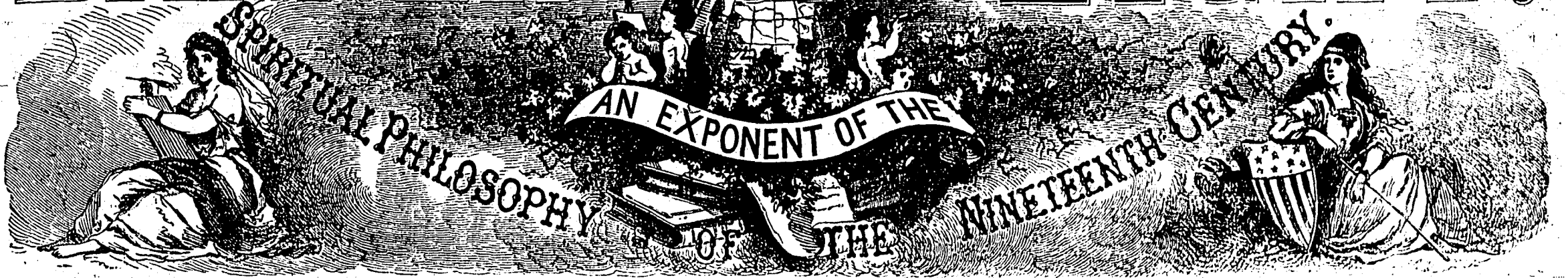


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Spiritual Phenomena.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA AT CARPENTER, PA.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Mrs. E. J. Markee, the celebrated materializing medium of Havana, N. Y., recently spent a couple of weeks in this place, during which time she held five séances at my house. To give a full description of even one, would take more space than you could afford me, so I will only give you an account of some of the more remarkable of the phenomena occurring at these wonderful séances.

They were held in my parlor, a small bed-room adjoining being used as a cabinet; a cord was stretched across the doorway of the cabinet, about eighteen inches from the top, over which a shawl was hung. The audience were placed in a semicircle extending from one wall of the room to the other, facing the cabinet door. If many were present a second circle was formed back of the first. Mrs. Markee sat at a stand inside the circle and near the cabinet door. Previous to forming the circle everything was removed from the cabinet, and the window was secured. Mrs. Markee was searched by a committee of ladies, and all white clothing taken from her. The circle being formed, all were required to join hands, and were strictly enjoined not to break the circle during the manifestations. Mrs. Markee placed her hands on the stand, and loud raps were heard sometimes on the stand and sometimes on the chair upon which she sat. The light was put out, and she described spirits that she saw near their friends. Her descriptions were so correct that nearly all were recognized.

At the risk of being tedious I will give you one test given in this way. Mr. James Fox, an old gentleman of Canton, Pa., lost his wife about two years since. On her death-bed she told him to visit a medium, and she would try to communicate with him. Accordingly he came to one of these séances, though he had, as he averred, no faith in these things. The medium described a lady standing by him; on being asked if it was Mrs. Fox, the raps answered in the affirmative. Mr. Fox said the description was partially correct, but that she did not have, as described, wavy hair; he also demurred to some other parts of the description, but the raps affirmed that it was correct. On being told that the spirit would rap at the right letters for her initials, he called the alphabet, and got "A. H. F." as the result, which he said was wrong. The raps affirmed that the letters given were correct. The medium described several other spirits, and then said, "The lady still stands by the old gentleman," an attempt was again made to get the initials, with the same result. The Spiritualists present were perplexed, and the skeptics jubilant, as the name of the late Mrs. Fox was known to have been Elizabeth. It then occurred to your correspondent to ask if it was the last Mrs. Fox. The answer was No! The old gentleman ejaculated "Oh!" He seemed for the first time to remember that he had lost two wives. He then called several female names, and the spirit rapped to the name of Annie. He called several other names, and the name of Hinton was rapped to. The old gentleman then said that the name of his first wife was Annie Hinton Fox, and that the description, "wavy hair" and all, exactly suited her.

At the close of the dark séance the light is reproduced, the cabinet is again carefully searched, and the medium takes her seat inside; flour is put in her hands, and the shawl is drawn across the doorway. Mr. Markee takes a position back of the circle with the light, which he regulates during the séance as directed by a voice issuing from the cabinet; a familiar hymn is sung, and after an interval of a few minutes, hands are shown above the shawl. (At every séance after the first, six hands were repeatedly shown at the same time.) The light is then turned down quite low, and a form emerges from the cabinet. It is that of a slender young girl, arrayed in shining white robes, with a long gauze veil over her face. Returning once or twice to the cabinet, as if to gain strength, she passes round the circle, caressing each person by patting their cheeks, smoothing their hair, &c.; occasionally she will sit down in some gentleman's lap. On two occasions she sat down on my lap; her hair hung in ringlets

over her white shoulders, her arm and hand were fair and plump. She wore a low-necked dress, with short sleeves—very elaborately embroidered around the neck and sleeves—and over that wore a gauze overdress, with wide, flowing sleeves, richly trimmed. The white color compares with nothing on earth, being of a dazzling lustre, and the whitest cloth we could get (which had been hung on the wall by the door for contrast) looked dim indeed by comparison. On one occasion, as she was sitting on the lap of a well-known physician, from Canton, Pa., she sat so that her form came between his knees. He took up his foot, and carefully placed it around the form, drawing the foot through under her to ascertain whether she was not standing on the floor, and only partially sitting on his lap. To his intense surprise he could find nothing of her feet, she having drawn them up, if she had any—and yet she scarcely made any impression on his lap, feeling, as he expressed it, like a sack of feathers!

After this form retired to the cabinet others came out, who announced themselves relatives of those present, and gave many wonderful proofs of their identity.

At the first séance a spirit came out and said she was Mrs. Washburn (a person who died in this vicinity about two years ago). She called her husband and two sons by name; she also called six other persons in the circle by their Christian names; they were all persons with whom she had been acquainted in life. On another occasion her husband asked her if she remembered a song they used to sing together? She answered that she did, and then repeated four lines of it. She went to her husband, sat on his lap, kissed him, and talked familiarly with him.

On one occasion a man came from the cabinet carrying an infant; he approached a man in the circle, called him by name, and said, "I have brought you little Mary." The man, who had lost an infant by that name, addressed it, and it was distinctly seen to throw up its little arms; when the spirit returned with it into the cabinet it set up a loud cry. On another occasion a lady came out of the cabinet carrying an infant, and leading a child by the hand. She advanced about three feet from the cabinet door, but did not speak.

At the last séance a spirit came out claiming to be the sister of a man who was present for the first time. He called her by a false name, when she went back into the cabinet and came out with a small black object in one hand. She took hold of it with both hands and pulled it out, and in sight of the whole circle she materialized a black shawl, with a heavy fringe, perhaps four feet square, which she threw over her shoulders, and again approached her brother, who instantly recognized her. He said he had "seen that shawl a hundred times."

An Indian calling himself Seneca, frequently appeared; at the last séance he came out, and was apparently over six feet in height. He had a red blanket over his shoulders and two feathers on his head; he went all around the circle, placing his hand on the head of each one, and put a big, brassy, red foot into the lap of several, saying, "See big foot." He allowed the man sitting next the wall to handle his blanket. The man said it felt like a heavy woolen blanket. The Indian remained out at least fifteen minutes, and when he went back appeared to be a foot shorter than at first. He came out a second time with a white blanket on, and gave what he called the peace-whoop; he also gave the war-whoop with startling effect.

On one occasion a child came out alone, and, standing close to the cabinet door, talked some minutes with its parents.

At one of the séances, my wife gave Seneca a large red ribbon, and told him to put it where we could not find it at the close of the sitting; and afterward the most thorough search was made, but the ribbon could not be found. At the next séance Seneca said that he had taken it to the medium's home in Havana, and put it in a certain box there. After Mr. Markee went home I received a letter from him, saying that the ribbon was found where Seneca had said he put it, and enclosed was a piece of it for identification.

Usually seven or eight spirits came out at a séance, presenting great variations in height, form and general appearance.

The close of a séance is announced by a loud rap. As soon as possible the cabinet is entered. The medium is found, to all appearance, cold and dead; a deathly, clammy feeling pervades her body; arms, face and body are perfectly cold; the heart and pulse are still, and all breath suspended; her muscles are rigid and hard; her jaws are set so firmly that they cannot be opened. The physician before mentioned made a critical examination of her, at the close of a séance, and said she was, to all appearance, dead. Soon her husband appears, and by mesmeric passes tries to bring her to. Gradually a warmth appears, a faint, fluttering pulse is felt; the lungs commence action, the muscles relax, the hands are opened and the flour is found intact. Slowly she comes out of her fearful trance, and in an hour appears to realize things; but often she does not fully recover for a day or two.

I have given but a small part of the phenomena that occurred at these séances; a full account of all would more than fill the Banner. I make no comments, and would only add that these occurrences were witnessed by a large number of the best citizens of this place and vicinity, and that imposture, deception or collusion were entirely out of the question.

Yours fraternally, H. H. McNETT.
Carpenter, Pa., Jan. 15th, 1876.

Free Thought.

CLERICAL POLITICS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is evident from the President's message and the hostile attitudes of the two great Christian formations among us, that a new departure must shortly be taken by the government of the nation, and the governments of the States, which will eventually either in the entire establishment or the practical abrogation of that clause in the Constitution which forbids Congress, and inferentially the separate States, from passing any law "respecting the establishment of religion, or forbidding the free exercise thereof."

Had this wise constitutional provision not been infringed by the appointment of chaplains by Congress, in all probability the squandering of the public money on sectarian institutions, and the exemption of churches, and church properties, from taxation would not have been instituted, both of which evils and injustices are also commented on and condemned in the message above referred to.

By the letter of the law it will readily be perceived our fathers decreed entire "liberty of conscience," but in practice they themselves ignored that right by the appointment of chaplains for Congress, the army and navy, &c. To the pernicious example then set by them may be largely attributed the open infractions of the right of "soul freedom" by States. Even petty magistrates have not hesitated to reject testimony and inflict a religious test upon the public in our courts of laws, notwithstanding the fact that to the entire matter of oath taking we are mainly indebted for the melancholy profanity of the people of our nation.

Notwithstanding that all sects have thriven and multiplied under the large amount of spiritual liberty they at present possess, which has called forth the praises of the Pope himself, it is evident that neither our Catholic nor Protestant fellow-citizens are satisfied with their present condition. The aim of the former has long been and now is to overthrow our public school system, which is the base of the intelligence of our community; and many of the latter, untaught by the horrors of the past, are endeavoring to set up here a national spiritual despotism, by inserting their God, and such form of faith as they may be able to agree upon, in the Constitution.

It might reasonably have been expected that, under the freedom they now enjoy, our credal brethren would have remained satisfied, and would have been unwilling to parade their antipathies before the nation. But it is otherwise. As bodies, all credal religionists love power, if they cannot, believing them to be in error, more than pity their neighbor. Each of the separate sects, although it number only an infinitesimal fraction of the world's population, is usually so certain that its form of faith is the only correct one, that in the mass they not only disagree with unbelievers, but also with one another; and this rivalry—as between the State Church and the Old Believers in Russia, between the Sunnites and Shiites Mohammedans in Turkey and Persia, and between the Protestants and Catholics in Europe and the United States—generally exhibits itself most magnificently in proportion to the propinquity of the faiths of the contestants. It is a melancholy fact that those who profess to worship the same Deities are often unwilling to endure the presence of one another, and generally extend less sympathy to those of their own faith than they do to barbarians and infidels.

"It is to this 'odium theologicum,' which is ever found in all credal religionists, not unfrequently dividing churches and stimulating religious dissensions, that we owe the present sectarian strife that is now dividing our people and threatening the peace of our Republic. Spiritualists and Freethinkers are certainly not answerable for the 'sacred war,' by no means the first in history, that is now looming over us. It is a mean battle for power between two bands of Christians, which ought to teach our people to abide closely by their Constitutional liberty, and by no means to trust it in the hands of either of the combatants.

All right-thinking Americans, reared under a flag which bears high aloft 'Liberty of Conscience' in letters of living light, will do well to recognize in this controversy a certain foretaste of what our nation may expect, and that interminably, should either Protestants or Catholics ever obtain, as such, any special political favor among us. But it is not believed that they will ever succeed in so doing. The motto of the Spiritualist is progress, and the success of either party would put back the clock of the world more than a century. We all have a right to cherish the above-mentioned hope, inasmuch as it is well known that the faith of many (if not of most) of the male members of the fashionable churches is very shaky, and, thanks to our public schools, the masses of our people are too enlightened to be goaded into crime by the intolerance and ambition of priesthoods. Let us therefore trust that all these bickerings will be settled strictly in accordance with the Constitutional provision, and that all future strife will be averted by the carrying of the same into effect by instituting a total divorce between State and Church. The present quarrels between the same are only sources of strife continually agitating our general communities, and National or State favors shown to all churches are, if not more odious, certainly more ridiculous than National and State favors would be exhibited to one only. All such simply degrade and dishonor the sublime right to 'liberty of conscience' purchased for us by the blood of our fathers in the war of the Revolution, and consequently ought to be abolished.

R. W. HUME.

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 Nook: A Tale for the Times;" "Bertha Lee;" "My Husband's Secret;" "Jessie 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 VI.

Building the Ship.

How it came to pass that Daisy was found every day for an hour or two by Miss Joan's bedside no one could explain or understand, but such was the fact. From the day of Aunt Margie's death this had happened. On that day Nurse Coffin's services were required out of the invalid's room, and Daisy was sent to take her place. She proved herself such a useful little body, and was so bright and chatty, that Joan's heart thawed a little under her influence. Almost all visitors were refused admittance to her; the dear, pleasant old ladies, Patsy and Sybil, who would willingly have come often to see her, were denied entrance when Joan was stricken down with the disease which had made her helpless. It seemed as if she could not bear the sight of those active, happy old ladies, who could move about with as much ease as girls in their teens, and who bore the loss of all their family and their fortune with a sweet resignation to the will of him whom they believed does all things well. Miss Joan had been a haughty, reserved woman, and had won little love from others. She did not need it. Strong, vigorous in her constitution, masculine in her nature, she had been sufficient unto herself, and she determined to bear her misfortune with stoicism, which she believed preferable to resignation, or, as she once said, "We bear the inevitable ills of life because there is no escape from them; that is all the submission I know about." Saint Paul's exaltation of spirit when he said, "I glory in tribulation!" was a mystery and a myth to her. Nurse Coffin was not endowed with much native cheerfulness, and added to this was a firm belief that she should never reach heaven unless she trod a very rough path here—that the more gloom she managed to throw into her words and face here below, the brighter would be her crown hereafter. Whether the constant repetition of her name by Miss Joan had increased this morbid tendency, and proved, like the skeleton at Egyptian feasts, a constant reminder of her last, narrow home, or that the invalid's morose manner had brought to the surface her native acerbity of temper, I know not; probably the combined effect of the three causes had their influence. Certain it is, that Peter, who was a shrewd observer of all the members of the household, said, "I never goes into the room but I stop a little outside and smooth out my face with both hands, and put on my solemnest look, and I keep saying to myself, 'Hark from the tombs! hark from the tombs!' and that keeps me in a state suitable to the room."

"Be off with you, Pete Doane," Betty would reply. "As if anybody ever cared how you look! One would think you was some great eracter that God made jes for folks to look at, like Judge Parsons in his wig, or our minister in his black gown."

"There's some in the house aint of your mind, Betty. Miss Daisy said the other day, 'Peter, you are like a bit of sunshine round the house. I like to hear you shig.'"

"If the dear child only knew what a fiery trial I have to keep you in your place, she might alter her mind a bit."

"If you could hear the blessed child herself chatting to Miss Joan, and see how still the sick woman lies, and put her left hand out toward her as if she wanted to touch her curls, you would wonder, and think a miracle had come back."

"It is just like Saul and David in the Bible," said Betty; "but I don't suppose you know anything about it, for I don't see you reading your book as any respectable person should."

"Then you don't use your eyes. I will buy you some spectacles, Betty."

"Go along with you," said Betty, raising her rolling pin, "don't talk to me about spectacles, you impudence! You will have no turnover this baking, Pete Doane."

It is singular that though Betty was the daughter of a slave, and Peter one degree further removed, being only a grandson of one, yet Betty always added Doane to Peter's name, as if to impress him with the idea that he belonged to the family. Their ancestors were brought from Barbadoes when slavery existed in Massachusetts, but the constitution of 1780, which has been referred to previously, freed the few slaves who had not already been released by their owners.

Some six weeks had passed since Daisy's first visit to the ship-yard, when she came into Miss Joan's room, and told her that she had been down to see the ship with Uncle Joe, and could tell her about the frame.

