no occasion for settling the point, for in all our correspondence he spoke of me as the Philosopher, and I addressed him as the Sage; "my dear Philosopher," "my dear Sage." The discovery that the initial letter was a J, as this article is headed, is due to the fact that the spirit knew his own name better than I did.

I have written a pretty long introduction or episode after leaving the reader at the door of Miss Shelhamer's house on that Sunday evening in May; but the many words since written will enable me to be both brief and intelligent in finishing up the corroboration. I do not propose to present a record of that circle, only that which bears on this subject. In the course of the evening I had had an interesting and characteristic letter from the spirit of Ralph Huntington; the control had also said that my daughter Hattie and sister Adeline, my brother, father and father-in-law, were present; therefore I had six friends among the invisibles. The control afterwards said, addressing me: "There is a spirit who comes to you and wants to be recognized; he died a good way off, and a year or more ago." I said: "Who is he? what is his name?" "I will see if I can get it," said the control; and after some hesitation said something that sounded like Frasier and James; but as I knew no James and no Frasier, I said: "Cannot some of my spirit-friends tell me his name?" He did not know any of them, but the spirit said he had tried hard to manifest, and had promised me that he would; and the control said he seemed disappointed and persevering. I said: "Tell the spirit to come to the *Banner Circle*, and try to manifest there"; and the control said he would if he could. A little while after this "Lotus" controlled the medium. She is an Indian spirit of a lively turn of mind, and she said: "Wetherbee chief, that spirit that knows you is here still, and wants to be recognized." I said I wanted the recognition as much he did, and I was sorry I was so stupid. She then said: "I see four large letters right over him and you—S A G E." "Oh," said I, "the 'Sage of Galveston,' my friend Thrasher. True—he died over a year ago, and promised to manifest." The spirit was delighted, and I still more so—for it was so impossible for our acquaintance to have been known by the medium, and the *ecquignem* of "Sage" was wholly correspondential and private. This was an extremely interesting affair to me; but the climax was the message that came from him the succeeding Friday at the *Banner Circle*.

I went to the circle. I do not go often; have not the time; was detained down town that afternoon to meet a friend late, and so went to the circle to pass the time, and the message published in the last *Banner of Light* was given. Very few people—not more than one or two—in this city know Mr. Thrasher, or of my close correspondential relations, and I do not believe a living soul in the world knows that he was in the habit of addressing me as "My Dear Philosopher," and that makes it a test; he refers to me, as will be seen by his message, as his friend and philosopher, and I can show over two hundred letters from him, beginning "My Dear Philosopher," or referring to me as his philosopher and friend. Oh, how my heart died within me when he closed the message thus: "You may say it is J. S. Thrasher, of Galveston, Texas, to his philosopher friend, John Wetterberg, of Boston." The J broke my heart! Everything else was perfect. I don't know what I would have given to have had that spoken as I instead of a J. I felt and knew it came from my Galveston friend, but why spirits so often get twisted on some trifles that the man himself never would mistake if he was in the form, but a spirit often does, is one of the unaccountables.

There was no mistaking the message and the circumstances as being from my friend the Sage, but the J coming instead of an I led me into a careful investigation, and I spent three evenings carefully reading his letters, and, to my great joy, I found two of them out of the lot signed with a J. That settled all the other I's to be J's, and in one letter, where he was quoting something of mine, and putting his own version also, he put at the end of mine as author, J. W., and at the end of mine as author, J. S. T. Before I had discovered the fact I wrote South to a friend for information, and have received a reply that his initial letter was J. So it seems the spirit was right and I was wrong. If on the evening that I spent at Miss Shelhamer's circle I had known this—that his initial letter was a J—I would probably have made my connection with him more readily; and when the spirit was saying James and approximating to a Thrasher by saying Frasier, I would not have had to have waited for the "Sage" suggestion before I recognized him; but in the end it was all for the best.

I may not have succeeded in making this as clear as I could wish, as there is so much esoteric in its nature not convertible into exoteric without an unwarranted elaboration, but to me it covers the whole ground, and I must ask the reader to take the unspoken and unspeakable minutiae on my say-so, and believe my *ipse dixit* when I say it is conclusive.

I do not see how any one can doubt the value to spirits and to mortals of the "Message Department," which some have criticized; I do not say value for the intrinsic matter of the messages as very interesting reading, but for the source of them. This is not the first time I have had a message through the *Banner Circle*, that was heaven-born, as the readers of this paper know, but so remarkable and intelligent a one as this from Thrasher's spirit, coming just while some are questioning the wisdom of giving the spirits this public hearing, makes me feel like putting the accent on that syllable of the *Banner*, as if it were more important than anything else. I do not say it is so; but as an interesting feature in the *Banner* it has proved its right to be there, and I think adds to the interest and the value of the paper.

Funeral Services of Alanson Hall, Held in Chicago, Ill., Wednesday, March 23, 1881.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Mr. Hall was born in the State of Vermont, in the year 1814; moved to Chicago thirty-three years ago, where he has since resided. He lost most of his property in the fire of 1871, which it is thought helped cause a stroke of paralysis that occurred the following spring, and from which he never fully recovered. On Monday, March 14th, he was taken suddenly ill, and the only hope held out for his recovery was that there be an operation performed, which was accomplished without the wished-for result, and he passed from his earthly form Monday, March 21st, at the age of 66 years 4 months. He was very much beloved by his many friends.

The funeral services occurred at his late residence, 517 Fulton street, on Wednesday morning, being conducted by the spirit controls of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, assisted by Mrs. DeWolf and Mrs. Maud E. Lord.

There was no ostentatious display; a few floral offerings, chaste and appropriate; a casket inscribed "Our Father," and a house filled with sincere and sympathizing friends.

The following is a synopsis of the discourse by Mrs. Richmond:

INVOCATION.

Oh thou Heavenly Parent, thou giver of life, and that other life that men call death; thou to whom in every hour we turn, but chiefly in the hour of trial, when outward sorrow sets its seal upon the spirit, and the shades of time obscure the light of eternity, oh, be with us at this hour; not because we come as those who weep without comfort; not because the grief of thy children here is greater than they can bear; but because thy tenderness bids them lean on thee in life, and practise for all that thou dost in thy bestow. While it is winter on earth, it is spring time in the spirit-land. May our ministrations by thy love be as dew-drops on the flower to these dear ones, and may they by the hand of this snowy messenger rejoice. They shall be made stronger and glad in the consciousness of that rest that has come to him, the beloved risen one. And forever shall we praise thee in all changes and seasons, joys and sorrows, oh our God, our parent! Amen.

THE DISCOURSE.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works follow with them."—Rev. XIV: 13. There is no death, Jesus has said.

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you."—John XIV: 2. Another writer in the world of modern inspiration has said:

"As the unfolding of the flower—
As the butterfly whose unalloyed wing
Through death awakens to sunlight bowing,
No longer a low and creeping thing,
As the bursting of the chrysalis,
Is the birth through death to heavenly bliss."

Friends, dearly beloved, once more in the presence of this silent messenger, whose name is misused death, we are assembled. We say that this is not an hour of sorrow, this solemn commemoration of higher birth. You do not know when the child is born on earth what sphere may be made desolate because of the angel child that comes to dwell in your household; so, at this hour, it is not given perhaps to all to know that while the outward form seems to rest, love's welcoming breath heralds the birth of the loved one into the land of the spirit.

This is no death or departure, but a grand transformation of the spirit into an added life, a triumph over the afflictions and sufferings of the body. The one lesson of this transfiguration called death when a loved one passes away is, that this is the change for which all the years of life are but preparations, but as years of childhood to the sun of earthly life; is that state to which every day and hour of existence tends. Spiritualism teaches in the present day that there is certainly no death. How it admonishes grief; teaches that the life you prize is composed of only a few brief snatches before the fuller existence; that earthly life is as the primary school; that the spirit is weaving its immortal raiment every hour and moment while here on earth.

not this hour of triumph be theirs? A little child, passing away in the presence of a household of loved ones, said: "Oh, mother, do not hold me so." "I am not holding you, love, you are on the pillow," the mother said. "Yes, you are holding me in your thoughts." Up to that hour the mother had thought it could not be that she must die; but when the pleading voice said, "Do not hold me, angels are here," for the first time the mother said, "Thy will be done." How shall you keep those who, though bound and enshrouded by many acts and deeds around your hearts—deeds of love and gentleness—have earned the right to pass away? Our loved brother here, so lately departed, so lately risen and not departed, fulfilling the measure of nearly sixty-seven years of earthly life, a life in which there was no ostentation, a life crowned with gentleness and loving deeds, everything that love and honor could bring, winning all to him, suffering quietly for many years, bearing with equal patience and fortitude the joys and sorrows of life, having no battle with the world—our brother has earned this hour; it is the hour of his triumph. Peacefully accepting death as inevitable, still was his death unexpected; at the last, when the summons came, as it always comes, you ever think it is not quite so near, so this house of clay by this heavenly life seems broken; but after all, his knowledge that it must be coming before long, made it easier for the loved one to go. Let us remember—let those remember who are the loved ones of this household, for this knowledge wards off the loss—just here is where Spiritualism bridges over that wide chasm created by death, and joins the living human world to the living upper sphere in the marriage feast of the spirit of man. But never until this modern time has the space between life and death, time and eternity, been spanned by the presence of the departed, brought to you every day in watchful, tender care.

The loved one is not removed, is not conveyed by angels far out of sight, but is here, transformed. There came upon him sweet sleep and rest (for the weary, tired spirit somewhat partook of the suffering of the form) and guardian spirits, loving ones, minister unto him. Soon in the full life of manhood, strong in love, strong in hope, and in his ministry, he shall manifest daily.

The body was a barrier between him and you. Now he can watch over his sons and their interests, and minister daily to her who was and is his companion, sharing her joys.

Spiritualism is that which comes between you and the loss of death to bind by the spirit presence those whom Materialism would annihilate, and theology put far away, but who are brought by this heavenly knowledge one degree nearer by the removal of the physical form; it teaches that these little tender buds (his grandchild) growing up will be all the more dear, and he will be able to minister to them.

How he blessed them, and all of you, when he thought the hour of dissolution here! Should there be no triumph and rejoicings? Dear wife, dear children, dear grandchild, shall these not all be united? You feel that this day is the altar of life that links you to the immortal world.

May this consciousness cause you to know that this is a sacred hour of joy, wherein, freed from suffering and pain, he still mingles life with life, love with love, of all of which it is the token. And he would thank all for the kindness that came from you to him, though he was seldom in your midst; for the kindness that for the sake of his family and friends you ministered to him, he would now thank you from his spirit state. Look up, and see where he stands in the crowning glory of spiritual manhood.

POET.
(To the wife—handling her a white rose.)
I take this fragrant, snowy flower,
And for his sake give it to thee;
He says it is the bridal rose
That you shall wear in eternity,
When the hand of death unseals the gate
Long years hence—for which he'll wait.
In the years of wedded life
Age has come creeping on apace.
He has not felt the storm or strife,
Nor marked Time's changes on your face,
That won, with love's reflected light,
His spirit; and so within his sight
Thou'rt crowned with life's morning bloom.
He waits you in the world above,
Transfigured from death's darkened gloom
By deathless, changeless love.
Oh, wear the white rose every day—
A snowy flower—for his sake;
And he will watch your onward way,
And all your burdens strive to take.

(To the daughter-in-law—handling her a white carnation.)
I give to thee a snowy flower,
A token of his love, dear child,
For that sweet motherhood, life's dower,
Unfolds surpassing sweet and mild
That she within thy heart is set,
Only a sweet bond given to you.
Infancy's life's blest amulet;
Let not his memory fade from view;
But may she still reverse his name
Forever, as a vestal flame.

(To the two sons—handling them each a green leaf.)
I take two leaves for memory green,
Be you the branches strong for aye,
On which your mother still may lean,
To prove that love, strengthened on high,
Hence given her to your keeping here—
Henceforth may she be doubly dear.
Keep ever, for his spirit's sake,
Sacred this gift of memory.
His blessing and his love here take,
And bear them on eternally.

(To his little grandson—handling a tuberose.)
I give to thee, dear child, this bloom—
Receive it for grandfather's sake;
His spirit shall aye hover near,
And o'er you his deep love awake
Sweet visions that shall o'er you smile,
And every earthly care beguile.
Wear that tuberose, for it is given
For inspiration—dew of Heaven.
A lovely wreath of spirit-flowers
His presence bids me fashion here,
Like garlands in the angel bowers;
And he, transferred to that blest sphere,
Where all are twined in wreaths of love,
Will wait for you in the world above.

