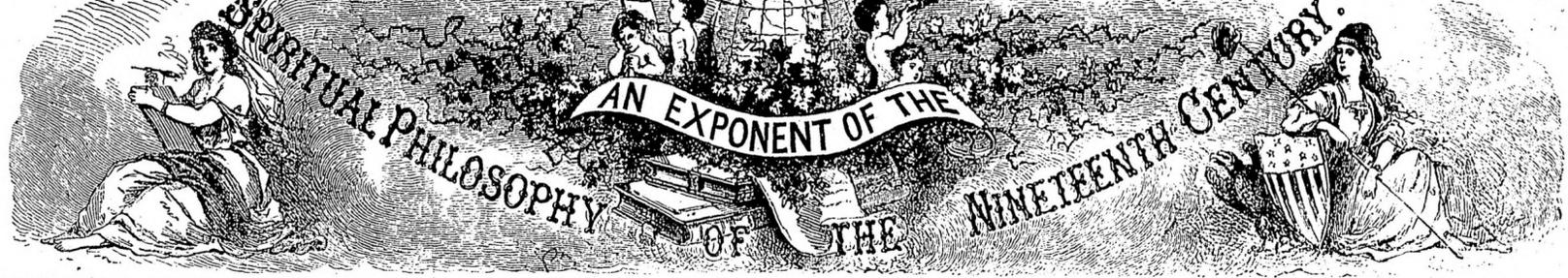


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXII.

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THE LIGHT OF EARTH AND THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

An original poem delivered before the Michigan State Convention of Spiritualists, Dec. 14, 1872, by R. AUGUSTA WHITING.

For the Banner of Light, I feel as if I were in a white day in our lives as bringing us here in bonds of fellowship to all in the diffusion of that "light" whose dear old "Banner" is to-day again hung to the breeze. To many of us, and especially to me, it brings another re-association—a birthday anniversary. Thirty-seven years ago this day, my father and your friend, A. B. Whiting, first saw the light of earth. Thinking of this today, and how, upon our birthdays, we are wont to stand, as it were, upon a pinnacle of time, and look back over our past, there arose within my soul a mighty longing to know what were his thoughts, standing on the sunlit shores of immortality, and reviewing thence his life to-day. . . . To my soul the answer came, and thus I give to you to-night his birthday reverie.

December's winds blew cold and chill, And deep December's snows were lying, while Around the hearth-stone of a happy home Was joy unspeakable that on my eyes— A weak and helpless babe—had dawned the light Of earth.

The winter passed, and spring-time came, With buds and song and brightness. Stirred by these— The magic of the newly-wakened year— Along the channels of my senses stole The first dim consciousness of being. Thrilled By fluttering tenderness of mother love, My earliest thought awoke. Then first I knew: The light of earth was beautiful, and fair The flowers that reared their dainty heads to greet its ray, and lit the birds that caroled forth. Their lays 'mid bowers of bloom. And time passed on:

A child I wandered free 'mid summer's bloom, And felt the light of earth was beautiful And life one draught of bliss. I watched a rose Unfold its tiny petals one by one. Beneath the morning's kiss, and marveled much To see how gently sun and breeze caressed Its awakening loveliness. Again at noon I saw the rose; it hung upon its stem In full-blown beauty, yet no longer looked Up trustfully, but drooped and strove to hide Its heart from the too fervent rays. In vain!

It wilted; and when evening came, I saw Its petals scattered by the self-same breeze That in the morning wooed so tenderly. I felt the light of earth was beautiful, But all too short thy life, poor-withered rose! Nor was this all; as time rolled on I saw Full many a bud fall from its parent stem, By cold wind blasted or insidious worm; And once a storm arose, and clouds, whose fierce And sombre blackness seemed to quench for aye The noontide splendor, while the rain beat fast And heavily. The clouds passed on, and light Beamed forth once more in undimmed radiance; but

Alas! for my poor flowers' crushed, broken, torn, Mute martyrs of unimping elements, Whom light of earth could no more vivify, They lay. Then in my soul arose the great Unanswered question of the ages—why? No answer came. I walked in mystery, Whose sludgy no light of earth could penetrate.

The years rolled by. I saw fair human flowers Crushed by grief's bitter rain, and torn by winds Of cruelty, distrust and scorn, and buds Of fairest promise withered ere their bloom. Again the wherefore stirred my soul, and clouds Whose gloom no light of earth could dissipate Shut in my day. I walked 'mid mystery, Whose dimness thickened round my way.

"Twas then That on my spirit vision fell a gleam Of purer light. It pierced the cloud of night— A little ray—I knew the lig' it so clear Was not of earth. Its heavenly beauty brought A blessing to my soul. Again I felt The light of earth was beautiful, and fair The day of life illumined by that ray Of hope; and in my soul arose the wish To share with all humanity the glow And blessedness of that pure, holy light. For seventeen years I roamed the earth, And freely gave the knowledge and the light That angel ministers showered freely down On me. But mortal strength hath limit. Worn, Exhausted by the strife of elements, My mortal form gave way; no longer could With ease perform the spirit's bidding; yet, Through pain and suffering I struggled on, Resolved to fall with mantle wrapped around Me, and my armor on.

And thus I passed Into the bliss of freedom and the dawn Of heaven's full light. Oh, glorious dawn! and yet At first I could not note its splendor; for A mother's tears, a sister's agony Shut out the light, while tendrils strong as death Enchained my soul with sympathetic woe; And, even then, I gladly had resumed The worn-out garment of mortality, That I might comfort them. It might not be! 'T was said that greater love no man can have Than that he give life for his friend. I say That love is naught, that for its own would not Yield-up eternity's best joys and deem— The gift no sacrifice.

Such was my thought. "But love must bend to destiny!" thus spake The spirit bright whose guiding hand I knew On earth; "and still thou wilt have greater power To bless and comfort these, and work for man. Look up, and be thyself, and feel thy might!" How at his word my soul with rapture thrilled!

Then with deep joy I saw the gleam of hope Reflected on the souls I loved, from mine. I felt my power to bring heaven's light, to earth, By virtue of a great eternal law; And then on her whose soul e'er mirrored mine In such mysterious perfection, I called, "Finish my work, and, by the task consoled, Labor and wait!"

My voice was heard, my call Received—a sacred charge—and so the work Goes on. Beneath the light of heaven I stand, And on this day, when first I saw earth's light, Look back with joy and say: "The light of earth Is beautiful, and fair its day. Oh, friends! My work on earth is not yet done. The year Just passed has been to me no Sabbath rest. Intensest action, such as clay-clad souls Ne'er dream of, has my portion been and joy. Oh, then, work on! and know, a toiler still Amongst you, A. B. Whiting stands and lends His helping hand as in the days gone by; While hosts on hosts—that cloud of witnesses No man can number—cheer and bless your work!"

The Rostrum.
"SO THEN THEY ARE NO MORE TWAIN, BUT ONE FLESH."
A Lecture Delivered in Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday Afternoon, Feb. 16th, 1873, BY MRS. J. H. CONANT, Under Control of her Spirit-Guide.

Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.
INVOCATION.
Catching up the echoes that linger of the beautiful song, we ask, oh, our Father and our Mother God, that this day we may come, in full consciousness, one step nearer to thee; that waiting, as we are, upon the staircase of eternity, we may feel that we have taken one step higher, one step nearer to thy divine presence. And, as we stretch out our hands and aspire toward thee, may we feel, oh, thou Infinite Spirit, that we are drawing, through all things, nearer, still nearer to thee. Amen.

ADDRESS.
The text which I have chosen for my starting point can be found in the tenth chapter and the latter part of the eighth verse of the gospel according to Mark: "So then they are no more twain, but one flesh." I shall venture to affirm that there is not one among my audience who can fully comprehend the deep significance of these words. I shall offer no apology for choosing them, neither shall I offer any apology for anything I may say concerning them; for what I shall utter will be truth, and that is of God, and needs no apology. By them I shall first prove the sanctity of marriage; I shall also prove that there is no court, except the court of death, that is able to give a legal, legitimate, natural divorce. I shall also show you that there are many kinds of love, each bearing its own significance, and standing distinctly by itself. I shall also attempt to offer a way by which the unhappily married may better their condition; and conclude my remarks with some wholesome advice to the unmarried.