"Oh! Miss Joan, it is to be one of the best ships that has ever been made here; it is thirty-six feet broad, and will hold twelve hundred tons.

The floor timbers are in, let in to the keel, you know, m'am, and they cross the keel excepting near the bow and stern. I counted the great pieces that make the frame and there were fifteen of them. They were shaped just like a letter U, only some of those near the bow and stern were more like a V. It was hard work for the men to get these timbers in place. I think at first they were like half U's, and they joined them. There were great holes bored in these timbers, and long iron bolts driven through them.

"The men were driving these bolts in, pounding away with their sledge hammers, one man standing ready to strike as soon as the other had finished his blow. They were so regular in their blows, and seemed so happy at their work, that I liked to be there. This frame was on a great platform even with the keel, and when they finished the frame they were going to draw it right on to the keel with a capstan and pulleys. Uncle Joe explained to me how it is done, and I think I understand about the pulleys and ropes. The next time I go, the foreman told me that I could see the shape of the ship, and might go up the steps that lead to her, and see how nicely all the parts are fitted in. While I was standing watching the men at work I heard Uncle Joe ask how much salt would be needed. I thought it must be they were going to carry salt to Calcutta, and so, sure enough they are, but not for freight. They wanted a hundred hog-heads of it to fill into cracks left by the workmen on purpose for it. Isn't it very funny? I have heard of salting hams and pork, and giving salt to sheep and cows, but I didn't know that they salted ships that were going to live in salt water. The salt keeps the wood from decay. Then the men told me that they would cover the bottom of the ship with copper, for there are worms in the sea that eat the wood, and would soon destroy the ship were it not for the copper. They will also pound oakum into the cracks and holes, and cover this with hot pitch. This is called caulking. I think ship-building is very curious and wonderful; every-time I go I see more and more to amuse and interest me. Then they have such droll names for the different pieces of timber—knees, aprons, forefoot, shoe, transoms, skin, monkey-rail, p'n-rail, taffrail, scuppers, bulwarks and gunwale. I am going to learn about all the parts before it is ready to be launched."

"I thought that the ship would be all ready for sea when it is launched, and I said to Jim Wood, 'We will ask Uncle Joe to give us a sail round to Boston, for I know she is to go there to take in her cargo,' and Jim laughed, as he always does when I make a blunder, and said, 'That is just as much as a girl knows! Why, the ship is rigged after it is launched, and it is almost as much work to rig her as to build her hull. The masts, and yards, and bowsprit, and booms are not put in till after she is launched. Then a full rigged ship has ever so many sails—you can never learn them, Daisy, girls can't, and you need n't try.' Mary said that she wouldn't try, it was of no use, and that it was harder than grammar, or her dictionary lesson. You know we learn two columns in Walker's dictionary every day; but all these words are in the dictionary, so I don't see why I cannot learn them. Uncle Joe is very patient and kind, and has promised to help me draw a ship, a real full-rigged ship."

Miss Joan lay very still and silent while the child chattered, but her eyes were fixed upon the talker and expressed a desire for her to go on. How often she longed to speak and explain the terms which Daisy found so difficult to understand, but which were more familiar to Joan than the kitchen utensils to most women, but the pained tongue refused to do its office.

Before the ship was commenced Joan sent for her brother Sam. By a few words and some signs and gestures she intimated to him her disapproval of the ship-building. She, who had always enjoyed the pleasure of thinking that her father had more ships afloat than any other man in town, now was angry that her brothers should build this fine vessel for the same trade which had hitherto been so profitable to them. It will be remembered that she was a woman of imperious will, and would brook no opposition. She had early taken her place as mistress of the household and governed with sternness, checked only by the stronger will of her father. But Sam was the managing partner of the business, and it was to be supposed that he understood affairs more clearly than the poor stricken woman, who grew more obstinate the more he tried to reason with her. At last, growing impatient, and forgetting for the moment perhaps that quiet decision and firmness were better than wordy resistance, he said:

"Joan, I shall manage my business without

asking advice from you. A woman, especially an invalid woman, who never leaves her chamber, is not the person to dictate to me; henceforth we will speak no more upon the subject."

It was observed on that very day that when little Richard was brought into the room Miss Joan took no notice of him, made no motion as usual for him to be placed beside her, and turned away from the chubby face that looked out upon the world with such bright, loving eyes. Little did he care for this; indeed he did not take kindly to Miss Joan, or Nurse Coffin, and much preferred Betty and Peter. If only he could get into the kitchen, there was an earthly paradise. With Betty's rolling, and pounding, and beating of eggs, and spicing, and sugar, and the boiling and steaming, there was enough to keep his curiosity excited as long as he could be permitted to stay. It was equal to Daisy's wonder look to her, and if perchance Peter sang some of his own favorite tunes, the joy was complete. It was far more to be desired than the gloomy grandeur of Miss Joan's room, from which in time he came to be completely banished. Daisy, on the other hand, was more and more required there, and as the chilly days of autumn came on, and she was out of doors less, she came daily to occupy her corner by the bed-side. Princess Charlotte was allowed a permanent resting-place there, under a canopy of crimson silk, made of some pieces of the damask curtains of the drawing room which had lain in one of Joan's trunks for many years.

Slowly, day by day, the ship grew, its timbers rounding into graceful curves, rising up from the solid green keel like the petals of some mammoth flower that flourished in pre-historic times. The shipyard resounded with the heavy regular thud, thud, of the ponderous hammers, and the cheery voices of workmen who wrought in love for their work. Children were allowed to come for the chips every sunny day barefooted little girls and boys were there with their baskets gathering for their humble firesides. There was a pleasant odor of freshly hewn timber there, and now and then music of some workmen who might be hewing at some distance from the imitator of the great ponderer, Thor.

One clear, bright November day, when the air was keen and the frost had touched the gardens and strewn the leaves of the trees upon the sidewalks, Alice went to make a call at the shipyard. She was delighted to find the vessel almost ready to be launched. She climbed to the upper deck, where the men were talking every exposed seam, others finishing the deck houses. From there she went down the hatchway to the main deck, and looked down into the great hold, where the ballast and perhaps cargo was to be stored. Overhead, as she stood on the lower deck, she could see the great beams which bound the two sides of the ship together, and supported the upper deck. They were secured at each end by a piece of timber called a knee. It is a solid piece of timber hewn into that shape, one end of the knee fastened to the beam, the other to the side of the ship. Beside these were strong stanchions, which rested on other strong stanchions which were supported by the keel. Men were polishing the beams and ceiling above. Everything was done in the best manner, and Daisy said it would look nice within than a handsome house. From here Daisy went down into the yard again, and looked over the ship, counted the blocks on which she rested, thirty in all, and then went to the water's edge and looked at the "ways" on which the ship would slide into the water. I should have said thirty-five blocks, for each tier consisted of three or more blocks. As Daisy stood there, wondering how the vessel would walk into the water, as she had been told it would do, Jim Wood came to her.

"Well, Daisy," he said, "three weeks more and the launch will come off. I wonder what they will call her."

"Uncle Joe says that if my father is willing I may give her a name," said Daisy.

"You mean Mr. Sam Doane?"

"Yes, Jim; he married my mother, you know, and I call him father, and love him dearly; but then I was given to Uncle Joe, or rather, I gave myself to him years ago, before my mother married the second time, and I am his child now. I wish we could name the ship for him."

"We always call a ship 'she'—feminine gender, you know—and besides, I don't think 'Uncle Joe' would be a pretty name for a ship. I know what I would name it—if they would give me a chance."

"What would it be, Jim?" asked Daisy.

"Wait awhile till I see what Uncle Joe says. Now, Daisy, can you tell how this ship is going to get into the water?"

"That is just what I am trying to find out, Jim."

"I can tell you. You see those timbers running the whole length of the keel on each side of the ship, and sloping down to the water. Those timbers are held together by cross timbers; look under there, and you will find them; this frame is loaded with stone to keep it down, and is called the ship's cradle."

"There is a big baby in it, Jim."

"The timbers are the big ways, and they will be greased with melted tallow, and afterwards with soft soap and oil."

"But, Jim, I should think the cradle would go into the water with the ship."

"Those timbers will, of course, and so they fasten ropes to them, and pass these ropes over the bow of the ship, to hold them when they float away with the ship."

"The ship is a good ways from the water, Jim."

"It will not be," he said, "when it is high tide. We always launch in high tide. The water will come up to meet the ship, and when these blocks are knocked away she will go out with the tide, as we say."

"Oh, Jim, we are going to have a holiday then. All our family are coming; little Dickie with us. I tell him about it every day, and he laughs and crows as if he understood it all. Of course, papa and Uncle Joe and mamma and Peter talk about it as if it were to be a second Thanksgiving Day. Peter is fattening a turkey for the occasion. Mamma says that Peter has no idea of pleasure that is not connected with something good to eat. Betty says she will see the launch, if she has to sit up all night to cook. All the family are coming but Miss Joan and Mrs. Coffin. Mrs. Coffin says that she never sees a ship launched, but she thinks of shipwreck, or ships on fire, and men drowning."

"And never, I suppose," said Jim, "of the thousands that come safe back again, bringing the tea and the coffee and the fruits and silks, and half the things that make life pleasant. If women had their way, there never would be a ship built. I wonder what God made the ocean for, if men were not to sail on it."

"Oh, Jim, I don't believe there ought to be no ships. It is a beautiful sight to see one upon th

water. I think it requires more skill to build a ship than a house."

"I guess it does, Daisy! Any fool can build a house, but it takes a wise man to build a ship that will weather the storms and calms of a two years' voyage. Old Noah was the first ship builder, you know, but his big bulk only floated. He had neither spars nor sails. He is my favorite of all the old Bible fellows, but I guess he would open his eyes wide if he could see one of our men-of-war. I went over one at the Charleston Navy Yard the other day. It takes an acre of timber to build it. The sides are full of port-holes for the cannon. Wouldn't I like to see them fire one broad-side?"

"No, no, Jim, I do not like such ships. I never want to hear about war."

"We must be ready for it, Daisy. My copy says, 'In peace prepare for war.' When other nations see our big war ships they will be afraid to fight us."

"I think if you were king of another nation, you would try to make bigger ones, and like a fight to show that you could beat, Jim."

"I guess you are right," said the boy, laughing. "But if it were not for battles, I wouldn't care to read history; I think men must fight against tyrants—there is no other way, Daisy, you may be sure of it. Where should we have been if our grandfathers hadn't fought King George? and don't you know how Holland gained her liberty?"

"No; I haven't read history like you, Jim; but I think if we were like Jesus Christ, there would be no war."

"Well, Daisy, if kings like Philip of Spain, and George of England, will not be like Jesus Christ, we will force them by gunpowder and sword to do better."

"A new argument for war," said a pleasant voice near them. "You would do evil that others may do good."

"Uncle Joe! I am glad you have come," said Daisy. "We want you to tell us when the ship will be launched."

"In three weeks at furthest, Daisy. You must have your name ready."

Uncle Joe's chaise was waiting at the head of the shipyard. The day was so fine for the season that they drove into the country some miles. The leaves of the maples were gold and red, the nuts were falling from the trees, farmers were gathering their fruit and digging their last load of potatoes. One old man stopped, and leaning over the fence talked awhile with Mr. Doane.

"I think, sir," he said, "we will have a severe winter, and I am getting ready for it; the squirrels have stored great quantities of nuts, and the geese are going southward already."

"I am willing," said Mr. Doane, "if we can have a long, pleasant fall. I want to get my ship off the stocks."

The old man shook his head. "Then you must hurry, sir. I smell a storm in the air now."

The old farmer was right. That beautiful day was the precursor of a severe storm—a storm that swept the whole New England coast, and proved the beginning of winter. The cold set in early and continued long. Great quantities of snow fell, so that all the men in the shipyard quit work. It proved one of the hardest winters that had been known for years. It was like the old winter of 1780, of which Aunt Margie had told them.

The brothers were disappointed in their launching. Uncle Joe was more patient than Mr. Sam. The latter hoped that it might still be done, and believed that there would be warmer weather after the cold. But no warm weather came, and the ship lay on the stocks till spring.

When Joan learned from Daisy that the ship was near completion, and that her brothers were much troubled at the delay, she smiled grimly (her smiles were always a little grim) and said, "The beginning!" They did not know what she meant by this, but no good surely. Peter said it was only spite against the ship, because she could not go down and manage the building of it herself. "If she had," said Peter, "it would have been done and launched sooner than any man in town could do it." However that might be, she never said "ship" during the winter. Instead of talking about that, Daisy read history to her. Of this she was very fond, and, as Daisy was a good reader (Uncle Joe had taken this part of her education in hand), Joan had much enjoyment in it. She read Bonaparte's life—this was Miss Joan's favorite hero—and Life of Frederick the Great, and of Charles XII of Sweden. It was rather heavy reading for a little girl, but when Daisy saw how much it pleased Miss Joan she went bravely through her task. The heart of this child was filled with a great pity for this poor, lonely woman. "I thought it was a trial at first," she said to her mother, "for it was not pleasant to look at her, and she didn't love me at all, only let me stay because nobody else wanted to; and Nurse Coffin never likes to read loud. But now I like it, mamma, for her great, sharp eyes look softer and more kindly upon me, and when I go into the room they turn toward me almost as eagerly as little Dick's to you. It seems as if she needed me."

"She does, my little girl, and I am grateful to you for your kindness to her."

"You grateful to me, mamma? That seems funny. Then I will be more happy, and will try not to gape when I read the long stories about the battles."

It was a happy winter for Daisy. Instead of going to school she had a teacher at home in music, while Miss Sybil Sage taught her French. Miss Sybil had resided in France for some years, and, having learned the language young, and speaking it fluently, was fitted to teach it well, the more so because of her friendship with Doctor Nacet, a French gentleman who came to this country after finishing his medical studies in Paris, to practice his profession here. He was led to do this from the letters of an uncle who had lived in Oldbury many years, and described it to his nephew as a charming old town, with much that reminded him of European towns. "The people," he said, "were cultivated and refined, courteous to strangers, without the impudent curiosity said to be characteristic of Yankees." Dr. Nacet and Miss Sybil read and talked in French while daily, and thus Daisy was fortunate in her teacher.

Every day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Daisy found Miss Sybil seated in one of the curious old-fashioned chairs in the parlor, her lace turban giving height and dignity to her trim, compact figure, always with the same black dress, and white ruffles round the wrist. The turban and ruffles were of spotless whiteness, the tiny hands looked smaller still for the ruffles and the one ring, a diamond, which she wore. Very erect sat little Miss Sybil, for she scorned a rocking-chair, and Daisy thought her wise as the dark

eyes looked at her through gold spectacles. She was an old-fashioned teacher, who required hard study and perfect lessons, but gentle withal, and Daisy loved her, but stood a little bit in awe of her. Uncle Joe, who was a good French scholar himself, helped Daisy with her exercises and would repeat the verbs with her, for he knew Miss Sybil was ignorant of the more superficial teaching of modern days, and might exact from her pupil a harder task than she could perform well. Miss Patsy never failed to have some picture, amusing book, a little choice fruit or nice conserve for the child when the lesson was over. Sometimes Daisy staid to tea, and was permitted to go into the large, old-fashioned kitchen, where everything was kept in as good order as in the parlor. Here Miss Patsy presided, and made such delicious cream biscuits, and all sorts of queer little French cakes, and sweetmeats, such as were beyond Betty's skill. The tea in winter days was brought into the parlor, where the trio sat at a round table before the open wood fire, from which a quaint old satin screen protected Daisy's face from the blaze. "Be careful of your complexion," Aunt Patsy would say as she placed the screen; "and I must not forget to save you some of my rose-water, it is so good when you have been exposed to the salt water." The tea-set was many years older than the old ladies, and was a curiosity for the delicately tinted flowers upon it, and the family name and crest on every piece. The teapot was oval in shape, and engraved with the same device as the rest of the service. Miss Sybil was always bright and chatty, and full of stories from books and from her travels in younger years. Her sister Patsy poured the tea, and attended to the physical wants of her guests, while she entertained them with her fund of anecdote, and her music. Now and then Dr. Nacet came in. He was an elderly white-haired man now, but retained the vivacity of his youth and the politeness of his nation. It was interesting to see the mutual courtesy of these people to one another—how gallantly the doctor would lead Miss Sybil to her seat, and stand till the ladies were seated, and how thoughtful of all the details which make social life agreeable.

The doctor and Miss Sybil never spoke in French without an apology to the other two, and they interpreted to them. After awhile he came to ask Daisy some simple question in that language, and her pleasure was great when she found herself able to reply in that tongue. Thus the winter passed rapidly to the child, and she forgot her great disappointment in the ship. Not so with Mr. Sam. He was restless and troubled; went often to Boston, from whence he returned to hold long conferences with his brother Joe, who was calm and patient as usual.