(To all.)
And now may the heavenly Father breathe
His blessings on you day by day;
And may you ever more receive
The light that points to the heavenly way;
That at the last, in Love's garden bright,
You all may be linked to the Father's sight.
*An infant granddaughter of the deceased.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SHELTERED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DAISIES."

I see you sheltered from the storm,
In regions calm and tropic fair;
I see you safe, away from harm,
Where sin can nevermore ensnare!

Yet this imparts but little peace
Through all the days so sad with grief,
While if, my love, I had you here,
How swift my heart would find relief!

What though distress at times were ours,
And hardships came, with sharp sword-thrust?
We two could face the fiercest strife,
And glory in our common trust.

And then at last to sink to rest,
Ah! sweet were such a dream of bliss!
But oh! the anguish and regret,
As day by day thy form I miss!

Spiritual Phenomena.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Having attended two materializing séances held by Mrs. Elsie Crindle at 105 Stockton street, in this city, before she went East, I wish to give my testimony to what I consider the genuineness of the manifestations there witnessed, and the reliability of Mrs. C.'s mediumship.

I shall speak only of my first evening's experience, as the second was nearly a duplicate thereof.

About thirty ladies and gentlemen were assembled in a parlor, connecting with which by sliding doors was a smaller room ordinarily used as a bedroom.

Another gentleman and myself were selected—both being strangers, and therefore supposed skeptics—and requested to examine the bedroom, which was afterward darkened, and used as a "cabinet." This we did with great care and minuteness, and found nothing from which "ghosts," or counterfeit ghosts, could be improvised, and found also that the only door and window leading outside (into a lighted and frequented hallway) were completely sealed, so as to guard against ingress or egress.

Upon our announcement that everything was satisfactory the gas was extinguished in the cabinet-room, and a black curtain hung over the opening made by the sliding doors between the two rooms.

Mrs. Crindle, dressed in dark brown, retired alone visibly behind the curtain, and in five or ten seconds at furthest, a female form, much shorter and stouter than Mrs. C., parted the curtains, and walked out before the company dressed in white, with a shawl thrown over her head; her skirt fell but little below her knees, and she wore neither shoes nor stockings.

Mr. Gruff (the spirit director of the seance) informed us from behind the curtain that the form was that of a peasant girl, as her appearance indicated.

As she withdrew another female form, taller and more slender than the medium, appeared instantly at the curtain, and, after hesitating a little, walked out into the light. She also was clad in white, a loose robe falling to her feet, which were bare. Several persons present saluted her as "Empress Josephine," which salutations were acknowledged by low courtesies and subdued words. The company sang "Home Again," in the air of which the apparition joined with a voice of marvelous sweetness and purity and great power.

A gentleman present then sang the Marseillaise hymn in French, at which the spirit seemed perfectly delighted, clapping her hands, and smiling and waving her hand toward the singer, gleefully cried, "Tris bien! tris bien!" at the end of each stanza.

The "Empress" retired to gain strength several times, but was out in the lighted room fully half-an-hour, and then retired, after gracefully courtesying several times and repeatedly saying, "Bon soir," apparently loth to depart. This spirit was very beautiful in form and feature, and every movement was the very perfection of grace and dignified ease.

She was reminded by some one that she was that night not wearing her crown, whereupon with a pleasant smile she removed from her head a soft white cloth which had previously been wound, turban-like, around it, and displayed what appeared to be a rich diadem of wrought gold.

Briefly, I will say that other forms, to the number of ten or twelve, of various heights, complexions, &c., with differing clothing, and of both sexes, came to the aperture, and some out into the well-lighted room: some talked and laughed and shook hands with members of the circle; one wrote messages on sheets of paper, and another on a slate. Several were recognized, as stated by members of the company, and at one time no less than three were in view whilst the voice of Mr. Gruff could be heard inside.

On two or three occasions when persons were called to the aperture by spirit friends, whom they recognized and by whom they were caressed, they assured me that they saw a number of forms within the cabinet, and at the same time the entranced medium could be plainly seen, sitting in her chair.

After the séance was finished we two again carefully examined the small room, and I cannot possibly see where there was any chance for assistance to come to the medium from living persons outside or inside the rooms, or how there could be any fraud or deception of any character.

There are many public mediums of various phases in San Francisco through whom converts are daily made. Not to be invidious, I shall mention Mrs. Francis, of 622 Ellis street, as a very honest and reliable slate-writing medium. I know of many important tests having been received, and much good accomplished through her mediumship.

J. S. J.

San Francisco, Cal.

Ole Bull and Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

During my long and intimate relations with the great violinist, Ole Bull, I had many opportunities of ascertaining his theological views. He frequently called into requisition the aid of reputable spirit-mediums, among the most prominent of whom were Dr. J. V. Mansfield and Charles H. Foster. One evening Ole Bull, his son Alexander, Prof. Vincenzo Botta, his wife, and the writer, by special invitation, passed an evening at the rooms of Mr. Foster (Mrs. Foster also being present). The marvelous results attending our investigations on that memorable occasion will never be effaced from my memory.

After Ole Bull had received many convincing proofs of the soul's immortality through the spirit of his first wife and other spirit-friends, which caused not a little excitement in the great musician and his son, Mr. Foster suddenly became influenced by the spirit of a very beautiful lady, a relative of Prof. Botta. Prof.

Botta is well known as one of the most profound thinkers of modern times. He was formerly a prominent member of the Italian Parliament, and since his residence in America has been the principal correspondent of the most powerful political journal in Italy. A confirmed skeptic in everything spiritual, and a devoted Spiritualist, it was quite evident to all present that Mr. Foster did not have an ordinary intellect to encounter, and the interest became intense. The spirit present, "said Mr. Foster addressing Prof. Botta, 'tells me that she is your aunt, and that her name is Marguerita.' Mr. B. made no reply, and Mr. Foster proceeded: 'The lady tells me that she died in the village of Marguerita. She carries a beautiful flower in her hand which she calls Marguerita.' Here Prof. Botta, who had hitherto been as calm as became the philosopher which he is, began to show unmistakable signs of astonishment, and said: 'It is an occult force, but even so the medium has told me a true. I did have an aunt whose name was Marguerita; she was intensely fond of daisies, the Italian name of which is Marguerita. She died in Marguerita, an Italian village, the existence of which is known to but few Italians, even in Italy, and in an isolated part of Italy. Strange and wonderful as are these developments, I can account for them only as the result of some occult force.'

A few days after this occurrence I saw Prof. Botta, and he confirmed the above in detail, assuring me that he was not thinking of this development as a mere coincidence, and again advancing the hypothesis of "occult force." I may also add that during this remarkable séance Alexander, the son of Ole Bull, became so excited when receiving a communication from his mother that it was with difficulty he could be induced to keep his seat.

J. JAY WATSON.

Woodbine Cottage, Beverly Cove, Mass.

Western Locals, Etc.

Ballston Spa, N. Y.—The Good Work of B. J. Barber—A Conversation with the "Pilgrim"—An Interesting Topic—Miscellaneous Items.

Ballston is an enterprising town six miles from Saratoga. The people are intelligent and progressive. In 1876 Mr. B. J. Barber erected a neat chapel, which he consecrated to the use of Spiritualists and Liberalists. Many of our prominent speakers have lectured here. The audiences are uniformly large and attentive. Mrs. Brigham is a regular visitor each month. On May 22d the writer had the pleasure of meeting Messrs. Moore, Noxon, Vandenberg, and many others. The *Banner of Light* has many warm friends in this beautiful place.

THE "PILGRIM"—A CONVERSATION.
The other day the itinerant paths of the "Pilgrim" and the *Banner of Light* commissioner crossed. A temporary halt was called, when the following conversation took place:

Q.—Dr. Peckles, how is your health?
A.—I am better than I was a few weeks ago. I lectured between forty and fifty successive nights, and caught a severe cold which brought on a congestion and cough, and then followed hemorrhage of the lungs. I have had a severe time, and have learned that I must take better care of the physical in the future.

Q.—Do you intend to visit Australia this season?
A.—I have been cordially invited to revisit Australia and spend several months there in lecturing. A few days ago I received a cablegram to "come immediately." I purposed at first to do so, but owing to my recent illness I am compelled to wait. Prof. Denton will sail for Australia at the very time I designed going. I have decided to postpone my journey for a little time.

Q.—Have you read Denton's new work, "Is Darwin Right?"
A.—I have, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of his most interesting, practical, and useful volumes. Its pages, richly laden with vigorous thought, are as enticing as they are instructive. Avoiding unpronounceable technical terms, he goes straight to the root of the matter, showing some of the weak and unwarmed positions connected with Darwinism; and yet he approved and endorsed Mr. Darwin's hypotheses so far as he conscientiously could. Such a course well becomes the manliness of science. I should have fully reviewed this admirable book ere this, had it not been for my late severe illness. It will yet be done.

Q.—It is to be regretted that Prof. Denton has committed himself to the theory of "spontaneous generation"—a dogma not only closely akin to the "special creation" hypothesis, but a dogma or theory utterly rejected by many of the leading scientists of the age. . . . I have been for years a believer in the grand principle of evolution, the continuity of life, and the continuity of the species.

Q.—When I entered the room you were busily engaged in perusing a musty-looking volume. What items of interest were you gathering from it?
A.—I find that the Christians of the first and second centuries were persecuted by pagans. Some of the heathen philosophers who were so much lauded in these days of materialistic thought, not only endorsed but also committed suicide; even the great Plato justified persecution. In the first and second centuries, when Greeks and Romans embraced Christianity, they were persecuted by the heathen world, and yet they cultivated peace, engaged in the work of charity, encouraged visions and spiritual gifts, and held property as a common inheritance. This was true Christianity.

Q.—What of Spiritualism in the West, where you have been traveling?
A.—Spiritualism in the West, as a power, is a spiritual force, as a demonstrated fact, it is going on unto a complete victory. This battle is virtually fought. Materialists are startled and puzzled at its astounding phenomena, while many of the more tolerant and liberal of the clergy of the land admit its spiritual truths, and indirectly preach its sublime philosophy from their pulpits. There is a fundamental difference between Spiritualism and Spiritualism—as much so as between a fact and a moral truth. Spiritualism is confined to the fact of spirit communication, which, of course, is all-important; and yet this fact is no new religion, in itself, than the fact of oceanic telegraphy. It is the highest and noblest sense of Spiritualism is a fact, a religion, and a moral philosophy, and it is in perfect consonance with primitive Christianity.

Q.—(interrupting)—What do you call primitive Christianity?
A.—The Christianity of Jesus Christ and the Apostles.

Q.—Will you be so kind as to proceed on your line of thought?
A.—With pleasure. Organic Spiritualism, in the sense of a united and concentrated movement, has failed to meet the ideal of many of the old pioneers who entered upon the work with the bias and inspiration of denominationalism hanging over them. For instance, I once felt that Spiritualism would spread as a special organized power all over the world, and that its adherents would become a united army of self-sacrificing workers for the education and redemption of humanity. Though this ideal so beautiful to contemplate, has failed, yet in a higher sphere (and possibly in harmony with the originally conceived plan in the heavens) Spiritualism has done a better work, inasmuch as it has infiltrated or leavened with the leaven of liberty the sectarian denominations, and quickening the spiritual natures of their members, has induced them to seek anew for the foundations of their faith in immortality. The old sectarian church is dead; creeds are stumbling-blocks; sects are provincial and geographical; but Spiritualism, in contradistinction from Materialism, is universal in its aims and eternal in its destiny.

Q.—What have you to say relative to the current debate over the significance of the term "Christianity?"
A.—I have defined my position on that question so many times that I need not repeat it.

Q.—Will you please re-state your views?
A.—Certainly, if you so desire. Listen: Jesus was a man—he ate, slept, hungered, drank, and died a martyr. Christ is a spiritual force, a baptismal power—the uplifting and saving principle; hence Paul, in one of his highest moments, said, "I am not of the flesh, nor under the law, nor under a sect, a creed, a form; but a life—a sweet, forgiving, loving life. Spiritualism I regard as a re-affirmation, or the adaptation of true original Christianity to this day and age."