It is very evident, from the spiritual character of the text, that Jesus, by whom it was uttered, understood its deep, significant meaning—fully comprehended its inner life—but that he expected of the Pharisees of his day to comprehend as he did, is quite another thing. Neither do I expect that such of this age will comprehend my meaning; nevertheless there are truths permeating the air all around you, which it is my business, as a servant of the living God, to give as best I may. I shall also show you that civil law has nothing whatever to do with marriage, except to protect it. Marriage, properly understood, is a religious rite, and there is an eternal division between civil law and religion; they never did harmonize, and, in my opinion, they never can. I am fully aware that, in this age, where there is so much confusion of thought upon this subject, I shall confuse some still more; but I shall turn some from their old ideas; but I hope, in the name of my Master, that I shall strengthen some, and also be able to show the platform upon which I stand, spiritually, morally, and divinely considered.

I have said that marriage was a religious rite. Now let us see how we can prove it. We must go back step by step through the ages, till the first man and the first woman of the different tribes of early days were married, and held over that marriage a religious rite or ceremonial; then the spiritual part of it at least was better understood than to-day, for the ancients seemed to have had what may be termed an instinctive idea that, when the male and female were conjoined together in marriage, they were one and inseparable for this life. Hence the sacred rite of the funeral pyre among the Hindus—I say sacred, because it was sacred to them, and in itself is sacred; they believed that, as the man and woman were one, when he, or the positive principle, was taken, there was little of hope for the negative part in this world, and therefore it was sent after that positive part in the other world. When marriage was first instituted, then, there were no civil courts to interfere; there were no magistrates to marry the male and female—to pronounce what is at best a farce, and worse than that—but there were all those sacred intuitions of the soul that went out from the God within to the God Infinite without, and that were embodied in religious

symbols and ceremonies when the two were made one.

When the Pharisees questioned Jesus concerning the law of divorce, it was difficult, it seems, to obtain an answer from him, and so they pressed him sorely. He was unwilling to give them what they demanded, and they said: "Moses gave us a writing of divorce—why not you?" He answered, saying: "Moses gave you such a writing because of the hardness of your hearts,"—but he refused to do it because he understood that higher law that governed in the promises. It is the custom, when judging of what an article of faith is, or where any such condition of life as marriage originated, to go back for its meaning to the time of its institution. We have gone back, and we could show you—had we the record here—that it was a religious ceremony; it was sanctioned by the church or by the religious conceptions of the early tribes of men and women. Now then, marriage is externally a religious rite, it belongs, as far as the ceremony is concerned, to the church, and not to the State or to any civil law.

My lecture will now take the turn of a religious-physiological one in some parts. That there is no court except the court of death that is able to divorce the married, I will now attempt to show you. By marriage, first, then, I do not mean that simple rite, be it either civil or religious—the few words that are pronounced by the clergyman or magistrate over the two—oh, no! That is not marriage. I do not mean the signing of the names upon a church or city register—oh, no! That is not marriage. But I mean the union of the two sexually. Now, I speak clearly, that you may not be mistaken, and go away saying that I talked in parables. When this takes place, there is a union of those subtle forces in Nature which are all-potent in themselves—in which are centered the basic principles of all created things. These subtle elements are microscopic atoms, and, transmitted from the male to the female, and from the female to the male, form the union, and make true the words, "They are no longer twain, but one flesh." Now let us see what effect promise has upon this: It is a well-known physiological fact that every female possesses elements which are inimical to the life, happiness and health of every other female; and the same is true concerning the male. Now, then, if these elements are capable of transmission, through sexually, what is the result? Why, certainly, nothing but desolation and ruin. A medical man standing by my side tells me that there are not more than five in my audience who are not living witnesses to this fact. A lamentable truth, but a truth, nevertheless, proving how the sins of the fathers and the mothers are handed down to the third and the fourth generation. Christ says, "God created them male and female." What did he mean? He was preaching a sermon similar to the one I am preaching to-day. What did he mean? He meant certainly not promiscuity in marriage, but directly the opposite. There can be nothing more sure than that.

I will now tell you why the court of death is the only court able to divorce you: when the male or the female of the married twain is passing through the change of death, then Nature assumes her power in this direction, and gathers up all her forces—all that belong to her by Nature. That you may the better understand me, I will illustrate: Suppose this beautiful bouquet [pointing to one on the stand] to be the dying husband of some wife; death has begun, and with it the process of drawing all these microscopic atoms from the wife to the body, to sustain the process of death; and when death has completed its work there is nothing left in the female. And, again, the same is true with respect to the male; so, then, they twain are no longer one flesh, but twain, at death, except it be one of those happy marriages that belong to the spirit as well as the body. Medical records in our life show us that a large portion of all the suffering that is known upon earth has its root in this one condition. It is a strange truth to utter, but nevertheless a truth, and one which you would do well to fully comprehend; and if to-day your hearts are hardened because of the hearing of it, in the hereafter you will thank me for returning to Music Hall platform to speak so great a truth to you.

I shall now attempt to show you that there are many kinds of love. That of the sexes is the basic principle of all created things; but how free is it? That is a question which every enlightened mind of this age ought to decide for itself. Admitting that what I have been telling you is true, how free is it? It extends from the one man to the one woman—from the one woman to the one man—and no further! That is a law as fixed as any other law of Nature, and if you infringe upon it, you suffer, and the generations coming after you, suffer also. There is also a love of forms, beautiful and otherwise. That love depends very much upon the kind or class, or genus of love which the individual possesses that looks upon the form. Now with regard to these beautiful forms, (referring to the flowers) some may say: "Well, they look well enough, but I do not see anything so beautiful in them." That is because they do not possess a love for beautiful forms to any great extent—perhaps not at all. Now I see beauty, I see loveliness, I see a something to worship there: I behold the face of my God there smiling upon me and blessing me. There is a kind of cold intellectual love which reveals only in intellect, science, all those conditions of mind which call out great thoughts. That, too, also depends upon the condition of that kind of love which the individual has in order to measure the thing outside of itself. There is a love of labor; that depends upon the condition of the

nervous forces, and of the muscular system of the individual, and will be measured by these; and I might go on for a much longer time than I have at my command in enumerating the different kinds of love that stand upon the record as distinctive conditions, each one belonging to a special genus of its own, just as much so do those flowers. [Again referring to the bouquet.] There is one, and there is another belonging to a different genus entirely, and yet they are all flowers; they sprang from the same soil, they were nourished by the same sunshine and the same raindrops, and the smile of the same Infinite God, is over them all, though they are distinctly separate in themselves. As the stars and the grand rolling worlds above us are all distinctly separate, and are destined to carry out their several missions, so these different kinds of love, while marshalled by one law, and overreached by one God, are distinctly separate conditions of themselves, and there is no one of them that is entirely free; they are all bound about by conditions, every one of them? Now I am a lover of freedom—freedom as it means with the Infinite, not that freedom that means licentiousness, anarchy, the severing of all those divine conditions which make heaven upon earth—but when we hear men and women talking about the freedom of love, it becomes our duty to ask them what they mean—to define their position—and if he promiscuity in sexual love, to enter our protest immediately: There is no other way. Looking into the faces of the desolate-hearted ones, as we are able to do day by day while walking in your midst, we feel it our duty to speak as we do. Your insane asylums are filled to overflowing by reason of the mistakes you have made in this direction; your cemeteries are gilded—your little ones have gone from you in the bright bloom of infancy, because the fatal stroke has recoiled on them and snuffed astutely the thread of life. "Oh, this is a question which you should each one put to yourselves, as you have never put it before. You are living in an age full of truths, and it is high time that you recognized something of the great significance of these truths.

To the unhappily married we perhaps may have no balm of Gilead to offer, because you may not be ready to receive our teachings; they may not be what you desire or expect. We would say, if this were all of life, you might sit down in sad replacings over your mistakes—but it is not! It is but a brief hour, compared with the eternal life that awaits you in the hereafter. "But," you will say, "there are no marriages in heaven." I affirm to the contrary. Yes, in defiance of all who believe otherwise, I affirm to the contrary. God the Infinite is no mocker of his children; he knows the heart's desolation—he understands the needs of every soul, and that which

May and God in a brighter sphere? The poet ever uttered a grander truth than that, or one that ought to come to mourning hearts with a sweeter balm of Gilead. To my mind it is the duty—the religious and the physiological duty, to say nothing of anything else—of all the unhappily married to make the best of their conditions, to seek by all possible means to smooth away the thorns and plant lilies in their stead. It can be done. I never saw an unhappily married couple who could not better their condition if they tried; but the trouble is, they do not try; when once they discover a breach they go straightway to work to make it wider. That is not the true way; they should seek to make it narrower; they should say to themselves, "This is a condition of life which we have voluntarily entered into, and we will stand up manfully and womanfully, doing our duty before God!"

