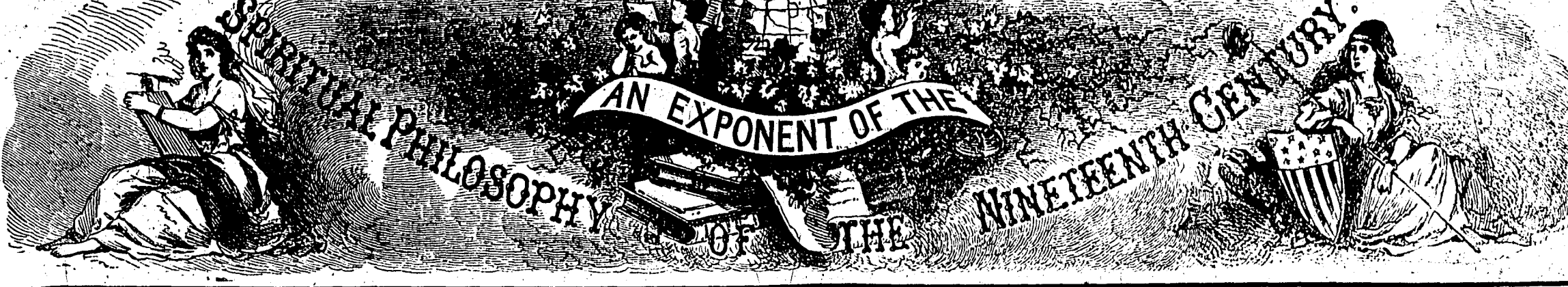


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Free Thought.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AND ITS PRESIDENT.

Col. Olcott's Reply to Prof. Corson—A Confession of Faith.

Professor Corson's review of the recent publications of the Theosophical Society is so unfair; it so misstates the attitude of that Society's members toward Spiritualism; and is so at variance with the opinions of a number of our most influential Spiritualists, as conveyed to me in private conversation and correspondence, that I cannot suffer it to pass unnoticed.

I am quite sure that no unprejudiced person who has read those documents will say that they warrant Professor Corson's rudeness; and I am equally certain that personal conference with my associates will reveal the fact that we regard ourselves as humble investigators of Nature, and not at all as expounders of her laws. No sentiment in the President's Inaugural Address is more strictly true than this: "We seek, inquire, reject nothing without cause, accept nothing without proof; we are students, not teachers."

Review the address and the Society's Preamble, or Declaration of Principles, carefully, and there will not be found a single line, or a word, which goes to show that we hold any other views respecting our duty. We say, "Whatever may be the private opinions of its members, the Society has no dogmas to enforce, no creed to disseminate. . . . Its only axiom is the omnipotence of truth, its only creed a profession of unqualified devotion to its discovery and propagation. . . . To all, however, are alike indispensable rectitude of principle and conduct, and love of truth and wisdom." (Preamble, page 6.)

The founders of the Theosophical Society begin their work with a solemn conviction of its importance. . . . Starting with a hope rather than a conviction of the attainment of their desires, they are animated solely by an earnest purpose to learn the truth, wherever it may be found; and esteem no obstacles so serious, no pains so great, as to excuse them from relinquishing their *Chida*.
In my address, I say that we are "simply investigators, of earnest purpose and unbiased mind, who study all things, prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good." After alluding to the incongruous elements of which our Society is composed, and hinting at the laws of mesmerism and spirit influence, I say, "These things being so, how can we expect that as a *société* we can have any very remarkable illustrations of the control of the adept tracing over the subtle powers of nature? Introducing the qualifying word 'alleged,' I remark that 'I say alleged, as president of a non-committal society of investigation; as an individual I should omit that word and give full credit where it is due.' This sufficiently answers one of the points made in Prof. Corson's article and urged with offensive coarseness.

Now this person pretends to see in the following passage an indication that we expect that, after we have accumulated certain proofs, the world will accept them, *per saltum*, upon our authority. . . . (The founders) hope that by going deeper than modern science has hitherto done into the esoteric philosophies of ancient times, they may be enabled to obtain, for themselves and other investigators, proof of the existence of an 'Unseen Universe,' the nature of its inhabitants, if such there be, and the laws which govern them and their relations with mankind."

If we succeed in obtaining proof—and when I say proof, I do not mean the contradictory assertions of mediums, or spirits, but such evidence as should carry conviction in a court of justice or the debates of a scientific congress—that there is an un-seen world (which my materialistic members deny); that it has inhabitants; that these inhabitants are employed; and that they and their relations with us are controlled by law—we must keep it to ourselves. To publish the facts would be to subject ourselves to the charge of propagandism and the chop-logic of Professor Corson. Could anything more absurd be imagined?

But there are professors and professors; and if Mr. Corson thinks that Spiritualism is destined to have any better success within the coming thirty years in "fusing and harmonizing," as he calls it, "the now conflicting elements of the religious and scientific worlds," his *conféres* do not agree with him. To say nothing of the whole host of materialistic philosophers, who are doing their best to construct a Universe of dry, de-spiritualized matter, and who are effectually destroying the lingering prestige of the Church, I fancy that Mr. Corson will look in vain to those scientists who believe in spirit intercourse with us, for support of his doctrine. It is the multifarious contradictions, the failures of phenomena; the execution of profound darkness; the alleged necessity to keep far away from the medium, and offer the most favorable opportunities for deception; the Brummagram philosophical dissertations; the endorsement (not so infrequent as the best friends of the cause would desire), by pretended human spirits, of Utopian social schemes, and their tolerance of immoral personal courses of life; the seeming impossibility to offer such conditions of investigation as the true scientist invariably exacts in pursuing any branch of study—it is all these which have combined to put further off, in 1876, the "fusing and harmonizing of the now conflicting elements," etc., than it was when the raps first sounded upon the head-board of Kate Fox's bedstead.

Prof. Corson will not pretend to stand as high among scientific men as Wagner, of St. Petersburg, a zoologist whose opinions are quoted as authoritatively in London and Paris as they are in Moscow; and here is what Prof. Wagner says in the pamphlet he has just sent me: "In the eyes of Spiritualists, faith in our communication with spirits is reinforced by the circumstance that accounts are occasionally given in their messages of things transpiring in the present, and even presaging those which as yet have no existence. . . . But the powers of clairvoyance and prophecy are inherent in the human soul, which can sometimes foretell what will happen in remote cycles to come. No doubt future investigators will explain the nature of this soul-faculty, as they will also clear up that mystery which now so fascinates those who hunger after all that is extraordinary. . . . Every other now unraveled mystery which obstructs the road of human progress must, sooner or later, come within the domain of our conscious understanding; for such is the way of intellectual development, and there can and will be no other."

This way will in time bring us to the promised un-seen land, which is now being dimly sketched out to us by the mediumistic phenomena. Labor, difficult, constant and patient—such is the only means to attain spiritual and mental progress. . . . While the manifestations coming under his notice changed him from life-long skepticism to a belief in a career for man beyond the tomb, they nevertheless struck him with their "childish absurdity, their simplicity and capriciousness," to such a degree that the conversations of the spirits "seemed more like the phases coming to us in dreams, as reflections of our own thoughts." And this is a man whose conversion from materialism fell upon European, but especially upon Russian, scientists with the force of a thunder-bolt; and whose profession of faith exacted from him a moral courage such as few scientists possess.

I forbear to quote the most of what he says about my methods of investigation, the completeness of my proofs, and the benefit conferred upon science by such labors as those of Mr. Crookes and myself; which, he is good enough to remark, have made out so strong a case for the believers in spiritual intercourse, that "conviction will not be shaken, until some other man like Crookes or Olcott shall upset them by counter investigations as weighty and conclusive as the researches of Olcott." Suffice it that he regards my method as displaying "wonderful *finesse* in psychological analysis," that he says that "by endorsing the Eddys and taking sides with the Spiritualists, he (I) made himself (myself) the subject of ridicule among those whom he (I) was accustomed to esteem an to be respected by," and that, in my desire to do full justice to the subject, I "intrenched myself behind an impenetrable barrier of sworn advocates and certificates of eye-witnesses, who are of totally different views and opinions upon all other questions, and who embrace among their number both confirmed Spiritualists, and such religious skeptics and materialists as, for example, Mr. Morrill of Massachusetts."

Everywhere, Wagner speaks of the phenomena as "mediumistic"; nowhere as "spiritual." While he now believes as thoroughly as myself in the reality of spirit return, he no more than I is content to sit quiet, and stop further investigation as soon as that fact is demonstrated. No more than I, is he willing to take the assertions of spirits as conclusive, until something more definite is known of the character of the spirits themselves. "It is all very well for you to hold the stakes," said John Randolph, "but now tell us who will hold *you*?" When we have learnt when spirits can talk with us, how they talk; how much their ideas are colored by transmission through the medium of their mediums; how far that atmosphere is affected by the magnetism of the circle; how the best conditions can be furnished to the good spirits we none care to discuss with; and what different races of spirits come into relations with us, then, and only then, will Spiritualism be entitled to rank as a science; and even if science be satisfied to cease their demands for more light. Only then will that "most beautiful philosophy that the world has ever known," and which, Mr. Corson says, "the teachings of Modern Spiritualism, *disorganized* as they are, involve," be completed, and acknowledged by a materialistic world.

"The mediumistic phenomena," says Wagner, "contain within themselves the demonstration of the soul's immortality; but they do not end the struggle between Spiritualism and Materialism. Science will sound the depths of Psychism only when its phenomena will be investigated *unmediated and unmediatedly*. Only then will doubt disappear, and the spiritual world amalgamate (as *coincident*) with the facts of human knowledge; and the high road be opened for the progress and development of the spirit of man."

"Proof," says Mr. Crookes, when speaking of certain spiritual phenomena, "must be absolute, and not based upon inferential reasoning; and while he has spent years in his researches, and he is cited all over the world as one of the most devoted of spiritualistic champions, he has never yet admitted that he believes the phenomena to be caused by a disembodied human spirit. Upon the basis of investigation formulated in the above quoted sentence I stand; and that is where the Theosophical Society as a body also stands. I personally believe in the return of our relatives and friends to talk with us; it does not; it asks for the proofs. I believe in the existence of elementary spirits, and have seen them; it has not, and hence has no belief. Mr. Felt says he has made them visible to two dozen or more persons by a chemical saturation of a column of heated air, and that he is ready and willing to repeat the experiment in our presence; the Society says neither 'yes' nor 'no'; but, true to their chosen part of the student, wait with increasing interest for him to make his promised demonstration. Mr. Corson himself admits that we give 'not the least intimation' of the character 'of the wonders we hope to see, nor of the means to be employed.' If we assumed to be teachers, and so properly came under his censure, we would probably leave neither point in doubt. As it is, we have 'no dogmas to enforce, no creed to disseminate.'"

The scope of our studies is indicated in the following sentence from the Inaugural Address: "We should make ourselves familiar with the manifold powers of the human soul, and test the claims for the potency of the human will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Od, the Astral Light of the ancients (now called the Universal Ether) and its currents—all these offer us the widest and most fascinating fields of exploration. Does this look as if we binged the existence of the Society upon any one man's experiments, or those of any half-dozen men? If there are any so foolish as to believe the lying rumors of 'envious enemies' that it will soon be disrupted, let them do so; it is no concern of ours. New members

are being elected at every meeting; applications are being received from eminent persons in this country; our little company is now united and earnest; we have the best wishes of many of the best Spiritualists for our success; we are assured of enough money to meet all our necessary expenses; our Treasurer is president of the New York Society of Spiritualists, and in full accord with us; we have representatives of a number of influential journals on our rolls; and there is no more doubt of the perpetuity of the Society than there is of your own existence at the present moment."

One more point of Mr. Corson's letter demands reply. He quotes from the Society's "Preamble" the paragraph in which occurs the following sentence: "It may almost be said that the conflict is between the Romanists and the Spiritualists—the former representing the idea of atomism and intolerance; the latter that of the absolute sovereignty of the individual in the matter of belief as regards their assumed intercourse with a spirit-world, and, with many, that of unbridled license in the relations of the sexes." He actually has the hardihood to attempt to make out of these words an assault by us upon the virtue of all Spiritualists! That there may be no doubt as to his meaning, I will quote his own words. "I come now," says Mr. Corson, "to consider the last clause of the above extract, which charges Spiritualists with the doctrine of 'unbridled license in the relations of the sexes.' Such a charge should arouse a burning indignation in the breast of every true Spiritualist. You, Mr. Editor, in common with all enlightened representatives of Spiritualism, know that it is a base and wicked lie, a foul stain upon a cause that is doing more for the good of the world than any other of the day to bring about purity of sexual relation. . . . It is of a piece with the charge of 'intellectual whoredom,' advanced by Prof. Tyndall, and which has recently been so triumphantly refuted by Mr. Epos Sargent."

Did any one ever see greater injustice? Because the Preamble states the fact, known to every one familiar with mediums and their phenomena, that "in many cases" the notions of individual sovereignty run into unbridled license, we must be made to utter a sentiment as abhorrent to the views of every one of us as the gross and sweeping libel of Prof. Tyndall! But, whether these cases are many or few I shall not discuss, as that work is done by others already, and, *notens rolem*, Spiritualism has been branded with the stigma of shame by some of its most strenuous and brazen-faced advocates. Let the multitude of pure and good Spiritualists who have had their cheeks crimson at the coupling of the name of Spiritualism with the detestable public characters, fancy how the Theosophists must feel at this shameful misrepresentation of our principles by our present antagonist.

So much for the Theosophical Society and its prospects; now a word or two concerning my own views, which have been strangely, and, to me, incomprehensibly distorted. I have actually been asked by correspondents if I believed in the "immortality of the soul, when everything that I have been writing for a year and a half has gone to show that I do. Let me, to save you and myself some trouble, put my belief into a few simple paragraphs.

First: I believe in the existence of a First Cause, the source of all things visible and invisible.

Second: I believe in the doctrine of Evolution, and believe that it applies to both sides of the Universe—spirit and matter. It has produced man, upon this sphere, and it follows him beyond the death of the body.

Third: I believe that in the course of this Evolution of man, successive forms of spiritual entities were brought into existence, just as there have been a countless succession of physical forms of plant and animal.

Fourth: I believe that, after the death of the physical body, man's spirit survives; and that, under favorable conditions, he can communicate with those whom he has left behind. This manifestation may be made either through mediums or in other ways.

Fifth: I believe, as the result of study and of personal observation, of practical experiments, that the human mind can control the occult forces of Nature, and subjugate all spiritual beings lower than himself in the scale of Evolution, just as he has natural dominion over all the lower animals.

Sixth: I regard Modern Spiritualism, in its present form, as only a record of sporadic phenomena; which do not occur except under conditions not of our choosing; which cannot be controlled; and which are accompanied with so much that is contradictory and untruthful, that more investigation is necessary before we can be said to know anything definite about the laws of spiritual intercourse. But, still I believe that, even under such unfavorable conditions as are now furnished us by our untrained mediums, disembodied spirits are often drawn into communication with us by the attraction of our intense love for them.

Seventh: I regard Mesmerism and Spiritualism as portions of a broader and a demonstrable science—that of Macro. This science was known to the ancients, has been practiced for countless ages, and is now practiced in the Orient.

Eighth: I believe that the forces known as Animal Magnetism, Odyle, the magnet, psychic force, and the spiritual force, are all various manifestations of the same force—the Astral Light. This is the medium of which our spiritual bodies, the astral bodies of animals, and the vital force of plants, are portions; and the varying vibrations of which, under the name of "Ether," are severally designated as light, heat, electricity, and chemical action.

Ninth: While I believe that, often, human spirits have appeared to us in materialized form, more frequently a lower order of beings have appeared in the forms of persons who are called dæmons. Spiritualists have no means of distinguishing between these spiritual beings; Catholics have, and need never make mistakes.

A Splendid New Serial. DAISY DOANE: OR, SUNSHINE AFTER DARKNESS.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

Author of "Dora Moore;" "Country Neighbors;" "The Two Orphans;" "Rocky Hook: A Tale for the Times;" "Bertha Lee;" "My Husband's Secret;" "Jennie Gray;" "Pictures of Real Life in New York;" "The Two Cousins;" "Sunshine and Tempest;" "The Lights and Shadows of One Woman's Life," etc., etc., etc.

God is the master of the scenes; we must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, "If, this please God, let it be as it is." JEREMY TAYLOR.

CHAPTER V. The Ghost in the Square: The Dark Day.

Three baskets stood in a row on the sand near the sea, three young heads were clustered together near them, and six little bare feet played in a trough of the warm sand. The waves tossed their white spray over the hidden rocks, and the broken waters glistened like shattered diamonds in the sun; the tide was coming in with its slow, measured swell, and solemn rhythm, while the cloudless blue sky bent over and listened in its great, sweet silence. In the distance a vessel was seen making its way to port; now the sun shone on its sails, and they gleamed white in its light; then, as the ship moved on, they became dark as the water, and anon white again. It was a beautiful study of light and shade, and the eyes of the children followed her as she was borne onward by the incoming waters and a gentle breeze.

