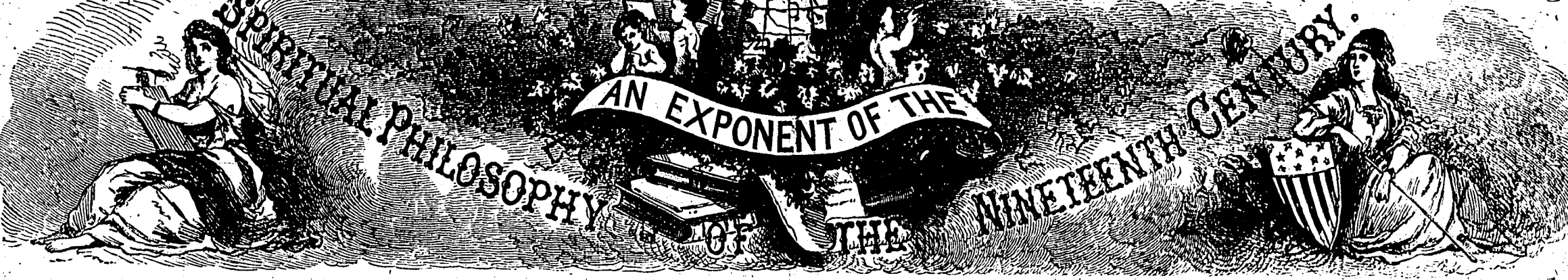


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Spiritual Phenomena.

SPIRIT-COMPANIONSHIP; OR, THE RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM ILLUSTRATED.

BY MOSES A. DOW.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I seldom publish my experience in the investigation of Spiritualism unless incidents occur which serve to establish some important phase of the subject; then I consider it my duty to give my experience publicly, though it may be in rather an imperfect manner. One point I wish to establish is, that spirits of a congenial affinity will gravitate together in the spirit-world, and become inseparable companions, whether they ever met in the earth-life or not, or whatever their relationship may have been in the earth-life.

I have in a previous letter given you a synopsis of my first knowledge of Spiritualism—that a young lady, who was employed by me as an assistant-editor of the "Waverley Magazine" for eight or nine years, and died five years ago, returned to me in spirit, through a trance medium, in just seven days after that sad event, and assured me that her friendship for me in earth-life would ever draw her to me in spirit, and that she would always be near me to guide and guard me through my earth-life, which statement has been used sarcastically in hopes of deterring me from the promulgation of any more facts calculated to sustain the great truth of spirit return and communion. But all such attempts to nullify my influence in its favor have been unsuccessful.

Since that first experience I have been in the habit of having sances with Mrs. Mary M. Hardy nearly every week. She is the most perfect medium for trance communion that I have seen, but I presume there may be others equally good, for other persons, but not for me, as my spirit-friend assures me that she has found no other medium so well adapted to her influences as Mrs. Hardy. She is a lady whose character for honesty is free from doubt. My friend never fails to respond when I make a call to meet her. She says she is as much an inhabitant of earth while controlling Mrs. Hardy as she was before her death, and enjoys its scenery; the fragrance of flowers, more exquisitely than in her earth-life. But I digress from my subject.

In the fall of 1874, while holding communion with my friend, through Mrs. Hardy, she asked me how much money I was willing to trust her with to use as she pleased. My first thought was that this might be establishing a bad precedent that might work to my disadvantage, but as it was the first time she had asked such a favor of me, I ventured to state the sum I was willing to let her have, being curious to know what a spirit wanted to do with money, "the root of all evil," or at best but "filthy lucre." "Oh," said she, "I don't want a third of that sum;" and then told me what she wanted of it, namely:

"I have met in the spirit-world the spirit of a beautiful young lady, who was killed in the great calamity at Fall River a few years ago, and I love her dearly, because she is so very pure and beautiful, and I have adopted her as my spirit-sister, and we shall always be companions till my conditions change for the better. Her name is Lizzie Benson; but she is very sad and unhappy because of the poverty and sickness of her mother and sister whom she left in the earth-life at Fall River. Her sister was also injured by the same calamity, so much so that she will never be able to walk again. They are destitute of food, fuel, and medical attendance, because they had no means to procure them with, and they were great sufferers. Lizzie asked me if I could help her to make them more comfortable, and I told her I had a friend in the earth-life who, I thought, would help her mother and sister, and I would ask him, and so I came to you for the money, and that is what I want of it. Don't tell Mrs. Hardy anything about it when I leave her, as I will tell her after she retires to-night; you can send her the money, and I will tell her what to do with it."

I promised to do as she wished, and after some further conversation about the "beautiful land," she bid me good-by, and the medium came to her consciousness. When I reached my office that afternoon I drew my check for the sum she wanted, and mailed it to Mrs. Hardy. Next week I made my usual call, to have a talk with my friend. Before the sance Mrs. Hardy said she had been to Fall River, where she had

been, at my friend's request, to visit a family who were suffering for the actual necessities of life, and by severe sickness. She said that when she approached the house where she was directed, she saw a girl by the window, bundled up as if sick. When she entered the house the mother said:

"When you approached the house my daughter exclaimed: 'Mother! there is the very lady I dreamed of last night coming to our house!' Mrs. Hardy said she found them destitute of everything, and both of them sick. She immediately procured fuel and provisions for them, which brought smiles to faces recently so sad; she also gave them some money to supply further wants, and left them feeling very happy."

We now entered Mrs. Hardy's sance-room, where she was soon in a trance, when my friend was present in good spirits, and began to talk about her "spirit sister."

"Oh, you cannot conceive how happy you have made her by your generous assistance to her mother and sister. Your mother, father, and brother are all here, and they are all so happy that you have done such a noble deed. Your brother says that nothing has ever made him so happy. And there are hosts of other spirits who are often with me, and they are also happy. It will be a great source of joy when you come over to us. Lizzie is ever with me, and she is now present, sitting in that chair (pointing to a third chair). She is very beautiful, and has long black hair, reaching nearly to her waist and flowing over her shoulders; with large, full eyes. She feels so grateful for what you have done for her mother and sister that she wants to give you some token of her gratitude. I have taught her how to have her picture taken, and we wish you would go to Mr. Mumler; some time when you find it convenient, and we will both go with you and stand by you, and have our pictures taken by your side. How would you like to have us taken?"

I said it might be well for one of them to stand on each side of me, and lay a hand on my shoulders.

"We will stand on each side of you, and perhaps we will clasp our hands across your breast."

After some further conversation about the beautiful hereafter she bade me good-by, and the sance closed. I did not go to Mr. Mumler's for the picture for two or three weeks. One bright morning last April I called at his house about nine o'clock. He said the sun was not quite high enough to get a good light, and so I sat and talked with Mrs. Mumler in the front parlor till ten; he then said he was ready. I took a seat about eight feet from the camera. He adjusted everything as he liked, or as he was influenced to do, asking Mrs. M. to come and sit near us, then he rested his left hand on the camera with his back toward me, and inquired:

"Has Mr. Dow got any spirit friends here?"

Three raps on the floor said "Yes."

"Do they wish to give him a picture?"

Three raps—"Yes."

"Well, please let me know when you are ready."

The camera was all the time covered with a cloth. In about two minutes three raps indicated that they were ready. He took the covering off, and I sat perhaps three minutes, and could feel spirit hands passing over each shoulder on to my breast. I could see Mrs. M. at my left all the time of the operation. Three raps on the floor said it was finished, and Mr. M. covered the glass, took out the plate and left the room. As soon as he had gone out I saw that Mrs. M. was in a trance, and she rose up, and a spirit said:

"I am Dr. Rush (Mrs. M.'s medical guide). I am glad to meet you, and wish to talk with you. Come and sit by my side," and he sat down.

I left my seat and took a chair by the side of the medium, and Dr. Rush continued:

"Your friend (calling her real name) has given you a picture. She stands behind you and reaches over your shoulders, and holds an anchor of flowers across your breast. There is a beautiful home prepared for you when you go over the river, but you will not go over for some time yet, as you have more good deeds to be put to your credit before you go. Your friend has brought a beautiful female companion with her, and they both stand by you in this picture. She has got long black hair flowing over her shoulders."

Mrs. Mumler now came to herself, and was a little surprised to find me sitting by her side and Mr. M. gone from the room. I told her who had been talking to me. Mr. M. returned with the plate, and holding it up to the light, said:

"I think I have got a picture, and there seems to be two ladies standing by you."

I told him that I had had the promise of such a picture, through Mrs. Hardy, and that Dr. Rush just told me I had got such a picture, and I should have been somewhat disappointed if I had not got it. He said he would send me a proof in a day or two, all feeling pleased at the threefold test which had been given through Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Mumler and Mr. Mumler, in the picture. They go to establish the power and honesty of Mr. M. when engaged in the holy work of taking angelic pictures, and that the spirits of our friends are able to fulfill the promises made through their media.

In a day or two I received the pictures, and they were better than I expected. I gave one to Mrs. Hardy, who said she would send it to Mrs. Benson, Lizzie's mother, who was in Michigan on her way to California, asking that she would write and give her opinion of the picture, and direct her letter to New York, so she could get it before she sailed for Europe; and if so, she said she would send it to me. Mrs. H. left Boston on the 6th of May, as she was to sail on the 8th from

New York. On that morning I received a note from her enclosing a letter from Lizzie's mother, which I here give:

BENTON HARBOR, MICH., April 27, 1875.

