

THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

NO. 23.

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THE PROBLEM OF ORGANIZATION.

Spiritualism the Great Liberator—Its Individualizing Power—Unborn on a Higher Plane—The Universal Law of Organization—Illustrations from Nature—The Principle in our Institutions—Smothering Idols and Running After Jugglers—The Earnest Man's Motto is, Work—The Sluggard's Plea is, Wait—A Nebulous Spiritualism in the Head—Its Slow Movement toward the Pocket—Organized Action in Governments and in all Great Business Enterprises—A Lash to the Slave's Incentive—The Great Eclectic Religion.

Substance of an Interview with Prof. S. B. Brittan.

Inquirer.—"I notice that Spiritualists have not organized in any way that promises results at all commensurate with their estimated numbers, and the assumed importance of the movement. Can you explain the reason?"

Answer.—You are quite right in assuming that we have no general organization. Hitherto the separate individualities among men have been held in utter subordination to their institutions. The organic forces of sects and parties have ruled the world, and *man* has been well-nigh lost in the midst of his accidents. While the spiritual movement unsettles the platforms of politicians and the arbitrary claims of hierarchies, it also excites to preternatural activity all those faculties that serve to elevate man above the sphere of abject submission. The facts and principles of Spiritualism unfetter the mind, and they are destined to pulverize all systems and institutions that are at war with Nature, Reason and Science. The individual is thereby exalted to his true dignity, and the real manhood enthroned above the circumstances of its outward relations.

Perhaps I can suggest satisfactory reasons for the existing state of things. Wherever the power of the institution is supreme over the man, the lines of individual development are either obscurely drawn or invisible. All blend together in the same common background, like a crowd viewed from a distance, or through the veil of twilight. But in proportion as the individual is exalted, all arbitrary institutions lose their power of assimilation and the separate forms appear; the lines of individual character are more sharply defined, and man declares his independence. Necessarily, the first effect of this individualizing process is to *separate men*; and hence to create seeming antagonism. The hostilities occasioned by the development and recognition of individual rights and prerogatives, if not merely apparent, are, in the very nature of things, of short duration. We shall come together again in obedience to the common law of social attraction; we shall ultimately blend by the power of a moral cohesion, and the more subtle chemistry of our spiritual life. A more perfect union must come, on a higher plane, where the laws that govern our associated action will neither restrain the exercise of our noblest faculties, nor subvert the sacred principles of personal liberty.

Inquirer.—"If I am correct in my inference from the views you have occasionally expressed, you are not at all opposed to organization?"

Answer. Certainly not. I could as soon antagonize life itself, for to our limited observation they not only coëxist, but are incapable of separation. *I am only opposed to the chronic habit of perverting such instrumentalities to sectarian and immoral purposes.* Organization, in its most vital and comprehensive sense, is a spiritual, natural and universal law, clearly illustrated in all visible forms of life. Indeed, I can conceive of no clear revelation of the life-principle, here or elsewhere, without an organic instrument as the medium of expression. The elements of earth, and air, and water, everywhere exhibit a disposition to assume organic forms and relations. The rays of light are organically arranged as we see them reflected in the bow that spans the summer cloud; and they are reorganized in the prismatic colors of the flowers. Indeed, this law of organization is at once universal, and indispensable to the normal development of all natures and institutions on the earth.

Inquirer.—"How do you explain the conspicuous failure of all the attempts at organization hitherto made in the interest of Spiritualism?"

Answer.—The disciples of the new faith and philosophy have thus far failed as practical interpreters of the natural law of organization.

Individuals may have entertained very clear conceptions of the subject, but the people have not yet grasped the idea. They have, consciously or otherwise, followed the old examples, and attempted to unite on the basis of some general declaration of faith and statement of principles. The intense individualism, that everywhere shows itself, does not admit of the general acceptance of any such sharply defined doctrines and opinions. There is no real coalescence, because the true ground of unity is not recognized. The conventions would somewhat resemble the meeting of troubled waters, if there was any proper commingling of the elements that compose those bodies. As it is, however, the members rather remind us of the pebbles on the shore. The waves of human thought and passion bring them into collision; they roll over and under, rub against each other, and are only scratched or polished by the friction. Each seems to fear the loss of his own precious individuality by coherence. And so they rattle about like parched peas in a hot skillet, and not a few of them jump out into the fire. But the laws of attraction are not subverted, because the accidents of society and civilization, and the opening of a new era in human development, have temporarily placed us in false relations. We shall inevitably gravitate to our proper places at last. The work of organization will be simplified and rendered easy of accomplishment when once the true basis of union is generally perceived and its essential principles accepted.

Inquirer. "But the organizations employed to propagate theological ideas and to fashion religious institutions have usually manifested an intolerant spirit, and exercised improper authority over the minds and consciences of men. Are we authorized to presume that any organization founded on our religious conceptions can exist without entailing the evils that have characterized all similar institutions?"

Answer.—I am sure that these evils are not inevitable, and that an organization may exist without limiting the rational liberty of the individual. The love of unrighteous authority and the base ambition that oppresses the weak are elements that exist in the people, and it is for this reason that they find various and forcible expression in their institutions. The conditions complained of do not necessarily belong to the organic structure, *per se*, any more than insanity and lockjaw belong to the mind and body. These and many other forms of disease are developed in the system; they are incidental evils, but they neither constitute a part of the human organization, nor are they in any way dependent on its normal action. The omnivorous worm may make its way to the root of a tree, and ultimately destroy its life; but no one makes any objection to trees on that account. The forest and the orchard have still their beautiful uses. We prize them none the less for their grateful shade and the precious fruits they bear, because of the possible evils incident to their growth and decay. Worms do not necessarily belong to trees; vital derangement is not an essential condition of human life; nor is it rational to presume that we can only organize our efforts at the sacrifice of our freedom.

The evils we deplore spring from a love of self, and a lust of power in the Individual. In respect to nations, it is the great object of organization to restrain these dangerous forces. Abolish all such organizations and introduce the devil's last invention of absolute individual sovereignty, and General Anarchy would at once be master of the situation. Let me assure you that organization is neither to be viewed as a special convenience in the economy of the universe, nor as a mere accident among men. On the contrary, it is an essential law of all matter, operating wherever the forms of life exist. To doubt the propriety of applying this principle, in our efforts to advance the chief interests of society, is to relinquish our faith in the divine method as revealed in the natural world. It is only in the organic creation, material and spiritual, that we recognize the presence of the eternal Life. We may, if we are so disposed, defend the organized forms of plants, animals, and men, against the agents that impair vitality and destroy those forms; but our neglect to do this would never suggest the wisdom of abolishing the great kingdoms of Nature to which they respectively belong. In like manner—in human institutions—organization is necessary to a normal and permanent growth; and *it must exist as a means to the great and beneficial ends of Infinite Wisdom and human destiny.*

Inquirer.—"Are the views you express entertained by Spiritualists generally, or are they disposed to regard a comprehensive organization as either impossible or premature?"

