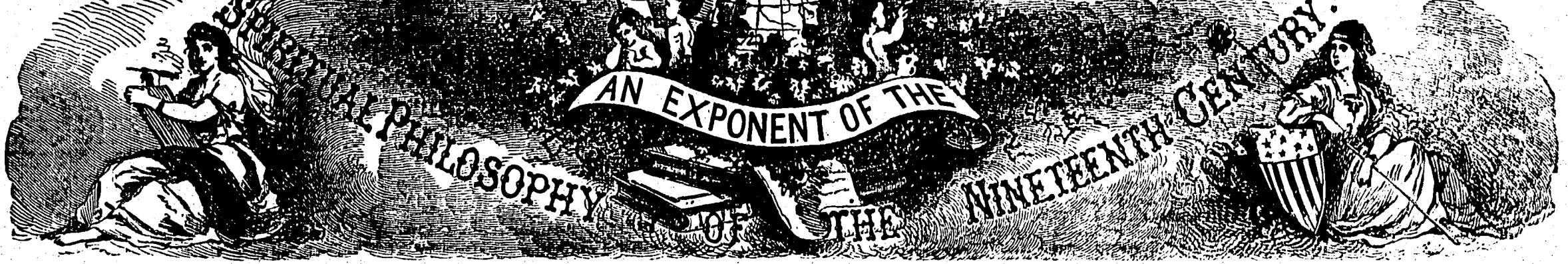


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 17.

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

By MRS. C. L. BRACKLOCK.

We shall meet again, beloved,
With a love as true and fond
As our earth-pulse ever quickened,
In the beautiful beyond;

Where the glorious summer reigneth,
Where no waves of sorrow flow;
Where the flowers are ever fadeless,
And the skies with beauty glow.

Though the river flows between us,
I can almost see the strand
Where they lay barked and anchored;
I can almost see them stand.

With thy smiling lips half-parted,
With the same sweet, loving gaze
Which thy dear face so illumined,
In the happy bygone days.

And I know that thou art waiting
Till we meet upon that shore;
And I, too, await the angel,
Who will bear me safely o'er.

Oh, his wings will cast no shadow;
On his brow a light will gleam,
And the dark and troubled waters
Will appear a little stream.

Though the mists will gather round me,
I shall see thy beckoning hand;
I shall hear thy joyful welcome
Ere I reach the better land.

Shall I mourn the day's declining,
When the evening comes to me
Freighted with the sweet assurance
That "I'm one day nearer thee?"

When the day of life is ended,
I shall lay me down to rest,
As an infant sinks to slumber,
On a loving mother's breast.

For the glorious dawn will follow,
As the sunshine after rain;
I shall wake to see, with rapture,
Thy beloved face again.

Mobile, Ala.

The Lecture Room.

MAN, THE IMMORTAL.

A LECTURE BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE,
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Oct. 15th, 1871.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

The subject for our discourse this day, as announced, will be, "Man, the Immortal," and in it we propose to turn the third page of the religion of the Divine Humanity. We have shown you that the evidence of the existence of a broad, universal, intelligent mind, is to be found within man—written upon the face of Nature—stamped upon every fragment of the universe in firm and legible characters. To-day I propose to question whether similar testimony on a similar ground and universal scale is not to be found for the immortality of the human soul. Do not tell me it is an old subject, not worth the examination now, and destitute of all points of interest. It is a question that is ever new, and in this day of infidelity to what has been called revealed religion—in this day of speculative philosophy—this question comes up before us with more force perhaps than it has ever been presented in the creeds of those who taught us that man was immortal, but never offered to demonstrate their teachings.

There are three sources to which we necessarily turn when we question what are the evidences that man—the divine, man who in his totality is humanity—is demonstrated to be an immortal being. Revealed religion affirms it, science denies it, Spiritualism proves it. But has Spiritualism no relation to revealed religion and science? I claim that it has, and that it is our part, the part of wisdom, the part of true philosophy, to search, ourselves, for this very evidence, and not depend upon the testimony of to-day, which generally falls to us tomorrow. Let us question no; the phenomena also—not merely that which takes at present no inherent part in our active lives and being—but rather seek as to whether it be shown that there is a scientific foundation for the teachings called Spiritualism. It is with a view of reconciling all testimony as showing you that in the divine humanity itself is the witness that we seek, that we ask you to follow us this day.

First, let us take revealed religion alone, and we behold a stupendous failure. And why? Because it appeals to a set of revealing phenomena occurring years since, through a declared subversion of science, and a suspension of natural law. It advocates point back to one small section of the earth, out of all this vast territory; they point to one ignorant and scattered people as the fit recipients of the revelation—while the very record in which it is preserved and handed down to us, conclusively proves that that people were not believed by those of their own time. They point back for a source to this narrow section of country, to this ignorant people and their ancient date in time, and then they offer us the revelation filtered through every species of misinterpretation, and possible interpretation—in fact through everything which can affect a written statement—without bringing up one natural fact, one every-day experience, one witness within the observation of our own time, to justify their statements. They sustain these statements by one contiguous antagonism against the intellectual progress of the race. The marching ages, fraught with the perpetual revelations of science, have ever encountered as their worst foe that theology which battled for these revelations, upon the assumption of miracles, or the occasional suspension of natural law in a favored age, and among a favored people. When driven from point to point, defeated at every turn, and forced slowly to receive the demonstrations of science, theologians have demanded of the race the acceptance of their views upon the condition of a divorce between revealed religion and science, and a subversion of all the powers of the mind—blindly demanding faith in the assertion of the fathers, unassisted by any witness save the bare "say-so" of their declarative assumptions. I speak with all reverence, not of theology, but of the subject upon which theologians treat. To no theology of any age will I yield my claim to worship God; to no theology of any period or time will I yield my claim to know that I am immortal; but I worship God, and believe in immortality only because it has been God's mercy to prove it to me. Old theology, go thou and do likewise! She has failed, and therefore when I question my first witness, I find that she cannot offer to me any foundation on which I can stand.

I take my second—Science; and here again I make the distinction, as on last Sabbath, between science and scientists; I must draw the line of demarcation stronger, for I have listened in the past to some of the leading minds, and heard their specious sophistical philosophy, proving to their own satisfaction and that of those they lead, that man is

not immortal, and that upon the affirmation of what they call science. They point to the fact that there is law everywhere; that as we behold the heavens bright with their rolling worlds—as we look upon the sunlight or the storm, the growth of the blossom or the march of the golden-crowned dust column eddying in the fervent noon of day—that in all we see there is law—nothing but law; that that law is sufficient to account for all the phenomena of nature, all the processes of life, all the wonders of being. Last Sabbath we questioned this law, and never found that it accounted in one instance for the grand phenomenon of all phenomena—Mind! Last Sabbath we searched throughout the entire realm of this law, and never perceived one point where blind, unintelligent force could compass aught bearing the seal of design.

Whatever the scientist may claim, he is unable to declare what this law is, or who or what is the law-giver. He has excluded from his consideration the whole realm of mind—never attempted to treat of the mighty field of psychology—never entered the domain of the soul. He has thrust out of court the very power by which he examines his witnesses—his own spirit! He renders up no account of this mighty principle, consciousness, which enables him to say, "I am." On a previous occasion, too, we traced out for you the different departments of human thought, and showed you that all our research led to the culminating point of a spiritual science; that there is yet unaccounted for in the human organization, the Human Mind; that there is yet to be accounted for the might and majesty of the power of mental reflection—the force of aspiration—the longing to know of a first Great Cause—the searching for a demonstrated immortality, and the laws of human responsibility to whom and to what. And so I take up the thread where science abandons it. I step behind the visible panorama, and, rolling up the curtain of materialism, behold I stand in the realm of mind itself. And now, let us question whether mind itself does not witness of immortality. I do not speculate; but, as I number up my witnesses, science and Spiritualism included, I am sure of the result. Revelation has existed from the dawn of man's intellectual life; it did not belong to the age of savagery, or to the age of Judaism. The savage knew not of God, the soul's immortality, or any responsibility beyond that which the law of strength lays down; but, from the dawn of the human intellect—from the hour when man ate of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil (in accordance with the beautiful Indian allegory of Genesis, which represents the wisdom of the serpent as tempting man to seek added light concerning the capabilities of his existence)—from that hour, we find traces of man as an immortal being. We find it first among the rude troglodytes, and in the hieroglyphs of Egypt and Central Asia—sculptured in rude picture writings, which show the forms and modes of worship of now unknown races. I have stood beside the silent but most eloquent monuments of that unknown people who, deep in the heart of Honduras, Guatemala and Central America, have reared, with wonderful industry, grandest acumen, demonstrated knowledge of mechanics, and an evident mastery of what we now call the lost art, piles that have conquered time. I have stood before these monuments, and beholding the works of that mysterious people who trod this land before us, and who passed from these scenes ere you and I could possess any historical means of deciding their origin, have wondered at the mighty story, and believed in the immortality of the soul! Their monuments to their personal comfort is swept away; but their hope, their hearts' love, their strength and their wealth was laid upon the altar of religion, and that endures! Far away, in the cave temples of Indostan and Tadmor, amid the shattered wrecks that mock the march of ages, and astonish the architect and sculptor of the present day, there abide the same witnesses of an immortal mind, reaching, in its aspirations, afar into the dim regions of the unknown, over feeling after God. The footprints of civilization are marked more and more clearly by man's out-reaching aspiration; still more fair, more beautiful, more abundant in strength, come the evidences of the universal spirit of these religious beliefs, till we reach the day of revelations as recorded in scriptural writings. I need not remind you that the oldest one of the earth—the Sanscrit—is full of direct proofs of the belief of the ancient Hindoo in the immortality of the soul, and of the basic facts that exist to-day in the religions of the world. So with the religious writings of the Egyptians; and the Jewish Bible, however subjected to "interpretation and misinterpretation, gives us the same witness.