And now a word to the unmarried: There are lessons for you to learn from Mother Nature's volume that you should not fail to learn ere you take upon yourselves the sacred vows of marriage. First, then, be sure that you are going to marry the right one; do not be governed by the basic principle of love alone; oh, no! That is quite apt to lead you astray—but be governed by the higher propinquities of intellect and morality. Be not hasty in marrying the one chosen for your partner in life. Take many years, if it need be, to learn which is the right path to choose, ere you choose, then you are less likely to make mistakes. And to those who may have power in framing the laws which govern in educational matters we would say, in heaven's name make some movement in this direction; exclude the bible from your schools if you will, but substitute physiological works instead; teach the children from four years of age up to as long as they live in this life—and then they will go to school in yonder world—the laws of life, and as the law of life pertaining to marriage involves more than anything else, first teach them this, beginning when their minds are plastic—when they will receive impressions quickly—to teach these little buds of human life what life is, and what an awful responsibility rests upon the married.

I am aware that there are many persons among my hearers who will meet me with this question: "Would you do away with divorce laws?" Certainly I would; my word for it, when they were once stricken from the statutes, we would have less unhappy marriages. Now it is a thing of such small importance that it is but little thought of. A short time before my change from this life to the higher, a young man and young woman came to my house for the purpose of being married. After questioning them, according to my usual custom, I waited to hear if they had anything to say to me. The young man finally said: "I suppose, if I don't like this young lady, you will untie the knot quite as easily as you tied it." "No!" I immediately replied; "and now I have to inform you that you are unfit

to be married, and I, as a servant of the living God, should be unjust to my duty if I did it." How could I do differently under the circumstances? And that is a true representation of the general feeling of most people who stand at the altar to enter into one of the most sacred relations known on earth. Now would it be so, think you, if there was no escape after marriage till death? No, it would lessen the evil greatly, in my opinion. How was it in Hindostan? How is it there now? How is it in other Oriental countries? Are they ever divorced there? No! and why not? because it involves the death of one or both of the parties. Now I say, in conclusion, that instead of giving loose rein in this direction, put on a check-rein—strike out that which would give such free license to people who are already too much at anarchy with themselves and the world, and let us have more of that loving morality which does not mean freedom of evil, but the purest kind of love, which, balanced by principle, never makes any mistakes; but, like the chemistry of nature, always finds the right atom.

Infinite Spirit, our Father and our Mother God, let thine angels water the seed we have sown this hour, and in the hereafter give us an harvest which shall prove an hundred fold. Amen.

Scientific. COSMOGRAPHY: A DESCRIPTION OF THE UNIVERSE. NUMBER SEVENTEEN. BY LEONARD S. RICHARDS.

A plant is simply soil in its most refined state, combined with gases in the atmosphere; in fact the largest proportion. When the soil becomes sufficiently pulverized, saturated with moisture and the gaseous elements washed into it by the descending rain, the ingredients buried there, assisted by the remaining gases in the atmosphere, produced a germ; produced by the extraction of the juices or the quintessence of the soil and gases surrounding—a crystallization process, as it were, like the diamond, by some chemical change crystallized from a coarse carbonaceous substance—possibly charcoal—into the most condensed, refined and precious of substances. The germ lies dormant in the ground until disturbed by some atmospheric or gaseous element without; and that element, in connection with the sun's rays, is oxygen. Oxygen is the most destructive, and at the same time, the greatest life-giving element that exists. Without it, the seed could never germinate. Let us examine the development or quickening of this germ; and when we learn the laws that govern it, we learn the process by which all seeds thrown broadcast upon our lands, or buried in the garden, germinate, develop, and ripen into fruit. Every seed contains the form and properties of a full-grown plant—root, stem, bud, leaves and all—but in the most compact, compressed and miniature form; invisible, most of them, to the naked eye; yet, in a dried bean, by separating it in halves where it naturally divides, the little miniature leaves unfolded, stem and root can easily be observed by the unaided eye. When oxygen reaches the germ within the seed lying upon or within the moist earth, (moisture and a sufficiently elevated temperature being equally necessary,) it is agitated, it begins to quicken, and the miniature plant, within, just mentioned, unfolds and expands. We will take, for example, a maize (Indian corn) embryo or germ—its form something like that of a heart, with its smaller, end pointing upward. Moistened this a few hours, and within the kernel will be seen a little shoot ascending—called the plumule—from which the stem, leaves and flowers develop. Within the lower portion of the germ will be found a descending shoot, called the radicle, or rootlet, from which the roots proceed. The direction of these two opposite shoots is constant or preserved in whatever position they are placed; that is, should the germ lie on its side, or even with its plumule pointing downward and its rootlet upward, the former, or ascending shoot, will right itself and curve upward in its growth, while the latter, or rootlet, will curve about and point downward. Even the sun's rays striking upon the rootlet will not cause it to turn upward, notwithstanding the popular notion—which, this, however, disproves—that the shoot ascends simply in search of sunlight. The kernel or embryo immediately surrounding the plumule and the radicle, or rootlet, is called the cotyledon; and the bulky matter covering the whole is styled the endosperm, which serves to protect the embryo when deposited in the ground, and also to furnish it with food from its own bulk until it is developed sufficiently to depend on itself; at which period the said endosperm is pressed aside and decays, or is absorbed by the rootlet and plumule. Take a common dry bean, soak in water a little warm, or rather place it, with four or five others, in a flower-pot filled with earth, and in a few hours their development will be observed. At the expiration of one day, open the seed, and the radicle, or rootlet, and plumule will be found to have expanded, and, each in the opposite direction. About a day longer observe another bean, (dig it up,) and said rootlet and plumule will be seen expanding still further, and merging out at either end. Another day, dig up bean number three; the extension and expansion of the germ is continued; and by continuing this process of observation day after day, you can arrive at a very good conception of the growth of vegetation, from the development of the germ to the full-grown, mature plant.

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Liberal Unity—Spiritualism in Bay City, Mich.—Vol. 1.

The crisis is at hand. Conservatism has rallied its forces, and the blow against liberty has been given. The boasted centres of civilization are the field of operation. Free speech has been denied. In one instance prejudice against the individual may have been the ruling influence. But in the case of John Weiss, the scholar, the profound thinker, and bold radical, the hiss of the serpent of sectarianism is plainly heard.

John Weiss is *undisputed*; therefore he shall not speak in our hall! That is the way the Young Men's Christian Association, of New York City, recently reasoned.

Does it need argument now, to show that, were Christianity to become the dominant power in the land, it would muzzle the free religious press and annihilate the platform of rationalism? No! The insult has already been hurled at Liberalists. Are we cowards? Do we live in a republic? What is republicanism? Are we the slaves of religious and commercial corporations?

Who dare slumber to-day? What duties devolve upon us? We are morally obligated to unite our forces. Let no special belief stand in the way of a great fraternity intent on maintaining liberty.

This is no new doctrine for the Banner of Light to expound. Its love has been universal all the time; it has taken the humanitarian view of things; it has sworn unflinching allegiance to progress, and to the appeals of to-day that are calling Liberalists together and inspiring them to the defense of liberty, and encouraging them to demand the withdrawal of special favor, on the part of the Government, toward any of the historic religions, are but reverberations of the grand truths which our best minds have been elaborating for the last quarter of a century, through the spiritual press and the spiritual platform.

And more than that; these things are the fulfillment of prophecy. The spirits, standing on the plane of causes, saw clearly what was coming. They have taught us to be watchful. They told us, long ago, that the time would surely come when our fidelity would be tested. Let all Spiritualists cooperate in the formation of "Liberal Leagues." The hour demands it. Our freedom is at stake.

The liberal press needs generous financial support. It is our safeguard. Many Spiritualists were becoming indolent and indifferent. Now they will be active; they will see, in the first place, how essential it is that rationalism assert its individual rights, and, in the second place, what an inestimable blessing the truths of Spiritualism will be to the world in the good time coming, when superstition ceases to be in the ascendancy.

BAY CITY, MICH.