[Continued.]

An Appeal to all Spiritualists.

I have several times expressed through the columns of the Banner the conviction that the condition of the country requires a more thorough, a more systematized and a more general plan of operation on the part of Spiritualists before any considerable portion of the people can be made acquainted with the principles and grand truths of Modern Spiritualism. Nothing can be accomplished effectually toward enlightening the public mind on any great question without the co-operation of a large number of the part of our friends and active pioneers, and a personal or pecuniary sacrifice by those who estimate the cause as possessing an importance far transcending their own private gains or personal emoluments. Thus far (embracing a period of nearly twenty-seven years) our movements have been characterized for the most part by chaos, confusion, and order disorder. We have been sailing on the broad ocean of truth and humanity without rudder or compass—no captain, no pilot, no steer-man. Nearly every man and woman in the spiritual ranks seems to be a separate institution, one apparently engaged in accomplishing in a way which it will require the sands of earnest laborers many years to achieve. We console ourselves with the belief that millions have embraced our beautiful faith, and yet not one in a thousand of the people of our own country have ever read a paper or heard a lecture on the subject. There are one hundred thousand towns and villages where no ray of spiritual light has ever yet entered. The spiritual ones are few and far apart. "How long shall this state of things continue?" is a query I wish to drive home to the innermost conscience of every true-hearted Spiritualist. How long shall we turn a deaf ear to the cries of our suffering and starving millions, and thus contribute to the suffering of our fellow-men from all parts of the country, crying "Come and help us." Since the publication of my last article on this subject I have received several private responses. One good brother offers to contribute ten dollars toward starting a fund for the employment of itinerant lecturers, as suggested in my recent article in the Banner. And I will add five dollars from my small means to this sum.

PLAN OF OPERATION.

I propose that each person who is willing to contribute to this fund send his or her name to the Banner of Light or the Religio-Philosophical Journal, with the amount specified, and state in what State or Territory he wishes it expended. Let it be understood that this fund is to be expended in defraying the traveling expenses of speakers, and in the purchase of books, tracts and newspapers to be circulated by the million, and that this contribution shall be made semi-annually, or oftener. And I propose that speakers who are willing, embark in this enterprise, and devote one, two, or three months in the year to itinerant labor for a compensation sufficient to pay traveling expenses and such funds as can be collected in their travels from friends who may appreciate the cause sufficiently to aid it by free contribution. It will be expected, and is desirable, that a series of grove meetings shall be arranged during the summer season in each State, which will require two or more speakers, as such meetings will occupy a half day, and in some cases a whole day. Speakers will not only be expected to distribute newspapers and tracts, but to use their utmost efforts on all occasions to obtain subscribers for the Banner, and Journal, and other spiritual papers, and to organize business societies, or appoint business committees, or at least local agents, whenever convenient or expedient. It shall be optional with speakers to choose their own territory to operate in, unless too many offers are made for the same field of labor. In this case the matter can be amicably arranged by the speakers themselves. The funds contributed shall be held and disbursed by the editors of the papers above named, who shall pay out to each speaker an equal sum, after having furnished them money sufficient to reach their field of labor.

And now, brethren and sisters of the spiritual faith, you now look upon Spiritualism as the hope of the world, and esteem it as "the pearl of great price," you who accept it as the messenger of glad tidings to the world, proclaiming the grandest truths that ever greeted the listening ears of mortals, and who welcome it as the omnipotent agent in the cause of reform which is to banish those myriad scenes of sorrow and suffering now every where visible in society, and which is to arrest and eventually dry up that flood-tide of crime and iniquity now coursing through all Christian countries, what say you? How many of you will respond? Shall this appeal be made in vain? I hope there will be a general response, and that we shall do something this year worthy of "the high vocation whereunto we are called."

Richmond, Ind.
KERRY GRAVES.
Will the Religio-Philosophical Journal and other Spiritualist papers please publish?

Banner Correspondence.

From the West.

A word from me occasionally may perhaps be of humble use by way of encouragement. Everywhere I go I hear respectful and cheering testimony about the "good substantial Banner of Light." Why is it said with a purposeful emphasis? Because its tone is candid, its defense of mediums and speakers, ever encouraging the workers without distinction. This policy, orthodox honesty, does not of course produce so much of a sensation, but in the long run it wins a good support with high appreciation with the public.

Am doing some lecturing this winter in Wisconsin. Spiritualism, you know, is like a planet—never turns back. Though the "times" are hard and most financially depressing, the good work goes on in more humble channels. Public prejudice gives way to inquiry of the oracles. Occasionally I am welcomed into an Orthodox church where that class of mind is glad to assemble and listen to the truth spoken with the spirit of charity. This was the case recently by New London, Wis. I was cordially admitted into the Congregational church there.

Our friends in Menasha and Appleton have Spiritual Halls under their control, and if they cannot afford a speaker from abroad, they do not cease acting, but assemble each Sunday to develop their own talent of mediumship and speaking. This is most praiseworthy. Lectured in both those cities, also in Shiocton and Stephenville, Outagamie Co. The latter place contains a large percentage of free thought of the spiritual tendency. It shows in this case as elsewhere the potency of faithful work through mediumship and the diffusion of our literature. Now live brother and sister Tarbell, who have toiled assiduously in the cause they love. The angels are found always in their homes, and their lives are luminous with spiritual intelligence. It is something so endearing to know that the seed we sow and water with our tears springs up in due time and blossoms as the kingdom of heaven on earth. Fraternally, J. O. BARRETT.

Rhode Island.

WOONSOCKET.—Seth H. Vose writes January 27th: Allow me space for a few words in regard to the meetings which we have had recently in this place. George A. Fuller, of Sherborn, Mass., has spoken for us the past two Sundays, January 14th and 21st, and Dr. J. S. Bean, of Natick, Mass., sang selections from the "Spiritual Harp." January 16th, Mr. Fuller delivered under spiritual influence two able discourses, which were listened to with marked attention, and created a considerable interest. The subject of the evening lecture was "The Great Law of Growth." Taking the geological history of the world's progress as a starting point, he elaborated the theory of development, producing the facts of nature as proof thereof. He also spoke of the gradual unfolding of religious ideas, and especially of Spiritualism as the perenna of all. Mrs. West, of Providence, was present, and at the close gave a most interesting and very characteristic and truthful communication from his wife. Mrs. West is a fine test medium, and clairvoyant and magnetic physician. Her address is 102 Dean street, Providence, R. I. The selections sung by Dr. J. S. Bean added greatly to the interest of the occasion. During the week which intervened between Sunday, January 16th and 23d, we had a general outpouring of the "good spirit." Various manifestations, such as the raps, in perfect showers, drumming in imitation of a tenor and bass drum, trance speaking, tests, communications, and diagnoses of disease—thus bringing into the clairvoyant faculties—created a little excitement. Mrs. West, of Providence, added to the interest of the circles held during the week, by the many tests and communications given through her. Mrs. Williams also helped on the good work by the descriptions of the visions which she beheld.

January 23d, Messrs. Fuller and Bean held two meetings in Temperance Hall, attended by good audiences, the evening meeting being the largest which they have had in this place. Dr. Bean rendered many beautiful selections of spiritual songs, which evidently were listened to by the audience with much interest. Mr. Fuller delivered two able and most interesting discourses, both of which were well received. The great question "Why should man be ashamed of Spiritualism?" was well handled by the invisibles, and so was the theme of the evening's discourse, "The Life of Religion." Dr. Bean has great magnetic powers, and the medicines he left behind him in this place, prepared by spirit direction, I trust will do a great deal of good.

We would recommend Brothers Fuller and Bean to all those who are trying to create an interest in Spiritualism, and needing the services of those who are willing and ready to work for the truth. The interest which has been created here will not soon pass away. We are in hopes to secure their services at no distant day for a longer period of time.

This revival which we have had, which has not yet abated, and which I trust and hope never will die, originated in the angel-world. And the work planned has been well done, and has added not a little glory to the cause of true Spiritualism.

New York.

MEXICO.—Wm. F. Everts writes as follows: I have noticed of late several articles in the Banner concerning Mrs. C. M. Morrison, the blind healing medium, of Boston, late of Oswego, N. Y. Being personally acquainted with Mrs. Morrison, having known her for the last four years of her residence in Oswego, and having attended several of her seances for spirit materialization and other manifestations, also having had considerable dealings with her in furnishing her a large amount of medicine, I am perfectly familiar with the various phases of her mediumship and with the manner of her dealings with her patrons. I can positively assure the public that Mrs. Morrison does not wish or intend to defraud any persons of their money, and would not retain money sent her without fulfilling the terms of her advertisements, and that she has and does intend to deal honestly and promptly with all her patrons, though circumstances may occasionally cause an unavoidable delay in her answering some of the many many letters sent to her address. These persons who are intimately acquainted with Mrs. Morrison consider her to be a first-class medical medium, possessing clairvoyant powers of a high order; also that she is worthy of the confidence and patronage of all persons who desire her clairvoyant medical service. She is a perfectly developed medium, controlled by a scientific and medical band of spirits, and they, through her instrumentality, have relieved and healed hundreds of persons of various diseases that they were afflicted with, to which many an individual can testify. From personal knowledge I can conscientiously recommend Mrs. Morrison's clairvoyant medical practice to those who are suffering from the various diseases that afflict the human race.

We print the above statement in answer to the solicitations of many friends of Mrs. Morrison, even though we have given several in her favor of late. This endorsement is certainly sufficient as a closing one.—Ed. B. of L.

Ohio.

SEVILLE.—Mrs. E. A. Young writes: Allow me to add my testimony to the efficacy of Dr. J. R. Newton's healing-power, imparted through a magnetized letter. Four years ago, when in Cleveland, I called to see Dr. Newton, and he told me to be very careful or I would have an attack of paralysis. When I returned home I told my family physician what he had said, and he sneered at it. It was some time afterward, when the attack came, he said it was an affection of the spine brought on by overwork. I told him that could not be, for I was paralyzed in my right arm and all down my right side. I dismissed him, and communicated with Dr. J. R. Newton, who immediately sent me a magnetized letter, and I

was cured in a very short time. This was six months ago, and I am still well, and have the free use of my limbs. Cannot other sufferers be helped likewise?

Illinois.

WATSEKA.—A. B. Roff writes, Jan. 26th: Mrs. Morse, of Joliet, Ill., one of the best lecturers on the rostrum, delivered nine discourses in this place this month, commencing Jan. 25, and ending the 9th. She had the largest audiences ever convened here by any lecturer, notwithstanding the Orthodox were holding revival meetings, three churches combined, and were in full operation when she came, a stranger, and commenced her lectures. She has awakened an interest here that will produce good results. She is calculated to do good wherever she goes; she is not only a fine lecturer but a perfect lady in every respect.

The Quarterly Meeting of Spiritualists of Western New York

Convened in Good Templar's Hall, in the city of Lockport, Jan. 8th, 1876, continuing two days.

The morning session was an informal one, G. W. Taylor opening the meeting. The midday train brought large audiences to our numbers, and before the evening session was largely attended, the counties being represented, and several from other States.

The opening of each session was occupied for an hour in conference, after which an address from one or more of the gifted speakers in attendance. Among these were J. W. Seaver; Lyman C. Howe; G. W. Taylor; John Greenhow; of Hornellsville; Mrs. Millington; of Rochester; Joseph Walker, of Byron, and many others, who gave much interest to the meeting by their words of counsel, of wisdom and inspiration. Most and sweet songs were interspersed during the meeting by Thomas Anderson, producing harmony and quiet.

Saturday afternoon session, on opening, was occupied by the officers of the State Association, transacting such business as came before it; after which the Quarterly Meeting resumed its sessions in form of conference.

Saturday evening was opened by the usual form of conference, succeeded by an address by Lyman C. Howe, who spoke for over an hour with great eloquence; the subject, given him by a person present, was "The Infinite." He said the Infinite was never fathom or measure the Infinite; an impassable gulf lies between, which can never be over- come; but the finite is ever reaching up toward the Infinite throughout the cycles of eternity. Intelligence is manifest in Nature. All things point to mind as the source of order, plan and fulfillment. Consciousness is complete with individuality. Nature is organized, and constantly developing individuality. Whence this tendency, this irresistible energy, forcing matter into intelligent expression, and conscious life? Can form and feeling flow from a foundation that has no form or feeling?

As our feelings approach the Divine, we sense the Presence that forever hovers over and pervades us. God is omnipresent. He is equally present and manifest in all things. The highest good reveals most of God. The purest love shows more of the Divine than adulterated love and narrow, morbid life. We are present as individuals, through all our body in the sphere of society, yet we live most in the vital centres. Amputate a finger, and you still live as man; amputate the head, and the body dies. In our weakness we turn with filial trust to the imperishable Source of all good. We need to rest in the love of God, to lean on his bosom in our anguish, and feed upon his measureless love.

Sunday morning session opened with a song. "Shall we meet beyond the river?" and was wholly occupied in conference, allowing time for the expression of a great variety of thought and sentiment by many who had not had opportunity before—mainly on the great need of more intelligent development. J. W. Seaver and others urging that efforts be made, in the different localities, to answer the demand of the public generally, who are solicitous of obtaining knowledge of this beautiful religion; assisting the spirit-world to commune with their mortal friends on earth, to give the grand realities of a continued life of active labor, for the uplifting of all humanity to higher motives and nobler resolves.

An address was given by Mrs. Millington "How to abolish Intemperance," taking broad ground why intemperance had grown to such proportions in our land, until it had become a national evil; that it was oftentimes perpetuated by hereditary descent from sire to son to the third and fourth generations.

Mr. Greenhow then followed in a very instructive historical quotation from mythological records, showing that many of the (so-called) fundamental tenets of the Christian Bible were borrowed therefrom.

The following resolutions by J. W. Seaver were read and adopted:

1. Resolved, That we are in earnest sympathy with the movement now being agitated to non-sectarianize our common schools by officially excluding therefrom all religious exercises, or sending the Bible as part of such sectarian exercises; and further, that we protest against the appropriation of any portion of our public funds to the support of sectarian schools.

2. Resolved, That we deem it but an act of justice to a whole people that all the property of the State should be equally divided, so as to delay its legitimate expansion, and we in the interests of justice demand of our legislators the passage of such laws as shall secure those results, by taxing church property equally with that of the property of private persons.

The evening session was wholly occupied by Lyman C. Howe, who asked for subjects from the audience for the evening's lecture, resulting as follows: "Charity, or the Downcast of Society and their Reclamation;" "What the Soul of Man is;" "Can Error in This Life be Utilized in the Next?" "What is Christ?" "What is the Kingdom of God?" "The Harlot shall enter the Kingdom before you?" "What Relation does the Materiality of This Life Sustain to the Next?"

Mr. Howe, being inspirationally influenced, touched upon all of the above subjects in a grand poem, after which he took up each subject, answering them all in a clear and convincing manner, to the satisfaction of all present.

A resolution of thanks was tendered to the friends of Lockport for their kind hospitality in entertaining friends from abroad.

Adjourned to meet in Gasport, Niagara County, in April next.

SARAH A. BURTIS, Secretary.

Allan Kardec's Books.

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

The Book on Mediums and the Spirits' Book, the recently translated works of Allan Kardec, are real gems. They deserve a wide circulation, and should be familiar to all Spiritualists who desire to understand the nature of spirit, the philosophy of spirit intercourse, and the relations of the two worlds. They are a clear unfolding of many recondite points about which many Spiritualists are thoughtless, seeming to care but little for the rationale of the matter. Many are satisfied with a bare attendance on a circle, drinking in with avidity what may be disclosed as though that was the ultimatum. The real essence of Spiritualism, its philosophy, they ignore, never study principles, nor how to attain the best results in their communings with the invisibles.

I would not discourage circles, but I would have an analytical examination of their functions, and a better understanding of the bearings of mediumship. These, and many other important points, are lucidly discussed in these two books. They cover a wide field, and open a way to a knowledge which in our hands may become more than the lever of Archimedes. A thorough knowledge of Spiritualism will give us a power in this life to mold ourselves and fellows, ensure progress for individuals and communities, and prepare us for that other life which opens to us when we pass the portals of so-called death. Let me counsel our friends to procure these two books, and faithfully study them. Either is worth a ton of musty creeds. They supplement our literature, which is a record of the phenomenal, show the significance of the vast amount that has been garnered, making a coherent system of philosophy, fortifying it at all points, and impregnably founding it in the nature of things.

Providence, R. I.