Now, this is the day of revelation. When we question what this revelation is, we find that it depends upon two sources: the divine humanity within, and spiritual revelations from without. Man intuitively aspires, and angels intuitively answer him by inspiration. We find by the testimony of the unseen intelligences that we live upheld in the arms of an invisible world; that these mysterious spirits—who are only removed from us by the thin veil of materiality that extends before our own eyes. For a moment that veil is torn aside, and we stand in the presence of an unknown people, and in the confines of an unknown country, but we feel that that country has been the home, and that those people have been the mysterious agents of that Providence which the ancient man bowed his head before and worshipped as God. Forget not, however, that mingled with these spiritual revelations comes the perpetual aspiration of the human soul in inquiry after these facts. The ancient man was a crude metaphysician, and took the kingdom of heaven by storm; in fasting and prayer he demanded news of the soul departed—killings from those gone before—in obedience to that indefinable yearning that perpetually becomes answered by the voice of the spirit-world.

So, then, we find that this revelation depends, as I have said, on two methods of communion—that from within, and that from without. Those who plead for revealed religion at the present day, declare that revelation has ceased. But it never has, neither can it cease. Why have they not considered both these sources upon which it depends. Great is the field of scientific research, but not alone in that which is built of stone and mortar, or which can be cut with the scalpel knife, is there ground for examination. Where is the seat of that mysterious principle which we call human consciousness—is there no science in its efforts and results? Is there no science in the labors of the alchemist, as he bends over his fuming crucible, and stirs its purifying fires? Is there no science in his mind, or is it merely the operations of that crucible, without his directing hand, which track the secrets of nature through diverse forms. Why, it is all science—the highest and the grandest; and therefore, do not think, because I speak of mind and intelligence alone, I ignore science, I am only pressing on, with feeble step and faltering lip, it may be, to those limits from whence science has shrunk back abashed, and dare not tread.

The first ground is the universal testimony of the entire race. If there were wanting any links in the chain, if in all the history of the past, there ever was an age when religious belief was considered out of fashion, it would be a matter of fashion alone; but such is not the case. Man, from the earliest dawn of civilization, has maintained his hold upon the beliefs which constitute religion; all the changes of his intellectual nature have never destroyed this, but have deepened it. Look abroad this day, and compare the poor savage of Central Africa with the *civilized* of modern culture, and you will find that among the leading powers, qualities and tendencies of mind which the cultured man possesses, is a desire to worship God; he believes in immortality, and acknowledges the fact of individual re-

sponsibility for acts performed. The primitive man possesses, owns and acknowledges neither. We may not know how many ages have been consumed in our progress to the present point of enlightenment, but, tracing the path backward for thousands, say, tens of thousands of years, we shall find, through all the past, man is a religious being, save only that class who demand of the witness of mind in matter, who call for proof of spirit-existence alone through the gross portals of materiality, who seek for the soul in dust and ashes—those who have rejected the knowledge so freely offered, and have narrowed themselves down to the visible, material universe. They are no witnesses for me. They are dealing with atoms; they are but reciting the tale of that grand phantasmagoria which we all see; they have entered not into the realm of causation; they pray only of effects, while the power that looks out of the soul laughs them to scorn, and points them to the settlement of the great problem of all. While they search for man's work and surroundings alone in visible things, the spirit-man laughs by their side, and whispers "Ignoramus" in their dull ears. A few Sabbaths ago, in my first address, I cited physiology to show that every atom of matter had a use, and was existing as an absolute necessity. I declare the same thing as regarding mind, and demand to know where the materialist puts this spiritual nature of man? He cannot quench it; he cannot merge it into any vast sea of inorganic intelligence. Therefore there must be a use for it, as a cause; a source for it, as an end; and that is one evidence within divine humanity itself, that must be accounted for, which proves that there is a source and use for man's religious nature.

I take for my next witness the fact that the whole creation shows itself perfect after its kind, except the mind of man. These blossoms [referring to a bouquet on the desk before her] can never hope hereafter to exhibit a fairer form, or exude a more beautiful perfume than in their present status. Thus in the trees and the birds; the element of perfection as to its kind crops out in all, save the soul of man. But I would ask of those who are the oldest among you, whilst you can go back through the experience of the race, and read the record of mind in monument and hieroglyph, till, in the twilight of the past man is, to all intents, one, gigantic animal—whilst the experience of the ages is yours, and you can trace it to your own day, and your own long life experience—is the spirit within you fully perfected? Are you crowned with all the powers which the soul is capable of sustaining? Think of it! Have you solved the hidden mystery of the skies—the wonder of the rolling waters? Have you solved the grand mystery of the central fires? Have you read the tale recorded in the cavernous depths of the old rocks? Have you stood upon the shores of that vast silent sea, walled in by everlasting pinnacles of ice, where never eye of mortal has looked upon its pulsing throb? Have you explored the mystery of ether—the secret path of electricity, the power of growth that has fashioned from the acorn a tiny germ the grand dimensions of the forest tree? All these things you have but partially examined and faintly understood—they are still sealed books as to their causes and their ultimate. You have ascended to a position thousands of miles above the ancients, but your descendants shall ascend just as far above you. They shall tirelessly march up the heights of intelligence beyond you, after you have closed your own experience, and have laid down your head upon the last pillow that head shall ever press. When the clouds of night are drawn before your eyes, and the thin veil of materiality is melting in the splendor beyond, and the gates, far ajar, are exposing to you the crowning lights of a far more glorious world; look back—look back upon the pilgrimage you have made, and ask how many of your hopes and aspirations have been brought to fruition; how many of life's problems have been solved; how many energies brought into play? Oh, broken flower—perishing symbol of mortality—as the very perfume of thy dying hour ascends and blends with the atmosphere of earth, so goes the soul's perfume, according to the unknown, joining that mighty chorus of aspiration that ever arises—that chorus the burden of which is "Light—more light!" The process of mortal development goes ceaselessly on—they of a thousand years hence shall receive streams of light of which the present cannot conceive. I do claim, therefore, that the very highest mind amongst us is only an evidence of the imperfection of life in this dance of atoms in which we now are moving—but an imperfect fruit in a world of material forms, which are but typical of that perfection which yet shall be.

This is my second, but I will take the third and surer ground. My scientific instructor tells me that nothing is destroyed—that he is able to trace the pathway of the atoms in all the circles and cycles of time; very much advanced he tells me they may be, or perchance attenuated to invisible air, but still existing—never destroyed. All this grant, and then I ask him: What then becomes of the realm of mind? And the scientist answers, "It is diffused into the vast ocean of mind." Grant that, too—but what becomes of the several functions of mind? For instance: What becomes of consciousness—that power which says, "I am"? If you can find that, you have found annihilation. Show me the evidence, in any part of the universe, and I will believe that the self-consciousness which enables me to say "I am" is destroyed, and will embrace the blank fact of annihilation. It cannot be merged into sightless, for then it loses its individuality—it lives, and holds to its separate form and memory. Oh, scientist, if your darkened eyes can penetrate the veil and perceive the fact of annihilation of self-consciousness, do not lay the axe at the foot of the tree of science by declaring that this principle applies to one department of animated existence, but not to all. If this does not come into the category of science, then the manifestations of matter do not, for it stands upon the same ground, it is taken the same point—the indestructibility of being. I ask you, oh, scientists, to account for the destruction of that one single faculty of my soul, and if you cannot render the proof, then must I believe that the "I am" lives forever!

And now for my last witness on the plane of that humanity which is considered as the microcosm of all science. I look upon the race as it exists; I am told that some are happy and fortunate, whilst others toil with such an unnatural waste of life's forces and energies, that I have my self gazed upon them, and wondered why they ever were born. I am sure that they so wonder themselves. I have seen them broken and crippled, groping their way alone, without the sweet ties of domestic life and love—wretched, maimed, mangled, horrible objects, whose very sight appeals to the sympathy of the feeling heart, tottering along life's pathway, so patient, so resigned, and yet, oh, so hopeless! I have seen them crushed down by the awful circumstance of a criminal stamp at birth, just as we stamp our currency at its issue, going out into existence like Ishmaelites—every man's hand against them, and their hands, by a dread necessity, against every man; till at the end of their tortuous existence, they are—as a spectacle to men and angels—crushed by the strong arm of the law, as a thing put out of life because society says it cannot bear the presence of such great sinners!

Now, friends, you and I trace the source of such criminals, and a great part of them we must shoulder upon the providence of God, or upon total depravity; but that does not account for all. Answer me the purpose of pain and suffering; answer me the problem of the wasteful destruction of property by fire—the physical deaths occurring under circumstances so terrible as those which day after day smite upon the ear—the struggle of the drowning the fiery pains of those who go up from life in the bosom of the surging flames! We ask, where is God, when the theologian bids us be silent in the face of such awful calamities, for it is the

will of God. We ask, where is he—where is that love of which theology in its calmer hour tells us so fluently? We ask why some so suffer, whilst others rejoice—why some so struggle with adverse winds and waves, whilst others sail life's billows with such tender care spread around them that it would seem that they are borne in the arms of angels! What kind of a God can it be who thus by life will alone is imposing such an overwhelming load of misery, if there be not another and a better world—if there be not hope for the fallen, comfort for the outcast, a home for the wanderer, liberty for the oppressed, justice for every man, mercy and compassion to the evil-doer—progress for all! (Applause.)

They tell us, these spirit people, that there is such a world. They do not only so assure us, but they come to us with the martyr's cross changed to a crown of glory, and the feet and hands that have been pierced, wreathed with the roses of immortality, the blossoms of an eternal joy. They come to us revealing the justice of the Good Father in every department of being. They tell us of no threshold mystery, no theological sponge to wipe away in an instant the sins of such as receive it, whilst those unable are to be plunged in eternal fire. They come to us with the record of every life complete; they come to us with the intelligence that every mystery is made clear and plain; they come to us showing this humanity of ours—this grand gospel of the divine humanity—to be just such a gospel as the ages have been laboring up the steps of time for, destined to bring all into beauty and order; they come to us, these spirit people, showing their power to ascend from the depths of despair in human life, to higher fields and grander aims; they come to us showing us that an immortality of use is theirs—that this is the only kind of immortality that can redeem the justice of God from the aspersions of the credulist; they come to us showing that a loving heart speeds them on; they come to us telling that because we have longed for it, because it ought to be—because when God gave us the boon of life he ought also to have given us the solution of all life's problems, the ending of all sorrows and fears, and because we in the past have mourned for the end unknown—this is why so many great hearts have instinctively turned aside from the baseless aspersions of theology, and this is why the voice of the angel has spoken this day in our ears.

