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OBSESSIONS AND REMARKABLE SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

STATEMENT FROM A. E. CARPENTER, AND REMARKS BY J. M. PEEBLES.

Mr. Carpenter's Statement.

Editors Banner of Light: I have finally concluded to gratify the request so often made for me to write an account of the surprising spiritual manifestations that took place in the village of Putnam, Conn., where I reside. I am well aware that story-telling is not my forte. All I can do is to state the facts as they occurred, according to my own observation and the testimony of reliable witnesses. In doing this I shall give the real name of the medium and most of the parties, with the exception of the family in whose house the principal manifestations took place, as they were not Spiritualists, and might object to having their names made public. I shall endeavor to make no statements that I am not prepared to substantiate.

The opening events of the story date back to the month of September, in the fall of 1866. At that time there was living in a substantial two-story dwelling house, not far from the railroad station at Putnam, a family whom we will call, for convenience sake, the Lind family. The members of the family were Mr. Lind and wife, both being somewhat advanced in years, and their son, Mark Lind, and his wife, Mattie, who had two or three children, and a daughter, Mrs. Phillips. The family were members of the Methodist church, and considered respectable and well-to-do people. Mark had been married some few years, had been in the army, and become somewhat unsteady in his habits. His wife, Mattie, was a fine-looking young woman, something over twenty years of age, active and intelligent, yet possessed of an exceedingly passionate and violent disposition, which, when aroused, was manifested in uncontrollable storms of rage. As we often the case when a husband takes his wife home, Mattie and the old lady did not agree very well, nor did Mark always maintain that kindly bearing toward her which she considered was due from a husband. These facts gave rise to more or less disputes, which, before being ended, usually drew in the whole family, to some extent, and generally terminated by Mattie getting very angry and leaving the house, declaring that she would never return. But time always cooled her temper, and after two or three days she would return to remain until another storm would produce a similar result.

Thus things continued, until one day they had an uncommonly severe and violent altercation, which ended, as usual, in Mattie's departure. But little notice was taken of the matter, the rest of the folks supposing of course she would return as she had always done. Imagine the surprise and horror of the old gentleman when he arose the next morning and found Mattie lying on the piazza of the house, dead. A post mortem examination revealed the fact that she had taken arsenic sufficient to cause death, or in other words, she had committed suicide by poison. Of course it created a great sensation in our village, and for a time nothing else was talked of but the tragic death of the young and beautiful Mattie Lind.

Even great excitement cannot always last, and so ere long the people believing that Mattie's death had closed her career, ceased to give the subject thought. But it seems there was an after-piece to come, which was not laid down in the programme. To be sure, Mattie Lind's body lay over in the burying ground, but it soon appeared that she was not there.

On the same street, and near Mr. Lind's house, is an eating saloon, kept by one Thomas Capwell, who had in his employ a young man by the name of James Phillips. I would here state that I am personally acquainted with Phillips, and am willing to vouch for his truthfulness and honesty. He was not a Spiritualist, and up to this time had not seen any of the phenomena; in fact, knew nothing whatever about the subject. Some little time after the afore-mentioned facts took place, Mr. Capwell went away, leaving the saloon in charge of Phillips. One day during Mr. Capwell's absence, it was noticed by Mrs. Capwell and others that Phillips appeared very strange. He had a peculiarly wild look, and when spoken to would respond only in monosyllables, or in a few broken words, and seemed to be under the influence of some powerful agent. It was supposed that he was suffering from a temporary attack of insanity.

Mrs. Capwell, knowing that there was some two hundred dollars in the money drawer, thought she would secure that, and went to get it, but to her consternation found it gone. She inquired of Phillips what had become of it? He affirmed that he did not know; and although his person and the premises were thoroughly searched, no trace of the money could be found. He continued in that peculiar manner, and one day, at about one o'clock looked up the shop, and started for home, as usual. But instead of going home, he went directly to Mr. Lind's, and entering the kitchen where the old gentleman and wife were sitting, took a lamp and went up to the room formerly occupied by Mark and his wife. The old people, supposing that Mark had sent him on some errand, said nothing.

About ten o'clock Mark came home, and before entering the house he was surprised to see a light in his room. He inquired who was there. His father replied that Mr. Phillips was, asking if he did not want him. Mark passed up stairs and opened the door into his room, and beheld, to his utter astonishment, James Phillips dressed in his wife's—Mattie's—clothes. I will here state that Phillips is a man somewhat below the medium size.

When Mark had sufficiently mastered his surprise to speak, he inquired of Phillips what he was there for? The reply was, "I would like to know who has a better right in Mattie Lind's bedroom than herself? Why didn't you come home before? It's time we were in bed. Come, get ready, and let us go to bed." But Mark being completely confounded, not understanding the case, having seen little or nothing of the trances before, did not readily assent to the proposed arrangement. This aroused the amiable disposition of his late spouse, and she insisted upon his immediate compliance. In terms precisely similar to those employed in former cases, she said, "Hear, hear the familiar sounds, rushed up stairs. The sight of the old lady did not serve to allay the wrath of the already enraged Mattie, for it was her in full control of the medium (Phillips), and she expressed herself in strong language, much of which is not found in polite literature, stating that she was not dead, as they had supposed, that they had not got rid of her so easily, and she had come back to have her revenge both on Mark and the old woman. It was her determination to kill Mark Lind if she could; and as she verified the statement, she buried a poultice at his head, which barely missed him, and struck half the length of it in the door panel. This demonstration had the effect to make the whole party bent a hasty retreat. Mark brought up the rear, and shutting the door after him attempted to hold it; but although he had the handle of the latch and the medium the "catch," he was unable to do so. Mark is a man weighing nearly two hundred pounds. He called his father to bring

a rope, which he did, and by passing it through the handle of the door and winding it around the banister of the stairs, he succeeded in keeping the door fast.

The son of the Lind family called in a Mr. Lucian, who is a Justice of the Peace, and when people get into trouble they always send for him, no matter what it is. He also called in Mrs. Canwell. Happily, Mr. Lucian is a Spiritualist. He describes the scene as being somewhat ludicrous when he arrived. He asked the old lady what the trouble was? She replied—"I do not know; Jim Phillips is up stairs, and he acts just like Mark Lind for all the world." There stood Mark by the stair banister, as white as a sheet, holding on to the rope with all his might. "What is the matter, Mark?" said Lucian. "Jim Phillips is in my room, and he acts like possessed." "Why don't you let go the rope and go in and see what is wanted?" "I have been in there once, and I would not go again for a thousand dollars." "Unfasten the door, and I will go in." So Mr. L. opened the door and went in. There lay the medium in bed. Mattie's clothes were taken off and laid exactly as she used to lay them. All her little trinkets were taken from the drawers where they were carefully put away, and laid upon the table. The album was open at her picture, and many other tests given to prove her identity. She addressed Mr. Lucian—"What are you here for? This is no place for you, in a lady's bedroom!" He, understanding the case, said in substance, "I thought, Mattie, you would like to see me. How do you do?" This pleased her much; her desire was to be recognized, and he did so. He continued to converse with her in a pleasant manner, and finally prevailed upon her to yield the control of the medium.

About midnight Phillips put on his own clothes and went home, and there were no more demonstrations that night. The next morning, when the bed was examined, there was found among the clothes a *dark knife* that Mark had when in the army, and which had been lost for more than a year.

The next morning Phillips was oblivious of the night's and most of the day's proceedings. When he went to the shop, Mrs. Capwell asked him about the missing money. With much surprise he asked, "What money?" "The money that was in the drawer." "I suppose it is in my pocket-book, where I always put it nights," taking it out; and there, sure enough, it was, all done up in a nice package, with a string tied around it. "All!" said he, "who has fixed it up like this? I certainly did not do it." He was evidently unconscious that the money had been missing. No one knew where it went to this day, only Mattie says that it was one of her gifts.

After this Mattie often took control of Phillips, and whenever she did she was always for going to Lind's. She said she was determined to have her revenge on them some way. They had caused her to suffer, and she was going to return the compliment! I had considerable talk with and endeavored to show her how wrong it was for her to entertain such feelings, but all in vain; she was inexorable. I conversed with Phillips about her. He told me that he could always see her before she controlled him, just as distinctly as he could any one. She looked the same as she did in the earth-life, only there was a dark shadow across her forehead, indicating her unhappy condition. He suffered a good deal from fear that while under her control he might be made to do some bad thing. The prospect was certainly not pleasant, and I did not blame him for being disturbed.

But he was not destined to continue in this uncertain state long. One day he saw approaching him a spirit which he describes as a large, noble and very pleasant-looking man. This spirit spoke very kindly to him, saying, "You are very much annoyed by this bad spirit that seeks to use you for an evil purpose. I have come to take charge of you, and to prevent her using you to any injury. You need fear her no more. Trust me, and I will guide you from her power."

Since that time, whenever Mattie has come and expressed herself vindictively, she is immediately made to retire by this benign and good spirit. He gave him the name of Moses Eigenbaum, a German by birth, lived in New York when he entered spirit-life, and did business on such a street, giving the number; told all about his family, &c. We, of course, knew nothing of such a person. One day an old German peddler came to our place, who lived in New York. He stopped at Mr. Capwell's, and Mrs. C. asked if he ever knew Moses Eigenbaum? He said he did, and he was well acquainted with him. On being questioned, he corroborated every statement that had been made through Phillips. This to us was a very satisfactory test.

Phillips tells me a very remarkable circumstance, the truth of which is testified to by Mr. Capwell and Lind, which took place about this time. He says, "I was waked up one night about two o'clock, and saw my bedroom door opened, and a man entered, with a pencil and paper in his hand. She approached the bedside and spoke to me, saying, 'Mark Lind agreed to meet me to-night. He has not done so. I am going to write him a letter.' She sat down at the stand and wrote. I noticed that the pencil and paper were unlike any that was in the house. After writing for a time she arose and went out."

The next day Mark Lind came into the shop, and while there Phillips was entranced by Mattie, and she said to him, "I wrote you a letter last night, and carried it and put on my grave in the cemetery. You will find it there under the evergreen wreath. I tore the wreath to pieces—I am sorry I did so. Under the remnants you will find the letter." Mr. Capwell proposed to go with him to verify the truth of the statement, so they both went over to the cemetery, which is a mile from the village, and coming to Mattie's grave they found the evergreen wreath torn to pieces, and under the remnants they found a letter directed to Mark Lind, in the handwriting of Mattie Lind.

Since the good spirit has controlled Phillips, Mattie has been powerless to use him as an instrument to wreak her vengeance on the objects of her hatred. But it seems that her wrath is still unquenched, and it is more than whispered that she has commenced business on her own responsibility, and strange sounds are heard and sights seen at Lind's. True it is that Mark Lind is an unhappy if not a haunted man.

Such is the substance of the story, as near as I am able to express it. All the parties mentioned still live in Putnam, and can be consulted in reference to the truthfulness of the account. I presume that I have left out many important items, but enough is mentioned to prove the one of the most remarkable manifestations on record. It is interesting because the facts throw much light upon the condition of spirit existence, and are thus made very instructive.

I should be borne in mind that these manifestations came spontaneously, wholly unthought, into a family who were not Spiritualists, and through a medium who was neither a Spiritualist nor at all acquainted with the phenomena. The dark and unhappy condition of Mattie is a warning to all those who raise their hands against their own life, thinking to escape misery by so doing. Her persistent attempts to be revenged upon those whom she conceived to be the cause of her sufferings, shows that death does not make

us saints, but for a time at least we may retain the same feelings that governed us here. On the other hand, a beautiful lesson is taught us by the mild yet firm interposition of the good spirit in answer to Phillips' desire to be freed from the dangerous influence of Mattie. But I will allow the people to draw their own inferences.

Hoping that this simple narrative will prove interesting and instructive to all,

I remain, as ever, your brother,

A. E. CARPENTER.

Putnam, Conn., June, 1868.

Remarks by J. M. Peebles.

No illumined thinker can ever force himself to believe that evil as an end—evil essential and malignant, absolute and endless—can exist under the moral government of an Infinite God—a God, soul of all things; in Nature; goodness, in essence, love. And yet, to the mental investigator, there are conditions looming up, there are diverse actions, results of human conduct in the moral world, designated by all scholars and sound philosophers as evil. Comparison is elemental in human nature. Contrasts there must be. Can better terms be found, then, to express certain qualities, certain properties and relations in the physical world, than straight lines and curves, heat and cold, light and darkness—better words to express certain moral conditions in the conscious reasoning world than wisdom and folly, truth and error, good and evil? Relative in significance, of course, and consequently all the more applicable to men and spirits as finite existences.