The prisoners in the city jail at Augusta, Ga., say the Chronicle and Sentinel, are bothered, as a supernatural appearance, a fleshless spirit, peaches of the corridor, the prison, and ever and anon, amid the stillness of the night, rattles the doors of the cells, making the bolts and bars shake and quiver. The said spirit says nothing to anybody, but keeps its incessant vigil, watching every thing closely, paying the frightened prisoners hourly visits, and effectually driving away from their drowsy couches the welcome god of sleep.—22.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Of all the future work to be undertaken in connection with Spiritualism, none presses with so much urgency, under present conditions, as the ascertaining to what extent mediums, and more especially physical mediums, are responsible for their acts, for in the instance of the Holmes in America, of Bugnot in Paris, and in many similar though less striking cases, the question has arisen whether the mediums are answerable for what they do at the time, that, to the casual observer, they are supposed to be in their normal state. For instance, sensitives, while under the influence of the mesmerist, will often go about a room doing everything which he wills they shall do; if the mesmerist were invisible to the spectators, his subjects would be supposed to be responsible for their acts, whereas all the time they are helplessly under the control of another will than their own. Their eyes are open at the time, and they appear to be in full possession of all their faculties. If mediums when fully under the power are in this state, and are not responsible for what they do, the truth must be, that they are in a condition that should not be blamed without cause; if, on the other hand, they are responsible, the fact ought to be established. The best method of throwing light upon these questions, seems to us to be the familiarizing of Spiritualists everywhere with the phenomena of mesmerism. Mesmeric lectures ought to be encouraged from one end of the country to the other. Indeed, if more of these were given, the experimental illustrations they would furnish would be of more permanent value than many of the public discourses delivered at the present time from our platforms, consisting chiefly of personal opinions. The way in which spirits control mediums is not known at present, although it is supposed to be done by mesmeric influence; nothing could be more foolish than to presume that they could assume to try to make a speech through his lips by will-power; the extent to which the organism of the sensitive would change, the ideas and words of the operator would be seen, and a step would be taken in the direction of ascertaining the difficulty which spirits have in communicating, and the extent to which their utterances are modified by the medium. At the winter meetings of the National Association of Spiritualists, it is intended to give attention to this subject, and it might be well if it were brought on before anything else. Those who have powerful physical mediums in their families would be much interested in gaining practical knowledge of the extent to which a sensitive may be influenced by a mesmerist, and, after observing a course of such experiments, might be in a better position to state their experiences, and to give more trustworthy information as to the extent to which mediums are responsible for their acts. Those who have closely studied strong physical mediums, think that they are very much less responsible than casual observers suppose, and that they are under the control of an outside power to a much greater extent than is generally believed. We have often known a medium to suddenly begin to speak in a foreign language while in the middle of ordinary conversation; we also know of a case where a lady entertained guests for two or three hours, and served out tea to them, yet all the time was under spirit control, and knew nothing about it afterwards; further, we know of a medium who acted like any ordinary person for two days, yet those two days were not such as they exist to be; she afterwards knew no thinking in her waking hours, she had been under spirit control all the time; yet in all these cases both Spiritualists and skeptics were talking to them as if they were ordinary mortals, responsible for everything they did. Little headway can be made in unraveling the philosophy of the benefits and dangers of mediumship, until some of these points have been settled by experiment.—*The London Spiritualist*, Jan. 7th.

To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, we have a fine Bookstore on the ground floor of the Building, where we keep on sale a large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

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The State Insane.

The twelfth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Board of State Charities, just made to the Legislature, treats at length of the insane and their care, supplying many facts and suggestions which can be put to profitable use at this time. The number of the insane in Massachusetts at present is estimated to be more than four thousand. It is the largest class of defectives in the State. They are pretty equally distributed between hospitals, on the one hand, and almshouses and private families on the other. The total cost of their care to the State, to cities and towns is not far from \$1,000,000, and at least \$350,000 more is estimated to be expended on those who are not yet become a public care. So that the entire cost of the insane annually to the people of Massachusetts is not far from three-quarters of a million dollars.

The State has hitherto had three Hospitals—at Worcester, Taunton, and Northampton, costing each an average of \$100,000, and each accommodating an average of four hundred patients. A large addition has recently been made to the Taunton Hospital, and two new Hospitals are in progress of erection at Worcester and Danvers. These two latter will probably cost \$250,000; and considering that each will accommodate five hundred patients, the expense of providing for every patient will be seen to be \$200. Reckoning in the interest on this sum with the cost of board, and every inmate will cost the State one dollar per day while within its care. The Board of Charities recommends in urgent terms that smaller hospitals be built, to accommodate fewer inmates, with larger grounds and accessories, and increased opportunities for diversified occupation, for recreation and for exercise.

The Report enters upon a long discussion of the ordinary causes of insanity and of the most rational and effective methods of their removal. It urges, first of all, greater personal freedom. An asylum ought rather to be regarded as a home than a prison. The experience in Scotland and England, as well as in Belgium, in the management of this unfortunate class on the basis of the motto, "the more you trust, the more you may," is cited as going far to prove the falsity of the prevalent method of treatment, and the prudence, as well as the necessity, of changing it altogether. The effects of the foreign improved method are described in this Report to be greater contentment and general happiness among the patients, less excitement and better conduct in every one of them, the preservation of the individuality of every patient, less degradation, and greater vigilance and care on the part of the attendants.

The Report quotes from the last Scotch Report to show that insanity is, to some extent, like other diseases, a preventable malady; that if proper means were used for its prevention, they would prove successful; and that it is in this way alone that the extent or amount of insanity can be materially diminished. It is freely admitted that "there has not been the same progress in the medical profession, nor the same advancement of knowledge among the people, in reference to insanity, as there has been in regard to other diseases." Generally, the question is raised in medical practice, how to prevent disease as well as to cure it; and many diseases are now prevented by reason of the great progress in knowledge of hygiene and sanitary laws. It is admitted that fully one-third of the prevalent diseases and premature deaths can just as well be prevented. This spirit of investigation is to be turned to insanity, and the control of its causes will be found to be very largely in human hands.

Spirit-Photography—Again.*

We have seen specimens of alleged spirit-photograph, recently executed in this city by an artist by the name of Brown. If they are proved to be bona fide spirit likenesses, we shall be delighted to place the additional evidence on record in these columns. But we enjoin upon the friends who are investigating this important specialty, the strictest scrutiny before endorsing them.

The subject of spirit photography is a very delicate one to handle, when we are so fully aware how easily experts can manufacture counterfeits. We have been somewhat in doubt of late upon this subject, not knowing to which horn of the dilemma to cling, so, contradictory has been the evidence presented from various quarters. While we know that real spirit pictures have been photographed—if the most reliable human evidence is of the slightest consequence—we are also perfectly aware that many counterfeit imitations have been imposed upon the public.

Last year we published a glowing account, from the pen of one of our New York correspondents, to the effect that spirit pictures had been made in that city, specimens of which were forwarded to us for inspection. We requested our correspondent to test the alleged spirit-artist, to make sure that the pictures were not bogus. The same artist

subsequently made bogus pictures in this city. And now we have another candidate in the field seeking Spiritualistic fame in print, who hails from the bleak territory of Maine. A correspondent, who dates his letter at Skowhegan, (Jan. 25th), says: "Our unusually quiet town has been stirred of late by a young photographer producing spirit pictures." Now we advise the Spiritualists of Maine, and others, to test this new "spirit-artist" (ere they part with their greenbacks) in such a manner that no particle of doubt shall rest on their minds as to the genuineness of the photographs. We repeat, this should be done in every case, everywhere; and we do hope our friends will not encourage and endorse (as many have, we are sorry to say,) brazen impostors, who are multiplying everywhere, in the church, in Spiritualism, in politics—to the injury of decent people, whether true media, church-goers, Spiritualists, or politicians.

Spirit Communism—Verification of a Spirit Message.

Since the Special Department on the 6th page of the Banner of Light has again been opened to those dwellers in the unseen who desire to communicate with friends left in mortal life, we earnestly request that those of our readers who may recognize any of the printed messages as correct will do us, and the medium, Mrs. Dan- skin, a simple act of justice by acknowledging the same.

During the ministrations of Mrs. J. H. Conant we were assured by lecturers and others, that hundreds of the communications given through her organism were recognized in private all over the country, though we were not informed of the same by the parties most interested, they fearing publicity. Under the circumstances, this withholding of testimony was far from right, in view of the amount of skepticism that an unbelieving world expressed on all occasions which offered concerning the reliability of our Message Department.

Mental culture and scientific speculation have their place in the work of advancing a knowledge of the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy; but they are not the paramount means. Human speculation or study did not evolve the primal phenomena by which Modern Spiritualism was introduced to this age; spirits made the first step, and demanded recognition, and Spiritualists are, as a class of believers, just as far from the point where they can afford to kick away the ladder of spirit-communication, wherein they have arisen, and depend on mental philosophy for the advancement of their cause, as they were in the earliest days of the movement. Recognizing this fact, we shall continue to furnish evidence of spirit return through our Message Department, and hope our readers who may perceive anything of note therein will at once make it known to us, as has the writer of the subjoined letter—a body, who though a stranger to us in the mortal, gives evidence of a determination to bear witness fearlessly to what she believes to be a verity: To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the Message Department of your paper I read a communication from my son, William W. Wright. It affords me the greatest pleasure to inform you of its correctness, of which there is no doubt, as it is in perfect accordance with letters from him which I have in my possession. I write this, as I feel I should do so, for such truths furnish beyond all controversy a direct line of communication between the two worlds. I would say, God bless the lady through whose instrumentality the messages come.

Yours for truth,
MRS. MARTHA A. WRIGHT.
Baltimore, Md., Jan. 25th, 1876.

Professor Crookes still Faithful to his Convictions.

We lay before our readers the following communication from one of our valuable correspondents in regard to the position of Prof. Crookes, of England, regarding Spiritualism. It is especially gratifying to know that this gentleman is still firmly grounded in the faith, notwithstanding the current reports to the contrary which have of late appeared in the secular press: To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Having heard certain rumors to the effect that Mr. William Crookes, of London, had repudiated Spiritualism and given expression to opinions derogatory to the honesty of mediums through whom many of the remarkable phenomena to which he had publicly testified had been obtained, I wrote, requesting him to empower me to contradict these reports, if unfounded, as I felt assured, from private letters received from him, that they were. In his reply, he says: "I beg to assure you that such reports are absolutely false." "I have no desire to go back on what I have stated in print on the subject, and I hope you will be good enough to contradict such reports whenever you hear them."

In a former letter, from which he kindly gives me liberty to quote, he says, alluding to some communications I had made to him, relative to certain Spiritualistic experiences of my own: "I read them with great interest; but I am now obliged to look on such subjects as an outsider. I have such great demands on my time that I have been forced to give up the inquiry into Spiritualism which has occupied me for some years past. I do not regret the time I have devoted to it, for it has taught me much truth which could not have been otherwise obtained; but many circumstances make it necessary that I should devote as much as possible of my spare time to the investigation of the new actions of light which you have heard about." "I hope that you will not entirely cease to keep me au courant with what comes under your personal observation, although I fear I shall not be able to send you much of interest in return." These quotations suffice to show that, however urgent may be other claims upon his attention, and whatever his reasons for withdrawing, for the time being, from his investigations into the nature and origin of those natural phenomena which are peculiar to Spiritualism, Mr. Crookes has not lost his interest in the subject, and feels no desire to retract any of those statements which it required no little moral courage in a scientific man of his standing to make; particularly in England, where conservative prejudices are so strong and so unpleasantly manifested. He testified to unpopular facts, well knowing at what cost he was faithful to his convictions, and the statements made by him would never have been uttered, or printed, without due deliberation and an assurance of their truth, too well founded to be lightly shaken.

LÓUISA ANDREWS.

"Wicked Winslow's Wayward Wanderings," heads an article in last Tuesday's Globe. We have just learned that this pious forger was a strong advocate of the God-in-the-Constitution scheme.

Paine Hall Lecture Course—A Pleasant Episode.

On the eighth page, present issue, will be found an abstract of the two lectures on Occultism and Spiritualism, delivered at Paine Hall, Boston, Sunday afternoon and evening, Jan. 30th. Dr. H. B. Storor, of Boston, will speak in this course, on Sunday, Feb. 6th, at 2:45 and 7:45 p. m.

At the conclusion of the second lecture by Col. Olcott the following correspondence was read by Dr. Storor, which explains itself:

DR. H. B. STOROR: Dear Sir—It has been ascertained that the anniversary of your birthday falls on Sunday, Feb. 13th; and

Whereas, for more than twenty years in Boston you have been identified with the cause of Modern Spiritualism as one of its earliest advocates and most efficient promoters; and

Whereas, your friends are desirous of making your birthday the occasion of showing their personal regard for you, and of exchanging mutual congratulations on the wonderful progress Spiritualism has made, and expressing their appreciation of your constant and unremitting labors in its behalf; therefore,

They request that you give up to them the control of Paine Memorial Hall on Sunday evening, Feb. 13th, that they may give fitting expression to their sentiments by reviving old memories and cementing anew old friendships.

ISAAC B. RICH,
LUTHER COLBY,
ALLEN PUTNAM,
WM. D. CROCKETT,
E. N. MOORE,
DR. H. B. STOROR,
A. H. RICHARDSON, and others.

Boston, Jan. 26th, 1876.

To Isaac B. Rich, Luther Colby, Allen Putnam and others:

Gentlemen—Your kind letter, with its proposition to celebrate my birthday on the 13th of February by a social gathering at Paine Memorial Hall, is duly received.

For your courtesy in offering me this evidence of your friendly regard and esteem I am most sincerely grateful, and I accept with pleasure your cordial offer.

None of us, I trust, are so old or wise as to be insensible to attention and remembrance, and while I would disclaim praise for any services of my own in the cause we all revere and cherish, I should be greatly pleased "to revive old memories and cement anew old friendships" with those who have been so long co-laborers with me in the same great field of action.

I shall be most happy to meet my friends at the place and time designated in your letter, and will place the Hall at your disposal on that occasion.

Yours with sincere regard,
H. F. GARDNER.

Boston, Jan. 29th, 1876.

Recognized Molds.

Dr. T. B. Taylor, writing from Baltimore, Md., under a recent date, speaks highly of the molding séances held in that city by Mrs. Mary M. Hardy, and says concerning the various "paraffine" "gloves" obtained, that one has been recognized as the mold of the left hand of Jacob Weaver (well known in Baltimore), while another he considers to be that of the hand of his (the Doctor's) spirit wife.

Mrs. Hardy's séances in Washington, D. C., were crowned with complete success, and the papers of that city gave extended and favorable notices of them. At one circle held at the residence of Dr. Wright, the medium was securely encased in a bag of netting, but the phenomena continued uninterruptedly. Just previous to the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Hardy from Boston a mold was obtained during a séance held at their residence, which was declared by the invisibles to be that of the hand of the late Henry Wilson. Mr. Hardy obtained a cast therefrom, which he took to Washington, and while there Judge Case brought a gentleman who had taken a cast of the Vice-President's face just after his decease to look at the various specimens, when the artist at once selected the hand in question from the mass, as being an exact fac simile of that of Mr. Wilson.

The Paine Celebration.

The one hundred and thirty-ninth anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Paine was duly honored at the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton Street, Boston, by a series of services which began on Friday, Jan. 28th, and continued through Saturday and Sunday, the latter portion partaking of the nature of a Liberal Convention. Speeches by Horace Seaver, Esq., editor, and J. P. Mendum, proprietor of the Boston Investigator, B. F. Underwood, W. S. Bell, and others, singing, a ball and a supper, comprised the exercises for Friday evening. During the Convention which followed on the 29th and 30th, the report of the Building Committee of the Paine Memorial Hall was submitted by Mr. Mendum, by which it was shown that the cost of the land was \$25,000; of the building and furnishing, \$74,334.16, making a total cost of \$99,334.16. Of this amount \$62,000 remains on mortgage. The report was accepted, and Messrs. Abbott, Bradford and Wood were appointed an auditing committee to examine the accounts of the Treasurer and state their opinion of the same to the donors and to the Liberal public. The Investigator says of this convocation of the friends of free inquiry:

"The Convention was well attended by Liberals and Spiritualists, and the entire proceedings were remarkably harmonious and successful, proving conclusively that though these friends may differ on certain speculative points, there is a common practical basis on which they can unite and work together in behalf of a common cause."

On File for Publication:

Several very interesting reviews and essays by writers of merit, viz.:

A Review of K. Graves's work entitled "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors," by A. E. Giles, Esq.;

A scientific article—"The Lesson of the Little"—by George Wentz, Esq.;

An Interesting Review of our Foreign Spiritualistic Exchanges, by U. L. Ditson, M. D.;

An article from the pen of J. M. Roberts, Esq., entitled "What Is Spiritualism?"