There must be an explanation why some are riding on the crest of life's billow, whilst others are struggling desperately in its whirling depths—but the science of existence will never render this solution to the scalpel knife of that investigator who hopes alone in dull, cold matter to trace its living glory. To-day is the veil rent in twain, and we see the results of this life's experiences. This needs no discussion for those that have beheld the forms of the immortals, who have conversed with them, who know by experience that the gates are not ajar, but are wide open—those whose clairvoyant ears have heard the voices, those whose clairvoyant gaze has pierced the veil of mystery, those whose souls, while yet clothed with flesh, have walked hand in hand with these spirit-people through the glorious paths of that fairer land—it needs, I say, no discussion for such—in a word, it needs no demonstration for those to whom it is already proven; and it is enough for you and I to know that these demonstrations—although they have been rejected by that class of religionists who build only upon the revelations of the past—will break the chain of priestcraft and make the people their own priests.

You and I, as we trace the history of the past, shall see that there is a something more to be accounted for. The world of gentils and fables, of fauns and serpents and gnomes—the world that we have seen in the brilliant imaginings of youth, the world that we have clung to, despite the utterances of dull scientific platitudes concerning its nonentity, we cannot do without. The line of history is interwoven with it in every part, in visions, in prophecies, in all seasons. As we look back, we see the angel faithful in every clime and country. And where all fail to bring proof, at last comes the opening of the gates in this nineteenth century. We have begun to be so familiar with Spiritualism, that we hardly understand that it comes as a solution of any other problem than our great heart-quest for our dead. It is not alone to answer the solemn question, Whither, whither are they gone?—It is not alone because you and I have speculated early upon all the coming years—the earth that shall be no more for us to tread, the music that other lips shall sing; it is not alone that we look upon the seemingly utter waste of life, as the billows of change roll around us, and feel an unseen hand pushing us far, far out upon the world's waves of an unknown sea; it is not for selfish purposes alone, but to solve the problem of the relations of human obedience to the Grand Man whom we call God, that it comes to us, revealing the power of communion with higher minds, the fact of the continuity of life beyond the grave—for this it comes to us. To fill us with courage for the duties of existence, to bring us strength to act, and the truth to go before us as we lay here the foundation for the superstructure of a life hereafter—for this has Spiritualism come to us.

Now do we comprehend after what fashion revelations come? Now do we comprehend that revelation is perpetual, that it is never finished, that it comes in answer to the yearning of the soul? Now do we comprehend that that yearning of the soul has a deeper meaning, that it is not merely a lonely cry from matter. Now do we realize that the entire race is not deceived by a myth; that the Eternal Mind has not implanted this religious nature in man only that it may mock him and lead him astray. Now do we understand that our lives are not, lost, nothing destroyed—all that is gone before waiting till we shall take up the history in the spirit-world. Now do we understand that from every score of labor down in the field of earth's existence a towering oak awaits us there. Let us help all who need with an outstretched hand; we cannot think too much concerning their welfare; but never think that they are forsaken by the God that has placed us on the pinnacle of freedom from want or pain; let us never look upon them as children of perdition, but as brothers toiling for spiritual light at the bottom of the ladder, while we are nearing its summit.

I thank thee, oh, Great Spirit, I thank thee more for the boon of the voices that have come to me, telling of the soul's immortality, than for all the creeds and systems of civilization; for if all these were leveled to earth, the voice of the spirit would suffice to inspire me to build them up again. I know that God is; I know that man is immortal; and it only remains for me, during my brief ministrations among you, to draw from surrounding Nature the proofs she holds. I shall do so next Sabbath by presenting the testimony of the rocks, and, in my concluding address, by calling upon the witness of the choir stars.

PATIENTIA.

By TOM HOOD.

Tell on, oh, troubled brain,
With anxious thoughts and busy scenes oppress'd;
Erelong release shall reach thee. A brief pain I
Then—Rest!

Watch still, oh, heavy eyes,
A little longer must ye vigil keep;
And lo! your lids shall close at morning's rise
In sleep.

Throb yet, oh, aching heart,
Still pulse the flagging current without cease—
When you a few hours more have played your part
Comes Peace!

Bear up, then, weary soul!
Short is the path remaining to be trod—
Lay down the heavily burden and touch the goal—
Then—God!

Free Thought.

THE GROWING EVILS AND BOLDNESS
OF CORRUPTION.

MESSES EDITORS—I have—and no doubt others have—been exercised of late upon the growing evils and boldness of corruption and corrupting influences found in every department of our social structure. Not that the elements of genuine good are wanting or less than at any previous times, but because the positiveness of that good is, as it were, latent—kept from action by an undue and mistaken sympathy for those who are prominent actors of evil.

It seems the time demands that honesty and integrity should show themselves, and make a point, by both preaching and practicing these principles that are clear, from every view, as fundamental and basic in the structure of all we dream of as reform. And the inquiry will arise, what is the standard or central idea around which all the reform ideas can center?

Is it true or not true that present as well as all past reform ideas centre in the principles involved in that saying, "Love thy neighbor as thyself"—love in the broad, fraternal, equal sense, as well as the special. The power of this love is the moving spirit of all moral writers, and is the highest inspiration in all bibles, and all the brightest lights of past ages held this as a representative idea. It was that, in its fullness, that came with and inspired Jesus, eighteen hundred years ago, to establish its kingdom on the earth, or its incarnation in the hearts of humanity, feeling assured that, when once there established, its fruit in works would illustrate its value.

Acting and living the principles involved in this saying constitute all we know as moral law, and are the standard of morality. Righteousness and right action are simply the living in all our acts, those governing principles, and should be made just what they are in Nature, the central idea of all reform. To live these principles is to strike a sure blow at evil, and evil alone will disappear when the elements that give it life are cut off. When we live that life founded on these principles, we stop generating the elements that give life to evil influences and evil institutions. Neither belief nor knowledge will save us. Salvation from any known evil comes from putting in practice what we know and believe. A mere belief in any principles of goodness or man has not and will not save the world from corrupting tendencies and positive evil. Is not a belief in goodness and righteousness publicly professed, with a daily life of constant and continuous practice of immorality, positive hypocrisy?

Where is there in our whole social structure—in its institutions—one that is based upon the governing principle, "love thy neighbor as thyself"? And how can mankind, with immoral natures and immoral tendencies, create moral institutions and laws? "We do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles." It is here affirmed that there is not a moral institution on the face of the earth, and, as the formula stands, no one can live and act and be a moral being, therefore there can be no such acts as moral acts. Is it any wonder that corruption and evil exist? How can it be otherwise, so long as such elements are being continually generated and transmitted to every coming child, who, in its turn and time, acts out what it necessarily must—that character, the elements of which were his ante-natal inheritance, over which the child had no control.

It may be said that we must look for salvation through Jesus Christ. Rightly interpreted and understood, this idea cannot be too strongly urged and carefully considered, but we most earnestly affirm that a simple belief in Jesus, as the Christ, can never bring salvation. Eighteen hundred years of such belief have failed to bring salvation from evil and sin to the world or a single person, for we find no one living the life and practicing Jesus lived and taught. And if it has not brought salvation here, how can there be any hope for the future? Certainly Jesus, in his teachings, gave no one such assurance, and certainly common sense cannot. All the revelations the spiritual world gives us to-day, make that idea a positive falsehood. Belief may be a necessary step to a reform, if it is an incentive to action; but faith, or belief, or even knowledge, without works, is dead—of no account. What is wanted to-day, and what we have not got, is the ripe fruit of a moral life.

In the fruits which are plainly visible in our social structure to-day, as they present themselves, there are no marked lines of distinction between those who profess religion and those who do not. Taking the life and teachings of Jesus as the standard, I affirm there is no such thing as Christianity on the earth to-day; also that his rebukes of the hypocritical religious professions of the scribes and Pharisees of his day are equally applicable in this. Is this not so?

What should we think of the profession of that man who believes in temperance as the only means of salvation, makes a public profession of that belief, signs the pledge, goes out the next day, gets drunk, and so on through a lifetime—a professional believer in temperance, yet a constant drunkard all his life? Could we not point justly to such an one as a "thou hypocrite"?

And what a sham!—and more—a burlesque of the teachings of some great apostle of temperance that arose years ago, preached and practiced temperance, instituted temperance societies, making a success in gaining converts, till at last the rum-sellers, seeing that their occupation was being lost, became enraged, and murdered him. Still the enthusiasm continued, the people became zealous in the reform, when some aspiring, ambitious person, who had failed to silence it by his persecution, became suddenly converted, joined the temperance ranks, extolled the greatness and goodness of the murdered apostle, and, with a zealous lawyer style, entered heartily into the

any in the spiritual ranks, either in power or
tent." During my acquaintance with her she
answered several thousand letters, besides giv-
ing a great number of verbal delineations, which, as
as I could ever learn, almost without exception,
were entirely satisfactory. Some of the most
prominent business men of this and other cities
came frequently to consult her upon the business

matters from the vices we respond States, 6 and the con- tinu- ally. of chara- er of se- existence faction any rhu- ing O. finest at the new
 LYNN
 "I am a many a while a- tious the great si- the wor- ology, a and soc- the cor- Woodh- whose their p- Also, ti- nized i- Chapin- Christ's Spiritu- otherwi- It is i- we bea- time w- fully co- we do- on the e- ing any i- import- iden the great s- drones, to thr- their s- stands grand- hidden- tremble- all the influ- side of she be- its mor- with it- I au- Sunday- in Cam- of Barb-
 NEV
 20th: V- listen! Jennet- and fal- the bri- whose flowin- the bri- She ha- truely c- tration- piness- years,
 NEV
 server, subject reader profits dian! that I l- of its t- crease- me (a- presen- dum i- night- street- opport- spirita- heard- and fel- I am a- ed fact- and a- with it- the res- earth. Mrs. R- um), a- be ma- many the bu- under- In y- Mr. Pe- dry ni- materi- to see- I do n- dress- pretty semin- er yea- a firm
 LIV
 nalism- dums- practi- About- France- has p- Spiritu- The fi- lem is- pool, i- glon h- sured- I ha- have- I send- more- are a- allism- time- last s- advan- dums
 KEI
 histor- Christ- persec- power- selves- please- that i- every- they i- more- enforce- public- power- of mi- fruit- "B- saved- We a- in "C- is no- every- not a- and n- ple ha- broke- suffer- theo- those- not se- wile- Univ- Not- to fin- charg- refuta- some- tory t-
 PO- follow- for th-

matters that were pressing hard upon them, and from the personal testimony of several, her services were regarded as most valuable. Her correspondents are from all parts of the United States, Canada, England and the West Indies, and the letters are so numerous as to require the continual services of a scribe for several hours daily. To those who simply desire a delineation of character, independent of her clairvoyant power of seeing into the future, and tests of spiritual existence, I think they would receive more satisfaction in her psychometric reading than from any phrenologist I have ever known, not excepting O. S. Fowler. Psychometry is one of the finest and most wonderful sciences developed by the new spiritual dispensation.