That there are educated and ignorant, good and bad men on earth, are not debatable propositions. Death, more chemical than physical, a mere musical ripple upon the ocean of life, and neither a spasmodic educator or saviour, there necessarily must be educated and uneducated, good and evil spirits, in the summer and winter lands of the future—the higher and lower conditions of the Hereafter, so constantly peopled from this earth. And yet, they all constitute a banded brotherhood and sisterhood of interests, and are the subjects of eternal progression.

Admitting an intercommunion between this and the spirit-world—a conscious presence of spiritual beings, and minds influencing minds, as among the facts connected with the Spiritual Philosophy, it is as natural as evident that all classes of spirits may, under conditions adapted to their magnetic and spiritual states, impress, inspire, entrance, and at times partially and then again completely control mortals. Proofs upon this point are numberless. The higher operating influences are usually denominated entrancements and inspirations; the lower, possessions and obsessions.

THE VOICE OF HISTORY.

There is no dead past. All life is perennial, eternal. God lived, spoke through all the infinite past, and that past flowed into and shaped the present, as the present will mold the future. Those egotists who would ignore the wealth treasured in the tomes of the old historic ages, would pull the beards of their fathers and spit on the graves of their grandparents, because, forsooth, they happened to have been born before them. In old speculative India, when the Vedas were casting their spiritual bloom more than six thousand and six hundred years since, according to a celebrated European scholar mentioned by Godfrey Higgins; in mystic Egypt, ere the annual rains of many thousand decades had rusted the glittering hieroglyphs upon her pyramids; in sunny Syria, birth-place of the Old and New Testaments; among the profound Magi of Persia, and the star-gazers of Chaldea; in classic Greece and proud, opulent Rome; among the stern Scandinavians, the sabled sons of Africa and the wild Indians of North America, we have the same chain of testimony, the same willing and unwilling witnesses to the existence and power of demoniacal obsessions.

DEFINITIONS—OBSESSION.

Obsession is from the Latin *obsessio*—besieging; the state of a person vexed or besieged by evil spirits—i. e., lower orders of spiritual beings.

Necromancy is from the Greek, *nekros*, a corpse, and *manteia*, divination, implying the method of foreknowing future events by calling upon the dead and questioning them. Dr. Brown says the Israelites brought the practice with them from Egypt. Moses condemned consulting media—those with "familiar spirits"; but he certainly would not have legislated against and condemned what did not actually exist.

Devil and demon should never be confounded. They are not interchangeable terms.

The Greek term for devil is *diabolus*, and signifies slanderer, traducer, spy. The Orthodox Dr. Campbell says: "The word *diabolus*, in its ordinary acceptance, signifies calumniator, traducer, false accuser, from the verb *diaballo*, to calumniate. Hence we read in I Tim. iii: 11, 'Even so must their wives be grave, not slanderers (*diabolous*), sober, faithful in all things.' Here, the pious women of the early Christian Churches are exhorted not to be slanderers—literally, 'not to be devils.' Jesus says, John vi: 70, 'Have not I chosen you twelve? and one of you (Judas) is a devil.'"

DEMONS DEFINED.

Demon, in the Greek, is *daimon*, to know, a god, used like Theos and then of individual gods. It is defined and used by scholars, lexicographers and classical writers thus:

Jones—Demon, "the spirit of a dead man."

Cudworth—Demon, "a spirit, either angel or fiend."

Grote, the celebrated Grecian historian, declares that "demons and gods were considered the same in Greece."

Lucianus, a Greek writer, born at Samosata, in Syria, used *demon* in the sense of "departed souls."

Archbishop Whately says: "The heathen authors allude to possession by a demon (or by a God, for they employ the two words with little or no distinction) as a thing of no uncommon occurrence."

Alexander Campbell says:

"The demons of Paganism, Judaism and Christianity were spirits of dead men."

Euripides, (Hipp. v, 141) makes the chorus address Phedra:

"Oh young girl, a God (demon) possesses thee; it is either Pan, or Hecate, or the venerable Corymbantes or Cybele that agitates thee."

Dr. Campbell says:

"All Pagan antiquity affirms that from Titan and Saturn, the poetic progeny of Caelus and Terra, down to Esculapius, Proteus, and Minos, all their divinities were ghosts of dead men, and were so regarded by the most erudite of the Pagans themselves."

Dr. Lardner writes:

"The notion of demons, or the souls of the dead, having power over living men, was universally prevalent among the heathen of those times, and believed by many Christians."

Philo Judaeus writes, (we quote from Yonge's Translation,) referring to the departed and immortalized:

"Which those among the Greeks that studied philosophy call *heroes* and *demons*, and which Moses, giving them a more felicitous appellation, calls *angels*, acting, as they do, the part of ambassadors and messengers. Therefore if you look upon *souls*, and *demons*, and *angels*, as things differing indeed in name, but as meaning in reality one and the same thing, you will thus get rid of the heaviest of all difficulties, superstition. For the people speak of good demons and bad demons; so do they speak of good and bad souls."

Plato, speaking of a certain class of demons, says:

"They are demons because prudent and learned. Hence, points say when a good man shall have reached his end, he receives a mighty destiny and honor, and becomes a demon according to the appellation of prudence."

Hesiod, in his "Works and Days," has these lines:

"But when concealed had destiny this race, Demons there were, called *holy* upon earth, Good, ill-aversers, and of man the guard; Holy demons by great Jove designed."

Worcester, in his synonimes, says: "Demon is sometimes used in a good sense; as, 'The demon of Socrates, or the demon of Tasso'—and then, to illustrate, quotes from that fine author, Addison: 'My good demon, who sat at my right hand during the course of this whole vision.' &c."

That learned sage, Cardan, honored with the friendship of Gregory XIII, says:

"No man was ever great in any art or action, that did not have a demon to aid him."

Ralph Waldo Emerson writes:

"Close, close about our heads The potent plain of the *demon* spreads; Stands to each human soul its own, For watch, and ward, and furtherance."

Sometimes the airy Synod bends, And the mighty choir descends, And the brains of Men thenceforth Teem with unaccustomed thoughts."

Demons, then, in the general and best acceptance of the term, signify the spirits of departed human beings, with little or no reference to their moral condition. Accordingly, Cudworth defined demon, "angel or fiend." The Orthodox, who believe in a semi-omnipotent devil—sectarists, the superstitious and ignorant, consider all demons "evil spirits"—that is, irredeemable, fallen angels.

Some of the older classic Grecians, Egyptian Jews, most German rationalists, and not a few Universalists, who theorize outside of facts, and the recently well established principles of psychology science, regard "demons," all the spiritual beings of the spirit-world, as perfect and holy. The truth lies between these extremes. Demons are simply the immortalized men of the other life—spirits occupying various planes or mansions in that "house not made with hands"—the temple of the Eternal.

ANCIENT HISTORIC REFERENCES.

The roots, the first principles of religion, such as an intuition of God; a sense of human dependence; confidence in a Divine government; distinction between human actions, good and evil; belief in immortality; the guardian care and diverse influences of spiritual beings, are among the radical elements of all religions. All enlightened nations have transferred to and preserved some or all of these dogmas in their records. Others have retained them through tradition. In those marvelous books, the Vedas, we get near to that distant source of religious thought and culture which has fed the different national streams of Egypt, Syria, Persia, Greece and Rome; besides making such an impression upon the minds of the old Christian fathers as to induce St. Augustine to startle even his admirers by saying:

"What is now called the Christian religion has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race until Christ came in the flesh, from which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian."

The Vedas, Puranas and Upanishads, abound in references to the *Devatas* and *Soors*—good angels and subordinate celestial beings; and to the *Devas*, *Asors* and *Danoos*—evil spirits. And the method of destroying their influences. Upanish says this "doctrine of demons, in full force to-day in the island of Ceylon, is older than Buddhism. Gotama found it when he there made his appearance, 510 B. C. (Ant. Res. viii, 631.)"

J. C. Gangooly, a young Brahminical priest, visiting this country a few years since to study its customs, said in substance to Rev. W. A. Baldwin, a friend of ours, that the spiritual phenomena was nothing new to him; adding, that among the Hindus it was old as their national history. He further assured Mr. Baldwin of the existence of a class of seers in his country who lived by the profession of clairvoyance; and that those remarkably gifted with this spirit power not only healed the sick much after the manner of Jesus Christ, but cast out demons. He then described their psychologic method of casting out these demons, declaring he had often been an eye-witness thereof.

The Chaldean philosophy, with whom at Baby-

lon the Jews had so much to do, has an elaborately constructed system relative to the obsessional powers of demons. Speaking of the devices they employ to carry out their arts and selfish schemes, Pausanias, quoting from Maroue, of Mesopotamia, says:

"They effect these things not as having dominion over us, and carrying us as their slaves whither they please, but by suggestion; for applying themselves to the spirit which is within us, they themselves being spirits also, they instill discourses of affections and pleasures, not by voice verberating the air, but by whisper insinuating their discourse."

If the insinuating demon be one of the subterranean kind, he distorteth the possessed person and speaketh by him, making use of his lingual organs to convey his ideas. • • • Others stop the voice, and make the possessed person in all respects like one that is dead."

No one can fail to see the resemblance between these paragraphs and the language of the New Testament. Take an instance from the gospels:

"And one of the multitude said: Master, I have brought unto thee my son, which hath a dumb spirit; and whosoever he taketh him he tearth him; and he foameth and gnasheth with his teeth, and pincheth away. And the spirit cried and rent him sore and came out of him; and he was as one dead; insomuch that many said, He is dead."

The learned Marcus, writing of another kind of demon—undeveloped spirit—says:

"And because it is irrational, void of all intellectual contemplation, and is guided by irrational phantasies, it stands not in awe of menaces, and for that reason most persons apply call it dumb and deaf, nor can they who are possessed with it by any other means be freed from it, but by the divine favor obtained by fasting and prayer."

See a similar account in the ninth chapter of Mark, where a Jew brought his son to Jesus, possessed with a dumb spirit:

"And Jesus asked his Father, How long is it since this came unto him? And he said, Of a child. • • • If thou canst do anything, have compassion on us and help us."

Jesus said unto him, If thou canst, believe; all things are possible to him that believeth. And straightway the father of the child cried out and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

When Jesus saw the people come running together, he rebuked the foul spirit, saying unto him, Thou deaf and dumb spirit, I charge thee come out of him and enter no more into him. And the spirit cried and rent him sore and came out of him, and he was as one dead. But Jesus took him by the hand and lifted him up, and he arose."

Then Jesus said to the disciples, This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting."

Aware that these demoniacal possessions of the New Testament have been the subject of much discussion by the learned for the past hundred years and more, we comment upon the matter in no dogmatic spirit. The ancient fathers, however, several Neo-Platonic writers of eminence, and the most distinguished commentators, with great unanimity agree that these obsessions literally occurred. The possessor of carping "Rationalists," that these demons were nothing more than lunacy, epilepsy and sundry diseases, must seem to every sound thinker exceedingly weak and illogical; and for the following reasons:

I. These demoniacs of the gospel records and contemporary literature are represented as differing widely from more insane and epileptic individuals. In Matt. iv: 24, the Greek terms show this contrast in a marked manner. See also Luke iv: 33-36. And verse 41, as compared with the 40th, presents the contrast still more direct. Dr. Clarke, commenting upon the 24th verse of the 4th of Matt., says, "Possessed with devils—demoniacs. Persons possessed by evil spirits. This is certainly the plain, obvious meaning of demoniac in the Gospels." (Com., Vol. V, p. 62.)

II. If demons were simply natural, physical diseases, was it not a matter of the highest importance that Jesus should have undeceived his contemporaries, Jews and Greeks, upon this vital point, thus correcting the erroneous and pernicious philosophy of the age? But he did not in a single instance. To say, as some have, he accommodated himself to the prevailing notions of the times, is simply to say, in the language of another, "He who came to bear witness to the truth, accommodated himself to a lie." Suppose we were to substitute diseases for demons in the scriptural accounts. Take, as an illustration, Mark xvi: 9, reading, "Now when Jesus was risen, • • • he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils"—*daimonia*, demons. Who, with any scholarly reputation at stake, would assume the responsibility of giving us such a rendering and exegesis as the following: "Out of whom he had cast seven devils"—that is, seven diseases, lunacy, humbug, dyspepsia, rheumatism, colic, pneumonia and the measles!

III. These obsessing demons could not have been diseases and lunatics alone, because they conversed intelligently with Jesus, uttering propositions undeniably correct, and such as were happily adapted to the occasion. On the other hand, Jesus addressed these demons—spirits—as thinking, conscious individuals, and commanded them, as beings distinct from the obsessed or psychologized parties, to leave. The Rev. Dr. Wolff, who labored so long as a missionary in Asia, informs us, in his "Life and Travels," that obsession is common to this day in the East. He relates several cases that came under his own observation.