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As the Anglo-Saxon race, pushing itself into every land and every island, is the coming and crowning race, so the Christian religion, divested of its creedal excrecences, and aflame with the spiritual baptism of divine truth, is destined to be the civilizing and culminating religion of the world.

Q.—I am glad that debates over such questions can be carried on without engendering unfriendly feelings. Is not that your idea?

A.—Most assuredly! No high-minded man or gentlemanly scholar will impugn another's motives, or fail to award sincerity and intellectual integrity to those who differ from him in conviction.

Offensive personalities are to be avoided—this has been my effort for years. I regret that rumor has it that there is a settled antagonism in feeling between Buchanan, Kidder and myself on one side, and Davis, Tuttle and Coleman, and other philosophical Spiritualists on the other, upon the subject of "Christian Spiritualism." I speak only for myself—rumors, with scarcely an exception, are notorious lies! I have criticized the writings of several persons; they have criticized mine—are we any the less friends? The idea is preposterous that enmity is involved in honest difference of opinion. I respect my learned colleagues—they are co-workers; for the truths they have written and the good they have done I esteem and honor them.

Q.—Did you settle these mooted questions during your visit?
A.—Young man, such questions, like those of "fate and free-will," will be discussed for centuries to come! While men differ in their intellectual notions of things they may, and ought, to cherish the most kindly sympathies for each other.

Q.—Did you visit Bro. A. B. French while you were in Ohio?

A.—Yes, I gave two courses of lectures in Clyde, where he resides. His popularity at home is certainly very flattering to him. He is an able speaker, and is possessed of extraordinary eloquence. He ought to devote his whole time and energies to public work.

Q.—I am told that your late work from the press of Colby & Rich is selling rapidly. Is this so?

A.—Yes; my work on "Immortality: Our Employment Hereafter," has sold remarkably well; indeed, most sanguine expectations have been more than realized. There is a strong desire among the people to know of that future whither we are all journeying.

Q.—Where do you intend to spend the summer?
A.—At my home, in Danmonion, N. J., in my library, reading, writing, and revising. I shall not go West until the autumn days come, if I do not start for Australia I shall follow the birds South into Florida, Louisiana, Texas or some other warm and sunny latitude.

REMEMBER THE STURGIS, MICH., MEETING JUNE 17th, 18th and 19th.
The Sturgis will be largely represented at the Eastern Camp-Meetings this summer.

The Fitchburg Band declined an engagement at Coney Island in order to play at Lake Pleasant.

The "premium engravings" given with each year's subscription to the *Banner of Light* are greatly admired by the people.

Mediumship is the foundation of Modern Spiritualism. What the telescope is to the astronomer, mediumship is to the Spiritualist.

The list of speakers at Lake Pleasant this year is first-class. The most capricious critic cannot fail to be satisfied. As usual, the *Banner of Light* will publish reports of the proceedings.

What the writer has good reason to expect: A long list of new subscribers to the *Banner of Light* during the coming summer. Reader, is your name on the list at the *Banner* office? If not, see to it that you remedy the defect at once.

CORRIGAS.

Verifications of Spirit-Messages.

FOREST FLOWER—CHARLES PARKER.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The communication published in the *Banner of Light*, Feb. 12th, from FOREST FLOWER I know to be true. She, with two others of my band, promised to send communications from your circle. Waiting to hear from them is the reason I have not acknowledged before. I can assure you I had the curiosity of the communication from CHARLES PARKER, of Shirley, printed May 7th. He was a former officer of our Association. His companion, who is a constant attendant at our meetings, also verifies it as correct. At her request he promised to come to the *Banner of Light* circle and let skeptical friends know the truth. Many thanks to Miss Shellhauser and the *Banner* for the privilege of hearing from returning spirits.

Ever for the truth, MARY L. FRENCH.

Wildcat, West Groton, Mass., May 23, 1881.

CORA L. WITTER.

DEAR MISS SHELLHAUSER: Please accept the sincere thanks of parents and grandparents for the message printed in the *Banner of Light* of May 14th from CORA L. WITTER. All of the expressions contained in it are very characteristic of her when in earth-life, and taken in connection with her remark that her "throat was all well now," and her proof of her identity, she was suffering from influenza when she passed away. I feel it my duty, as well as a pleasure, to assure you that the message is recognized by each member of the family as coming from our dear child. May the blessings of the angel-world ever attend you, is my fervent wish.

Very respectfully,
MRS. M. L. WITTER.

Keesville, N. Y., May 30th, 1881.

EDMUND DOLE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the Message Department of your issue of April 2d, 1881, is a communication from EDMUND DOLE, of Limington, Me. Having an acquaintance there, I had the curiosity (of the seer) after truth can be thus designated) to write him regarding Mr. Dole, telling him of the communication, &c. He writes me: "Young Dole shot himself purposely, and the article you mention was written, no doubt, in Limington. The gentleman who wrote me is one of the best of the place. I had the pleasure of talking with him last fall upon the subject of Spiritualism, and he writes in the letter above: 'It is well to commence thinking of the abode to which our lives are tending, but for myself I fall to catch the tangibility with which some are almost ravished.'

Q.—Can you give me any idea of the cause that was the most powerful lever to bear up the cause they so nobly sustain, and I am most anxious to see them vindicated, both on account of my own personal interest and especially as I believe the time is up, and the New Dispensation is fairly upon us, and there only need the declaration that the desecration of the spirit, the dove of old, may be witnessed and acknowledged by all. Again, if the impression prevails that young Dole shot himself, he ought certainly to be vindicated and "forgiven on earth," and thus the imputation against your Message Department set right.

I was in at your Circle twice last fall, and the idea that a letter from Limington or any other extraneous source could find its way into the spirit department is most absurd. These are the impressions to be corrected, and good will flow out of it.

I am yours very truly,

GEO. WADSWORTH.

Apopka, Florida, May 14th, 1881.

VACCINATION AUTHORITIES CHANGING THEIR LANGUAGE EVERY YEAR.—There was every reason why consumption should diminish, and yet it increased.

Our food was more wholesome, the air of our dwellings was better, sanitary conditions had been improved, and there was every condition of better health in the community, as yet the consumption went on.

This was a reproach upon our medical system, and he wanted the doctors to consent to look into the causes and not to sneer at a suggestion because it came from a layman. If the statistics quoted that night about the increase of consumption and erysipelas were true, and if the doctors would kindly look into the thing, they might alter their mind.

Q.—I have defined my position on that question so many times that I need not repeat it.

PSYCHOLOGY, MEDIUMSHIP, ETC.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It has been a long time since I have written for your columns, and I suppose many of your readers have never heard of me, and those who used to be familiar with me as one of the hard workers and constant contributors to the *Banner of Light*, have forgotten that I ever existed. But, as my Orthodox friends would say, I am still on praying ground, and have something to communicate.

It is well known to many that I have been for years constantly engaged in lecturing upon the general subject of Psychology, illustrating by practical experiments man's mental conditions and mental relations. In doing this work I have traveled largely, and have had an opportunity to meet the people, and study them from a peculiar standpoint of observation. In fact, I have been lecturing upon Spiritualism under the name of Psychology, and I have been developing mediums under the name of Mesmeric Sensitives.

In this work I have been as loyal to my faith in Spiritualism as when I traveled from Cape Cod to the Berkshire hills lecturing every night as State Missionary of the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists.

Now I have thousands to listen to me where then I had hundreds; now I have the general public, representing every grade of religious belief, or no belief, and with them, and before them, I present demonstrative proof of the perfect control of the mind over the physical senses, or soul over the body; of the complete independence of the mind or soul of our material relations.

I present, with sensitives taken from their own number, the positive evidence of a superior consciousness, introducing the subjects into a mental or spiritual world, in which they live and act entirely independent of the ordinary senses. I show to them that in this condition the sensitive can be made to respond to the unspoken will of the operator, or others that are put in rapport with him. I show to them that the special senses of sight, feeling, hearing, &c., can be made to act but partially, or cease altogether, by the operator's suggestion. In fact, I prove to them, by scientific demonstration, that their own people, that matter is but the slave of mind; that the senses are not of the body, but the soul; that the real man is the spiritual man, eternally related through the spiritual senses to a spiritual life which is infinite, while the body is the organic medium of life, and used by the soul for its outward expression, always limited, and more or less imperfect, becoming more so from disease or age, and finally ceasing when the organic structure becomes so worn out or broken that the spirit can cling to it no longer.

Not only suggest this by my experiments, but I impress it by calling special attention to the evident significance of the facts. I tell them if man has a soul there must be some proof of it. Here is scientific evidence; here are actual, realistic facts, that not only impress us with the possibility of a continued life, but indicate that when a man is dead he is vastly more alive than ever was before, for then the soul rises into the unresisted exercise of its infinite powers.

Man's physical and spiritual life commence together, the one mortal, the other immortal; the one temporary, and dependent upon the material elements of organic matter; the other related to the eternal verities of the "Soul of Things."

The physical sense sees the outward form, which crumbles and decays and passes away; the spiritual sense sees the interior life, which endures forever.

MEDIAL GIFTS.

There never has been a medium whose gifts were sufficient to attract public attention, that has not been accused of imposture or collusion, no matter how genuine the manifestations or how honest the medium. This fact has filled the path of the medium with thorns, and paved it with sharp stones, and the poor sensitives have been made to feel the sadness and misery of their heaven-born gifts, giving to us the evidence of immortality, proving our heritage to a higher life, are exercised at the expense of their own happiness, and often to the destruction of their physical health, too often ending in physical death. I can only say by scores the mediums have suffered martyrdom, going down to death in the midst of life; not because mediumship in itself destroyed them, but because their sensitive natures were worn out by the persecutions, the bitter accusations, the cold indifference, the bigoted opposition that they have met with toward them.

It is true that our best mediums were developed in private circles among sympathetic friends who, instead of doubting their honesty, received with joy the demonstrations of the presence of the loved and lost, and were filled with gratitude toward the medium through whom their loved ones came.

To prove this great truth to the world strangers are invited, and, coming full of doubts and unbelief, the trials of the medium commence. Test-conditions are instituted, the innocent medium is looked upon with suspicion, and the labor commenced in joy goes on in agony or is prevented altogether. In this atmosphere of doubt and distrust, inharmonious is at once developed, and the very conditions for satisfactory manifestations are ruthlessly destroyed. The jubilant skeptic goes away, saying, "I told you they could not play their tricks on me!" He thinks he has solved the question, and that the whole belief in spirit-intercourse is based upon the trickery of mediums and the credulity of their dupes.

The circle should be a place kept sacred from the presence of envying skeptics, of sneering doubters, who, instead of seeking after truth candidly and honestly, are really seeking material for ridicule and burlesque.

It is a common thing for a person to go to a medium, and in asking for a sitting, say, "I do not believe anything in this, and I want you to convince me." He might as well say, "I think you are a fraud, and I want you to prove that you are not." He does not follow the maxim of the law, that believes every one innocent till proved guilty, but quite the reverse.

This proposition produces an agitation in the mind of the medium which will very likely prevent any satisfactory communication. After trying once in this way, this investigator declares that he can get nothing, and concludes, because he has not, that no other person has; and when some friend who has been more fortunate tells him of the positive and truthful phenomena which he has witnessed, the skeptic smiles incredulously, and says to himself, "Poor dupe!"

I am satisfied that the person sitting for communications has as much to do with the success of the séance as the medium. I believe, further, that mediums should never sit for any persons when they feel they can do nothing for them. It is useless to try to force the mind into a receptive state, and it is impossible to get passive in the presence of disturbing conditions.

Now, there is another source of tribulation and suffering which comes directly from the friends of mediums, which I wish to speak of, and that is this:

These friends will bring an acquaintance to a circle or a medium, and introduce him by saying, "Now, Mr. A. is a thorough skeptic, and we have brought him here to have you convince him." Most likely this very remark will fill the medium's mind with such anxiety that the very purpose of the visit will be subverted. We must never forget that the medium is the passive instrument in the hands of higher powers, and the effort which they make to do what their friends require of them disturbs the conditions through which the spirits communicate. The more anxious the medium is to succeed, the less likely he will be to do so.