This young city is making gigantic strides toward metropolitan dimensions. During the last six years its growth has been very rapid. Elegant looking business houses are to be seen on every hand. The Opera House is first class. The hotels are managed in good style. The Bay City Journal is a live paper, and does not run in the narrow rut of provincial journalism. The Chronicle is a weekly which is spoken of favorably. Conservative Christianity is well established in Bay City. The Baptists are happy, as they have just dedicated a magnificent \$75,000 temple to the service of the Lord. The Universalists here are gently folded beneath the Evangelical wing. Whether this state of things arises from the liberalism of the former, or the conservatism of the latter, we do not know. Our impressions incline to the idea that the Universalists are giving up their original tendency to freedom.

The population of Bay City is somewhere in the neighborhood of ten thousand. In October, 1870, Spiritualism came up into organic life. The Society is offered as follows: Judge S. M. Green, President; Mrs. M. S. Knaggs, Secretary; John W. Knaggs, Treasurer. Trustees—Dr. A. McAlpine, M. A. Root and Horace Blackman. Susie Johnson delivered the dedicatory address in the Spiritualist Hall; E. C. Dunn opened the lecture season. Interest in Spiritualism is on the increase. E. V. Wilson was the first speaker the present season. Giles B. Stebbins and Emma Martin filled the desk during December. In January Mrs. A. E. Mossop addressed the people. The audiences have been large. Bro. Root has spiritual literature for sale at his music store.

WILLIAM WHITE'S RECEPTION.

The Spiritualists of Bay City gave a reception to the senior member of the Banner firm during that gentleman's brief tarry here last November. A large party met at the Campbell House and sat down to one of the choicest of dinners, after which wit, logic and genial social converse were the order of the day. Mr. White is ensconced in the hearts of the people as a gentleman, a true friend, and a self-sacrificing worker in the cause of Spiritualism. We have heard numerous expressions of tenderest sympathy for him in his present illness.

A JUDICIAL-THEOLOGICAL JOKE.

Judge Green perpetrated a good joke the other day. Calling a witness to the stand, the following conversation took place: [The name "Johnson" is not the real name.]
JUDGE—Your name, sir?
WITNESS—Adam Johnson. [Adam went on and testified. Another witness was called.]
JUDGE—What is your name?
WITNESS—John Johnson.
JUDGE—Johnson? What relation are you to Adam?
WITNESS—I am his father.
JUDGE—[With a legal smile]—Ah! Then Adam was not the first man after all.

Whereupon everybody laughed a hearty laugh, and the Judge's face assumed the awful solemnity of his august office.

NOTES.

When is William Brunton coming West? We have heard that question propounded several times of late. What does Mr. Brunton say about it?
It is hard work to keep out of bigotry. No matter what we believe, unless we are careful we grow narrow and dogmatic over it. Then progress is at an end.

The Bay City Spiritualists and Liberalists demonstrated their sympathy for the Banner of Light, in its terrible disaster, by giving a grand ball in its behalf. By the way, Messrs. Editors, how do things look in the burnt district, now? We, out West, are all interested in the matter, you know. [Signed; and the dear old Banner, we have faith to believe, will be stronger and more influential in the cause of truth than ever in the immediate future.]
Judge McCracken, of Detroit, has evolved

from his interior consciousness a unique allegorical design, representing the progress of the great spiritual movement of history, from the lower types of worship up to the present serene attitude of rationalism.

R. G. Eccles has been meeting with more than his usual success, in Ohio. He now journeys to the East. During March he lectures in Lynn. His Western friends are confident that his march will be onward and upward, with no stopping.

Rev. T. B. Taylor—he of the "Old Theology Turned Upside Down"—celebrity is desirous of locating somewhere in the East. He has a fine reputation as a pure-minded man and a first class thinker and speaker.

Will correspondents please remember that Sturgis, Mich., is our permanent address?

TRUE GHOST STORIES.

"A True Ghost Story" is narrated in the Weekly World of the 22d inst., wherein the apparition of a living mother is alleged to have appeared to her daughter when some thousand miles away. Perhaps space may be accorded in its columns for one or both of the following relations, the truth of which I am willing to attest to under oath, as having substantially occurred within my own experiences. At the risk of being deemed obtrusive or indelicate, I shall write the names of persons that give point to the facts in full.

On the 12th day of October, 1858, I was united in wedlock with Miss Frances Minturn (now deceased), daughter of the late Jonas Minturn, of New York City. In about a week after we took passage (accompanied by two of my own sisters) in the packet-ship Quebec, Captain Hibbard, for London, where we arrived via Portsmouth, in about twenty days. Rowland R. Minturn, the eldest brother of my wife, to whom she and all the other members of the family were, not without manifold reasons, idolatrously attached, accompanied us to Sandy Hook, where he left to return with the pilot, apparently in good health and spirits. After passing a few days in London we proceeded to Paris (via Dover and Boulogne), where we stayed about a month, when I purchased a carriage in which we traveled post to Rome by way of Lyons, Marseilles, Toulon, Nice, the Maritime Alps, and Genoa.

Although we were in constant receipt of letters from home, hearing cheering tidings, my wife expressed fears, even before we left Paris, that we should hear unpleasant news from her relatives in New York. As we journeyed on her forebodings increased, although all the letters that were forwarded by our bankers were of the most satisfactory character. By the time we had passed the mountainous region and descended into the valley of the Rhine, her morbid feelings became so intensified that she ceased to take interest in the beauties that were constantly presenting themselves. It was in vain I represented to her that every letter we had received from home was full of cheering news. Her spirit became more and more depressed, and, by the time we reached the Alps, I became so affected myself, through sympathy or some unexplainable cause, that I could not get rid of a very unpleasant feeling of doubt in regard to home matters. Her family consisted of a mother, four brothers, and four sisters, but about this time her forebodings seemed to take more definite shape and centre on her brother, Rowland. The night we arrived at Genoa, on suddenly awakening, I found her sitting upright in bed, sobbing bitterly. On asking her why she wept, she told me that her brother Rowland had just appeared to her in a dream, looking pale and deathlike. Although ill at ease myself on the subject, I endeavored to persuade my wife that the dream was caused by her own excited imaginations. She finally became more composed, and I fell asleep, but only to be awakened again by similar fearful lamentations, while she vehemently affirmed that her brother Rowland must be dead, as he had again appeared to her, looking as he did before, with one hand raised and pointing toward heaven. After this fearful night it was difficult to induce my wife even to look out of the carriage window at any of the admirable works of art or Nature with which Italy abounds.

On our arrival at Rome, we took rooms at the Russian Hotel, and engaged a hack or carriage, and a suitable driver for a month, that we might visit the objects of interest in and around the city. My wife accompanied us in our daily drives, in one or two instances, but took no note of the objects of general interest, and, feeling that the sacrifice was painful to her, we forbore pressing her to accompany us. As her feelings became more and more morbid, I generally declined accompanying my sisters in their drives, and remained at home.

On my waking one morning I found my wife again weeping, when, in answer to my inquiries, she told me that her brother Rowland had just appeared to her again, looking all pale and deathlike, with his finger pointing upward, as he did at Genoa. For some particular reason I accompanied my sisters that day on the accustomed drive. On our return my wife was sitting on a sofa, looking even more distressed than usual, and pointed to a letter lying on the table, that had been left by the postman. I hastily broke the seal, and, catching a glimpse of the signature, joyfully exclaimed, "Why, Papa, it is from your brother Rowland!" But, that it conveyed commencement, I soon found out, by the tidings of that brother's sudden and unexpected death, announced by his cousin, the late Robert B. Minturn, the similarity of whose signature had for a moment misled me.

About the year 1820 I was engaged in manufacturing cotton and woolen goods, some kinds of which were woven in domestic hand-looms. I called at a house some eight or ten miles from home, and left a web to be woven. The woman who took the web wanted to have two left, which I declined doing. After trying in vain to persuade me to leave her the two webs, she suddenly exclaimed, "Well, I dreamed last night that Mr. Hazard came round with a load of weaving and would not let me have but one piece."

Several of her children, who were with her, spontaneously corroborated this by exclaiming: "Yes, mammy, you did; you told us so this morning."

The incident was trifling, but I was satisfied the statement of the woman and her children was true; and, as I journeyed home my thoughts were filled with the subject of dreams, querying in my mind why, if unseen intelligences did really come to us in sleep, they should choose such trifling matters for their subjects of communication.