MY DEAR MRS. HARDY.—No heart can speak its gratitude like that of mine when I received the photograph of my daughter as a spirit. I wonder and am amazed at the perfect likeness of her. My brother, who had not seen her for years, recognized the face, as well as her sister. It seems too much to believe; but I must believe, and I know she had never had a picture of any kind. I love to look at the face of her (spirit) companion, and I know from experience what a grand holy spirit she is. I bless God and dear angels for what they have done through our friend. What a beautiful soul she must have. What a comfort his spirit-friend must be to him.

Yours, ELIZABETH A. BENSON.

The pictures can probably be had at Mr. Mumler's studio, 170 West Springfield street, Boston, on which will be seen my friend holding a flower anchor across my breast, and her friend at her side, with large full eyes, and long black hair falling over her shoulders. The moral of it is, that when we do an act of duty to the widow and orphan, there are hosts of loving spirits who witness the deed, and we are sure of our reward. This is the religion of Spiritualism.

"Why should we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?"

When we know that every member of the human family has created for him as his final destiny "a home not made with hands eternal in the heavens," and no bull of Pope or Cardinal, no decision of Synod or Convention, can change that result, for which we have confirmation much stronger and more positive than "proof of Holy Writ."

MRS. HARDY'S SEANCE AT THE SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.

The sance of Thursday evening, July 15th, was in every sense a decided success. The manifestations were excellent, the audience was large, and the financial results satisfactory. It is the more pleasant to record this inasmuch as the sance was the outcome of a spontaneous offer on the part of Mrs. Hardy, thus to devote her marvelous gifts toward the maintenance of our Sunday services at Doughty Hall, and the numbers present may be taken as both a welcome homage to those high gifts and an indication of interest in those efforts to sustain and promote Spiritualism in our midst.

Mr. Burns made a few introductory remarks on the preparations and arrangements for the sance, and then Mrs. Hardy, in a few words, explained the object of the sance. As in other instances of materialization, darkness seemed to be requisite for the collection and condensation of the psychic light in most cases acting as a disintegrator. Some form of dark cabinet is generally resorted to for that purpose. It would be observed, however, that Mrs. Hardy sat in full view of the audience, an important element in the question of the genuineness of the phenomena. The requisite darkness had been obtained by surrounding the ordinary telescope table of the room with drapery, leaving two of the leaves suitably apart, to present an aperture through which the hands might be projected to view. To facilitate the concentration and retention of the power, a box lined with black and open in front, with a slit diaphragm at bottom, had been prepared and was on the table to be used or not as occasion might require. That all the visitors might witness the phenomena, the table was raised on a low platform. These were the only preparations which had been made, and with these Mrs. Hardy had had nothing whatever to do. They had, in fact, been made by Mrs. Burns and herself, and the audience would have an opportunity of examining these very simple preparations at the close of the sitting. But so far as tests are concerned, the one great test was that Mrs. Hardy sat there in full view, with her hands above the table, while the spirit-hands made their appearance at the aperture.

Mrs. Burns sat on the opposite side of the table, because her mediumistic power greatly assisted the manifestations.

The first row of sitters was crowded close to the front of the platform on which the table and mediums were placed; and on each side spectators stood, occupying every corner, the table and the mediums being exposed to view from all points. Behind the first row of sitters, as closely as they could be packed together, were rows of chairs, extending into that front room, in which the remainder of the audience was crowded, standing on sofas nearly up to the very ceiling. In this way almost every one present had a very satisfactory view of the manifestations, more particularly those in front. Mr. Burns explained that for these arrangements Mrs. Hardy was not responsible. She did not receive one farthing of the proceeds. The sance was for the benefit of the funds used in sustaining the Sunday meetings at Doughty Hall, and he hoped any disadvantages would be put up with, seeing that the object was rather to promote the cause of Spiritualism than for any personal ends.

The sance commenced with one gas-harner remaining nearly full on which three sufficient light upon the table to enable writing to be readily done. A hymn was sung, and at its termination white objects were seen to flutter at the opening in the cloth on the table, and though but few could see this incipient manifestation, yet the report of its occurrence sent a thrill of eager expectation through all parts of the room.

The first hand soon appeared, after which there was no further delay in the occurrence of the phenomena. Spirit-hand after spirit-hand was soon observed protruding through the aperture of the table, some small, others larger, differing apparently in degree of development; and some, on being touched, presented the sensation of being living, which we take to be some peculiarity in the development associated with the amount of power for materialization.

Hands were protruded for the recognition of a friend accompanying Mr. Johnston; for Mr. Grey, Mr. Potts, Mrs. Hollock, Mrs. Gillbrand, and others. With the exception of the first, all these were recognized as manifestations from departed relatives who, with all their old affection, wished to denote their spirit-presence by the gentle tap or affectionate grasp.

Among the concomitant phenomena we may notice that a covering of some kind being observed to invest the wrist of one hand, Mr. Burns made the request that a portion of the drapery might be cut off. A large white mass, like lace in a roll, was seen revolving under the aperture in the table. Mrs. Burns handed Mrs. Hardy a

pair of scissors, and that lady, in full view of the spectators, put her hands into the aperture and cut off a portion of the covering, which, on being brought clearly into view, was found to be a piece of Honiton lace. The remaining portion of lace on the spirit-wrist was observed by Mrs. Burns to be dissolved, as it were, into atoms as the light streamed into the aperture. In illustration of the muscular power of these hands, Mrs. Gillbrand passed a small bouquet for their acceptance. The flowers, on being placed near the aperture, were withdrawn into the dark space below. Subsequently, at request, the bouquet was held there by two hands. When the side-covers were removed from the table at the close of the sitting, these flowers, picked to pieces—petal by petal and leaf by leaf—were found strewn on the floor.

Mr. Potts, after advancing to the table to receive the hand which, apparently with the agitation of joy, was held forth, presented to the hand a ring, which was "her own ring." This was placed on the finger, and the hand reappeared with the ring in position, remaining for some time that the audience might have a good view of it. The ring was subsequently returned.

Mrs. Hallock, who had been seated far back in the room, was signalled for by a spirit-hand. On advancing and placing her hand within the aperture, Mrs. Hallock was greeted by quite an assemblage of friendly forms, who gave ready response to her many questions. Among these, rushing, as it were, for earth-greeting, she said: "My father and mother, her son Frederick; Alice and Phoebe Carey, Mrs. Farnham, Margaret Fuller, and others. Mrs. Hallock had been sitting that day at her residence, and the spirit-hands gave signals, indicating that the spirits who had communicated in the morning were then present. She had quite a long and satisfactory interview with her spirit-friends. Mrs. Burns desired to touch the hand presented by Mrs. Farnham. He put his hand into the opening and was playfully touched by a hand having well-developed nails on the fingers.

Answers to mental questions were given to a lady, who was signalled to the table by the hand of her departed uncle. Mental questions were also responded to in the case of others who were called up for recognition.

A baby-hand tokened Mrs. Gillbrand, who thus had evidence that "the little one that died" has not broken loose from the maternal link by its transference to the higher spheres.

As an experiment, a small slate was presented at the aperture, which was taken by hands from Mrs. Burns, and presented to Mrs. Gillbrand. While the slate was under the table the sound of writing was heard, and there were some marks on it when it was received back again, but no distinct writing could be made out. The slate was again presented, and again brought up to view, evidently with the intention of manifesting this, as Mrs. Burns attempted to take it, it was forcibly drawn down from her grasp several times. Mrs. Burns tried to take it away, but it was not given up. Mental questions were asked, and there seemed to be a little lesson of the weakness of mortal grasp in the presence of spirit-power. To give a full account of all that took place at this wonderful sance would occupy much more space than we have at disposal.

The second portion of the sance consisted of test and other communications, given by Mrs. Hardy while entranced. It was, of course, impossible that in such a large meeting all could be favored with communications, but those who were so were highly satisfied, and in some instances great astonishment was expressed at the marvelous accuracy of description as to circumstances, places, names, &c., which could not have come within Mrs. Hardy's previous cognizance. This, indeed, is the most characteristic feature of Mrs. Hardy's mediumship—the extreme precision and truthfulness of detail with which the life of the sancer is recalled. But these communications also embrace messages from spirit-friends, generally full of consolation to the mourning heart. In some, though perhaps in rarer instances, facts of the future are prophesied. Not only the future, but messages from the living are brought from distant parts of the earth. In view of this last fact we cannot refrain from forecasting the time when by such or similar means the marvels of modern telegraphy will be far surpassed. True, the world may be girdled with telegraphic wires, or continents and beneath intervening oceans, but lines of thought that never can corrode will, we believe, one day be accepted as the unremitting agent of communication. Of this Mrs. Hardy gave the example mentioned above.

Mrs. Hardy, having passed under the control of her spirit guide, "Willie," made a few general observations to the audience, and humorously addressed Mr. Burns as Mr. Lord Mayor of that sance. Spirits came fast for communication. We can only give a selection. First came the wife of Mr. Potts, who referred to her partial materialization previously on that evening, and on other occasions elsewhere; and she further assured her husband that she would be enabled to materialize her full form in an unmistakable manner. Her husband, she said, must not be over-anxious, but patiently wait the time for this manifestation of truth. It will take place, first of all, on a Saturday night.