In a late English paper's selections from a periodical printed in India, we find the following:

"The Carnatic (India) Telegraph says: 'Casting out devils in India is extensively practiced by the natives, but there is much difficulty to get to the truth. We were present a few weeks ago at an exercise of exorcism. The possessed was a girl of about sixteen, hale and hearty in appearance, and with a very good looking, as is the expression applied to native women. She was much excited as she accompanied, or rather preceded, the exorcist, and broke out occasionally into singing and dancing with an energy and manner which showed that she had no self-control. The party which went with her stopped at a tree on the way, when the exorcist desired her to halt. His command instantly brought her prostrate before him, and she rolled on the ground in violent

contortions. He then said to the obsessing demon, "DEPART!"

The girl seemed now weak and exhausted, and could hardly walk forward with a steady pace. She was held by one of the male assistants of the priest, and conducted to a tank where she was bathed, somewhat like our Baptist sisters, in her clothes, and came out of her own accord, hardly yet in her right mind. Her exorcist demanded of her to tell him her demoniac name. She sharply turned upon him, and with a scream uttered her name. He then inquired how many devils had possessed her, to which she replied five.

In the writings of the early Church Fathers, Ignatius, Clement, Origen, Basil, Gregory of Nyssa, Chrysostom, Ambrose, Augustine, &c., are frequent references to ecstasies, visions, spiritual gifts and demoniacal obsessions.

Judge Edmonds, in his "Spiritualism as Demonstrated from Ancient and Modern History," says: "Jesus of Nazareth, the founder of the Christian religion, found this belief in devils (demons) fast rooted in the Jewish faith at his advent to earth. It had not its origin with him. He found it there, and recognized it as a truth."

Neo-Platonism was founded by Ammonius Saccas. The Neo-Platonist authors, Plotinus, Porphyry, Iamblichus, Proclus and others, as well as the Pythagorean writers, abound in occasional accounts of *theurgy*, celestial magic, spiritual agencies and wicked demoniac influences. Plotinus speaks of "demons, mostly invisible, ruling the air." Porphyry, dwelling largely "upon the folly of invoking the gods in making bargains, marriages and such like trifles," strenuously condemned the lower phases of soothsaying and divination, as tending to obsession. Iamblichus, the Neoplatonist who passed to spirit-life in the reign of Constantine the Great, wrote largely of the Indian, Egyptian mysteries, enchantments, demons, and their power to influence and obsess mortals.

In brief, the archives of the ages, the history of all nations, are fruitful in facts proving the truth of obsessions; and the psychological facts of the present century corroborate the general facts of the past upon this subject. As sea-waves go and come, so civilizations and mental tendencies; even, move in cycles.

"The new is old, the old is new,"

The cycle of a change sublime

Still sweeping through."—WHITTIER.

Who is not acquainted with the writings of the great German poet and author, Justus Kerner, the celebrated Zurich professor?

Strauss, in one of his friendly papers when making the *amende honorable* to Kerner for his severe criticism upon the "Seeress of Prevorst," gives the following agreeable description of life beneath Kerner's roof:

"A more beautiful or refined hospitality it would be difficult to encounter in any dwelling. Amongst the numerous strangers who each year visit Kerner's home, there is not one whose peculiarities are not recognized and to whom special attention is not paid. No wonder is it that here persons tormented by evil spirits seek aid and healing! The good spirit must infallibly drive away the evil demons. An Angel of Peace appears to brood over this household. A sense of order, of quiet gaiety and benevolence is seen to beam from all countenances, is felt in all that is beheld and heard."

William Howitt, the eminent English author, of whom a recent American tourist in Europe writes: "Though he has passed the three score and ten years usually allotted to man, remains vigorous, hale and healthy as a lad of twenty," prepared a very able paper awhile since for the *London Spiritual Magazine*, relating to "John Darrel, the Exorcist," spiritual influences, demoniacal possessions, &c. Near the commencement of his carefully prepared article he says:

"The complacency with which men of science, of philosophy, of literature, regard themselves and their illumination in this respect, is, as I have said, an amusing spectacle to all; and there are now very large numbers, who are become aware by the outcroppings on the surface of society of a hidden and sinister fact, that so far from being outlived and dispersed the Dark Ages, as it regards everything relating to the grand science of psychology and the true light of the spiritual side of the world, and the whole body and compass of the next, the so-called Dark Ages were in reality the Light Ages of Spiritual Knowledge; and of pneumatic and theological knowledge. Take, for instance, such a book as Dr. Culworth's 'Intellectual System of the Universe.'"

In this paper, Dr. Harneist assures us that "Miss Margaret's demon was as great an adept in millinery as Master John's in divinity." To which Mr. Howitt adds of her and others:

"The fact of the dexterity and ability of persons during these trances, so superior to anything they were capable of in their normal condition, seems to have made as little impression on the skeptics of that age as of this. One would think that so curious and constantly recurring a phenomenon, would immediately have arrested the attention and excited the inquiry of every man of sense, not to say of science; the superstition of skepticism, the rule of knowledge, is the most solid of all superstitions."

Four of the devils (demons) who possessed these children, we are told, were admirable dancers, one whistled melodiously, and two, who possessed the youngest girls, talked Latin. Here again, how comes it that men who thought themselves capable of observation, did not wonder how young girls could talk Latin? Mr. Starkie, however, determined to try what power there was in exorcism. Dressed in a suit for and acted by two other ministers, More and Dickson, after several hours of prayer, the fits of the children began to abate—a voice from one of them crying, "I must go! I must go! I cannot stay! The place is too hot to hold me!" and the expulsion was effected. It is stated that for several weeks there were zealous efforts on the part of the demons to get back again; and that they succeeded for a time with one of them, but finally the cure in all was complete.

"It is hard," says Dr. Cooke Taylor, "to discover where enthusiasm ends and imposture begins—or, rather, both are so closely intertwined in most great fanatics, that it would not be fair to accuse Darrel of being wholly an unbeliever in his own exploits." Certainly, very hard indeed, and after what we have seen ourselves, would be very stupid. It is still harder to discover how education can so completely beat men in general, that they no longer can tell the difference between what is possible and impossible to human beings in a normal condition. When people can sing, preach, talk languages that they never learned, and perform actions that are actually impossible to them in their ordinary state, the most incredible of all things is, that men of education, and especially scientific men, do not at once see that there is something in these cases which in the interest of science and of truth generally deserves looking curiously into. To go on witnessing such things, wondering at them, and then, half believing them, and then relapsing into the usual imbecility of talking of imposture, fanaticism, hallucination, superstition and the like, is a condition of mind so disgraceful, that we know of nothing more pitiable. Splendid as are the modern trances of science, they never can reach their full glory till they link themselves on to that infinite and immortal world, where they shall develop themselves forever and forever, furnishing to the noblest and mightiest faculties of the human soul the food and action of an eternal felicity."

The above naturally suggests the propriety of relating some of the circumstances attending a case of obsession that recently came under our own eyes. William White, Rev. J. O. Barrett, A. E. Giles, Esq., A. E. Carpenter, and others, were witnesses of the same.

A few weeks since there came to Boston a sad yet fine appearing lady, Mrs. —, from —, a medium, and a graduate from a Medical Institution, having in charge her obsessed sister. Invited, urged, we visited them at their boarding house. Deeply were our sympathies enlisted. It was a clear case of disorderly mediumship, or low con-

trolling powers, in connection with debilitated health and a mental unbalance of the nervous system. The aural or electric emanations surrounding her seemed, to the clairvoyant eye, dull, hazy and heavy as fog. The psychologizing influences evinced a determination to accomplish certain purposes. These they were not backward in telling. At times they would give fine tests, then dance, fight, swear, sing, preach, laugh, cause violent contortions, foaming at the mouth, then cause test communications to be written out, and clothing to be burned.

Though sad and sickening, it afforded us a valuable lesson in the line of psychologic investigation. Speculative theories concerning such phenomena are of little more value than senseless echoes from hollow caverns.

It ought to be stated here that the mother of these women has been clairvoyantly gifted for some thirty years, and that this obsessed daughter has recently, through calm, elevating influences and wise magnetic treatment, been completely relieved.

Under date of June 13th she wrote us:

"I am advised by Dr. B. — to remain where I am at present, rather than return home, lest mental trouble in connection with old associations, cause a return of the obsession. This obsession, admitted to be such by Dr. B. —, seems, for the time being, entirely done away with. To be sure, I see spirits plainly as ever. Last night the spirit-form and face of my dear father bent over me, waking me from a partial slumber; but I have no more manifestations, except a little writing by impression and drawing symbols."

Why was she thus obsessed? Is the inquiry. Why was the wounded soldier in Russia attacked by wolves? The fatigue and the wounds offered the condition for the attack; so physical disease, involving the nervous system, mental inharmonies, and unbalanced brain-conditions, afford the inviting requisites for obsession—that is, for strong psychologic, and also for a general mingling of controlling influences from selfish, scheming, undeveloped spirits.

Before us lies, in written manuscript, a very interesting account of an obsession in New York of thirteen years' standing, from the pen of Dr. A. S. Hayward, Boston. The party is a young woman. The family—highly respectable—had spent quite a little fortune consulting several eminent physicians, and with results similar to the one mentioned in the Evangelists—"She suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." Friend Hayward, high-purposed, aspirational in nature, and himself influenced by a circle of powerful harmonizing magnetic spirits, has proven himself (as have Dr. A. P. Pierce, Dr. E. C. Dunn, and others,) very efficient in treating these cases. It seems a specialty with him. In this document before referred to, after expressing the opinion that "Three-fourths of those considered insane are only under more or less control from disorderly, ill-adapted or evil spirits, and curable by displacing these influences and substituting those higher and better," he adds: "I could not believe in Spiritualism unless I believed in both good and evil spirits, and controls from the spirit-world of all grades, some vexing and obsessional, others uplifting and inspirationally exalting."

It will be remembered that the famous physician, and English physician, Dr. Garth Wilkinson, published an able pamphlet a few years since upon this subject, asking such of the medical fraternity especially as were connected with Lunatic Asylums to recognize in Spiritualism—in magnetism and spiritualistic treatment—the surest remedies for restoring the insane and the obsessed, (so-called insane) to sanity and a healthy organic balance.

While yet in the clerical ranks one of our ministering brethren, an excellent man, became a medium. He fought the controlling influences, each gaining the mastery by turns. These spirits, exceedingly positive, would wrench tools from his hands, touch the Bible not very tenderly, and dashing from his hands utensils of labor, books and pamphlets, bid him "Go forth," and do his missioned work. Taken to the Lunatic Asylum, Utica, N. Y., he was, through ignorance, basely treated. When released, he came directly to our house, in Oswego, N. Y., and though called sane he was still a medium, negative, and thus necessarily open to all sorts of psychologic influences from mortals and immortals—a clear case of obsession. During one day of his stay, being entranced, he gave some fine communications; then suddenly seized by another influence, he stamped his feet, gnashed his teeth, foamed at the mouth, and seizing Mrs. Peebles, lifted her into the air by the head, saying it was symbolic of "woman's elevation." A very large majority of the subjects of obsessions coming within the range of our observation, or hearing even, were religionists, churchmen or clergymen.

IS IT NOT DANGEROUS?

If uncultured evil spirits vex and obsess media, under certain conditions, is not Spiritualism dangerous? Yes, dangerous as the sunbath, that, falling alike on flowers and weeds, the just and the unjust, produces an occasional sun-stroke; dangerous as the spring rains, that sweep away old rickety bridges; dangerous as steamers, that now and then send bodies down to find graves under green sea-weeds; dangerous as mining, railroad, telegraphing. Shall we therefore dispense with them? Shall none pursue geological pursuits because Hugh Miller committed suicide? Brains are apt to abound where berries grow, and all blessings are subject to abuses. It is one of the offices of guardian angels to protect their mediums from the inharmonious magnetisms of unwise, perverse spirits; and the psychologic attractions of depraved mortals.

HOW TO AVOID THEM.

Obsession being adverse, inauspicious psychologic influences, cast upon the organisms—the thoughts and feelings of individuals by such spirits as are necessitated in accordance with the immutable laws of compensation to range for a season the lower plains of spirit existence, the preventive lies in good health, good nature and a true life—in the cultivation of broad, loving, aspirational aims—a firmness of moral principle—a determined purpose to do, dare, live the right—a calm trust in the overshadowing presence of the Infinite, and the holy watch-care of those beautiful angels that delight to do the will of heaven. Ill-health, nervous affections, dejection, despair, suspicion, jealousies, expose the subject to obsessions, or they offer suitable conditions for demons inclined to fun, mischief or base schemings, to carry out their selfish plans. Truth attracts the true, wisdom the wise, love the lovely, charity the charitable, and purity the pure of all worlds.