Massachusetts.

LYNN.—Mrs. M. S. Townsend Hoadley writes: "I am again in Lynn, speaking to crowded houses, many going away evenings for want of room; and while speaking to these people, under the inspirations that give me utterance, I seem to see the great tide of progressive force that is rolling over the world, carrying before it the rubbish of Old Theology, as manifested in government, the religious and social world. A glorious tribute was paid by the controlling spirit, yesterday, to Mrs. V. C. Woodhull, as an instrument in the hands of those whose determination is to raise humanity from their present state of darkness and error. Also, thanking God that the spirits were so organized in Beecher's church, as they would be in Chapin's and all others, until the teachers of Christ's love would acknowledge the truths of Spiritualism as revealed in the Bible, as well as otherwise.

It is indeed a grand age to live in, and although we are heavy crosses, we can look forward to a time when our trials will ripen into blessings, fully compensating for all our sufferings; and if we do not gain them this side of Jordan, they will only be more satisfactory when we are on the other side. People who live without creating any sensation in the world do not make very important marks, and flatter their vanity with the idea they are considered respectable. But when great souls stir the muddy waters around them, and their cries are heard in terror, and use every effort to thrust their filth upon those who are really their saviours. Thus, in my humble opinion, stands Victoria C. Woodhull to-day. With her grand forces of truth she is revealing the long-hidden haunts of vice and crime, and those who tremble in guilt, or grope in ignorance, are using all the power they can muster to counteract her influence. But the armies of heaven are on the side of right, and so far as she represents it will she be successful. Success to the truth, with all its moralizing influence—to love, pure, holy love, with its influence of salvation.

I am to speak in Milford, Mass., on the first Sunday in January; on the third Sunday evening in Cambridgeport. My address this month is care of Sarah Todd, Lynn, Mass."

NEW BEDFORD.—"M. S. H." writes, Dec. 20th: "We have recently had the pleasure of again listening to eloquent lectures delivered by Mrs. Jennette J. Clark, of Boston. This well-known and faithful exponent of Spiritualism has broken the bread of life to many a hungry multitude whose souls have been imbued with inspiration flowing from the angel-world, combined with the bright spiritual qualities of her own nature. She has the gratitude of the writer, who has been truly cheered and strengthened by her ministrations. May the sunlight of prosperity and happiness illuminate her pathway through long years of usefulness."

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.—A correspondent, "Observer," writes thus: "As an investigator of the subject of Spiritualism, I have been a constant reader of your paper; often with pleasurable and profitable result, and never without a feeling of dissatisfaction. You will therefore judge that I hold the 'Banner' in good esteem because of its teachings; that esteem has of late been increased largely from the opportunity afforded me (and the citizens of New Orleans) of being present at the séances of Mrs. Charles Rice, a medium for physical manifestations, now holding nightly meetings at her rooms, 262 St. Charles street. It is the first time that I have had an opportunity of being in the tangible presence of the spirits. I have seen the lights made by them, heard them speak audibly in 'propria persona,' and felt their hands so palpable to the touch, that I am satisfied to accept Spiritualism now as a fixed fact; I mean that no pooh-poohing of science, and affected waves of the hand of Orthodoxy with its pitying smile, can change my belief in the reality of the return of spirit-friends to this earth. Naturally I feel under much obligation to Mrs. Rice (who seems to be a wonderful medium), and if the people of New Orleans could only be made to attend her séances, it would cause many a heart to beat with joy, which now carries the bughouse fear of death, as a grievous burden, under which they are cowering and trembling. In your last number of the Banner you refer to Mr. Peebles being here. His audience last Sunday night was select and large—in fact, the best material of the city heard him then, and I hope to see them continue to attend his lectures, albeit I do not think it was his happiest effort. His address is so pleasing that those who hear him are pretty sure to return. He is doing much to disseminate the truth in our midst, and, ere another year rolls round, Spiritualism will have taken a firm hold here."

England.

LIVERPOOL.—John Chapman writes: "Spiritualism is attracting attention in Liverpool. Mediums are being developed, and table-tipping is practiced in a great many families in the town. About fifty circles are held every Sunday night. Preachers are getting alarmed. The Rev. James Preacher has preached a sermon against Spiritualism, calling it the 'work of demons.' The first sentence in his sermon says, 'Spiritualism is coming to the front in the town of Liverpool, as in other places, and the ministers of religion had better deal with it in time, for they assuredly will have to deal with it ultimately.' I have shown the Banner to a few, who have given me their names and addresses, which I send, with subscription, expecting to send you more shortly. We see from the Banner that we are a long way behind the Americans in Spiritualism, but some of us are looking forward to the time when, (as a spirit said through a medium last Sunday night) Spiritualism would so far advance that mediums would give place to mediums, who would take their pupils."

Ohio.

KELLEY'S ISLAND.—"An Inquirer" writes: "I wish to ascertain where I can find any record or history that will acquit any denomination of Christians, since Constantine came into power, of persecuting unto death, whenever they had the power, all who believed differently from themselves on theological subjects? Will anyone please point out where I can find history to that effect, that any denomination has not exterminated every other denomination of Christians when they have had the power? Were Christians ever more liberal than at the present day? They now enforce their dogmas upon the minority in every public school, in every place that they can get the power to do so, paying no heed to the conscience of minorities. Is my persecution the legitimate fruit of the teachings of Christianity?"

"Believe and be baptized and you shall be saved. He that believeth not shall be damned." We are taught weekly from the pulpit that belief in "Christ" is necessary to salvation; that there is no other name by which we can be saved; that every one can believe that will—i. e., that belief is not a matter of evidence, but of will. The logical and moral conclusion is, it is better that people have their wills, and if necessary their necks broken, to make them believe right here, than suffer eternally hereafter. This was King James's theory when he applied the thumb-screw to those whom he considered believing error. I do not see how any person can consistently do otherwise who believes that Christians (except the Universalists) profess to do.

Now, Messrs. Editors, I have been challenged to find history showing exceptions to the above charges. My library being small, I have not the refutation of these charges at hand. Will you or some of your readers please refer me to some history to refute them?

Michigan.

PORT HURON.—James H. Haslet writes as follows: "Messrs. Editors, I have taken in relation to questions advanced by Mrs. Woodhull. I firmly

believe her to be a pure-minded woman, and her views on the social question are to me the utterances of truth, and are destined to revolutionize the world and free it from slavery."

Connecticut.

HARTFORD. Dec. 18 1871.—By request of our Association, we endorse the resolutions on the death of Abram Spencer, unanimously adopted at our last meeting. Bro. Spencer was killed by the cars Dec. 11th:

Whereas, Our community, and especially this Association, have been called to bow with humble submission to the decree of the unseen power which rules and governs the universe of matter and spirit, by which our faithful friend, brother and fellow citizen, Abram Spencer, has been removed from our midst; therefore,

Resolved, That we extend to his stricken family the condolence and sympathy of this society and congregation.

Resolved, That in his sudden and appalling death we recognize the manifestation of that Supreme and Divine Law which works independent of human will and foresight, and has its benefits on all alike, regardless of social, religious or other earthly conditions.

Resolved, That in his removal to the higher life we recognize the loss of an earnest, consistent and faithful friend, a diligent and faithful worker in the cause of Spiritualism, and one who stood proudly by his honest convictions of truth, regardless of the frowns and edicts of the church of which he was once a member, and holding the right of private judgment in religious matters superior to all other considerations; therefore to best honor his memory will be to emulate his virtues, and thereby erect in our own hearts the only monument that will stand the test of time.

E. W. LINCOLN, Sec'y. S. A. COLEMAN, Pres.

Delaware.

WILMINGTON.—Robt. L. Smith says: "Spiritualism is in a very good condition in this city. Mrs. Frances Kingman is lecturing here at present. In January Fannie Allen lectures for us. Mrs. Hyzer, who has been speaking here for eight or nine months, is lecturing in Washington this winter, but will return to Wilmington in March, to continue for another year's lecturing. She fills our church every Sunday."

New Jersey.

VINELAND.—L. K. Coonley writes, Dec. 18th: "Mrs. S. E. Warner's lectures are giving great satisfaction, and calling out large audiences. Mrs. Daniels, of Connecticut, a fine rapping test medium, is here with Mrs. Warner."

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE LAND OF THE HEREAFTER.

BY H. WINCHESTER.

Cold and dreary is life's pathway,
Storms and winds around us roar;
Black and cheerless are our wanderings
While we're hasting to that shore
Spoken of by holy prophets,
By the bards and seers of old,
Where the spirit shall inherit
Life eternal—joy's untold.

Who can tell what scenes await us
When to earth we bid adieu?
Who can tell the joys supernatural
Far away in yonder blue,
Where the spirit, freed from matter,
Chainless by the bands of earth
Shall arise—progress forever—
Born of God—a spirit birth!

Read! Read! Books! Books!

Often, in my experience as an agent for spiritualistic and reformatory books, persons have said to me, "I would like to buy a copy of every one of your books, if I only could afford to." Now, I want to say to all such people—and they may be found in almost every town in the land—it is within your means to have all, or nearly all, of these valuable books that you desire so much; and I want to tell you how to do it. It is likely that there are many others in your town or neighborhood who are as anxious to read these books as you are. Just go to them, and inquire how much they are willing to give toward purchasing a library containing such books as they desire to read. Get what money you can of each one, together with the names of the book or books that they are most desirous of obtaining, and send an order to the "Banner of Light Bookstore," to have the books forwarded by express; and, should the amount be large enough, you would get a liberal discount. If fifteen dollars' worth are ordered, the discount is twenty per cent.; and the larger the order, the more the discount. In this way, you will get your books for much less, saving not only in the discount, but in the cost of forwarding. It will cost but little, if any more, to send a large package of books by express, quite a long distance, than it would to forward one of Mrs. Hardinge's "History of Spiritualism" by mail.