Answer.—I cannot say that these views are generally entertained. Unfortunately too many of our people are so constantly occupied in sight-seeing; in listening to marvelous stories; in pursuing jugglers and working apparent miracles; in worshipping Mammon, and following the fashions of the world, that they have no time to give their subject a serious thought. We have too many ruthless iconoclasts who do a smashing business among the old idols, but they never build any new temples. And then we have an innumerable host of triflers, who never think; who cannot learn all the science they want to know from any Philander Doesticks, and would prefer for their teacher some Baron von Münchhausen to their profoundest spiritual philosopher of the age. What these people most need is a rational understanding of the sublime principles of our divinatory philosophy, and this, I apprehend, they may never possess in this world. Now while their popular ignorance and an intensely selfish individualism may render it difficult, if not impossible

ble to organize the incongruous masses, there is no good reason why the more enlightened and homogeneous elements in the great Spiritual Brotherhood may not assume an organic form. Such a movement ought not to be regarded as premature after we have waited nearly thirty years.

I am reminded that drones never do anything before the time, and the sluggard makes his chief effort in rising to a point of order when it is seriously proposed to go to work. But why should we delay? If any one has a present opportunity to do good, why lose the interest of a generous deed for years to come? Why wait for everybody else to move in the same direction, and for the same object? When that happens, there will be less need of our assistance. The farmer who goes West and sows a thousand acres of wheat, naturally expects to gather a harvest the same year, with no authority for so doing than that which warrants every man in reaping where and what he has sown. Now we have been plowing here and there, and scattering seed all over the world for more than a quarter of a century, and is it not time to begin to enjoy the fruit of our labors? When "the fields are white and ready for the harvest," the proper thing to be done—by the man with the strong arm—is to *thrust in the sharp sickle*; gather the golden sheaves, and rejoice in the harvest-home. The discoverers of new worlds and systems; the civilizing powers that conquer savage brutality and subdue the wilderness; the great inventors who revolutionize the industries of nations, never wait until everybody is educated before they go to work. They neither stop to memorialize Congress, nor the King, for permission to do what Nature and Humanity require¹ and God ordains.

Inquirer.—"If Spiritualists are as numerous as represented, and their views really tend to render men more liberal than they were before accepting them, how do you account for the fact that as a people they do very little for education and the public charities of the country?"

Answer.—It is with a feeling of mortification that I acknowledge the fact implied in the inquiry. But there are several reasons for this which must be obvious on a moment's reflection. These reasons have weight, and should modify the public judgment of the people who thus appear to contradict their principles in actual life. Many of them have been recently converted from the popular systems of religious faith. The subject is only vaguely comprehended by the mind. It has not yet reached the diviner affections of human nature. Until it moves the deeper springs of the imperishable life within, we shall not witness its influence in a noble self-denial, and generous sacrifices for the common welfare. In our modern society the pocket is perhaps the last place that is deeply touched by a new conviction. Another reason why greater personal sacrifices have not been made is found in the fact that Spiritualists have not hitherto possessed the machinery necessary to secure united effort for any specific object. No comprehensive plans have been presented for their adoption; and we are without the proper data for estimating the real strength of the movement and the just measure of their liberality.

And here the demoralizing influence of this insane opposition to organization is most apparent. Every attempt to secure a generous coöperation for the general good is paralyzed ; and yet without it no great work was ever accomplished. The world is full of the most convincing illustrations of its importance ; whilst men with their eyes and ears open wait to be convinced. The proofs are everywhere to be found in the records of all human achievement and universal history. In every material interest and secular pursuit, all men recognize the fact that no great enterprise can be carried forward to ultimate and complete success without organized effort. By this means we unlock a golden treasury in the mines ; we establish the currency and the far-reaching interests of universal commerce ; we build up gigantic manufactories ; we endow the institutions of learning and great public charities ; and we connect the whole family of States and Empires, vast Continents and the distant Islands of the sea, by a grand plexus of sympathetic nerves through which we feel the pulses of all peoples. All this is accomplished by organized effort ; and when the stock-books are opened no man cares to inquire whether those who take an interest with him are Jews, Christians, Mohammedans or Pagans.

Now no man outside of a lunatic asylum would ever think of accomplishing these stupendous results by individual effort. Nor can the vast and beneficent ends which Spiritualism ought to achieve in the world ever be realized without a grand organization, based upon its broad and universal principles, and fashioned in the full light of its sublime philosophy. And shall we never learn this most important lesson from the universal experience of the race? It is proclaimed through all the natural world. It finds expression in every living thing. Far as the winds fan the fainting germs of life, and the sun shines to glorify existence, the truth is revealed. It is illustrated in the first principles that govern our social life and relations, and from the fundamental laws of government we may learn the same lesson. For every great nationality is a grand organization, without which civilized society could not exist. The races of men would relapse into barbarism, and national disintegration and universal anarchy would follow.

Inquirer.—"The base instinct of fear and the selfish desire for personal safety, prompt ignorant men to great sacrifices for the support of sectarian institutions. Is it your opinion that the higher motives of enlightened reason and

sincere love will yet accomplish as much for your cause?"

Answer.—I should discount the divine love and defence human nature if I did not entertain such an opinion. It should be remembered, that both the fear of punishment and the hope of reward are selfish incentives to action. They exert the greatest power over the meanest natures. The moral constitution is degraded and the soul dwarfed by their influence. There is no real merit in any work that is not cheerfully rendered from unselfish considerations and a love of the service. An obligation, reluctantly observed, is not respected at all, in any sense that reflects honor on human nature. Only the poor slave is scourged to his task. His fear of the lash is the measure of his obedience. The State still governs its subjects by appeals to such base motives; and even the Church waits to be emancipated from their unhallowed influence. But the human heart will yet recover from the momentum derived from its self-love, for God is mighty as we are weak. The world, at last, will get out of its old ruts, and feel the force of a celestial gravitation. In my judgment the strongest motives are those that have their ultimate springs in our spiritual relations and divine life, and that illustrate by example the true nobility of MAN. An intense self-love and real indifference to great public interests; the present mournful ignorance of all that is most important in a great subject; a love of the marvelous, not always guided by reason; and a reckless iconoclasm that stops at no moral consideration in its work of disintegration and ruin—these are great stumbling-blocks in the way of many honest inquirers. But with these and other obstacles in our way, the work goes on; and if those who profess to accept the truth will improve their great opportunity, Spiritualism may finish the temple of Science and become the ecletic RELIGION OF THE WORLD. I still rest in the conviction that it will yet be clothed with appropriate forms, and leave its sacred record in the most enduring memorials of the age.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Some weeks since, as I took up the Banner and read the call for a convention at Philadelphia, also the various arguments, *pro and con*, relating thereto, I was impressed that order might grow out of chaos, that *fraternity* would begin to exert its influence over *individuality*, and Spiritualism become a power on earth, guided by the heavenly hosts of angels far advanced in the science of Heaven's first law.