"Who is Aggie?" said "Willie." It was Mr. Burns's cousin, from Glasgow, who was in the room with her sister and brother. Many particulars were given by these young people, which were recognized by those who were present. A message was sent to his mother in Scotland from her brother, recently deceased. "Willie" seemed to know all about these family relations. The statements made were highly satisfactory, and when spiced with the humorous manner of "Willie" they afforded good entertainment to all.

Mr. Henley, who was present, was much surprised to receive a message from his son Clement, who he supposed to be in America, and anxiously inquired if he was dead. "Dead I no," was the reply; "he is alive and doing well in America, but he is standing close to you now. He wants you to write to him. You haven't written him a long time, although you promised to do so. You must keep your promise, and write him a longer letter." This gentleman subsequently received another communication from his departed brother, James, containing particulars respecting the early death of a child, of a most convincing nature. Mr. Henley testified to the truth of all the circumstances narrated.

Captain James received assuring messages from a near relative, whose name was accurately given. But the remarkable coincidence was that the spirits of the same name were indicated. And Captain James informed us that these were perfectly correct.

A spirit named "Phoebe" came to assure Mrs. Hallock that the work with which she was associated in New York would still go on during her absence. Several other spirit-messages came to

Mrs. Hallock, mentioning family names with great precision. "Phoebe," a controlling spirit of the Misses Fairbanks and Wood, who were present, put in an appearance, expressing disapproval of the severe tests to which those mediums were being subjected by investigators, and stated it was not the intention of the spirits to permit such procedure. (These remarks had reference to a scientific investigation of Spiritualism now in course with these mediums.)

Dr. Rush, one of Mrs. Tappan's spirit-guides, were interpreted that "The time will come when there will be no necessity to suffer for Spiritualism; for such conviction will come to all—men of science included—as will render all these painful tests nugatory." "Dr. Rush" further added that "Spiritualists, as a body, do wrong to submit to such abuses."

Two spirits, named respectively "Harriet" and "Emily," came to communicate with the Countess. One of these was described as having passed away with a very painful affection of the chest. The Countess received a private message, which was whispered in her ear. The Countess stated that this was a test-message, and that the lady referred to had died of anginal pectoris, or spasm of the heart.

Two spirit ladies—one with a baby in her arms—and a fine elderly gentleman communicated with Mrs. Gillbrand. The child had brought a rose. The elderly gentleman stated that remarkable manifestations would soon take place which would set all doubts at rest.

Thus the notes might be very much more extended, but these must suffice. The large assembly which crowded both rooms, leaving only a small space in the middle, seemed much gratified with the evening's proceedings, and exhibited the utmost good nature in respect to the difficulty of seeing the spirit hands from the back part of the rooms. For this good behavior they are entitled to our gratitude. The evening closed with Mr. Burns thanking Mrs. Hardy for her kindness in giving the sance. Never had there been such another held in these rooms. He also thanked the meeting for the kind manner in which the tickets had been taken up. Mrs. Hardy replied to this compliment which had been passed to her by thanking the company for the order that had been maintained under such trying circumstances. She was at all times glad to have the opportunity to help on the good cause in every way in her power.

Mrs. Hardy seemed to be much exhausted by the long double sance, which she so willingly gave for the promotion of the Sunday Meeting July 15th, at Doughty Hall, London, England.

Free Thought.

MAPES-TAPPAN-BUCHANA.

BY J. WETHERBEE.

One should put on his armor. If his feet who presumes to take exceptions to a criticism of Professor Buchanan. Consider me, like Moses, "barefooted" before the bush, but hear me. I respect the Professor, who for a generation has been observing the hidden things of human life in the direction of mental dynamics and soul phenomena, and who, I admit, is wondrous wise, and one whom scholars and thinkers delight to honor; but Shakspeare and Homer's nod, it is said, and it appears to me the Professor's criticism in the Banner of Mrs. Tappan's address was sleepy.

I am not inclined to reflect on mediumistic utterances where I think them honest, neither do I hasten to play the role of knight in their defence; for in my experience, both in reflection and defence, I have put, as the saying is, my foot in it. We may any of us talk learnedly, but at best we know precious little of mediumship. I have been waiting twenty years for the coming man to enlighten us on this point, but I expect to die without the sight. Buchanan is not he; neither does he claim to be.

I have always thought, and think so now, that it would be wiser never, in rostrum utterances by trance, or impressionist speakers, to be definite in authority. (If any spirit is over my shoulder now let him take this hint, and if convenient pass it along.) In the Tappan utterance of the physiological fact (?) that we change our material structure once in about seven years, and an adult has no particle of the material man that he was born with, notwithstanding the evidence of birthmarks and scars, Prof. Buchanan says Mapes "could not have uttered such a piece of slip-slop sciolism." I once heard Prof. Holmes, the bright doctor and poet, utter the same idea of "slip-slop sciolism." If it be such, and I once heard an intelligent minister use the same "slip-slop sciolism" in argument to prove the soul to be independent of the body because the Professor and I can remember right through the flux of seven or eight renewed bodies, and connect with facts pertaining to body number one. I am not defending this pretty theory of physical flux, but it has a rational ring to it; but, if savans here will say it—and I think they say a great many things too definitely for their knowledge, and as a spirit should be beyond saying it, on his own showing and the Professor's admissions.

He is a bold man who this side of the river of death can say that this is or is not Theodore Parker or Professor Mapes. It is very rationally explained that before Theodore Parker can give a Parkeristic page of communication, he must have a Parker's organism to do it through. How natural, then, for one to say, if I have got to ruin my reputation by teaching that which, finding expression in words through the medium, is weak and conflicting with my record, I'll be dumb; I suppose Mr. Buchanan thinks so, too, and sometimes I find myself saying "Yea verily." But remembering after "waking up" that I am not the coming man, that I do not know what I would do disembodied, I simply keep up my thinking, prove what I can, take what agrees with my soul's stomach, or, in the words of the ancient, hold fast to that which is good. I will add that

was right.

The ivory market of Zanzibar is the greatest in the world. All the gloves used in England come from Zanzibar; trees of the island furnish all the gum used in the manufacture of carriage varnish, and the annual export

The Reviewer.

BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. J. H. CONANT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

To wade into a great sea of wonders requires courage and a buoyancy of spirit that I can hardly boast of; therefore I look on the book before me—the Biography of Mrs. Conant—with a degree of awe such as great depths and great heights ever impose upon our timid gaze. And the depths and heights of the mysteries involved in this work, who can measure? The length of Jacob's ladder on which the angels ascended and descended is as difficult to ascertain as it is to know how far into the infinitude of space or of spirit our medium's mind went floating; or from what remote realms, traversed meteor-like, perchance came those intelligences that moved that mind till the glow of God's superior temple fell like a mantle of light upon those who were prepared to bask in its benedictions.

To properly criticize an author one should be equal to the author: hence here a shadow, not a pillar of fire, goes before me, when I peruse the pages of this handsome, this enticing Biography of Mrs. Conant; for I find its controlling genius to be no less than that of Theodore Parker, with a cohort of angels at his elbow—Mr. Allen Putnam's refined and graceful pen adding the charm of an introduction, while the world's medium, Mrs. C. herself, "sitting at the portal of your palace invites the reader in," as Mr. Longfellow once poetically expressed himself on a acknowledging receipt of my *Circassia*; or *A Tour to the Caucasus*.

To be sure, in the earlier pages, I see the name of Dr. J. D. Fisher and of Mrs. Toby and Kitridge; and these bring me nearer to my own plane of thought and inspire a tenacity to approach "where angels dare to tread;" for when a boy I knew Dr. Fisher, and remember how kindly he once showed to me some colored plates he had prepared for a work on the small-pox. I also met with the genial Dr. Toby, and knew two, father and son, of the distinguished family of Kitridges.

Christ, they say, was born in a stable, and that his humble cradle was a manger, and that his more immediate disciples were poor fishermen.

Have these things detracted from his greatness or lessened the merits of his mission? Nearly all the great teachers that have made a distinguished mark upon the ages have kicked their infant heels against a humble destiny. Luxuries pertaining to wealth seem to cloud those sensibilities which in the lowly walks of life are awake to and hear and see what the great God of Nature has to impart. The poor creeping worm, voyaging on its seemingly senseless way, knows how to build for itself a rich home that the wealthy are proud of. By-and-bye this little despised thing soars out in its beautiful drapery and gathers upon its golden wings the sunlight that gladdens it. The city belle screams at the sight of this lowly creeper, but one who can interpret nature aright, sees a goddess of beauty in it, as well as in the pansy or camellia, and holds in his heart a thought of reverence.