THE REMEDY.

Kindness and firmness, aspiration and self-reliance, pleasant physical, social and mental surroundings, with gentle, harmonizing, magnetic influences from circles of spirit-electricians through noble, pure-minded media—these are the remedies. Speak to the obsessing powers as men, brothers, friends; reason with them as members of a common Father's family, and at the same time demagnetizing the subject, bring a healthier, purer magnetism, and calmer, higher and more

elevating influences to the patient's relief. Jesus's wonderful power consisted in this: He was the child of love; sweet in his nature; harmonious in organization; intuitive and inspirational; consecrated and attended by a "legion of angels"; all of which peculiarly fitted him to "cast out demons"—that is, to discover by will-power, voice and touch, aided by his angels, the magnetic relations woven by low spirits around the unfortunate media of his time. He "cast seven demons" out of Mary Magdalene, says the record; that is, he discovered the electric chains, or demagnetizing, dissipated the aural emanations thrown about this woman, thus destroying the sympathetic relations and psychologic influences thrust upon and into the very tissues of her being by those seven demons—spirits. Those who lack in organic balance and symmetry of mental expression, being negative, and hence sensitive and psychologically mediumistic, are the more often subjects of disorderly control, during the changes incident to development. Such excite our sympathy. We would brush away every tear—relieve them of every thorn-thrust. And yet in no possible way would we convey the thought of their non-responsibility. All mortals, as conscious reasoning beings, are the subjects of individual responsibility. Of those most gifted, the more is required. It is enough to make good men sad and angels weep to see the efforts in given directions, to fasten all mediumistic shortcomings on to the spirits; thus virtually making the spirit-world a scape-goat for all the ills of this. Influence is not absolute control.

Socrates, the Grecian Spiritualist, and Jesus, the most eminent Spiritualist of Judean growth, put forth every possible power to perfect themselves in the highest knowledge and freshest mental philosophy of their time. And these millions of American Spiritualists, when more critically studying the principles of life, the necessity of temperamental adaptation, the potency of psychologic force, the attractive and repellent relations of mind to mind, (whether in or out of human bodies,) and the special conditions as well as the general laws connected with and governing mediumship, will see the indispensability of investigating and comprehending science, the importance of system, order, purity of purpose, consecration to the best work of the age, and of living lives so beautiful and heavenly, that angels will delight to daily put our hands into the shining palms of theirs, and lead us up on to mountains of hourly transfiguration.

(Original.)

"THE PICTURE."

BY ACHSA W. SPRAGUE, THROUGH CORA L. V. DANIELS, MEDIUM.

'Tis but the pale shadow of beauty you see,
Unveiled to your mortal vision,
The image of one whose rare loveliness blooms
In the radiant regions elysian,
The form of your darling, your Mary.

Pictured with an art the great Master might boast,
Though rounded and lovely each feature,
Yet 'tis but the shadow of her you loved most,
Your fond child, your heavenly teacher,
Your daughter, your darling, your Mary.

See now where she stands in the radiant light,
Which her heavenly goodness discloses,
The wreath of rare blossoms, her thoughts snowy
white,
And her lips, like her heart, full of roses,
Like the heart of your darling, your Mary.

With lilies of purity on her fair breast,
And her eyes like the stars in their splendor,
Yet soft in their love as the glances which rest
In the eyes of the white dove so tender,
The deep eyes of your darling, your Mary.

Though 'tis many a year since they bore her
away,
To repose in the earth with its flowers,
She has guided and guarded your spirit each day,
In your brightest and bitterest hours,
She has led you, your darling, your Mary.

When dark sorrow enshrouded your heart in its
pall,
And your soul vainly strove to recover,
Her spirit with swift thought did answer your
call,
And did mantle your sad spirit over
With the love of your darling, your Mary.

When over your spirit the tide of deep wrong
Was hurled by the world's bitter scolding,
Her voice bade thee ever look up and be strong,
Her hand guided thee to the morning,
The white hand of your darling, your Mary.

And when love's bright chalice, as pressed to your
lips,
Proved a poison which blackened your spirit,
She brought you the nectar that she ever sips
From the fountains which all may inherit,
The pure love of your darling, your Mary.

With pitying eyes, and a soul full of love,
She has borne you away from each sorrow,
And has lured you by powers which rarely can
move,
That no conqueror ever can borrow,
The sweet truth of your darling, your Mary.

Never more in dark sadness and woe shall thy
soul
Lose its wonderful boon of her presence,
For already thou seest the heavenly goal,
And your pathway is filled with its pleasure—
With the smile of your darling, your Mary.

Around thee carelessly shall her thoughts play,
Her fair arms thy being entwining,
And the light of her love, like the dawning of day,
Shall allure thee from ever repining—
The rare love of your darling, your Mary.

And when at the last thy earth being is o'er,
As the Day-God sinks down in his splendor,
And above the rich purple of twilight's dim door
One bright star flings its radiance tender,
Like the eyes of your darling, your Mary,

Her bright soul will wait at the sunset of death,
To conduct you across the dim river,
And the waters which quench there the frail mortal
breath,
Shall enkindle thy day-light forever,
Like the soul of your darling, your Mary.

'Tis but the dim shadow of beauty you see;
But 'tis given to bring her love nearer,
Your thoughts through that image can inwardly
see
The rare beauty which then will be dearer,
When you clasp her, your darling, your Mary.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 8, 1868.

During the last year the Irish in this country sent home the sum of two million seven hundred thousand dollars to their relations. Of this sum more than a million dollars was in prepaid passage orders. During the last twenty years more than seventy million dollars have been transmitted to relatives in Ireland of emigrants.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address, No. 10 West 24th street, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearth, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LIONEL HUNT.)

(Original.)

MINNIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR AUNTIE—How I wish I could sit down by your side, and while holding your hand ask you a great many questions that now puzzle me very much. I told you about our visit to the Five Points Mission House, and how I came away feeling distressed and out of patience. I suppose that Mr. Ames thought he would amuse and divert me, so on the way home he stopped at a house on Fifth Avenue. Oh, auntie, why don't everybody live in such houses? I never imagined anything so elegant. We walked on velvet carpets, and sat on chairs that made me think of those knolls of moss in the meadow. But I can't describe the furniture, but want to tell you of the flowers and hanging vases. There was a room, they call it a conservatory, with flowers of all kinds in bloom, and looking into it from the parlor, seemed to me like looking into heaven. I could almost see the angels.

Then there was a library filled with books, and a room with pictures, some of which cost hundreds of dollars. I believe there was everything beautiful that could be thought of. It seemed to me that if I could live in such a place I should be as good as an angel all the time.

But after I went home I did not think so much about the beautiful things as I did of the difference between the two places that I had seen that day. Now, auntie, do you believe that the Father in heaven is acquainted with those two places and the people in them? If he is, why does he let two people live alone in that elegant place, and crowd all those poor ones together down at Five Points? I've asked myself until I am tired, and can't get any answer.

From your loving MINNIE.

It seems very queer to me, auntie, but Mr. Ames seems to know just what one is thinking about, and he understood all I had to say before I spoke it, I am sure, for he began talking to me, and asked me which I liked the best, a clover blossom or a tulip, a buttercup or a garden lily. I said I believed I felt happier among the clover blossoms out in the orchard, than I did in the garden with the tulips, but of course the tulips were the most elegant.

"But if you were the sun," said he, "would you just as soon shine on the clover blossoms?"

"Of course I would," said I. "I think I'd like shining in the orchard full as well as in the garden."

"And if you were the rain," said he, "you would not mind falling on the clover blossoms if they did happen to grow beside a stone wall, or by the hedge-ways?"

"Oh dear, no!" said I, "it would be fun to brighten up their leaves, and trickle down their stems; and I like a great grey stone."

"Well!" said Mr. Ames, "if you feel glad to visit all humble things, and to bless lowly ones, don't you think the Infinite Father must feel just as glad in giving his love to the Five Points as the Fifth Avenue?"

I said, "But he don't, that's all."

"Let us see," he said, "We are all living for a purpose, the rich as well as the poor. It is not to gain the things of this world that we are living here; if it was, I am sure so many would not be so disappointed as soon as they get them. I suppose you thought those people in that elegant house must be the happiest people in the world, but I can assure you, although they are quite good and amiable, they are very far from happy."

"I think it is so strange," I said; "I feel pretty sure that I should be happy if I lived there."

"I will tell you a story," he said, "a very true one, and then you will understand perhaps that a father's love is like the sunlight and the rain; it gives us all blessings and all trials."

I went one day into that elegant mansion when it was first purchased. There were three lovely children there, and the father said, "See, is not this a nice home? will not our children grow good and beautiful in it?" And I looked about and thought what he thought.

In a few weeks I was there again and two of the children were very ill, and in a few days they died. All the beauty and richness could not keep them an hour. I could see, then, that the splendor of the house had lost much of its charm.

But one girl remained, as lovely a child as I ever saw. Her form was grace itself, and her face full of a beautiful intelligence. But an insidious disease attacked her and she became a hopeless cripple. The light faded from her countenance, and her form only showed deformity and disease.

It was then that they added every beautiful thing to their possessions to coax her back to health. They built that conservatory and filled it with the choicest flowers, that she might forget her pain in looking at them. Every picture that could interest her was bought. But her spirit found no joy in them. She used to say, "Oh, papa, why do you coax me to love these things? I want to go away from them all; they tire me." I suppose there is not a beautiful thing in that house but has some thought of her suffering about it.

After years of wearisome pain she had a sweet release, and those two were left alone. You see what they wanted most their money could not buy, and all the splendor could not keep the treasure of their hearts. They would give all that mansion contains to have with them one of their darlings.

One day I was walking through one of the streets where I went yesterday, and I was attracted by a happy, smiling face looking at me from one of the windows. I knew I should not be considered an intruder there, and so I went in. You never saw a more destitute, cheerless room, and into it were crowded a man and wife and four children. He had but one leg, and worked what he could at shoe-making; but he was a clumsy hand at it. The mother sewed on shirts, at twenty cents for the making of one. They could just pay for this one room and get enough to eat. But they were so happy in each other that their room seemed four times as large as it was. They shared every pleasure with each other, and forgot their troubles. Everything looked so poor and so homely that it seemed as if there could be nothing but misery.

"Now, George," said the little girl, "you go and get me those bits of leather, and I'll make you a little ball. Oh, just such a nice little ball as they have in the store."

"Will you?" then I'll go and pick up all the pieces, and not cry a bit when I get hungry."

"Talk about hungry! haven't we got plenty of cold potatoes and a whole dish full of salt?"

"But I was thinking about gingerbread. I'm hungry for gingerbread."

"Oh, fudge for gingerbread! it makes your teeth all rotten?"

"Does it?" then I wish I was old and had n't any teeth."

I sat for as much as an hour, making excuses for not going that I might hear such conversation as that. The mother didn't seem to think she worked for nothing, as long as she could get enough to eat for her little ones, and the father laughed over his clumsy stitches and wished he was more nimble.

Now do you see, Minnie, that the joys of life cannot be measured by any good things we possess, such as houses and lands, books and pictures? That family had troubles enough to make you and I miserable, for they told me that they often went hungry the day they paid their rent, but they had beautiful experiences together.

The troubles of this world must be measured by something besides our outward comforts. If we have hearts and minds glad and happy in what joys we possess, we shall be rich anywhere. I have seen a young girl fret more over a ruffle that was not ironed to suit her, than another who had not a patch large enough to cover the rent in her dress.

We are living in this world to get growth for our spirits. We want a knowledge of men and things, and of everything that it is possible to know. We want to feel a great deal, and to feel we must suffer some.

I will tell you another short story, to make this seem plainer.

There was once a school opened, and a fine noble teacher was placed at the head of it, and all the parents were compelled by law to send their children to it. One mother came in, holding two beautiful children by the hand, and looked at the teacher. She thought he had a stern face, but there was a kindly and wise look in his eyes, so she led her little ones up to him, and said, "I want my children to be taught the most wisdom that is possible; so please don't excuse them for trifles, but teach them with decision, and let them learn to be patient."

"I will remember," said the teacher.

Another mother entered with her little ones, and she went to the teacher. "I love my children dearly, and I want that you should be very easy with them. They must have a good time, whether they learn anything or not. I suppose I must bring them here, but be sure and not insist on their learning if they do not wish it."

"I will remember," said the teacher.

Others came with similar instructions. The school proceeded, and in process of years the children graduated. But I need not tell you the result of their discipline. Those who were taught, of course were wise in knowledge, but those who would not learn were but fools. The world looked on and commended the good, patient, wise scholars, and gave them honors, but it turned with disgust from the ignorant, foolish ones who preferred a little pleasure to a great good.