"I wish she would come right here," said Mary; "wouldn't it be splendid?"
"Right here?" exclaimed her brother Jim; "what a little simpleton you are, Mary. I wouldn't like to see a ship riding those breakers. It would be dashed to pieces on the rocks. That ship is going up to Brown's wharf, and a pleasant sail she'll have of it, for wind and tide are in her favor. Isn't she a pretty sight? I tell you, girls, there never was a finer thing made by man than a ship."

"Jim, haven't there been some ships lost on these very breakers?" asked Daisy.
"Lots of 'em, I guess," said Jim. "I can tell you a story about a sailor that was wrecked almost on that very spot. It is a sort of ghost story, though, and maybe you wouldn't like it."

"Yes, oh yes we should," declared the girls.
"Well, give me a pickled herring and a sandwich, Molly, first. I am always hungry on the beach."
"Take some cold chicken out of my basket, Jim," said Daisy. "Betty cooked a spring chicken purposely for me to bring. She said, 'If Jim is going with you he'll eat it, for boys are 'mazin' hungry the minute they smell salt water.'"

"Hurrah for Betty!" cried Jim, as he accepted a drumstick, his favorite piece. "She can cook equal to Jack Dow, and I tell you hischowder can't be beat on all the coast."
In the enjoyment of his lunch, chicken and sandwich, Jim came well-nigh forgetting his story, till the girls, who preferred the sponge cake, had each eaten a big square of Betty's best, when Mary said—

"Now for your story, Jim."
"Are you sure you are not afraid to hear it?" asked Jim.

"Afraid, Jim! No more afraid than you are. What makes you always talk as if girls had no any courage?"
"Because that squares mostly with my observation," as Jack Dow said when I asked him why he foretells a rainy day after a very deep red sky at evening."

"Jim, did you say the ship was wrecked right here?"
"Yes, Daisy, just on those breakers to the left of us there," pointing to the spray, which at that moment was flung off by the rocks and rose higher than on any other ledge in sight.

"And did it go to pieces?"
"Yes, I believe it did. Shall I begin my story with the ghost, or end with that?"

"Begin, oh begin with it!" said the little girls.
"Well, then, give me another drumstick; you girls always like the white meat of a chicken best; at least that 'squares with my observation.'"

"Take it," said Daisy, offering her basket. "I am sorry, for your sake, that chickens don't go on four legs."

"So am I," said Jim, accepting the drumstick as readily as most boys who acquire the idea in very early life that they are to be ministered unto by the opposite sex.

"There, now," said he a minute afterwards, as he flung the two bones into the sea, "I will begin."

"Once on a time, long before we were born, yes, before my father was born—it was when my grandfather was a young man, and went to sea—the whole town was frightened by a ghost that walked every night in the public square. People used to bed then at nine o'clock, generally, and as there were no street lamps, and a great many trees, it was very dark, and not pleasant going round in the night. It must have been a still place at that time, for there were no steam-cars whistling, no stages after nine o'clock, no watchmen, and though a good many vessels went and came, they don't come in with a puff and a

short and a scream, like a hundred wild Indians. I tell you a steam-engine is no more to be compared to a ship than a bumble-bee to a star—one goes buzzing round ready to bite if you come in its way, and the other sails on in that great blue sea above us without making any fuss about it, though Master Moody says it goes faster than any steam-engine that man ever made.

"As I said, people went to bed early, and if anybody was belated at night, and had to go out, he carried a big pointed tin lantern, punched full of holes to let out the light of a tallow candle within. One night, as Dr. Vagabond was going to visit a sick man, he took one of these lanterns, as there was no moon, and the night was a little misty, also, which made it very dark.

"All at once the deep silence was broken by a tramp, tramp, tramp, as of some one crossing the square. The doctor raised his lantern so as to throw the light in the direction from whence the sound came, and saw a man in sailors' clothes crossing the square. He came up from the street leading to the water. Thinking it was a sailor from one of the wharves, the doctor said good-evening to him; but no reply came back, nor did the man turn his head, though he was within two feet of the lantern. Tramp, tramp, tramp, he went, without turning to the right or left.

"He is either very deaf or a surly fellow," said the doctor to himself, and passed on thinking no more about the stranger. But the next night he crossed the square again at the same time, and now the sky was clear and the stars were out; he could see that the man wore a pea-jacket and a tarpaulin hat. "Good-night, stranger," he said again. No answer. The doctor watched to see where he went, when, to his astonishment, the fellow disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

"The doctor swore a little. He was a Frenchman, and had not as much faith in ghosts, and wiles, and terrible things, as the people of the town. He went on his way to attend to his patient, Squire Hobbs. The daughter was waiting for him in the lower front room. He asked her if she had heard the footstep of a man crossing the square.

"Oh, doctor," she exclaimed; "then you have heard it, too? Father thinks I am a weak, silly woman, but if he were not dead he would believe me. Every night, just at this time, comes that tramp, tramp, tramp! I saw the man the other night when there was a moon, just as plain as I see your nose, when all at once he disappeared. Every night he comes at the same time. Who is it, doctor, and what does it portend, for surely it is no human being?"

"I cannot tell you, Miss Beckie; ghosts don't generally come dressed in pea-jackets and tarpaulins—it may be after all a very deaf man," and then he muttered something that began, "I'll walk to-morrow night, and speak to it, though—" and Miss Beckie said the words, and she never knew him to swear before, she thought he had been so frightened that he was not in his right mind.

The next night the doctor and Miss Beckie watched together in the front room, and were not disappointed. Just at the hour, tramp, tramp, tramp, came the sailor, and disappeared as suddenly as before. By this time all the people in the square had come to know about it, and quite a number were on the watch; all who were so, heard it. One man went out and got so near him that he saw the color of his neckcloth, which was a checked blue and white, but just as he opened his mouth to speak to him he was gone. At last the wise men of the town agreed to meet together and make a cordon round the square so that he could not escape. They did so, and were all formed in a circle before the hour, when, sure enough, he appeared, and they thought now the ghost was caught; but before one could rush out to seize him, lo! he was not there! Some people thought it was a warning of a great calamity; and, sure enough, the next week news came of the loss of two of our largest ships in a typhoon in the China sea!

"Oh, Jim, who do you suppose it was?" said Daisy.
"I should never be frightened unless a ghost appeared in white," said Mary.

"I don't believe in ghosts at all," said Jim; "it is mostly silly women and weak men that believe in ghost stories."

"But who was this man?" said Daisy.
"Our grandpa," said Jim; "always said it was a great mystery, and died without solving the riddle, though he tried hard to do so. He saw the man himself. Now I will tell you something else. Once on a time, a man helped to kill his king. He didn't do the deed himself, but he didn't like his king, and he stirred up the people against him, and had him imprisoned and tried

Inaugural Address of the President of the Theosophical Society, page 21, second paragraph.

and condemned to have his head cut off. The men who did this were, some of them, learned men and judges, and thought they had done a good deed. They didn't believe in kings, and were never going to have any more, they said, but after some years there was a change. The Pretender, something like our President, father says, died, and then the murdered king's son came to the throne. I tell you, he wasn't going to let those men live who had a hand in his father's death, and they began to shake in their shoes, and concluded to get out of the country as fast as they could. Nowhere in New England there were some men who didn't think much of kings either, and were friendly to those men; so some of them got off very secretly in a ship and came to this country, and lived here many years. There was one minister in this town, who was a great friend to the king, and called him a royal martyr, and there was another minister who did not believe in kings at all, and thought those men who caused his death were almost saints; these two ministers each had a party who believed they were right. It was about that time a ship was wrecked on these rocks, and only two men saved; one of them died in a few days from the cold and exposure to the storm which wrecked the ship. Right near these rocks which you see yonder on the beach, there was a fisherman's hut, and the old man and his wife and two sons were very kind to the poor man, and gave them shelter and food and clothes. They were sailors' clothes, such as they were themselves. As I told you, one died, the other was a stout, healthy man. When he learned the name of our town, he asked the fisherman to show him where Parson Harwood lived, for, said he, "I know him very well." So the fisherman rowed him up to town in his boat, and directed him to Parson Harwood's house on the square. The parson was in his study, and very much surprised when he found out that this person was one of the very men who had helped to bring the king's head to the block.

"They had a long talk together, and then the parson told him that his life was in danger if it were known that he was in town, for said he, 'My brother Budd would denounce you at once to the church of the king, and both you and I would be sent as prisoners to England, to be tried for high treason.' At this the poor man didn't know what to do, for he was an outlaw, and a price was set upon his head.

"Do not be troubled," said Parson Harwood, "I know a minister in this country, not more than fifty miles from here, with whom you can stay for the present, and where you will be safer than near Brother Budd, who is a good man, I trust, but believes that kings are given to men by God. I will write a letter to my friend, that he may prepare for you, and in the meantime you must stay here and not be seen on the street, for you are a stranger, and might be exposed to much questioning."

"The man was very thankful to the minister, but, as he was a strong, healthy man, and wanted fresh air, he walked out at night when he supposed everybody was in bed, and, to avoid disturbing the family or exciting suspicion, he went in and out through a cellar door at the side of the house, left open for this purpose. This door, not often used, was hidden by a clump of low bushes. The minister's son was in the secret, and when they made the cordon to catch the ghost, the father and son managed in the confusion and darkness to get the stranger between them. But he never dared walk the square again, and was soon afterwards taken by Parson Harwood to his friend in Connecticut, where he lived secluded for some years. Parson Harwood kept the secret, but my father, who is very fond of queer old stories and tales, found among the minister's papers an old journal which gave the whole story, and he told it to me, and when he finished it he said, 'Jim, don't you believe ghost stories, they can all be explained, if it takes forty years to do it.'"

"That is a nice story, Jim," said Daisy; "can't you tell us some more?"

"No, I don't know many stories, and don't care for them much unless they are about sailors and ships."

"Did you know Uncle Joe is going to build a ship?" said Daisy.

"No, is he though?" said Jim, his eyes brightening. "I am glad of it. Is it to be a ship, or a brig, or a schooner?"

"Oh, Jim, I don't know the difference."

"I might have known you didn't; girls never do. You see a ship is large and has three masts, and square sails, fore, main and mizzen, and a brig has two masts rigged with square sails, and a schooner has two masts, but it isn't rigged like a brig, and is generally smaller. Sloopers are very small vessels with one mast. This is the most I know about them, but father and Squire Joe can tell you all about the different kinds of brigs and schooners. What they don't know about ships isn't worth knowing by anybody."

"Can't we go and see them build Uncle's ship?" inquired Daisy; "they begin it this week."

"Yes, if you will go to the ship yard I will go with you, and when I am right there I can tell you lots about it, for Mr. Greenleaf lets me come up into the loft any time."

It was agreed that the children should meet at the ship yard on Wednesday afternoon, which was a half holiday, and see the beginning of the ship.

When the children arrived on the spot, they found the workman already busy. Near the water were placed a row of blocks a few feet apart, sloping up from the bank, and on these blocks a long, solid oak timber was laid. It looked as if made of one piece, but the workman showed them where it was pieced in three different places, for, said he, "we couldn't very well get a piece of timber one hundred and eighty-five feet long to make our keel." There was another smaller timber added, running the whole length of the keel, through which a plate of copper the whole length appeared.

"What is that?" asked Jim, who was sure he had not seen it in some other keels.

"That, you see, Jim, makes the ship stronger, for if that piece is knocked off in a storm, or some shock, you see the keel remains whole, and this copper meets the sheathing copper of the ship's bottom."

At the end of the keel next the water lay what the workman called the stern-post, ready to be fastened into a mortise in the keel. It was very strong, and of one piece, and when set in would incline back from the ship. "At the other end of the keel will be the stem-post," he said, "curving upward from it to give it the shape of the stem."

"Now, Mr. Greenleaf, please tell us where the steering apparatus is to be. I want to know how you turn a ship round."

"Well, my boy, you have seen that stern-post

and over there some men are tying out a rudder-post; that is fastened to the stern-post, and the tiller to that. We fasten ropes to the tiller, and these ropes connect to the tiller wheel. Now you know what 'turning the wheel' would do if the ship was in motion."

"I think I do, Mr. Greenleaf. It will move the stern a little one way, and then the bow would swing off the other."

"Right, my boy."

All this time Daisy had listened attentively, and watched the workman, but had not spoken a word. Now, as she stood at the end of the keel nearest the water, she said, "Didn't you say, Mr. Greenleaf, that the stern post was to go in here?"

"Yes, miss."

"Isn't the stern the back part of a ship?"

"Yes, miss, surely."

"Will the stern go into the water first?"

"Yes, miss, when it is launched it is just as well, you see; most of our ships are made so; it don't seem right, though, it is like walking backward, isn't it? On account of greater convenience in managing the apparatus for weighing anchor, we launch stern first."

"Come, Daisy," said Mary Wood, "I don't think it is pleasant here at all. I don't care about ships. It's as hard to learn about them as to study my grammar lesson; and then see those poor, ragged children scattered all round the yard, picking up chips! Come, let us go home."

"A ship-yard is a blessing to the poor, Miss Mary," said Mr. Greenleaf. "The smaller chips that don't seem good for much boil many a poor man's dinner."

"You haven't begun to learn about a ship," said her brother. "May we go up into the loft, Mr. Greenleaf?"

"Yes, step right up; and my brother will show you the model of this very ship."

"I would like that," said Daisy. "I have been wondering how they knew what to do."

"They need a pattern, Daisy, just as much as you need one for your embroidery."

They went up a rough pair of stairs to a large room. On the floor of this room the ship's architect had drawn his plans in chalk. He showed them also a model of the vessel that was already begun. It looked like one-half of a ship cut open lengthwise. It was made of thin strips of wood laid one upon another. These could be taken apart and altered at pleasure; every half inch on this little model, represented a foot on the ship. The workmen, carve their timbers from this model.

Daisy said she was very glad she had come to see the beginning of the ship. She was going to watch it now till it was finished. "Will it take a month, Jim?" she asked.

"A month? Why, Daisy, it will not be finished and rigged under six months at least! I tell you it's a grand thing to make a ship! Your Uncle Joe's father owned lots of them, and he used to be captain of one some time. I want a swift ship that will cut the water as a bird does the air."

"I do not like ships at all," said Mary; "I think it is so much nicer to ride in a carriage, after beautiful horses, through shady roads, where there are flowers by the wayside, and where you can stop if you wish. At sea you can look only at the sky overhead and at the same people in the ship all the time; and then you may be tossed about in a storm, or shipwrecked, or the ship may catch fire. Oh, it is horrible to think of! Come, let us get out of the ship-yard and go up to your house, Daisy. I want to see the new doll that your mother gave you on your birthday."

"She's a beauty, Mary! She has a blue satin frock, and real hair curls on her head, not painted, nor make-believe, but real hair that I can curl with my fingers. I have named her Princess Charlotte Augusta. Isn't it a pretty name? And who do you think proposed it, after I had thought of over so many names and could not settle down upon any?"

"I know! I know!" said Jim. "It was your Uncle Joe. He knows all about kings and queens, and history, and I guess he has seen Princess Charlotte."

Daisy came round and walked by Jim's side. The little fellow knew very well how to please Daisy. The more respect and admiration he expressed for her uncle, the higher he stood in her estimation. The children parted at the house, for it was altogether beneath a boy's dignity to wish to see a doll though she bore a royal name.

It happened that Mary Wood's mother and Mrs. Donne were in Miss Joan's room, and thither the children went.

"Oh, mamma!" said Daisy, "we have had a delightful time at the ship-yard. I have seen the beginning of the new ship, and I am learning how to make ships. I took my first lesson today, and I am going again as soon as the workmen get the frame up. Jim says we have seen the backbone to-day. It is very long and very strong, and they have a pattern, mamma; it is a half ship, and the workmen cut every piece of timber after this model. It is going to be a grand ship, mamma; perhaps some time we will sail in her across the sea."

"That will do, my child; you talk too fast—you will weary Miss Joan."

Daisy glanced toward the invalid, who made no reply and who lay with closed eyes, apparently indifferent to what was in the room. Daisy whispered:

"Mamma, may I bring my new doll in here? Mary wants to see it, and I think her mother would like to look at it, too."

Permission was given, the doll brought, and admitted to Daisy's content.

"She looks every inch a queen," said Mrs. Wood; "may she prove a worthy namesake of the beautiful princess?"

"Was she very beautiful?" asked Daisy.

"She was very lovely and accomplished. She spoke five languages, and could play on the harp, and piano, and guitar."

"I am afraid I never educate her like that," said Daisy; "but I mean to study hard myself, and perhaps Dolly will get a little learning from me."

There came a murmur from the bed, and these words were feebly and indistinctly pronounced: "She—died—young—disappointed all hopes."

They did not know what she was saying, and no one replied. When Mrs. Wood and Mary left the room, as Daisy was following them Miss Joan put out her left hand, and said, "stay." The little girl remained, with her doll in her arms. Ever since Miss Joan's half-uttered apology Daisy's heart had warmed toward her, and was full of pitiful kindness. When the door closed, and they were together, Miss Joan said "ship."

The child understood, and holding her doll ex-

actly as her mother held little Richard, told Miss Joan all she had learned in the ship-yard.

She remembered the length of the keel—one hundred and eighty-five feet—at which Miss Joan gave a sort of low groan, and her lips moved, but Daisy did not understand her words.

"When I go again, Miss Joan, shall I come and tell you more?"