Mrs. Conant's origin was humble, but her mission was majestic. To those who understand Spiritualism her biography will be a new and veritable Jacob's ladder, and they will have new and touching evidences of the power of the spirits, and how, almost ever-present, they sit with us on our hearthstones, watch by our pillows in sickness and in health, go with us in our wanderings, and sometimes hedge us around with obstacles that for the time being are provoking, yet are in truth barriers to dreadful accidents which we could not foresee. And has not every one had this experience? Once in a dark cave in the Island of Clazomena (Asia Minor) I was about to go forward, when a stone in my hand fell and revealed to me a deep well at my feet. In England, preparing to take a West India steamer, I was somewhat strangely put in the way of taking another. The former was lost at Corunna on the coast of Spain. My father-in-law, when returning to the United States from a government mission to France, was by some unexpected delay prevented from embarking in the ill-fated *Arctico*. But these things seem to most people to be mere accidents; and, if we admit of (as we should not do, for everything results from preexisting causes,) such a thing as an accident, we easily rid ourselves of certain feelings of obligation or gratitude; but when we are wending our way into danger, and the clairvoyant—including the cat, the horse, the dog, the ass, (Balaam's at least)—can see the spirit that puts a barrier to our progress, then doubt and supposition and conjecture bow to the sceptre of regal reality. In Mrs. Conant's biography the reader will find that this gifted lady, Mrs. C., has had experiences of this nature that almost make the hair of our heads stand on end; and these have happened with such expressive adjuncts that those who witnessed them could reasonably entertain no doubt about the presence of a spirit. (See pp. 142-3, &c.)

Journeying with some friends in a crowded vehicle in the neighborhood of Medford, a "plan was proposed to make a short cut through the woods, by which four miles could be saved. All favored the project except Mrs. Conant, who could not think of it approvingly, though she was not able to tell why. Hardly, however, had the head of the horse been turned toward the desired direction, than he began to rear and plunge in a manner entirely at variance with his previous reputation as a very quiet family beast. The party who had just overpowered Mrs. C.'s objection to the wood-path, now anxiously inquired of her: "What is the matter?" The medium said she did not know what this portended, but she could see that her Indian cohort, Wapanaw, was standing directly before the horse, refusing to allow him to proceed. The medium was certain that the horse could perceive the spirit, and feel his warning influence as plainly as she could herself; but the party being skeptical on that point, she desired that the animal be turned in the opposite direction and along the regular road; the point would then be settled as to whether it was a cautionary disembodied human spirit, or his own obstinacy which troubled the equine. On turning the carriage the horse moved off soberly, as was his wont, and the journey was completed without accident."

Mrs. C. being once belated, a spirit appeared, to arouse her from her forgetfulness and repose; but before she "had time to make the slightest movement which might be considered as causing the cat (sleeping at her feet) to awake, that animal opened its eyes, looked straight upward toward the influence, and springing upon 'All-

fours,' with curved back, and all the usual signs of anger and fear, proceeded to 'split' at him after the most approved feline manner." At times, too, when spirits were present and visible to her, her favorite dog "would accompany her in her paces up and down the apartment; growling and showing his teeth, the hair upon his back bristling with rage." If sent away, he would, if the spirits approached her, "start up, snarling, and come to her side again—always pointing out the place where they stood as plainly as did her own perceptions—and when they had left the apartment, he would give vent to his satisfaction in joyous gambols."

I have often been mortified at seeing the prejudices with which our M. D.s regard any encroachments upon the curriculum whence they take their departure. To tell many of them facts like the following is to "write one's self down an ass," in their estimation. So be it! I saw a fine-looking lady once in Dr. Newton's parlor, in New York, and so feeble was she in her limbs she could not rise from her chair when seated. Dr. N. manipulated her ankles a little and bade her walk, and she did so, and ran down stairs by herself. A young lady told me she had been bed-ridden for a number of years, having been injured by falling from a horse. Dr. N. cured her by using his hands only, and that in a few moments of time. I know of another case almost exactly like the latter. Now if Dr. N. possesses this power of himself, it is all very well; if he possesses it through the influence of a higher power, it is equally well. Mrs. Conant is of the latter class, and has thus performed wonders. Controlled by the late Dr. J. D. Fisher, she has cured the sick, banded broken limbs, and performed this kind of work with such marvelous skill that she seemed the very genius of Esculapian himself. The Zouave Jacob, of Paris, and Cornell Smith, of this city, are more like Dr. Newton. And does not the Bible sustain us in the opinion, does not Christ positively affirm that such things shall be? (and I hope that our good Christian brethren really believe in Christ.) "The works that I do shall be also—be that believeth on me—and greater works than these." (St. John, xv: 12.)

There is sometimes a kind of playfulness in the acts of the spirits, a weird graciousness that wins marked attention. On one occasion, Col. Pope and wife being present, and the spirit wishing our medium to desist from work, "a skein of silk which Mrs. C. was using suddenly disappeared." After an unavailing search for it, she prepared another, saying, "I will hold this fast enough." Just then Mr. Pope, who was seated on a sofa at the opposite side of the room from her, cried out: "Look over your head." There, suspended by some invisible power, was the missing skein, which was then dropped on the floor at her feet.

Something like the above happened a number of times in my own parlor to the esteemed wife of our excellent lecturer, Mr. Brunton. Her earrings—taken from her ears so carefully that she did not know the moment of their departure—would be spirited away and hidden. Once they were hidden so that no effort of ours that night could discover them, but on the following morning were lying in plain sight, conspicuously in the centre of a red satin arm chair. On another occasion one was carried away into a neighboring house.

Mrs. Conant received one day some old Spanish coins and placed them on the mantel as curiosities; "but while she turned from the shelf to put some coal upon the grate, they disappeared, and she did not hear of their whereabouts for several days. One of the children of a Mrs. Oliver Stearns, who resided on Cambridge street, Boston, then came and said: "Mother wants to know if you have lost anything?" "Yes," replied Mrs. C., "I have lost some silver pieces." The boy at once took from his pocket, and related the manner of their being found. An attendant spirit who used to manifest in the presence of one of the Stearns children had brought the money to the house of Mrs. S. as an exhibition of his powers, and on leaving it remarked, "that he had stolen it from Mrs. Conant."

Mons. Borde, 24 Rue St. Laurent, Belleville, wrote: "I assure you of this (the following), in the presence of the Divine Power whom I should dread offending. A friend told a box about a foot long and ten inches wide, in which were secured very valuable articles. One day it was stolen. A somnambulist was summoned, and was lying on a bed in a complete state of catalepsy. He was questioned about the box, and the spirit was ordered to restore it. 'I was in the middle of the room,' says Mons. B., 'with Mr. Picoté and two other gentlemen, of the name of Revole, father and son, when the clairvoyant told us to open the window, which I did instantly, and Mr. P. beheld arriving the precious box, which he received in his hands at the moment I was going to take it myself.'"—*Cu-haguet*, Vol. 2, p. 150.

Many "confess by their fears what they deny with the tongues;" and I have known big men and small women, in the presence of Miss Fox, to beg tremblingly the spirits not to touch them. Others—fear in their ignorance, but embrace joyfully when the light of the simple truth breaks in upon them. Mrs. Dr. Pike, I think it was, was afraid even to pass by Mrs. Conant's door; but her husband, who had had wonderfully convincing proofs of spirit-power and control, finally persuaded her to be introduced to Mrs. C. Mrs. P. was very much alarmed at first, but yielded to the request of her husband, attended a séance, during which her mother came in control, and so natural and undeniable was her presence to the daughter, that at the conclusion of the sitting, she threw her arms about the neck of the medium, tears filling her eyes, and said: "I shall never be afraid again." (p. 112.)

It appears to me that the most positive proof of spirit control is to be found in this phenomenon—the speaking of a foreign language of which the medium knows absolutely nothing. Judge Edmonds states that his daughter Laura has spoken in six or seven different languages with which she was not at all conversant; and I know a lady now, here in Albany, who has also carried on conversation in several languages which she is ignorant of in her normal state. In the presence of Col. Tappan, a United States Indian agent for some fifteen years, Mrs. Conant, under the control of the Indian spirit Spring Flower, was able to converse fluently with the quondam agent—indeed, perhaps having the advantage of him, as he had now and then to pause till the desired word came to his memory, while his invisible collector appeared in her element." (p. 154.) Once in the presence of an incredulous non-English-speaking German, Mrs. Conant's "hand was controlled, and she

proceeded mechanically to write with the utmost rapidity, in German" (of which she is ignorant), "a missive directed to the skeptical one before her. The message purported to be from his father, and was couched in his style of expression; indeed, so perfectly true was it as to detail and correct as to fill him that the doubter was extremely moved, and told his delighted Spiritualist friend that he was utterly confounded." (p. 138.)

And now with regard to the important influence Mrs. Conant has had upon the public through the "Message Department" of the Banner of Light, I am at a loss for words. The whole of the magnificent structure, that gorgeous temple from base to dome which Spiritualism makes plain by clearing away the clouds that enveloped it, rests upon this foundation: Do the spirits of the "dead" return and commune with us? All past ages, and our Bible conspicuously, affirm and declare that they do; yet who are more loath than the (nominal) Christians to acknowledge the immutability of God's laws, and say that (because simply they lie under the dust of down centuries) the appearance of Moses, Elias, Samuel, was unlike the present manifestations; and that the spirits that came to Lot, that liberated Peter, &c., &c., and the hand that was seen to write upon the wall, obviously differed from anything we have now-a-days, because the former are recorded in their Holy Book; and in spite of proofs by the myriads, proofs of events of the same sublime import and beauty and worth?