Let them keep themselves as free from any disturbing influence as possible, and let those who wish to get the benefit of the medium's gifts avoid saying or doing anything which will be likely to produce the slightest agitation in the medium's mind, then carefully note what occurs. If presented in this way, the knowledge or power of the medium, relative to sympathy by vaccination. But it was not right that Acts of Parliament should continue upon the statute-book imposing cumulative penalties upon a layman and upon authorities who changed their language every year.—*Sir Thomas Chambers, M. P.*

Q.—I have defined my position on that question so many times that I need not repeat it.

Q.—Will you please re-state your views?
A.—Certainly, if you so desire. Listen: Jesus was a man—he ate, slept, hungered, drank, and died a martyr. Christ is a spiritual force, a baptismal power—the uplifting and saving principle; hence Paul, in one of his highest moments, said, "I am not of the flesh, nor under the law, nor under a sect, a creed, a form; but a life—a sweet, forgiving, loving life. Spiritualism I regard as a re-affirmation, or the adaptation of true original Christianity to this day and age."

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present themselves. Some mediums are able to give the very best of tests for some people, while they can do nothing for others. The people who get the tests say, "What a splendid medium! So-and-so is!" while the others say, "I could get nothing; what a fraud!"

Again, a medium may succeed admirably at one time, and at another, with the same person, make a complete failure. All these experiences I have had with mediums, and I presume every honest investigator will agree with me that it is impossible to draw definite conclusions of the medium-powers of any one by a single sitting. Therefore let us have patience and charity, and hesitate long before we call any medium a "fraud."

A. E. CARPENTER.
Gloucester, Mass.

New Publications.

CHRISTIANITY FROM A SCIENTIFIC AND HISTORICAL STANDPOINT. By William N. McLaren, Attorney at Law, 1 vol. 16 mo. paper. Kansas City, Mo.: Ramsay, Miller & Hudson.

The author claims that although in the sphere of religion it has been considered a sacrilege for a person to have a mind of his own, the time has come when freedom of thought on this, as on all other subjects, is destined to prevail. Assuming that all into whose hands his book may fall have had the affirmative of the question of the truth of Christianity instilled into their minds, his aim is to present, as fully and fairly as he can, what may be brought forward to negative that religion; so that, having both sides, the thoughtful reader will be able to determine for himself and to his own satisfaction whether Christianity is entitled to the lofty position it holds in the minds of the American people.

In discussing this question he refrains from abuse and ridicule, as unfair weapons with which to assail or support any doctrine. Making a distinction between Christianity and Universal Religion, he argues that while we have had for centuries all that can be added in support of the former, the evidences of the nature and existence of the latter are constantly accumulating and are likely to continue to do so.

The arguments against the divine origin of Christianity, and its inefficiency for the work it is claimed to be engaged in, are clearly and forcibly stated. As illustrative of the latter, the condition of Scotland is cited, that country being more strictly governed by the principles of Christianity than any other. The Church has there held, until quite recently,

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 In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (condemned or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of independent thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion for which they are responsible. We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer in all cases is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. When the money is forwarded it is sufficient to fill the order, 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 will not receive orders for books that are sent by Express, unless they are accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. All business communications 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.
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THE WORK OF SPIRITUALISM is as broad as the universe. It extends from the highest spheres of angelic life 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 Banner Free Circles.
 No public circle will be held at this office on Friday, 10th inst., neither will there be one on Friday, the 17th, that being a legal holiday. Circles, however, will be held on the 14th, 21st, and the 28th, closing the season. They will be resumed Sept. 21.

The Cruelties of "Philanthropy."

The definition of philanthropy is about as difficult an achievement as could well be proposed to modern times. There is a great deal of it that disdains to approach the professed objects of its ostentatious sympathy, and haughtily repels all appeals for its aid. If it could only have the supreme government of the human race it would make servile dependence and genuine misery the standing condition of existence. It is self-righteous to the last degree; bloated with a sense of its own importance; rigid and inflexible in its notions of government and control; and altogether odious to the recipients of favors which excite anything but feelings of lively gratitude. There is no jerm, in truth, that is more terribly worked than that which is made to stand for philanthropy.

A fair illustration of this sort of philanthropy was very recently furnished in the Court of Quarter Sessions of Philadelphia. The accepted dogma of public charity received a good showing up. It was reported at deserved length, with appropriate commentary, in the New York Herald. Our so-called modern civilization could not be more cruelly satirized than by this individual case. The Justice delivered the opinion of charity, lashing hypocritical philanthropy as it deserved; and in doing so he only voiced to the public the sentiments for whose free and open expression in these columns we have been repeatedly rebuked by the hypocritical press that would fain hold the moral government of the world in its hand.

The case in question was that of an unfortunate and erring girl, who had been taken from New York to Philadelphia by her base betrayer, and there deserted and left to her fate. On one of the most inclement mornings of the past winter a dead infant was found in the area of a high tenement house in the latter city, whose upper rooms were let to nightly lodgers. It was discovered that a young woman had taken one of these upper rooms the night previous, and had given birth to a child. She confessed that she had thrown it from the window, but insisted that it was dead when it was born. She was dragged from her bed in her prostrate condition by an officer, and forced to walk down three flights of stairs, and to the nearest station-house, where she was at once put under lock and key.

When, a few days afterward, she was brought before a magistrate, he made haste to send her off to Moyamensing prison on a charge of infanticide. But for the earnest efforts of a couple of young lawyers, who became interested in her case from having been convinced of her innocence, she would have been found guilty. Her story was not a new one, but the old one of betrayed affection, and final desertion. Being without friend or acquaintance in a strange city, and feeling keenly the condition to which she was cruelly reduced, she wandered about the streets for several days, and at length in sheer desperation from want and hunger, with the immediate prospect of maternity before her, she accosted a young girl, who gave her a few cents and the offer of a night's lodging.

On the following day she was adrift again. She encountered a woman of the town, who, in her company, for days together sought refuge in some of the public hospitals for the purpose of passing the trying ordeal of her confinement. The following is the literal testimony of this public woman in regard to their efforts to obtain shelter for the wronged and accused girl in her critical condition:

"I heard of this friendless girl and asked her to my quarters. They were poor enough—only one room—but such as I had I tried to give her. The stranger passed most of her time in tears, and seemed utterly hopeless. Realizing the importance of medical aid for her in the hour of confinement, and being too poor myself to procure it for her, I started with her on the second day to find such a place. Lizzie Aronson, the prisoner in the dock, was utterly penniless—had been left without a cent." [Then follows the story of charity's cold shoulder to actual and evident distress:] "First we applied at the Nurses' Home or Lying-in Charity, as it is called, at Cherry and Eleventh Streets. The matron heard the case and admitted that it was a desperate one. She then asked if Lizzie could produce her marriage certificate and pay

five dollars per week for her board; but when she learned that Lizzie could do neither the one or the other, the scene ended abruptly. There we went to the Homeopathic Hospital, but there was no room for Lizzie's admission. The young physician in charge said she must go to the almshouse. To the Guardians of the Poor, then, we went—to the office on Seventh street, a clerk told us I must take my companion before Magistrate Pole and ask her commitment. We went to the magistrate's, but he refused to commit her unless she would give the name of her husband and swear out a warrant for his arrest, so that he could be compelled to pay the county for her keeping. This, after some hesitation—desperate as was her situation—she refused to do. I advised her to do so. We next applied at the Home Mission, No. 531 Arch street, in hopes of getting Lizzie a ticket to New York; but the officer in charge would not give her one, although she pleaded piteously for it. He finally offered to sell her one for one dollar. Neither she nor I had so much money. We then went to the Young Women's Christian Association on Seventh street. The matron said firmly and promptly that she could not do anything for her, as soon as she saw her condition, asked for her certificate, and made Lizzie cry bitterly. Finally she said we had better go to the Sixth Ward Relief Association, a branch of the Young Women's Christian Association. There we had almost similar experience. Finally we went to an intelligence office, No. 11 Arch street, in the hope that she might find some kind person who would take her as a servant, under the circumstances. She there met an elderly gentleman, who engaged her, but seeing her condition declined to take her home, although she begged him to, and declared that she would work for nothing long enough after her trouble to cover all the expenses. He still firmly declined, but expressed his sympathy by giving her one dollar. Lizzie and I immediately spent this money in food. I had not eaten anything that day, and she not since the morning of the previous day. When it was too late we recollected that it would have procured the coveted ticket to New York. Then we both felt sorry. But we had been so hungry. At last she returned with me to my room. On several mornings thereafter, seeing that she was a burden to me, as she said, she left her room, and went out, as a last resort, she pledged her small gold ring, the only article of jewelry she had left, for twenty-five cents, and took the room in which her child was born.

Was there ever a more pitiful tale told than this, right in the face and eyes of our vaunted civilization? On the conclusion of it, the District-Attorney rose and addressed the jury on the enormity of the offense charged, the difficulty of proving guilt, and the doubts cast upon the criminality of the accused girl. He therefore deemed it best to abandon the case. The Judge had previously advised to this humane and just course. And thereupon the latter directed the two girls who were called as witnesses to come to the bar. He caused them to be seated on a raised platform, in full view of the crowded court-room. He then proceeded to remark on the case as follows, nearly everybody rising to see and listen, as if to a solemn discourse:

"Gentlemen, I have called these two girls to the bar of this court that you may see them, while I say a few words upon what you may call this case. This defendant, Lizzie Aronson, was shown by the testimony of the defense to have come to this city an utter stranger, to have been a homeless wanderer on the streets, without money, without friends. In her utter loneliness and friendless condition, she sought charity from the passer-by, she accosted this girl (pointing to Lizzie Flick), and, without hesitation, she shared her poverty with her, giving her a share of the money and comforts she possessed. This other young woman (pointing to Ida Wilson), who, unfortunately, has not led a correct life, however much her moral nature may have been warped in one respect, gave an exhibition of practical Christianity—of practical Christianity, I repeat with emphasis—when she likewise gave this friendless sister shelter, that would furnish a wholesome example to most of those who are clothed with purple and fine linen. I am sorry to admit that if this poor, friendless girl had applied to nine out of ten of those very people who compose the wealthy classes she would probably have sought in vain the shelter she received from this despised outcast. I therefore regard this as the time and the place to make mention from the bench of the kindness of heart displayed by these two girls, and have for that reason dwelt upon their acts because of the striking contrast which they afford to the conduct of the so-called charities of this community. It has been shown that this defendant, in the midst of her wants and when the critical hour of her motherhood was near, went from one of these so-called charities to the other, and at each of them sought admission with the evident purpose of giving her child respectability. In this laudable desire she was thwarted at every turn in consequence of the various regulations governing the so-called benevolent institutions, under none of which, unfortunately, was she a fit candidate for admission. At last, alone, in utter isolation, nearly naked, without fire or the most ordinary comforts, and in the midst of a bitter winter's night, inexperienced and unassisted, she gave birth to her child—whether alive or dead the Almighty and she only will ever know."

After an interval, in which the bill of indictment was passed to the foreman of the jury, Judge Allison concluded: "I direct that you do acquit the prisoner."

Rarely is a scene enacted in a court-room like this. What a travesty of professed philanthropy is this story of the two women, asking shelter in the institutions that announce their devotion to that alone! How cutting, nay, how withering, are the comments of the Justice on the pretences which charity makes in her cold and haughty way! And how just and true is his arraignment of that bastard philanthropy which is put to open shame by the plain and pathetic testimony of two fallen women! He pointed with a rebuking emphasis to the contrast between the genuine kindness of heart displayed by these two unfortunate and erring girls and the conduct of the so-called religious charities of the city. His words go straight to the better sensibilities of the human heart like winged arrows.

A Florentine Medium.

The Revue Spirituelle has received the information from Florence, that "A book of poetry of a superior order, in Italian, entitled *Il Pellegrinaggio nel Cielo* (The Pilgrimage in the Heavens) has been obtained by a medium, who hardly understands his own language, and who knows nothing about the rules of poetry. Gino Fanciullacci declares that he cannot claim the paternity of this poem, since it was dictated to him by spirits. According to literary men, this volume is excellent as regards capacity and form, and its prosody is irreproachable." The medium is a young man.

The Old Colony Railroad Company has manifested its wisdom and foresight by establishing a schedule of excursion rates for the season. It must make more popular than ever the many pleasant resorts on its line of road. For instance, the fare to Nantucket and return is placed at \$4; Plymouth and return, \$1.50; Oak Bluffs and return, \$3; and similar low rates to Onset Bay Grove and the many other places. The summer time-table goes into effect on Monday, June 13th.