Miss Joan made a sign of assent, and as Nurse Coffin came in just then, Daisy went to her uncle's room to see him and ask some questions which she did not venture to ask Jim for fear of being laughed at. Uncle Joe never laughed at her for her ignorance, and always explained away all her difficulties very kindly. Whenever he worked out a sum for her he showed her the way, step by step, and was so patient with her, that she used to say, "Uncle Joe goes just a little ways ahead with a light, and I follow on and don't stumble at all."

Uncle Joe did smile, however, when Daisy said: "I think they have made a mistake in the ship; they have laid it so that when it goes into the water it will go backwards."

"All right, Daisy. A ship can be launched either way, but our workmen generally prefer stern to the water. I once saw a ship on the Thames launched sideways. It was a very large ship, and it was found more convenient to launch in this way. In a few weeks, I will take you down to the ship-yard, and give you some idea of the frame of a ship. I am glad you are interested. It always seems to me that a ship is a living creature, that it understands the hand that guides it, and whenever I see one launched, I cannot help thinking that it is glad to be free from the land, and rejoices, like a great fish, to find itself at home. We will have a pleasant time when we launch it."

When Daisy told Uncle Joe of Miss Joan's interest in the ship, he was pleased.

"That is right, Daisy, tell her all you learn about it; it will amuse her. My sister loves the sea, and ought to have commanded a ship."

"A woman could not do that, Uncle Joe; it would be, too funny, and the sailors wouldn't like it."

"A sailor likes a captain who knows his business, and Miss Joan understands navigation better than half of our sea-captains. Poor Joan! her life has been somewhat of a failure. We must be very kind and gentle with her in her helplessness."

(Continued.)

Biographical.

Aurora H. C. Phelps.

On Tuesday, January 11th, this patient and unselfish toiler for the good of womankind, passed from the trying scene of her earth-struggle to that reward in spirit-life which awaits all who labor for the benefit of humanity. She fell at her post of duty—the "Bethesda Laundry," Woburn, Mass., which she had striven so hard to found for the benefit of the working-women—after a long and severe illness of some six months. From an ably prepared sketch of her life and experiences, printed in the Boston Herald for Jan. 6th, we make the subjoined extracts:

"She was a remarkable instance of what can be accomplished by a noble-hearted woman in behalf of her sex. She was of New England origin and fairly educated. She married an Englishman, and had traveled in Europe, acquiring, both at home and abroad, a fund of information, which was the basis of her later efforts. She came to Boston in 1861, and in 1868 she identified herself with the movement in aid of working-women, and from that time to the date of her death was incessant in her endeavors to that end. In 1869 she petitioned the Massachusetts legislature for an act to provide homesteads for women, which should be exempt from taxation, and in this she succeeded; but the act was so modified from her original design that it failed in its full purpose. Afterwards Miss Phelps called a convention of women, inviting all to meet in one common cause—the amelioration of the condition of her sex, morally, physically and intellectually. The result of this gathering was the formation of the labor union in 1871. She opened Mayflower Hall, on Hanover street, for purposes connected with her peculiar mission, but it came to an untimely end soon after."

"The 'Bethesda laundry,' in Woburn, was her latest scheme, and bid fair to flourish; but latterly the claims of this institution upon her limited purse were too many, and she succumbed to another disappointment. * * * Miss Phelps had intended, if she had recovered from her sickness, to establish a school upon the estate for orphan children of Boston."

"The deceased was a woman of culture and refinement, and possessed a wonderful share of perseverance in the laudable work to which she devoted her life. In her the poor of her sex found a friend ever anxious to champion the cause of the dependent and defenceless. Her influence was great with men of prominence in state councils, but the magnitude of her undertakings and the lack of pecuniary assistance were obstacles which no one woman could overthrow. She leaves friends everywhere, but no enemies, and her works are her best epitaph. She was an intimate and true friend of Miss Jennie Collins, and in full sympathy with that lady the noble mission at Boston's Bower. Miss Phelps, who was formerly married, was about forty-five years old, and leaves one son."

Her funeral was conducted under the Catholic form at St. Charles's church, Rev. Father McClure celebrating High Mass, on the occasion, and her remains were interred at the cemetery in Woburn. Up to the time of the commencement of her last sickness she had cherished different views—being a believer in spirit return and communion in the widest sense—but at the commencement of that ordeal she is reported to have beheld standing by her bedside a form which she took to be the Virgin Mary, who spoke to her words which led her to seek to unite herself with the Catholic church. She was strongly mediumistic, and there is every probability (if the report be a true one) that the discipline of sickness opened her interior vision, and enabled her to perceive the form of some spirit near her bed; experience has proven that the souls of men and women carry with them to the next order of existence the ideas most strongly impressed on the individual in earth-life; therefore it was but natural that a Catholic spirit appearing should give her advice looking toward a union with that system of theological belief. So much for the rationale of the course taken by her, whatever views may be entertained concerning the identity of the apparition.

It is rumored that the Executive Committee of the Homestead League, of which Mrs. Josephine Van Benthuyzen is now the first member on the list, will endeavor to carry on the work left incomplete by its translated founder.

Shelley the poet was a vegetarian, and wrote eloquently in its favor, believing it to be the best and most healthy mode of living. "Queen Mary," he says, "There never was an instance in which a change from spirituous liquors and animal food to vegetables and pure water had failed ultimately to invigorate the body, by rendering its juices bland and conscientious, and to retrace to the mind that cheerfulness and elasticity which no one in a fleshy possession on the present system."—*Herald of Health.*

Banner Correspondence.

New York.

NEW YORK.—A. A. Thurber, 105½ First avenue, writes: Having been a constant reader of your paper since its publication, and being much pleased and instructed by its course generally, and feeling you would like to know all that is now and interesting in our philosophy, I will say to your readers that we are now blessed with some new and advanced spiritual intercourse, in the way of independent speaking-outside of the medium, in audible voices, giving us the names of spirit friends; and these voices are, all different, and give a description of the spirits' entrance into spirit-life, and their condition, which in many cases is comparatively the same as which lived while on earth. One, an old and a good friend, from Troy, N. Y., who had failed and honorably fallen into vice and intemperance, gave a gloomy picture of his sadness and dark condition. In fact, all the spirits agree that they have made their own conditions, either for happiness or the opposite. The invisibles talk in French and other languages, and sing beautifully in clear and melodious tones. All this is done independent of the vocal organs of the medium or any of the sitters. Our medium is a lady in whom we have full confidence. Most of the time during the seances she is in the trance condition. Sometimes flowers, birds, fishes, &c., are brought in, under strict test conditions, which has been at No. 200 West 32d street. We also have a very fine materializing medium here, Mrs. Wilson, No. 4 Grand street, where spirits show themselves in gas-light, and talk audibly. Still we have many who are so wise in their own self-conceit they will not believe or investigate, but cry "humbly," "false," &c. But, thanks to our kind invisible friends, they continue to come and instruct us, and say they have now acquired so much power, and have so many helpers on earth, they feel confident of a great revival soon in spiritual works.

NEW YORK.—Ella Newman writes: A knowledge of things good, true and beautiful is a treasure; and the healing hand that can raise us from our infirmities to the bright conditions of health, life, hope, and happiness is a blessing to mankind. To magnetically relieve pain and disease, to inspire the mind and soul with wise and elevated sentiments, seems to be a natural gift of Mrs. J. W. Danforth, of 100 West 56th street, New York. Having lost my health while teaching, I was greatly benefited by a short residence under the care and magnetic treatment of Mrs. Danforth. Other members of my family have also been interested in her, and have received healing aid and spiritual light upon different subjects. After seven years intimate acquaintance with this lady, I desire to speak of her publicly and gratefully for her own sake and the good she may do, and for the benefit of those who may desire her aid in their struggles with disease and mental anxiety.

NEW YORK.—I send you a copy of some resolutions which were passed at our hall, Sunday, Jan. 2d, which, if you please, I would like to have noticed in your paper. They are as follows:

Whereas, The Society of Progressive Spiritualists meeting in Republican Hall, 55 West Thirty-third street, near Broadway, have had for speaker during the month of December, C. H. Thurber, who has given great satisfaction in his selection and elucidation of subjects considered; therefore the Society at their meeting adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That this Society deem it both a pleasure to themselves and duty to Mr. Lynn, to express in a public manner our esteem and appreciation of his services rendered among us, so soon after his services were warmly appreciated.

That a copy of the above be sent to the Banner of Light, and also to Mr. Lynn. J. A. C. P. S. Sec'y.

Massachusetts.

SPRINGFIELD.—Mrs. Leslie Goodell Gustafson writes, Jan. 10th, as follows: In the very heart of this pious city stands that glorious temple dedicated to the service of humanity through freedom of speech—Liberty Hall—thanks to "Father Lyman," whose generous heart, willing hands and ready purse have made it possible for hundreds and thousands to cross the chasm that lies between this world and the next, to enter the courts of heaven, the home of the blest, and learn for themselves that life is indeed immortal, that our beloved still live, still love and labor with, and for us.

This Society is in a thriving condition, and always employs the best talent from the liberal ranks. The speaker who has just left it with many regrets from warm friends that he could no longer remain, is Rev. W. S. Bell, formerly a Methodist, and afterwards a Universalist minister. His discourses are clear, logical and eloquent, and having been for many years an earnest laborer in the "vineyard of the Lord," he is thoroughly qualified to enlighten the people in regard to the real play "behind the scenes."

But with all his attacks upon the Church, its creeds and dogmas, there is one thing that should highly recommend him to all truly liberal minds: he never forgets that to a *gentleman*, never loses respect of his audience, by stooping to the bitter, revenged denunciation and vituperation toward everybody who fail to accept his opinions as their own. Mr. Bell's audiences increased with every lecture; being a highly accomplished scholar, well read in ancient and modern history, he crowds into his discourses fact upon fact, just what the people most have before they enter into a broader field of thought and investigation.

Dear Banner, may you forever float in the glorious breeze of inspiration, and may you be sustained not only by the hosts of heaven, but by thousands here who should be your friends and supporters, since you first gave unto their struggling souls the truth of an immortal existence. The time that will try even the bravest souls among true reformers, is coming in the near future; and it behooves every one who claims to be liberal in thought to make some practical use of his sentiments, in the way of materially sustaining our spiritual papers, without which even many of our speakers and mediums would be in sad want of employment and support. Every Spiritualist in the land can obtain without much labor one subscriber, and so carry the "glad tidings" to every household. Listen to the warning voice of spirit Theodore Parker as it comes to us recently through the Banner of Light. He does not speak for the mere sake of talking. His words bear no idle import, and well should they be heeded.

California.

SANTA BARBARA.—David Cotton writes: Spiritualism is alive and well here, notwithstanding arctic blizzards. Mrs. E. L. Watson, of Titusville, Pa., has been lecturing for us the last two months to large and intelligent audiences. She is a trance speaker, and one of the best in the field; and the press of this city has spoken very favorably both of her and her lectures. We are very sorry to part with her, but she hopes to be able to lecture here again in the spring. I am happy to be able to inform you that the very able pleader, Dr. J. L. York, of San José, Cal., will lecture here during the month of February. We know whereof we speak when we say he is a power in the land for good. Jennie Leys is still at Riverside, Southern California.

Connecticut.

BRISTOL.—A. T. Robinson writes: Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, of Providence, R. I., has spent considerable time with us during the last two years, and has been the instrument, in the hands of her guides, of doing much good in this town and vicinity. She has lectured, held seances for tests and development, also has wrought many cures, and I think I may safely assert that there are but few mediums in the country who possess such a diversity of gifts as she does. She is a lady of generous impulses, tendering gratuitous aid to the poor and unfortunate, striving ever to elevate the lowly and down-trodden, and extending a helping hand to the sick and suffering. Her different phases of mediumship are all of a high order, and I hesitate not to recommend her

to the favorable consideration of any who may wish to employ a good lecturer, test or healing medium. Communications from the departed through her are of a high order and satisfactory. The cause of Spiritualism is gradually gaining ground in this and surrounding towns. Circles are held, mediums are being developed, and everything looks encouraging for the advancement of the truths of our beautiful philosophy, and these results have mainly been produced through the instrumentality of this gifted lady. In writing this I am actuated only by motives of gratitude to one who has contributed largely to the happiness of myself and others in this vicinity.

New Jersey.

VINELAND.—R. P. Fellows writes: Allow me to say a few words in favor of one of the finest mediums that is now before the public—Mrs. Lydia Manks, of 1625 Park avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. The spirit, "High Wind," who comes through her, is one of the most perfect of mediums. I ever have witnessed, and at once inspire you with full faith and confidence in his predictions, while his words cheer and comfort. None can leave her presence without feeling better for the visitation, and thankfulness that there is such a thing as sweet spirit communion. Spiritualists visiting Philadelphia should not fail to call upon her.

Ohio.

LIMA.—E. P. Kling writes, Jan. 9th: Maud E. Lord was here again last week and held another seance. The manifestations were of the most convincing nature. My son, whose wife had a direct conversation with her, lasting about twenty minutes. She answered her questions, giving him the assurance of a happy reunion and her continued love. Almost every one in the room received convincing tests and manifestations.

Indiana.

TERRE HAUTE.—Let it be known to the readers of the Banner of Light that Mrs. Anna Stewart, the materializing medium, is permanently located at this place, and those desiring to witness her wonderful mediumistic powers must come here. She is not a travelling medium, and will not visit New Orleans, as reported recently. ALLEN PENCE, One of the Managing Committee.

Letter from B. F. Randall—He Accepts Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Until very recently I had lived with the convictions, which are so common throughout the world, that Spiritualism was a something very close akin to humbug. It had never been my privilege or my desire to give it any attention whatever, and I had never in my life been present where there were spiritual manifestations of any description whatever. I visited a family in New York City on the 5th of December, one member of which had been dangerously ill, but who was convalescent. Four members of the family, during the early part of November, attended a lecture given by Cora L. V. Tappan, purporting to have been communicated to her by the late Judge Edmonds; and on their return home, and while about the bedside of the invalid, and with the most absolute freedom from faith or belief in Spiritualism, proposed to form a circle and have some communications. Much to their astonishment, and almost fright, rays came upon the table, distinct and clear. Their ignorance of the method how to proceed to receive communications may be imagined, when the labor of calling the alphabet from A to Z was proceeded with to spell out the first communication, and which was from the former family physician, deceased, and to the invalid, instructing her to tell her present physician certain things in regard to her illness which she had withheld, and which on her telling him induced him to change his entire treatment.

Succeeding this communication came very many, and from very many people, including her mother, her children, nephews, dear friends, and the beloved ones of all the other members of the family, who were dead in body, and until then to live in spirit. No medium had or has ever passed the threshold of that house up to the present time, save those in the family who are such, and no visitor to their evening circles save myself and one other person. Yet no single evening has passed except one when communications have not come to them freely, easily, and with singularly telling influence; that one evening the other visitor seemed to have hindered the spirits from their usual freedom, and nothing was received until her departure.

As I stated above, I was present on Sunday evening, Dec. 5th, when a message was received by me, the nature of which converted me from an indifferent unbeliever to the most positive believer in Spiritualism, and my eyes were uncovered from their blindness. Nothing has come to me in all my life of forty years, for which I feel a more profound gratitude or greater thankfulness than the awakening to this greater of all truths. I have listened from my boyhood with attentive reverence to the preaching of the gospel, by hundreds of eloquent men and women, have mused and meditated, read and inquired, with honesty and earnestness, to get the comfort and consolation promised to those who had faith, and have tried to live so that my life should not reproach me for not getting it—and all to no purpose! That evening, when it came quicker than I write this, I felt that I had seen many things, many things that I had never seen before, and I felt that I was standing by when Spiritualism has been denounced, and belittled, by those who, like myself, have permitted themselves to live in the purest ignorance of it, simply unbelievers of what they did not know and did not care to, that I cannot rest without giving my testimony to its truth, and by enlisting in its service for the year. It has opened to me a new life, the realization of which I never knew before. My reverence for God and his wonderful works, and my love for Christ and the religion he taught, is something to me now more than in name. Before it was not very much, I fear. While we were conversing upon this subject of Spiritualism, and exchanging thoughts upon God and Christ, and the occasion of so much evil in the world when seemingly those who have gone on before us labor to shield us from its injury, the following three messages came from the spirit of Mr. Henry Drakeley—a name well known and honored in Baltimore, and everywhere where he was known. His messages came to me without his being called, though one who was a personal friend while he lived sat in the circle:

"God is power, love, charity, vengeance and mercy—and the mercy is all embracing."

"Christ is the medium of the Almighty Ruler. Love and serve him."

"Without evil you would not recognize good. Contrast is the teacher of wisdom and the finding of truth."

These and many more sparkling gems of thought have come to that circle, and their influence, and the influence upon one and all of that little family, of these wonderful revelations, coming to them almost spontaneously, as they did to the very first who knew of Spiritualism, is singularly powerful and impressive. I give my testimony without reserve to all who may chance to read this; and there are those who will read this who know my word is good—that Spiritualism is a fact. It is beyond question; and anybody, no matter where he or she may live, or how high up the ladder of knowledge he or she may climb, or how low they may be in it, Spiritualism is worthy of their careful, thoughtful, faithful and earnest investigation. It will do them no manner of harm; it must do them all manner of good.