Any one can plainly see that by taking this course, any community of Spiritualists and free thinkers can obtain, with little trouble and small expense, such books as they may wish to read.

In my travels I found some places where this method had been followed out with the most agreeable results. Try it, friends, everywhere. Now is the time to get up your clubs, and send in your orders. The long winter evenings cannot be more pleasantly and profitably spent than in reading the record of facts, carefully stated and thoroughly endorsed by the keenest intellects of the age, demonstrating beyond the possibility of a doubt the conscious, continued existence of man after the death of the body. And then the grand system of religious philosophy, based upon and growing naturally out of these facts, commands the admiration and acceptance of the intellect, and answers the aspirations of the heart. Spiritualism being in the deepest sympathy with all the great reforms of the age, has necessarily a broad and comprehensive literature, embodying the most advanced thought and the noblest inspirations, upon all topics that concern the welfare of the race.

For science and philosophy, let me give from memory—at the risk of leaving out some of the best—the names of a few authors and books that I would commend: A. J. Davis's, Wm. Denton's, H. O. Wright's, Hudson Tuttle's, Maria King's, "Pre-Adamite Man," "Science of Evil," "not forgetting 'The Hollow Globe.'"

For facts, read first of all Emma Hardinge's "History of Modern American Spiritualism," a careful and impartial record of Spiritualism for twenty years. The author has done her work nobly and justly, presenting us the plain facts, the inspirations and fanaticisms, the victories and defeats, yet showing clearly that the great principles affirmed and demonstrated by spirit communion have advanced with overwhelming power and unparalleled rapidity. I would commend this work especially to those who have but just come to a knowledge of the truth of Spiritualism.

"Planchette," by Epes Sargent, should be read by all investigators. "Claims of Spiritualism" is an excellent record of facts. So also is Robert Dale Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," and still later, "The Debatable Land," and many others that I cannot refer to.

For poetry, read first of all Emma Hardinge's "Poems from the Inner Life," and "Poems of Progress." Here we have the lessons of the "New Dispensation" clothed in the rhythm and beauty of song—every line a precept, every verse a sermon. Here again we listen to the voice of Poe. The same fierce spirit, as of old, breathes through his song, no longer subdued with sadness, but ringing with a joy and gladness of victory over death. Here Burns and Shakespeare prove to us that immortality is not alone to them in the enduring fame that their earthly labors have won, but consists also in the perpetuity of those faculties that enabled them to mount the summit of worldly honor,

permitting them to sing to earth's people new songs of equal or surpassing beauty to those of the olden time. But I cannot do these poems justice, and so I will not try. Those of you who have read the Banner of Light should know it is your self, and no Spiritualists should be without both volumes of Miss Doten's poems any longer than they can help. They ought to be in every family, as well as in a library.

Barlow's "The Voices," another book of poems that has won for itself the highest encomiums, is in price very reasonable, and would be indispensable to make up a library; also Belle Bush's "Voices of the Morning," Achsa Sprague's "Poems," and Denton's "Radical Rhymes." For stories we have "Helen Harlow's Vow," "Alice Vale," "The Faithless Guardian," "The Federati of Italy," "The Golden Key," &c.

"Strange Visions," a most remarkable book, is a series of communications from different popular authors in spirit-life. These communications are highly characteristic of the individuals that claim to give them, making the book very valuable as a proof of spirit-intercourse. I have made this mention of special books not because they are any more valuable than many others; but for the reason that they occur to my memory, hoping that the suggestions may aid those who engage in starting a library in making valuable selections. For a complete list I would refer you to the catalogue of the "Banner of Light Publishing House."

For cheap reading and gratuitous distribution, do not forget the "American Liberal Tract Society," who will send their tracts for a very small sum per hundred; and when you are making up your library order, mention a few hundred of these invaluable tracts, to be given to your theological friends.

The highest civilization, the noblest development of mental and spiritual power, exist where literature is the most diffusive and books are most carefully read. The people of Massachusetts, who represent the highest average culture of any in the world, are the most persistent and extensive readers. The book trade of Boston is immense, and is constantly increasing. Spiritualists, more than any other people, perhaps, are thinkers. Thought begets thought; thus they ought also to be readers. The notion which some mediums entertain, that the spirits don't want them to read, because the mind must be as near a blank as possible, is absurd. Don't permit yourselves to be fools for spirits in the body or out, but seek the highest culture, and through it obtain the highest inspiration. The literature of Spiritualism is constantly increasing in quantity and improving in quality. Some of the later books are eminently worthy of the great cause they advocate. Thus, friends everywhere, I feel justified in commending this literature to your notice, and I sincerely hope for your own best good that you will avail yourselves of the suggestions I have made, and thereby increase your store of knowledge, strengthen your faith in humanity, and establish your conviction of immortal life.

A. E. CARPENTER.

Spiritual Phenomena.

SPIRITS VISIBLE TO ALL.

DEAR BANNER—Doubtless your readers will be pleased to learn of a new development, through one of our oldest mediums, Dr. H. C. Gordon, who is residing in New York, which occurs both day and night when conditions are harmonious. These manifestations to which I refer are the presentation of shadows and forms, life size, and are recognized as the departed loved of those who had been present. These forms require no cabinet, but are close beside the medium, sometimes reclining on his shoulder, at others holding his hand and moving about his parlors, in the presence of the circle. They are seen to smile and nod when recognized, and on two occasions have spoken. The doctor has been extremely ill, during which these developments have taken place, and as I have been his constant attendant, I have witnessed the appearing of these beautiful forms. I feel that those interested in this subject would be greatly pleased to know of these wonderful developments. On one occasion the husband and daughter of a lady present were recognized, which afforded them unspeakable joy. The husband of another lady has manifested quite frequently, to her entire identification. Her sister, a young lady, has frequently appeared floating about the rooms some distance from the medium.

On Saturday, Dec. 9th, a number of friends called on the doctor to make some inquiries concerning his beautiful gift, when he was influenced, and, in an entranced state, gave them a beautiful test by announcing their friends as present, who presented themselves as tangibly as if in the mortal form. All present beheld these manifestations alike.

Much interest is being manifested concerning this new development, and I felt it my duty to call your attention to it. As soon as his health will permit he will receive the public.

Yours fraternally,

THOMAS P. SPOULE.

New York, Dec. 19, 1871.

DR. SLADE'S MEDIUMSHIP.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I will give a statement of a séance I had with Dr. Slade, of New York. I shall state the simple facts briefly, and am willing to swear to the statement. I called on him about half-past two o'clock, November 13th last. He received me in a room up stairs, with folding doors. He partly closed the folding doors. There was nothing in the room but a few chairs, a table, carpet, a small shelf, on which were a few books. We seated ourselves at the table, he all the time with his feet toward my chair. Placing our hands on it, immediately there were violent raps and a shaking of the table. "Will you write?" "Yes," it was rapped. During the whole time of my presence in the room I was embraced and fondled by invisible hands, my clothing was pulled, hands passed through my hair and beard. Especially plain was the sensation of the hands of a child holding and pressing my own. These hands felt colder than mortal hands. Dr. Slade took up a small slate, bit off a very small piece of pencil, and handing me the slate with the pencil on it, told me to place it on my head. I did so. Immediately I heard the pencil writing on the slate very rapidly. Dr. S., sitting some yards from me, and before me, inquired if I heard it writing. "Yes," I answered, "and it has now ceased with a flourish." Taking down the slate, I found a message signed T. Irvine. As I was not certain of the T, it resembling somewhat an S, I remarked so; and placing the slate again on my head, it was written, "It is not S, but T"—the latter being made in imitation of the T of printers. I then held the slate close up against the table, and messages were written just as before. I asked what the T stood for. It was written: "Thomas Irvine, your grandfather." This was correct; that was his name.

Dr. Slade taking up an accordion, it was jerked from him and handled so violently that he advised me to try it, adding: "It is an Indian spirit!" I

took hold of the accordion, grasping one end tightly, resting my hand on my right knee. It began to play "Home, Sweet Home"—played it through very distinctly. When near the end of the tune, I silently willed it to play "Hail, Columbia," which, after some hesitancy and quivering, it did very plently. Dr. Slade was at least two yards from me, and not touching the accordion. He appeared surprised it should play for me, and remarked: "You ought to be satisfied."

Just before leaving I touched the table with my right hand, Dr. S. ordering it to rise, which it did, following my hand two feet, and remaining there for a few seconds, when it lightly dropped to the floor. The bell and accordion, both on the floor, were at his request tossed on the table. My eyes were upon them before they left the floor, and followed them to the table. The bell circled around my head once, ringing, before it was set down. All this occurred at between 2 and 3 p. m. of a light day, in a small room with two windows looking toward the south, the room as light as an ordinary business room. I never saw Dr. S. before in my life, never corresponded directly or indirectly with him, reside twelve hundred miles from him, passed directly out of the crowded streets of New York City up stairs to his room, never giving him any notice of my visit. Explain these wonders who can. All my attempts heretofore to investigate the matter through ordinary media have been repulsed, as they said, by my incredulity; and I certainly made this visit to Dr. S. in a doubting frame of mind, nor do I now say what caused these astounding phenomena.

CLARKE IRVINE.

Oregon, Holt County, Mo., Dec. 7th, 1871.

From the Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal, Dec. 9.

ABOUT PHYSICIANS.

[At the request of an esteemed friend, whose name will be recognized by our Portsmouth readers, we give room to his tribute to a practitioner in his favorite system of treatment. But we cordially endorse the reference to the respected physician, who may be counted as the best, as he is the oldest of the practitioners in Portsmouth.]

MR. EDITOR: While I was in New York, in October, my friend Mansfield was taken very sick, growing worse and still worse, until when I was permitted for a moment to look upon him, it appeared to me that he could not live twenty-four hours. I prevailed upon his friends to call in another doctor to consult with the family physician, but failed to find the one we desired. Dr. Mansfield being no better next day at noon, I went at a moment's notice to New York to consult with and save his friend. He telegraphed back that he would treat him at a distance. He commenced to treat him at 6 o'clock; at 8 o'clock the patient spoke audibly, and from that time he kept on improving. On the third day he was walking about the room, and the fourth day he resumed his business in his office at his own house. So much for Dr. Mansfield's care at such a long distance.