Miss Lottie Fowler has returned to Boston, and can be found at 14 Montgomery Place. See card, fifth page.

Robertson Smith's Case.
 The Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, as everybody now knows, has voted to dispense with the further services of Prof. W. Robertson Smith, as a theological professor. His offence was having written an article on the "Hebrew Language and Literature" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, some teachings in which, in the judgment of the Assembly, made it no longer safe that Prof. Smith should continue to teach in one of the colleges. The case has very naturally created a good deal of excited feeling in the Scottish Church. The *Edinburgh Scotsman* says the decision will carry very little weight with outsiders. It is as if one were knocked down when he could not be met in argument.

It is rather interesting to note the commentary on the case in some of our home journals, inasmuch as it shows to what extent liberalism has made inroads on old theology and the vindictive spirit of authority. So far as the technical and outward law of the case is concerned, says the Boston *Advertiser*, Mr. Smith cannot complain. When he entered the service of the Free Church of Scotland, it says, he agreed to submit to its exclusive jurisdiction in all doctrinal matters, and "to firmly, constantly, and to the utmost of his power to assert, maintain and defend the said doctrine, worship, discipline, and government" of the Free Church. The *Advertiser* conceives that his article on Hebrew literature in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* is a direct blow at this act and declaration. But it regards his case on moral grounds as a different one from what it is on the grounds of discipline.

It admits, however, that even on moral grounds he ought not to have remained in a communion whose laws he thinks bad, wrong, tyrannical and intolerable. It says of him that he is "one of the greatest of all scholars in Old Testament matters," and that any university might be proud to count him among its members. And it inquires whether the rules of the Free Church of Scotland are worth much to the cause of Christian learning, when great and Christian scholars like Prof. Smith cannot find room within its narrow walls. "The written law of the Free Church," says the *Advertiser*, "has been obeyed, while the gospel of Christ's Church has been trampled into the dust." Also that "no rational mind will ever mistake it (the Free Church of Scotland) for the Church of the New Testament, which fortunately is not confined to a sect in Scotland." There is much posturing and balancing on the *Advertiser's* part to get this opinion out, but there it is at last.

The Blacks of Edinburgh, who are republishing the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, have offered Prof. Smith a position on their staff of writers, and he has accepted. The Assembly voted him to be an unsafe theological teacher, which was equivalent to deposing him from his place, but did not touch his salary. Prof. Smith told them he would not eat bread that he did not earn. "They are afraid to dismiss him summarily, for fear of reducing the tenure of office of ministers, as well as of professors, to that of tenancy at will. At present, ministers in Scotland are believed to be life tenants. If, therefore, they dismiss him, the Free Church will be dragged into conflict with the civil courts. When the result of the vote in the Assembly was announced, it being only a light majority against Prof. Smith, it was followed by a scene of unparalleled uproar. The cheers of the victors were nearly drowned in the howls, groans and hisses of a large proportion of the audience. 'This is the way Old Theology is steadily breaking up.'"

Neshaminy Falls Camp-Meeting.

The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia have issued a circular announcing that their Third Annual Camp-Meeting will be held at Neshaminy Falls, Bucks Co., Pa., commencing July 15th and continuing until August 15th. The success that has attended the meetings heretofore has led to the leasing of the grounds for a term of years and to the making of many permanent improvements, and every indication exists that the gathering of the present summer will be fully as successful as any that have preceded it. Full information regarding location, route, tents, board, &c., can be had by applying or writing to the Superintendent, Capt. Keller, 613 Spring Garden street, or James Shumway, Secretary of the Association, 507 Minor street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A BOSTON PHYSICIAN IN TROUBLE.—Dr. Fred. A. Marvin, superintendent of the county hospital at Milwaukie, has been impeached, says the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, on the charge of having violated the person of a former inmate of the institution under his care. In support of the impeachment an affidavit by the alleged victim was presented, she being under treatment for inflammatory rheumatism at the time. The *Inter-Ocean* says further Dr. Marvin has until now ranked high in the community. He graduated in Harvard University and in Long Island College Hospital, practiced in Boston, Mass., where he also served his district in the State Legislature.—*Boston Herald*, June 6th, 1881.

This is the fellow who got elected some three years ago to the Massachusetts Legislature for the express purpose of inflicting upon this Commonwealth, if possible, the obnoxious "Doctors' Law," so-called; in which effort himself and his "Regular" abettors were signally defeated.

Mrs. H. V. Ross, whose materializing séances in this city gave much satisfaction to those who attended them, was obliged to leave at a moment's notice in answer to a telegram announcing the serious illness of her mother at her home in Newport, R. I. Reaching Newport as speedily as she could, she found her mother unconscious, in which condition she remained a few days and then passed to join those in whose presence and guidance she had long believed and trusted. Mrs. Ross was prostrated by the event, and has held no séances since its occurrence, May 19th, but proposes now to re-commence them. Her present residence is East Providence, R. I., at which place she may be addressed, care of P. O. Box 25.

Mrs. Thayer, the well-known flower medium, recently gave a very successful séance at the residence of Col. S. P. Kay in Philadelphia. A letter from that gentleman informs us that on the occasion we allude to, flowers were produced in great abundance, notwithstanding the weather at the time was very unfavorable for such demonstrations of spirit-power. Mental requests were made by various persons for special varieties of flowers, and these requests were promptly answered by the desired flowers being placed in their hands.

It should be borne in mind that the *Banner of Light* can be had at Berkeley Hall every Sunday. We shall print one of Bro. Colville's fine addresses soon.

Mr. Berks Hutchinson, whose efforts in Cape Town, South Africa, to extend a knowledge of the truths of Spiritualism, arrived in London on the 24th ult.

Denise of Dr. Paul Caster.
 Dr. Paul Caster, who has been actively and successfully engaged in healing the sick for nearly fifteen years, has relinquished his labors upon earth, to enter upon those of the higher life. As a man remarkable in the exercise of heaven-born, spiritual gifts, he will be long held in grateful remembrance. At the commencement of his career he announced himself as a "faith-doctor," and as such journeyed from place to place, doing much good and receiving but meagre remuneration for his services, until 1868, when he became located in Ottumwa, Iowa, where he remained until the time of his departure from the material form, on the 18th of last April. Very many of the cures he performed were marvelous in the extreme, and such as in past ages, and among some people even in this age, would be deemed miraculous. An immense quantity of canes, crutches and other appliances employed as aids and supports by the weak, sick and disabled, were in his possession as proofs of his success. As the end of his earthly pilgrimage approached, he was aware of the fact, and knowing that those who style themselves "Christians" frequently give false reports of the last hours of those not of their faith, he sent for the Methodist minister to be present and witness his departure. To a friend he said: "Mr. Emery, do you see the angels standing here all around my bed?" "No, Doctor, I do not; but I presume you do." "Yes, I do indeed. They have come to take me, and I am going with them." He then turned on his side, and in a short time passed away with his spirit-guides. The clergyman who was present admitted that there could be no doubt that he saw angel visitors.

Revere Beach Land Company.

The First Annual Report of this Company has just been issued, and exhibits a prosperous condition of its affairs, and it is thought by those well informed upon such matters that no Company has been organized in the vicinity of Boston with such promise of rapid and assured success as everything betokens it in possession of. Its landed property extends nearly a mile and a half along the most attractive portion of Revere Beach and Broad Sound Point. It holds also "The Pavilion Hotel" and other buildings, the renting of which yields a more than 16 per cent. on their value. The stock is in 25,000 shares at \$10.00 each, and the officers are substantial and reliable men.

A Traveller correspondent mourns over Boston's lack of wharf facilities, and with a good deal of justice. He says: "Steamers and ships of mammoth proportions are knocking at our port's door for permission to enter, and we, with bowed heads and blushing cheeks, are saying, 'You cannot come in, for we have not wharves to accommodate you.' All which is very true. But why does not 'G. E. W.' suggest to the city of Boston to purchase from the General Government the Charlestown Navy Yard, where there is plenty of room for wharves, and water enough to float the largest ships? This would be, in our opinion, the grandest move in the right direction ever entered upon, the result of which, if adopted, would make Boston harbor one of the finest in the world. There are plenty of good island sites in the harbor for the navy-yard, where a dry dock could be built at comparatively small cost. Why do not Mr. Moses Dow and other Charlestown capitalists agitate the subject? By so doing, we have no doubt magnificent results would be speedily reached."

Byron Boardman, Esq., of Norwich, Ct., during the discussion of the medical "protective" law in Connecticut wrote to *Cooley's Weekly* and *The Winsted Press* a series of telling articles in favor of freedom in medicine. He has since embodied these views in a leaflet for distribution—a number of copies of which we have received and placed in the hands of a gentleman in Boston, who will see that they are diffused in quarters where their presence and perusal will do good.

"THE DICTIONARY OF EDUCATION AND INSTRUCTION," edited by Henry Kiddle and A. J. Schem, will soon be published by E. Steiger & Co., 25 Park Place, New York. From specimen pages received we judge that it will prove to be of great value to every teacher as a professional *valde-mecum*, the constant use of which will enable a faithful instructor to more than double the value of his services. It will consist of upward of 300 pages.

A family living on a farm near Little Rock, Ark., consisting of parents and several children, have discovered the development of remarkable clairvoyant powers in the youngest daughter, Winnie. *The Gazette*, of Little Rock, says she sits "in a kind of trance," and gives wonderful information respecting the living and "the dead." Her power is considered "supernatural," and attracts great attention in that locality.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of New York City met for the last time for the present season on Sunday, June 6th. The exercises were exceedingly interesting—being appropriate to what is termed "Flower Sunday." A report of the meeting, furnished us by Mrs. Mary A. Newton, Guardian, will appear next week. The Lyceum will meet again on the second Sunday of September.

An extended and comprehensive article by John W. Grattan, Counselor at Law, Pittsburgh, Pa., entitled "The Latest Confirmation of the Truth of Spiritual Phenomena," and relating the writer's experiences with Mr. R. W. Sour, of Titusville, Pa., psychographic medium, is on file for publication in these columns at the earliest opportunity which offers.

The attack by L. L. Palmer (in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of the 21st ult.) on Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye, of San Francisco, is shameful, as we are aware she is one of our most reliable mediums. Years ago we tested her powers, and know whereof we speak. As a platform test medium she is probably the equal of any we have in the United States.

We have received from M. G. Peck, M. D., Chairman of Committee, the announcement that Prof. J. R. Buchanan's Sunday services for the development of Religion and Philosophy, will be held in Cartier's Hall, 23 East 14th street, New York City, every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, until the 6th of July, 1881. All are invited.

By reference to our seventh page, the reader will find the card of Mrs. Julia M. Carpenter. This lady has been long and favorably known in the specialties to which she devotes her mediumistic development.

Attention is called to the card of James A. Bliss in another column.

The Shawmut Lyceum at Music Hall.

On the afternoon of June 6th, the Shawmut Spiritual Lyceum observed "Floral Sunday" in Music Hall, the services being in every way worthy of the occasion which evoked them, and the beautiful weather with which hostesses were favored on that day. The platform in front of the great organ was tastefully decorated with wreaths and sprays in varied colors, and a profusion of flowers. Several caged canary birds suspended near the verge of the platform contributed the harmony of their cheerful voices. In the centre of the platform was placed an imitation of the front elevation of an Indian wigwam—oil portraits of the late William White and Dr. H. F. Gardner being so disposed as to form the base of the triangle, while a portrait of Mrs. J. H. Conant was affixed near the apex—the uppermost point of the miniature dwelling being surmounted by a figure representing an Indian *regardant*. This structure was set off with flowers, green leaves, etc., and flanked with orange and lemon trees; and reflected great credit upon its designer and constructor, Master W. E. Rand. Portraits of J. H. Hatch and L. Colby were suspended upon the right and left fronts of the great organ.

On the right and left of the speakers' stand were placed small tables upon which were displayed photographs of Verne Allen (the son of Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, who passed to spirit-life some time since), and (in group) the young Misses Rosie and Daisy Howard (concerning whose decease at Brooklyn we published not long since an admirable address by Mrs. F. O. Hyzer). The first-named picture was wreathed in sunniss and fuchsias, while the latter was tastefully arrayed by the ladies of the Shawmut in blossoms appropriate to the names—the side of the picture where Rosie was located being adorned with roses, while the other was covered with field daisies. A large oil painting with hand-bouquets depicted that the Floral March was to be made of practical interest to all participating in it.