Full River, Mass. BENJ. F. RANDALL.

A NEW INDICATION OF DEATH.—Is the patient really dead? This is a question which is often asked, and which is often answered in the affirmative. A practical physician of Cremona proposes a simple method by which the question may be answered with certainty. It is to inject a drop of oil of turpentine beneath the skin, when it is about to be removed, or next to none, is produced; but if there be life, then a red spot appears at the place of injection, and a test is easily applied as this should generate all appearance of being buried alive.

Original Essay.

SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

NUMBER EIGHT.

Written specially for the Banner of Light,
BY EMMA HARDINGE BRITTON.

Mental Telegraphy, Clairvoyance and
Somnambulism.

The wonderful age in which it is our privilege to live is not only rife with tidings telegraphed across the river of death from those who have gained the further shore, but for us who still remain watching and waiting on the mortal side, and who with outstretched arms and straining eyes strive to pierce the thick mists which hide our vanished loves from view—for us, who are not yet, or at least have not deemed of ourselves as yet, new illuminations are being kindled within us, new revelations are being kindled within us, new revelations of soul powers and possibilities begin to dawn on our consciousness, and foregleams of what we may be in spheres of existence far transcending even the pious enthusiasm's idea of heaven, are gradually being awakened into spiritual life and proportion amongst us. We are not only learning the fact that we are spirits now as much as we shall ever be, but that as such, the occult powers which essentially belong to the soul alone and form no part of material being, are lying dormant within us, and the spark communicated by the torch of Spiritualism are blazing up into wonderful and unlooked for spiritual gifts. Under the old regime, and in the midst of the gross darkness evolved from ecclesiastical ignorance and superstition, all that belonged to man's spiritual nature here and hereafter was ranged even by one of the most candid and talented of modern analysts as "The Night-Side of Nature;" now all that relates to spiritual being under the transfiguring light of spiritual revelation becomes the Light-Side of nature, and the chief mistake we are guilty of in our joy at discovering the lost and loved of death's mystic harvest, all in life again, and actively engaged in the very self-same duties that occupy ourselves, is to attribute all power and phenomena of an occult character to the agency of disembodied spirits, and forget that we as spirits must have some of the functions as well as all the attributes of our angel visitants.

It is not an uncommon thing to find a good magnetizer, from the moment that his investigations convince him of spirit communion, attributing all his power as a healer to the agency of "the spirits." Persons who from childhood have been endowed with the rare faculty of reading the future, and with unpremeditated speech prophesying of coming events, now feel sure their occult utterances are inspired solely by "the spirits." The sensitives who could read character by touch, handwriting or physiognomy, the clairvoyants, whose gift of discovering hidden things has procured for them a life-long reputation, now abandon their claims to personal unfoldment, and lay their laurels humbly at the feet of "the spirits." Fortune-telling must be spiritual inspiration, clairvoyance, the work of spirits, somnambulism spiritual entrancement, and animal magnetism spiritual magnetism; indeed, we have known estimable persons who, being more or less endowed with a quickening of their interior natures before they became Spiritualists, after their conversion could not realize that they bought a spool of thread, ordered a dinner, made a morning call, or turned in walking to the right or the left, without a special significance was communicated to the act by the inspiration of an ever-present guardian spirit. In the New York Spiritual Conference of nearly twenty years ago Dr. Robt. Hallowell, one of our best and most philosophical Spiritualists, commented on this tendency to fanaticism in a lengthened address full of pointed illustrations, winding up with the pithy remark that "if certain mediums, stubbed their toes against a pebble in the street, to their apprehensions the angel Gabriel had a hand in it." To beware of a fanaticism of this character might be more worthy of the elevation of "danger signals" on the part of true philosophers, than to warn off the searching soul from any shore where the results of patient and faithful investigation might enlarge the borders of our spiritual perceptions, and teach us more of what we are, and by whom and what surrounded.

Our part in the modern spiritualistic movement is, first, to start with the proposition that we are immortal spirits; that we live here and hereafter; that all the powers, possibilities and functions that belong to us as spirits belong to us now, and only require knowledge of the laws of our being to unfold on this earth, as well as hereafter. Next, that we, as spirits, have clairvoyant sight, spiritual perception by touch, and all the attributes of a spiritual existence susceptible of unfoldment whilst we are yet on earth, provided we can master the conditions of unfoldment sufficiently, without injury or detriment to our earthly duties and state of being. Next, that the only horizon to man's knowledge of infinite things and eternal principles is his ignorance and incapacity, and that both these stumbling-blocks in the way of spiritual progress may be overcome by patient and unremitting study of the laws which govern our spiritual natures.

Spiritual chemistry, enabling spirits by a knowledge of its laws and processes to combine and aggregate invisible into visible elements, produce sounds and cause motions, is essentially a branch of knowledge as yet limited to the inhabitants of the higher spheres of being; but the trance state, the power of magnetizing and being magnetized, the lucidity of the human spirit called clairvoyance, the capacity to read character by touch, called psychometry, and to heal disease and control mind by the act of magnetization, are all strictly human attributes of the spirit; nay, more, the human spirit, whilst yet embodied in matter, can send its force from place to place in the act of mental telegraphy, and control even the conditions of disease and the characteristics of mind by projecting its force from place to place under the domination of WILL.

Let us again lay down the law of these magnetic and psychic operations. The human spirit, which is the immortal, indestructible, and all-potent element of soul, can compel a less powerful spirit to obey its behests. The human spirit, clothed in the magnetic life-aura, can either enter a body and subdue its will, by direct magnetic contact, or operate upon a subject once magnetized at a distance. It can communicate its influence by touch, or be projected to a distance by will; hence spirits in the form can magnetize or be magnetized, can heal others of disease or be healed; can see clairvoyantly or compel clairvoyance in others; can read character,

disease, or other conditions by touch, or compel others to do so by WILL.

All these phenomena are attributes of the soul when disembodied, but they are also clearly and indisputably proved to be attributes of the soul whilst yet encased in the mortal tenement of flesh. The medium operandi is, carefully conducted experiment, biological, psychological, and magnetic practices. And again, provided the operators be pure in mind, healthful in physique, and animated by the high and holy purpose of doing good—impressing both the bodies and minds of their subjects for good, and never allowing themselves to exert power or conduct experiments except with the most pure aims and holy intentions—it is simply impossible that such experiments should ever be otherwise than productive of use and spiritual unfoldment. As we shall write a separate paper on the subject of magnetic healing, we shall devote our present space to the phenomena of mental impressions only. In these, as in all other results obtained through the exaltation of the spirit powers in man, the subject of medium is one who possesses a large charge of vital electricity of the negative quality, or one in whom physical debility or disease readily gives off a large charge of negative electricity. Vital electricity of the negative quality is the pabulum by which the phenomena of clairvoyance, psychometry, &c., &c., are effected.

In somnambulism, the body becomes so charged with this vital force that a heavy magnetic sleep is induced, and in this state the spirit is wakeful, active and exalted, whilst a sense of even the weight and gravitating force of the body is entirely neutralized. The spirit simply carries about its body as a machine to which it is attached, but otherwise overlooks and forgets its existence. This state may be induced either by the magnetic influence of a powerful magnetizer, a magnetizing spirit, or the excess of vital electricity in the individual, when not otherwise given off saturates the system in sleep and induces the magnetic state called somnambulism.

Clairvoyance is the opening of the spiritual sight, and may be induced from either of the causes which produce somnambulism. It can be evoked by the action of a powerful magnetizer, either in or out of the form, or it may result from the mustering of the excess of spiritual magnetism in the individual, producing that temporary opening of the spiritual sight which is termed clairvoyance. Psychometry is the perception of "the soul of things" induced by touch, and is simply the clustering of the spiritual or magnetic forces around some of the nerve centers of the body, such as the cranium, the epistemic regions, the feet, hands, or, as it sometimes happens with exceedingly sensitive persons, the emanations of the vital force throughout the whole system, the parting all too rapidly with those vital forces, and the rendering the person thus endowed a medium at every pore, and susceptible of impressions from spheres, atmospheres, and every object, place, or person, that comes within the sensitive's sphere. Such persons readily discern character, sense the influences of every place they visit, or every thing or person they approach. Were this power particularly unfolded in the region of sight, they would be clairvoyants. When it applies more to the general sensitiveness of the whole system, such persons are psychometrists. When this power is especially developed by the influence of magnetism, it constitutes the individual a good medium, spirit seer, or magnetic subject. Visions are impressions produced upon the retina of the spiritual eye, by the direct psychological action of a controlling mind, and as this is still a separate branch of our subject we shall defer its consideration for another paper. In order to show that lines of demarcation may be drawn between the control of spirit-friends, and the exercise of the individual's own interior spiritual powers, we shall cite two illustrations of the mental or spiritual telegraph, the one obviously conducted by a spirit, the other an incident in the life of the writer of these papers, although it was prepared for publication by a celebrated English author who was making collections of such narratives, but did not desire to give names.

In the year 1860 a correspondent of the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury related the following incident, which occurred on the occasion of his visit to the rooms of the late Mr. Conklin, spirit-medium, of New York City. While he was waiting at the back part of the room, being an entire stranger to all present, the communicating intelligence requested him, by tips of the table, to take a seat in the circle. This being done, he writes:

"After a moment's delay, the medium's hand experienced that magic influence, and he wrote the following: 'My Dear Son—Your brother John died this morning at ten o'clock—HERRY.' I admit this intelligence cast a gloom over my feelings, and I used all kinds of devices to prevent the audience from observing my dilemma, they all knowing my skepticism. But it was useless to try to hide my melancholy. I stated this was very strange, that there was telegraph communication direct to the location where my brother resided, yet I had received no intelligence from there of his death. I left the medium with rather a sad heart, but very unwilling to yield to the truth of this message. Next morning, about ten o'clock, I received a telegraphic dispatch, dated the day before, from my sister, announcing the same sad tidings, confirming to the very letter the communication I had received the night before at Mr. Conklin's rooms. Why I had not received the dispatch from my sister the day it was sent, was because the wires were down, and all communication cut off for some eighteen hours. This I learned by making inquiry at the Telegraph Office. Your readers will here observe that the message received through the medium was from ten to twelve hours in advance of that received by the telegraph line."

The next illustration will be, as promised, a case clearly proving the exercise of WILL, carried by the magnetic influence of the will, operated in the act of mental telegraphy. The lady, as above stated, is the author of these papers, Emma Hardinge Britton:

"A lady who was a strong medium, and a gentleman remarkable for his magnetic power of healing, (though not a believer in Spiritualism, nor, in the ordinary sense of the term, a spirit-medium,) had frequently, by means of experiment, sent messages to each other by way of the mental telegraph. Sometimes they wished to project messages at a set time, and placed themselves in a passive frame of mind, or what is called a receptive condition, for the purpose of conducting these experiments. At others, they sent messages without previous arrangement, and occasionally they gave and received these mental telegrams in the presence of others."

On all occasions, their messages were so worded as to surprise each other, and conclude the possibility of the intelligence communicated being the result of "guessing," or familiarity with each other's opinions and phraseology. As neither of the parties were professional practitioners, or could have had any other motive in the conduct of their experiments than the discovery and application of truth, they were the last persons to be placed in the category of "deceivers," a word so commonly labelled against the name

of every one who dares to advance one step beyond the common track beaten by the multitude. The time at length arrived when it was deemed advisable that these telegraphic exercises should cease. The gentleman, Mr. B., was about to proceed to a foreign country, and before his departure he earnestly solicited that a final experiment be tried on the day of his embarkation. His conductor, Mrs. H., however, steadily declined the proposition, and had no reason to expect that her wishes in this respect would be disregarded. On the night when Mr. B. embarked, Mrs. H. being seated in a company of twenty persons at the house of Mr. M. B. Dyott, of Philadelphia, suddenly felt a strong magnetic influence, under which she fell for a few minutes as if spellbound; then she distinctly heard the voice of her absent friend calling her by a name known only to himself and her, followed by a message of a characteristic nature.

During the silence which ensued upon Mrs. H.'s seemingly entranced condition, fourteen of the persons present declared that they heard a sound like the plashing of waves against the pulley of a steamship, and the indistinct murmur of a man's voice. As no one in the company had the least idea to what such sounds could refer, and as the lady concerned had no expectation of such a manifestation, its force may be deemed the more remarkable. It is only necessary to add that the very first mail after the arrival of Mr. B. brought a letter informing Mrs. H. that he had sent precisely such a message to her at the exact moment of its reception in Philadelphia, and that the only difficulty he experienced in concentrating his thoughts upon the message, was the roughness of the ocean and the pitching of the ship at the time."

The intelligent spiritualist reader need not be informed that these two cases are only selected as illustrations from tens of thousands of others, more or less known, of a kindred character.

It would not be difficult for the author of these papers to publish two thick folio volumes, one containing instances of spirit-control acting upon media and conveying telegraphic messages and information verified after the spirit's message had been received, and the other cases in which the human spirits engaged might have been the sole operators in working the mental telegraph. In all conditions of somnambulism it is more difficult to distinguish the state and its superinducing cause than in the process of mental telegraphy. Somnambulists often render in ependent testimony of sleep-waking powers that do not necessarily involve the agency of spiritual magnetizers. Still the state of sleep-waking and that of entrancement are so similar, that they may often be confounded the one with the other. It is quite admissible to believe that in the deep magnetic sleep called somnambulism, the spirit of the sleeper becomes liberated from the fetters of the body, and actually sees and hears far more acutely than in the waking state; also that it displays powers of mind which could not be exhibited when hindered by the limitations of matter.

The author, for instance, has been known to rise in her sleep, proceed in thick darkness to her study, and there inscribe musical compositions, and write abstract exercises in harmony and composition, entirely beyond her normal capacity to achieve. On the other hand, she has frequently been known in the "somnambulic condition" to recite original poems, sing original compositions, and make what were pronounced to be "splendid orations," in a style totally different to her ordinary methods, and though at the early period of childhood when these feats of abnormal wonder were enacted, her friends and associates—entirely ignorant of Spiritualism—attributed them all to the same somnambulic state, there were marked differences between the various phenomena exhibited, proving that some were the action of the sleeper's own spirit in a state of high exaltation, whilst others must have proceeded from the influence of foreign spiritual intelligences taking advantage of the somnambulic's unconscious organism to manifest their presence. The following cases will be found more indicative of the isolated somnambulic state than those of the author, whose mediumistic tendencies, manifested from early childhood, render it probable that her unconscious states were always more or less influenced by spirit-control.

In one of the local papers published in Fylton, N. C., in the year 1859, the editor gives the following details of a remarkable instance of somnambulism occurring in the person of a well-known inhabitant of the village. He writes thus:

"EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM. A Miss Mary Smith, niece of A. Loomis, Esq., of this village, who is residing in his family, attending school, has for some time past been the subject of a very singular phenomenon, closely bordering on the wonderful and mysterious."

WRITING IN AN UNCONSCIOUS STATE. Several days since she was afflicted with partial blindness, accompanied with severe headache, from which, however, she soon recovered. At night, after falling asleep, she wrote several lines of poetry, which were found in the morning, but of which she had no knowledge herself, and she could only be convinced of the fact by the assurance of her room-mate, a cousin, and the unmistakable evidence of her own handwriting.

WRITING IN THE DARK. Anticipating a repetition of the act, and fearing danger from a burning lamp in the hands of a sleeping person, her uncle, after she retired on the succeeding night, took the precaution to remove the lamp from the room and place it beyond her reach. She, however, arose, and in perfect darkness wrote another piece of poetry, which, upon examination by daylight, was found to be well written, correctly spelled and punctuated, and the ruled lines as accurately followed as they could have been by the best penman with a good light. And this has been repeated from night to night, each time a new piece being produced. She has no knowledge of the matter herself—cannot repeat a word of the poetry she produces, and insists that she does not write it. Her friends watch her closely. They have interrupted her while writing, when she seems like one aroused from a deep slumber, and cannot finish the line or even the next word of the stanza she happens to be writing.

SEARCHING FOR WRITING IMPLEMENTS, ETC. If her writing materials are removed from her room, she arises, and finding them missing, proceeds to search drawers, trunks, &c. In the dark, with much uneasiness, another would do it by day. One of the pieces, which we publish, was written on scraps of paper thus found by her between the leaves of an Atlas.

The most of her productions are dated 'August 17, 1840,' the date of her birth; and many of them are undescribed. 'Written for the Courier.' 'The Courier' was the name of a paper published in the village where she resided in childhood. Naturally she has no particular fondness for poetry, and never attempts to write it. Whether her 'efforts' asleep are 'original,' or pieces that she has sometime read, is not known. One thing is certain, she writes them in an unconscious state, and in rooms 'pitch-dark' at the time. She has, however, sometimes fallen into this condition in the daytime, when her writing impulse comes on.