I went to bed with my thoughts all on the subject, and toward morning awoke with the incidents of the following dream most vividly impressed upon my memory: I thought I was eating my breakfast, when a man named Ephraim Smith came into the adjoining room and put down a bag of corn against the partition. He then came to the door and asked me if he could have his corn ground at my mill. I told him he could not, as the miller was not there, and besides that we did not then run the mill, as the water was all wanted for the factory below. He said that if I did not grind the corn his children would go without breakfast, as he had nothing in his house to eat. He was a poor man and lived some miles away. I at length told him that if he would go up to the dam and raise the gate, I would try to grind the corn myself, although I knew but little of the business. The water was brought to the mill in a trough about six hundred feet long, supported by wooden legs. In its course it passed over a stone wall a few rods from the dam, but did not touch the wall in any way. I thought I started the mill, and that it ran for some time, when its speed began to slacken, and at last ceased altogether. I looked up toward the dam to hear the cause, and saw that the trough had broken down just where it passed over the wall, and two men (Robert Rathbone and Rowland Smith, among many others, were then in my employ, were standing near the broken place. I thought I saw the wa-

ter distinctly as it poured out of the break in the trough. I then went to sleep, and awoke with every vestige of the dream effaced from or taken out of my mind. I sat down to breakfast, Ephraim Smith came in at the back door and put down a bag of corn against the partition. He then came to the door and asked that it might be ground. I told him that it could not be done, as the miller was away, and that we wanted the water for the factory below. He said that if it was not done his children would be obliged to go without breakfast, as he had nothing in his house to eat. I finally told him that the water was all wanted to grind it for him. He did so, and I set the mill at work. I then went into an adjoining building to assist in invoicing and baling cloth, the two men seen in my dream being the only other persons present. Whilst thus engaged the speed of the mill began to slacken. From where I was I could see the mill, but not the water-trough. As the speed of the mill gradually slackened I repeatedly ejaculated, "What can be the matter with the mill?" It took probably from three to five minutes for the water to get entirely out of the trough, when the mill stopped.

Up to this time not the faintest recollection of my dream had revived in my memory, but as the mill stopped it was instantly and vividly recalled in all its parts, and I exclaimed, "I will be bound my dream has come true!" I had to pass through three rooms before I could get to a window whence I could see the trough. I looked at once at the spot where my dream indicated the break in the trough, being just over the wall, and, sure enough, there was the water pouring out of the broken trough, just as I had seen it in my dream.

Even at that time I felt that the dream had been conveyed to me by some loving, unseen intelligence in answer to my cogitations respecting the woman's dream about the web—my dream being of as little importance as hers. But, trifling as it seemed, it was sufficient to convince me that there were "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in learned philosophy." Viewed in the light of modern Spiritualism, it is but one incident connected with its worthy, of notice, and to which even the daguerrotypic principle, so often observable in visions, does not seem to apply. It is this:

In the dream I saw two men standing by the broken trough. In the fulfillment of the dream these men did not appear in the place I had seen them, but they were beside me at a distance off. Doubtless on my exclaiming that my dream had come true, and rushing to the window to look at the broken trough, they had followed me, and saw it simultaneously with myself, their thoughts being projected at once to the object of remark.

Query—Did these thoughts actually constitute spirit body—the same that was presented to my interior vision in sleep?
Again, the incidents of the dream were all of a prophetic character, not differing in degree from many others, but the coincidences are rendered more striking by the trough breaking directly over the stone wall, which had no connection with it, and by the dream being exactly fulfilled. Had it broken anywhere else there was no other landmark in the whole length of the trough by which the exact place could be well determined. Query again—Did the communicating intelligence merely foreshadow the future, or was it through its agency that the break occurred where it did?
THOMAS R. HAZARD.

Fayetteville, R. I., Jan. 24th.

Books for Children.

There is a dearth of books suitable for the young. We, who remember our own childhood, know too well this fact. Children need books that will amuse, not frighten; that will instruct, not mislead; that will brighten dark minds, and that will help to the little pilgrim's way. This subject was the theme of the National Convention of Spiritualists convened at Rochester, N. Y., four years ago. O. H. Congar, M. D., made a splendid plea for the rising generation. He wanted to see, in private and public libraries, books for children that were not fettered with any law or dogma. The speech brought out the following resolutions, presented by Warren Burdette, Esq.:

Resolved, That we give for the best twenty stories, \$20 for the second, \$25 for the third, and for the best drama, suitable for children, the sum of \$100.
Resolved, That these articles shall be submitted to R. T. Hallack, M. D.; Mrs. H. F. M. Brown; Mrs. Mary F. Davis; Mrs. Mary J. Dyott and Col. D. V. Kibgore.

These stories and the drama were to contain a moral, and to be devoid of sectarianism. The lack of funds was a balance-weight against the resolutions. There were a few subscribers, good rejoicing when \$100 was put in the way for the payment of premiums. At once I set about collecting stories and dramas. Some were found wanting in the moral, some were strongly impregnated with sectarianism, others were capital. The committee decided upon the best drama, for which \$25 were paid. Out of the mass of MSS. a book was to be made. When it was ready for the printer, Chicago was ablaze, our prospective book blazed too; not a vestige remained of a good drama and forty well-told stories. The fire, however, did not cancel my obligations. I had not the heart to ask for MSS. that could not be paid for. What could be done? In this dilemma, a few good writers generously came to the rescue, and another book in MS. waited the printer. It has received the pretty name of "Our Children." The hope is that our children will find it a happy home, and out of it who we hope will give it a hearty welcome. "Our Children" is the first of a series of books that are to be published for Lyceums, for the young everywhere. The sale of the book will, after paying the publisher, help to send out another that waits its time. Will all who see the need of juvenile books, aid in circulating "Our Children?" The sweet songs and pleasant stories found in the book may bless those who aid in sending it abroad. We hope so.
H. F. M. BROWN.

New Hampshire and Connecticut—Miscellaneous Work.

Dear Banner—Very with both the spirit of fierce opposition and anxious inquiry from the friends of Spiritualism in New Hampshire, I take pen to make a few tidings of my labors in the Granite State. My first success was in the town of Dover, where I found warm and generous friends who had long been waiting for the light of this new and strange life, and had long been trying to force old authorities to give up their positions. Persons who at first were called upon to give up their positions, as though they were to be restored to health and usefulness. Here I spoke three times on Spiritualism and once on temperance to good audiences, and left with many expressions of appreciation and invitations to come again. Swift Water and Haverhill I next visited, where I gave more lectures than I was engaged for, and occurred a little circumstance that seems worthy of mention. In the evening of the 27th, a number of people who profess to be followers of Christ, proving that they were governed more by their sectarian prejudices than by the principles of the Gospel, had come to the village one Sunday morning, and suggested that I should be allowed to speak in the church, who did not do so in the vicinity, but in an adjoining town, where for some time I had been holding my meetings. The friends of the cause were told that my disappearance. Upon this the man was present who had been the subject of the above-mentioned incident. He said that a lady of the Spiritualist name, some said Mrs. J. H. Durand, whose gentle, loving wife, I heard spoken of in many places, had been present, but who is now an invalid, and has been long in the hospital, and who we hope will yet be restored to health and usefulness. Here I spoke three times on Spiritualism and once on temperance to good audiences, and left with many expressions of appreciation and invitations to come again. 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TIPPING HIS TABLES: Rambings after a Rambler; Exposures of an Exposer: elicited by "An Expose of Spiritualism by Rev. John Gregory, Northfield, Vt., 1872."

BY ALLEN PUTNAM.

PART II.

SPIRITUALISM'S LOWLINESS.

We quote as follows: "Now it would seem, if Spiritualism were true, that some men of talent in the scientific world would embrace it." Why should it seem thus? An apostle of old said, "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called." We add to this an ancient question, "Have any of the rulers or of the Pharisees believed on him?" The Christian faith, when quite as old as Spiritualism is now, was not embraced by many "wise men after the flesh." Infinite Wisdom does not always select the recipients of great truths according to some men's notions of fitness. "I thank thee, oh, Father, Lord of heaven, and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes," was the utterance of an ancient medium for unfamiliar truths, whose perceptions of fitness were both searching and far reaching. If non-reception of revelations by eminent men, while such things are yet novel, argues against their truth and importance, how stands Christianity affected by the argument? Sadly—not sadly. Some of the lessons of history are worth remembering. One American man of eminent talents and scientific attainments and skill did first investigate and then embrace Spiritualism.