Judging from the past, there was little to hope for, but I am not one of those who judge of the future wholly by the past. With full faith in the law of *progression*, past failures were to me but indices of future success.

The Convention met. Each member doubtless felt something of the divine fire of those who met in the same city one hundred years ago. The eyes of ten millions of Spiritualists were upon them. This small band were to erect a fraternal standard around which all could rally and say we are united. It has been said that there is a skeleton in every house, and the Convention was not without this suggestive representative of things departed. The ghost of Christianity reared its head for a brief moment, but soon found itself only an ancient shade, among things present and real. The labors of the Convention were brought to a close, and the result was doubtless satisfactory to a large majority of Spiritualists, who having become weary of the liturgancy of the past, desire a spiritual home where order and fraternity shall furnish a haven of rest for the soul.

As the members of that Convention bade each other adieu, "Organize," was supposed to be the watch word of the hour.

Since that time I have vainly scanned the pages of the Banner, and the secular press, hoping to see a call for local organization, but instead I see long, labored criticisms.

Now, Mr. Editor, why is this? Was that Convention a heartless skeleton, or was it clothed with flesh, encasing a warm, pulsating heart electrified by the angel-world and throbbing for humanity? Is the fruit of the spiritual tree planted by the Convention' to be "apples of ashes"? Criticism is well enough, accompanied by earnest labor for something better and more practically substantial. The rootlets of a newly planted tree need water fresh from the distilleries of heaven, and caustic can never be made an equivalent; applied to the exorcisements of Christianity, it may check the disease, but it will not nourish the spiritual tree.

Though a stranger in the spiritual controversy, I am nonetheless a watchman upon the walls, and would gladly lend a helping hand to those who were qualified to lend in the work of organization.

With this view, I have watched for the moving of the waters in Boston, especially in the Highlands, for I believe a number of small societies, or fraternities—banding together the friends of each locality—much better than a head conference, so far away that few can attend, and so large that all shall be comparative strangers. A small body, with a warm, throbbing heart, is better than a huge and pulseless corpse. Music Hall, filled with strange faces, can never become an earnest, energetic organization.

The members of a working organization must not reside so far from each other that the magnetic cord of sympathy will become chilled by distance, nor strained by attenuation. Organizations of neighbors could meet at the homes of the members until—strong enough to warrant other and larger organization.

other and larger accommodation.

For the present the financial question need not frighten even the timid financier. As for creeds, the golden rule will do, and I am persuaded few Spiritualists dare assert to-day what they will believe or disbelieve to-morrow. The law of progress admits of no limitations. We are all pupils, and assume the rôle of teacher with modest misgivings. Who will take the first practical step toward organization? is the question of a

HIGHLANDER.

THE CROSS---THE TRIANGLE---THE
SERPENT.

A Lecture Delivered in New Haven, Conn., Sunday Evening, June 11th, by Prof. R. G. Eccles.
 [Reported for the Banner of Light.]

In this Centennial year, it has become fashionable to bring forth and put upon exhibition everything that has been preserved from Time's insatiate maw. Americans have all become antiquarians, and are hard at work burnishing, polishing, and mending the fragmentary relics of past generations. Old cast-away objects, which a short time ago lay neglected and despised, we can now see have a new value placed upon them, and once more are they called forth to the light of day. Old garrets, neglected rooms, and cupboards, cellars and out-of-the-way places are rummaged in search of these specimens of the work of our fathers. Tenaciously cling the memories of sons to sires, and veneration of the past is thus proven to be woven into our very natures, as an heritage we must accept. Evolution sheds a new light on this tendency, and shows it to be the memory of Nature, our common mother, struggling for immortal continuance through the coming ages. Let us not frustrate her designs, but leave the chain of the past unbroken from age to age, and the future will bless us for the same. Religions, Creeds, Bibles, all conspire to this end, and are, indeed, themselves but links in the memory of the race. He who would obliterate every trace of these, would open a chasm between us and the past, over which no wisdom of the future could peer, and make of it the limits of eternity. Thus, in the name of enlightened reason, would he obliterate an infinite fountain of knowledge. From the misty mythologies of bygone ages our modern systems of induction and archeological research are gathering some rare gems of truth. The wildest notions of our fathers have but to be touched by the magic-wand of scientific method, when lo! a gem is found there hidden amid the trash. Let us string these gems in a rosary, while prayers and praises ascend; open the gates of the past and let the light shine through! despise nothing because of age, nor be ruffled if children heap superstition upon things of value.

To-day we wandered together over Greece and Egypt, watching the ravages of time through a thousand generations. We invoked their slumbering millions from sarcophagus and urn, to recount to our wondering ears their tales of long-lost grandeur. Arabia, too, and Hindostan, told us a similar tale of civilizations that lived and died 5000 years ago. The stony lips of Pyramid and Sphinx were forced to speak after their long, long slumber, by aid of the Rosetta stone in the hands of a Young and Champollion. We find the cycles of progression alternate with days and nights, and now, after the intervening era of a dark, dark age, the sunlight of civilization beams again. Until these revelations burst upon us we had thought ours, the first and the only sunrise, and intellectual creation but just begun. Now is our pride humbled, and we compelled, like Solomon, to say, "That which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been."

Individuals, nations, races, civilizations and religions, ebb and flow, live and die, grow and decay. Into the seething whirlpool of these mutations sinks every form, only to reappear and react its part in the eternity of endless gyrations. All life, all form, all evolution is the same—an endless mass of changing vortices, no one of which can ever cease, but blend and interblend for aye with all around. Past thoughts have sunk to rest, like acorns, on the sward, sleeping while sunny winds swept overhead, and frigid winter ruled. The sun once more has reached his zenith height, and waving his regal wand, harkens them now to growth. Those upon favored ground will yet make trees, growing in symmetry. Within those beds of frigid superstition they have slept. Sweet has been their slumber even in those icy receptacles of creeds. Now they awake, enchanted by the music of the Spring.