STRANGE LIGHT FROM THE VISUAL ORGANS. A few nights since she was awakened while writing in the dark. Her sensations, as described by herself, were very peculiar. Her eyes emitted a bright light, like the burning of two candles, when turned toward her manuscript, rendering

her writing perfectly visible, but when turned in any other direction all was 'dark as midnight.' Mr. Loomis is a wealthy and influential gentleman, who formerly resided in the town of Winsted, Conn., at which time he was a prominent member of the Presbyterian Church. We understand that the young lady, whose health at first seemed to be unfavourably affected, is now recovering from her temporary indisposition. We extract a specimen of the poetry written by Miss Starr, unconsciously and in the dark, which is certainly not without merit:

THE WINDS.
"Cold December's rain is beating
Down upon the window pane,
And the night winds sadly mutter
In the wind and dreary strain.
In the sunny days of childhood
There was music in their tone;
Now they speak when I am sleeping,
Like despair's expiring moan.
Once I knelt me at the key-hole
In our olden kitchen door,
And in awe and wonder listened
To the tale the wild winds bore.
Then methought I heard distinctly
Voices in each passing gale,
Making my young heart beat faster,
As I heard their wonder tale.
Now the wintry winds are moaning
In and round about the door,
And they seem like tongueless preachers
For the tale they tell no more.
Scenes of happy days I picture
Now before my vision glides,
Like the dream of a child's fancy
Of a dream at eventide."

Our space will only allow us to extract one more from our collection of many hundreds of well-attested cases of somnambulism, and we refer to this the more especially because it is one which has largely engaged the attention of the press, the scientists, literati and medical men of Providence, R. I., the place where the subject resided when visited by the author. For a disinterested description of the person in question, we shall quote the account first published in the New York Evening Gazette of 1859:

"A FEMINE PHENOMENON. A trustworthy gentleman gives us an account of an extraordinary illness of a young woman—a Miss Winsor, in Providence, R. I. Miss W. has been confined to her bed for several months, and has not partaken of sufficient nourishment to keep her alive if she had been in a normal condition. Yet her faculties have become strangely acute, and she seems to be endowed with a species of second sight. When the physician, Dr. Ira Barrows, calls on her, she can tell the number of visits he has made, the numbers of the houses of his patients, and describe accurately their complaints."

The clock having been removed from her chamber, she was enabled to determine at any hour the exact time of day or night, and she would describe the color, size and marks of the doctor's horse, and the hue and the texture of the linings of his carriage. She composed a poem which she called "The Sons' Rent," one half of each line in Latin and the rest in English, which was pronounced by the professors of Brown University pure Latin, although she had never had the least instruction in the language. She also draws finely without having taken lessons, and does other extraordinary things not to be accounted for by any of the known laws of temperament, medicine or science. While asleep her right arm is constantly in motion, though it is perfectly powerless when she is awake. A number of the physicians and surgeons of Providence are deeply interested in the case of Miss Winsor, and are endeavoring to solve the mystery of her seemingly supernatural powers."

The lady referred to in the last citation executed in the writer's presence several drawings of a simple character with amazing rapidity—the room being at the time in profound darkness. She also read several letters still unopened in the writer's hand, and some pages of a closed book. These, with other phenomena peculiar to clairvoyants, she insisted were performed by her own interior sight, nor could she be made to admit any realization of spirit influence.

There can be no difficulty in referring the production of drawings, allegorical charts, paintings designed to symbolize ideas, and the fine orations so often delivered by unlettered and illiterate persons, to the influence of spirits, rather than to the somnambulic state which so many materialistic observers have claimed to cover the whole ground of abnormal mental phenomena. Of the trance condition we shall make notice in a separate paper, hence we leave that subject for future consideration, and will conclude this article by referring to different illustrations of the clairvoyant faculty.

As in somnambulism and trance, so in clairvoyance, without any exhibition of the sleep-waking state, there are abundant evidences that the opening of the spiritual vision, called clairvoyance, may proceed from the influence of disembodied spirits acting upon a susceptible or mediumistic organism, or it may be an attribute of the subject, an interior perception of the spirit itself, without necessarily involving the control of a foreign agency.

Take the following two illustrations, selected from multitudes of similar ones only, because they refer to persons well known in the spiritual ranks. Dr. A. C. Stiles, of Bridgeport, Conn., claimed to have, from a boy, possessed the faculty of perceiving; by a clairvoyant sense, the interior localities of the human system, and pointing out its locale. "In his medical practice he used to give the most invariably correct diagnoses of the diseases of distant persons by holding a lock of their hair in his hand. In order to put his pretensions to the *experimentum crucis*, Mr. William Clarke, of Westville, Conn., cut off a lock of hair from an ox that appeared to be illing. The hair was taken from under the ox's chin, and so nearly resembled human hair as not to be distinguishable from it by any ordinary observation. This, without any intimation as to where he obtained it, he forwarded in a letter to Dr. Stiles, with a request that he should give a diagnosis of the condition of the patient. Dr. S. received the letter, examined the hair, and, as the result of his impressions, wrote substantially as follows: "As for your ox, I would advise you to slaughter him, especially as I perceive that he is fat. He will not be able to work much more, in consequence of a blow which he has received across the back, which has both injured the kidney and the spine."

Mr. C. accordingly killed his ox, and found in one of the kidneys and in the spine the evident marks of injury which he had received from a heavy blow or contusion.

Dr. Stiles, although a medium and a firm believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, did not necessarily owe his clairvoyant perceptions, in this case, to the intervention of spirits.—He was a clairvoyant from a boy, and as such, could always perceive the nature and locality of disease in those who approached him. Like a vast number of those persons who can discover lost property and trace hidden things, he possessed the faculty of clear sight inherently. 'Spiritual influences added to and often aided his gift of perception, for kind spirit-friends ever surround us, and ever seek to exalt our native powers by the addition of their own beneficent control; still they have ever assured the writer of that which her own experience confirms, namely, that clairvoyance is one of those occult powers in man that exists as a part of his spiritual inheritance, and may and does shine out in certain conditions of

the human system, as an independent attribute of the soul, although it is also one of which spirit-friends are willing to avail themselves when they have an opportunity of influencing their mediums.

We shall conclude this paper with two illustrations of clairvoyance, procured directly under the influence of spirit-control, and our readers will not fail to note the points of difference that occur in these and the preceding instances of clairvoyance effected:

In the year 1859, Mr. Nash of Auburn, Me., had the misfortune to lose a sum of money, to which he could obtain no clue. His wife being a Spiritualist, obtained him to consult a medium concerning it, and he went to Danville, to Miss Foster, a trance-speaking medium. She became entranced, and said: "I see a bill of the denomination of one hundred dollars in the Augusta Bank. Your coat was hanging in a room"—giving the description of the house in which it was—"a woman passed by and saw your pocket book protruding, and taking it out, opened it, and took, as she supposed, a one dollar bill. She afterwards found it to be, not a one, but an hundred dollar bill. She then went to Portland and purchased a gold chain, and other things." The medium gave so minute a description of the woman, that Mr. Nash went immediately to her house and accused her of taking the money. She confessed that she had done so, delivered the gold chain, which she said she had purchased at Portland, and her husband paid over the balance of the one hundred dollars.

About the date of the above occurrence, the following item, well known to be a genuine fact by the author, went the round of the Boston papers:

"A day or two since, we chronicled the death, by drowning, at Chelsea, of a boy nine years old, son of Mr. Samuel Ward, formerly at Chelsea Dye House. A well-known State-street business man makes the following statement, which we give as related: When the boy was first missing, and before it was known what had become of him, a friend of the parent went to J. V. Mansfield, of No. 3 Winter street, known as the 'Letter-Writing Medium,' and placing a letter secretly sealed upon his desk to prevent a detection, asked answer to the letter, which, in fact, contained a request for information regarding the lost boy. Without opening it, the medium wrote a reply as follows:

"The one you seek is not present, but I come to answer your question. You are in search of the little boy, Ward's son. I do not see him below, and I have not seen him in the spirit-land. I think about some right, and shortly his body will be restored to his anxious father. Should he be in the water, then I could not see him, as we cannot see well in water. I will look again."

At this moment a Miss Munson, who is another clairvoyant physican at the same locality, was asked by Mr. Mansfield to try and ascertain what the friend of Mr. Ward wished, and she was placed in the trance state without any knowledge of what the gentleman desired, when she gave the following information, and so described the boy and his dress: 'You are in search of a little boy. He is in the water and dead. He lies on his back, with his hand raised, nearly as high as his face'—then remarked: 'The spirit of the boy is on the wharf looking toward the body, as if guarding it. They are now reaching him; they will have the body before you return to Chelsea.'

The gentleman in question, in since stating the particulars of the finding of the body, says they found it in the attitude described by the clairvoyant, and that the description of the dress was very accurate."

These illustrations multiply on our hands, growing in magnitude, number, and phenomenal marvel with every day's experience.

We would the age with these items of testimony, and yet because we cannot repeat them at command, or place the occult powers of being at the service of every idler who desires to find a royal road to all discovery, or subject the angel-world to the bidding of mortals, we are assailed with the continual plaudits of "Why don't they come to me? Why can't I have such things done for me? Why don't I see? and Wherefore am not I thus favored?" &c., &c., &c. Whilst we are weary of such unphilosophical questioning, and care only to place our pearls of truth before the minds that have already entered upon the path of investigation, and are therefore ready to receive and classify our facts, still we must own there is something due to these same questioners, and much more to the world in general, who doubtless would gladly share with us the beneficence of our spiritual blessings if they could only see in the phenomena thus reported any chain of cause and effect, any connection with these bright sunbeams from the light side of nature, with a well defined and comprehensible science of occult forces. That all mankind cannot enjoy these privileges, is in a great measure due, first, to the indolence and apathy of those who will not study out the nature of psychological science, and seek the clue by which it may be guided and controlled, and next, to the astonishing ignorance and bigotry of those Spiritualists who, when invited to the glorious study, and advised that careful research and profound investigation may master its mysteries, scream out in dismay "Woe wof! 12" "Something is coming to eat up our Spiritualism!" "We know enough, we see enough!" "We will stop our ears, for fear we should hear too much; we will blind our eyes, for fear they should be dazzled with too much light!"

Like the Spiritualists who set up the x-ail of "Rationalism" the moment any attempt is made to evolve order out of the disorder, and license that prevails in our ranks, the effort to base our phenomena upon the fundamental principles of science creates such a scare in the flock that modern Fausts must hide their printing-presses and types of science with as much care as the great German of four centuries ago did when he first ventured to suggest the idea of that same mighty printing press.

Still the world moves on, and the chariots of science move with it. We shall have a science of soul, and that despite the ignorances and conservatives who fear to look under the tipping table lest they should discover it is not a spirit that tips it, and in that glorious period of illumination we shall so surely discover the conditions under which our own spirits can become exalted to the powers and functions of our spirit friends, that we shall yet realize the prophetic promise of old, that "our eyes shall see our teachers," and we shall "all know the Lord," each man for himself, "from the least to the greatest of us."

Our next paper will continue this subject in the philosophy of dreams and psychometry.
206 West 34th street, New York.

In a certain good old Puritan town of New England lives a wealthy dealer. One Sunday morning a neighbor applied for a quart of milk. The placid face of the good dealer's wife appeared, and she, after listening to the request of the boy, replied: "We don't get milk on Sunday." As he turned away, evidently disappointed, she said: "You'd better see if you can get it somewhere else. But if you can't get any in the neighborhood, I will let you have a quart; but I shall be obliged to charge you two cents extra, as it is Sunday, for we don't intend to sell milk on Sunday."

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SOLE AGENTS AND PROPRIETORS.

LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO THE
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT OF THIS PAPER SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO
THE EDITOR, CORRY & RICH, 10 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO THE
BUSINESS DEPARTMENT OF THIS PAPER SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO
THE BUSINESS MANAGER, CORRY & RICH, 10 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

Judge Edmonds's Experience.

We linger about the spiritual experiences of our departed friend, Judge Edmonds, as given in these columns not many weeks since, with a feeling of satisfaction not often excited by the perusal of the records of spirit progress in other spheres. "I believe now," says the translated Judge, "that if I were again incarnated in my place among my fellow men, with the consciousness that I have of the spiritual existence, I would never say a word nor think a thought of blame toward any human being." This was because he was richly rewarded with the clarity of the spirits for deeds of earth which he performed more from a pride of virtue, "I believe," he adds, "if I were in your dust today, I would do the things that I once did for the love of my own pride, of my self-esteem, that same self-esteem of virtue, for the love of truth itself and of good deeds."

This is the purest form of goodness, to love for its own sake, to love the truth itself for the sake of the good it contains. "I am revealing," says the Judge—"how shallow the water is upon which the man floats whose sails are spread simply on his pride, on his self-esteem, on the high integrity of his own character, forgetting that all human beings are molded alike by the hand of the Infinite." He further declares—"I have not found the hell of theology—I have not found the heaven of theology; but I have found the scathing fires of that searching spirit that looks one through and through, that self-consciousness of being examined fibre by fibre, and tissue by tissue, and thought by thought, until every attribute of my soul stood ranged before my own gaze." He confesses that the kingdom of heaven, wrought in him in the hope of immortality, was so that he could not find a selfish kingdom also upon earth.

What he laments is that he believed and loved while on earth chiefly because it was a selfish satisfaction; what he would impress upon us here, that we should love truth for its own sake, and seek heaven in a frame of humility. The first stages of spiritual life revealed to him the fact that "the scenery and shapes are almost a prototype of what is found upon the earth." After passing through the stages of this discovery, he entered a more delightful region; but he says he entered it with as much humiliation and as much searching fire as he had experienced in the first region into which he was ushered. He not only had to forget his pride and self-hood, and any vindictiveness he may have secretly harbored, but he had to look through all crimes, of men, of society, of nations, in the light of charity.

He thinks, from his present attitude of vision, that he would not work to-day for the modification of criminal laws, but for their abolition; not for prison reform, but for the abolition of all prisons. He would supersede punishment with the spiritual healer and teacher. A large city like New York he sees to be sitting in the midst of a moral miasma, produced by its very atmosphere. Young minds when introduced become imbued with the moral pestilence. This becomes at last a chronic disease, and in some minds inherited from generation to generation, and should be treated as a disease. He says he finds that criminals are touched with a deeper malady than insanity. There is a disease that is beyond insanity, whose morbid character requires a more subtle treatment and a spiritual one. Executed murderers in the spirit-world are taken and treated for disease by healing spirits, instead of being punished. They are not even reminded that they are criminals. They are made aware that they are morally sick only through their own consciousness.

Public Seance at our Circle Room.

We intimated in these columns some time since, at the instance of the spirit, that Mrs. Conant, through the aid of her friend and counselor, Theodore Parker, would give an account of her reception in spirit-life at an early day. We are now requested to state that she will fulfill that promise through the agency of Mrs. Nellie L. Palmer, whose valuable aid the invisibles have secured for the purpose. The contemplated seance will take place at our public circle-room on Thursday afternoon next at precisely three o'clock.

The Leymarie Petition.

Having forwarded to various sections of the country for signatures blank petitions for the liberation of M. Leymarie, of Paris, France, whom Bigotry has incarcerated in a French prison on account of his religious views and consequent defence of the truth, we desire them filled as soon as possible and speedily returned to this office, that we may be able, in conjunction with the British Spiritualists, to show to the present ruler of France that religious toleration and justice is the best policy for any nation on earth.

The Spiritualists have recently organized a Society in Houston, Texas, with Hon. Paul Remond as President.

The Banner of Light Message Department—Verification of a Spirit Message.

Our system of giving printed messages from those who—as Spiritualists—have only crossed the valley of change, and still feel in kindly sympathy and love to assure those left behind of the fact, was, as all know who are acquainted with the history of the Banner of Light, one of the earliest characteristics of this journal. For long and weary years did Mrs. J. H. Conant, its ever faithful medium, struggle amid failing health and the bitterest opposition to fulfill the mission which the angel-world laid upon her, and we had frequent occasion, as our files will testify, to give to our readers abundant proof that the messages spoken through her organism were recognized by the friends then living in the mortal, though strangers to ourselves. We also became satisfied, during the extended series of private circles held by her and her numerous acquaintances at her home, that the words given were the truthful utterances of spirits, who had a legitimate claim to the names they gave.

The faithful medium at last succumbed, and fell at her post of duty; but the work, we were assured, was to go on, and in due time, under the most singular circumstances, Mrs. Danksin, of Baltimore, was induced to devote her energies to its advancement. It was to be expected that a certain class, who seem to think that the spiritual movement can be conducted by themselves with the spirits left out, would raise a shout of derision at the announcement of the fact that the Message Department would be reopened. Our experience all along the past has shown us that such a class exists, but they and all other persons will eventually discover that this useful method of reaching thousands with the light who could never be induced to attend a Spiritualist Circle, was, like the great modern dispensation itself, not originated by mortals, but was inaugurated by the spirit world, and will be befriended and directed by wise intelligences of the interior life.

We have never claimed infallibility for our Message Department. During all the years in which we published the messages given through Mrs. Conant, we specifically stated at intervals that in view of the delicate conditions required for spirit communication mistakes would sometimes occur, owing to the want of knowledge either on our side or that of the invisible operator. We have held to the main fact of such communication, however, and shall adhere to the publication of such messages just so long as there exists a need thereof. In all our dealings in the past we have placed our trust in the guidance of those unseen intelligences who have proved at all times mightier than ourselves, and we have never been forsaken by them.