"The Conflict of Opinion"—a lively essay on a profound subject—"The Unknown." The writer attacks materialism as expounded by Tyndall, and calls in question the assumption that every movement in Nature is referable to matter and its evolutions.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord.

A correspondent in Chicago informs us that this celebrated test medium has returned to that city, and taken up her residence there.

Two other correspondents from the same city speak in highly commendatory terms of the developing circles held at the rooms of Drs. Lord and Lee, 420 West Madison Street.

A writer in the Congregationalist of last week undertakes to tell "what dreams are made of." We are simply astonished that the editors of that paper should print such stuff.

An Impostor Exposed.

It seems that the Catholics and Protestants are annoyed occasionally by unscrupulous persons, as well as the Spiritualists. Here is the manner in which the Boston Pilot (Catholic) disposes of one of these fellows, which is exceedingly well done:

"Intelligent Catholics were sorry to read in the daily papers last week an anti-Catholic 'lecturer' had been mobbed in Dover, N. H. The person attacked was a man named Arthur P. Devlin, who traveled some years ago on the same errand under the name of the 'Baron de Camin.' He is an Irishman by birth, and by no means a favorable specimen in appearance. He called on the Pilot recently, and asked to be allowed to look over our files, as he wished to take an action for libel against us. We gave him the files, and promised him all the assistance in our power to bring the matter to court. We were so civil that he thought it best to say no more about the law. He then explained that he 'took up' popular subjects, such as 'Spiritualism' and 'Romanism,' in order to make a living. He said he thought he 'ought to be let alone,' and many other things that we forgot. He is an ignorant and vulgar fellow, and we were rather amused to draw him out. We should no more think of getting angry at his attack than at the onslaught of Justin D. Fulton, of the same stamp. Those who mobbed him ought to be ashamed of themselves. His trade is gone if he is not mobbed. When such 'lecturers' are in town, let the Catholics stand aside and laugh instead of getting angry and throwing stones."

Bolla's Bower.

The recent Fair held in Boston in aid of this charitable institution, proved to be eminently successful, the total receipts netting between eight and nine hundred dollars.

A social party was given at the Bower on Thursday evening, Feb. 3d, by the ladies of the Fair, which not only materially added to the funds of the institution, but proved to be one of the most enjoyable parties of the season.

At the last business meeting of the committee it was voted that Miss Collins keep a daily record of the number of free dinners provided, that the public may know the amount of relief bestowed upon the unemployed working-girls of this city through this channel. It was also voted that the thanks of the committee be given to each and all of the contributors, and to the press of this city for their generous support of the Bower.

Toward the close of the meeting, Miss Collins in a few feeling remarks expressed her heartfelt thanks to the ladies of the committee for their individual and collective assistance in aid of the Fair, and especially to Hon. F. W. Bird, the President, and Mr. George A. Bacon, the Treasurer, both of whom have been earnest and indefatigable in their efforts for the success of the Bower.

The Relation of Modern Science to Spiritualism.

It gives us great pleasure to lay before our readers to-day one of the finest lectures, with the above title, ever given to the world through the organism of Mrs. Tappan, which was delivered in San Francisco, Jan. 9th. We quote a brief paragraph: "With the propositions of Mr. Wallace and Mr. Crookes before the world, and such minds as that of Varley," said the speaker, "it is not difficult to see that the tenor of thought must gradually drift into the acceptance of Modern Spiritualism as one of the phases of legitimate scientific investigation."

The Leymarie Pardon Pettition.

We trust our readers will use all due despatch in signing and forwarding to this office the copies of this petition which we have printed in the columns of the Banner, and also have sent out in separate slips to the representative officers of every Spiritualist Society in the United States. We have received quite a number of signatures already, and desire to speedily receive more. That Mr. Leymarie deserves every effort which American Spiritualists can put forth to obtain his pardon at the hands of President MacMahon is a self-evident proposition.

Soul and Body.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal thus refers to the appearance of the above-named book:

"Messrs. Colby & Rich have just published a little work by W. F. Evans, author of 'Mental Cure' and 'Mental Medicine'; the title of this last book is 'Soul and Body; or, the Spiritual Science of Health and Disease'; 12mo., cloth, 147 pp.; price \$1, postage 12 cents. We shall notice it more fully hereafter."

One Step Forward.

Rhode Island, by her House of Representatives, leads the van of progress toward equal and exact justice, by passing, on Tuesday last, a bill providing that land occupied or owned by churches, schools, colleges, and charitable institutions shall no longer be exempt from taxation. Buildings actually used for religious, educational or charitable purposes are still exempt.

A correspondent writing from Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 26th, says Mrs. Jennie Holmes and her husband are now at 614 South Washington square, that city, where they have held five séances with good results. Katie King is reported to be present every evening, either at the aperture talking with the audience or showing herself in full figure at the open door. "The séances," so says our informant, "are held in a large room, capable of seating fifty persons. The cabinet occupies one of the front corners of the room; within the large cabinet is another smaller one, in which Mr. (or Mrs.) Holmes is seated, remaining under lock and key during the entire sitting, thus all the phenomena that occur in the cabinet during the light séance are produced under absolute test conditions, giving the fullest satisfaction to all who have thus far attended the circles."

The Professor of Zoology in Cornell University proposes to conduct a summer school of zoology under the auspices of the University and with the aid of the following naturalists: Prof. W. S. Barnard—Protozoa, Worms, Radiates, Mollusks and Molluscoids; Mr. J. H. Comstock—Insects and Crustaceans; Dr. Elliott Coues—Birds; Prof. B. G. Wilder—Vertebrates, excluding birds. Each instructor will have a competent assistant in the laboratory.

A lady correspondent of the Banner, writing from Purissima, Cal., Jan. 20th, says: "I am in reception of your excellent paper, and congratulate you on the renewal of your Message Department, without which the dear old Banner would hardly be itself."

A correspondent writing from West Groton, Mass., says that the interest in Spiritualism among the people of that place has been well sustained for the last five years, and all indications give good promise for the future.

No National Gag-Law.

In the United States House of Representatives last week Mr. Cameron, of Illinois, from the Committee on Post-offices, reported amendments to a bill providing penalties for the sending of certain offensive or obscene matter through the mails, which unexpectedly developed quite a lively though brief debate, resulting in the bill being recommitted. Notably among those who participated on the side of the people, and against any seeming attempt to muzzle the press or restrict free thought, were Messrs. Geo. F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, Conger, of Michigan, Chittenden, of New York, Bland, of Missouri, and Gen. Garfield, of Ohio, each of whom made telling points agreeably with the plainest dictates of sound sense, mental liberty and common justice.

Now, as heretofore, and ever, the palladium of our liberty is a free press—an unshackled manhood. Of all things we want no national gag-law; no irresponsible censorship over the press or mails; no opportunity to strike liberty down; no despotic power placed in the hands of any who may prove to be a usurper of individual rights; no chance, in short, for any political or religious Jesuit to vent in this threatened name of law his fanatical spleen upon another. Why should any narrow-minded or false-hearted moralist, any religious bigot or monomaniac, be permitted not only to say but empowered to enforce his own limited notions and restricted views as to what is true or untrue, moral or immoral, proper or improper? And why should such be privileged to exercise the authority and to enjoy the special protection of the United States, even when he desires, as has been the case, to persecute those who, being more intelligent, differ from him? Under sanction of the existing law on this subject, the grossest abuses have been committed, not only in this city but elsewhere.

The Word truly says the fanatical spirit which animates Mr. Anthony Comstock appears in the following extract from his letter to Hon. C. L. Morrill, M. C., dated Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 18, 1875: "There were four publishers on the 24th of last March; today three of these are in their graves, and it is charged by their friends that I worried them to death. Be that as it may, I am sure that the world is better off without them."

If such a man may obstruct the freedom of the United States mails, open private correspondence, and interfere with the business of the community under cover of the law, what may he not do in the way of serious mischief should he take it into his head to act unlawfully? Ever is eternal vigilance the price of liberty! G. A. B., Boston, Jan. 31, 1876.

The Annual Meeting

Of the Sexual Science Association was held in Rochester Hall, Boston, on Sunday and Monday, Jan. 30th and 31st. During its sessions, Moses and Daniel W. Hull, Mattie Sawyer, Anthony Higgins, Jr., J. H. W. Tooley and others gave expression of their views as to the best method of alleviating the inequalities now existing in the social state.

A correspondent, residing in Ohio, writes: "The Banner seems to grow better and better every issue. Its white pages are ever full of thoughts stimulating the mind to rise to the pure fields of spirituality. I say not this in flattery, but as a reader and correspondent of many years' standing." Thanks, Bro. Strong, for your unsolicited compliment. We hope to continue to deserve the good opinion of the Western people, who we feel to say fully understand the responsible and onerous position we occupy, and are therefore everwilling to lend us a helping hand.

Mr. Robert Dale Owen writes to the Secretary of the British National Association of Spiritualists that his late illness was due to overwork, and adds: "For two years and a half previous to my illness in May last I had been a sufferer from dyspepsia, causing weakness and depression. These, by rest, water-cure and milk diet, have been entirely removed, and I am now in excellent health, better than I have been for five years past."

A new Association, so says the Crucible, has been formed in Boston called The Free Thought Exchange Club. This Club meets every Friday night at the residence of some of its members. From half-past seven until eight o'clock is spent in social conversation, then a short essay is read, after which a half-hour is spent in brief speeches. At the end of this time the meeting resumes its order of social conversation until time to adjourn.

If recent accounts are true, but little confidence should be placed in William Eddy's mediumship, notwithstanding so much has been said in his favor by Col. Olcott and others. We therefore advise all investigators of the spiritual phenomena to put him under strict test conditions whenever they visit his séances in the future, no matter where they may be held. "Prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good."

In another column will be found the announcement of Doubleday's "Spiritual Revelator." Read it.

Read the card of Miss Adèle De Mont, in this issue.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Wm. Brunton will speak in Lowell, Mass., Sundays Feb. 6th and 13th.

Mary L. French is arranging for a lecturing tour through New England. She may be addressed at Townsend Harbor, Mass.

J. William Fletcher addressed two fine audiences in Putnam, Conn., Jan. 30th. He will lecture in Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 6th, in Conway, Mass., the 12th and 20th, in South Deerfield, Feb. 15th, and in Putnam, Conn., Feb. 27th. Address 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

J. H. Randall will lecture the second and third Sundays of February in Seymour, Ind., and R. M. Sherman will hold séances during the week. Address until Feb. 15th as above; after that, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dr. Mary L. Jewett, of Rutland, Vt., will take the lecture field after Feb. 21st, and will receive calls to speak on the line of the Vermont Central and Grand Trunk Railroad to Detroit, Mich.; thence by Michigan Central and Northern Illinois Railroad to Rockford, Ill. Subject, "Maternity; or, the Physiological Laws Governing the Life of Woman."

Susie Willis Fletcher, of Boston, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., Sundays 6th, 13th and 20th of February.

A Pithy Question.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I listened yesterday with some degree of edification to Col. Olcott's lecture on "Elementary Spirits," at the Paine Hall in this city. The Colonel holds that spiritual communications are not altogether reliable, for the reason that "elementary spirits"—that is, intelligences having never been born in earthly shape—so frequently personate our real departed friends.

Now I would like the Colonel to answer this question through the medium of the Banner: If "elementary spirits" are not, and have never been human spirits in the form from whom or what have they derived their mental and moral characteristics?

This theory seems fallacious on the very face of it, for the word "elementary" precludes organization of any kind, upon which intelligent communication alone can be based, or even conceived. But perhaps the Colonel can explain what he means. C. E. S., Boston, Jan. 31, 1876.

* See the Banner of July 10th, 1875, fourth page, 21th column.

Message Department.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. SARAH A. DANSHIN.

Wife of Colonel Washington A. Danshin, of Baltimore.

During the last twenty years hundreds of spirits have been in communication with the mediumship of Mrs. Danshin, while she was in the entranced condition.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that extent, whether for good or evil, consequently those who pass from the earth sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these communications that does not accord with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive, no more.

Introductory.

(Part Eight.)

BY SARAH A. DANSHIN.

Following the case mentioned in the preceding portion of my "Introductory," came that of Francis H. Smith, of Baltimore—a name that will be remembered by many readers of the Banner. He was a man of culture and great mental activity, and being admitted to our private circle he became an earnest and enthusiastic Spiritualist. His sight was suddenly affected, and after several weeks' treatment by two eminent physicians, they pronounced his case *paralysis of the optic nerve, and hopelessly incurable*, and the best skill of the medical faculty acknowledged itself incompetent to restore vitality to the paralyzed nerve. There were those, however, in the spirit-world who were unwilling that this active worker in the great cause of human enlightenment should be held in physical darkness. Being led into our circle room one evening, (the usual manifestations were suspended for a time,) his eyes were manipulated—certain treatment was directed—and in a short period he was not only restored to sight as before, but was so strengthened in his visual organs that he could read and write without the use of glasses, which he had worn for some fifteen years. He traveled frequently, and in correspondence with myself would almost always add, in the margin of his letters, "Written without glasses—thank Mrs. Danshin and the angels."

These cases are given to show the wonderful power manifested by "spirits" through one who was but a pupil in this new school of human development.

William Meriton Eastleik, of Rochester, Minn.

Are these shadows that follow, or does substance lie behind them? Are they worth the exercise of thought, or is time wasted if I speak? I was in the massacre of 1862. William Meriton Eastleik. I did a few weeks ago in Rochester, Minn. I now come in contact with my enemies. I am the pale face, and they are the savages. Is it desirable that I should recognize them, or otherwise? [It is well that you be kind in manner and feeling toward them, for it will undoubtedly be beneficial to both parties.] Ah, yes; that advice may be easily given by yourself, but hatred and vengeance are deeply rooted within my heart, and the brain has not power to overcome it. My mother and younger brother, six years old, were killed by the savages. I fortunately escaped, carrying, sometimes on my back and sometimes in my arms, my little baby brother, only twelve months old. Thus, a boy, with the little one to encumber me, made my way across sixty miles of prairie, eating raw corn, subsisting on anything I could gather, with the famished face and failing eye of the infant ever before me. And yet you ask me to forgive and forget! My heart rises with indignation, and I answer you, Never!

Here they come flocking around me, asking forgiveness. With softened glances they look upon me and say, "It was our nature; we were the wild men of the prairies, and had been hunted and driven by the pale faces, and we know no other mode of retaliation. In our darkness and ignorance we did that which now we would not do." I feel as if there was a spark of spirituality gliding very softly and quietly within my composition, but my mind will not let me yield, and I say unto them, "Get behind me, ye are my enemies!" [Here it was said to him that he must cast out all desire for revenge if he would advance in spirit-life.] Place yourself where I was—alone, without food, without shelter, at every step expecting to have the savages bear me down, with the helpless one clinging to me! Memory becomes too vivid to let my spiritual nature overcome it suddenly. Here I am thrown into this land with only my enemies to welcome me. Is it not strange? [Where is your mother? Have you not seen her?] I cannot find her. Is the separation to be eternal? When the grim monster—Death, called me, the thought that filled my brain was, "Shall I meet and know my mother?" But instead of meeting my mother, from whom I was so cruelly driven, I meet only my enemies—the savages who were her murderers. I cannot comprehend this; yet I will pray for assistance from the Divine Source.

Oh, Infinite Creator! thou who hast made us thy creatures! why dost thou not infuse into my intellect and into my heart the elements of forgiveness? why dost thou not let me die with hatred and vengeance deeply seated within the soul—that part of me which hath life everlasting? I ask thee, oh, Infinite One, if thou hast a small, still voice, let it come unto me this night. Didst thou not fashion me in thine own image, and make me a part of thyself? Then give me light instead of darkness, peace instead of misery!

J. H. Frink, of New London, Conn.

I scarce know whether I am capable of the task which lies before me in its completeness of manifestation. I am weak and feeble, and the strong light breaks the magnetic chords by which I control the medium. [The light was lessened.] Frink is my name, J. H. Frink, of New London, Conn. Sixty-five years of age. Was very suddenly taken from the earth-life. At the hour of eleven I was stricken, at the hour of one the gates of heaven were opened to me, and as I passed in I met my loved ones who had gone before. I was feeble in constitution, and oftentimes the thought was evolved in my brain, and sometimes I spoke it: I was not a lingering illness but mine and I feel assured now that the angels heard me, and oh how beautifully have they answered me!

Why came I here in the midst of strangers? No one knows me, nor do I know any one present. I came with the hope that she, Emma Hinckman, a friend of mine who knew my worth, who knew my characteristics as a man, who knew my scholarly attainments, and above and

beyond all who knew my spiritual aspirations—it is in the hope that she may see these few lines. If so, she will feel fully assured that I appreciate the worth which she attaches to my memory.