Assuming, then, these things to be true, as we must if we respect the evidence, how closely nestled under the wing of God is our angel's medium! The latter part of the biography of Mrs. C. is full of the most startling and touching evidences that the dear departed ones can and do send messages to their friends on earth—messages reaching those sometimes far away; sometimes guiding the footsteps of the charitable in unknown places to relieve the sick, the destitute; sometimes saving a loving mother from insanity; sometimes making one less suicide's grave; sometimes filling a habitation with joy because its inmates have learned "not to reject the spirits." God bless her, and keep her memory green.

G. L. DITSON.

ELECTRICITY AND SPIRITUAL MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of the first or second week in July, I believe, you published at my desire a communication on the subject of Electro-Magnetism as an Agent for Unfolding Mediumistic Power. The article in question, partly written by myself and partly by Prof. Haneke, of Vienna, has called forth such an immense number of inquiries addressed to me personally, that in despair at my inability to respond to them all, or at least do justice separately to the anxiety which seems to influence many of the querists, I ask of your courtesy compliance with the suggestion which several of my correspondents make, namely, that I should give a second and still more explicit statement of the relations which I have found to exist between the electro-magnetic fluid and the vital force which appears to be evolved in the phenomenon of spirit control over mortals. It is now some eighteen years since I first came to America, and being partly induced to take so long a sea voyage in the hope of curing a severe affection of the throat under which I labored, I listened with much interest to the accounts given me of the marvelous cures effected by clairvoyants, and that in cases where all other methods had failed.

Having concluded to try the power of one of these (to me at that time) weird doctors, I learned that their principal mode of cure consisted in the administration of electricity. I soon found my physical disability benefited by the electric fluid, but I also discovered to my dismay that certain gnomish tendencies of my own, of which I was very much afraid and heartily desired to be rid, were always more or less called forth by the electric treatment. From a child I had been in the habit of seeing ghosts, falling into trances, prophesying, &c., &c. In short, I was born a medium, though neither I nor those around me had any understanding of the "gift" I possessed.

With much difficulty I had conquered many of my "witch-like" tendencies, and when I found that they were not only revived with added strength by the applications of electricity, but were positively getting the better of me, and compelling me to be "a medium," I resolved to give up the electric cure, however beneficial it might be in a physical sense. For a time I kept my resolve, but finding my throat difficulties becoming serious I again had recourse to electricity, and again found the signs of mediumship keeping pace with my treatments.

Becoming at length convinced of Spiritualism, my opposition to its phenomenal exercise through myself ceased, and I not only record my grateful testimony to electricity as my means of cure, but acknowledge that for the seventeen years during which I have been an indefatigable laborer in the spiritual vineyard, I not only owe the preservation of my health and strength, but also the continuance and renewal of my medium power to the frequent use of electro-magnetism. In Europe I have noticed with interest how frequently strong magnetizers renewed their wasted vitality and regained more than their former strength by the use of electricity.

It was in France that I first heard how successfully a good electro-magnetic battery was used to develop the latent powers of mediumship at spirit circles. A large number of intelligent and scientific investigators had been experimenting in this direction, and some of them wished me to publish accounts of their experiences. I had prepared a number of facts on this subject for "The Western Star," but as the manuscripts were consumed with other property in the Boston fire I cannot now recall the statements with all the accuracy necessary. Suffice it to say I had a great mass of testimony to the effect of the beneficial results of electro-magnetism as a powerful agent in the development of mediumistic force. Besides the experiences above alluded to, I have recently had some striking evidences of a similar character. During the last three years of my practice as an electric physician in Philadelphia and Boston, scores of patients have come under my observation in whom unmistakable signs of mediumistic power were evolved after taking a few electric treatments. Those who attended my operating rooms were scarcely ever Spiritualists; indeed, many of them (though quite aware of my opinions) were either uninformed on the subject or quite opposed to it, and yet I noticed, with deep interest, how constantly the tokens of mediumistic power were awakened in these persons with their re-

turning strength. In one case I was questioned closely as to whether the effects of electricity could occasion the inquirer to write with so much more ease than formerly, and that in poetry, a style wholly new and unaccustomed. Another patient remarked upon the beautiful visions and singularly clear impressions of coming events, &c., &c., which seemed to grow out of these "curious electric treatments." One lady told me with much dismay, that the electricity certainly "followed her home," occasioning strange knockings and odd movements of everything she touched. Some persons were made sufficiently aware by floating rumors of the nature of mediumship to be suspicious of the symptoms developed in their cases. Others were at a loss to account for their new peculiarities, but all were more or less gratified, and it was generally believed that the signs which I readily discovered to indicate unfolding mediumship resulted solely from a restoration to health. Permit me now to speak a little more in detail of one prominent subject of inquiry amongst my correspondents, namely, the special advantages of the "Home Battery," mentioned in the narrative of Prof. Haneke's experiences. Finding much difficulty arising in my practice from the imperfection of the batteries now in use, I tried almost all that were available for medical purposes, and still myself and my assistants were troubled by the unreliability of our apparatus. Dr. Britten, being an excellent mechanic as well as an electrician, was kept constantly at work repairing our batteries, and as we generally have some eight or ten in the house at work his time was completely consumed in this unprofitable employment.

I have so often felt pained at the fanaticism which amongst some Spiritualists induces them to attribute everything to "the spirits," and utterly ignores all human selfhood in the egotism of assuming they are incessantly moved upon "by spirits," that I am not prepared to say how much the idea I am about to speak of may be attributable to spiritual impression—how much to the promptings of mortal ingenuity; suffice it to say that, after repeated pleadings on my part, together with promises of future results, which I certainly did make to my husband under direct spiritual impression, Dr. Britten invented the "Home Battery," an electro-magnetic machine, which I no longer tried than I at once perceived its superior excellence, and immediately put it into use in place of all my other instruments.

The details of this invention, in a purely business point of view, I must be excused from entering into, referring those who desire to be better informed, to the advertisement, which will appear from time to time in this paper. I have only to answer, then, one more question which is put to me with reference to any superior power which this machine may possess over others, as a means of development in mediumship. I really am not prepared to say that this is the case, as all my former experiences prove that well-directed electro-magnetism, evolved from any good machine, will in future, as it has in the past, answer this purpose. I recommend electro-magnetism, because I am confident this quality of force is nearer to the life-principle than any other. I would advise, also, the selection of a good machine, as a bad or uneven one is liable to produce that nervous irritability which is obnoxious to rather than promotive of health and spiritual control; and it is in this respect chiefly that I presume the Home Battery may be found more effective than any other instrument. Being a very excellent machine, and cheaper for its size and make than any other in the market, it is the most accessible battery I could recommend to achieve a great and good result. There is still another reason, and one which I touch on with some hesitancy, because it involves a personal matter, which I am not fully able to demonstrate. At the first séance I organized for the benefit of Prof. Haneke, a German physician present produced a battery of a certain kind, which he had been strongly recommended to use. The party sat for a few minutes, holding the electrodes of this instrument in silence. Under an impression I could not resist, I begged my friends, at the end of a quarter of an hour, to substitute the Home Battery for the one then in use. Directly it was connected, and the party experienced the first flow of the current, the German doctor before alluded to started up and exclaimed, "Here is something more than mineral magnetism; a mighty force is in this current—the force of LIFE! Vital elements stream forth from this machine, and a rich mine of living magnetism charges it." We have since found the speaker was under influence, and he promises to be a very good and powerful trance medium.

With a view of experimenting on an item of that philosophy enunciated by the learned Baron von Reichenbach, a cousin of that gentleman's, who was one of our circle and himself a fine seer or "sensitive," proposed that we should subject the Home Battery and the other machine first used among us, to the tests practiced by the great German philosopher. We placed the two batteries at either corner of a totally darkened closet, but without informing the young gentleman who was to be our seer where the instruments were. When Herr Franz Reichenbach entered the closet, although it was impossible that he could have discerned anything with the natural eye, he at once recognized the position of the two batteries by the streams of "odde light" which were given off by the coils and magnets. He described the one in the left-hand corner of the room as emitting a steady violet light from one point, and a small thread of pale yellow light from another. These flames, we judged from their positions, streamed from the magnet and helix.

Over the Home Battery, which had been placed in the right-hand corner, the clairvoyant became very enthusiastic, declaring the whole box was covered with scintillations of "glorious blue flames," through which the same tongues of violet and yellow light shot up as he saw in the other machine, only, as he affirmed, those at the right were far brighter and larger. On being asked if he could tell why there was such a much larger mass of light on the one box than the other, he replied one was made "by common hands," and the two lights he saw must be produced by the metals of the coil and the magnet only. "The other," and here he again became enthusiastic—"the other," he said, "is redolent of life, life, beautiful life—life that bounds and leaps up from every particle. It is a magnet in itself, and some great magnetizer has put himself into it. It is the work of a mighty magnetizer." And here lies, as I believe, the philosophy of the whole subject. The manufacturer, that is, the person who has constructed every part of the "Home Batteries" that have as yet been made, is himself a very powerful magnetizer, although he will not use his gift, and has the strongest aversion

to being asked to do so, or even to being questioned on the subject.