Prof. Robert Hare, the familiar correspondent with and the scientific peer of Silliman, Faraday and other leaders of the world in science, was eminent for inventive skill at the early age of twenty years; and throughout the following fifty years he devoted his immense and untiring energies to the study, application, and illustration of physical science, and to the invention and use of most efficient instruments for reaching knowledge stored in Nature's recesses. Rich in the fitting experiences, knowledge, and skill to make him as competent an investigator of the basic facts of Spiritualism as this country contained, he, with vigor unabated and brain clear, went into a prolonged and truly scientific investigation, and positively demonstrated, on the bases and by the authentic processes and instrumentalities of physical science, that intelligent, unseen forces lifted and lowered the arms of his scale beams, at his request. Yes, one man "of talent in the scientific world" did embrace Spiritualism while it was yet very young.

We adduce the names of Prof. Mapes, Senator Tallmadge, and Judge Edmonds, and might add many other very competent weighers of evidence, who embraced Spiritualism after careful investigation. Judge Edmonds, and Judge Ladd of Cambridge, are seemingly regarded by the exposer as either untruthful or hallucinated. But so far as we know or believe, their reputations for truth and veracity, for skill in sifting and weighing evidence, for clear heads, sound judgments and well-regulated lives, are high—yes, are above the reach of partisan sneer or disparaging innuendo. The State of New York employs one of these gentlemen on its Commission for codifying its laws; while the intelligent city of Cambridge has long kept the other as a judge in its Police Court. Please have some confidence in men whom wise and good men trust, and let both natural and Christian charity have fair play!

When a matured, honorable man—Judge Ladd—trained to weigh evidence by many years' practice at the bar and on the bench, deliberately states that he has witnessed events and received information that satisfy him that all the elements of either a chest or a loaf of cake exist in the atmosphere around and above us, and that there are invisible agents who can combine those elements, and produce from them both cake and chest palpable to sight, touch and taste, and that he has witnessed such productions, and carefully satisfied himself that they are, in fact, such as they are reputed to be, he presents the world with matters worthy the candid and patient attention of the clearest heads and most reverent hearts in the community. He may suggest the inquiry, How came the marvelous production of loaves and fishes, on which vast multitudes fed and were filled in olden times? and the further question, whether their production was in subserviency to some unknown universal laws; and then, again, the question whether spirits and men have jointly made such advances in knowledge of and power over such latent forces and elements as that the existence of laws for such manifestations may be clearly indicated to us, so that we may rationally look upon and regard such works as orderly productions, whose repetition we may reverently solicit, and whose lessons we may freely learn and helpfully apply.

The possible teachings of statements which our exposer ridicules or sneers at, surely seem to us worthy of most careful study by any one who reverences the God of Nature, and is ready to accept light through whatever channels the overruling Wisdom may permit finite intelligences to open for influxes to us from out our imponderable surroundings. Any voice or presentation of any kind, both implying an intelligent act and coming from out the veiled recesses of Nature, is put forth by those of keener perceptions and higher powers than man's, and deserves his respectful and reverent attention. Unless one can place some trust in testimony—especially in testimony carefully given by gentlemen selected to preside in courts of justice and law, and who are confided in as truthful and sagacious by all who know them well—how woefully he shuts up important avenues of knowledge. Sneers and disparaging innuendoes hounded on to the careful statements of the intelligent and truthful will surely come home to kennel.

RELIGION.

Again we quote as follows: "They call Spiritualism religion, but there is no more religion in it, supposing it to be true, than there is in Mormonism, phrenology, or the telegraph. Religion is something to be practiced, something to be carried out into every-day life, loving God with the whole heart, and our neighbor as we do ourselves." This is not a bad definition. It makes no far wiff that given by James, viz., "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." In connection with this we quote the prophet's question, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Let us add, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and we then have in brief space a definition of religion by the Northfield minister—an apostle, and essentially by the prophet Micah, all consistent with each other and all accordant with common sense—while the quotation from Paul affixes the rewards and penalties of life's actions in harmony with the pervading conceptions of justice in most human minds and hearts. Such a platform is broad enough to accommodate and strong enough to sustain both Christians and Spiritualists, and a very large part of the rest of mankind.

We find it plainly intimated above that there is no religion in Mormonism. Are Mormons without "something to practice, something to be carried out into every-day life"? Ample testimony shows that they do practice and carry out much that is to us very offensive. Also, for aught valid that we can see, they love their God—who seems to be mostly some Jewish God—quite as heartily, and love their neighbors quite as well, as do most other people. Some views and some conceptions of truth, duty and right, are very different with them from what they are with most other sects, yet in devotion to what are to them divine teachings, they are not far behind the average of Christians. They have religion, but its quality is objectionable.

When told that there is no more religion in Spiritualism than there is in the telegraph, we enter no protest. For long years we have been unable to see any religion, as the word should be applied, in causing a sunken ax to float up to the river's surface; nor in making an ass both see an angel and

talk to his rider; nor in smiting a dry rock, and thus bringing out water; nor in replenishing oil in the widow's cruse by invisible means; nor in influencing ravens to feed a destitute prophet; nor in causing an extemporized hand to write upon the walls of a banquet room; nor in keeping a man alive for three days in the abdomen of a fish; nor in shielding three Hebrew youths from the intense action of furnace flames; nor in curbing a lion's power; nor in walking upon the water; nor in gathering from any unseen source bread and fish to feed a hungry multitude; nor in killing with harsh words a fruitless fig-tree; nor in changing water into wine; nor in making a salve of spittle and clay and curing blindness with it; nor in spirits rolling a stone from the mouth of a sepulchre; nor in their unlocking prison doors; nor in unlearned men speaking in all the languages and dialects of surrounding nations—no, in none of these things is there any more religion that we can perceive than there is in the telegraph. But those who do such things, or those in either whose behalf or through whose properties they are done, may or may not have religion proper; may be or may not be either possessors or manifestors or revealers of important religious truths.

Few nations in any remembered age have been long destitute of some persons in whose presence and through whose properties works essentially like the above have been performed. Such works bespeak personal qualities or properties probably mostly physical, which disembodied intelligences use as tongues, pens or hands, and, like tongues, pens or hands, the visible organs of such persons, when fully controlled, are made to act out the purposes of those spirits who use them; and the mediums themselves, for the time being, are simply vacators of implements for another's use. It is no religion of theirs which makes their bodies fitting instruments for the work wrought through them by other minds.

The distinguishing phenomena of Spiritualism—its basic facts—its signs and wonders—have no religion in them. Yet these may be heralds and indices of religion to be evolved by their use. We doubt whether Baalam's ass had any religion in him, though he saw an angel and rebuked his master in seemingly self-uttered words. Simple belief in the phenomena of Spiritualism is not religion. Yet such phenomena, furnishing proof that our fellow-beings, who have passed through the portals of death, return to us, speak with us, give us the results of their experiences and observations in their clearer lights or deeper darkneses, as the case may be—teach us what qualities and what outworkings of religion or its opposite in earth-life conduce to their happiness or their misery in spirit-abodes; doing this, the phenomena help us to discipleship, under more experienced and enlightened teachers, of what God regards as good preparation for the life to come, than any who unfold his requisitions in Christian pulpits. They have passed the oft-dreaded stream, and know the requisites for peace and joy on its other shore. Their utterances may be as genuinely religious as any that earth's children can have access to, and may be as conducive to the healthful growth and operations of saving religion as the pulpit can utter. Such teachers may evoke religion in hearts where it has never manifested itself, and may modify, purify and intensify it where it exists and has had expansion.

Such teachers are coming thick. Both the good and the less good, the enlightened and the benighted, come, some from one motive and some from another; some for their own pleasure or good, and some for ours; some to confer and some to receive help; some serious and earnest, some worldly, some frivolous. The highway is free to all who can meet the established conditions of travel over it. No one can deduce broad, comprehensive and fair conclusions as to their religious influences and leadings, who does not listen to every class, and compare the varied utterances, counsels and wants.

No lesson is, perhaps, more touching and instructive than one, frequently taught, that "spirits in prison" find both access to earth and help from mortals essential to their deliverance and upward progress. They seek us for the help we can give to them, and open to us new fields of beneficence in which religion may put forth its highest powers, and find them expand amid such philanthropic labors.