Mrs. Danksin, the present instrument for our sixth page Message Department, was a spirit-medium widely known and of test proven character for nearly twenty years ago; and is willing, as we are, to leave the readers of the Banner to decide as to the worth of her labors to them. And generously has the assurance of such worth been given, hardly a day passing in which some correspondent does not write to us expressing gladness that this avenue of return is opened once more. In closing this statement of our intentions we append the following letter from a highly respected and reliable gentleman, which speaks for itself in this regard:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I am glad to be able to add a line in the way of verifying a communication which appeared in the Message Department of the Banner for January 1st, 1876, from my old friend, Dr. Searles, late of New Castle, Pa. He passed into the world of spirits not quite a year ago. His widow and his friends consider that it bears the impress of his character. His age is given correctly, and the allusions made are borne out by the facts. Mrs. Searles is greatly rejoiced to hear from her husband, in a way which seems to afford such lucid and reliable proof of his continued existence and identity. MRS. J. H. CONANT.
Haver Hills, Pa., Jan. 15th, 1876.

Crowell's Second Volume.

We have already made an extended reference to the second volume (and the last) of Dr. Eugene Crowell on "The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism." We do not now propose to enter upon any review of it, but to do better justice to its merits by making running quotations from its very thorough discussion of different topics. In this work we may indulge ourselves and instruct our readers for several weeks to come, and at the end we should only urge them with increased emphasis to go directly to the work itself and peruse their spirits with its thoughtful perusal. We have already spoken of the contents of the second volume by its various chapters.

Dr. Crowell enlarges on the efficacy of prayer, tells us what true prayer is, that Jesus disliked ostentatious worship, rehearses what prayer did for Jung-Stilling, Lavater, Hermann Augustus Franke and George Muller, and proves that prayer heals the sick, comments on unworthy objects of prayer, explains why even sincere prayer sometimes fails, and tells us how to pray. "True prayer," he says, "does not primarily proceed from the natural mind; it is the pure aroma of the immortal soul arising through the rank soil of sin and materiality that overlays it, and in its upward course, to meet and mingle with the inspiration of deity, it pervades every avenue of sense, and bathes the mind in its own glory." "When prayer unnecessarily seeks publicity," he again observes, "it may well be distrusted, and we may well be assured that there is no efficacy in such prayer." God does not lend a listening ear to selfish prayers, yet theology wonders that spirits do not find for it lost treasure or foretell the weather.

"That prayer is effective in assisting recovery from disease," says Dr. Crowell, "few, if any, Spiritualists doubt; but the Protestant wing of the Christian Church is destitute of this faith in prayer, and practically sets itself against it by declaring that though by means of it miracles were wrought, yet they are not *note*, thus disqualifying itself for judging whether prayer is not yet mighty to effect similar results." Hyperus, a heathen, maintained that no physicians could hope for success unless "with a true faith they call upon God and teach their patients to do the like." Dr. Crowell says that if he were himself practicing as a physician at the present time, he would not only in many cases pray for his patients, but he would urge the necessity of their praying for themselves.

He recites the fact that remarkable results do many times follow earnest, true prayer in our day, as in the days of old. The early Christian Fathers, like the Apostles, implicitly believed in the power of prayer in restoring the sick. The Roman Catholic Church theoretically believes in it, and so do all the minor bodies which have separated from it at different periods, in which

spirituality has been conspicuous—as the Waldenses, Albigenses, Lollards, Catherians, and such Protestant organizations as the early Quakers or Friends, the early Methodists, the Irvingites, and the Shakers of our day. "Southerly's Life of Wesley and Count Zinzendorf," are quoted by Dr. Crowell in confirmation of the fact. In reference to answers to prayer, the author reminds his readers that the evidence is conclusive that God never operates except in harmony with his laws, and hence that we should not pray for a suspension of those laws. Prayer is the most effective means of developing the good that is in every soul. An earnest desire to fulfill duty is prayer—a tendency of the finite toward the Infinite.

Victor Hugo's Belief in Immortality.

At a recent dinner-party of *littérateurs* in Paris recently, Victor Hugo gave free expression, in the presence of several atheists, of his firm belief in the Infinite, and in the soul's immortality. To the latter the distinguished poet said with enthusiasm, his face the while brightening up with a heavenly halo: "There are no occult forces; there are only luminous forces. Occult force is chaos, the luminous force is God. Man is an infinitely little copy of God; this is glory enough for man. I am a man, an invisible atom, a drop in the ocean, a grain of sand on the shore. Little as I am, I feel the God in me, because I can also bring form out of my chaos. I make books, which are creations. I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why then is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal Spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous; yet simple. It is a fairy-tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song—I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open with the dawn."

A Hard Case.

We often enough meet with objects of compassion who challenge assistance from all they meet, but not very frequently with an unfortunate sufferer like Albert Peace, who is now and for between ten and twenty years has been confined in Auburn State Prison, New York, on a life sentence for a crime which was falsely sworn upon him. What makes the case as aggravated as possible is the fact that no record exists of the legal proceedings against him; or of his conviction and sentence. Doubtless it is because of the humbleness and poverty of the suffering victim that so little has been done for him. He has addressed us a full statement of the whole matter, and we can reach but one conclusion, which is, that he has been most atrociously wronged. The trouble with him has been in not being able to bring his case in a proper manner before the Governor. Petitions have been sent to the latter from different parts of the State, but so far without effect. Rev. J. H. Harter, of Utica, has personally interested himself in Mr. Peace's case, and at last a ray of light—but only a ray as yet—begins to dawn. Ex-Gov. Seymour has written Mr. Harter a letter on the subject, enclosing a request to Gov. Tilden, of which this is a copy: "To Gov. Tilden: Dear Sir—The Rev. J. H. Harter feels an interest in behalf of Albert Peace, who is confined at Auburn on a life sentence, and who has been in prison many years. I left some papers in his behalf with your Pardon Clerk last winter. I think favorably of the application. I hope you will look into the case, and if you can do so, you will give him a discharge."—Horatio Seymour. Poor Peace needs some \$200 to help him meet his law costs. He is a Spiritualist.

People's Course of Lectures.

This series of meetings at Paine Hall, Boston, continues to be carried on successfully by Dr. H. F. Gardner. On Sunday afternoon and evening, Jan. 16th—owing to the unexpected illness of J. Frank Baxter, who was announced to speak—Lysander S. Richards addressed the people, his afternoon discourse being upon marriage as scientifically considered, and his evening being on the abolition of the death penalty. The discourse for the afternoon was intended to awaken an interest in the revelations of phrenology and physiognomy as to fitness for entering the marriage state, and was illustrated by a great variety of cited examples where the preponderance of one or another set of organs in the cranial development produced widely different and in some cases disastrous results. He would have all parties intending matrimony take the important step with a due realization of the solemnity of the consequences proceeding from such union.

Mr. Baxter has now recovered from his severe indisposition (an attack of pneumonia), and will speak next Sunday afternoon and evening at Paine Hall—his lectures being made additionally interesting by his choice singing and his remarkable tests of spirit presence and identity.

On Sunday, Jan. 30th, Col. H. S. Olcott, of New York, speaks in the upper (larger) hall in the Paine Building, afternoon and evening—one of his subjects being "Eastern Magic and Western Spiritualism."

Some men there are who fancy they can ride rough-shod over their fellows with impunity. But it is a long road that has no turning, and these arrogant individuals find at length their own proper level when they are the least inclined to step down and out. The grand and beautiful law of compensation is a mighty power in the divine economy of the universe. Sooner or later it is sure to mete out justice to the humblest of God's creatures.

We have received No. 1, Vol. 1, of the Voice of Angels, the new paper published by D. C. Densmore, at No. 5 Dwight street, Boston. This is an eight page monthly, and the table of contents for the present number comprises L. Judd Pardee's Salutory, messages from manifesting spirits, selected poetry, etc.

A Pleasant Occasion.

A select company of the friends of Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Pierce assembled at their residence, 41 East Newton street, Boston, on the evening of Thursday, January 13th, and passed the hours happily away till long after midnight. The object of the convocation, apart from the general one of social enjoyment, was to welcome the advent of a wonderful clock—a Christmas present to the Doctor, which his invisible guides had in a singular manner, and after a long and unsuccessful search among the "curiosities shops" of Boston and New York, put him in the way of obtaining.

This clock bears upon its solid silver dial the name of A. J. Van Bergh, Rotterdam, as maker, and is held to be over one hundred years old. Its case is composed of solid rosewood, and the capacious area at the top is crowded with the machinery necessary to produce the varied results which this time-keeper is capable of affording for the entertainment of the observer. The hour, the quarter, the half and the "quarter to" are acknowledged in their flight by the chiming or striking of bells of different calibre; sixteen silver bells, properly attuned, give forth at intervals—or at the will of the person understanding how to set the chime—music which is thrilling in its sweetness; some twelve different airs, French, Prussian and Dutch, are furnished at requirement by this remarkable horologe.

At the bottom of the clock-face a man fishes in a pool, keeping time with the minute-hand, and never failing to "land" his prey; two old-fashioned windmills operate at the time of chiming, or striking, while on the right of the dial is a little church tower in which is a diminutive clock whose hands point the correct time in unison with those of the larger one to which it is attached. In addition to its time-telling and musical capacities, this clock also gives the rise and fall of the tide, and the days of the week and the month, each month being symbolized by an allegorical figure appropriate to its character, (as January by a skater, April by a clown, in reference to the changefulness of its weather, etc.) while the days of the week are shown by the ancient deities Jupiter, Mars, Venus, etc. Eighteen distinct movements are necessary to produce all these marvels, and yet the ancient servant, despite this mass of delicate machinery, keeps up its useful and charming work with the exercise of the best modern "regulators." This clock, supposed to be the only one of its kind in America, was imported by Dalt & Richards, and set up by George H. Elson, of Beacon street, Boston.

In honor of this addition to his "Jares and penates," and also the erection over the hall door of his dwelling of a centennial banner window, the work of the Boston Sand Blast Company, Dr. Pierce issued the invitations which brought together the pleasant party on the evening above mentioned. Social conversation, the playing of chess, backgammon, billiards, etc., sweet vocalizations by a young lady present, and the partaking of an excellent repast, made up the order of exercises. While the company were seated at the table, Dr. F. L. H. Willis in a brief but appropriate speech, expressed to the host, Dr. Pierce, the high estimation in which he was held for his mediocrity and other labors, and sentiments of good-will were given voice to by Mrs. Love M. Willis, and others.

After the adjournment of the people to the parlors above the dining-hall, Dr. Pierce was controlled by the spirit claiming to be a French physician, by name Le Fouche, (who has for so long a time been his co-laborer in the fields of medical work) who expressed the congratulations of the unseen ones, spoke hopefully of the future of Spiritualism, and returned thanks in behalf of his medium for the kindly sentiments which had during the evening found utterance.

Second Edition of Sargent's Reply to Tyndall.

Our readers are aware that the leading man of science of the day in England, Professor John Tyndall, has recently proclaimed to the world that Spiritualism is "degrading;" that it is "intellectual whoredom." To this coarse opprobrium Mr. E. Sargent has written such a Reply as careful thinkers will rejoice in. An eminent citizen and accomplished scholar says of it: "I admire Sargent's Answer to Tyndall. It is true as Euclid. I am inclined to think it among the very ablest of the author's productions."

Such has been the demand for our cheap pamphlet edition of Sargent's Reply to Tyndall that we have been obliged to stereotype and reprint it. The price is five cents; the postage on one or two copies is one cent. For two dollars we will send fifty copies; postage free. We hope that the friends of Spiritualism will circulate this Reply very widely, for the sake of the many who long to believe but are frightened off by such authorities as Tyndall.

Seventh Annual Camp-Meeting of Spiritualists.

We are informed by Dr. H. F. Gardner that himself and Dr. Richardson have arranged to hold the camp-meeting heretofore carried on at Silver Lake, at a new place for 1876. This spot is a fine grove near the town of Walpole, Mass., on the main line of the New York and New England Railroad, and near the junction of the Boston, Clinton and Fitchburg railroad, twenty miles from Boston. The camp-meeting will commence there July 19th, and continue to the 9th of August—three weeks in all. The position is admirably fitted for the obtaining of reduced rates of fare on the railroads from many points inaccessible at Silver Lake; the new grove will be finely fitted up, under superintendence of Dr. Gardner, and promises, with its superior natural advantages, to speedily eclipse the former place of meeting in the estimation of the public.

Postal Reforms.

The Special Postal Committee of the Board of Trade has prepared a memorial to Congress suggesting various reforms in the postal service, by which, if carried out, and the mail matter divided into three classes, the rates for the first and second classes could be reduced to one and two cents per ounce, and for the third class, which should include periodicals, magazines, etc., to four cents per pound.

A SINGULAR FACT.—When business is dull and money hard to get, the various churches in Boston hold daily prayer-meetings. When business is brisk and money flows freely from hand to hand, our Christian friends do their praying only on the Sabbath. Is this consistent devotion? Is it heart-worship—or what? Can Brother Murray answer these questions?

A fair in aid of free dinners for working-girls, at Boffin's Bow, Boston, was successfully inaugurated Tuesday evening, Jan. 18th. Jennie Collins is doing a good work for the poor in this direction, and we are glad to perceive that the public generally is waking to the importance of her claims for assistance in meeting the pecuniary demands of the indigent.

C. D. Williams, M. D., gives an encouraging report of the state of Spiritualism in St. Paul, Minn.; some of the best minds in the city being attracted to the investigation of its claims to recognition.

"Words—Words—Words."

One Mr. Alf Burnett (whoever he may be) has a wordy letter in the Memphis (Tenn.) Ledger, in which, in defiance of all the laws of grammar and of logic, he raves foolishly against Spiritualism. Some one sends us his loose and rambling stuff with the request that we would notice it. His mere assertions of course do not need an answer. Of argument he gives us nothing. But there is a statement in regard to Maskelyne and Cook, the London jugglers, which may mislead the uninformed. Maskelyne and Cook manage, by certain mechanical contrivances and illusive effects, to give an imitation of some of the phenomena of Spiritualism. Their *modus operandi* has been repeatedly exposed by Dr. Sexton and others. If there is any phenomenon on their list which is inexplicable, it is undoubtedly produced by the aid of some recreant medium, who is willing to have the manifestations he gets through spirit aid, credited to human jugglery. Such cases have been not uncommon. There is a standing offer of one hundred pounds to Maskelyne and Cook, defying them to produce certain phenomena (which they pretend to be able to effect) under such conditions as have repeatedly been submitted to by mediums through whom the phenomena occur. Maskelyne and Cook have up to this time dodged the offer. It is not at all improbable that there is a good medium among their coöperators; but they can make more money by claiming to be all jugglers. Most of their tricks are accomplished by mechanical means; and the conditions are wholly unlike the perfectly simple conditions without apparatus of any kind, except a plain cabinet, which the genuine medium requires. Mr. Alf Burnett discourses very confidently on a subject of which he is densely ignorant; he was evidently "raised" before the schoolmaster was abroad; or else in a part of the country where the name of Lindley Murray was unknown. Let him learn modesty and give us facts, however he may ignore grammar; and let him not suppose that more than a million of intelligent men and women in the country, who have faithfully investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism, have been duped by impostures which it requires the sagacity of Mr. Alf Burnett to expose and denounce.

Mold Seance in Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Mary M. Hardy and her husband are now on a Southern tour, and under date of January 17th we hear good news concerning them, the Bee, the new independent reform daily of Baltimore of that date, bringing the announcement that on the evening of the 16th Lyceum Hall, on West Baltimore street, was filled by those desirous of witnessing the peculiar phenomenon in the presence of Mrs. Hardy, concerning which so much has been reported. The sitting was prefaced by a lecture from Dr. T. B. Taylor, a committee, consisting of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Evans, (Skeptics,) and Mr. Leonard and Dr. Ferry, (Spiritualists;) was appointed to examine the paraphernalia, and the seance proved successful, molds of two hands being found upon lifting the table. The Bee further says:

"The committee announced that they were unable to detect any cheater on the part of Mrs. Hardy or any one else in the room." The casts were examined by a large portion of the audience. The Spiritualists were satisfied that it was an indubitable test, and the skeptics, who regarded it as a trick, were unable to tell how it was done."

Mrs. Hardy is announced to visit Washington before her return home.

Paine Centennial Celebration.

The one hundred and thirty-ninth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine will be celebrated in Boston on Friday evening, January 28th. Investigator Hall, Paine Memorial Building, will be open at half-past seven o'clock, for assembling of friends for conversation, and Paine Hall will be open at nine o'clock. Dancing, songs, speeches, and a supper will constitute the order of exercises; Messrs. B. F. Underwood, W. S. Bell, Chas. Ellis, and other able speakers will be present. The celebration will continue through Saturday and Sunday.

It is announced that at the convention to be held at Investigator Hall on the 29th, a full Report of the Building Committee of the Paine Memorial, will be presented. All contributors to the Paine Hall Fund are respectfully invited to be present to hear the report and take such action thereon as may be deemed advisable.

Be on your Guard.

We briefly alluded in our last issue to an evident impostor named "Livingstone," who attempted to deceive the good people of Houston, Texas, by professing to be a medium. The same man, we now learn, about the middle of December imposed his pretensions upon the citizens of Memphis, Tenn., notwithstanding that Dr. Watson, of the "Spiritual Magazine," cautioned them against him; but they did not feel disposed to heed Dr. W.'s admonitions, and were accordingly "sold." But the Houstonites were too wary for "Livingstone," and his money-making trip there was a total failure. True mediums should not be cast aside in consequence of the imposition of pretenders, any more than a gold coin should be discarded because of the circulation of base counterfeits.