I am myself a studied physician. I believe I have had as much chance of achieving name, fame and fortune by drug medication as any other qualified practitioner; but my profound contempt for the wholly unscientific and pernicious methods called *medical science*, has always repelled me from the practice, and when circumstances induced me to adopt the art of healing as a profession, I used the Electric Battery, as the only method, *sure one*, which I deem likely to benefit suffering humanity, yet save it from the dangers of drug medication. That one exception to the rule is VITAL MAGNETISM, and herein, as I firmly believe, lies the true panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, that is when it can be administered properly, is given by a good and healthful operator, is physically adapted to the subject, and does not injure the operator in its exercise. Herein, then, consists the secret of those mysterious influences that surround and beset us on every side. Denton's magnificent work, "The Soul of Things," alone can explain philosophically the nature of those subtle life forces which inhere to all things that man has touched, and shed good or bad influences from every house, street, garment, or even manufactured article, that we come in contact with. The more we use inanimate machinery, and distribute the influences of many individuals upon one object, the less we are likely to be specially affected.

Still we all know some houses are "unlucky" and hateful, or lucky and pleasant, from our first entrance within them. Even our garments and articles of furniture at times affect us according to the *living forces* *wherein they are charged*. I need not write a volume on this subject, though I could well do so without exhausting it. To Prof. Denton's "Soul of Things" I refer those who desire to follow out the marvelous theme in its minutiae of detail; in the mean time, as the Home Battery has been made by one person almost exclusively, and that person is a powerful magnetizer—a battery of living forces in himself—I should be faithless to the true interests of occult science if I permitted any feeling of personal reticence to withhold this explanation any longer. I know the machine is a good one as a staple article of commerce, but just so long as it is made, as at present, by hands charged with the mysterious element of magnetic force, it must become a more powerful means of doing its special work than instruments destitute of this wonderful influence.

Let not my readers infer from this explanation that they will invariably evolve the powers of mediumship from the use of this battery. They may not all invariably possess this gift, latent or partially disclosed. Possessing it, they may be surrounded with such antagonistic influences as would crush back mediumship or neutralize its exercise. Some there are in whom the flow of mediumistic forces would prove injurious to the physical system, and kind spirit friends interfere to prevent their exercise; and, lastly, although one strong and ingenious pair of hands has hitherto been the chief instrument of constructing the Home Battery, if its popularity increases as now, and keeps pace with its present demand, one pair of hands alone, nor ten, nor twenty, can suffice for the supply. Perhaps the seers of a twelve-month hence would not behold in a darkened chamber the same luminous scintillations of "life, beautiful life" pouring its azure currents all over the box of lightning as now. We cannot say. We can make no promises to this effect; indeed, the more we practice and work in the midst of the invisible hosts who practice and work with us, the more we find we are "building yester than we know," that "we see in part, and prophesy in part" only. May God and his angels speed the day when we shall no more "see as in a glass darkly, but face to face," with the mystery of life and being fully expounded.

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

206 West 38th street, New York City.

AH, NO! NOT ONLY A DREAM.
A Spiritual Song.

BY HENRY HITCHCOCK, JR.

At morn or at twilight they gently draw near—
The once "dead," but the "dead" nevermore;
And the strains of their music enraptured we hear.

As they echo the bright waters o'er,
And again do we grasp the dear hands, as of old—
Blest kindred, who left us in tears—
And fondly their forms to our bosoms we fold,
As in days of the long vanished years.

Chorus: Ah, yes, the new advent of angels is real;
Grim death is not what it doth seem;
Spirit voices now prove that the poet's ideal

Is not, oh not only a dream.

Oh, "glad" are the things the sainted now bring,
As their steps "on the mount-side" call;
"Immortality" is the grand theme that they sing;
"Immortality" faith to all.

In yon regions celestial, with valley and hill,
And beauty wherever they roam,
Our darlings are living and loving us still,
Impatient to welcome us home.

Chorus: Ah, yes, &c.
Sweet babe in the cradle, with dimple and smile,
And mother, so boundless in love!
Ah! oft the dear angels thy slumbers beguile
With whisperings sweet from above.

Not "gone to the bourne whence no traveler returns,"
As sadly to many it seems;
In the hearts of our darlings pure love ever burns,
And they visit us even in dreams.

Chorus: Ah, yes, &c.
Rejoice, oh rejoice; ye blest children of earth,
And ye sorrowing, sorrow no more;
The "great enemy," Death, is but spiritual birth,
And the way to the Beautiful Shore.

Though dear ones cross over the river so deep,
In the skill of the "boatman" so pale,
Yet they often return, while sadly we weep,
From their home in the flowery vale.

Chorus: Ah, yes, &c.
St. Louis, 1875.

There is a wholesome tonic for all of us in the certainty, which is forced upon us now and then, of the unknown, unmeasured resources of courage and heroism and unflinching integrity to duty which we find among what we choose to call the mass of the people. It is, after all, only when a man reaches the certainties of middle age that he is not surprised every new day by the knowledge of how admirably a crew has been put into the world for its long voyage; how many of the women are gracious and finely matured; how many men respond promptly to the call of honesty or duty, or even self-sacrifice; because it is the simple and natural thing for them to do so.—*Theodore Parker*.

There are words which are worth as much as the best actions, for they contain the germ of them all.—*Mme. Suechtne*.

Pearly.

And quoted words, and jewels few words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

And quoted words, and jewels few words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

Heaven's light is shining bright
Over infinite domains.
The angels' robes are shining bright
In the light of the night.
The angels' robes are shining bright
In the light of the night.

Life is a short and busy time,
And we must make the most of it.
We must make the most of it,
And we must make the most of it.

There is a pleasure in contemplating good,
And a pleasure in contemplating good,
And a pleasure in contemplating good,
And a pleasure in contemplating good.

Man the Hyphen Connecting the Visible
and Invisible Worlds.

We transfer to these columns the following article from the Boston Sunday Herald of a recent date, for the very good and sufficient reason that we endorse most of the views it contains in regard to the inhabitants of this and the spirit-world. We do not, however, agree with the idea Mr. Hayden advances in regard to possession, for surely, if the evil or low-minded have the power to return, they are allowed to do so for potent reasons by the higher and purer and consequently more powerful spirits, in order that the former may gain wisdom by coming in contact with the inhabitants of the visible world, to the end that their condition may be improved in the life beyond. We have known evil-disposed spirits to return through the instrumentality of earthly media, and become changed, as the Apostle Paul has it, "in the twinkling of an eye." These spirits ever afterwards return bearing messages of love to those who have aided them in casting off the soiled garments—so to speak—which they carried on their spirit-bodies to the world of souls. And thus the Scripture saying is literally fulfilled—that none can enter the Kingdom of heaven except they be born again. Spiritualism, therefore, comes to-day to teach mortality this important lesson: it comes to elucidate many of the teachings of the ancient seers: it comes at the behest of Infinite Wisdom: and naught can impede its progress.

"Rev. William B. Hayden, Swedenborgian, remarks that as the spirits of the departed are everywhere around us, living and moving in close proximity to the inhabitants of this world, therefore our minds are in close contact with their minds, and are operated upon by the influences flowing from them. Their influences powerfully affect us for good or for evil: their modes of feeling and wishing, and their forms of persuasion or thought, constantly tend to propagate themselves over into our minds, and to become states of thought and feeling in us. This double association of both good and evil spirits leaves us in a state of spiritual equilibrium or freedom of choice: the influence of the good counteracting as much as possible the baleful influence flowing from the evil. When we indulge in evil states of mind, we thereby attract the evil spirits more nearly to us, and into a more intimate conjunction with us, and when we put away evil states of feeling, wishing and thinking from us, and strive after good, we then draw the good spirits and angels into closer connection with us, and they are able to affect our minds more powerfully with their kind of influences.

Men are not aware of the presence of spirits, nor are spirits sensibly aware of the presence of men. They are in such a communication or association with men, but usually are not momentarily sensible of the contact. The two minds dwell together and operate upon each other by means of their loves or affections—that is, the habitual desires which animate them; but they are separated as to their conscious thoughts. This wall of separation, however, being sometimes broken down, and the spirit and the man be brought thus into a sensible, but yet only internal or mental communication. This constitutes a disorderly association with spirits, and is one which is exceedingly dangerous to the person in whom it occurs. For when a spirit comes to a man in this state, he instantly puts on everything in his own mind, the same as though it was in his own mind. He at once reads the whole of the man's memory better than he himself can, and enters together with him into all his states of thought and feeling. It is in this way that possessions occur, and that various insanities are often produced.

There are a great many different ways in which the door that separates the two worlds may be opened. But it should never be forced open or broken into from the outside. We should always wait to have it opened to us from within, in an orderly manner. It is sometimes so opened by divine permission, by angels or good spirits, but never except for some high purpose, or with some beneficent end.

There are also multitudes of spirits on the other side of the veil, who, for a vast variety of purposes of their own, would be glad to open and keep up an outward sensible communication with men in the body. These are, for the most part, a low order of spirits; for, as a general thing, the more gross, worldly and sensual a man's life has been while he has been in the body, the longer will he remain in close proximity to the sphere of this world after he enters the other life, and the stronger will generally be his desire of communication.