Spirits are very harmonious in statement that creed faiths, vicarious atonement, church-membership and the like, have in them no special beneficence, and as generally used and applied, are rather hindrances than helps to man's fitness for satisfaction, progress and welfare in spirit-life. They re-echo the doctrine that "God is not mocked," but that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"; also, that the seed which yields the best fruit is acts of beneficence and charitable estimates of the motives, characters and goodness of our fellow-men. Sectarianism is presented as making earth dark by a thick atmosphere of sin, which dispels the spirit-world.

Nearly twenty years ago, a pencil in the hand of an illiterate miss in her teens wrote for us the following:

"DEAR CHILDREN OF EARTH—I, the spirit of your old ancestor, come to hold sweet communion with you. I have watched the world's progress in knowledge. On your ward has man advanced, but gradually has mist enveloped the once pure soul of mankind. He has strayed from the paths of truth, and left the road that would lead him to join the celestial heavens. Ay, I have seen oppression and sin cloud the Christian's mind. Ay, I have beheld the name of God, the divine giver of all good, borne on the wings of sectarianism; thus has the world been made dark and the spirit-land dispelled by the thick atmosphere of gross sin. And now the redemption of the children of earth is proclaimed by angels from the bosom of the Lamb, and the morn of Judgment is near. God, arrayed in sandals of holiness and the crown of brightness, is gently lifting the weak children of earth up, by sending his messengers to fathom the cloudy places of earth—to impart the dazzling truth of his mansions into the world. The prayers of angels have ascended to the Father; their voices have echoed through the perfect halls above. And now, my child, I want you to know the happiness to feel the angels impressing your fevered brow, to hear the melodious strains of exquisite harmony thrilling into your mind, to tread the paths of truth with the righteous, and think of the God that is ever shedding his love and mercy. This is from your old grandfather, an inhabitant of the celestial heavens, given through the medium of ——— to my earthly child."

Both the Christian and sinner of an ancestor six generations back were annexed to this. Such statements over the exact name of the common ancestor of all who bear my name in America, coming through the hand of a Methodist girl, all unacquainted with our colonial history and my ancestry, may not be strictly religion; and yet their tone and purport were and are, according to my apprehension, decidedly and beautifully religious, especially when viewed in connection with the conditions of their advent. They are but a fair sample of scores that have come to me. To me such are religious teachings and incentives. The points that sectarianism has made the world dark, that now the redemption of the children of the earth is proclaimed, that God is gently lifting the children of earth up, by sending his messengers to fathom the cloudy places of earth, and to impart the dazzling truth of his mansions into the world—these, coming as they did over the name of the good old Puritan who at a good old age in 1661 passed in faith from this to a higher life, indicate to me his perception that the purpose and effect of the present coming of God's messengers, of whom he—a returning spirit—was one, indicate that the purpose and effect of this new advent from out the unseen, were and would be to overthrow sectarianism and gently lift the children of men up.

These messengers from God have been coming—hundreds and thousands of them, seemingly, thus far—giving to the world quite as much disturbance as peace. Such primary effects may be needful in the breaking up of prejudices and toppling over idols, which numerous Christians must be freed or weaned from before the better things can enter into and dwell with them. The presence and action of these messengers are being widely and deeply felt. Starting phenomena and significant revelations are multiplying fast throughout the civilized world, are challenging the world's attention, are agitating Christendom, are putting its religious systems

and doctrines, and their civil, social and religious fruits, to the test, are seemingly depositing its idols and turning it upside down. Dr. James Edmunds, M. D., and M. R. C. S., &c., Chairman of the London Committee which investigated Spiritualism, and a non-receiver of it, yet reports to the Society that "It is becoming a great disintegrator of religious dogma." Such are its influences already, and they indicate power and efficiency.

Relatively, Spiritualism is but "an infant of days," is less than one seventy-fifth part the age of Christianity, and yet, while so young, "it is becoming a great disintegrator of religious dogma." Such action may well be presumed to be one of the most essential labors for fitting the general mind for the reception of more vitalizing and purifying religion than has prevailed or does prevail in Christendom. Its first work, perhaps, and probably, needs be mostly iconoclastic, the breaking of images. But fear not. If God be "sending his messengers to fathom the cloudy places of earth," the future effects of this may be—and who can rationally doubt that they will be—the banishment of much error, sectarianism, dogmatism and hypocrisy, and the opening of ways for the onesoning of more simple, intelligible, rational, liberal and genuinely Christian views of Him, and his requirements of man also as to his nature, relations, duties and destiny. They may inaugurate a nearer approach to "peace on earth and good will to man," than the teachings and practices of the past have produced in our land.

We apprehend, however, that such good cannot be properly established, unless the foundations for it be prepared by setting "a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother," and turning the members of an household into reciprocal foes. The good may need to make its approach and primal establishment not in the garb of peace, but in panoply of spiritual, social and domestic war. Storms and tempests, fierce gales and roughened seas may be generated as the needed clarifications, and revolutions proceed, but the Father—the universal Father, Lord of heaven and earth—a skillful navigator, familiar with every rock and shoal and wind—is at the helm, and will pilot the vast ship of humanity to the port of her high destination. She will land man on shores where he and the angel world will hold communion, in structure and elevating to him, and probably to both. No religion!

GULLIBILITY.

The author heads one of his chapters "GULLIBILITY," and says that "in order to be a Spiritualist of the first type one must believe in the marvelous stories of Judge Edmonds and Judge Ladd." He then narrates some statements made by Judge Ladd which are truly and genuinely marvelous. These were made by the Judge in the hearing of some twenty people, who, as this author says, he does not doubt, "all swallowed the stories without hesitation." His narration implies that he was himself one of the listeners, for he introduces the account by the words, "He told me." But whether he counted himself in to make up that crowd of about twenty, and was himself one of the beguiled, he does not state. His presentation of the matter would let us count him in—fairly construed, it does count him in—but he meant to be left out in the count of the gulls. We will leave him out, stand him by himself, and look at him in his solitary elevation above gullibility.

We have often heard of juries consisting of twelve men each, eleven of whom were very obtuse and obstinate. But to find a company of twenty-one, in which twenty should be so obtuse and obstinate as not to see and decide that an upright and honorable and honored judge, when detailing his personal observation and experiences, and that, too, in the presence of a clergyman, when he might naturally be supposed to feel special call to be accurate and truthful, was yet only beguiling the crowd, while the twenty-first one, from beginning to end, perceived nothing but the ebullitions of delusions from the judicial brain, clearly shows that that twenty-first man possessed very peculiar mental perceptions—not quite one chance in twenty to find their like. The penetrations and findings of such perceptions who can forecast?

A firm, predetermined conviction that one is wiser in a certain direction than his neighbors, often, proves a mental bar to his reception of new light which may come through unusual channels. The twenty-first man would seem to be wearing badly discolored glasses, if things appear to him to be the essential opposites to what they are perceived to be by each one of his twenty fellow observers.

To be a "Spiritualist of the first type," then, one must trust in the words of a trustworthy man when he is seriously telling what his own eyes have seen, his own touch felt, his own palate tasted, even if he relates experiences such as might have been given by one of that Jewish multitude who were refreshed by feeding upon loaves and fishes mysteriously brought from out the unseen. The existing phrenological developments and constitution of Mr. Gregory may deprive him of such gullibility, and therefore call forth his sneer at its manifestation in each one of his twenty fellow listeners.

Such gullibility has manifested itself in high circles of society. Notwithstanding Huxley's scathing letter, the London Dialectical Society grappled with Spiritualism and examined it extensively and skillfully. Their report of their doings and findings is very full, details many interesting facts, and, in some parts, wears the charms of candor, while from some of the contributors to it there flows forth a spirit not unlike that pervading the *Esopé*.

A committee, consisting of thirty-four members of that Society, in which membership itself is testimony to high attainments and worth, was appointed for the special purpose of investigating and reporting upon "The Phenomena called Spiritualism." After having had no less than forty extended sittings, scattered over a period of eighteen months, held in their private residences, "without the aid or presence of any professional medium," or any mediums other than those found in their own families above the kitchen and below the attic—none but those on a social par with themselves—and after having taken the testimony of many prominent Spiritualists—such a committee, thus qualified, reported that "they deem it incumbent on them to state the conviction that the subject is worthy of more serious attention and careful investigation than it has hitherto received." The Northfield divine, furnishing no evidence of careful scrutiny of its "phenomena," says: "Let us pray God to . . . keep us from the meshes of Spiritualism, that containments everything that comes within its reach!" A majority gulls in the English flock of thirty-four—a solitary "bird of the night" and twenty gulls make up the American flock of twenty-one.