The space in the centre of the floor of the hall was devoted to the positions of the various groups; where also the new targets "In place" made a fine display. As an opening exercise, the Lyceum in processional form (using the regular formation of the Banner March) moved into the hall, its members joining in the song "Marching Along," a good orchestra, led by Miss Dawkins, Musical Director, furnishing the accompaniment. Conductor J. B. Hatch then called the meeting formally to order, and introduced Dr. Samuel Grover, of Boston, who delivered a feeling invocation. Silver Chain recitations, led by Mr. Hatch, and participated in by officers and scholars, followed; then came the Banner March, in which upward of one hundred and forty persons—children and leaders—joined. The display was very fine, and the marching highly creditable. Mrs. Biggs, Guardian, being taken by sickness from attendance, her place was held by Mrs. Josie Stevens, assistant—Mrs. Hattie E. Sheldon, the former assistant, acting for the day in her old capacity.

The distinctively literary part of the programme now being reached, was pushed forward with such rapidity as was possible. It comprised mainly a well-received reading of "The Blue and Gray," by L. S. Anderson; recitations by Master Haskell Baxter, Charlie Tilton, Charlie Gray and Albert Rand, and Misses Grace Burroughs, Elsie Tarbox (a volunteer whose services were evidently appreciated), Carrie Hough, Bessie Brown and Eva Conkley; selections (piano) by Claudia Russell, Cora Packard and Jennie Beal; and songs by that popular favorite, Hattie Hattaway.

"The Hymns of the Targets," (written by John W. Day) and "The Progression of the Groups," (written by Mrs. Mary F. Smith)—both pieces (poetical), having as their object the tracing of the expansion of the child and its ideas and capacities by healthful progression—were successfully rendered, the following members of the school participating in one or both exercises: Alice Messer, Minnie Richards, Minnie Warner, Grace Burroughs, Berlie Kemp, Fannie Briggs, Bessie Stevens, Bessie Brown, Emma Ware, Lucy Gerry, Kittie May Bosquet, Ella Carr, Ada Madden, Lottie Baker, Hattie Morgan, Eva Conkley, Cora Murray, Della Murray, Claudia Russell, Florence Twitcheil, Carrie Hough (and two others, whose names are not at hand). Miss Lizzie J. Thompson directed the presentation of the "Hymns," and read the interpretation with a faithful appreciation of its requirements; while Mr. Hatch conducted the rendition of the latter piece—the scholars showing in its course the result of careful drilling.

The wing movements, conducted by W. F. Rand, were executed with spirit and precision. Seated upon the platform were several talented ladies and gentlemen, whose services had been placed at the disposal of Mr. Hatch, and during the afternoon the audience was given the pleasure of listening to them. Miss Jeannett Howells recited "The Creeds of the Bells" and "Sandalphon" with that high degree of excellence which those who know her have learned to anticipate when her name is announced; Dr. Howard sang acceptably, "Not a Sparrow Falleth"; Miss Jennie Styles favored the people with two vocal selections; Mr. Ed. D. Stokney, who makes prophecy of becoming an eloquentist of rare merit, read "The Sergeant's Story" in an effective manner; Miss Emma Elywood gave a touching recital of "The Story of a Faithful Soul"; and Miss Lizzie J. Thompson presented a rendering of "Money Musk," which was much admired. (Owing to the lateness of the hour the expected addresses by John Wetherbee, Mrs. Laura Kendrick, Henry C. Lull and Norwood Damon were not delivered.)

Toward the close of the meeting Conductor Hatch called attention to the fact that he had issued special invitations to Gov. Long and Mayor Prince to attend, and that he had received from both the chief magistrate of the State and the head of the city pleasant and courteous letters wherein a previous engagement (in the first instance) and long-continued sickness (in the other) were assigned as the reasons for absence on the present occasion. He desired to emphasize this point as being the first instance met with—at least during his own experience—wherein the existence of a Spiritualistic organization had been recognized, and that also in a kindly way, by those so high up among "the powers that be" in the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Mr. Hatch also introduced to the audience Mrs. Lang, who, as Miss Mary Ann Sanborn, was once closely identified with the Children's Lyceum Movement, and who had in the past accomplished much faithful and important Lyceum work at Mercantile, Eliot and other halls in Boston, thereby earning the affectionate remembrance of the friends of the cause, which followed her to her home and to the private life which she had chosen after years of self-sacrificing labor.

The exercises of the day, closed with the Floral March, in the course of which each one in the line received a bouquet. Great credit is due Conductor Hatch and his assistants for the successful manner in which the details of the occasion were carried out; and the Shawmut has every reason to cherish hereafter a pleasant memory of the 6th of June at Music Hall.

The preparations for the session were made by a Committee of Arrangements consisting of Mrs. J. B. Hatch, E. Wilson, Maggie J. Folsom, Hattie Richards, J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secretary, J. E. Rand, Assistant Conductor, E. Stevens, Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Emma J. Rand and A. J. Smith. J. B. Hatch, Conductor of the Shawmut, being Chairman and General Director. The floral display, other than the "wigwam," was arranged by the ladies of the Committee and others in the Lyceum. The Committee desire to return thanks to the Spiritualists of Boston for the interest they took in the enterprise. The management also extends special thanks to Mrs. Johnstone for a floral stand wreathed with a happy which she presented. The hall was constructed with two broken strings, typical of the Shawmut, recently, of two of its young members: Johnnie Henry and Wanda Graves. U. S. Beale, of Hingham, who provided many flowers for the Lyceum, also has the thanks of that organization; which is also true of the manager at Horticultural Hall, who gave several vases of choice "Fusion Flowers."

A large delegation of the friends of Dr. Samuel Grover met at his residence, 162 West Concord street, Boston, on Monday evening, June 6th, to congratulate that gentleman on the attainment of his sixty-first year in mortal life. A happy evening was the result: fine music and readings by those celebrated artists, Nellie C. Annie A., George T. Katie B., and J. F. Park—known to the public as the "Park Family"; well-arranged recitations and songs by Charles W. Sullivan—Mrs. Nellie M. Day; accompanist; felicitous remarks by Capt. Richard Holmes, John Wetherbee, Dr. John H. Currier, Dr. A. H. Richardson and J. B. Hatch; responses thereto by the host; and the partaking of refreshments at the close, comprising the order of exercises.

The Ghosts

AND OTHER LECTURES

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

The idea of immortality, that like a sea has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear, beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed; nor of any religion. It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mist and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as Love kisses the lips of Death.

This work treats upon various subjects, viz:

**THE LIBERTY OF MAN, WOMAN
AND CHILD.**

*Liberty sustains the same relation to Mind that
Space does to Matter.*

**THE DECLARATION OF INDEPEND-
ENCE.**

*One Hundred Years Ago our Fathers Retired
the Gods from Politics.*

ABOUT FARMING IN ILLINOIS.

*To Plow is to Pray—To Plant is to Prophesy, and
the Harvest Anguish and Futility.*

THE GRANT BANQUET.
Twelfth Toast.—Response by Robert G. Ingersoll
Nov., 1879.

REV. ALEXANDER CLARK.

**THE PAST RISES BEFORE ME LIKE
A DREAM.**

*Extract from a Speech delivered at the Soldiers'
Re-union at Indianapolis, Sept. 24, 1876.*

This work is elegantly bound and printed in clear, bold type, on heavy, tinted paper.

These lectures have created the greatest sensation in the religious world since the days of Voltaire. Hundreds of pamphlets have been published, thousands of sermons have been preached, and numberless articles have been written against them, with the effect of increasing their popularity.

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Message Department.

Public Free-Circle Meetings.

Are held at the HANSEN OFFICE, corner of
Fifth and Broadway, New York, every Tuesday
and Friday afternoons. The hall will be open at 2
o'clock, and services commence at 3 o'clock precisely,
at which time the doors will be closed, allowing no
entry after the conclusion of the service, except 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—con-
sequently those who pass from the earthly sphere in an unde-
veloped 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 own. All express as much of truth as they perceive—
no more.

It is our earnest desire that those who may recognize
the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by in-
formation of the fact for publication.

As our angel visitors desire to behold natural flowers
upon our circle-table, we solicit donations of such
from the friends in earth-life who may feel that it is a plea-
sure to place upon the altar of spirituality their floral offerings.

Miss Stetson wishes to distinctly understand that she
gives no private sittings at any time; neither does she re-
ceive visitors on Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Fridays.

Letters sent to the editor, in the department, in order to
ensure prompt attention, should be every instance head-
ed to Colby & Rich, or Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman.

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

Dr. John C. Warren.

I am glad to find myself in possession of the
medium, for many reasons. I am assisted to
control by my father, who is the medical ad-
viser of this instrument, old Dr. John Warren.
I have a message to give from this place that I
feel can be best given here, and so I intrude
myself upon you. I take an active interest in
the welfare of humanity; I must always do so.
I feel that in no way can I so outward my own
inward powers and accomplish a good and last-
ing work, as by returning and seeking to benefit
and instruct those who are suffering. And I
find so much to be done, so many who are liv-
ing daily and hourly in violation of the natural
rules of life, who are crying out because of the
load of pain and weariness pressing them down,
and yet who have no idea that it is their own
work that brings this pressure upon them. It
is rather because of what they do not perform
that they are thus tried and troubled. I see so
many denying themselves fresh air—that vital-
izing element which is so essential to good
health; I find so many, especially among our
women, who confine themselves in their homes,
afraid almost of a ray of sunlight, that natural
curative agent, which will, when allowed to do
so, hunt out the dark corners and cleanse and
purify them, which will benefit the entire sys-
tem and eliminate from it all taint of corrup-
tion; I find so many afraid of pure air and sun-
shine, that I stand aghast in wonder, not only
that you have, but that you are raising up a
race of invalids, who are so debilitated that
they hardly care whether they live or not.

But I have not returned especially to speak
of these things, only to say in relation to them
that it is a pleasure to me to go out into these
homes and seek to influence individuals who
are thus suffering; to awaken their attention to
their daily mode of living; to arouse thought
concerning their diet, that they may learn what
food is wholesome and what is detrimental to
their systems.

I do not confine my labors entirely to any one
channel or source, for I find work to do in con-
nection with my father, in the hospitals and in
other places; but I have one medium through
whom I have performed, I may say, great
work in the past—lasting work; and through
whom I expect to perform a great work—in
the future.

I wish to call the attention of the spiritual
public to a project of hers, or rather of her
spirit-hand, to benefit humanity, by healing
the weak and afflicted, spiritually and bodily;
and we hope the idea will be sustained and car-
ried on to completion, so that in the by-and-
by relays of force, and power, and health, and life-
giving strength may be sent forth to others who
are weak and suffering. I refer to Mrs. Dr. A.
E. Cutler, who is my special medium, and who
propose to build and furnish a home on Wick-
ett's Island, in Onset Bay, East Wareham, Mass.—
a work which is steadily moving forward to
completion. It is for no private purpose, for
the enriching of no individual, but is for those
who are weak and afflicted—particularly for
spiritual mediums suffering from bodily ills or
spiritual ailments and influences which they
do not understand—that they may there find
health, and strength, and vitality to resist ad-
verse influences, and to cultivate their spiritual
gifts while receiving physical life. I trust that
the work of my medium will be forwarded by
helpful hands and hearts; that it will be sus-
tained; that she and her spirit-guides may not
find themselves forced to lay aside their work
even for a time, because humanity has not yet
grown up to that condition where it can realize
that good performed for others, assistance ren-
dered to those in need, and instruction imparted
to the ignorant, rebound to the spiritual credit
and welfare of the giver.

I wish to add that our institution at Wickett's
Island is intended as a school, as well as a home,
where the spiritually weak and ignorant—in
spirit-life as well as in mortal—may receive
strength and instruction from spirit teachers
through their helpful and well-loved instru-
ments.

[To the Chairman:] This is all I desire to say;
I thank you for your courtesy in providing me
the means, and allowing me to express myself.
I desire you to publish my message sometime in
June. I am Dr. John Collins Warren. In the
past I was called, and known, as Dr. John C.
Warren, of Boston. April 26.

William Fishbough.