Now tell me, Minnie, which of the pupils would you of your choice become? Think well before you reply."

"Why, of course I would rather know something. There would be no use of going to school if one did not wish to learn," I said.

"Just so," said Mr. Ames. "Well, this great, good schoolmaster is Experience. We all have to enter the school and receive some instruction. But if with an earnest desire we say to the powers that govern our lives, 'Teach me, at any rate,' then I assure you we shall all have experiences enough."

"But Mr. Ames, I don't see what that has to do with living at Five Points, or on Fifth Avenue," said I.

"It has to do with the great and infinite good that governs us all. We are all—rich and poor, lofty and humble—at school, and being taught by this great master, experience, and if we learn, it does not much matter where. What we want is to be taught according to our capacity. If you will look down into those humble homes you will find children being taught beautiful lessons of self-denial; and if you could look into the palaces on Fifth Avenue, you would find people being taught by the trials of their lives. There is no doubt but we shall all know enough of trouble if we are worth anything, that is, if we have active minds and affectionate hearts. It is the cold and heartless that do not feel or care. So, my Minnie, do not envy the rich, or pity the poor for their poverty, but pity those poor in experience and who gain so little from this world by living in it."

Just as Mr. Ames had finished, Agnes came in. She looked lovely as she entered, but a scowl came over her face as she said, "I thought you were out trying to match that ribbon."

"Oh," he said, "I was trying to match Fifth Avenue and Fifth Points. But I will go now."

"I will not trouble you," she said, and went out of the room with a great flourish of her trailing dress, and she looked really lovely. He followed her, and I ran up stairs to write to you.

Now, you see, auntie, I remember what he said, because I had been thinking about the same things. I wish Agnes had heard him. I am sure she would not have cared for the ribbon.

I hope you will save some seeds of the Nasturtium that I forgot to gather; and will you tell me if the prairie rose has lost all its leaves? I suppose it is cold and frosty with you, but here it is like spring. Mrs. Van Nyke took me to the Park yesterday, but I can't tell you all I saw. I am so glad you let me come on this visit. I think the schoolmaster, experience, must have suggested it to you. This is from your

MINNIE.

Grove Meeting in Summer, Me.

July 4th and 5th, the Spiritualists of Summer, Hartford and Buckfield held a grove meeting at the former place, on the estate of Capt. Lewis Blake, one of the noblest of our glorious philosophy in this section. The first day (July 4th), long before the hour of the morning meeting, friends from all the surrounding towns came pouring in, until nearly a thousand people had assembled beneath the inviting shade of the old and old oaks—God's temple, with its overarching dome of blue and enamel carpet of green, most fit and appropriate place for such a gathering, where thought flows free and untrammelled as the winds rustling through the leaves and swaying boughs of these forest alders.

At ten o'clock the meeting was called to order, and after singing by the choir, Mrs. A. W. Smith, of Portland, (inspirational speaker), occupied the platform, giving an instructive and interesting discourse on the nature and character of God as understood by the Church and as revealed by Spiritualism. At its close, and after an intermission of two hours, the people again assembled, and listened to a fine discourse from Mrs. Haskell, of Auburn, (trance speaker). Her subject was, "Martin Luther, and the progress of free thought since his day." Miss Leavitt (a new speaker), from the town of Green, then gave a short address, and improvised a poem called "Independence Day." The meeting was then adjourned to the next morning at ten o'clock.

Sunday morning, July 5th, large numbers again filled the seats, and the forenoon was occupied with a general interchange of thought, interspersed with singing, reading of poems, and addresses from the spirit-world through the organisms of Mr. Young, of Hartford, and Mr. Glover, of Sumner, two very promising speakers, who are destined to do much good in this region.

In the afternoon Mrs. Smith again took the stand, and held the large audience in the closest attention for an hour, on the subject, "What is Spiritualism? Its influences in the present, and its mission in the future." Mrs. Haskell again addressed the audience for a brief space, when Capt. Blake, the Chairman, closed the session by a few appropriate remarks from the fullness of his soul.

The whole proceedings were characterized by the utmost harmony and order, and it was an occasion long to be remembered by all, and we felt that it was well that the Spiritualists are all so alive to the cause in this portion of our State, and we found men of the first intelligence engaged in the work.

At the same time that reason is active and carefully discerning

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.
while in an abnormal condition of mind. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress into a higher condition.
The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine but forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

Our Free Circles—Vacation.

The free circles held at this office will be discontinued during July and August, but will be resumed again the first Monday in September.

Invocation.

Oh Holy Spirit, oh Divine Life, whose purposes our souls cannot fathom, whose infinitude we cannot measure, thou who art from everlasting to everlasting, we would be at thee from everlasting, shutting out the world of the external world, we would commune with thee, and in communing with thee we would learn what thou requirest of us, and how we shall best perform our duty toward thee, toward our fellows, and toward ourselves. Thou art marking out our lessons everywhere, and we seem to hear thy voice in Nature, telling us to press on, forever on; and yet we cannot understand thy power, only our own through thee. The hand-writing of thy power and thy love are everywhere in the spring-time with its glory, in the summer, in the autumn, in the winter. Thou dost write through Nature, that our souls may commune with thee. Oh thou Spirit Eternal, do thou this hour baptize us anew with the consciousness of thy presence. Let us have faith within our inner lives; let us understand that thou art here; let us hear thy voice to-day speaking more clearly to us than ever before; and when our dull senses fall, Oh Spirit Eternal, to recognize thy power, thy will, thy love, we know. We thank thee that thou hast called us into being. We thank thee that we have suffered in our earthly life. We thank thee that great waves of darkness rolled over us on earth. We thank thee that the way was long and sometimes very dreary. We thank thee, also, for the sunny spots, for the flowers, for dear friends. We thank thee for kind words and kind thoughts that came to us occasionally in our earthly life. But oh, most of all, we thank thee for thy shadows, for now in our renewed existence we can appreciate the joys of our spirit-home far better than had our earthly life been all sunny and joyous. And now, oh Lord, thou spirit who dost send ministering angels from every sphere of mind to manifest unto those who have need, oh grant that we may so understand our duty toward thy children in mortal that we shall never mistake the way. Oh grant that we may never fear to speak thy truths; grant that our instruments may be strong in thy golden truth, fasting to do that which thy own inner light raises objections unto. Oh grant that the mantle of purity, of holiness, may be folded so closely about them that they shall ever dwell in an atmosphere of love and beauty. Thou hast the down-trodden in thy keeping, and thou wilt upraise them. We know thy hand is extended in love and mercy unto them, and thy hand will reach them and strong arms will bear them up, and in their souls there shall be born a song of praise to thee, for they are redeemed. We know thou wilt finally overcome all darkness. We know thy truth will finally overcome all error, that the wickedness that is now abroad on the earth will finally give place to that which is good and holy and altogether righteous. We know that as the dark and poisonous plants of earthy life pass away, so dark thoughts must take their flight, and dark deeds will by-and-by find no place on the earth. Oh then may thy children look forward to the time when there shall be peace, when justice shall dwell here, when the Angel of Mercy shall fold his wings so close to every heart that all shall know that thou art near and able to save. Father, unto thee we commend the thoughts of these thy children. They are good, and we know that thou angels will bind them about the brows of those who have given them birth; and oh, grant that they may shine like jewels in the hereafter, leading them on, still on, giving them clearer perceptions of thee, for it is thou, their creator, thou that the soul learns of thee, its creator. Amen. March 30.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Now, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to consider whatever propositions you may have to offer.

Q.—I read in spirit literature that the material condition of the planets will eventually become spiritual. How can we reconcile that with the idea that matter is eternal?

A.—Did you ever pause to consider that spirit is but etherialized matter? There could be no expression of mind without matter in some form. Here it is in its crude. In the spirit-land it is more ethereal, but it is matter still. The unseen gases by which you are surrounded, are simply matter. Go wherever you will through spiritual universes, infinite, still you will find matter. Not the same class of matter that we have here, but it is matter, after all. It is an attenuation of that which you have here; in essence precisely the same.

Q.—Will not the condition that we see around us, the material, be at some time the future absorbed into the matter spirit whence they issued?

A.—All forms of matter that have an existence upon the face of this planet and all others are destined to change. They are slowly progressing, becoming etherialized, spiritualized. This article of furniture (the table) will change its form, but it will be matter, after all—the same identical, essential matter that it is to-day. The atmosphere holds within its embrace a representation of all forms of matter that you can come in contact with. You cannot see this etherialized representation, still it is there. Forms constantly change, but the essence, the life of forms, is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. This is its immortality.

Q.—You say that spiritual forms are matter? **A.**—Certainly they are.

Q.—Then how is it that they can pass through other matter, as, for instance, when a spirit enters a closed room? Why does not the matter more dense, oppose them?

A.—It certainly does oppose them.

Q.—But does not hinder their entrance? **A.**—No, because the spirit is always not only superior in point of beauty and excellence, but superior in point of power. I have a certain control over this crude matter because I am superior to it. As a disembodied spirit I can pass through the walls of this room, because I am superior to them. They are but servants, so to speak, to me. They offer a certain amount of resistance. So do the waves of the ocean; so does fire, but they are not impervious to spirit.

Q.—In passing through the waves of the ocean or through fire, there is a displacement of the particles of matter. When spiritual matter passes through a denser medium, is there also a displacement of the particles? **A.**—No, there is no need of it.

Q.—We call a spiritual form etherialized matter. Suppose you enclose an object in a glass case; could spirit pass through that? **A.**—There is nothing in all the universe that is impervious to spirit.

Q.—Yet you say that spirit is matter. **A.**—It is matter, but so etherialized that your senses cannot grasp it. You have many conditions of matter impervious to the gases by which you are surrounded, but you have nothing which is impervious to spirit.

Q.—Will you explain the power of thought upon human development? **A.**—Thought is essentially infinite power. It overcomes everything, makes all things subservient to it. But it expresses itself only through matter. Without matter there could be no expression of thought, none at all. Thought, in the external, so far as expression is concerned, progresses, develops through matter. As it passes through matter, it develops, matter changes its form. For instance, the mechanic conceives the idea that he can make a better table than this, something that will answer the demands of his building the table in thought, but if he had no matter by and through which to express that thought, the thought would never be used; but if there is matter, he straightway projects his thought into crude matter, and lo! the table appears. So it is with regard to all things in life. The artist cre-

ates in his imagination a beautiful landscape. He desires to put it upon canvas, but if there were no matter in the universe the thought would ever remain out of use. So far as its power is concerned, it would be entirely inert; but by virtue of matter it becomes an all-mighty power. The thought of God may be compared to the power of mind, all minds moving through matter. It is impossible to conceive of God or the development of the soul aside from matter. We are entirely lost when we attempt to do it.

Q.—How are we to extricate ourselves from impressions produced by our surroundings and real spiritual presence or impressions? **A.**—Everything is capable of impressing the mind. The mind is a plate which receives impressions through everything it comes in contact with, and it is not always possible to discriminate between an absolute spiritual impression and an impression received from an earthly source.

Q.—You say that the immortal element is present in an animal. Do you displace it in the medium when you speak through it? **A.**—The external, thinking part, the external consciousness, is generally alienated very thoroughly. We do not displace it by force, by no means. There is no war waged between the indwelling spirit and the foreign spirit who seeks to control the body. There are times when the indwelling spirit, so far as its external consciousness is concerned, goes forth from the body, takes cognizance of outward scenes, communicates in distant places, but it is because it has been driven out. You often go away in dream-like visions. It is not because the spirit is driven out, but because it uses thought to go forth for a time.

Q.—Why is it so difficult for spirits who control different mediums to recognize through one organism the control of another? For instance, I visit a medium, and some spirit-friend comes to me, and I go to another medium and the same spirit manifests, yet indicates no knowledge of the previous control through another organism. I think all investigators have had this experience. How do you explain it?

A.—Generally the spirit is most thoroughly bounded about by the conditions of the medium it uses, and it is not always possible with all mediums for the communicating spirit to so thoroughly impress all they might wish upon the brain of the medium as to give a clear and satisfactory communication. They are generally able to give only what is uppermost with them, leaving all else out in the cold. Everything they have not contemplated communicating to the spirit-friend in possession of the medium, is foreign to them for the time being. They know just how much they can give through that particular organism. They have measured its capacity and cannot go beyond it. Do you understand us? [Yes.] But the time will come when all these difficulties may be overcome; when you will communicate with your friends face to face; when, instead of taking possession of our mediums, we shall simply stand in spirit-land and communicate distinctly and absolutely to you. Then we shall be able to all intents and purposes, ourselves, standing outside of the medium and gathering certain elements from the medium that will serve us for the time being, not at all dependent upon the organic structure of the medium for expression. That good time to come is not very far in the distance. We are looking forward to it with great joy, and when it comes methinks you will celebrate a grander jubilee than you propose to celebrate on the coming day.