From beneath the optics fitted for night vision comes forth this generous offer: "When Spiritualists can show me that persons thrown into a somnambulic or cataleptic state—that clairvoyant seeing and involuntary speaking are not the results of that subtle agent of which we can comprehend so little (called magnetism) in some of its various forms, I shall willingly become a disciple, and make no more opposition to 'spirit manifestation.'" There, note that. When we will show that they are not the results of magnetism—that is, when we will prove a negative—which is an impossibility—he will become a disciple! That which would transcend the powers of God—viz., the proving of a negative—we shall not attempt.

We, however, make to him this courteous declaration: When you will show us that magnetism or any other of the ubiquitous forces in Nature does produce the spirit manifestations—not as an instrumentality used by intelligent beings, but as an intelligent actor—when you will show us that magnetism itself, and of itself, speaks right out—that it understands man's questions and gives intelligent answers; when you will show it to us speaking out in words, or rapping out in answer to words over and over again, always and everywhere where reputed spirit-speaking, rapping and table-tipping are processes of communication, saying that it is I, myself, magnetism—that of myself, and not as the tool of another—makes the noises, movements, responses and communications—when you will do that, then we will become your disciples most willingly, for we shall see at once that you will be able to enlighten not only ourselves, but the world, in reference to that subtle agent of which we can comprehend so lit-

tle, called magnetism." Just show us what we ask for, and Spiritualism vanishes from earth forthwith.

It gives us pleasure to introduce one of England's very eminent natural scientists, and assign him a place among the gullibles. Mr. Cromwell F. Varley, chief electrician connected with the Atlantic Telegraph, gave to the Investigating Committee of the Dialectical Society a very instructive account of his observations, experiences and conclusions in relation to Spiritualism. He and his wife being mediums, and his training and daily avocations fitting him admirably to be a teacher of what the world knows of electricity and magnetism, give to his statements special interest. What he said fills about fifteen pages in the report. We quote only a small portion of it. While under examination, (for he and others were used like witnesses on the stand,) the following question was put to him:

Ques.—"Does Mr. Varley accept the spiritual theory?"
Ans.—"I firmly believe, from the facts I have alluded to, that there are not only bodies; that when we die, we exist just as much as before, and that under certain conditions, we are able to hold communication with those on earth; but I also believe that many of the phenomena are often caused by the spirits of those whose bodies are present. The phenomena can neither be accounted for by magnetism nor electricity. These forces have nothing to do with the phenomena I have alluded to. It is unfortunate that the terms 'electricity' and 'magnetism' should have been applied to these unknown forces. As to our future existence, I do not think that any of us know much about its details after death. Nearly all Spiritualists concur in believing that the thinking part of man forms, in the next life, the body; that we are thought-beings, and that those ideas which we originate in this life are permanent realities in the next. With regard to electricity—I believe that electricity is one of the components of matter, and that there is an actual transmission through the wire. It has no appreciable weight, no gravitation. Light is the vibration of essential ether. As to the nature of magnetism, I do not know what it is; I have not the ghost of an idea."

"I remember a case, a short time since, at my own house, when a large of woman pushed us all up in a corner, without any visible means of locomotion."

Ques.—"While the most interesting part of your experience took place, were you in an abnormal state?"

Ans.—"No; calm and clear. I believe the mesmeric trance and the spiritual trance are produced by similar means, and I believe the mesmeric and the spiritual force to be the same. They are both the action of a spirit, and the difference between the spiritual trance and the mesmeric trance is, I believe, this: in the mesmeric trance, the will that overpowers or entrances the patient is in a human body; in the spiritual trance, that will which overpowers the patient is not in a human body."

Ques.—"I think you have seen the color of the clothes of a spirit as distinctly as the features?"

Ans.—"Yes, I think I see the drift of that question. I was very much astonished when I saw a spirit in a dress. I explain it in this way: all known powers have to be treated as solids in regard to something. A man finds air not solid at all. He can move through it as though it did not exist; but when he comes to an iron-clad ship, he is stopped; he cannot pass through the iron. Well, electricity finds air the most solid substance possible; it cannot pass through it, but it passes through the iron-clad ship as though it were not in existence. An iron wire, to an electrician, simply a hole bored through a solid rock of air, so that the electricity may pass freely. Glass is opaque to electricity, but transparent to magnetism. Hence we may infer that everything is solid in respect to something, and that nothing is solid in respect to all things, and therefore thought, which is power, may be in some sort solid; so that, if you take an old English farmer, for instance, he would be ashamed to be seen without his top-boots, his coat with buttons, and his hat. They are part of his identity; he cannot think of himself without them. They form part of his nature; and the moment he leaves his body and becomes a thought-man, the thought-boots, the thought-coat and the thought-hat form part of his individuality."

It appears from the above extracts that England's foremost electrician, a careful student of spiritual phenomena, differs widely in opinion from the Northfield exposer of Spiritualism as to the competency of magnetism to produce the spiritual phenomena. We quote again: "Now, it would seem, if Spiritualism was true, that some men of talent in the scientific world would embrace it." What is the significance of Varley's faith as to its truth? He was a witness on the stand before investigators, the majority of whom were non-receivers of this faith at the commencement of their investigation, and several such were converted to it before the investigation closed. "Some men of talent in the scientific world" have been beguiled by their own critical and prolonged researches.

Letter of Mr. D. D. Home to the London Times.

During the recent controversy concerning the status of Spiritualism—as to whether it was really a pernicious humbug or a fair subject for honest and persistent scientific investigation—in the columns of the London Times, (known to the reading public as a journal possessing the widest influence throughout the English Kingdom,) the celebrated medium whose name heads this article contributed the following plain and outspoken letter, wherein the willful misrepresentations of one of the myriad would-be critics and executors of Spiritualism are set in their true light, and proved to be "trifles light as air." The good work will surely go on, and this true disciple of the Spiritual Philosophy—and all others—can well afford, in a spirit of quiet disaffiance of all evil, to wait the "incoming Eden of glory," when a knowledge of the great truth he seeks to elucidate will cover the earth, even as the waters cover the sea:

"To the Editor of the Times, SIR—Will you allow me space to correct some misstatements in a letter signed Henry Dicks, F. R. S., which appeared in the Times of yesterday?"

"It is not true that 'no really scientific man believes in Spiritualism.' To name those only who have spoken out concerning it, two fellows of the Royal Society are believers in its phenomena. One—Mr. Crookes—reserves his opinion as to their cause; the other—Mr. Cromwell Varley—is an out-and-out and ardent Spiritualist; so, also, is a man of science, of world-wide reputation—Mr. Alfred Wallace. It is not true that 'Spiritualism stuns the light.' Scarcely are not usually dark. With myself, they always take place in the light—sometimes in broad daylight (save when I am raised and floated in the air). It is not true that 'nothing takes place without a great amount of childish jugglery.' Thousands can attest that no jugglery whatever takes place at seances. It is not true that 'little is done without money.' Many mediums, like myself, have never taken a farthing of pay; though why on earth should mediums not take pay, as well as physicians who perform experiments in public—as well as all other men who live by the work of their hands or their brains, or by the exercise of their gifts?"

Misstatements such as these are vexatious to persons knowing the truth, and very different in point of mischievousness from mere ridicule, which is, indeed, harmless. For instance: had the writer of an article on Spiritualism which appeared in the Times of Thursday last been endowed with the wit of a Sydney Smith, his decision would still have fallen innocuously on the facts he so accurately related. The one thing which could damage Spiritualism would be proof of imposture on the part of a medium in whom Spiritualists reposed confidence; and of proof of imposture the writer of the above-mentioned article has been unable to produce a tittle. His words are, that, though he tried every test he could think of, he could find no trace of it. After his testimony to the marvels he relates, let it, at least, no longer be said that such things never appear under the eye of a skeptic. One observation more, and I have done. Mr. Dicks imagines that the uncertainty as to results at a seance, contrasting with the certainty of those of the laboratory, tells strongly against Spiritualism; but for this uncertainty there are two sufficient reasons. In the first place, the conditions requisite for spirit manifestations are not known to mediums, as the conditions requisite for their experiments in public—as well as all other men who live by the work of the invisible beings attracted by the medium must still be taken into account; they may not choose to manifest themselves.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
DANIEL D. HOME.