Dr. Newton at home in Boston said down at stated times to prescribe for his patient in New York, two hundred and forty miles away, wrote remarkably correct statements of his case, situation and dress each time; and whether he was the agency of curing the patient or not, the patient steadily and rapidly improved from that time. This is but one of many remarkable cures under his treatment.

A remarkable case of etiquette in medical practice was developed in the instance of my calling upon the physician attending the sick doctor. While on the way to see the family physician, we chanced to meet him on the street. I then told him what we intended to do, and asked him if he would have any objection to calling in Dr. Clark. He hesitated a moment, when he said he had a decided objection; that the man would die anyhow, and it was a point of etiquette with him to call another doctor, and he would not consent to it until he was discharged by the family. If I had been struck by a thunderbolt I would not have been more astonished, but, on recovery, I gave him such a report that he in return became dumfounded.

What shall we say of a physician who permits etiquette to come between the life and death of a patient? The world may judge him whether he is the general type of family physicians. I am happy to say I know of some honorable exceptions; my own, for instance, who, when I was sick with the Panama fever and my life was despaired of, brought in three doctors of his own accord, himself making the fourth. I can see them now, in my mind's eye, as they arranged themselves beside my bed and examined me each one for himself. I can never forget that scene, although the three major doctors brought in have all passed on to another state of existence and he only remains. He is still the same good Samaritan that he always was, ready at any moment to go through fire and water to save a patient, and to wade knee-deep in the mud to serve a friend. I am sorry to say that there are too few of such and too many of the other sort of family physicians.

J. M. HILL.

J. V. MANSFIELD, MEDIUM FOR ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Allow me to give a slight tribute to the strong medium powers of J. V. Mansfield, of New York City, and also to his noble, kind heart.

In December of 1870, I was in deep affliction, both bodily and mentally; in fact, I was almost frantic. I could see nothing but a deep cloud of misery and blackness, turn which way I would. Finally, I think by the influence of my spirit-friends, I wrote to Mr. Mansfield, stating to him my straitened circumstances, and enclosing with that a carefully sealed letter to my spirit friends. After writing and sealing up my letter, it was a few days before I could send it to the post office, and during that time I thought of several things or questions that I was sorry that I had not asked of my spirit-friends, but concluded that it was not best to unseal the letter. In a short time I received a reply from Mr. Mansfield, with a letter from my spirit friends (my husband, mother, and two brothers); not only were all my questions in my letter answered correctly, but the very questions I had asked mentally after sealing up my letter, I also answered correctly. Mr. Mansfield and the holy angels bless Mr. Mansfield for his kindness in answering my letter free of all expense. (I cannot give the letters, for they were of too private and personal a nature to make public.) I believe his kindness was almost the means of saving me from insanity, for the letters came only a few days after the death of my child, and they brought comfort and consolation in that was sorely needed. I meant to have written to you long ere this, but trouble, sorrow and adversity prevented.

Yours respectfully, PAULINA W. OLMSTED.

St. Albans, Vt., Nov. 28th, 1871.

CONVENTION NOTICES.

Vermont.
The Vermont State Spiritualist Association will hold a Quarterly Convention at South Chester, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 12th, 13th and 14th of January. This will be a most interesting and profitable occasion, and free speech. A cordial invitation is extended to all persons of whatever faith, to meet with us as brothers and sisters in a common cause, and discuss with us, in a broad, liberal and catholic spirit, the vital questions of the day.

Washington.
The National Woman Suffrage and Educational Committee will hold a Convention at Lincoln Hall on the 9th, 10th and 11th of January, for the purpose of urging upon Congress the passage of a "Reformatory Act" during the coming year. Friends of equal rights are earnestly invited to make early arrangements for their presence at this most important gathering.

BANNER OF LIGHT:

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Orthodoxy Showing Fight.

A REPLY TO A RECENT ATTACK ON SPIRITUALISM BY REV. AUSTIN PHELPS, D. D.

We have received a pamphlet from the press of the Boston Congregational Publishing Society, entitled, "Spiritualism; the Argument in Brief, by Rev. Austin Phelps, D. D."

As a sign of the times this little work has some interest for Spiritualists; for it shows that the progress they are making excites the profound anger and alarm of the evangelical sects. But like Balaam, Dr. Phelps cannot wholly curse those whom God hath not cursed. He is compelled to admit, though reluctantly, some of the extraordinary phenomena; but, like our Catholic friends, when driven to an explanation, he resorts to the Satanic theory, and attributes what he cannot explain to the agency of that somewhat mythical personage, known as the devil, aided by his malignant hosts. More of this solution anon.

We will take up the objections of Dr. Phelps in their order. "Spiritualism," he says, "is not Science."

The ordinary definition of science is, "Truth ascertained; that which is known." Now the transcendental phenomena of Spiritualism, on which the central fact which makes it Spiritualism is based, are precisely those which Dr. Phelps himself is compelled to admit in part, and these phenomena are, in the estimation of Spiritualists, known and ascertained facts, from which there is no escape, and about which there is no doubt. They are just as much facts as the facts of chemistry; and if chemistry is a science, so is Spiritualism just so far as it is based upon admitted facts; and its one overarching and all-embracing fact is the existence of a supernatural intelligence and force, to which it gives its name. All other facts relating to it are subsidiary compared with this.

In disproof of the scientific character of Spiritualism, Dr. Phelps lays great stress upon the dubious claims of the supposed communicating spirits as to identity. "Nothing," he says, "but downright miracle can settle this elementary question of identity. Yet, all this is determined, we have not the first solid basis for a foundation of such a superstructure as shall deserve the name of science." Quoting from Mr. Epps Sargent's well-known work, "Planchette, or the Despair of Science," he remarks: "The most scholarly of American defenders of Spiritualism is evidently staggered by this questioning of identity; he honestly says: 'If spirits have the powers attributed to them by many seers, of assuming any appearance at will, it is obvious that some high spiritual sense must be developed in us before we can reasonably be sure of the identity of any spirit, even though it come bearing the exact resemblance of the person it may claim to be.' And again Planchette says: 'It may be that we must be in a spiritual state before we can really be wisely confident of the identity of any spirit.'"

These frank speculations or admissions on the part of a student of Spiritualism, do not affect one jot the scientific character of spiritual facts. It is not necessary that we should be thoroughly satisfied as to the identity of a certain spirit before we can appreciate the phenomena of levitation, of spirit writing independent of human aid, of music evoked by no mortal fingers, of clairvoyance, transcending all mere theories of mind-reading, of unconscious cerebration, or of sympathetic vibrations of the brain.

Many Spiritualists have been thoroughly satisfied as to the identity of certain communicating spirits. Mr. Sargent's remarks upon the subject are evidently speculative and not dogmatic in their intent. He raises a philosophical doubt and one that Spiritualists would do well to heed before taking everything for granted as true because it may come from a spirit in whose identity they have confidence.

Dr. Phelps objects that "Spiritualism is not religion." He might with as much point say, "Life is not religion." Spiritualism is simply the scientific evidence of spiritual force and intelligence; of something transcending the known powers of the mortal part of man.

We take it for granted that all truth is religious truth; that science is religion, art is religion, and that all which pertains to the welfare and enlightenment of man is religion. Everything which is felt and known right is religion. Nothing is religious except through error, through ignorance, or through wrong feeling. Every form of activity and of thought is religious so long as it is founded in right feeling and a right affection for the truth. In this sense Spiritualism is eminently a religion—a religion to which all the "systems" of theological merchants are as a melodramatic display of stage fireworks to a calm and holy moonrise.

We do not say that a man becomes religious by believing in Spiritualism, any more than he becomes religious by believing in the atonement or the evangelical Trinity; but we do say, if the intelligent Spiritualist is not religious, and consequently moral, it is because he has not yet begun to appreciate the significance of the grand fact of which he claims to be possessed.

But, says Dr. Phelps, "A system of religion, to be worthy of a sane man's faith, must in the first place be a system."

Ah, indeed! Now the ground is shifted, and instead of religion we have a "system" of religion—an artificial placing together—a scheme of salvation—a system, not deduced scientifically from the great facts of existence, physical and spiritual, but one which certain seers or mediums first, and afterwards certain theologians, would impose upon mankind as directly derived from God—a revelation from him.

But Spiritualism thunders forth: "Stop there! Not any seer, and not any theologian, and not any mortal man or immortal spirit is the spokesman of the Unspeaking One. The creature who

says to you that you must believe what he says about God and a future life or be damned, is a fanatic, a blasphemer, and a pretender. Some truths he may speak, but this is not a truth. The responding faculty in your own reason and your own heart which whispers, 'This is divine—this is true,' is the only oracle to whose mandates you can accord a rightful obedience."

It is this system-mongering disposition among men that has degraded and polluted religious truth. The beauty of Spiritualism is, that it does not submit to the limitations of a system; it is too free an essence even to be embodied in organizations. Some of its professors may be ambitious to systematize and to organize, and they may do good in their way; but Spiritualism itself is simply a revelation of the immortal life—that is all. Every thinking man is competent to make his own deductions from that great disclosure, coupled with the facts of human existence, the teachings of science, and the rational history of the race. Spiritualism is the deadly foe of all systems that would impede the advance of anthropological and spiritual truths by trammeling and prejudging the mind of man. System-making has been the bane of genuine religion as it has of genuine philosophy.

Spiritualism is spiritual and intellectual freedom. It says to man: Throw off these swaddling clothes in which priests and politicians would keep you, and walk freely forth, in your own individuality, under God's sun-bright heaven, and see things for yourself. Let no seer, or spirit, or prophet, or medium, or priest impose on you his utterances as the infallible belief which you must accept under risk of damnation or spiritual loss. Resist and despise all such dictation and all such threats as an insult to your understanding. Accept no old books, or interpretations of old books, as the literal word of God, or as having an authority to which, in spite of the remoteness of your reason, you ought to bow down. God's only revelation of himself is in the divine life as manifested in Nature, in science, in the phenomena of existence in your own heart and reason, and in the best thoughts of all great seers and thinkers, whether they be called Moses or Jesus, Mahomet or Swedenborg, Shakespeare or Leibnitz, Newton or Locke. All their thoughts are divine only so far as they are true, and their errors are but the necessary accompaniments of their finite and imperfect state. You yourself can accept and assimilate truth only so far as you can become a recipient for it. It cannot be forced or rammed into your untrained brain or heart by the weight of a great name or by the terror of a great threat. It is not yours until you have won it fairly by comprehension and by sympathy. Nothing can be true to you until it is true to your reason and your sense of right. No revelation can make it true to you. You can no more swallow a creed which you have not made your own, through the adaptation of the understanding and the insight of the heart, than you can jump down your own throat. Spiritualism, Dr. Phelps tells us, lacks "conclunty." "A system of religion must have conclunty."