To thee, Angel of Light and Wisdom, I give the gratitude of my heart for the boundless pleasure which thou hast cast around me; and to Thee, overruling Soul of the Universe, unto Thee thy servant consigns his spiritual identity now and for eternity.

I am not a novice concerning the divine philosophy of Spiritualism. It and I walked hand in hand together, and when my form was consigned to its mother-earth I had already the beautiful realization of being re-surrected into life.

J. C. Oliver.

J. C. Oliver was my life. I lost my life at the burning of Washington Hall. I was a gallant, fearless man in feeling; and it was in endeavoring to do unto others as I would have had them do unto me, that death came to me. Due respect was paid to my remains. J. C. Oliver was commissioned by the Masonic Order to take care of my body and accompany it to its place of destination. It was taken to Philadelphia, starting from the Cleveland and Pittsburg depot.

There seems to be a fascination about this mode of speaking; it familiarizes one with himself, likewise with his kindred; showing us that we are all of one brotherhood, the only distinction being culture. I sought not the lowly lived, nor shunned the poor man. I sought that which I thought would elevate me in the earth-life and give me a higher standing in the spirit-world, and I was not mistaken. I find in the universe where now I am, that it is better for a man to acquaint himself with the laws of God and live in obedience to them.

Profound regret was expressed over the accident which came to me. Accident in the sight of man, it was a blessing as I view it now.

I was an apt scholar in any branch of science to which I gave attention, and I feel equal to any emergency in this life.

Now, my friends and kindred, you who deem me dead, if your eyes should see what I have here given, you will find that the accident which you thought killed me, has only quickened all the attributes of my nature.

Eliza Young, Fremont Street, Baltimore.

I will advance, though I may blunder. The feeble voice of myself will be of very little consequence, except in this wise—adding one more testimony to the many. Eliza Young was my name. I died in December last. I was the daughter of John and Caroline Young. How beautiful to die with the grand assurance of a renewal of life beyond the grave, in perfectness of beauty, in growth of the spirit, with the assurance of meeting and knowing the loved ones that have passed on before, with the delight of being welcomed to that city not made with hands, by those whose affections were entwined around you when on earth. Weep not, no more, you whom I have left behind. Rather clap your hands in rejoicing, oh friends of earth, for through physical death I have found spiritual life.

A resident of Baltimore, living on Fremont street. [Do your friends take the Banner?] Oh, yes; they will understand full well that it is one of the household that speaks.

Stephen Rice.

Is it my name that I'm to be after giving you? Rice, Stephen Rice, was my name, and I died in December last. I was sixty-two years old. It was in the parish of Corkick, County O'Meara, Ireland. [Not getting the place distinctly, I asked him to repeat.] It is myself that was always opposed to repeating. And is the value of what you're writing to be to myself? A question comes up before me that I wish you to answer, and it is this: Why is it that when a man's life is beginning to live, that he has to die? I had to struggle hard in my younger days, but as years grew upon me times became better, and just then the grim monster Death came and claimed me, and I had to be off. I was not willing to go, nor am I satisfied now, for the matter of it, I've seen, is this: I find, in this country, that I have left undone much that must be done by me before I can gain a place of safety. This, I am told, is to be written down, and will be read by those I have left behind. They will see by my name and by my speech that I have powers of which I knew not when I was on earth.

Miss Super.

Are these like fairy stories to be written by men and read by men, or are they positive evidence of immortality? My name was Super. I resided for many years in Baltimore. After a time, finding that all things did not go very pleasantly with me, I drifted out West, and there I died a very natural and easy death; passed through what is called the "valley and shadow of death" into what religionists call "life and heaven." I had a brother named Daniel and a sister named James. I forgot to say I was a maiden lady. In the earth-form I helped support the family, and by this I mean I found bread and butter for them, sometimes paid the house rent, and things of that sort. It made me angular in disposition, for oftentimes there was difficulty in finding the necessary means; but, since I have gone over, I have prayed for a clean heart and a clear mind, and I think I have found them.

Thank you, sir chairman, for penning these few lines, for more than likely the benefit will rest with me in time to come.

Norris.

My name was Norris. I was agent for a Northern Windmill Company, but, you see, I was addicted to intemperance. In the hard house where I stopped, in Claiborne, Miss., I made a disturbance, and the landlord and landlady put me out of doors. The consequence was that I laid down on the ground near the house, and in the morning I was dead. I was angered when they spoke of regrets for the manner they had treated me, and I said to myself, If there is vengeance or curses to be given these people, I will make them feel my power! I wanted revenge; but this lady [a spirit present] tells me I must give a blessing instead of a curse, and I, as a drunken man, will be benefited in the world of spirits; but I don't believe a word of it. However, I think I'll try it, and see which is the biggest power—God or the Devil. You see, Mr. Chairman, they say the Devil goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. If that's true we had better all look out. You see, I was a right clever fellow, only I would get drunk; and that was an inheritance of degradation, for my father got drunk before me. This fair lady [spirit] in bright and beautiful raiment tells me I can lay aside these uncouth garments and get clothed like some of those I see in the distance. If this is true, I can never going to place confidence again in angels or men. I'm no angel, but the one who has been talking to me is an angel.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

CHRISTMAS IN 1875.

FROM THE SPANISH.

No trumpet blast profaned
The day on which the Prince of Peace was born;
No blood-stained banner waved
Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn;
But o'er the peaceful plain
The water-drops of peace were laden with rain.

The soldier laid his sword,
And stripped the corslet from his breast,
And hung his bow on high,
The sparrows' whistled in the summer nest;
And with the same strong hand
That flung the barbed spear, he flung the land.

Oh time for which we yearn!
Oh Sabbath of the nations, long foretold!
Season of peace, return!
Like a late summer when the year grows old;
When its sweet sunny days
Sleep now and mountain side in golden haze.

For now two rival kings
Flaunt o'er our bleeding land their hostile flags,
And every mountain crag
The hovering vulture, from the mountain crag,
To where the little plain
Is strewn with dead, the youth and flower of Spain.

Christ is not come while yet
O'er half the earth the threat of battle lowers,
And our own fields are wet
With the blood of the slain and crimson showers—
The life-blood of the nation;
Poured out where thousands die that one may reign.

Oh when the day shall break
O'er realms unscarred in warfare's cruel arts,
To tasks of peaceful hands and loving hearts,
On such a blessed morn
Well may the nations say that Christ is born.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Spirit-Photography.

On Monday evening, December 13th, at one of the ordinary fortnightly meetings of the members of the National Association of Spiritualists, Mr. Desmond Fitz Gerald, member of the Society of Telegraphic Engineers, presided.

The chairman remarked that he once thought that spirits materialized themselves sufficiently to reflect the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, by which means they were able to impress their images upon the sensitive plate of the photographer, although they were not visible to the eye, but the information given at the last meeting as to the possibility of such photographs being taken in the dark, and without a lens, seemed to show that in reality the pictures were chiefly produced by the will of the spirit.

Mr. Thomas Slater, the well-known optician, then read a paper on spirit photography, setting forth how, in the year 1855 or 1857, the spirits told him that at a future time he would be able to photograph them, a statement which he received with incredulity. Years afterwards, however, he obtained a likeness of a friend, also of a well-known nobleman, through his own mediumship, with nobody in the room but Miss Dickson. A friend of his departed aunt, taken by him, had been recognized by his sisters and brother as a very good one; if it were a sham picture, he did not know how it had been done. In his experiments in spirit-photography he had sometimes used an indigo-colored glass in his lens; spirits had been taken when this lens was used, and they were always more exposed than the sitters. The indigo glass in the lens had a good influence in taking foliage, especially ivy, as it did away with the glare. A likeness of his aunt, taken in the presence of himself and Mr. Hudson, had also been recognized. The British Journal of Photography, could not see the use of an indigo lens after Mr. Parkes had at the last meeting assured them that any lens at all was unnecessary.

Mr. Slater said that many of the public thought that it was impossible to photograph a spirit at all, because a spirit could not be seen; he therefore made the indigo colored lens to show them that a mortal could be photographed, although his image could scarcely be seen upon the ground glass of the camera.

Mr. Taylor added that the late Mr. Chaudet had two negatives, the one glazed with pale yellow, and the other with violet. The latter produced a photograph rapidly, while the one with the pale transparent yellow glass would scarcely print at all. The glare produced when photographing foliage was due to the polarization of the light by the leaves, and might be done away with by interposing a prism of Iceland spar.

Mr. Parkes said that if the friends present would try to get spirit-photographs at home, many of them would be successful.

Mr. Taylor remarked that on one of the negatives exhibited by Mr. Slater, the spirits appeared as positives, showing the reversed action of light apparatus. He had spent a summer with the late Mr. Guyton, trying to obtain spirit-photographs, but without satisfactory results.

Mr. Slater remarked that one of the pictures he exhibited was a sham; his spirits not only told him that he was being imposed upon, but put the thing with which the sham picture had been made into his hands; he was thankful to them for the caution.

Mr. George King said that spirit-photographs were apparently of two kinds, one in which a materialized spirit was photographed in the ordinary way, as by Mr. Crookes, and the other in which the lens and the light seemed to have little or nothing to do with the result. The idea that spirits reflected the ultra-violet rays seemed also to be quite swept away by the evidence. He thought that experiments should be tried whether the clairvoyant sensitive could see more of the solar spectrum than other people. A friend had asked him to try to ascertain whether information as to how spirit photographs were produced could not be obtained from the spirits.

Mr. Harrison expressed the opinion that spirits were not photographed in consequence of the reflection of ultra-violet rays from their bodies, otherwise every photographer in the kingdom would be getting spirits upon their plates; neither did they get spirits upon their plates, as they did these rays in abundance, because in the majority of cases they did not appear at the backs of the sitters, but almost always in front. If they were photographed in the way suggested, it would be immaterial to them whether they stood before or behind the sitter.

Mr. Slater quite agreed with what Mr. Harrison had said.

Mr. Parkes said that many of the spirit-photographs had a startlingly suspicious appearance, but he never obtained one that appeared to represent a mask. The appearances were so suspicious that he had not been able to influence of spirits he had left off bringing the pictures under the notice of the public.

Mr. Tapp thought that to unscientific people the best evidence of the genuineness of spirit-photographs was that the pictures should be clearly defined, and that responsible people should then recognize them beyond mistake as those of departed relatives of whom the mediums had no previous knowledge. He had heard that Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, sen., had obtained one such through Mr. Hudson's mediumship.

The chairman remarked that such had actually been the case, and that the picture had absolutely proved to him the truth of spirit photography. All the persons concerned were trustworthy and of good character. The spirit of the father of a cousin of his had proved his identity to that cousin at a glance, and asked her to go to Hudson's on a particular day, and to decide in what guise she would like him to appear upon the photographic plate. When the cousin was returning to town in order to sit for the photograph her daughter was with her, and the latter suggested it would be a better test if she would inform her beforehand in what way she wished the spirit to appear. She accordingly told her daughter that she wished her father to appear in his black skull cap, with his hands stretched out toward her. They went straight to Hudson's studio, and obtained a clear likeness of her father in the black skull cap, so clear that everybody who knew him could recognize him beyond all doubt.

Mr. Tapp remarked that it was a most incontestable case.

Dr. Hallcock said that no better evidence could be desired.

Mr. Wedgwood said that he had taken his own marked plates to Hudson's, and had watched the process all the way through, and obtained what he knew to be genuine spirit-photographs.

Mr. Harrison remarked that Mr. Fitz-Gerald had given clear evidence of the taking of a genuine spirit-photograph, and Mr. Slater had given

clear evidence of the taking of a spurious one by the same photographer. He (Mr. Harrison) had spent weeks in inquiring into the authenticity of photographs alleged to represent recognized spirits. In half the pictures he found the features to be so indistinct that enthusiastic people could exercise their imagination over them to any extent, and that was the case with half the pictures alleged to be strong reports were current amongst Spiritualists. Of the remaining half many sitters denied that they had ever recognized them as alleged; so after much trouble he could only get good evidence in the case of one, and in that case the person who gave the chief testimony had afterwards proved to be untrustworthy. He was a person who once resided at Kingston-on-Thames. Many weeks after he had made these inquiries, the Spiritual Magazine published a list of recognized spirit-photographs, in which were many of the cases which he had previously investigated, and at the expense of much time and hard work discovered them to be untrustworthy. For instance, in that list the public were informed that Mrs. Cooper and Mr. Shearwood had recognized departed friends in their pictures, but on inquiring of these two witnesses he (Mr. Harrison) ascertained that they had never recognized them at all. His argument from all this was that both verbal and printed testimony about recognized spirit-photographs should be received with caution.

Mr. Wedgwood asked Mr. Harrison whether the face recognized by the Comte de Bullet to be that of his sister was not a clear one.

Mr. Harrison replied that it was, but that the French person had traced a wooden dummy from which they asserted in open court that the spirit face had been photographed. Comte de Bullet denied their assertion. Spiritualists ought to make every inquiry into these particular cases. He thought that the Comte de Bullet's testimony was by far the strongest, since the persons who made the counter-assertions were so ignorant and prejudiced.

Mr. Parkes thought that when the members of a family saw a friend of theirs as a sitter, they immediately began to guess who the spirit near him might be, and might by accident have some points of resemblance to the particular departed person. He had printed many pictures, masking out the sitters so that the best of the spirit was alone to be seen. The features were then more likely to be recognized in a trustworthy manner.

Mr. Harrison wished that, out of the great number he had obtained, Mr. Parkes would send one photograph with clearly defined features to the National Association, accompanied by documentary evidence on the part of trustworthy people that the features were beyond doubt those of a departed relative. The Association would be glad of such evidence to frame and hang up for permanent reference.

Mr. Wedgwood said that the photograph of Mabel Warren, obtained in America, answered the requirements, and should be retained and permanently exhibited.

Miss Kinsbury remarked that Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace had recognized the features of his mother in one of these spirit-photographs.

Mr. Harrison thought that Mr. Wallace should be asked to write a certificate to that effect, and that it should be hung up in the National Association Rooms in company with the photograph.

Mr. Calder said that Mr. S. C. Hall had obtained a good likeness of his father, with a pigtail as worn by his parent in life.

Mr. Harrison said that he had heard rumors to that effect. He wondered why when those who obtained such pictures through mediumship made affidavits to be read before the French law courts, in order to help the innocent Leynara, Mr. S. C. Hall was about the only one who did not make an affidavit for the purpose.

The chairman announced that the meetings would be resumed late in January, and that friends who had had experience in physical mediumship, and in mesmerism, were requested to send in papers to the committee upon those subjects.

The proceedings closed with the usual votes of thanks.—The Spiritualist, London, Dec. 24th.

Paul Caster, the Healer.

Among the signs of spiritual progress in Iowa is the wonderful work of this remarkable man in Ottumwa. A few years ago he was an invalid, poor in person and pocket, in debt, out of health, and without education, and with an impediment in his speech, which still remains, and renders it difficult for him to talk so as to be understood. He evidently inherited some magnetic healing power, and was somewhat of a medium from his birth, as the many incidents published of his life go to show, but he did not use this power, nor turn his gift, as he called it, to any practical use till the spirits restored his health and necessity drove him into it to support his family. Now he has two assistants, and they issue a monthly journal. "He has built a large four-story brick house with ninety-eight rooms in it to accommodate patients, and yet is often obliged to send some to other places to board. He has a wagon load of crutches, canes, and various kinds of metallic skeletons from which he has rescued his patients and sent them home without them. He has this house all furnished and paid for, and owns a large amount of real estate beside. His business during 1875, as footed up and published, was as follows: Receipts for treatment, \$16,262.70; for board, \$16,654.19; \$32,806.89, and this is the eighth year of his practice. For several years his advertising was nearly all done by his patients, and by words only, but now his Health Journal and circulars are added, and he has added baths and the movement cure to his establishment, but still the cures are nearly all from spirit aid and by magnetic treatment through his hands, in which he has a helper in a Dr. Fry. There has just been one of those cunning little tricksters by the name of Cook here exposing Spiritualism, to the edification and delight of the clergy, but he did not heal one sick person, although the opponents say he did all the Spiritualists do, nor did he show one sign of the intelligence on which we rely for a spiritual origin of our phenomena, but the cry of humbug alone is sufficient to delight the clergy, and this shows the slender thread on which they now hang their hopes. They have no faith in Caster unless they are sick, and then even the devil may cure them so they can preach again. One visit to Caster's rooms, and an hour spent in conversation with him, will give more proof of spirit-life and influence than all the clergy in the city can furnish in a year, and more than all the sleight-of-hand or tricks of charlatans can furnish when backed by the whole force of the pulpit.

WARREN CHASE.