You ask me where these seeds are hid. Bible, Koran, Shaster and Veda alike are their receptacles, for God has given a monopoly of truth to none. Here you can find, in each and all, brightest, holiest thoughts, frozen in massive superstitions, cold and adamant. It is summer now! These lovely flowers, in all their gaudy hues, whose rich and varied fragrances invoke within our souls sensations of delight, are but the children of the ages gone. The past cold winter cradled them as tiny seeds, and surly Boreas sung their lullabys. As with our physical perception so with our mental, the thoughts and fragments left us from the distant past are the seeds that stock our gardens of to-day. They, too, are springing forth fair, living germs, neglected though they were by all save Fate. Creeds have preserved them for us. Creeds are the ice and snow of those sad wintry times, the Dark Ages. Such fragment thoughts now prove to be the seeds of lovely forms that have perished long ago—the remnants and relics of lost and forgotten civilizations. Science breathes upon them like a soft and silent zephyr whispering to a bed of sleeping violets. Thus does it slowly and wisely thaw away the accumulations of intervening ages, doing no violence. Then they can germinate in primitive loveliness, unwarred and beautiful. Iconoclasm, like a devouring fire, sweeps with a feverish breath over their forms, and in mad frenzy leaves on its path death—desolation. Its devotees stand be-

laughing a maniac's laugh at the sad havoc it has wrought, seeing nothing but the thawed snow and ice, the melted, scattered cereals. Oh how mad and blind, to think that they can have hastened the exodus of winter! They war with fate, and do but mock their efforts; the melted water now coheres to harder ice, burying for the night of eternity the destroyed germs. While Science is followed by the rich breath of intellectual Spring, and the song of happy life, iconoclasm breathes but pestilence, dissolution and death. The former is merciful and unobtrusive, the latter is merciless and bigoted. While howling the mad dogery of "superstition" and "dogmatism" it is a worse form of both than that it would destroy. In the name of exalted humanity, then, let me adjure you to refrain from rejoicing at wanton destruction, and rather be happy at growth.

A cow destroyed Chicago with iconoclastic skill, bringing pain and misery to thousands; but how much brains, wealth and muscle, think ye, it took to rear it from its ashes? Ponder and be wise. Leave iconoclasm to the uncultured; let men and women engaged in the erection of truth's holy temple. Build, and if building a palace in the people's desert, you have advanced the race. Fearlessly assert what you believe, and do not believe, but never turn aside to deal a destructive blow. But, pardon me, we have wandered from our thesis and must return.

As others are gathering relics of their fathers, and as the archeologist has given us light in contemplating the dark and buried past, so we propose to-night, proceeding as we began this afternoon, to determine, by the light of induction, aided by the researches in ancient Egypt, what the probable significance of the old, old story of the fall of man and expulsion from Eden could have meant when first penned. Every error has a soul of truth. Where is the life of this? Jesus is the centre of the Christian's hope—in Adam is his dread. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive," is the language of Paul. What is this awful fall made by Adam? Layard has found in Nineveh the story of the flood, and Ampere in Egypt the fall in Eden. From a diligent study of both, I have concluded they are but grand old allegories containing secret lessons. Origin, the Christian father, asserts they are allegories. He attempted to explain them as such. Paul, in speaking of Abraham and Hagar, says to the Galatians that these are both allegorical characters. It appears to be a trait in human character, to add in this way mystery to the lessons we would inculcate. Morals, good and bad, are taught indirectly in novels, fables and parables. Jesus taught in parables. In the catacombs of ancient Egypt have been found pictures of Eden and its inhabitants. Closely associated therewith are to be seen the symbols of cross, equilateral triangle, and circle, faintly implying a relationship of some kind between them. The circle is usually a serpent coiled in that form. The origin of these symbols is somewhat remarkable. In those early civilizations, already referred to, the great defect was lack of numbers. The world was overrun with complete savages and barbarians, a comparatively small spot being occupied by the handful of intellectual men upon the earth. About the time that ancient Egypt had reached the apex of its glory, and they began to pause and look back satisfied upon what they had done in the way of progress, the fierce Tartar hordes came down like a deluge upon them. Superiority of numbers soon vanquished superiority of skill, and intellect was made the slave of barbarism.

While under their savage taskmasters it is related of these men that they formed a secret council for the purpose of preserving the religion and knowledge of their fathers. From this council developed the celebrated Eleusinian mysteries which in turn became the parent of all our modern secret societies. In seeking appropriate symbols to designate themselves, their uncultured countrymen and the barbarians by whom they were governed, they had recourse to the handwriting of Nature, our common mother. Stamped on the face of each of these classes was a sign easily seen and read. God had written it there. In superficial comparison, no one can excel a semi-savage. Indians will see objects and compare them where white men would fail completely. They can tell in this way every inch of country they traverse and see every track and mark by the way. Their eyes are alive to everything. Who has not heard the tale of the howling derwish, one of a class of half-civilized religionists in Asia, much like the ancient Tartars? A merchant met him in the desert and inquired if he had seen anything of his lost camel. "Did he have a tooth missing?" said the derwish. "Yes," answered the merchant. "Was he lame of one leg?" "Yes." "Was he blind of one eye?" "Yes." "Was he loaded with wheat on one side and honey on the other?" "Oh yes," said the merchant; "and now you have described him so accurately, please direct me to where I can find him." "I have not seen your camel," replied the derwish. The merchant, enraged, had him brought before the Mufti for theft, and when called upon to explain, the derwish said, "When traveling in the desert, this morning, I observed the tracks of a camel. I knew he must have strayed from his master because it appeared to have no settled way of going; I thought it must have lost a tooth, for, wherever it grazed, a tuft was left of the grass; I took it to be lame of one leg, as one track was invariably lighter than the others; I thought it must be blind of one eye, since it cropped the grass upon but one side, although there was better feed on the other; from the busy ants on one side and the swarms of bees on the other, I determined its load."

This character being so fully developed in this class of men is marked by an elevation of what phenologists call the organ of comparison. Men of this stamp are excessively gullible, like young robins, opening their mouths and swallowing without question whatever comes along, and as to keeping a secret they positively could not. Drawing a line from comparison to their open mouths and crossing it with another, untinged eyes, you unite every prominent feature of a savage face, while at the same time you draw the sign of the cross. This, then, was the sign which to these ancient *lithari* meant gullibility, tyranny and prating imbecility, with the other characteristics of barbarians. Remove the mouth and join the two eyes by lines converging at the top of the forehead, in comparison, and you will have the symbol of those freshly initiated to their society, and who of course had, in a sense, discarded the use of the mouth. The equilateral triangle is therefore, to this day, the sign of secrecy, virtually meaning "hold your tongue." Originally there was an eye upon each corner, but these are now generally united into one all-seeing eye and placed in the centre of the figure.

We have but to refer you to the round full forehead of the philosopher to have you at once see the origin of the third symbol, the circle, which became from this on, the type of perfection and completeness. Perfect wisdom, love, truth, etc., were all so typified, so it became the symbol of God. But how did it change to a serpent? Simple enough. These ancient sages held, like us, the theory of immortal life; and how to add this with its apparent breaks of continuity at death, to the already formed symbol of a circle, was the query. It could not wait long without a solution. There is but one object in the universe can form such a type. That object is a snake which annually pictures death by shedding its slough. A snake formed into a complete ring thus becomes a type of all perfection and truth, with the eternal round of time and space. Here was laid the foundation of Python worship so prevalent in the East at one time. To-day we have these symbols of cross, triangle and circle, bequeathed us in our religious and secret societies, and I notice our friends of the Theosophical Society have, as might be expected, chosen them as their insignia.