(Referring to the day of the coming day.) **Q.**—It is said that spirits are able to visit other planets. Is the idea of up and down indifferent to them? How do they overcome this when they approach the planets?

A.—I have not met with any that have entirely overcome it. It still seems to be a necessity with all that I have ever met.

Q.—Two friends made an appointment to meet on the 4th of July in the year 2000, on the highest point of altitude in the planet Venus. Is it possible for such an engagement to be fulfilled?

A.—Yes, why not? It certainly is possible, but I should say there was great probability of failure.

Q.—Suppose one should be there and the other not, would it be right to infer that the other party did not choose to keep the appointment?

A.—I should not wish to say that if the engagement was broken it was because they did not choose to carry it out. I should rather say they met with too many obstacles on the way, and were obliged to forego it.

Q.—Have you any idea of the nature of the obstacles they would meet? **A.**—No, certainly not. March 30.

James Perkins.

It is nearly two years since I died at Savannah, Georgia, and I have been trying ever since that time to make some kind of communication between myself and the friends I have still on earth. I was born in New York State, but I claim a residence in Cincinnati. I went to Savannah to settle the business of an uncle who had lost his life in the war. I went at the request of the widow. And shortly after going, before I had settled the business, I was taken with the fever and died. Now I am distressed to learn that my uncle's widow, failing to find certain papers, in her mind and in her speech has been fit to charge me with fraud, saying that she should have known she would have been defrauded had she placed any business trust in a Northern man, and particularly one who was supposed to be a pretty thoroughly disreputable abolition principle. She believed that I had defrauded her of the money with the missing papers, and that that money has been transmitted to my friends North, or West rather, and so she has been defrauded and made worse off than if I had not come at all. Charges like these are quite enough to raise the dead. To me they are, at all events. Some might slumber on, and the charges might be made till the old faded resurrection day; but not so with me. They have distressed me exceedingly, and I have made every effort to exceed, but I have found all avenues closed except this one. I say all closed. There are plenty that are open, but they would avail such as myself very little. It is not very satisfactory to communicate to a stranger, with no hope of having the communication conveyed where you desire it to go. I have no wish to distress any one on the earth. There is enough of sorrow here already. I only wish to vindicate myself, first, because the friends I have here suffer in consequence, and second, because I suffer, and last, because it is right that I should defend myself and speak the truth.

I often heard it said, when here, that people who were in the fog, that is, either morally or mentally, were very apt to see everybody else in the fog also. Now I do not wonder that the lady in question is apt to look upon others as being unjust, since all her life she has lived in an atmosphere of injustice, of wrong-doing. Slaves have been bought at her bidding and sold at her bidding. Mothers and children, husbands and wives have been separated as if there were no settling day to come. The plea of the slave she never thought of registering in her heart. It was all just to chain him, sell him, make him miserable, body and spirit. I do not wonder that persons thus situated are always looking for justice in other people. I do hope that the time is not a great way off when we shall look at our own door for injustice first, and having cleared all that belongs right to take care of what belongs to some body else. I am not pleading perfection on my part, by no means. I made many mistakes when here, but I made none such as have been charged upon me. I tried to deal honestly and fairly, and I never remember of having been guilty, either in deed or thought, of anything like what is charged upon me.

And now, with regard to the missing papers, I have only to say, the lady will remember, on the second day after my arrival at Savannah, when all papers were said to have been placed in my possession, I failed to find them, and she asked the lady where they were. She tells me, "That is what we want to find out. I have been unable to find them since my husband's death." Now I am charged with having taken them, when she well knows that they were lost before I had anything to do with the business affairs. It is all very well to do wrong, perhaps, if there were no eyes or ears save the dull ones that belong to these material bodies; but it is quite another thing when you contemplate yourself as surrounded by those who see and hear outside of these bodies.

I am Silas Perkins, and I expect my message will reach the widow of Amos Perkins. Good-day, sir. March 30.

Polly Bruce.

It is over forty years, Mr. White, since I seen you before. [Are you going to tell me who you

are?] I am Polly Bruce, of Portsmouth. [Did you reside at the bridge?] Yes; my husband was the gate-keeper there. [Oh, yes; I had forgotten all about you.] How strange it is! I was told there was some one standing here that once lived in Newcastle—standing here between heaven and earth, adding spirits to return. Why, you were a little boy about a dozen years old. [Not so old as that.] You must have been as much as ten years old. [I was in the tenth or eleventh year when I left here, though you may have seen me afterwards.] I don't remember you only as a little boy. That is all.

Oh, how strange are the ways of God! I cannot realize it. You remember your brother, do you not? [Yes.] He is here. [You know he was drowned when he was five years old?] No, he wasn't. I know more about it than you do. [He was between four and five.] Where is your sister? [One sister is in Epworth, N. H., the other is in Suncook. You had a good many children, did you not?] Yes. [Some of them are near here.] Where? [In Boston.] Is this Boston? [Yes; where did you think you were?] I didn't know. I do not understand it. [You have one son on the ocean.] Yes. Do they know I can come? [I had some conversation with one of them.] About me? [Not especially about you.] Where? [At his house.] Oh, when shall I learn to do well like others that come.

Do you know where John is? [I think he is here.] I felt it—I felt it—I felt it. I am a shipwreck on the ocean street. And I feel it. [I think he is at sea. I saw his wife a few weeks since.]

How strange! how strange! how strange! I believe this is the work of God, so that I might come to them. I think so. [Who helped you today?] I have been trying to come a good while. Mr. Locke told me. [What Locke?] John Locke. You know him? [I used to.] Forty years—more than forty years ago. Oh dear dear! I can see the old bridge now. How strange! I have again never waited for the resurrection! [How long since you passed away?] About fifteen years.

There! there! I won't trouble you any more. [Say whatever you wish to your children.] I do not know what to say. [You can ask them to give you an opportunity to speak to them.] How? [As you do now.] Oh, I want more than anything else in the world. I would give up my hopes of heaven for it. Do they know about this? [Some of them do.] Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord! March 30.

Lord Roland Douglass Hamilton.

The same spiritual light which shines so brilliantly in America is but a child in my country, and therefore I am under the necessity of coming to you and begging your indulgence with me, that I may transmit a knowledge of my power to return to those who still dwell in a body of flesh.

On the evening of the 6th of November, 1867, my spirit took its final departure from the body, a body that had been mine only eighteen years. But death is no respecter of persons or ages. It comes whosoever it will, and calls whosoever it will. It is heedless of the cries of friends or the remonstrances of those who are called upon. My disease was the same as that which transported our beloved Prince from the earth to the spirit-land—gastric fever. I was sick only four days, and so vivid is the psychological impression on coming here that I could fancy myself again going through the breaking up of the human forces, preparatory to entering spirit world.

I am most anxious to meet the beloved friends who remain here. I wish them to know that my death is but life, and that I can return.

In my own country I sought out that lady of whom I had heard so much, Miss Hardinge, and I learned through her mind and her writings where and how to visit this place. Noble spirit that she is, I would to God that my people would appreciate her, opening up for her those avenues that Britain has clustered around her. Instead of dwelling here, where there is sympathy in an American shore, they should give her of their sympathies largely and freely; for by so doing they would entertain an angel who would bless them at every step.

I am, or was, Lord Roland Douglass Hamilton, of Malvern, England, and I expect through some as yet to me unknown means, that my message will reach Hamilton Hall in due time. March 30.

swayed by Colish Benja.

Invocation.

Oh Life, from thy holiest and deepest fountains we would drink this life. We would come nearer and still nearer unto a knowledge of thee, for thou art great, for thou art far beyond our finite powers. Turn wherever we may, there thou stretchest out the Scriptures of thy being, that we may read and understand; but our ignorance, like a great shadow, ever follows us, and it is the sun of thy divine power alone that can dispel the shadow and illumine our souls. We have given thee many names, and yet not one seems to be fitted for thee. Thou ever hast been, thou art, we being, and thou shalt be. Thou art all of us, and thou hast thyself in all universes. Thou dost condescend to dwell with the lowly; thou takest up thine abode even in haunts of vice. Thou, God, art everywhere, and because thou art, the soul feels secure, knowing that thou art its sustaining power and ever-present source of strength. Though there are shades as there are sunbeams scattered here and there, behind us and before us, and all around us, yet we thank thee, Oh Life, that we are in them; that thou hast blessed us with thine own blessings; that thou hast endowed us with thine own power; that thou dost tenderly rock us in the arms of thy love, and through temptations thou dost encourage us out of darkness into light. We thank thee that our souls are often tempted; we thank thee that everywhere upon thy great highway there are those who tempt us, for these are the great levers by which our strength is tested. We thank thee, Oh thou Great Spirit, thou Wondrous Ocean of Mind, that we are just what we are. We thank thee for the deep, dark shadows of priestly prejudice, for the darkness that shrouds our being when in the mortal life we are so close to the light, and yet so far from it. Oh yes, even for this we thank thee, for now we are able to behold truth more clearly, to define life more perfectly, and to rejoice more truly in our liberty. We thank thee that there are bars around the spirit during its earthly life. We thank thee that sometimes it goes down, down, down into the deep hells of despair, for even there it learns of thee. We thank thee that thou hast instituted all these various conditions of being by which the soul learns to measure itself, and that thou hast placed the various institutions whereby man in the external is educated. We thank thee for Nature, with all its holy revelations. We thank thee for art, for science, for all that which calls the soul up higher and still higher. We thank thee for those great lights that have shone out amid the darkness of every age like fixed stars, whose light is always certain; and we thank thee, also, for the lesser lights, whose twinkling brightness shone in obscure places. We thank thee for all the rain-drops of truth that have come unto the soul in every age, that have watered the flowers of inspiration, and have caused them to exhale their sweetness, that the nations might rejoice. Oh we thank thee for the philosophers of all ages, for those minds that have reached out into the far future, and have grasped those truths that the common mind could not understand; and we thank thee, also, that these were persecuted, for well we know that the persecutions have arisen unto glory and honor; by the persecutions they were strengthened; they are stronger in the spirit-land, and they return now shedding all their light upon those who have need, pitying those who have need of pity, raising up those who have fallen in the way, encouraging those who are discouraged, lifting up all shades of life to the sunlight of thy truth.

Oh Life, we pray that thy children everywhere may learn to understand thee more perfectly, to rest securely in thy arms, that death may be known no more, that the shades of night that cluster around the dying may give place to the morning sun, that resurrection power that will dispel all fear, and make the soul rejoice in newness of eternal life. May thy kingdom come to these waiting mortals, sending out the shades of error and illumining all their being with truth, and may they receive that for which they cry, a knowledge of that great hereafter; and unto thee be honor, and glory, and power, and life, to-day and forever. Amen. April 6.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—When, or at what time, do we receive immortal life?

A.—It is impossible to answer that question, as no one can determine concerning the birth of the soul. It is believed by those who have made the science of life a deep study, that we have ever possessed our immortality. We know of no time when it was conferred upon us.

Q.—When are soul-life and earth-life combined?

A.—Always—forever.

Q.—Is life, or human life, the result of chemical action?

A.—Yes; the whole universe seems to be a vast chemical laboratory, turning out its multitudinous forms, no one caring to labor. And these physical bodies come within the realm of Nature. They are the results of a chemical power that is at work in the universe. Certain chemical combinations keep them in their proper spheres. They are chemical machines upon which the spirit plays, that it may express itself during its sojourn in the earth-life.

Q.—Can all spirits communicate here?

A.—If you mean to ask if spirits of all grades of intelligence can communicate here, I shall answer in the affirmative. It would be absolutely impossible for spirits to find means here, to be able to communicate here, inasmuch as the channel is very limited, while the demand is very extensive.

Q.—Does spirit ever lose its individuality?

A.—No; it does not believe that it ever does.

Q.—Is there not a time, at death, when it does?

A.—No; certainly not. Death has no more power upon the spirit than it has power upon the sun. It has no effect upon it whatever. Death is a chemical change that takes place in the physical body, and it does not affect the spirit only that it separates it from the physical body. The spirit goes forth precisely the same that it was while in the body. It has lost nothing; it has gained nothing.

Q.—Are we to suppose that media who claim to be under the direct influence of Jesus Christ and other ancient spirits are correct? Can those ancients come and influence the media of the present day?

A.—Yes; you are at liberty to suppose whatsoever you wish, by no means an impossible thing for those ancient spirits to return manifesting through modern media.