Unless the steps now taken through agitation of thought by supplemented by united action on the part of the liberals, the God-in-the-Constitution party, reinforced by the votes of thousands of unthinking people, will in time foil their creedal amendment upon us to go into disastrous operation all over the United States. The secularization of our common school system is one object toward which free-thinkers should bend their energies in this struggle, that the mind of the coming generation be left free from sectarian bias. The Bible must come out of the schools—says a contemporary, and truly—or the amendment will go into the Constitution.

The Boston Investigator uses the following language concerning the lecture engagement recently filled at Paine Hall, Boston, by Prof. R. G. Eccles, and its words are true to the letter: "He [Eccles] has not drawn the large audiences that he deserved, for he is unknown here, and therefore did not attract a crowd. The angel Gabriel himself would not succeed in Boston if he were to come among us as a stranger." Read the report—on our eighth page—of the eloquent discourse with which Prof. Eccles closed his labors in this city for the present.

Our enterprising contemporary, the Cape Ann Advertiser—Proctor Brothers, publishers, Gloucester, Mass.—is out with a new and neat heading, illustrated with the cut of a harbor-view of the city wherein it is issued.

MESSAGE3 FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

Introductory

I was a resident of Baltimore—probably known by some present, not by all. [A gentleman

Written for the Banner of Light.
FLOWERS IN JANUARY

BY GRACE LELAND.

THE WEST:
CLOSING OUT AN EVENTFUL

THE WEST:

CLOSING OUT AN EVENTFUL YEAR.
BY WARREN CHASE.

before women can call forth any good in men, they must themselves be good and true to every law of health, mental and physical.

The "Type-Writer" Out-Written.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light :

land with her little sister, Ethel May, aged 1 year.

months, who preceded her but a few months. May these little angels often come to their home on earth to cheer

little angels often come to their home on earth to cheer their sorrowing parents, as the writer says them while mourning the departed.

New Zealand	1
Peru (Isla Colon)	1
Russia	2
Spain	2
Venezuela	3

New Books.

THE SPIRITS' BOOK:

CONTAINING
The Principles of Spiritist Doctrine

ON
THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL: THE
NATURE OF SPIRITS AND THEIR

RELATIONS WITH MEN: THE
MORAL LAW: THE PRESENT
LIFE, THE FUTURE LIFE, AND THE
DESTINY OF THE HUMAN RACE

ACCORDING TO THE TEACHINGS OF
SPIRITS OF HIGH DEGREE, TRANS-
MITTED THROUGH VARIOUS
MEDIUMS,

COLLECTED AND SET IN ORDER
BY ALLAN KARDEC.
Translated from the French, from the Hundred and
Twentieth Thousand,

BY ANNA BLACKWELL.
The Work contains a fine steel-plate portrait of the
Author.
—
This book—printed from duplicate English stereotyp
—

plates, and which we are able to sell at a much less rate than the London edition—is sent out as a companion volume to the *Book of Medisins*, by the same author, and for this purpose is printed on a similar style of paper, and in binding, etc., uniform with the preceding volume.

At an hour when many skeptics, trained to the need of text books for aid in searching out knowledge concerning the various and startling

life and its belongings, both now and to come, are turning their attention to the claims of the Spiritual Philosophy; this sterling volume is calculated to fill an important place in the popular demand, and to do much good by the enlightenment of the inquiring.

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digest with profit.
The translator's preface, by Anna Blackwell, giving a
it does a fine and readable sketch of Rival's (or "Kand-
dec's") experiences, and the exquisitely finished steel-
plate portrait of this celebrated gentleman, are of them-
selves worth almost the entire price of the book.
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BOOK ON MEDIUMS

BOOK ON MEDIUMS

OR,

GUIDE FOR MEDIUMS AND INVOCATORS:

CONTAINING

**The Special Instruction of the Spirits on
the Theory of all kinds of Manifesta-
tions; the Means of Communica-**

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The Rostrum.

THE LAST GRAND GENERALIZATION OF SCIENCE: THE LAW OF CONTINUITY.

A Lecture Delivered at Paine Hall, Boston, Mass., Sunday Evening, Jan. 22d, by Prof. H. G. Eccles.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—We have now reached our fifth and last lecture of the scientific course. The long, weary hills of induction and deduction are nearly mounted, and we now propose, after a brief recapitulation, to point out the beauties revealed around these Alpine heights of matter and of force, the twin mysteries of the universe. By many startling experiments, and by the sure aid of facts, we have threaded our way through jungles and marshes, always finding ourselves at last upon solid, certain ground. We have found ourselves indebted for the facts of Nature to our five senses. These are the avenues of misery and pleasure, and the portals for the soul to reach after truth. In the eye, heretofore currents, or waves of force, are started, and we learned that these produced sight within; in the ear, similar currents, or force waves, produce sound, and so on through the series of senses. Every sense was traced to the brain, and the nerves shown to perform functions analogous to the telegraph wires in carrying their messages to distant towns or cities. Cut the wires, and the message is arrested; sever the nerves, and they cease to act. Tickle a man with a straw, and we learned that this established a nerve current. All other nerve currents were found to be but a different kind of tickle. The heat of the stove is no more like the sensation of heat than the tickle is like the tickle of a straw. The objects you see within your consciousness, and call your friends, are no more like the actual objects than the tickle and feather are alike. The sensations of odor, taste and feeling tell us no more of the actual condition of things than the tickle does of the straw or feather. We have found, therefore, that in reality what we have put for matter is our consciousness of different modes of nerve motion. No man has ever seen, heard, felt, tasted or smelled matter. The objects we are conscious of, through our senses, are found to be mere symbols, and not even pictures of the external realities. This I believe has been made clear, both by logic and actual experiment, to every one who has listened to my four preceding lectures on the subject. I do not suppose one of you can now doubt or deny it. Force thus became the grand question of our thesis, and we proceeded to investigate its source, modes, and transmissions. We found chemical action turning into electricity, electricity into heat and light, heat into motion, motion into electricity, and so on through the series. Every change of matter and force and color and odor and sound were all found to be but different manifestations of the same thing—force. Even thought and life became resolved into the same terms, and the source of all phenomenal activity traced to the sun. This by analyzing the subjective world, every act of consciousness was found an act of force; and on turning our attention to the objective or phenomenal world, we found our position but confirmed in the different modes of motion of masses, molecules and atoms of matter, all of which terms were defined and clearly explained in the lecture on Oxygen. In the actual experiment you saw that sounds of different pitch or tone could be produced by altering the weight, size, shape or structure of the sounding body; that the sound did not depend upon the kind or quality of matter, but merely upon its states or conditions. Change these, and the sound is changed. By similar experiments and diagrams of the molecular and atomic conditions of matter as displayed by isomerism and allotropy, you saw with your eyes and learned by your senses that every property of matter was, like that of sound, merely governed by the size, form, weight or structure of the molecules, and that at all by its essence. From indications of this, the sun could not produce every variety of taste, odor, feeling, color, etc., just as readily, and for the same reason. You also learned that spectral analysis revealed in the developing nebulae the fact that the best complex forms of matter appeared first, and from the light, mobile hydrogen through all degrees of elements, successive steps of development seem to have been taken, a simpler form even than hydrogen appearing first, and called by the Germans *Urstoff*, or primal matter. All forms of matter, it is altogether probable, are mere developments from this. We know that change of matter only through its properties, and since every property is but an expression of force, it must be clear to you that all we really know of matter is its force. In all its infinite divisibility only its cohesive force is known, and in its resistance force alone is revealed. The scientific mind can only think, then, of an atom as a radiating centre of force sending out pulsations to the universe. But if a centre of force, on what basis of substance is it fixed? You saw that gravity, cohesion and affinity, considered in the light of either of the only two possibilities, viz.: attraction in front or repulsion behind, made a plenum, or completely filled universe, or a vacuum, or empty space. Light and heat in radiant form lead to the same in a less degree. Matter, therefore, must be nothing but modes of force with (or without) a plenum, and all there really is of it resides within the properties. Whatever, therefore, is a law of necessity in one property of matter must be the same in every property, and we shall now proceed to investigate it in the light of the Law of Continuity. It was a long, long time ere men could clearly see that force was not annihilated, and heat, light, etc., created from nothing; but now the correlation and conservation of forces has become a scientific fact, at least, the law to which every other must bend or to which it must agree. It is only within the last decade of years that a thought has received expression in words more potent for good even than this. A new and grander law is looming up that only the few initiated ones have even got a glimpse of in half illumination. Deeper than every other that has preceded it, by its aid the facts of science are marshaled, and grander forms and more startling revelations than the wildest dreams of the fiery Arabians could invoke. All former thought pales into insignificance before its mastery of eloquence and grandeur, yet it is so simple, it needs but to be stated for a child to see its truth and follow its implications. When so followed, we stand agape at our former ignorance, and wonder at our blindness. It strikes the death-knell of materialism in its negations, while accepting as positive truth its every affirmation. In its light a holy splendor shines around the inspired utterance of Tyndall as it reveals in matter the promise and potency of deep-seated, endless and eternal possibilities of life. While reveling in the finite, it ravishes the soul with an awful yet glorious glimpse of the infinite. Deeper than any previous reason, and only fatigue and our own insignificance arrests us on the journey. This can be gained from a thoughtful study of what is implied by the law of continuity, after having carefully followed me through the four last lectures. I will now proceed to make a concise statement of the law, choosing time and space as examples of its workings, and from thence I will transfer it to force, the third actuality of existence around which clusters all possibilities of phenomena. If it were possible for you to journey out into space, could you conceive of a place in the journey from which some space had been cut out, or a breach or gap between finite and infinite where there was no space? Space is, therefore, at once perceived to be continuous or unbroken, and you cannot conceive of its being otherwise. Stretching far beyond the haze the infinite has hidden itself within, lies this unbroken succession of space,

and no intellect can for a moment think of a breach to its continuity.

The last satisfaction consciousness demands is to rest upon this foundation. We know we cannot grasp the infinite, but when we see or whether it appears before us, contentment is reached, and we are able to stretch the mind indefinitely forward into the fathomless abyss, and learn that it is our impotency alone that hinders further and deeper strides. Any sudden barrier brings dissatisfaction, and we feel confident that ignorance alone is in the way of our mastery. The soul demands an endless, unbroken road to journey along, claiming its superiority to every barrier but endlessness. Tell a man that certain things are unknowable, and his consciousness and yours will both give the lie to the statement until it is seen that the reason of its unknowableness is that an endless series of facts lead to it. It must be mastered ere you can think of it or know it. Could we master all the facts and possibilities of nature's revelations to our consciousness, everything would be knowable; there would be no unknowable. Matter, force, time, space and consciousness are all, in their ultimate natures, unknowable, because of the law of endless continuity which forbids our marshaling the facts that lead to them. You thus see our law as applied to space and knowledge. It is just as true of time. Between us and the endless past you cannot conceive of a breach in time where there was no time, nor can you think of a place in time where time began. It stretches on into the endless future, continuous and unbroken. That this law of continuity could be false in these relations is preposterously absurd. It must be true. It cannot for a moment be thought of as false. And now being found true of these, can it be doubted when applied to the quantity or mode of force? Is there an end or breach of force? Is there a place where force is not? Are its modes limited, or are there jumps and gaps between modes? Had the quantity of force been limited, the past eternity would have long since dissipated it, and this phenomenal universe could never have been. The quantity is, therefore, endless. Downward its quantity is infinitely divisible, upward its area must be infinitely vast. It is power—Infinite power—Omnipotence. Matter endures us in the depths of nature, if it at all exists. That which we call matter is but varied modes of force. Our only conceivable symbol of force is a line of motion. All so-called positive knowledge is reducible to this symbol. What are its powers and possibilities? Let us gauge it by the law of continuity. By aid of an instrument called the stroboscope it is found that about sixteen vibrations of the atmosphere in a second is the lowest number and the least capacity of those within the range of hearing about thirty-four thousand and reaches the limit of every ear. With the eye higher numbers obtain. About four hundred and seventy-four trillions of vibrations, or waves upon the ether, are the lowest that can be seen; while the highest is nearly double this number. With feeling, taste and odor, contact of the vibrating body being necessary, the computations have never yet been made.

John Tyndall, in one of his experiments in the theatre of the Royal Society, when lecturing upon Acoustics, performed a wonderful experiment, which we can ourselves easily repeat. The lower story of the building a piano was placed in charge of a good player. From the sounding-board of the instrument a long lead board was caused to pass through an intermediate room up to the lecture theatre, ending near the stage. Where it passed through the successive floors it was clamped with India rubber. At an appointed signal the player began the execution of a piece, but as yet no response was heard in the hall. Mr. Tyndall, stepping aside for a moment, took his hands a harp, and bringing it forward placed its base upon the termination of the lead board, which was connected with the sounding-board of the piano, when, presto! as if a magician's wand had waved, most excellent music poured out upon the ears of the delighted multitude from the harp, and yet no hand had struck it. The resonant frame of the harp took up by sympathy and repeated every note of the piano. But how about its wires or strings? These too gave forth their responsive quiver and joined in the delightful strains until the player inadvertently or purposely ran beyond their range, and there was no response from them. Every string was controlled by its own note, but no other, being subject to the same laws as the tuning fork, and the same persistent with in a former lecture. Running down to the bass notes the harp strings were motionless; within their own range they took up and repeated the rhythm; beyond that range they became silent once more. Every string was subject to its own time of rhythm while perfectly unconscious of every other. I hope you have all tried the experiment of this kind I told you of in my second lecture. If you placed paper riders on the wires of the piano, raised the dampers, and with the cover lifted sang some favorite piece, as your voice passed from note to note you saw the response of those wires that corresponded to the note sounded by the voice. Each in succession was cast off, while your voice reached the successive chords. It is by this same law of sympathetic vibrations we see, hear, feel, taste and smell. Only those rhythms of energy whose time accords with the molar or molecular swing of our nerves can produce within us a state of consciousness. It must be capable of taking hold of the terminations of some one or more of the nerve systems, and establishing amid its tissue a current of isomeric change, or it cannot produce consciousness. This is absolutely necessary. Our five sets of the senses, then, are comparable thus far to five sets of strings whose ranges are limited to their own sound and note.

All modes being taken up and transferred by exactly the same law of sympathy, it is true of one, it is obvious, must be so of all, so far as transfer is concerned. Without fixing the real limit of capacity to any set of nerves, since but two are really known with anything like definite accuracy, let us proceed at once to the application of the law of continuity, beginning each with the same assumed number, but with indefinitely variable time answering to their differences. Let the lowest number of vibrations that the human ear can hear be sixteen in a second, must there not, in an infinite or endless series, be fifteen unheeded, fourteen unheeded, ten, nine, eight, down to unheeded; one half, one-fourth, one-eighth, one-sixteenth, and so on, and all unheeded—an infinite range of sounds downward, that mortal ear has never heard? Let the highest number of vibrations taken up by those little rods of corti, (which I told you were ranged like the keyboard of a piano within the cochlea of the ear) be thirty-four in any given time—say the thousandth part of a second. This will be the highest pitch possible for us to hear. Must there not, in an endless series, be thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven, and so on without end, all unheeded by mortal ear? Limited to these narrow confines of finitude is the auditory range, while up and down the vast expanse of infinitude peals forth the eternal symphonies of glory to that power that has been from everlasting to everlasting, unknown, unheeded by mortal ears. Each universe but adds a note to this appalling endlessness of song. Grandeur are the peals that soul can dream of, deeper and higher the range of note than the wildest flights of fancy can carry us. Between my hands lies finite space that but compares with our range of hearing. Would you learn to distinguish between that which is and that which but appears. Follow my right hand in imagination, as it ascends into the dread heights of infinitude upward, while my left pursues a similar but opposite journey downward. The narrow space which I now span, compared with all I hear, while infinite space is but a type of the sounds beyond our range, both up and down. All we see is light. Light, we proved, was a mode of motion, a method of vibration. Between fixed and defined ranges lies every color we see in matter. All we have said about the ear and its limited capacity for sound tells with equal force upon the eye and its capacity for sight. If forty-seven in about the ten trillionth of a second be the lowest vibrations, we see our law of continuity compel an endless range below, unseen, unknown. If eighty in the same time be the highest, it likewise compels an endless series above. Beauty of color and light, sparkling glory and iridescent grandeur endless-

ly shining forth in its shimmer of heaven-born flame. Ah! how the heart quivers at the thought! Once more is the soul appalled with the awful view of its insignificance, and helpless, when gazed so terribly grand revealed. What are we in the presence of so august a thought, but as a speck—a mote. Infinite extends the range of beauty, beyond the eye upward and downward upon the endless scale. An insignificant speck is all we see, and we would limit the powers and possibilities of the Absolute to our dimly-remembered by declaring what is unseen is not. What babbling conceit! What childishness of thought! Deep into the very heart of nature are hidden scenes more awfully sublime than even this view I have shown you by the sound of grain in the spring, the noise would be so terrible it would injure it, not destroy the organ. What must it be in a forest at the same season? It is a well-known fact that there are people who can hear much higher notes than their fellows, and still others that can hear lower. This depends entirely upon the structure of the organ. Sounds too have been produced so high that no ear was able to hear them. In the domain of light similar facts obtained. Tyndall has succeeded by calorification in raising radiations into the visible light, which before such elevation were completely invisible to the eye, and in a former lecture he demonstrated for you rays that lay beyond the capacity of the eye down to its standard. We may look before long for the same thing being done with taste and odor. If we can believe current report, and the testimony of apparently reliable witnesses, it has been done in the department of feeling (contact of that called matter) in cases of what purports to be materializations of spirits. The æthereal rays with which the photographer takes your likeness are mainly composed of the upper invisible rays of the sun—rays which no eye can see in their normal condition. A solution of sulphate of quinine in acid reduces them to blue rays and enables them to be seen, but completely unfit them for photographic purposes. Wet the windows of a photograph gallery with such a solution, and if strong no more pictures can be taken there till the windows are cleaned. All we have said of sound and sight are equally true of feeling, taste and smell. Finite vibrations control them and awaken within us a consciousness of their presence in the external, while an endless scale reaches on above and far, far below even that we can imagine, let alone that we feel. In a former lecture I showed you that the earth is the only body conceivably capable of gravity, of holding a plenum or filled universe, was a necessity of thought, and that the atoms of matter were moving, radiating centres of force in this plenum. What, then, we have said regarding nerve actions being limited to the finite, and infinite possibilities, is at once seen to be true regarding the powers and possibilities of matter. Tyndall says man is comparable to a musical instrument with five sets of strings, and you can now see clearly how true and beautiful his simile is. Nature is a piano with an absolutely endless range of notes. Man is a harp with but five sets of notes. Every chord he can produce is a note of harmony, and man but catches those within his dimly-remembered narrow range. Think of a conscious harp denying the existence of those notes of a piano so far beyond its range they do not affect it, and you have a notion of the downright idiosyncrasy that has hitherto characterized us all in the way we have looked upon and dealt with nature.