Why Christians should lay claim to the first of these signs as belonging exclusively to them, has often been a wonder to me. There is overwhelming proof of its vast antiquity, and the New Testament itself shows its popularity before the crucifixion, as witness Jesus's statement to his disciples, "Take up your cross and follow me." Not having as yet been crucified, he could not have referred to that. He evidently meant that if they became his disciples, the bigoted, thoughtless, priest-ridden people, would be upon them—those typified by the symbol of the cross.

There are a few passages in the New Testament which, in all probability, point to the symbol of the serpent—wisdom or truth—as being understood in Palestine after the Egyptian method. Jesus says "be ye wise as serpents." The real serpent is not wise, and does not even possess the cunning of a fox. The allegorical serpent stood for all wisdom and in this sense, his charge to his disciples is appropriate. In the religious notions clustering around Jesus he is made to pronounce himself, "the first and last," "the end," etc. Why should we then be surprised should he claim being the Egyptian symbol serpent? This he undoubtedly does in the statement that, "As Moses lifted up the (allegorical) serpent in the wilderness, even so shall I (whom I typified) be lifted up." In the idea he held of his unity with God, this was nothing more than we might have expected.

For the purpose of seeing more fully that the Adamite account cannot be a historical verity, you have but to consider some of its features of improbability. First we have the injustice of God in punishing Adam and Eve for disobeying him, when the same account tells us they knew not the difference between good and evil. Not knowing good from evil, they could not know that it was wrong to disobey him, yet he was unjust enough to punish them for doing what they did not and could not know was wrong. Second, we are compelled to accept of a walking, talking, dust-eating snake. Third, we must believe that in those days knowledge could be had without mental labor, by the mere eating of fruit. Fourth, that there were many Gods who were afraid man would be wise. "Behold they have become as one of us, knowing good from evil." Fifth, if, when man was made he was in God's image, God must be blind, for Adam was before the fall. Considered as a piece of history, these objections appear to me insuperable, but in the light of an allegory, there is no difficulty in dealing with them. Let us then consider the serpent as God, or Wisdom, the tree of knowledge as science, (which is as much a growth as any tree), Adam and Eve as the typical man and woman of the race, blindness as superstition, Jehovah as a typical priest, and the tree of life as the science of immortality. The priesthood, then, were to forbid the blindly superstitious of their followers from having sight to do with science, but woman's curiosity, prompted by the whisperings of wisdom, (the serpent) was to be overcome. When woman's curiosity is mentioned in this age, it brings a smile; many considering it a stigma of disgrace. No greater mistake than this could be made. I would that we had all more curiosity than we have. Scientific men are the most inquisitive set of beings in the world, and that very trait gives them a mastery of Nature that an imbecile lack of curiosity would withhold from them.

Ladies, henceforth consider the would-be slur of curiosity, when cast at your sex, an honor! Women like Hypatia, of Alexandria, are our typical Eves, but alas, she felt the power of priestly rule and became a martyr to science. "On the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," she ate, and having eaten, perished. Let us now consider the list of curses. The serpent having removed man from blind superstition and naked mentality, came in for the first denunciation. It must crawl. By priestly power wisdom has ever had to crawl, no vantage ground being given but what it has conquered. It is cursed above wily sophistry, typified by the other beasts of the field. "Dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." What can this mean? "Come to the rock of your salvation," says the priest. Nominally he refers to Christ, really to the church: "The church is a fixed crystal rock, devoid of all mobility of dogma. Examine some dust with a microscope, and you will find it entirely composed of abraded rocks. Who, then, follow in the paths of wisdom? Who listen to the calls for knowledge? Those abraded from the church! Those who are called the infidels of their age! These are the serpent's food."

"The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head" is the next part of the decree. Who can say that this has not been fulfilled? The priesthood has put enmity between the seed of wisdom and their pitiless dupes. Think of Galileo, Bruno, Copernicus, and the host of stars sanctified by bitter trials, if you would doubt the execution of this decree. The bigoted seed of ignorant man has placed its heel on wisdom's head. But—

"Round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

Who was to be conqueror, do you suppose, in this battle—the serpent or the seed? The church says the seed, but the Bible tells me *the serpent*. Wisdom, not bigotry, was to triumph at last. In ancient times warriors were clad in armor to shield them from arrows, swords, and missiles and spears. One place—the heel—was left exposed, and running soldiers could here be pierced by poisoned lances. This was certain death. Achilles was said to be so clad, naturally, that he was invulnerable in every place but the heel. After the seed of the woman bruised the serpent's head, the serpent was to bruise him in his only vulnerable spot, the heel. If the

seed is Jesus, and Jesus God, and if the serpent is the devil, then is the devil going to triumph at last, and subdue all things to himself? The reverse of this is true. Jesus and other followers of wisdom are guided by the serpent. The pain that comes at the birth of new thoughts will fulfill the woman's curse, and the false knowledge and false theories that arise in the mental garden when first let free from priestly rule will fulfill man's. The tree of life in the midst of the garden of Nature is the central truth of all science and a knowledge of immortality. Whoever eats this fruit gets all the immortality he can ever have. You may live on time without end, but can never get eternal life, since eternity never comes. When you get the knowledge that you shall never die, then have you got all the eternal life you can ever procure. The fruit of this central tree is the next intrenchment of the priestly power. An angel with a flaming sword to typify eternal death as distinct from temporal death must needs guard this. No longer daring to use gibbet and *auto-da-fé*, fagot nor rack, material science having gained a hearing from their votaries, theologians must needs forbid researches for the unseen universe, with spiritual instead of temporal threats. From this, their last bulwark, they will be driven, as the flaming sword is a lamp to the path of the brave who would eat and live forever, while it can but frighten cowards.

SPIRITUAL EVIDENCES NOT GOVERNED BY THE ARBITRARY LAWS OF SCIENCE.

BY ALEXANDER S. DAVIS.

(Read before the New York Spiritual Conference.)

It has been said by a well-known writer on the Harmonical Philosophy, that Spiritualism is always hitting where least expected. From this we are left to infer that the manifestations of spirits, constituting the evidences of spirit-communion, are usually occurring at times when not looked for, and in a way entirely inconsistent with the preconceived ideas of the recipients of these supermundane favors. This is not only true in regard to the manifestations of the past, but peculiarly illustrated in the advent of Modern Spiritualism.

The world of celestial intelligences had a work to do with the inhabitants of earth, and they went about it in their own good way. It is true they were governed by a law as to the time of commencing, as well as the manner of prosecuting the work; but in so doing it was no part of that law to consult the opinions of mortals as to the expediency or feasibility of undertaking the enterprise. Neither were they necessitated to consult with any of the learned ones of this planet at least as to the *modus operandi* of carrying on the work in order to make it successful.