Through the kind invitation of your Spirit
Chairman, I am privileged and assisted to re-
turn at this early moment from the spiritual
world. I feel deeply grateful to Mr. Pierpont*
for thus permitting me to express myself, feebly
though it be, through this organism, for I de-
sire to send out a cheering word to my friends,
to assure them of my continued interest in
their welfare. In truth, I do not care to speak
of the manner of my departure; it was sudden
to me, rest assured; it was a swift blow, and I
passed immediately from the body. My friends
may feel sure that I am satisfied. I feel myself
that perhaps my work was accomplished, so far
as I could make it profitable to mankind. I
had upon my mind and upon my hands what I
considered a great work—a work to be per-
formed for truth and for justice. I felt that it
was only right for me to perform that labor in
which I was engaged, and when I passed to
the spirit-world, I felt then, as I feel now, that
truth and justice demanded the work, and I
trust that it will be carried on to completion
by friends who remain in the form. I have no
antagonism to any living soul in the mortal or

(President of the Band of Spirits controlling the Public
Circles.)

in the spiritual. I set down naught in malice,
but all things I desire to accomplish through
charity and tenderness of spirit. I cannot feel
that the truth should be repressed and justice
denied because of any one, and so I shall con-
tinue to work on in the future, and to influence
and impress those in sympathy with me, who
shall be engaged in like pursuits to my own. I
particularly wish to send out my fraternal
love, my tenderest greetings to my friends, to
my spiritual brothers, Peabody and Buchanan,
Crowell and Kiddle and others. I desire them
to feel that I shall be with them, to give them
of my influence whenever possible, to extend to
them at all times my earnest sympathy in their
labors of love for humanity's sake. I need not
add I wait my love and sympathy to those near-
est and dearest to me. This will be felt in the
quiet precincts of home. I desire not to unveil
the sanctity of these beautiful relations which
bind heart to heart and soul to soul. I bring
my regards to all friends, and assure them I
feel bright and active, and ready for work.

If you please, Mr. Chairman, you will ad-
vance my message, by the permission of your
Spirit Chairman, William Fishbough, of Brook-
lyn, N. Y. May 27.

Science held Feb. 18th, 1881.

Invocation.

Oh, thou Eternal Spirit, Author of All Life, whose
manifold works we behold on every side, we recognize
thee as the central source of all wisdom, love and
power. From thee we gain that sensation which causes us
to come into sympathy with thee and with thy dear hu-
manity; from thee we catch the faint, sweet inspira-
tions of the eternal life, which would draw us upward,
ever onward toward thee and thy realm eternal; from
thee we gather all that strength and purpose and
power which causes the human soul to unfold and progress
upward from below. And oh, we would bring to thee
this hour all the strength and the aspirations of our
souls, all their sweet desires, that we may lay them up
on time after, in order to bring to ourselves from on
high a new power, a new impetus that will cause
our spirits to journey on, strengthened and refreshed,
in their mission of love unto others. And we ask that
thou wilt send down thy angels and give them power—
give them sight to discern future things; give
them strength to return and speak to mourning hearts,
that comfort and consolation may come to earth, and
humanity may rejoice in a knowledge of eternal life
and of the immortal existence of the loved ones gone
before. We praise thee for all life, for all things; and
we come to thee with the hope ever burning within the
soul, that the knowledge and faith of thy dear ones
shall still grow outward and expand toward the
sunlight of truth, and that all humanity shall, in time
or space, become united into a higher and a better
plane, from which they may perceive the realities of
life, and be ready to fulfill the mission which thou hast
allotted each one.

Ira Holt.

Well! well! well! This is an experience which
I feel to be worth the having, yet which is
strange and novel to me. I have been watching
the various intelligences taking possession of
this little frail body and manifesting themselves
as best they could, and I have wondered how
they performed their work so well, considering
that they were using an organism foreign to
their own, and one in many cases I should judge
to be the antipodes of the one they themselves
possessed. But I felt interested to take this ex-
perience upon myself, and at the same time to
manifest to my friends. I was very old, having
lived in the body for seventy-five years, and I
had truly a strange experience, one that was
eventful and varied at times, but after all one
that was of benefit. Weariness, age and infirm-
ities seemed to press upon me at the last, as was
only natural. I was at length glad to find my-
self free from them all, and able to travel about
here and there, to visit old scenes and familiar
places, and recognize faces that I once knew well.
I sought to make my presence known immedi-
ately after my departure, but this was no easy
task. I find that we cannot expect to return
immediately after the death of the body, and,
opposed to all the preconceived opinions of our
fellows, enter into an open door without knock-
ing or preparing for our entrance. So I find
myself here preparing the way, in hopes that I
shall return again sometime nearer to the homes
of my friends and make myself known. I feel
that I could unfold a strange tale to them, one
that would be startling in the extreme. I ex-
pect I shall be able to do so in the future. I
shall work for this, at all events.

I send my greeting to each one; I forget none;
but I do not feel to call them over here to-day;
I am not sure that it would be wise. The step-
ping out of the body seems to give an intelligent
being larger capacities, or rather it gives what
capacities he possessed an opportunity to unfold
more fully, and he is surprised at the largeness
of life; he is astonished to find himself in the
condition that he does, and to find his fellows
about as well off as he is himself. I do not see
one whom I have known in any worse condition
than myself; I do not know that I find them
any better off. We seem to occupy a similar
plane, each one to be working out his own busi-
ness, and attending to that which seems to be
most important to him.

During my latter days I was at Arlington
Heights, where I passed away. In former years
I resided in Pittsburg, Mass. I have friends
here. I hope to meet them. You may call me
Ira Holt.

Celia A. Thayer.

Life, with its duties, pressed upon me. I felt
deeply and sincerely the work I seemed called
upon to perform, and I sought to do it, although
there were days of pain and weariness when I
could not labor for this end, when I could not
send out the cheering words, or the pleasant
tale, which spoke of my own hopes and the prom-
ises of the future, and which I felt would be of
interest to humanity. Shielding myself behind
another name, I seemed to express my individ-
uality and my identity in what I gave forth to
the world, and I felt, oh, I can only benefit
some other, if I can only lighten the burdens of
some soul, and brighten the pathway of some
spirit in its journey toward the future life, I
should indeed feel blessed and satisfied. And I
feel the same work still pressing upon me, in
the spirit-world. I find it possible for spirits of
the so-called dead to return and manifest to
friends. This knowledge was not mine while in
the form; if it had been I know I could have ex-
tended my work; I could have filled it with a
sweeter hope and a brighter light that would
have thrilled the hearts of others, that would
have caused them to sing a new song of joy.
But yet I feel I did the best I could. Now, op-
portunities are mine to return and still press on
with my work; I have found several organisms
adapted to me, through whom I can speak the
cheering word, and send forth the song of light
and joy, which, I hope, will sink into some
heart, and cause it to become renewed in
strength for the journey and battles of life.

And so I am contented, and I return joyfully,
to send forth my word and my love to friends,
to assure them I am happy in my new life and
happy in my new work. A blossom opens be-
fore me which seems to bloom for me, and its
fragrance enters into my spirit, imparting vigor
and light to encourage me on. The sun streams
down joyfully and brightly upon my way, and
as the birds warble their notes of gladness I
feel that all life is joy, that all nature is glad

because humanity can live, can rejoice in each
other's weal and sympathize in each other's
woe, and can send forth love and tenderness
from heart to heart. I return to say to my
friends, Regret not my early departure; only
feel that I have been translated to a higher
plane, that I have ascended another step in the
stairway of life, and that I can look down from
another height upon you who are pressing on-
ward, and can shower down some light, some
consolation and peace that will be of blessing
to your spirits. I bring a green leaf; my friends
will understand to what it refers; it is ever-
green—it will never fade. In the future I shall
bring it to them, far and near, that they may
behold an olive branch of peace coming from
on high, to strengthen and gladden the weary
heart and suffering frame. The friends I espe-
cially desire to reach are in Milwaukee, Wis. I
somehow feel they will perceive my message,
and will extend a welcome to me. If so, I know
I shall be able to return more closely to their
sides, in order to impress them with my pres-
ence, and to give them some knowledge and
information concerning a spiritual world; and
I feel, also, that through some one of the organ-
isms that I can control, I shall be able to
send out some messages, some words of love,
some ideas expressed in my old familiar style,
that my friends may recognize them and feel
that they are truly from myself. Celia A.
Thayer.

Science held Feb. 25th, 1881.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready for
your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—Does it ever happen that a person
who may be what is customary to call "death
struck," and who passes in some degree to the
spirit-world, returns fully to this life, regains
his usual health, and remains perhaps for
many years after an inhabitant of this stage of
existence?

Ans.—In the history of humanity many cases
of suspended animation have occurred; cases
where the physical powers have become inop-
erative. In a few of these instances it may
have been that the spirit could not loosen its
hold of the material, and has retained a con-
sciousness of all outside physical life working
around about the inanimate form; but in many
instances the tie binding the spirit to the mortal
has been loosened, and the spirit has been
enabled to pass out from the physical life into
the spiritual spheres proper, and has there
gained a knowledge of spiritual existence, then
through some shock to the physical form the
spirit has been brought back into contact with
material life and has regained possession of the
mortal form. In some instances the spirit has
retained consciousness of what occurred, and
of its experiences while passing out into the
spiritual state; in other instances all conscious-
ness has been lost. Many, many times has this
occurred, and the person has regained physical
life and strength, remaining in the mortal form
for many years. It sometimes happens that a
being who has passed through such an experi-
ence will, in later years, become developed as a
seer or clairvoyant; in other instances the per-
son seems to possess no abnormal powers what-
soever.

Q.—In case of a spirit controlling a medium,
so as to use the medium's vocal organs and ad-
dress an audience or an individual, is it re-
quisite that the spirit should be in close proximity
with the medium? If not, at what distance
can the spirit exercise that power?

A.—You are perhaps aware that the mes-
merizer can control his subject, after experi-
menting upon the subject for some time, at any
distance whatsoever. It is also possible for a
spirit to control his medium at a distance, but
the spirit must have become perfectly familiar
with the organism of the medium, so much so
that the sensitive will always remain negative
to the influence of that particular spirit. When
such a case as this occurs, the controlling spirit
may influence his medium, even though he be
distant many hundreds of miles.

Q.—Can a spirit control more than one medi-
umistic person at the same time, so that the
spirit's identity is recognizable in each?

A.—We have always believed that what is
worth doing at all is worth doing well, and to
do anything well one must engage all his pow-
ers and attention upon the work. It is possible
for a spirit to control or influence two mediums
at one and the same time, or, at least, at so
nearly the same time that the few seconds
elapsing would be imperceptible to mortals; but
we do not believe that the spirit can influence
at the same time and thoroughly identify himself
through each medium. So far as our observa-
tion goes, a spirit must engage all his attention
and exert all his powers upon the organism of
a medium, in order to control that sensitive suf-
ficiently well to be thoroughly identified in
every respect.

Thomas Smallwood.

I feel to come back, and to manifest, that my
friends may know I have returned, that they
may know that my journey was safely ended,
and that I arrived in a spirit-world where I
found eternal existence, and where I met my
long-lost, ever-beloved friends. Oh! the angel
of death had visited my home, and taken away
those who were near and dear to me; those
whose images filled my heart, ever and ever,
and yet I believed in an All-Wise, Over-ruling Pro-
vidence, and felt that all was for the best. And
now that I have discovered my dear ones, in a
beautiful world where all is joyful, I can indeed
say, all is well, all is for the best. And although
I passed many, many long years in the physical
life, far exceeding the limited span which has
been allotted to man, even passing beyond the
four score years, yet I find myself possessed of
powers and abilities, and I know that I can still
work actively and earnestly, as I delighted to
do in my years of vigorous manhood. I was
known very well in Massachusetts. I resided
for many years in Newton, and I feel that some
friends, perhaps one of my own dear ones, will
see and recognize my message, and feel that I
have indeed sent out a little word from the land
beyond the veil. And I have dear ones in New
York. I passed home from Harlem, N. Y., and
I would like my friends there, those of my fam-
ily, to know that I have returned, that I come
to bless them for all their goodness and their
tenderness as exhibited to me in my latter days,
and to assure them that although they do not
believe this beautiful philosophy, yet it is true.
I feel, however, that even though they do not
accept it while they are in the mortal form, yet
when they reach this spiritual world, and find
their dear friends all united in one family cir-
cle, they will rejoice that this spiritual philoso-
phy is true, and that they likewise will have the
opportunity of returning to their loved ones to
bless, influence and encourage them in the jour-
ney of life. I was well known in business cir-
cles, as in years ago I was myself a manufac-

turer and a man of business; and I would as-
sure my old associates that I am still a man of
business, although I desire to exercise my facul-
ties in other departments than that in which I
was engaged when in the form. I have met
again many old associates, those not connected
with me by ties of relationship, yet with whom
I was connected in business ways, who passed
on long before I did, and I feel glad that I may
shake them by the hand as in days of yore, and
associate with them as congenially and sym-
pathetically as I could when in the mortal life. I
am Thomas Smallwood.