Ah, Doctor, that one word *conclunty* reveals to us just what you want; for what does it mean? "A careful, skillful joining." And what is its derivation? It is from *con*, with, and *clunus*, "a mixed drink of spelt-grain and wine!"

Now it is to the glory of Spiritualism that it abjures all mixed drinks—all theological concoctions whatever, though they be made never so "carefully" and "skillfully." They are too often but the seductive tipples of fallible and fuddled heads; not the living, unadulterated water whose pure fount is not far from the Eternal Throne.

To the prophet who comes to us with his *Thus saith the Lord*, the Spiritualist, if wise, will reply: "You may have, like Balaam, or like Ezekiel, more or less of the prophetic faculty; many weak and bad men have had it, as well as some good men; it is no conclusive proof of superior moral elevation or insight; it is often accompanied by a decided impotence of the reasoning powers. You are perhaps under spirit-influence. I can readily believe it; you may convince me of it by marvels; no matter; the spirit who presumes to say to me, through you, *Thus saith the Lord*, is probably some bullying, inflated, lying spirit, perhaps a theological bigot while in this earth life, who is thinking vastly more of his own opinions than of the humility becoming before the Most High. God you and your master are impostors! When you can come to us and modestly say, 'My reason tells me, or 'A respectable spirit informs me,' then we will gladly be your listeners. But do not hope to overawe and dragoon us with your *Thus saith the Lord*. That game is played out; and no one knows it so well as the experienced Spiritualist. He is the last man to be carried away by superstition; to be deluded by wonders and signs and impious pretensions; for he knows what such things amount to."

But a system of religion, the Doctor tells us, must not only have "conclunty"—it must "come from God"—and further, "it must be worthy of God in its internal evidences," &c.

Now, apart from our own reason and sense of what is right or divine, the only evidence we can have that a communication is from God, rests in the assertions and reports of certain fallible and interested men. Spiritualism teaches us that all such assertions, even when backed by marvels or so-called miracles, must be taken with distrust. It shows us that marvels, very similar to those recorded in the Bible, and on which its claims to be considered a divine book mainly rest, are going on about us every day, and that the mediums for these marvels are ordinary mortals like ourselves, and often very fallible mortals, even while showing some extraordinary gifts.

"If we hear not Moses and the prophets," rejoices Dr. Phelps, "are we to be persuaded by one risen from the dead and cowering in the fashion of these modern ghosts?"

Persuaded of what? All that we are "persuaded" of, is, that such marvels indicate the existence of spirits, and that these spirits are often a very poor set, hardly above the lowest mortals in their moral development. And this tremendous fact points to an enormous error in those positive religions or "systems" of religion, the pneumatology of which conveys the notion that spirits are a sort of demi-gods either for good or for evil—elevated by the act of passing from this mortal husk to a state of transcendent knowledge and power.

Spiritualism is destined to render an immense service to humanity in dispelling such mischievous delusions. It shows us that a spirit out of the flesh may be very inferior, in intelligence and moral insight, to one still in the flesh; it shows that our heaven or our hell commences with us here; and that, setting aside certain infirmities of the flesh, we may as literally be in the life of heavenly blessedness here as in the highest celestial sphere.

The evangelical "system" on the contrary, gives us pernicious ideas of a partial God—of one in conflict with all human conceptions of goodness and justice in his "scheme of salvation," that even such authorities as Calvin and Mansel tell us that what may seem evil in man may be good and just in God, thus confounding

all our notions of right, and striking at the very principle of human reason. So much for the consequences of a theological "system"—one that has "conclunty." To make good one part of their "scheme," the founders or upholders of it have to outrage reason and dispel our faith in the very existence of absolute goodness and right.

A "system" of religion, according to Dr. Phelps, must be "worthy of God in its internal evidences." The evangelical "system" requires us to believe that the Supreme Being said unto Moses, "Thou shalt see my back parts, but my face thou shalt not see."

Now, in the estimation of Spiritualists, all this is not only "unworthy of God," but wholly blasphemous. They regard Moses as a man sensitive to spirit influences, and so simple or so psychologized as to believe that a mere spirit (and one by no means of a high order) was the Infinite God. They can easily suppose that Moses was sincere; but that he had a personal interview with Deity they no more believe than that Swedenborg, Harris or similar claimants were favored in a like way. The "internal evidences" here are utterly wanting. The supposition that the Infinite God so demeaned himself, is revolting to the reason; perhaps our evangelical friends will say, "Then there is all the more merit in our believing it." But with what consistency can such believers object to the "incoherences" of Spiritualism?

Dr. Phelps says further, that a system of religion must be "consonant with other revelations of God to mankind; God cannot contradict God." To our short-sightedness, God reveals himself at times as if he were God, and at times as if he were not. If his scabbard cheers us, his leech-kill us. He dispenses life and death, gladness and grief, with the same hand. Evil is rarely much further from good than shadow from body. Every revelation, therefore, of men or of spirits, of evil or of good, may be, in a certain sense, a revelation of God; a revelation at least of what his government permits. If the Bible is his revelation, so is everything else; and it is for Reason to find where the most of divine truth is lodged.

Spiritualism is "consonant with other revelations of God," just so far as this: it appropriates all in them that is true and good in the light of eternal reason. It throws an astonishing illumination on those parts of the Bible, in which spiritual manifestations, similar to those of modern times, are mentioned. All that is truly moral, and, in the high sense, religious, in the Bible, is eagerly accepted by Spiritualism; for Spiritualism is eminently eclectic, extracting truth from every part, even the most poisonous, and finding some soul of goodness in things evil.

"Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a morsel of the devil himself."

Dr. Phelps will admit that Nature is a revelation of God. Now in Nature the scientist detects much that seems like imperfection and wrong; we cannot understand why there should be malformations, monstrosities, venoms and loathsome things, frightful diseases, like hydrophobia, eccentricities of climate when the very birds, that trust so confidently in Nature, perish of cold or of starvation by millions. These things are quite as puzzling as the "incoherences and contradictions" of Spiritualism; nay, as those of the Bible; or as puzzling as it is to see our evangelical friends swallowing creeds, which, if logically digested, and really believed by loving hearts, ought to send them straightway to the madhouse.

Here is another objection to Spiritualism, advanced by Dr. Phelps: "As a source of religious knowledge, its witnesses," he says, "contradict each other."

Undoubtedly; and so we ought to try the spirits, whether they be of God; try them at the only tribunal which ought to be supreme in our minds, the tribunal of reason and conscience.

Our sources of religious knowledge are not in the affirmations of any man or any spirit; but in a devout study of the works of God, of the moral order of the universe, of the phenomena of life, natural and spiritual, and of all great thoughts from whatever sources.

The very contradictions and absurdities which come to us from the spiritual world convey a stupendous truth, showing what a blind guide the dominant theology has been; they show that the change produced in us by death is not so great that we grow at once from dunces into wise men, from villains into saints, from misanthropes into philanthropists, or from sneaks into gentlemen.

These confusing, contradictory, and very illiterate communications so shocking to the Doctor's aesthetic sensibilities, show us that man is still man after he has thrown off this mortal envelope, and that no magical *presto change* uttered by theology in his behalf on his accepting an atonement, or acquiescing in a peculiar interpretation of certain old books, or putting himself in the hands of a priest, is going to transmute him, by the mere process of physical death, from a very poor creature into an angel of light.

Therefore, what Dr. Phelps says of the contemptible and contradictory communications from the spirit-world is but a confirmation of its existence to the thoughtful Spiritualist whose mind is no longer pre-occupied and pre-governed by the gratuitous "systems" and assumptions of evangelical theologians and speculative commentators.

"Is it like God," asks Dr. Phelps, "to reveal himself in dancing battles, battered windows, uneasy pokers, the rattling of knuckle-bones, and the falling of turnips from the sky?"

But why not as well in these as in rattlesnakes, mad dogs, devil-fishes, poisonous plants, loathsome maladies, dreadful calamities, and the long list of things inexplicable and seemingly at variance with an omnipotent benignity?

Dr. Phelps's objections to Spiritualism can be turned against a thousand revelations we see every day in Nature and in human life.

"Is it like God to set going the machinery of the supernatural world, for the sake of recovering a lost ear-ring?"

And why not the machinery of that world as well as of this? May not the one be to him a very small thing, as well as the other?

"I have as much reason," says the Doctor, "to accept these as the rest for a divine revelation." No one disputes it; and so have we as much reason to accept the bad things of the universe as divine revelations; and we do accept them as such in a certain sense. The very imperfection and incompleteness of God's world is perhaps, to angelic understandings, an evidence of its divinity: Has not God an eternity in which to work, and may not man and the universe be as yet in their rudimentary stages?

But, concludes Dr. Phelps, "Spiritualism is not good morals."

then for much weightier reasons must the evangelical promise of salvation through an atonement, irrespective of human deserts, be nugatory and ineffective in making men moral.

Spiritualism is in the highest sense a morality; for it teaches that the life which now is is perpetual shaping and influencing the life that is to be. It teaches that every thought and the memory of every act is eternally imbedded in the very organism of the spirit, so that no recollection is lost, no act becomes null and void. If we will but weigh this awful fact in our spiritual economy, what incentives to a high and noble morality ought it to generate! What are the promises of salvation through another's merits and sufferings compared with the belief, stamped scientifically on our convictions, that we carry in ourselves our own heaven or our own hell?

"Here heaven is not," you say, "but yonder it shall be." "Nay," replies Spiritualism, in the words of the noble Fichte, "What then is that which can be different yonder from what it is here? Obviously, only the objective constitution of the world as the environment of our existence."

If considerations like these will not lead to morality, then nothing in human thought or reason can; but we must give up morality as a thing for this life, and make a short and easy cut to an ultra-mundane "salvation," either through a foggy mysticism, or through an evangelical "system," under which we are saved, if not made moral, by an historical Saviour, and relieved of all further trouble or concern in the matter.