In the process of evolution and the unfolding of the intellect, the time arrived when the leading minds of the higher spheres could safely approach this sphere with the light of celestial truth, and assist mankind in solving the perplexed problem of immortality. And what conditions were required for the general dissemination of the facts and principles of Spiritualism? Intelligence had to be imparted to mortals, in order to give them the evidences of an after-life. It was to be effected by the influence of mind upon mind and spirit upon spirit, and spiritual force acting upon matter. This required passivity on the part of those to be acted upon, and positive and superlative mental action on the part of the supermundane forces. Without this no intercommunication could have been established between the two worlds. It was successfully begun at the advent of Modern Spiritualism, and thus was more fully and completely instituted than ever before the great law of mediumship, by the uses of which the spirit-world has been brought down to us, and we mortals carried up to it, while yet in the flesh. But this has not been an easy task to carry on, on the part of that intelligent army of workers who inaugurated this great reformatory movement. It took the world by surprise, and by virtue of the psychological power acquired it did not stop to ask permission, but captured the fort while its would-be enemies slept. With the dawn of this new light many of course frowned, others were obstinate, while many became curious, investigated closely, and ultimately as its adherents and ardent supporters.

Some, again, became over-anxious to receive the truth, and unwittingly retarded their own spiritual growth. How much this same element of ignorance manifested by the undeveloped in spirit-life, aided in thwarting the efforts of the wise and beneficent, it would be difficult to determine; but notwithstanding all opposition and hindering causes, Spiritualism, from the first, became a recognized power, and thousands rejoiced in the light of this New Dispensation. I purpose now (briefly of course) to consider some of the obstacles which Spiritualism has been compelled to encounter from its first appearance to the present time, and which are likely to continue by reason of a non-observance of the fundamental principles governing spirit control and the production of spirit phenomena. The first is on the part of the opponents of Spiritualism and pretended investigators of the subject. While assuming the appearance of candor, they hesitate not to place themselves in an antagonistic attitude in fact, by taking the matter into their own hands whilst in the presence of mediums, and dictating how the influence shall manifest itself to best suit their notions of propriety and self-gratification.

The complacency with which they do this is perfectly astounding. They deceive themselves, and then complain because they obtain no satisfaction in their partial and restricted modes of investigation. I see no remedy for this except for such to learn wisdom by experience and the follies of the past.

A still more dangerous class to the cause of Spiritualism comprises those who are its professed friends, but have become too intellectual and scientific to be relied upon as competent and impartial judges of spiritual truths. In their zeal to be exact, and able to demonstrate everything claiming to be of spiritual origin, they in utmost good faith seek to define the rules for the production of spiritual evidences, and thus reduce all spiritual phenomena to an exact science. Nothing could be more antagonistic to the basic principles upon which spirit communion is indebted for its existence and maintenance than this arbitrary and dogmatic dictation. I say this not without reservation. It is the extreme of the position that I deprecate—not the reasonable and judicious application of precautionary measures to prevent imposition, and to aid in the ascertainment of truth. The motives of these dis-

ciples of so-called spiritual science, I do not question. Neither do I believe that ultimately the attitude they have taken will result favorably to the cause of Spiritualism.

There are reasons, perhaps, why they are carrying their investigations to extremes. Deception having been practiced in a few cases, in their over-desire to keep from being deceived in future, they, Young America fashion, assume to take charge of the institution and run it themselves.

The story of the hound in pursuit of the fox may serve as a simple illustration. The owner of the dog meeting a friend, inquired whether he had seen anything of the swift-footed quadrupeds in his travels, and being answered in the affirmative, he next inquired how they were making it, and received the very consoling information that he believed the dog was a little ahead.

Some of you, I think, will agree with me when I say that some of the investigators of Spiritualism are getting a little ahead of the spirits. In Spiritualism we have no rules for the introduction of its evidences. Whatever convinces, is competent proof, though not always infallible. The act of placing a medium under test conditions, although apparently commendable, is assuming a positive attitude, more or less incompatible with the law of spirit-control which requires a passive or negative condition. This demanding that a medium shall submit to some extraordinary crucial test, in order to convert some over-credulous person to a belief in the genuineness of the manifestations, is not within the province of legitimate investigation, and no part of the true mission of Spiritualism. To the earnest seeker after spiritual light it is not so much the magnitude of the manifestations, as it is the adaptation of the evidence to the status of the investigator, and the certainty of its working a conviction of its reality. Scientific tests belonging to the domain of intellectuality cannot of themselves inculcate spiritual truth, or establish the absolute certainty of the absence of deception in all cases. Hence the application of formal modes of proof to Spiritualism is a great mistake. You can only measure spiritual phenomena, whether mental or physical, by bringing into action the exercise of spiritual perception and spiritual discernment—reason and science of course being employed as auxiliaries.

This is the manner the work has been carried on thus far, and its success in the future will be proportionate to its being conducted in conformity to the regulations of philosophers and scientists on the other side of the river, unobstructed by mundane influences and the interference of scientific pretenders.

Written for the Banner of Light.
UNSEEN HELPERS.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

Friends I have unknown by mortals,
Round my way,
Keeping watch and ward about me,
Night and day,
Clambering up Life's stony pathway,
Rock, and steep—
As I go their gaze is on me,
Calm and deep.

Dangers vast rise just before me,
Till, at length,
Worn and weary, weaker growth
Faith and strength;
Darker clouds and greater trials
Round me throng;
Almost fainting—unseen helpers
Make me strong.

When the twilight shadow falleth
From above,
They upon my waiting spirit
Breathe their love.
Heaven is opened to my vision;
Note by note,
Their sweet melodies angelic,
To me float.

Inharmonious conditions
Roughly grate
On my spirit; I, complaining,
Mourn my fate.
Deep affliction's bitter waters
Drown my soul;
Overwhelming tides of sorrow
O'er me roll.

These and other seeming evils
Round me flow;
Yet within my inner spirit,
I do know
They like other brighter blessings,
As they should,
Live and move, and act upon me
For my good.

Blessings on my unseen teachers,
Throned in bliss,
Who descend to earth with lessons
Such as this.
God and all his holy angels
Come to me,
And they come, my sister, brother,
Unto thee.

Materialization Seances in Chicago.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The numerous friends of the late H. Augusta White will be gratified to learn that during the past month she has repeatedly materialized with much and constantly increasing success, through the mediumship of Dr. Ernest J. Wilheford, 217 West Madison street, this city.

In the light circle she materializes so perfectly as to be recognized by all her acquaintances, many of whom have been present on most of these occasions. She emerges from the cabinet, sometimes several feet, and bows to the assembled party, repeating this frequently; and she has on such occasions taken up a slate and pencil from a chair in front of the cabinet, written a short communication, and replaced them, or seated herself for sometime on the chair.