Eliza B. Safford.

I lived fifty-six years on earth. A few years
have passed since I was called to the spirit-
world. I have never returned before—indeed,
I have not had opportunities for returning to
my friends; but I have friends, many of them,
on earth, and it seems to me I can do no better
than to come back and speak to them, to assure
them of my power of returning. I was ill for
quite a number of months, and it seemed to me
every day that I could not hold out much longer;
and yet the will-power seemed again to re-
gain new strength, and I still existed in the
worn-out frame of earth. Many of my friends
thought I would pass away long before I did;
but at last the summons came, and I was called
to go. I wish to thank them all for every loving
attention, for all the long weeks and months of
unwearied kindness bestowed upon me, and to
assure them if it is possible I will in some
way repay them for each little act, either here
or when they come to me in the spirit-world.
There seems to be so much for me to say, it
presses upon me; and yet, I cannot gather it
as I would like to do. I wish to say, Carrie,
dear child, I have watched over and cared for
you to the best of my ability since my depart-
ure from the mortal form, and I have sought
long and earnestly to announce my presence to
you; but as you had no mediumistic powers
yourself, and as there seemed to be no one
whom I could control near to you, I found it
impossible to do as I wished; but while I am
here I wish you to know that I shall ever guard
you as best I can, through all the years that are
to come to you—for I realize fully that you will
remain on earth for many long years. I shall
be ever ready to assist and strengthen you, if
it is possible. My friends are in Richmond, Va.
My name is Eliza B. Safford.

Charles E. Stetson.

I feel that perhaps it is possible for me to
reach my family and my friends, especially my
brother, all of whom are in Bangor, Maine.
The months are lengthening into years since I
passed on. I did not believe in Spiritualism,
although my faith was a liberal one. I felt that
there was a spiritual world, and that all who
passed from this life would find opportunities
for growth, and would perhaps be permitted to
rejoin their friends, and live together in loving
communion one with the other; but I did not
believe it possible for spirits to return and man-
ifest through mortals; I did not believe that
spirits or angels could bring down their holy
influence from on high, and have it assimilate
with the influences of mortals here below; con-
sequently I had no faith in this philosophy or
religion; but I am glad to avail myself of the
opportunities which it affords to return to my
friends and to announce to them that I have
enlarged my belief somewhat, because I have
added knowledge to faith; first faith, then
knowledge; and if my friends will only have a
little faith that perhaps it is for me to return
to them and manifest, or at least to guard them
in material ways, and to benefit them spiritually,
I feel that it will give me strength and power
to convey to them that positive knowledge
which they cannot deny. I have watched over
my little ones, I have found them growing and
developing, and I feel glad to assure my friends
that I am satisfied with all that has been done
for the welfare of my family. I am rejoiced to
find my friends gathering around my little ones
and guarding them, and am perfectly satisfied
with all that has been done. If they will give
me an opportunity to return in private and
speak concerning a few little matters in which
I was interested while here, it seems to me my
satisfaction will be more than complete; I shall
desire nothing more. I send my love to all, and
will return at any time when I feel they desire
my presence. Charles E. Stetson.

Lemuel Thompson.

Nearly a score of years have passed since I
died and was buried, as you speak in mortal
language, yet I feel that the term is incorrect.
I did not die—that is, I did not become uncon-
scious, insensate, inanimate as a man; I be-
came more conscious than ever before in my
life, and yet I attained to a good old age in the
mortal. I cannot feel that I missed any expe-
riences of life that I required, for, like the full,
ripe grain, I fell and was gathered home; yet
there are friends of mine, there are descend-
ants, there are members of my family yet re-
maining on the earth, and I feel that perhaps it
would be well for me to send out some little
token of my presence in their midst, at times;
and not finding any other convenient channel,
I have returned here to manifest myself and to
tell my friends to inform all who knew of me,
that I am happy and well in the spirit-world. I
feel now that I was somewhat bigoted when in
the form—that I paid too much attention to
creed and dogma; and was not tolerant enough
to the beliefs and faiths of others. I thought
that all who did not believe as I did were tread-
ing an uncertain way, and perhaps they would
not reach the kingdom; but I have come to the
conclusion that whatever path a human being
follows it must eventually lead him to the king-
dom of truth and knowledge, and all who enter
the kingdom of knowledge will soon find them-
selves possessed of the desire to learn, and learn
all that they can of life and its duties. In that
way they will emerge from the darkness of
error, and all ignorance will slough away from
them; they will indeed desire to live pure
and good in order to harmonize with those
beings who are above and around them. Con-
sequently I feel that all are treading the path
which is marked out for them, and that by-and-
by all will reach the same plane of existence,
and will then desire to not only unfold them-
selves and to grow more perfect, but to extend
all the sympathy and kindness possible to all
with whom they come in contact.

I did not come back to preach; but when I
thought of my old ideas, and how they clouded
and cramped my being after my departure from
earth, I felt that perhaps if I could send out a
little thought to my friends, to those of my fam-
ily who remain below, why, it might perhaps
fall upon good ground and take root. I was
known pretty extensively around my former
abiding place as one who was a business man
in a small way, perhaps, but yet who was ener-
getic at all times, and could not brook the hand
of disease, which seemed to blight his power;
and so I felt that I would like to tell you that
one who many times spoke to friends and ac-
quaintances concerning the business activities

of life, and was desirous again to engage in them.
Well, that of course was impossible, and I was
called home to another life, where I find a new
occupation and plenty to do. I find that I can
engage all my powers and endeavor to spare
to send out a ray of light and encouragement to
some other struggling soul. But it was many
long months before I found this, for, as I said,
I was clouded and prejudiced, consequently
could not enter into a full participation of all
the enjoyments and labors of spiritual life.
I live in New York City. My name is Lem-
uel Thompson.

Eunice S. Somers.

I propose to announce my presence to friends,
for it is a delight to me to return from my spirit-
home and enter the presence of those friends I
knew and loved on earth. It was a sad mo-
ment when I passed to the spirit-world, for it
did not seem possible that I was to be called
home so early in life and so soon. My friends
could hardly realize that I was indeed called,
and had passed away from them; and yet I
found myself returning, day after day, to speak
a loving word, to plant a tender thought in the
hearts of those I love so well, that they might
find peace and consolation, and believe that all
was well with me. Many times have I entered
my earthly home and participated in the enjoy-
ments of the hour; many times have I entered
the family circle in the twilight, and felt that
I was indeed at home; and if I could have
realized my presence there, I would have been
perfectly happy. I wish to send my love to all.
To my friends and to those with whom I as-
sociated in my later years of life, I wish to say
that many times I returned to the old school,
entered there, and found that I could partici-
pate in the exercises; that while I remained
by the side of my dear ones, I could understand
all that was taking place, and could keep
pace with her in her studies and her work.
But I have found a higher school even than that
in the spirit-world, which I have entered, where
I hope and desire to learn, so that by-and-by I
may be able to go out here and there and more
or less to strengthen and assist those who desire to
know something of the future life and something of
its duties and its work. I feel that perhaps if
my friends can learn that I have returned, they
will feel better, they will feel to rejoice, and
that they may in the coming time give me
opportunities to return and speak with them,
for the fact, I can assure you, I sometimes
think that they feel my presence; and many
times, when they are thinking of me, I rejoice
to know that they wonder where I am and what
I am doing, and if it is possible, really and truly,
for me to be with them and recognize their
work. I would say, Yes, all that is more is
possible, and I shall do so often. I am
Eunice S. Somers. I lived in Rockland,
Mass.

Henry Meredith.

Time passes, and I find that it is nearly two
years since I passed to the spirit-world. I was
ill for a long time, and life hung heavily upon
me; pain and suffering seemed to fall upon my
physical frame, till the spirit was almost ex-
hausted, and I was unable to move. I have been
rejoicing to recapture in the spirit-world, and now I find
myself strengthened and refreshed, so much so,
that I desire to go out among the haunts of
earth, and see if I cannot strengthen and vital-
ize some of those poor, weary ones who seem to
faint and falter because of the weakness of
physical life. I passed away from the Good
Samaritan Hospital at Cincinnati. I most ear-
nestly say that I feel I can never be sufficiently
thankful for the kind care and attention be-
stowed upon me in my illness. If it is possible,
I would like to have my friends and the nurses
and the good doctors know that I am now
and that I come to thank them and to bless
them for all the attention which I received. I
feel that their attention not only soothed my
physical body, but it also benefited me spiri-
tually, because the remembrance of it will al-
ways follow and remain with me, and it will, I
think, stimulate me to endeavor to do some-
thing to repay them for their kindness upon the
earth, and suffering. I feel that no better work
can be done than to establish these Good Samaritan
institutions, where the suffering and feeble may
gain strength, where they may receive care and
attention, and where they may pass away
quietly, if they must, and leave a blessing upon
the earth. I feel that I am to be found—at least, it was so in
my experience—and it seems to me that if those
who possess largely of the world's wealth would
bestow upon some such institutions as these,
they would not only benefit themselves, but
they would, indeed, bestow a blessing upon the
suffering human beings who are around them.

I feel that I shall gain strength and power by
returning here to-day, and I thank you kindly
for this privilege. I will seek to benefit you if
I can; if not, I will do what it is possible for me
to do for others. It will be my duty in the com-
ing summer. My name is Henry Meredith.

Ula M. Shedd.

[To the Chairman:] Do spirits always feel bad
when they come? I had the diphtheria, and my
throat feels just as it did then—all sore and
dreadful. My head, too, feels sore and bad.
I wanted to come very much; it seems to me
that I ought to come to tell you of my expe-
rience. I have been here two or three times, but
I could not get in. I was thirteen years old when
I died. I am over fourteen now. I wanted to
send my love to mother and father, and to tell
them I am all right now. I guess I will be—
I was before I came. I want them to know that
I am all right, and that I have never been
in the spirit-world as you do here; we have ob-
ject-lessons—that is, we learn from objects, and
so gain an understanding of them better, be-
cause we experiment with them, and our teach-
ers are very kind in explaining, so that we may
comprehend each lesson, to tell them that I am
other. I have been round to the circles in dif-
ferent places, and have seen spirits coming, and
I thought I would like to come over so much. I
have tried to influence two or three mediums,
and I did a little, but not much. Now I think
perhaps I will be able to tell them again some-
where and speak or write, and in that way gain
more information, and perhaps reach my moth-
er, that she may know I am really and truly
come. That is what I want. I send her my
love and tell her I often come home, and it does
me good to have her think of me. Her name is
Lucy A. Shedd; my name is Ula M. Shedd.

Sophia Havens.

[To the Chairman:] Do you let ladies come?
I was very old. I lived so long here that it
seemed as though I must keep on living; but I
went at last, and I feel that I am glad of it,
so many of my friends died and left me, and I
remained here all alone; so I was glad
when I too could die, to tell them that I was
to be glad for the privilege of dying. When you
live to be over ninety years old, and see most
of your friends going away from you, and those
who are left full of active life, and feel yourself
growing old and feeble, and of not much use, I
think you will be glad of the privilege of dying;
and more so now, as I feel that I have en-
tered on a new life; and although I come back
here old and worn out, yet when I am away
from earthly scenes I am pretty strong and
active and smart, I can tell you. I did not know
but what some of the friends and the old folks
would be glad to hear tell of my coming back,
and so I have come to tell you that I am
pretty good after all, and they will find it so if
they live as they ought to live, that's all. And
I would like to say that I have seen Mary Leavitt;
she is smart and active, and is growing young;
I don't know but what she will be stepping out
one of these days a new creature, so she appears
to me. She sends her regards to all friends.
I must say we did find some friends who were
kind to us, and I feel to bless them all.

Now you will excuse me for coming won't
you? I am ever so much obliged for the per-
mission. I am Sophia Havens, from Ports-
mouth, N. H.