In every point of space lies the possibility and probability of a limitless series of conditions. Where this world now is may be, for aught I or anybody else knows, an endless series of worlds, real, solid, tangible as the one we now inhabit. Forces that adapt themselves to our consciousness as solid granites, may adapt themselves to other consciousnesses as anything else conceivable. Forces that do us wrong as conscious beings, at all may be solid granite to consciousnesses who have developed with such an adaptation. Such are the actual possibilities of the case, as seen by the light of the combined facts of the various departments of science. The law of continuity, taken with the known facts of physics and psychology, forces upon us, in spite of all opposition, an infinite series of worlds and universes lying within the very hearts of each other throughout space. Carry the necessary laws of polar force and evolution into these super-sensuous worlds—for my part I cannot conceive of a world without the aid of the laws of nature, and you will find by far that the tales of the Orient were depicted. Here are actual, tangible and real heavens, æthereal and ætheral. Here are many mansions of our Father's house. Here are places where the soul may revel through æthereal joys in joy and gladness and without monotony. In these grand homes of blessedness new birds will sound their lays; strange, sweet flowers shed their fragrance; delightful zephyrs sing their lullaby and bring with the aroma of rich Eden the witchery of Paradise. Touched with the talisman of science this is no empty dream, but sterling, sure reality. Study carefully the facts forces that do us wrong, and you will find, and every step and enduring. It but needs the testimony of a denizen of one of the series to have the double confirmation of experiment and logic.

Before proceeding further with my argument I know you will pardon me for introducing a little mathematics, and diverting your mind for a few seconds to another part of our subject. Will you be kind enough to imagine this earth stripped of all forms of life, both animal and vegetable, and left a howling waste with but yourself and one tiny seed of some plant to stock it? We will have every grain of seed, every seed of cultivation, and give us all the field and forest we need. Let us choose a sunflower seed, as it is about as productive as anything we can procure. We plant it and it produces a vigorous, healthy plant. In the harvest we find it laden with seeds. It had twenty flowers, and every disc floret terminates in a seed. Our plant has borne about ten thousand seeds. Let us avoid even the appearance of exaggeration, and rather take from than add to the number. We will say that it only produced fifty perfect seeds. The second year these give fifty plants, and fifty times fifty, or two thousand five hundred seeds; the third year we again have fifty plants, and so on for a successive series of years. Finding the number of seeds and plants on our planet, and reducing these to square feet, how long do you suppose it would take, allowing a space of one foot to each plant, before they would, at this rate of multiplication, fill the world? At the end of the ninth year, I find, by actual calculation, that this world would have to be nearly half as large again as it is to hold them. If we only allowed one square inch to a plant, in eleven years we would have enough for twenty such worlds as ours; in twelve years it would require one thousand worlds the size of ours to hold them. In thirteen years fifty thousand; in fourteen years five hundred thousand; in fifteen years five million; in sixteen years fifty million. Remember, too, this is only allowing the beggarly space of one square inch to a plant. It must be at once obvious to every person present that, under such a rigorous regime, millions upon millions must annually perish, and only those specially favored with proper conditions, endurance and vigor for the terrific struggle can survive. But you have doubtless taken a forecast of the field in advance of me, and seen that the earth is now surcharged with its myriads upon myriads of struggling existences, not only vegetal, but also animal, to every one of which this terrible law applies.

Pause, then, upon the threshold of the argument and consider the horrible carnage that is continually being perpetrated around us. No pang of sympathy arises in us for the dying and the dead, unless some one near and dear to us is numbered among the sufferers, and when the receding distance steps not only over space, but time, and kinship is moved far off in the dim horizon of development, we ourselves become the butchers, and assist in crushing out helplessness. Does God reel, or is the Devil monarch of the universe? Have the legions of the fabled hells of our fathers been let loose to riot everlastingly in bloodshed, misery and destruction? They tick, tick, beats the pendulum of the clock, and every tick is but tolling

out the death knell of millions upon millions of senseless beings, the crimson tide of life rushes through the chambers of our hearts, every beat sounds but the funeral march to the grave of quadrillions of dead, and tells of the sufferings of many, very many more, that yet writhes in agony upon the altars of this huge and bloody Moloch. Every hand is paralyzed that would stay the damning sacrifice, or arrest one victim from the insatiable maw of the awful monster. Talk of your Waterloos, Sebastopols, Bull Run or Gettysburgs, they are mere child's play in the presence of this dreadful devourer. The numerous clang of battle and the panoply of war may sicken the hearts of the merciful, but oh, horror of horrors! this silently operating, Thug of Things has no comparison in barbarousness. Every foot of land and sea is the Golgotha of its operations. Is there, can there be a God permitting such an awful state of affairs? That I may have a momentary pleasure or rest in the lap of ease, millions must suffer the excruciating tortures of the damned. That I may have joy and pleasure, they are racked with pains and groan in misery. That I may live, they must die. What profit is there in all this? Who can redeem the character is the Eternal—point me to why he should be hidden here the merciful, but oh, hiding its glory before the moments of life cover from view the evolving grandeur of coming days, can it be the same here? As the glory of Aurora follows the darkness of night, may it not be that our short-sightedness has done injustice to the plans of Infinite Wisdom? See what this struggle does for the few that remain on the earth! "In the struggle for existence, the fittest survives." Two lecturers appear upon the rostrum, demanding honors; that one best adapted to the business survives, while his competitor is driven to the wall. As the first survivor in turn is compelled to concede the better fitness. Ages pass away, and every age has preserved its fitness and improvements, adding by successive steps new ones, thus producing a steady, sure and successful progress. This holds good of every vocation and avenue of life, of every plant and animal, of every state and condition. Without this struggle, there could be no progress. On the surface, then, we see this small gain coming from the vast shipwreck of being. But this is not enough to sustain the claims of beneficence. Misery is yet at a maximum, and pleasure with adaptation at a minimum. The reverse of this must be true, and there must be a life. The universe is a miserable failure, and could have devised a better myself, if it is this.

Permit me to divert your attention a moment to another section of the argument. Allow me to make another draft upon your imagination. Let us enter one of the ponderous grain-elevators of Chicago or Milwaukee, and imagine we see therein a succession or series of sieves superposed upon one another for sifting and selecting various standards of grain. A heterogeneous mass of wheat and oats, corn and barley, dirt, straw and stubble is poured into the upper one, and the shaking begins. A struggle for existence is established, and only those kinds adapted to any given sieve will be able to abide therein; all others must drop through, and keep dropping until they find their places of abode. Having found that, they remain there as long as they are fit. Now let your minds run back to my former argument from the law of continuity concerning the powers, possibilities and necessities of matter and force, and you will see that we found the universe composed of forces within forces ad infinitum, running in endlessly to the very heart of Nature, each one of the series of invisible conditions capable of supporting individualized beings, bearing a relation to its preceding and succeeding one, much the same as our sieves do to one another. What, then, can this death-struggle mean that is going on but, as in the case of our grain, is a selection of the fittest, and sifting of the indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a higher state of individualization and an endless progression in the invisible? This brings, in compensation for the momentary pang of each "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Terrible as this combined misery appeared to us a moment ago, it now pales into insignificance before this greater grandeur it has itself evoked. All these so-called dead but drop to a place better adapted to them, and they become established in a higher fitness of life. As this struggle continues with each, through the eternal ages, every age brings improvement and glory, and the annihilation of the dead. To the unexpanded soul the struggle for existence only tells of misery here and non-existence hereafter, but to those who have opened their intellectual eyes and gazed beyond the narrow—misery narrow—confines of our bodily vision, it becomes grand and desirable beyond description. Our fathers supposed the world was flat, because it appeared to be; we have now learned that the margin of an enormous globe limited our vision at the horizon. Many of us have considered the Infinite superficial, while the endlessness of a globe characterized it and we could only see the horizons of matter. The cases are parallel. With such a glow as this, you will see, the watchword of the angels at the portals and gates of heaven is the truth uttered by Charles Darwin, "In the struggle for existence, the fittest survives." The man who dares to deny its truth but gives the lie to his own consciousness. No one can for a moment imagine that it might be false. It speaks in thunder tones the thought of God, and is the key-note of absolute wisdom as far as it is possible for man to grasp.

Upon the visible surface of Nature continuous lines of force are established. The whole visible universe has to each of its parts a definite and endless track to follow. Currents of life are thus created, upon the earth. The oak tree has wound up its force in the polarity of the acorn, the acorn runs it out in the coming oak. (You will here remember my experiments and arguments on polarity.) This is the direction or tendency of least resistance established in the unseen. Like a river that never runs dry, all waste of force is made good again, and, indeed, at first appearance, seems to be more than made good, as one oak will produce millions of acorns. Only one, however, upon an average of them all, reaches oakhood, and occupies the place of its parent. There must be directions of least resistance running from sphere to sphere through all the material spheres, and have discovered we can not conceive of its not being so—directions of least resistance for every form of force flowing in chains of kinship through insensible blendings without a breach.

Such, again, is the demand of our law of continuity. As every form of existence here projects itself forward by the outer polarity of the surface, bodily, in the lines of least resistance, so must the ego or individuality project itself inward by exactly the same law, through the lines of least resistance which run at right angles to the visible lines. This will necessitate immortality. I will try and make this clear to you by a perfect analogy. Illustration. Imagine me seated here in a boat upon a calm, unrudded sea. The sails are unfurled, and preclude the possibility of my seeing beyond them. Let this stand represent the sail. A steamboat with ponderous side-wheels heaves in sight from beyond the horizon, sending forth monster waves toward me. Calmly I survey them as they approach, and as a philosopher speculate upon their mode of existence. I mark the first as it rolls along, and am surprised to find that the force but bears the form along, and not the water. Each successive step it takes changes the liquid body, yet it still remains the same wave. The water rises and falls in analogy with the direction of the wave, but is about at right angles to the up and down motion of the water. The transition from body to body of water is so slow yet certain that I cannot tell where one ends and the other begins. At last it reaches my frail craft, and I am tossed over its back as it—what? Proceeds beyond the limit of vision made by my sail? Or does it end there, because I can no longer follow it? Come now, says, decide, for on this decision hangs my lease of life for eternity. Return a moment to the facts and experiments of my second lecture before attempting a decision. It was then seen that force was indestructible, and could but change its shape. What of our wave? Has it

struck a barrier to its progress? Is there a rock in its way? If there is, why was it not transmuted into another form? Or why did it not return back again upon its path to its source? The answer is clear. There is water beyond that sail, and as there was no barrier in the way it has gone on beyond my range of vision. You would all call me insane if I denied this. Now for the application. A child is born into the world possessing a conscious existence. Seven years pass away, and by the attrition and replacement of particles in that child's body, one, and probably more than one body has been removed, yet it remains the same conscious wave or being throughout this time; fourteen years fly over its head, and two, perhaps three, bodies have all been given up to mother earth, and yet the wave of consciousness remains, unaffected, its identity. Thus it goes through life, till ten or fifteen bodies have been passed through by that same individual wave of consciousness.

As the water rose and fell while the wave proceeded onward, so these bodies come from the earth and sink back again, and the ego marches directly on its way till it reaches the veil between us and the invisible, and then—what? Has this wave of force become annihilated? What of the correlation and conservation of force? Is it transmuted? If so, into what? Not heat, the corpse is cold! Not light! Not electricity! Not magnetism! Come, sages, answer. Where has this conscious store of force, this wave of life, taken itself? If there had been no water beyond the sail capable of carrying the mode of force of our wave, it would have been transmuted or returned back as it came; if there is no matter with lines of least resistance for organisms to run inward, they should have returned through force transmuted, or return to childhood as they came. Up the spiral pathway of the heights eternal travels the spirit in its flight of flames, while myriad cohorts of invisibles chant the sublime melodies of those supernal abodes. Peer far into this corridor of nature's temple and see the overwhelming splendor that awaits the soul. But do not forget that, phoenix-like, only from the fire of experience can the higher abodes be reached—this terrible fire that slits and sorts by natural selection, each for its own place, as sure and certain as dirt cast up before the wind where each falls to that place its special gravity allows it. Fine with fire, and coarse with fire, through all the sloughing differences. These waves of necessity will carry every kind into conditions for development. Liars, murderers, thieves and all classes of little and great criminals will reach their level and be brought into conditions to compel their growth. We are all far, very far, from even approximate perfection, and Jesus gave utterance to a solemn truth when he said, "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat, while straight and narrow is the way that leadeth to life eternal, and few there be which find it." The rhythm of folly, like the path of a reeling drunkard, is wide and crooked, while that of wisdom is narrow and straight, like the sober man.

We have now found that the assertions of the materialists concerning matter and force being the producers of consciousness, are true. We have found too in matter the promise and potency of all forms and possibilities of life. But while accepting all this, we have found an endless road amid that matter and perpetual currents of force running all about it. Finite man, out of the line of adaptation of the whole, has attempted to produce a perpetual motion and failed, while every polar current in nature is a perpetual motion produced by nature herself, the whole universe conspiring to its production. Our selfishness or ego is a line of force of this kind, and we are like all the machines made for perpetual motion. No one will deny this of the surface view, seeing that nebulae produce solar systems, which in turn revert to nebulae again, forever and ever changing back and forth with successive steps of advancement. You have but to see a true view of the thing called matter to at once behold that the same kinds of lines must run inward with the invisible forces as run forward with the visible. Immortality, then, like color, odor, taste and sound, is one of the necessary properties of matter that could not be otherwise. There are crises in these changes where the memory may be lost for a season, and a semblance of death may come, but these are all illusory. Every thought you have is at the expense of a dying corpse of your body, but it is immediately reestablished in a new corporeal as a continuous fact in the storehouse of memory. Your life thus feeds upon death. Learn then this and rejoice, oh earth, for

"Death is but another name for change."

Preposterous.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Your correspondent, F. H. C., in the course of his remarks, in your issue of Jan. 17th, concerning "Col. Olcott and the Elementaries," presents the following proposition:

"That there is a direct and logical connection between the necromancy of the past and the Spiritualism of to-day there need be no question. In fact, they are only synonymous terms, but genuine, stand for the same order of manifestations."

The occult sciences (so called) of the middle ages were magic, alchemy, necromancy, &c. Now we establish as a fixed fact the proposition that "Spiritualism" is synonymous with these myths, or with any one of them, and to borrow language from "F. H. C."—"Then all the manifestations of Modern Spiritualism might be ascribed to that occult source, and all the positive proofs of our immortality would 'go up' in Mr. Felt's column of saturated vapor, and the dreadful shapes would appear in fearful mockery of our hopes for the future."

The devoted Spiritualist would then be reduced to a condition as hopeless as that of the worthy sister of old, who despairingly lamented: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

Yours for the real, as opposed to the mythical.

HONORIO N. SPOONER.

Kingston, Mass., Jan. 17th, 1876.

Until Spiritualism can furnish a better system of ethics than the average of those acknowledged by the Christian Church, until in all points it can show its superiority, also, as judged by its good works, it cannot claim upon moral grounds to possess superior religious characteristics. Upon scientific grounds, also, there is not as yet sufficient evidence to warrant its promulgation as a new religion.—*The Spiritualist*, London.

The Great Desert of Africa is almost as large as the United States. Greece is about the size of Vermont, and Palestine three-fourths of the State of New York.

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