In the dark circle she makes herself known tangibly to many friends by acts of endearment, and among various messages purporting to be written by herself, and written during such circles, she has given the following to a brother in Michigan, in a handwriting which resembles her graphology while on earth, and the signature of which is a fac simile of her signature in a book of writing now in our possession:

"MY DEAR BROTHER JAMES—After clinging to my old worn-out body so long, I feel still overcome with astonishment at the glorious beauty of the sphere; but amid the enjoyment of the higher life I forget not you or Corby, Mr. Wilcox, or my other fellow-workers and friends.

many friends! My love to all. Your loving sister,
H. AUGUSTA WHITE.

"Do for the medium whatever you can. I did materialize."

As respects the trustworthiness of the medium, it is no exaggeration to say that he is universally considered by his acquaintances as morally incapable of deception. He has for years been a reliable medium. The materializations are with him of but recent origin. N. H. JORGENSEN.

Chicago, Aug. 10th, 1876.

Andrew Jackson Davis.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Allow me to say that the report of the committee having charge of the Davis Testimonial is a great disappointment to me, as it doubtless is to you and many others. It invoked a series of most painful reflections. "Truly a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and his own times." And why? Because he is not known. The name of the author of "Nature's Divine Revelations" is familiar to the whole civilized world, yet the man who bears it walks the earth a stranger and pilgrim, unknown to the mass of his fellows, unnoted by the crowds that jostle him on the street. Ah! forgotten by millions who have drank deep draughts of wisdom from the fountains of his matchless inspiration.

A distinguished European, on visiting this country, says: "One of the cherished objects of my visit was to see Andrew Jackson Davis; but, on inquiry, I found few Spiritualists, even, who seemed to know where he was to be found. Surely, we thought, he must be at the head of some great church, temple, or synagogue, some place where spiritually starved souls could feed upon the 'Divine Revelations of Nature,' as taught by one of her purest and truest interpreters! But no; the great alchemist who had transmuted the magic of early ages into the gold of spiritual science, the seer, philosopher, and greatest phenomenon of this or any age, had to be sought for in a little shop, in an obscure street, where, without followers, disciples, admirers, stood the great seer, selling books for a living." The placid mien and gentle tones of the unassuming salesman betrayed none of the pangs of grief, indignation and humiliation which two foreigners felt for him, as they made their silent purchases with hearts too full for utterance.

"That man is nobler far, in the quiet dignity of his present humble position, than when he stood as the interpreter of angels, dictating 'Nature's Divine Revelations.'" Thus spake one of the deeply moved visitors. "The age is not worthy of him," rejoined the other. "Ay! but his works will live after him. The truths he reveals are eternal, and the prophet will become immortal," was the reply. "Even so. Time, the touchstone of truth, will do justice to him. And so Andrew Jackson Davis, farewell!"

Shall the millions of American Spiritualists receive the sad refrain of the noble foreigner, and thus, so far as we may, remand this grand soul and true prophet to obscurity and poverty, after he has broken the bread of life to the multitudes for more than thirty years, and made ample provision, in his works, for the unnumbered multitudes of all coming time? I cannot believe it. It cannot be that while Boston endows Garrison with a fortune of thirty thousand dollars, as a reward for his services in the cause of the slave; while Concord gives Emerson ten thousand, that he did not need; while the materialists are contributing freely to the support of Herbert Spencer; while monuments are being raised on every hand to the memory of soldiers, statesmen, sages and poets, surely ten thousand dollars can be readily raised for the noble purpose of slightly rewarding Andrew Jackson Davis for his great service to humanity, and thus secure him against absolute want during his declining years.

He would never ask for it. No; he would die of hunger, and make no sign, save to the angels. He has protested with his friends against any appeal in his behalf. But knowing him as we do, and knowing that while he has benefited others beyond all measure, he remains, as he began, poor in purse, though rich of soul, a few of us feel that we owe it to the Spiritualists of the country to lay the matter before them, and leave them to act as their hearts shall prompt.

I said the report disappoints me, and chiefly because there are so few contributors to the fund. Those whose names appear in the report have done nobly, have shown themselves generously appreciative of the great, ay, the inestimable service Andrew Jackson Davis has rendered to humanity. But instead of one hundred and thirty-five names there should have been ten thousand in this list of contributors.

Among the millions of Spiritualists, I am sure there are ten thousand who would gladly give an average of one dollar each to this fund. I therefore suggest that the committee having this matter in charge, extend the time one year, or until the sum named shall have been received, they reporting from time to time through the Banner of Light.

T. A. BLAND.

Boston, Aug. 24th, 1876.

SOUL AND BODY: on the Spiritual Science of Health and Disease. By W. F. Evans, author of "Mental Cure" and "Mental Medicine." All diseases appertaining to man have their origin in a spiritual disturbance, for whatever in the whole of nature has no correspondence with the spiritual World, has no existence, having the body from its vital connection or correspondence with the soul. Boston: Colby & Rich, Publishers, 6 Montgomery Place.

"Soul and Body" is a thoughtful, well written book of one hundred and forty-eight pages, the central theme of which is that about everything in the human organism, disease originates in a spiritual disturbance, so must cure have its origin in spirit. The author, in his own peculiar style, accuses the medical fraternity generally of "healing the daughter of my people slightly," by striking wholly at external symptoms and ignoring the spiritual origin of disease. He compares a majority of materialistic physicians to a Jeweler, who in repairing watches, confines himself to the hands instead of the hidden wheels and springs.

The radical meaning of such words as disease, health, etc., is traced, and it is found that even they imply the union of soul and body. Disease, without cause, signifies a partial separation of the spiritual and physical man. The word health, wholeness, signifies a restoration of the perfect connection between soul and body. The author says: "When the correspondence between any spiritual and physical place is disturbed, or lost, the vital force of the part will be lowered and its physiological function disturbed, altered or suspended. When any part of the body loses its vital connection or correspondence entirely with the soul, it mortifies, or is made dead, as the word implies."

The book argues that, whether Jesus is regarded as a man or God, his understanding of the connection between soul and body, and that disease is a partial severance of this connection, gave him more control over disease than any other has ever obtained. The history of great healers is traced to a considerable extent, and the fact is made to appear that persons have met with success in proportion to the degree to which they have been able to grasp this principle.

It is true that doctors seldom look or treat back of the symptoms, but Dr. Evans argues that as a syndrome, or outwardly acknowledged and been ruled by this principle. He should look back to the unseen spiritual something as the thing which needs attention. A pain in the body and feet and it will be found that it corresponds with and is produced by something in the inner self. This lays foundation for an argument on the necessity of the physician looking closer after the spiritual condition of his patient. Indeed medicine is nothing compared with that. His illustrations are too numerous to be even hinted at in a short review.

The author, by simply passing over it, is shown to pass out of the soul of the one who uses the hand. The good physician will always be found to be a spiritual man, and his hand will always be found to be a spiritual hand. It is the place where the heavens touch the earth."