Q.—When those who have here suffered from mental derangement, insanity, enter the spirit-world, will they still be subject to insanity?

A.—No. Insanity is a defect of the body, not of the spirit.

Q.—Of the mind also?

A.—So far as its connection with the body is concerned, and no further. The spirit is unable to exert itself perfectly through the body, because of the defect in that, not because the spirit is defective.

Q.—Then insanity is unknown in the spirit-world?

A.—Insanity belongs to the body, not to the soul.

Q.—Does the same rule apply to idiots?

A.—It certainly does. April 6.

Clarke Henderson.

I have been waiting, stranger, with as much patience as I could, for the time to come when I should be able to make some demonstration in this way to my friends. I had hoped that by staying away I should be exempt from the weakness of the earthly life. But I see the law is persistent, and I cut up my friends as soon as we expect.

I was from the 3rd of May, and I got my message in the last engagement. I was very bad luck to be gobbled up and held a prisoner till death came to open the door. I escaped once from the place, but was recaptured, and had a very hard time of it after that. I had some little information of this thing before I died, but I had not much belief in it. I thought if it was true, I should be back as soon as most anybody. But it is pretty hard work, considering you must have all the suffering you can stand in getting to the other side.

Names are of great importance, I suppose, in this programme. [Yes.] Well, then, put me down as Clarke Henderson; age, twenty-nine, the youngest of a family of five. I was born in Indiana, but claim my home in Michigan.

There are some members of our family who are not believers in any hereafter. I have one old uncle, who says—or used to, I suppose he does now—that he would not believe in after-death if everybody that had ever died should return in his own body. I would not do any good, or amount to anything, I would not be afraid to bet my bottom dollar that I will resurrect him out of that notion long before he gets on our side. He is just the one to tell me that nothing is to work upon.

I once told him that I had thought the great light became some truth in this new Spiritual Philosophy. He said, "You will find there is none." "Well," I said, "how am I going to know?" If there's a hereafter, I never shall have it demonstrated, because I shall die without the knowledge, and that will be the end of me. I never can get it." He says, "Clarke, I tell you what 'tis: there's no life after death, and you need not waste your time speculating upon it." Well, I didn't waste much time in that direction; but I have come to the conclusion that I shall have a life after death. There's no denying it. I am alive, and I was through with death here. I conclude I ought to know something about it. And now this uncle of mine—his name is Thomas Clarke, a brother of my mother—and when she died, so he told me, for the first time in his life he had the most terrible desire to believe in a life after death, that a mortal ever could have. But the light did not shine upon him, though my mother tried very hard, she says, to make it shine. Now I want to know of him just this one thing: If I am not who I say I am, the question is, who am I? How came I in possession of these facts, which are known only to me and to him?

The last favor he did me was to furnish me with some money upon a piece of paper which I told him I did not believe was worth a mill. But he says, "I am going to let you have the money, and I don't want you to mention it to any soul, because I shall be tormented with other members of the family, you know; and now promise—and if you promise I know you will keep your word—I never so long as you live, I meant in the body, will make any thing about this circumstance." According to his belief I don't live now, so I have the right to speak of it. If the dead can talk, I have the right to speak of it, because I only set the bounds so far as this life, because, you know, the body was not to speak of it, and I never did—so help me the great God. There was nothing said about telling of it after death, so I have the right to do so, you see, and I am just as sure, by that one circumstance, to open his seventy-year-old eyes as I am sure that I live. I know I was wrong in not knowing that he is too much of a thinker and philosopher to pass by without due consideration, and it's that due consideration that is going to convert him to a belief in the life after death. I have more faith in him than he has in himself. [Do you wish to give the town you belonged to?] Register me from Keokuk.

And tell my sister to sit quietly at these things, and I think I can govern her. [Which sister?] Sarah Jane.

I am worse than dead here, stranger. [I see you feel the effects of your last sickness.] Sick-ness! [Was it starvation?] Yes. April 6.

Frances Deland.

The weakness that overshadowed that poor fellow is a fixture here, so far as I am concerned, for I am not able to get rid of it.

By the kindness of one who was my friend when here on earth, and who has communicated at this place, I find myself able to speak this afternoon. It is only three weeks since I was here in the body. I died, I suppose, of inflammation of the lungs, and I am quite free from all bad feelings about it. I experienced during my sickness and at my death—the not entirely, but very much so, for I have the faculty of keeping my thoughts so steadily and firmly fixed upon something better than death, that you see I do not have the power over me that it does over many others.

I died in Cincinnati, and I have left friends there of whose peculiar state I am not here to speak. But I assure them that there was truth in what we have supposed to pass by without due consideration, and it's that due consideration that is going to convert him to a belief in the life after death. I have more faith in him than he has in himself. [Do you wish to give the town you belonged to?] Register me from Keokuk.

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swayed by Colish Benja.

have a desire to come into the closest communion with those friends I have left in Cincinnati and several other Western cities. I desire to commune with them first, because they have more need of my coming, perhaps, than those who are differently situated, because I can do them good and they can do me good—because the world has thrown its arms over them and let them be stranded there. But in the world of spirits, where all hearts are unveiled and the motives prompting to all acts are seen, there, if not before, the brand will be moved, the scar will be effaced, and the robes that society places upon such will be changed for others that are more fitting. The world determines very harshly concerning its unfortunate, but the angels determine very wisely and kindly.

I would say to the friends I have left, I am glad that I have changed worlds. I am glad that I rejoice in the presence of those who understand me better than I was understood here. And I rejoice to be able to become one of that great band of philanthropic souls—for I am one—who by their efforts for good shall finally overcome that particular dark stain of which I speak, and which was upon my garments, so that the world shall be made better and society wear cleaner garments. There are many societies in the spirit-world organized for the express purpose of remodeling your societies here, washing out the dark stains that are upon them, bringing them up where they ought to be, and adding truth and justice where now error and injustice seem to reign.

My first entrance to the spirit-world was greeted by that friend who has watched over us and communicated to us from this place, and at our own abiding-place—for we had no home—and when I recognized her radiant face and still more radiant garments, I said, "Can it be possible that it is you?" "Oh yes, free from the stains

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Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Scrophulous Eruptions, Hemorrhoids, Liver, Catarrhs, etc., and after early break through cases, Dr. Garvin's office at 67 Nassau Street, New York, has submitted his remedies to the most rigid tests for seven years, he now offers them to the public through Druggists and from the Office.
The First Solution and Compound Blixir of Tur;
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This is taken Internally, no diluted to infect the nose, for catarrh, and eradicates all Humors from the Blood and System.

First Solution and Volatilized Tur, with Inhaler
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This carries the vapor of tur directly to the Throat and Lungs, healing and stimulating the ulcerated surfaces, neutralizing the poisons in the blood by inhalation.

First Solution of Tur and Mandrake Pills;
25 and 50 cents per Box.

This is the best Family and Liver Pill known, containing no Mercury.

First Solution of Tur Ointment,
with new patented Pill Tube, for the complete eradication of Piles, Hemorrhoids, Fistula, &c.;
Price \$1.00 per Box; Price of Tube \$1.00.

This Ointment can be used without the tube for White Swellings, Tumors, Old Sores, &c.

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Tar contains a large amount of carbohc acid, which is potent in cleaning the skin of Freckles, Moth, Eruptions, Dandruff in the Scalp, &c. A fine toilet soap.

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This is found to be superior to all others for removing pains, swelling, redness, &c.—Packs in one minute.

DR. G. GARVIN makes Examinations from sight, and reports sympathy with the sufferer's state, whether the patient is present or on the other side of the earth, by giving the name, sex, age and only. He has no superior in this department. He will advise as to diet, medicine and Physiology enabling him to know what he sees. For Personal Examinations, \$2.00; Written do, \$3.00.

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PURGIFICATES Humors, Mercury, and all impurities, from all the system; MAXIMIZES Vitalizes and STRENGTHENS the mind, restores vitality to the organs, and gives the old blood a new arterial life, in many cases there being too much of the Iron; restores vitality to the kidneys where they have been weakened by the liver becoming diseased, and Physiology enables him to know what he sees. For Personal Examinations, \$2.00; Written do, \$3.00.

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DYSPEPSIA, ROSEAURA, SCROFULA ERUPTIONS, HEMORRHOIDS, LIVER AND GALL STONES, EARLY BRUISE THIRSTING CURE, PIMPLEY EXAMINATION OF THE FACE.
METABOLISM, ILLUMINATION, FEVERISHNESS, PILLS, PICTURES, THE POISONOUS EFFECTS OF MERCURY,

—which diseases show the seeds of Consumption which thousands die annually—Hundreds of living instances will testify to the scientific efficacy of their treatment.—Having submitted his remedies to the most rigid tests for seven years, he now offers them to the public through Druggists and from the Office.

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This carries the vapor of turfs directly to the Throat and Lungs, healing and stimulating the ulcerated surfaces, neutralizing the poisons in the blood by inhalation.

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This is the best Family and Liver Pill known, containing no Mercury.

First Solution of Turf Ointment,
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This Ointment can be inserted under the tube for White Swellings, Tumors, Old Sores, &c;

First Solution of Turf Soap.

Turf contains a large amount of carbonic acid, which is potent in cleansing the skin of Freckles, Moths, Eruptions, Dantruff in the Scalp, &c. A fine toilet soap.

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To examine your case send us 4¢18 cent stamp to 142 West 19th Street, near Union Square, to a four story English basement house, where we can accommodate patients from abroad who desire to stay for treatment. Hours from 10 A.M. till 4 P.M.

June 6.

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June 6.

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Examining CAREFULLY the system, we know the effect upon the organs and functions of the body. SPIRITUALISTS should seek relief from the proper channels. It is not so hard to get sympathy with the suffering's state, whether the patient is present or on the other side of the earth, by giving the name, sex, age only. He has no superior in this department—their office is at No. 61 Broadway, New York City, where they desire to know what he sees. Fee Personal Examinations, \$2.00; Written do, \$.50.

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June 6.

A POWER IN THE LAND.

SPIRITS intend that the Positive and Negative Powders shall sweep the country like a vitalizing whirlwind of magnetic power. The feeble, sickly breath of opposition shall faint and die upon the swelling waves of rejoicing that go up from the multitudes. THE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS ARE ALREADY READY FOR USE IN THE LAND. Read the columns of evidence in the JOURNAL OF LIGHT, the PORTLAND TRANSMITTAL, the PRESENT AGE, the MANUSCRIPTS PROGRAMME, the BANNER OF PROGRESS, the MILITAIRY JOURNAL, the SPIRITUAL ROSTER, the CONJECTURED COURANT, and other papers. From this time forth, similar columns of varied notes of the GREAT SPIRIT-UAL REMEDY will, as speedily as possible, be put in all the leading papers of the United States. Thus, in the hands of an unseen power, thus made the letters of our alphabet are being written, and spiritualists alone, but through one thousand papers, and to all classes and all denominations of readers.

Mrs. Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders are one of the things that never go backwards. The demand for them is immense, and is constantly increasing. Every box sold makes a call for a hundred more. Every patient who has used them, becomes at once their enthusiastic advocate, a real live, talking advertisement, and a perpetual voluntary witness of their wonderful works.

Every town, city, village and neighborhood in all parts of the UNITED STATES CANADA and ENGLAND, must have an Agent for the sale of Mrs. Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders. No one can touch them without being benefited—patients in health, agents in purse.

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CLAIMS marvellous success in the treatment of all Chronic and Nervous Diseases, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, White Chills, Tremor, Headache, Debility, Pulmonary Consumption, &c. and in a word, all Morbid Conditions affecting the Vital or Functional Action of the System.

Office hours, for Examination, Consultation and Treatment, from 8 o'clock A.M., and from 4 to 7 o'clock P.M. Patients unable to call, may be visited at their residences.

Fee for Examination, \$5; for office treatment, \$2; for visits, according to distances, \$3 to \$5, including express. Patients attended to and prescribed for by mail, on enclosing a sum of Five Dollars. Reasonable reductions make for the poor.

July 4—13w

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Have you seen the new Planchette? Does it really Answer Questions?

ONE hears these inquiries on almost every corner. Render, if you have n't seen it, and you would really like to have the most complete test yet ever made, send for Holmes's Alphabetic Test Planchette.

Do you want to know what it is? We answer: the most ingenious instrument ever invented for holding intercourse with your spirits! Contains nothing about it, except putting your hand on it (and remembering quite a few moments) it will become so charged with magnetism as to move, and answer any question you may ask, lying behind the letters of the alphabet attached. To make the test more perfect, blindfold the party who "laces his hand on it." Two parties, male and female (positive and negative persons) operate it best, by putting their hands ON EACH SIDE respectively wonderfully.