Spirits may operate at times upon material objects, so as to produce visible or audible effects, by which they may attract the attention of men, and thus commence a kind of external intercourse or communication with them, without the opening of any of their internal senses, and without any change of state on the part of the man. As it is with the mind of the man in the body so it is with the spirit who has passed out of the body. He cannot operate upon gross material things except through the intervention of a series of prepared and adapted substances fitted to act as connecting links from one degree to the

other. Now, the human system offers to spirits such a medium ready made. By his constitution man is at once a resident, to some extent, in both worlds. He is a spirit clothed with a material body; therefore, while by means of his natural body he lives in communication with the natural world, by virtue of his spiritual body he at the same time lives in continual association with the spiritual world. The two worlds, therefore, otherwise separated from each other, in him meet and communicate, the one with the other. He is the hyphen which stands between the two worlds, and while it marks their separation, serves at the same time to connect them together.

Camp Meeting at Lake Pleasant.

We have received from correspondents the following concerning the preliminary days of this popular convocation at Montague, Mass. The Camp was to open officially on Thursday last, and we shall give hereafter a special report of its regular sessions, prepared for our columns by J. J. Morse, who will represent us on the grounds. Once more the people gather together for a short sojourn, and the woods ring with the merry laughter of those who have chosen for a time to try the primitive style of living, with modern improvements. Camp meetings are in vogue this season, and that now in session at Lake Pleasant bids fair to become one of the largest ever held. Already the white houses are seen among the trees, with here and there a more pretentious structure of wood, denominated "a cabin," these do not add much to the romance of the scene, but doubtless make up in comfort what they lack in poetry.

The arrangement of the streets is similar to last year, except in one thing—from the bluff down, the avenues all lead out of Lyman street, and are numbered in order. At the head of Lyman street and First Avenue is the largest cabin on the grounds, which is occupied by Harvey Lyman and family, and is so tastefully arranged in its appointments as to make it the most desirable of any place upon the grounds. Mr. Buddington is supplied with a large amount of books, papers, etc., which are messengers from the outside world. There are many mediums upon the grounds—the Allen boy, from Vermont, who is renowned for physical manifestations, also Mr. Frank Ely, J. William and Susie A. Willis Fletcher, Mrs. Nelson and others, who will devote a certain amount of their time to the public.

Saturday evening was the first meeting of the campers, which was held in Dunkle's Mammoth Dining Tent, and was largely attended. Remarks were made by Messrs. Locke, Branton, Buddington and others, all expressing the kindest feelings toward each other as fellow-workers in the cause, and hopes that harmony and unity might prevail during the meeting. About 7:30 the music began, and the friends returned to their respective tents. The announcement of the death of Mrs. J. H. Conant was received with much sorrow and many expressions of regret.

Sunday, Aug. 8th, the sun rose bright and clear. A goodly number of people assembled at the speakers' stand, at the appointed time. After a song by Mr. Locke, the President introduced the Rev. William Branton as the speaker for the day. Mr. Branton read from the Bible, and then proceeded to give an inspirational discourse from the subject: "In my Father's house are many mansions." The lecture occupied fully an hour, and was replete with radical thought.

During the intermission Mr. Locke gave his idea of prison life. At 2:30 Mr. Branton was again introduced, and after a short reading from "The Voice," gave a most eloquent discourse concerning "The Way of Truth." The audience was much larger, and the closest attention was paid during the entire lecture, which was one of the most successful efforts this talented speaker has made. After singing the meeting was adjourned, and the friends either returned to their homes or found a sail upon the lake; not among the least of the many attractions. The best of feeling has prevailed thus far, and the meeting bids fair to become the success of the season.

There is to be speaking every day until the camp closes, which is August 20th. The weather is all that can be desired, and the grove is twice as attractive as last year. A special train leaves the Fitchburg depot at 7 A. M. for Lake Pleasant next Sunday, August 15th, arriving at 10:12; leaves the grove for Boston at 5 P. M. A large crowd of visitors will not doubt come to the camp.

Persons desiring to visit the Hoscoe Tunnel should avail themselves of the opportunity this camp meeting offers, as Lake Pleasant is only thirty-four miles from the tunnel. Persons should call for camp-meeting tickets, and then buy a ticket from Lake Pleasant to the tunnel. The round trip in this way will not cost, from Boston, over \$1.50.

Closing Days at Silver Lake.
The camp meeting at the above-named popular resort broke up last Monday with a prevailing feeling of regret among the campers as the hour of separation drew near.
The closing days of the Camp were marked with a degree of genial sunshine that made amends for much of the wet weather that prevailed during the earlier portion of the meetings. This had its corresponding effect upon all who gathered there.
Order reigned supreme. Peace and harmony prevailed throughout. Good-will abounded, and all seemed to enjoy the occasion which had called them together.
Saturday evening, a very instructive Conference took place at the pavilion on the subject of Mediumship, participated in by Messrs. Carpenter, Denton, Robinson, Bacon, Carey, Cook and others, which developed points of difference and agreement in a spirit of inquiry, which properly followed up will inevitably lead to most favorable results.
Sunday opened bright and beautiful. The morning trains brought a large accession of friends for the day, who duly improved the occasion by participating in the various enjoyments of the place.
The large pavilion was thronged with interested listeners, both forenoon and afternoon. The morning services consisted of excellent music from Bond's Band, and an earnest and adapted discourse by Dr. H. B. Storer, on the general subject of Spirits in Prison, the elaboration of which revealed the power of truth with the power of love liberates all souls in bondage.
In the afternoon, William Denton, in a characteristically able address answered the important question: Does the Human Race Advance? The argument adduced necessarily took a wide range, including illustrations from: Geology, Archeology, Ethnology and Philology, each and all of which emphatically responded to the inquiry in the affirmative.
In the evening a pleasant and profitable conference closed the services.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Burnham Wardwell has been doing good work in Ellsworth, Me., of late.

Mrs. A. Dwinells, the medium, has returned to the city and located at 171 1/2 Tremont street, Boston.

Capt. H. H. Brown lectured during July to good houses in Monticello, Ansonia and Marlboro, Iowa. He speaks at Mechanicsville, Iowa, from 15th to 17th of August, and thence goes East to Clinton, Lyons, Maquoketa and other points. His P. O. address for August and September is at Marion, Iowa. He is sometimes itinerant. The friends should keep him busy.

W. F. Jamieson will again speak in Lake City, Minn., Sunday, August 15th. He will lecture at Elmore, Minn., Sunday, Aug. 22 and 23; Eddyville, Iowa, Sunday Sept. 13 in Illinois, Sept. 10, 11 and 12; at the Quarterly Meeting of the Association. Societies desiring to make engagements for Fall and Winter should address him early, care of this office. Will receive calls for week-evening lectures, also.

Free Thought.

Rejoinder to Mrs. Holmes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Mrs. Holmes's reply to the Brooklyn Spiritualists, as published in the Banner of Light, July 24th, is indeed a very bold and desperate attempt to defend herself; but as a Spiritualist, as secretary of the society, as the person who conducted Mrs. Holmes's séance, while in Brooklyn, in justice to myself and the many noble defenders of truth and the cause of Spiritualism, I cannot and will not allow her baseless accusations to remain unanswered. While she has been bold in charging us as *nobis*, and attempting to make the people or public believe that we did cheat her out of \$15, I propose to speak just as boldly, with the truth on my side, by charging and indicting Mrs. Holmes, of Vineland, N. J., as an impostor, an untruthful person, and one of the earlier and later to the cause of Spiritualism. While I speak thus I am speaking the sentiments of those honest men and women, who for ten, twenty, and twenty-five years have stood by the banner of truth and Spiritualism, who do not propose to see it trailed in the dust and trampled upon by such impostors as Mrs. Holmes. No, no; they have labored too long and hard, they have been fighting and contending against bigotry and superstition, that they might see the light of God's eternal truth, and justice dawn upon the minds of the people, and which has revealed itself by the light and truths of Modern Spiritualism, a truth and a living principle near and dear to every man and woman who dares to be a Spiritualist, therefore we will not see it disgraced, dishonored, and cast down by any man or woman claiming to be a medium for materialization who will give *air seances* and introduce fraud each time, as did Mrs. Holmes in this city, and at the last, when detected, she fled, and hid herself from the public, and the cabinet and the earlier adjoining the hall to the sidewalk, refusing to submit to an examination by one, two, three or four ladies, refusing the sum of \$15 which was due her at that séance, also refusing \$100 additional which was offered her if she would only submit to an examination, all of which she refused to do, and going directly to her boarding house, and amid the darkness of night, when all was quiet in slumber, as she supposed, would descend the stairs and pass through the hall into the backyard, a place where she had never been before, and had no other reason to go there but to deposit in a deep dark vault the negro mask, used to produce the materializations.

Dare Mrs. Holmes swear in a court of justice with uplifted hands that this is false? Whether she will or not, there are those whose word must be taken to rebut her alone—and sworn testimony, too, who are witnesses against her, and who will not be found in the same morning, and now in her possession, and the proof of her going there and depositing it.

I am frank to say that Mrs. Holmes is the impostor that Robert Dale Owen and others discovered her to be. And as Spiritualists, as a society, as friends of truth and humanity, seeking to advance the truth and the best interests of all humanity, and as men and women who stand in the front rank of society for truth, honor and intelligence, whose characters stand above imputation or suspicion—men and women who are just as willing to defend, uphold, sustain and encourage all mediums who are honest as they are to condemn Mrs. Holmes, whom they know to be an impostor; and who signed their names in full to the statement knowing and believing it, they feel that the time has come when any man or woman, however much he or she may be a medium, who will practice deception, ought not to receive any respect, number, or publicity, and should be denounced the impostor that we are prepared to prove Mrs. Holmes to be. Yours for the truth, GEO. W. YOUNG.