Ottumwa, Iowa, January, 1876.

Notice.

The subscribers to ART-MAGIC, MUNDANE, SUBMUNDANE AND SUPERNUNDANE SPIRITISM, are respectfully informed that the work has just been sent to press, and will be ready for delivery in three or four weeks from this date. As many of the applications for copies have been sent without sufficient address, and even without names committed, and many of the Secretary's answers have been returned from the Dead Letter Office marked "Not found," "Not claimed," &c., all who have changed their addresses since they first applied, or who have received no answer to their applications, are hereby advised, if they wish to secure their copies, to send full and proper addresses without delay.

All the subscribers who can be reached will shortly receive letters of notification from the Secretary pro tem.

EWY HARRINGTON DRITEN.

226 West 33rd street, New York, Jan. 25th, 1876.

President Lincoln was one of the eminently good men who dealt justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God; but I don't believe he ever expressed or felt more interested in anybody's theology. The world would be much better and wiser if all the ardent devotees of the theologies should become more like him.—Worcester Spy.

Spirit-Pictures—A Correction.

Since the publication of my notice in the Banner, of spirit pictures by the Anderson Family, I have been informed that Mr. Anderson and wife are the spirit-mediums, combined also with the mediumship of J. Winchester. It appears that Mr. Winchester is himself a medium for the display of this department of the fine arts, and is in urgent need of aid. It is a matter of but little importance, however, in the present crisis, who the mediums are. It is evident that he is wanted, and that want must be partly supplied by the sale of the pictures. I am much gratified on being able to say several persons have kindly responded to my proposition, and the pictures have been mailed to their address. But I have yet a few more left I should like to dispose of in the same way. Also some five or six of the same pictures, of smaller size, which I will dispose of at twenty-five cents each, the money in all cases to be forwarded to Joseph Winchester, Columbia, California. The small pictures were bestowed as a present, but I prefer to dispose of them for the benefit of the original owners.

Richmond, Ind. KENNEY GRAVES.

To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "Banner of Light Establishment" was not an incorporated institution, and as we could not therefore legally hold bequests made to us in that name, we give below the form in which such a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, Massachusetts, Publishers, [here insert the description of the property to be willed] strictly upon trust, that they shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem on the prudent and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

THE WORLD'S SIXTEEN CRUCIFIED SAVIORS: OR, CHRISTIANITY BEFORE CHRIST. Containing new, startling and extraordinary revelations in religious history, which disclose the original origin of the doctrines, principles, precepts and miracles of the New Testament, and furnishing a key for unlocking many of its sacred mysteries, besides contributing to the history of ancient crucified heathen faiths, and the modern crucified religions, revised and enlarged. Boston: Published by Colby & Rich, Banner of Light office. Price 25c.

In these days when a professed brother of the church, can spend thirty years in the investigation of "Mormonism," and trace Christianity to germs in the religious of the Chaldeans, Persians, Egyptians, Romans and Mexicans, we can see the truth of the thought, which is a characteristic of our age, and the conclusions arrived at are received with a very different spirit from what would have been the case in former times. Fifty years ago, Mr. Graves, the author of the book named above, writes from an entirely different standpoint from Dr. Lundy, yet he is in no way in relation to all the volumes given in chapters two and three to the hundred and forty-third chapter, and the Christian, the latter of which is said to have been crucified in India twelve hundred years before the birth of the founder of our religion. Mr. Graves is of a class of Spiritualists who devote themselves to showing that many of the doctrines and miracles events which have been assigned a divine emanation by the disciples of the Christ, are in reality, and in historical disclosure, explainable upon natural grounds, some being solved by recently developed spiritual laws, while others are alleged to be even to be solved in error. Those having a taste for this style of investigation will find in the last four hundred pages of Mr. Graves' book, the conclusions arrived at, which are given above in full, a fair compendium of many volumes on the subject, which he has used sparingly with care. Sir Henry Hall's "Ancient Religions" is the best of the kind. This book is sold by Colby & Rich, office of the Banner of Light, Boston, and will be sent by mail for \$2.25.—Saratoga, N. Y., Sentinel.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Sacramento, Cal., January 19th, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Daily, aged fifty-two years.

Sister Daily became an earnest advocate and worker in behalf of Spiritualism in her native place, developing a perspicacious medium, to which were in after years added several other phases. In Cincinnati and St. Louis, in both of which places she was a resident, her work was well remembered. Coming here about ten years ago, her name was synonymous with Spiritualism in this city for several years. It was through her efforts that the "Banner of Light" was first published in this city, and she was instrumental in the removal of the county seat of Alameda county, which was published in the Pacific States, in the Banner of Light, under the head of the "Spirit-Ringing the Bells." Though her name has not been heretofore to the world, her work bears testimony of her worth, her work as a Spiritualist, a tender mother, a true woman, and an earnest Spiritualist, and she requires no further eulogy.

Mrs. F. W. STEPHENS.

(Obituary Notice not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed this number, twenty cents per additional line to be required. A line of space type averages ten words.)

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SECOND EDITION—REVISED AND CORRECTED.

Does Matter Do It All?

A Reply to Professor Tyndall's Latest Attack on Spiritualism.

BY EPES SARGENT.

We need not commend this carefully worded paper to publication, for after answering to the Professor's "unimpairedly great Spiritualism," Sargent takes up what the same assailant has to say of "the promise of the matter," and the sufficient factor in explanation of the mind-manifestations. It is a very pretty sharp proof of Mr. Tyndall's superficial accomplishments as a metaphysician. This reply with, we think, claim a good deal of attention from Spiritualists, but from the religious public, as it shows strikingly some of the weak points of modern materialism.

Price 1 cent, postage 1 cent. For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

NEW WORK JUST ISSUED.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1876.

Mrs. Conant's Reception in Spirit-Life.

Agreeably to announcement in these columns, made at the request of our translated sister, Mrs. J. H. Conant, we present the following report (prefaced by an invocation) of her reception in spirit life, given through the lips of Nellie L. Palmer, while entranced, at the Banner of Light Circle Room, on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 27, 1876. We have no doubt it will be received by our numerous readers with the same satisfaction it was listened to by the large audience in attendance when it was given:

Invocation.

Thou Father of Mercy, thou Mother of Tender-ness, we have not to invoke thy presence, for thou art ever near us, walking beside us, lending of thine own spirit unto our lives, until we catch glimpses of the higher abodes in thy kingdom. Thou Spirit of Love, help us when weak, make us strong in righteousness, prepare us for life—that life which knows, which knows no death; prepare us for work that knows no terminus at the grave; make us able to bear our burdens, that the fruits that shall arise from our earthly labors may be glorious in the life to come. Thou hast surrounded mortality with the sunshine of thy love; may it warm into life those prayers which are the necessities that live within them; may it bring forth hunger and thirsting, may it awaken each and all to the needfulness of the light of thy presence, and with this consciousness may humanity take upon itself more that is real in the spiritual life. May we learn that the joys of the hereafter are not remote from our souls; that our lives create for us kingdoms of peace in the future; that our daily acts bring forth their natural fruits; that as the tree of our life is planted here on earth, so its roots go down in human hearts and live and are strengthened by human necessities, so its branches stretch upward to thee, for thou dost strengthen, thou dost lighten, thou dost glorify us.

We thank thee, our Father, for thy gifts of mercy, of love and of tenderness; we ask for thy blessing; we pray that we make ourselves worthy of it, that we may not make unworthiness in others, but seek the good in one and all, and so learn the divinity of all thy lessons—the lesson of charity unto all men.

Address.

My friends, there are many things that I may say to you, this afternoon, that may not conform to your conscious reason; but as truth is the motto which is engraven on my soul, and earnestness to make the truth plain is the guiding star that leads me on and has brought me back to you, I shall give to you, according to the best of my ability, a history of how I was received, and how I have been compensated for my life-work, in the spirit-life. As some few of my friends are aware, for several days before the white-robed angel came to bid me leave my earthly home, I was in that spirit life of which I had caught bright glimpses, and from which I had learned lessons in faith and in knowledge. The kind angels came to relieve me of the burden of pain, to prepare me for that better life into which I was being ushered, so that when the transition came I was scarcely conscious that the silver cord was broken.

I was first met by the dear Indian children who had been my daily companions for years, who had come to me and through my organism received a ray, now and then, of earthly knowledge, to prepare them in this first sphere of mortal existence—the first sphere of human consciousness—for that life whose terminus human ken has not yet comprehended. These children were the first upon whom my eyes opened in the spirit-life. By them and from them I received such a welcome as would gladden any and all hearts. They received me as a loving child would receive a mother; as you would receive a kind friend; as you would welcome a loved one; as you would open your hearts and your arms to one who was allied to you by the strongest ties of human affection. These children are stars of light to me; they have been the lines that have led me on, for God said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Through them I have caught a glimpse of that better, brighter, purer life that I so faintly comprehended when upon earth.

I was taken by them to what you may accept in my description as the Indian's heaven—the home of the Indians. Meena, one of my ancestors, received me kindly into her home, gave me of her life, of her strength, imparted of her own spiritual self strength to enable me to comprehend fully my surroundings. I found the home of the Indian full of pleasure, full of joy, full of peace—the peace which is born of simplicity, which is born of truthfulness, which is born of well-doing; for the Indian, although here upon the earth he may seem of little use to mankind, yet in the spirit-life he is the medium's friend, the medium's safeguard, the medium's staff, the medium's light, the medium's strength. He comes back from that garden of the future that he is making bright for all classes of media, and brings to each and every one some token of his living presence. Magnetically by nature, receiving that vital magnetism from every one of his surroundings, he is enabled, when he enters the spirit-world, to come home to man naturally, simply, directly—to come openly and freely, and to live and get himself. Better than all other spirits is he for the wealth of media; stronger is he in the divine purpose of implanting truth in the souls of men, implanting the need of truth; for what gives the Indian to man? He brings facts by which he may catch glimpses of the Great Spirit, and of that broad plane of thought before him in the future. He opens wider the door, clearing the natural vision from its obstructions, and lets the light shine in from the immortal world upon the human soul, until the natural eye sees, the natural ear hears, and the human soul accepts his presence. Hence I find all media have an Indian friend. They are our friends, the friends of all; a happy return, too, it is for the many unkindnesses extended to them from their white brothers.

I was taken from them by my guardian and friend, the physician who had so kindly watched over me during my earthly career. I was then met by all classes of persons, young and old, of all nations, men, women and children—the aged who had left the earth only a short time before me, the young who had found an avenue to friends opened through my organization, who

had been able to return and leave an impression of their presence upon this great way of truth sweeping over the land, carrying with it human thought and human destinies; leaving upon this the impress of their living presence, telling of that truth which must live forevermore. The soul knows no death; it knows no end; it knows no terminus of its existence; it knows nothing of the alleged great end of all things, for that end does not exist.

I was welcomed by this class of spirits as warmly as could be conceived of by human beings. They stretched forth their hands to receive me, shouts of joy filled the air, flowers were cast before me—for we have flowers in the spirit world as bright and pure as yours, as lovely in their natural existence as these before you, (alluding to flowers on the table.) They emit a living fragrance as sweet to our spiritual senses, refreshing us, bringing us close to the bosom of Nature, as do these tokens that Nature gives us here before you. I was welcomed by these spirits, not for what I had done alone, but as their friend. Many of them I had never seen or heard of, many of them came to me simply to touch my hands, to hear one word from my lips, to listen merely to the sound of my voice, to catch something I might give them, as though I were laden with joys, blessed with messages from earthly friends to them. Some were standing on the right, some on the left, with sad faces. It was they who had come through my organism to friends on earth, such as had come to me asking to be admitted to this consecrated place to send some token of their existence to those they loved. They were sad because they believed the door was closed upon them, the avenue was no longer open to them through which they might reach the loved ones lingering still on earth, because I had come home to live forever, because I had been the chosen one for their particular work in this particular direction; sad because disease had slain me so early in life, because I had fallen a victim through seeds sown in my body at my birth; sad because of the suffering I had endured; sad from loving sympathy for me; sad in their kindness. And above all this, there rippled in the air now and then a murmur of joy that I had come home. Home? Home? the sweet sound rung in our ears from early childhood, that warmed into life the very principles of affection that clustered around the home altar while I was yet a resident of the earth, welcoming me there as none could welcome only those who were rejoicing to know that I was one of them. From this condition I was lifted to one still higher, one still broader, that came out as if from the very sky: rays of light converging to one common centre, and gradually diverging from this centre in light and glory and purity, shone out over the whole; it seemed to transfigure every one of these spirits by whom I had been surrounded; it left its impression upon every soul it cast itself upon, and warmed every heart with which it came in contact. It was beautiful to behold spirits basking in this sunlight, catching every ray as though one should not be lost, catching everything which might give to them new impetus, new life, new strength for work, which to some might have been just revealed to them. This condition was pleasing to me. I could see in it the results of my own poor labors. I could behold in it the effects left upon these spirits by coming back to earth to gather as much as possible from this condition of life to prepare for a higher and better one. The fact of proving to you that a mother, a father, a wife, a husband, a child, or a friend is immortal, and that this proof is conclusive, that there is no cavilling, no shadows, no doubt left upon your mind, is enough to make every soul hunger for this bread of life, every heart swell with desire to know more of the future. To know you are immortal inspires you with a desire to know how you are immortalized. It is not by the name you leave here upon canvas or even upon the scroll of fame, nor by deeds you have done in the body, not by what you may leave upon the sands of time, written, as it were, by the finger of your soul, not by what you have thought, nor by what you have hoped for, for you are not to be measured by all this, but you are to know that life is eternal, in that you carry yourselves with you into heaven or into the future, that there is not one characteristic left behind, not one emotion, not one thought, not one hope, not one desire, not one condition in which you have mentally and spiritually lived, of which you can divest yourself on merely laying aside the earthly body. The strongest proof of identity on entering the spirit world, is to find yourself just as you were yesterday, before you stepped over the threshold into the other life, just as you were before the soul took its flight from the mortal tenement. This knowledge is worth something to humanity; it leaves no room for a man to prepare for death. It leaves engraven upon every tablet upon which the eye can rest, "Make yourselves ready for life eternal; make yourselves ready for everlasting activity; make yourselves ready for everlasting usefulness; make yourselves ready for everlasting life."

When I beheld this light I could not conceive of its full meaning. Its import to me was that it was shining from another sphere of existence. As we gradually approached it, I saw that it was the light of wisdom, the pure white light of religion. It was the light of that truth that has held me to this table, to this stand, to this place, for so many years. It was the light of that pure faith that was ever pointing me onward to the future; it was that golden light, filled with glory and wisdom, and truth, and love, that we think belongs to God; it was the light of his loving kindness that shone upon us.

As I came nearer I beheld men of wisdom congregated together; I beheld them in solemn and earnest converse, seeming to commune with themselves, trying to ascertain some means by which I might be brought closer, and thus be made to comprehend my situation. I can assure you my eyes were dazzled, and my heart sunk within me with trembling such as you can only know when you are blinded by this bright light, when God's immortal presence streams in upon your soul, and seems to awaken every thought and arouse every part of your being. When you receive this, and feel it as I felt it, then you can realize with me how I approached these spirits of light, encouraged by my loving, watchful friend, who led me in carefully, giving to me words of courage and cheer, imparting to me strength as I approached step by step this higher altar, this better life. At last I was ushered into the presence of spirits, some of whom I had seen, and from whom you have heard. They received me kindly, pleasantly; the light burned brighter, and brighter, and brighter, when the voice of the chairman of that convention of spirits arose upon the air, and came floating down to my ears

and bid me come a little higher, a little nearer, to receive their congratulations for my life's work while here upon the earth, telling me it was to go on, and on, and on, through all the time to come. Alas! my heart sank within me. Although I had felt I had done the best I could, yet in the retrospect I saw so many sins of omission, so much left to be accomplished, so many little deeds left undone that might have been performed for my fellow-creatures, so many kindly words that I might have dropped into listening ears, so much of good cheer and loving sympathy I might have given to the hungry and thirsting children of earth, so much more that was to be accomplished, in tears, in the agony of my own spirit, I cried, Alas! alas! I want no compensation. No reward for me! Let me live here, and learn of your wisdom, learn of your knowledge, of your life. It is enough. Let me see as you do here, and hear as you are hearing of the glory of God, and it will suffice for me.

When at last I met my friend, our friend, the friend of the human family, the friend whose hand and heart ever opened a kindly welcome to me, [pointing to the portrait of the former Chairman of the Banner Circle, WILLIAM WHITE,] he bade me be of good cheer, for in heaven, where I was, there was much yet to do; all that was left undone could yet be accomplished; I must put upon myself the armor, and go on with the same work I had begun upon earth. When he came to me and said this, it was courage to my fainting soul, it was life and strength to my drooping spirit. It was the great whole I had prayed for. To live and to do was the answer to my prayer that has ever ascended from the earth-life to heaven.