In one part of his tract, Dr. Phelps narrows down his objections as follows: his meaning being apparently that we may accept a certain dose of the phenomena if we will only believe in the construction which he, in the service of the evangelical theology, would put upon them. He says: "Spiritualism, taken as a whole, is not good sense. Not that the admission of a certain modicum of fact in its alleged phenomena is unreasonable. A man is not to be browbeaten out of trust in his own eyes. A belief in phenomena as historic facts, explained or unexplained, is one thing; religious faith in those phenomena, as the vanguard of a new and revolutionary disclosure of truth from heaven, is another. This faith, and nothing less, is Spiritualism. And this, I repeat, taken as a whole, is not good sense, whatever may be true of an eclectic dose of it."

In this remarkable passage, Dr. Phelps entirely misconstrues and misconceives the great fact of Spiritualism as a religious agency. What does he mean by "religious faith in phenomena?" Faith in everything true—faith in all natural phenomena, whether arbitrarily classed as physical or spiritual—must be preeminently religious. All truth, as we have already said, is religious truth. It is a part of God's teachings. There is no escape from this axiomatic proposition.

When therefore Dr. Phelps speaks of belief in certain admitted phenomena as being the "vanguard of a new and revolutionary disclosure of truth from heaven," he simply manifests alarm lest the progress of truth should clash with that theological "system" which he accepts as "a disclosure of truth from heaven." Now we make no distinction between the truths of Christianity and those of Spiritualism. Everything which appeals to our reason as truth, we accept as such, no matter who utters it. No prophet or philosopher can make a disclosure appear to us as from heaven, except so far as he satisfies our rational conceptions of heavenly truth. It is by no means true, therefore, that Spiritualism claims to have received any "new and revolutionary disclosure of truth from heaven." Its central truths are as old as humanity. They may be found in all the bibles, all the philosophies, and all the histories. There may be individual seers now, even as there were in the olden time, who would frame a "system" and perhaps impose a form of worship upon Spiritualists; but such men are taken for precisely what they are worth, and no more. The moment they would come over us with their "Thus saith the Lord," that moment they are derided and dismissed by all enlightened Spiritualists. Dr. Phelps's fears, therefore, of a "new disclosure" are wholly supererogatory.

The "new disclosure," if there is any, will consist simply in the higher appreciation of all truths, old and new, in science and in life, and in the elimination of those errors which arrogant theologians and system-mongers have imposed upon mankind, and the threatened exposure and demolition of which is a grief to their successors and disciples.

"Taken as a whole," it seems, "Spiritualism is not good sense." Take a part of it, and be sure not to let that part conflict with the evangelical "system," and Spiritualism is all right.

Nay, Doctor! The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is what Spiritualists, unterrified by theological anathemas and threats of damnation for not believing in your "systems," regard as good sense. The man who tries to swim to truth, with a "system" about his neck, will make sorry progress.

And when you charge us with "religious faith in phenomena," you either utter unmeaning words, or you would limit our intellectual freedom by confining us to such phenomena as may not conflict with the views of your own particular sect. You would not have us look through the spiritual microscope or telescope if its revelations are going to conflict with the "conclunty" of your notions on the doctrine of election, justification by faith, and atonement through the blood of an incarnate Deity.

Have you ever considered that the whole Bible is full of "religious faith in phenomena?" The Psalms are one continuous hymn, based largely on the divine significance of phenomena. When Christ exclaims, "Behold the lilies, how they grow!" the devout heart of the poet-seer is tenderly moved with love to God by the consideration of a simple phenomenon. Exclude the religious faith in phenomena, and you ignore that revelation of himself which God offers to us in his works.

And what you would have us do is plainly this: You would have us place your theological "system," your scheme of salvation, with its precious "conclunty," its parts all "carefully and skillfully joined and adjusted," this part by one Council and that part by another, this part by Calvin and that part by King James's translators—you would have us place this "mixed drink" above the revelations of God in universal Nature, in anthropology, in the astounding phenomena of clairvoyance and mediumship, in psychology, and in the great cosmic volume spread before us night and day, if we will but open our eyes to read!

These phenomena, you think, ought not to inspire our "religious faith," but that should come solely from your own little scheme or "system," based on an old book which is even now undergoing the revision of the leading theologians of the day, because of its mistranslations and "incoherences."

Excuse us, Doctor, but to our notions there is neither good sense nor good religion in such an attempt to limit our views of God's revelations to man.

"It is not good sense," you say, "to interrogate a modern witch of Endor to get something better than Paul's testimony to the immortality of the soul."

Paul's written testimony is excellent in its way, and so the testimony of every man who can give a reason in words for the faith that is in him, has its value; but when you ask us to attach the same weight to a rhetorical argument, or an emotional expression, that we do to a vital fact, an overwhelming proof, appealing to the senses and to our own experience, you go contrary to all the laws of human reason.

The "witch" gives us a proof, for instance, of a marvel like clairvoyance; she manifests super-sensuous powers, thus satisfying us that we have latent in ourselves a spiritual faculty—a faculty meant for a future spiritual existence, since rarely used, so far as we are conscious, in this life. Shall Paul's eloquent harangue move us more than a proof like this? Like all poetical expressions of great truths, Paul's words shall animate and move us; but when we are hungering for evidence of immortality, give us, to support our aspirations and hopes, often made languid in our conflict with the base things of earthly life—give us a great, irresistible fact—an act, and not a mere assertion of divination. *Si divinato est, dii sunt.* If there is divination, there are spirits. And so we think it is not only "good sense," but superior sense, to have Paul's words supplemented and confirmed by the deeds of the aforesaid "witch."

We must here leave Dr. Phelps for the present. He candidly admits that there is some truth in the phenomena. He graciously says of Spiritualists: "We must concede to them a certain basis of phenomenal facts." Thank you, Doctor, for even this small favor, though Spiritualism is now rich and potent enough to laugh at such doles. It shall be passed to your credit, nevertheless.

But alas! what there is of genuine in Spiritualism the Doctor ascribes to the agency of "the devil and his angels." This hypothesis opens a new field of inquiry. It is something to have proved a devil in this material age; why then is the Doctor so hard upon the Spiritualists? Ah! the devil, it seems, is showing his diabolical mischief by certain creeds and with the "conclunty" of certain "systems." Well, even the devil may not be so black as he is painted. When we have leisure and space we may examine the diabolical part of the Doctor's argument.

Spirit-Pictures in California.

We have of late received several communications from correspondents, setting forth the existence of "spectral" pictures on window glass in San Francisco, which we shall hereafter publish. We give at present the substance of a half-column account of one such case in the Morning Call, of that city, for Dec. 9th. It appears that a pane in an upper story window in a nearly new dwelling-house, on Main street, occupied in one of its tenements by a French widow lady named Joergens and family, was discovered to be ornamented by the face of a man, which fact was not noticed before Monday, Dec. 4th. This picture the "Call" reporter describes (as seen by him) as being "that of a man apparently thirty-five years of age, with dark, wavy hair parted near the middle, and wearing a full, dark, long-sleeved coat. The head rests a little on the left shoulder, and the face (which is a full front view) has on it an expression of deep study." It continues to create the greatest interest among the neighbors. Many explanations of a mundane origin have been offered, but all fail to meet the case successfully. The lady residing there stated to the reporter that she was unable to account for its appearance; that she was no believer in ghosts; and that on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 7th, while gazing on the picture, she saw another figure. This one appeared to be a little to the right of and behind the one first seen. The outlines of this picture were not so distinct, but she recognized it as that of her deceased husband, who died a year ago in September last. Not wishing to trust to her own eyes in this case, she called her children and several persons, who identified the picture as well as herself. This second picture was only visible for about three hours. Washing the glass on both sides with vinegar, and scraping it with a knife, has produced no effect upon the original portrait, and the baffled reporter is obliged to close by endorsing its real existence, and then saying "what it is, or how it came there, are questions which cannot be answered at present."

"Walter Thornbury."

Such is the title of the literary snob—we know of no other name to which he is entitled—to whom Harper's Weekly thinks it worth while to toady, and, in its toadying, to sneer at the cause of Spiritualism. The artist of the Graphic, a London illustrated paper, received from said Thornbury an account of a spiritual séance, and proceeded to sketch it for the use of that weekly. Of course Harper's Weekly felt obliged to transfer it to its own pages, thinking that, after having exhausted Tammany, it has no other subject left but Spiritualism. And so the picture is repeated in Harper, from the London Graphic, as outlined to the artist of the latter paper by "Walter Thornbury." It represents a circle seated around a table, the accessories of ladies' dressing in particular being given with that lickerishness of taste which Harper has never hesitated to betray when it thought the public would stand it. But the deceit, or rather the falsehood, of the scene consists in representing the medium—a male—seated at the table with his hands at liberty instead of being placed on the table as they should be. This is purposely done that the observer may readily see that the toying of the chairs to the ceiling of the room is the work of his own hands, and not of invisible powers. We can assure Harper's Weekly, in the apt phrase it once applied so effectively to a cartoon of Tammany trying to explain, that this ruse is altogether "too thin," and let it likewise bear in mind that it degrades itself by thus seeking to ridicule the faith of honest and pure people.

Music Hall Free Spiritual Meetings.

Miss Jennie Lays addressed a large audience at the hall Sunday afternoon, Dec. 24th, treating as her subject, "The World's Angel of Reform." This lady, who has had but a brief though highly successful experience in the lecturing field, fully met the expectations of her friends, and was frequently applauded. We shall hereafter give to our readers a full report of her remarks. She speaks again at the same hall, Sunday afternoon, December 31st.

Thomas Gales Forster, (who it will be seen in another part of the paper is soon to "settle" for one year in New York City, as a regular minister to one of the Spiritualist societies), will speak in the Music Hall course during January.

Memphis, Tenn.

Judging from the Memphis daily papers, Moses Hall, who is speaking there for the Spiritualists, appears to be having a lively time. Some of the clergymen have given him several battles in words, only to be vanquished by him. Such agitation is doing wonders by opening the eyes of the people to the defects and false teachings of theology and its creeds.

Mrs JULIETT YEAW will speak in Nalem, Mass., Dec. 30 and 31; in North Scituate, Jan. 14. Address Northboro', Mass. Mrs. FANNIE T. YOUNG will answer calls to lecture; also will perform the marriage rite and attend funerals. Address, Centre Strafford, N. H., care Dr. H. C. Coburn.