Price \$1.50; sent per express. Address HOLMES & CO., 140 Nassau Street, New York

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C. C. BEHRHOLD, Jr., 109 Harrison street, Boston, Mass., General Wholesale Dispensing Store, London, England, since 1875, cured all cases of strong drink. Particulars may be learned by sending a stamped card. Thousands have been cured.

THOSE wishing to learn the facts concerning the disease called Intemperance, and pleasant means of cure East Tennessee, can do so by enclosing a stamp, and address E. B. COLDS, Sulphur Springs, Allen Co., W. Tennesse.

Western Department.

J. M. PEARSON, EDITOR.

Individuals desiring to contribute to the BANNER OF LIGHT by mail, or otherwise, should send their contributions to the Western Department, care of the Editor, at the Boston office, 100 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Contributions should be sent to the Editor, at the Boston office, 100 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Contributions should be sent to the Editor, at the Boston office, 100 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Unitarian Love for Spiritualism.

A friend formerly connected with the Unitarian body, now an active Spiritualist, calls our attention to the "Liberal Christian's" report of the anniversary. This is the paragraph:

"Then there are those in other churches who are dissatisfied with the doctrines which they have outgrown, and are anxious to have better views explicitly taught. Then there are those who have caught glimpses of our faith through various Liberal books and publications, and long to see more and more clearly the truth we hold and set forth. . . . Finally there are the Spiritualists, who have got out of Orthodoxy through that opening, but are waiting for something better than they have found in their groping. We must reach all these classes by whatever agencies we can bring to bear upon them."

It occurs in the speech of the Rev. C. H. Brigham, of Ann Arbor, and is deeply significant. Consider this sentence: "Spiritualists who have got out of Orthodoxy through that opening—Spiritualism, but are waiting for something better." Better than what? Do you mean that you have something better than Spiritualism? In humanity's name, then, tell us what.

If the Unitarians have any distinctive theological notion, it is the unity of God; the Jew has the same; so has the Mahometan, and also some of the Indian tribes. Relative to the personality of the Deity, the inspiration of the Bible, the conception of Jesus by the Holy Ghost, and future endless punishment, they are divided among themselves. They believe, profess faith in a future immortal existence. Is such a profession better than the demonstrations of Spiritualism? Is a creedal faith superior to science; superior to the absolute knowledge of a future immortal existence, with the conditions, callings, culture and progress incident thereto?

SPIRITUALISM AS IT IS.

The fundamental idea of Spiritualism is God, the Infinite Spirit, the animating life of all souls, inspiring all with his immanent presence and constant support in consonance with immutable law.

The fundamental thought is the guardian ministry of angels and spirits, with facts and tangible demonstrations of their present communion with mortals.

The fundamental purpose is to educate, spiritualize, and span with holy effort and aim all human interests.

Spiritualism, then, relating to all things embodied in spirit and matter, to sweet and sacred converse with the dear departed, is neither supernaturalism, sensualism, nor materialism, but the voiced truth of God; a science, a philosophy and a religion. And yet sectarians talk about something "better" than can be found in Spiritualism. It is difficult to decide between Unitarian impudence and Orthodox intolerance.

Mr. Brigham is further reported to have said, speaking of Liberalists and Spiritualists, "These classes we must reach by whatever agencies we can bring to bear upon them." Exactly. The language, plain to be understood, reminds one of a Bible character, who says, "Being crafty, I taught you with guile"; of a Romish maxim, "The end justifies the means," and of Mosheim's statement, that in the fourth century Christians held it to be "an act of virtue to deceive and lie for the interests of the church."

A portion of the Unitarians are exceedingly broad, tolerant, liberal; with these our relations have been, are pleasant and fraternal. Others are as narrow as the most creed-bound Congregationalists of New England. Even these are very polite to Spiritualists whenever there's a Unitarian church-edifice to be erected, a parsonage to be palatial, or a salary to be raised. In fine, they say pretty words to Spiritualists, and admire Spiritualism just in the ratio they can use it to build up Unitarianism. The trap in the future must be more skillfully baited.

God in the Constitution.

What God? The Jewish, the Panteistic, the Unitarian, or Trinitarian? There are Gods many, worshipped beneath the shield of the American Constitution. The Reformed Presbyterian Church, in session, recently, wrote to other religious bodies, expressing the solemn belief that our great "National calamities are due to the judicial Providence of God," and asks them to immediately institute such action as shall abolish the sin that has so terribly displeased the Almighty. What think you of it? This—the failure of the American nation to recognize in the Constitution—

"Almighty God as the source of all authority and power in civil government, the Lord Jesus Christ as the Ruler among the nations, and his will revealed in the Holy Scriptures, as of supreme authority."

The effort of these religionists, more noted for fiery zeal than wisdom, to put "God" into the Constitution, is a deep-lain sectarian plot—a movement toward the union of Church and State, and every Spiritualist, every Liberalist, should set his face as flint against it. The Constitution now recognizing neither one God, three Gods, nor thirty thousands, should continue to recognize none—no creed, no sect, as such; but protect all forms of religion, all organizations, in their chosen methods of worship.

Rev. J. B. Harrison, Illinois.

This brother, formerly a Methodist, then a Spiritualist, lecturing to Spiritualist congregations and at their National Conventions, is settled, we believe, over a Unitarian church in Bloomington, Ill. We see him announced as the "occasional preacher" at the Sunday-school Convention of the Universalist and Unitarian churches, soon to convene in Oneida, Ill.

An observant eye, ever on the alert, we have seen no sectarian Sunday-school that even decently compared in physical and spiritual worth with the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and no form even approximating in breadth and moral grandeur Spiritualism—Spiritualism as the equivalent of the Harmonial Philosophy.

Doing Justice, Jonesville, Mich.

An unpleasant affair occurring in a billiard saloon, in the Peninsula State, the Rev. Mr. Huntley preached a sermon soon after, aiming to show that the terrible scene was the result of Swedenborgianism and Spiritualism.

The editor of the *Jonesville Independent*, an ably conducted paper, loving justice and exhorting that charity which Paul considered of more importance than faith or hope, talks to this clergyman, through his columns, in this wise:

"In these days of steam and telegraph, one can hardly take up a newspaper without finding some species of crime recorded, and how often it is the case of ministers of the Gospel deserting

their families and running away with other men's wives. Not long since an Orthodox divine punished his little son to death because he would not say his prayers; and we read of corporations in the church almost everywhere. But we do not behold ministers proclaiming from their pulpits that these crimes are the results of the Orthodox religion. . . . The history of the world does not show that goodness and virtue are confined to the churches alone. Those outside have worked and do work for the elevation of man, and it is quite evident that when the Lord comes to 'make up his jewels,' many who never paid their devotions at the altar will shine as pure diamonds, while many a man of long prayers and with sanctimonious garb will find his nature composed mostly of dross. 'Do not deceive; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'"

Blessings upon brave, independent editors!

Letter from Mrs. Walsbrook.

DEAR BANNER—I send you greeting, this 4th of July morning, and just wish to put in a few lines of general interest to your readers, without wearying you with a long article; and first, let me speak of

PROFESSOR SANDS,

who came here and put out flaming advertisements, promising to do all that Spiritualists ever do, and more too. Among other things, a large piano was to float in the atmosphere over the heads of the audience, and play a variety of tunes without mortal contact. Well, the night came, July 2d. The large hall was well filled with those who had paid fifty cents apiece to see Spiritualism exposed. The renowned gentleman came forward, and told the people that the performance would begin by his catching pistol balls as they were fired at him; he bade them to load while he went to prepare himself. He disappeared; pistols were loaded; the people were on tiptoe with expectation; they waited; it seemed to take him a great while to get ready. Well, of course it would; pistol balls are ticklish things; but there is a limit to all things, and the patience of the audience being exhausted, they concluded to go to the mountain, as the mountain did not come to them. But, lo! a wonder in St. Louis! the mountain had fled, and was cast into the depths of the river, for ought we know, for the "Professor" and the people's money had disappeared; the mountain did not even "bring forth a mouse," and Spiritualism still survives; in evidence of which I will state that the Vice President of our Society,

MRS. MATHIAS A. MCARD,

has opened a room at 513 Chestnut street, where spiritual and liberal books can be had; also pamphlets, periodicals, and the various publications of the day, daily news, stationery, etc., etc. Now we sincerely hope that every one who bears the name of Spiritualist, and feels an interest in the cause, will, when they visit St. Louis, call on our good sister and purchase what they need in her line; not only for the sake of Spiritualism, but for the sake of

WOMAN.

Let those who have been so earnest in putting down chaste slavery, now work for women; for here in the great State of Missouri, in the nineteenth century, a woman is so much the slave of her husband, so much under his control, that she cannot go into business without his written consent, and even then trustees must be chosen who give her the power of attorney to do business for her in her own name, otherwise her husband's creditors could swoop down and take possession of her earnings. Had our good sister been wedded to a tyrant instead of a gentleman, to one who was as bad as the long sufferer, then she might have sought in vain to have entered this field of usefulness; and she can enter it now only on sufferance. Is it any wonder that matrimonial ties are snapping? Ay, and they will continue to do so, till justice is done to woman.

"MANOMIN."

I am stopping in the house of Myron Colony, the author of "Manomin," or a rhythmic history of the Minnesota massacres and the great rebellion. It seems to me that our people have only to become acquainted with this poem to value it. It is full of gems of thought among which I quote the following:

"Oh, Manomin, fear no evil," spake the presence sweet and low;

"Love, integrity, and peace and knowledge, bring to me to our

I have scarcely had expression for the things I wish to say, oh, so different lives the spirit, freed from its dark bonds of

We are like to persons calling out one to another in a yell:

Of the glories of the heavens and the landscape we would

With the majesty of ocean, as its billows grandly roll,

And sublimity of mountains, we would fill its darkened soul,

We would tell him of the valleys, and the far-off peopled

Of cascades and brooks and rivers, and the rainbow's sun-d

Of the forests and the prairies, and the fields of waving grain,

Of the grasses, birds and flowers, of the falling dew and rain,

But he shuts his eyes against us, saying, "Cease this talk to

I have eyes, and will, and reason, but these things I cannot

I hardly know where to stop. The underscor

is my own; for are we not like to persons

down in a well, and in a covered well, too often?

And again:

Eternal space is filled with God. There never was an hour

When every atom of the universe was not in power;

He did not need a voice to call a something out of naught;

From every lashed orchard bough this truth is plain to see;

In shining worlds of fruit attest the God within the tree!

But the book is full of beauty, and I must stop

quoting, lest I make this article too lengthy; so I

will close with one word about

TRACTS.

I received a letter yesterday from a gentleman

Iowa, who says, in respect to some specimen

number: "I sent them to you, but I have hardly seen them

at the office, and they were grasped after and have

been going the rounds. I suppose they have been

read by a hundred persons, and heard of by a

thousand. I have the promise of their return to-

day, and shall then try to get you an order."

And now let me say, in conclusion, that there

has been an unavoidable delay in reference to

the issuing of my tracts, but I expect by the 20th

to have an edition of a hundred thousand struck

off, one-half at least, of which will be sold by the

time they are ready. I have added four to the

series, making ten varieties. All orders that

reach here by the 1st of August will be filled by

myself; afterward, by Mrs. M'Corr. I will simply

say now that all orders less than eight thousand

will be five dollars per thousand, and those send-

ing only for one thousand must put in fifty cents

extra toward expressage. As soon as I can get

things in full working order, I shall advertise

fully in the *Banner of Light* and other spiritual

papers, and furnish them for sale where I ad-

vertise. Direct to 513 Chestnut street, care of M. A. M'Corr.

St. Louis, Mo., July 4, 1888.

LOIS WALSBUROCK.

From Akron, O.

We have organized a Society and a Progressive

Lyceum at Akron, O., with Julius A. Sumner,

President, James A. Sumner, Conductor, and

Lucy Burnheart as Guardian. Already about

fifty children have been enrolled. The Lyceum

meets every Sunday at 10 A. M., in Empire Hall.

The Society organized under the State laws, so

that we enjoy all the rights and privileges be-

longing to religious organizations.

For all this we are indebted to our efficient

State Agents, A. A. Wheelock and wife.

A. UNDERHILL.

Two Days' Grove Meeting at McHenry, Ill.

There will be meetings at McHenry, on Sunday

and Monday, July 23rd and 24th, at the Baptist Church.

Speakers engaged for the occasion are Moses Hall and W. F.

Jamison.

Hours of meeting: Saturday, 10 o'clock A. M., 2 o'clock P. M.,

and in the evening at 7:30; Conference meetings at 10 and 11

o'clock.

Sunday: Conference from 9 to 10 o'clock A. M.; regular

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