Here I found many spirits, among whom were Parker, Channing, Thomas Paine, Father Henry Fitz James, Lord Bacon, Judge Edmonds, and many others, whose names are familiar to your earthly ears. I heard and saw there many of them for the first time. I received from each of them something. Each one of them seemed like a blazing sun, with rays of light coming from their spirits into mine. At last I was willing to receive, for my future work, whatever was to be my mission.

I then came back to earth, and wandered away to different media, that I might make myself manifest. To first one and then another did I make myself known, that there might be characteristic evidence of my presence. Through all phases of manifestation did I endeavor to accomplish it—through clairvoyance, through clairaudience, through materialization, through every form of spirit manifestation did I make the effort to make myself known as the living spirit—Frances A. Conant.

In this I was successful in many instances. In others I was obliged to go, as I have known many spirits to go from this place with downcast faces and burdened hearts, who had come with messages of love to lay upon this altar, and send them out upon the ocean of life to find the haven to which they were destined. Alas! this disappointment I trust all media will comprehend, that they may never grieve the spirit, never turn away from the angels who come to bear witness of their immortality. I trust not one present will ever say, "I have no time to give to spirits—to give to this work." A few, I trust, will never say, "I have no inclination to receive them." No time! no inclination to receive the mantle of everlasting life! Remember that there is a time when the earthly body fails you, when the spirit grows beyond its confines, and gradually loses its hold upon its members, when, one after another, earthly objects fade from sight. The soul then is prominent; the spiritual wants—the highest and best part of the man—the spiritual necessities that number by thousands, then loom up before you like living lights, and there comes back to you from the past a voice of regret that rings in your ears, forever and forever, saying, "I have not done my duty; I have not opened my heart; I have not received the truth; I have not welcomed the angels; Alas! shall I be welcomed by mortals still on earth? Shall I be received? Can I return and gather the blessings that I have left behind me, that are necessary to my spiritual growth, that I need for my development in the spiritual life? Is there no one to whom I can return, through whom I can behold the light for which I am hungry?" These questions will come to you in that hour when passing away from earth. Each one of them will be such vast importance that they will shake you like an earthquake's shock. You will quiver like a leaf in the breeze; in that storm you will be shaken to the foundation, because you have not done your work nor your duty. Then will come not only this, but greater labor on your part will be required to perform what you have left undone. You will have to seek in all directions for some instrument adapted to your special use, when it may be that your eyes and your ears have been opened in the past to spiritual presences, that the gift of mediumship has been yours, and has been denied, has not been brightened and beautified by use, and the power has been concentrated upon others. It has been covered up in a napkin and concealed from sight, and you find yourself not so well adapted to conditions requisite for control of media as you might have been, and you may have to work long and earnestly to overcome the obstacles you have piled up in your own way. Perhaps it may be years before you will be able to seek in all directions by even the faintest ray to those you love. I tell you it is a penance none of you will love to pay. It is an experience not one of you will long to go through, but which must be passed through and out of, to higher conditions, if you neglect the opportunities before you. Think of it, ye Spiritualists, in time! Accept my counsel as an earnest worker in behalf of a common humanity. Receive my words of loving warning as men and women, as thinking creatures, as workers here in this garden of human life. Receive this advice that comes from one who sees and knows you better and loves you more than ever on earth, and shut it up in your own souls. Do not, one of you, draw the curtain over your mortal senses, fearing some observer should peer into your souls and find there the written remembrance of the presence of the angels. Do not be afraid to let the light shine and diffuse itself into every heart, into every family, into every church, into every religion, into every prayer, into every history, into every record. Into all things it shall diffuse its life, until it shall become the living soul of humanity. Live for it, work for it, support it; do not forget while your life lasts that there is something for your right hand to do for that which you already believe. Let the truth go down deep into your souls and shine out far and wide upon the human family. As Spiritualists, you have better gifts than other believers; you have a nobler religion than other religious work-

ers. It is a religion that strikes deep into the soul of man and makes its worth known through your lives, not through words alone, but by works. You see it, and hear it, and feel it, as you see the Almighty, only through the monuments of his labor, everywhere about you. Then, as Spiritualists, be up and stirring. Sleep no more on your positions. Hold fast no longer the crown of the conqueror, clinging more to the old opinions you would fain cast away were it not for the fear of losing the approbation of friend or neighbor. To the sluggards, the spiritual sleepers, the watchers by the wayside—you who are praying and watching—I would say, pray and work, and you shall see, and you shall hear, for then God's glory shall descend upon you and live with you forever and forever.

I am now earnestly engaged in the fulfillment of my mission to earth. I have only a few more words I can say to you. I say them from the depths of my spiritual life. I am most earnestly engaged in the promulgation of spiritual truths, I occupy my thought by your day and by your night; it is really my staff and my support; it is the power that impels me on; it is the life that is speaking behind me, pushing me onward, onward; it is the whispering I hear before me, beckoning me upward. I want your help, one and all of you. I am still acting for spirits above me, for the sake of those below me. I am laboring in this common cause still, to which, as you know, I devoted my life. I am laboring for the advancement of the truths of Spiritualism amongst humanity, as I labored when one of your number, and in the same capacity. Spirits who are higher and better than I am, and stronger than I am to do good to all who are about me, operating through my mediumship, for I carried myself, my own organization, with me. I carried my gifts, my hopes, my fears, my joys and my sorrows, my life, my own nature, through the gates of death. They were used here on earth, they will be used in the future. And I trust that one and all of you will consecrate yourselves to this work, this common cause of divine truth, for the sake of the common family that establishes a common brotherhood, in the name of one Father, now and always.

The People's Course at Paine Hall, Boston.

The afternoon and evening lectures in this series were delivered on Sunday, Jan. 30th, by Col. H. S. Olcott, of New York City, the subjects treated by him being "Human Spirits and Elementaries" on the first occasion, and "Eastern Magic and Western Spiritualism" on the second. On introducing his afternoon discourse he spoke of the puritan stock from which he had in a direct line descended, and said that one of the bequests left to him by his ancestors was the determination to stand by whatsoever appeared as truth to him, when measured by the standard of his reason; and if anything so appeared he would champion it fearlessly and at all times, leaving results to take care of themselves.

A belief in the supernatural—a faith in, continued spiritual life after the process of physical decay—was wide spread among men. The spirit, a prisoner in the human body, struggled against the conditions by which it was enveloped; its ultimate was progress in the future in the sphere of endless life, while the material of which its crumbling prison was constructed, was destined to go down again to the dust, to be utilized over and over in other forms, and during successive cycles. What evidence in fact existed concerning the relation of the soul and body of man, which went to prove that the powers of the one were limited by the functions and operations of the other?

Spirit materialization and other phenomena, as mentioned in the Bible, received the belief of Christendom, till the founders of the Protestant system endeavored to base their church on that blind faith which is the substance of things hoped for—the evidence of things not seen." The Roman Catholic church continued to recognize the communion of spirits if occurring under her own jurisdiction, leaving out only that which transpired beyond her pale.

Looking to the East, the lecturer computed that among its swarming legions of inhabitants could be reckoned four hundred and twenty six millions of Spiritualists. The Orientals not only believed in the existence of good and evil spirits, but in the possibility of their communication with the living. The speaker traced from Chaldea, through Egypt among the Israelites, and broadening out among the ancient nations, the existence of that cabala which contained within itself the interior essence which the religious systems of these peoples wrought out into exterior forms.

Spiritualists were, to the mind of Col. Olcott, remiss in the extreme concerning efforts for the advancement of their cause. He presented a lengthy array of statistics, wherein it was proved that the sects of Christendom were indeed more earnest in a pecuniary point of view for the propagation of their opinions than the numerous friends of Spiritualism were for the advancement of truth. In 1870 twenty two million houses, costing in all one hundred thousand dollars, were all Spiritualism could show in the United States by way of church buildings; the cost of the same, if levied on the generally claimed number of believers in America, would reach the surprising sum of ninety-nine cents per capita! Spiritualists were also remiss in their failure to establish some reasonable philosophy wherewith to account for the phenomena and their uses; after nearly thirty years of experiment they were unable to account for the simplest manifestation occurring, whence the most neophyte of the abuse, he gave a brief history of Spiritualism, and drew a parallel between its condition twenty years ago when he left the Dordworth Hall Society, and the present hour; newspapers, media, and in many cases lectures, then operating had gone from the field of work, but the same ideas were now advocated as then—no advance had apparently been made. To his mind Spiritualists were just as ready to denounce each other for differences of belief, and just as unable to answer the questions of their enemies as they were twenty years ago. If Spiritualists existed by millions in America, why did they not long ago have made their power felt? why did they cringe before the abuse of the masses of critics, and fail to support those who publicly advocated the cause, whether as speakers, writers, or newspaper publishers?

Referring to the unfortunate conditions surrounding the media of the present, he compared them with those in ancient times; then the sensitive virgin mediums were consecrated to their work at the temples, isolated from the mass of humanity, and made fit instruments for communion which the purest spirit would not shrink from using. How different from the manners of our time, when the poor shrinking medium—the mere helpless in the battle of life in proportion as he or she was fitted to be a medium—was surrendered to the rude blasts of the every-day world, and left by the Spiritualists whom they pleased with their wonders to fight the battle for bread alone, perchance in some garret or cellar, when the séance was done. What wonder that so many media fell under sad conditions—the blame for which lay really at the door of the Spiritualist believers, who thus abandoned them after gratifying their curiosity?—what wonder that a lower order of spirits should naturally approach when purer ones were driven away by the gross habits or repellant atmosphere surrounding the instrument?—what wonder that the best method of investigating was when possible, to institute spirit circles at home among the family?

Why was it that we had no well-digested philosophy for Spiritualism in our day? It was because we had treated it and its phenomena, as if they were something entirely new and unprecedented, when in fact the opposite was true. The systems of black and white magic—records of the existence and doings of which could be found even among the writings of their enemies, dealt with these same phenomena, but it had never occurred to the Spiritualists of America to examine the matter and see if in this magic they so much derided was not to be found the true philosophy of materialized spirit forms. He intend-

ed at present to rectify his convictions, and citations from his experiences, leaving his hearers to take them for what they were worth. He referred in passing to his observations among the Eldys at Chittenden, Vt., as detailed in his volume, "The Power from the Other World," and said in making all due allowance for the delusion so freely cast upon those media—if but one of the four or five hundred forms seen by him at the séances was a genuine materialization, that one was sufficient for the purpose of proof. At the time of his writing that book he had not read any of the Hiramite works—if he had, he would have been brought to materially differ his treatment of the subject, and have been led to ascribe much that he then witnessed to the elementaries. He de- scribed upon the researches of and recorded won- ders wrought by Albertus Magnus and other ancient cabalists, and cited many startling instances of the power possessed by modern adepts, as witnessed by himself in New York and elsewhere.

Spiritualism he declared to be simply uncon- scious magic, and magic to be conscious Spiritu- alism. A medium was one who rendered him or herself passive for results; a magician was one who would to produce different effects, and com- pelled his servants to do them. The sylphs, the gnomes, the undines and the salamanders—exis- tences brought into being by the spiritual side of the air, the earth, the water, the fire, and who were in harmony with that law of Nature which places inside each evolved material, how- ever strange, a corresponding spiritual form—were then discussed in connection with the Darwinian chain of development, and left no missing link; these spirits were not the myths of ancient tradition, for he (the Col.) had seen them evoked in his own apartments, in New York City, by a Hindoo adept into whose company he had been most strangely brought. He would recommend those who wished to gain some idea of these beings to read Bulwer's "Zanoni," and "Ravallito," by P. B. Randolph. The solar sylphs produced the physical manifestations; they excelled the other classes of elementaries, and made them their slaves, but a man who was true and just and conscientious and brave could control them. This power was, however, only to be attained by a long course of novitate study, and an initiation in the East, by the adepts there residing. He called attention to the fact that the recorded phenomena of the magicians were all transacted in the full light—the adepts needed neither darkness nor cabinets; but these were necessities in many of the spiritual phenomena, so-called, which went to prove that the occur- rences at dark séances were the work of the elementaries and undeveloped spirits—these spirits needing passivity in order to accomplish their ends. A true enfranchised human spirit had no fear of bullet, sword, or any other human instrument, since he was ever free from the limits of materiality, but an elementary had so much mat- ter within its composition that it did fear pain like a mortal; hence it was found that at a mold- ing séance in England the spirits complained that the water in the paraffine pail was too hot (showing their sensibility to pain); and he under- stood that a like complaint was also made in America, the water being tempered to the spirit at the desire expressed by raps.

At the close of his address he defended the action of the Theosophical Society of New York, said it was not an enemy to Spiritualism, but would work in harmony with it, and announced that it had been decided by the members of that organization that their meetings should be held in secret, and no account be presented thereof till the members should agree to a report after the manner observed by the London Dialectical Society.

In the evening, Col. Olcott, in reviewing to some extent the ground gone over in his previous lecture, held that we were too apt to consider our age to be the brightest the earth had ever seen, and ourselves the compendiums of all knowledge—using as a point of contrast the darkness of the middle ages, but we must look further back in time to grasp the true idea, and remember the human progress has ever been in circles, not in an oblique line upward. The ancient Egyptians and Hindoos amazed even the architects of our day with the grandeur of the scope of their tem- ples and palaces, and since the spiritual always keeps pace with the material in nature, was it not in harmony with reason and every analogy of our experience among mankind that peoples so mighty in material achievement should work out a theogony correspondingly vast and glorious? These old philosophers clothed their ideas in sym- bols, in order that the profane or unprepared multitude might not make use of their mighty heresies at will; they gave them the robes of mystery, thought behind a mask, so that they could be obtained only by him who would labor as zealously to remove it for himself as they did to place it there; only such could hope to understand the depth of their meaning. This mask, or its inte- gral portions, became in time to be clothed upon by the populace with divine attributes, though the old scholars believed only in one divine principle that sent out its avatars at will, under different names, to the peoples of earth.

These old masters taught that a spiritual orb was developed along with a material one; that man was an immortal soul, a spark of the divine crea- tive force, and as the soul grows in the growth of its parts, and the parts resemble the whole, man therefore was lord of the microcosm, and needed only, to assert his prerogative, three things: "To know—to dare—to will." To these there was another important adjunct which might be cited: "To keep silent," lest those who would make im- proper use of the knowledge should obtain a key to its possession. Magic simply meant wisdom; its two sides, white and black, corresponded with the two sides of nature—white with the good, and black with the reverse; opposing or bad spirits were just as naturally evolved as good ones; the white magician was typified by the theurgist, the black by the old-man. While magic led man to good, the abuse of it drew him to evil, the spirits around him, to whose powers he could always, if true in heart and life, successfully oppose the shield of his immortal soul! Black magic might crown him who practiced it for the time being with honor and riches, but in the end he would become the prey to the lower ele- mentaries with whom he dealt; if there was a joint loss in his or any other man's moral har- ness, the elementaries would discover it.

Further continuing from the afternoon dis- course his citations of the wonders achieved by the ancient magicians, he instanced the perform- ances of the Fakirs of India as proof of the ex- istence of the same powers in our own day, and related several remarkable stories in connection therewith: the engraving of letters and symbols on metals or stone, the power to make themselves invisible, the power to extricate their spiritual bodies from their physical and to roam at will in such condition—recorded of the old magicians—were all duplicated in our times, every one of which the Colonel assured his audience he had witnessed, the first in the ring test reported in the spiritual press; the second in presence of a person who had three times become invisible to him at will; and the third, the double, he had seen in the streets of New York, in one instance that of a gentleman appearing to him on Broadway, carrying a bundle, and being immediately recog- nizable, though he knew the physical form of that friend was at the moment in another coun- try.

Modern Spiritualism and Eastern magic he thought to be distinctly related—though the cab- alist was positive, while the medium was nega- tive—and the revelations of magic were calcu- lated to do much to elevate our conceptions of true human spirit; on their return, as it would lay at the door of the elementaries, where it belonged, much of that characteristic of spirit com- munion which so repelled many investigators. To those desiring to know more of the sub- ject, he recommended the treatise of Ennemore's History of Magic, William Howitt's work on the Supernatural, Mrs. Crowe's Night-Side of Na- ture, etc., etc. He also recommended to the people Dr. Eugene Crowell's new work on Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritu- alism, and spoke a good word for "Art Magic," the book for which Mrs. Emma Hardinge Brit- ten is agent. In closing he declared it to be his intention to study the matter thoroughly, and to follow what appeared to be the truth, regardless of the ridicule or opposition of others, who failed to believe in common with him.