Secretary Society of Spiritualists.
142 West Portland Avenue,
Brooklyn, N. Y., July 25, 1875.

A Splendid Number.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have just finished reading the last Banner, and herewith ask space enough in your forthcoming issue to say that I cannot help but regard it as a grand and rare number, quantitatively and qualitatively abundant in the one case and satisfying in the other. It will do admirably as a "specimen copy," and Spiritualists ought to scatter it "a hundred thousand strong." No better Missionary Tract has been issued for many a day than this same number of the Banner.

If allowed to specialize I would instance what Mrs. Britten says in her pertinent essay, particularly that portion which she headed "The Banner of Spiritualism is True." The points made cannot be successfully controverted, and the advice given is worthy of more than a sober second thought—even application and practice. On the same page the brave iconoclast Jamieson—who, without being iconoclastic in this instance, is, on the contrary, very justly conservative in the right direction—utters a vein of critical thought, sensible as it is timely, as witness the ring and the rhetoric of his closing words: "A conquering silence is lighting up the facts of Spiritualism with the glory of eternal truth." This is worthy of being italicized.

Phenomenal Spiritualism very properly in this number is extensively varied, and despite the most ingenious and crucial appliances fully satisfactory. Witness particularly the full account of one of Mrs. Hardy's seances held in the rooms of the British National Association of Spiritualists, Great Russell street, London; the account of the remarkable case of Mrs. Ker, given in a public hall in New York in presence of a large company, under conditions rigid enough to satisfy the most conceited or exacting of critics, and with a success which defies all explanation save that of the spiritual hypothesis; the voluntary testimony of Mr. Richards as to the genuineness of the manifestations of the Eddys; of Bro. Kilgore and his applied tests of two hours' duration with DeVitt Hough of the Eddys; of the most successful mediumship of Mrs. Dr. Jané C. Blake, of Brooklyn, N. Y., by which "spirits are enabled to take photographic pictures without camera or lens, without plate of glass or otherwise, without chemicals or apparatus, or anything except the paper on which the photographic picture is taken." Verily when giving them proper instruments and adapted channels, who shall limit the possibilities of our spirit friends?

The editors are also replete with energy and life. The inconsistency of the doctrine of Occultism is fully revealed, and a confusion worse confounded is shown in the several extracts from the theological teachings of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; the portents of a Religious War are visible in the immediate future; the Indian Ring frauds are again exposed; Lizzie Doten's new poem, "We Wait," sings itself into favor; the original letter of M. Leymarie appears, translated into English by the Editor; the Review of Foreign Exchange is agreeably dashed up into English by Dr. Ditson; the reading of the Report of Silver Lake Camp Meeting is next door to being personally on the ground; Brief Paragraphs are readable as ever; the usual variety of the Banner's Correspondence and other matters appear; the Message Department is also alive with distinct personalities and different intelligences. Alas! in this connection the saddest of all information is communicated of the earthly exit of Mrs. J. H. Conant, whose translation is regarded as an irreparable loss, which the whole Spiritualist fraternity deplore. Is it a coincidence that her departure takes place just at the time when her wondrous and long extended series of communications for the Message Department expires?

But beside these several points of deepest in-

terest, there are yet others, to mention which updue space would be required. Enough, however, has been indicated to warrant my affirming, as I did at first, that this last issue of the Banner was a particularly splendid number. G. A. B.
Boston, Aug. 9, 1875.

An Evening with Mrs. Thayer and the Spirits.

Not long since it was my privilege to witness some of the rare phenomena which occur in presence of this remarkable Boston medium. The party, numbering about twenty—two took seats around the table, as usual; the doors of the parlor were locked, and the key brought into the circle and laid upon said table. The windows were closed, and there was no sign of plants or flowers in the room from which the specimens could be supplied. All being quietly seated the light was extinguished, and after singing, the first occurrence transpired in the shape of a fine fuchsia plant, filled with buds and accompanied by a bountiful supply of earth about its roots, came down before us, together with a large long fern spring and several branches of rose bushes with unopened buds all dripping wet, as if brought from a plentiful shower bath. At the same time there fell at several other points before other sitters a variety of vegetable specimens, some very rare, and some quite common—of the former several species of palm and tropical plants, with one rose bush, buds, roots and earth, as with the fuchsia. During the evening over eighty objects of over forty different kinds, were dropped on the table, and whatever others may think or say, to me it was simply impossible for them to have been in the room concealed and put there or brought in by mortal hands while we were there. Some invisible intelligence with power over matter by a law unknown to us must have done it; and without a personal God or Devil we have no explanation, but the spirits.

WARREN CHASE.

Obituary.

Died, at Boston Highlands, July 28th, Mrs. Nancy Parker, widow of Clark Parker, aged 84 years and 10 days.

It is seldom that the records are called upon to announce the decease of one endowed by nature with such rare personal and social qualities as were possessed by this truly good, noble and high-minded woman. Her long, exemplary, though uneventful life, was indeed a beautiful picture of womanly tenderness, sympathy, virtue and love. Unmindful of her own comforts, she was ever ready with her means and her sympathy to assist the unfortunate, cheer the unhappy or the disconsolate, and administer to the suffering. She was kind, kind, and charitable to all, and her personal presence was sunshine to her family and a joy to her friends.

The deceased became, early in her history, imbued with the doctrines and truths of Modern Spiritualism, and she passed away a firm, sincere and conscientious adherent to that faith. She often expressed a settled and abiding conviction that when all that was mortal in her existence should have been committed to its final resting place, her spirit would still watch over her dear ones, and be left on earth to mourn her loss. She was the possessor of prophetic power to a wonderful degree, and did space here permit, many remarkable instances could be cited of her peculiar gift. She even foretold her own decease, the prophecy being made many years ago, and the occurrence of the event in accordance with the prophecy fully substantiated the existence of a remarkable power. But a few hours before her death, when still in the full possession of all her mental faculties, she had vision of her future heavenly home, which was wonderful in its reality. She described it to her family as beautiful beyond the power of speech to portray. She was surrounded by angels, who escorted her through the most gorgeous and beautiful of lands and by the side of still waters, magnificent fountains and bowers of roses being visible at every step. She was finally ushered into the presence of her Saviour, who received her as one of his chosen band.

Mrs. Parker had been a constant and attentive reader of the Banner of Light from the date of its first issue, and conscientiously believed in its honesty, as well as the policy it pursued in promulgating the accepted tenets and doctrines of the spiritualistic faith. Her reverence for the Word of God was a marked characteristic of her life, and it may be said not to have ceased with her death, for at her request, her Bible, which had been her daily consolation for many years, was placed in the casket with her remains, it being the desire of her sorrowing relatives to faithfully carry out her wishes in every respect. The deceased had an extensive social acquaintance, and it may be truly said that "none knew her but to love her." She was sister to the late Rev. T. J. Greenwood, of Malden, recently deceased. A daughter and two sons survive her.—Com.

Spiritualist Lectures and Lyeumms.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

John A. Andrew Hall, 22 Washington street, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. The audience privileged to ask any proper questions on Spirituality. Excellent quartet singing. Tickets 10c. Collected for the poor.

The Children's Progressive Lyeum, No. 1, which formerly met in John Andrew Hall, will hold its sessions at this place every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. Geo. H. Lincoln, Sec'y.

The Ladies' Aid Society will until further notice hold its meetings at the Hall, 22 Washington street, on Tuesday afternoon and evening each week. Mrs. C. C. Hayward, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

Public Free Circles are held in this hall every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Good test-mediums and speakers in attendance. Lectures every Sunday at 7 1/2 P. M. by well-known speakers. The People's Spiritual Meetings every Sunday at 2 1/2 P. M. at Investigator Hall, Palmer Memorial Building, 150 North Street, Tremont. Good speakers always in attendance.

Primavera Hall, No. 8 Bay State street.—Developing Circle, exclusively, on the morning of each Sunday; afternoon, conference and tests; evening, test circle; each Wednesday evening a test and social circle.

New Publications for Sale at the Banner of Light Publishing House, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

THE BETTER WAY: An Appeal to the Men in Behalf of Human Culture Through a Wiser Parentage. By A. E. Newton. Pamphlet, pp. 48, 12mo. New York: Wood & Holbrook, 1875. Price in paper 2 cents, in cloth 6 cents.

This book the Religio-Philosophical Journal gives an extended notice, from which we except the following:

"Mr. Newton, in his brochure, believes in woman's first great right to herself. He advocates the right of the mother to choose her time and circumstances of the birth of her child. Her mental and physical state decides that the mother and father and mother should prepare themselves for the great sacrament. Love should be entirely distinct from passion. It should be sacred, pure and holy.

"Marriage should be the most sacred relation two human beings can consummate. If the institution is wrong it should be reformed. Mr. Newton answers the many objections which may be urged against his position in an extremely plausible manner.

The great problem of the future, when they learn the right way, by which they will become ennobled themselves, and less the coming generation, will need the voice which entreats as well as instructs.

We may differ from the author, and shrink from the inevitable conclusions toward which some of his premises lead, yet we shall arise with purer ideas of life and nobler views of his obligations from his personal.

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