Even though the philosophy of this little volume were correct, the argument for the spiritual man are silly put. The book should be thoroughly read. Few books are more deserving the time and attention it takes to be come master of its contents. —*Roll's Oracle*.

Original Essay.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM AND CREEDAL RELIGIONS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Modern Spiritualism is a development differing so substantially from all previous growths of the spiritual idea of the human family, that many decline to term it a religion, preferring rather to consider it to be a science. Indeed, in recognizing the various conditions of the individual members of our race as simply more or less advanced, and in refusing to anathematize any human being whatever, it may be said to diverge materially from all the spiritual formations that have preceded it. Its catholicity is indeed "universal," for it extends its arms to embrace not only those who accept, but also those who reject its doctrines, for it maintains that its present opponents will assuredly, in the near future, soon be convinced of their errors, and become converts and supporters. At the same time its charity is so all-pervading that it declines to apply to mankind the terms "good" or "evil," regarding all of us as travelers on the same road, and only more or less distant from the goal of human perfection. As these views have never previously been promulgated, it is claimed that Modern Spiritualism has a right to assert its superiority, both as to its catholicity and its charity, over all creedal or self-styled revealed religions, which, resting on fixed bases, are unable to accept the law of progression, though, of necessity, they are compelled to submit to its decrees; which cannot admit divergence of belief on subjects connected with futurity or theology, and which depend for their existence and extension on the vain profferings they make of special favors to be granted to those they set apart as "good," or the dread their equally vain fulminations of future punishment may awaken in the hearts of those they select to condemn as "evil."

It is true that an exact comparison cannot be instituted between Modern Spiritualism and any one of the various religions of the day. It is also admissible that creedal religions are the leaves of the plant of which Modern Spiritualism is the blossom. Both are growths, both are advances toward perfection. As with the physical, so with the spiritual order of nature. The mollusk, the fish and the reptile were needed to precede the mammal. As fairly as anything can be proved, that is a certain conclusion. The cell appears to be the first, and the mammal is, in the order of progression, the last step of animal life. Could we trace the spiritual creation, from the first prayer that ever entered into the heart of a savage, through the animal worship of remote antiquity, then the exaltation of deities in human forms, terminating (let us hope) in our time with the latest expression of "man-made-god" worship, in the dedication of virginity and maternity by the Catholic Church, in the promulgation of the doctrine of the "immaculate conception" of Mary, we should find that all these steps were likewise necessary to precede the advent of the "spiritual mammal" of the present era.

History teaches us that all the above-mentioned advances were born of intense suffering. In order to develop the intellectual power of our race, war and slavery were necessary agents. If they are curses now, it is because man has outgrown the need of them; they formerly were blessings. In order to develop our spiritual power, superstitions and priesthods were useful implements. They also have done their work, and now are not only needless but positively injurious to humanity. Costly as has been the growth of the intellectual, the development of the spiritual in man has been far costlier. The pages of all human histories are deeply stained with the blood-tracks it has left. Take that one of them, the Bible. Mark the entry of the Judean religion of force into the "promised land"; hear the orders of its Deity: "Kill every male among the little ones" and "hate the Moabites and Ammonites forever!" Trace its course in its barbaric wars with surrounding tribes. Following it further down the stream of time, behold the reflux of the wave of superstition in the institution of the "religion of love" by Jesus of Nazareth, which errs as much on the side of the affections as that of Moses did on the side of the intellect. See it entering pagan Rome and suffering ten martyrs. At length Jehovah conquers Jupiter, but did the sufferings that Christianity endured teach it mercy? No; behold the work of the Catholic Church in France and Spain; see the Greek Church divided in two parts which hate each other; lastly examine the cruelties practiced by Protestant Churches in Ireland, Scotland, and New England; all, all bloody, all cruel, down to the murders committed by the Danites of Mormonism, the last of the Christian manifestations!

In tracing the course of one creedal religion the tracks are followed that are made by all, though there are variations in minor details. If the atrocities of the past are not permitted in the present era, it is because the world has outgrown the ancient forms of faith, and is superior in its moderation and morality to the churches. The state has decreed religious liberty; any church, being in absolute power on the question, would annihilate it. It was the world and not the churches that overthrew slavery in this country; the soldiers converted the clergy on that subject. If the doctrines of the Catholic church be correct as regards future punishment, the *autos-da-fé* of Spain are logically justifiable. In refusing to permit such to be reëcted, civilization really condemns the teachings on which they were based, and from which they emanated. But, glancing at the past from the standpoint of the present, let us not unwisely condemn the previous usefulness of those modifications of the spiritual idea of man termed creedal or revealed religions. Each of them was necessary in its time of power; each had its birth and rejoiced in the strength of its manhood, though now each of them, without exception, appears to be burdened with ailments, and decrepit with age. Religions, like nations and races, have their rise and fall, and constant changes are constantly at work in the most conservative of them. The Roman branches off from the Greek church, and Protestantism falls away from the former. The Catholic of to-day is not the Catholic of the thirteenth century; if he were he would be sharpening his sword and making ready his gun, preparatory to marching on Rome to reseat *Pio Nono* as the monarch of that ancient city. The Protestant of to-day is not the Puritan of the sixteenth century; John Knox would hardly thrust his hand in a grab bag, or John Bunyan take a share in a lottery for a doll in order to benefit the heathen. Perceiving the laxity of the churches, many eminent clergymen have asserted that "lack of faith"

is a prominent characteristic of the age. They are right; it is so. The world needs a spiritual motor as much as a watch a mainspring; if it has lost faith it is because the age demands fact instead. As regards futurity, human beings must either depend on belief or on assured knowledge; not having the former, of necessity the time has arrived for the institution of the latter.

Hence the need for the new development called Modern Spiritualism, the great requisite of the present age. "Charity and catholicity" are its watchwords, and under them it must conquer. The motto of the world is the same as that of John Hampden—it is, "no footsteps backward." Progress, eternal progress is the order of the day, and it is vain to say to the rolling billows of time, as they surge around and sweep away the ruins of the past, "Hitherto shall thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The truth is, the world has outgrown its "man-made-gods," which have been the dolls and toys of its spiritual infancy; the worship of such idols will be discontinued, and with that the necessity for the existence of creedal religions will pass away. The priesthods of the past which invented them, and the priesthods of the present which conserve them, will be needed no more. To scientists generally and to the advanced minds of the age in all civilized countries, present religions are anomalies, and cold materialism would poison humanity, were it not for the grand change introduced by Modern Spiritualism. It is indeed a vast and mighty alteration, destined to affect for good the welfare of our race; and it is believed that none can fully estimate the benefits it will confer upon us. Going forth, as it has gone forth, speaking the truth in love, anathematizing none, calling all into its fold, absorbing and not combating its opponents, it is no wonder that in little more than a quarter of a century it has already firmly rooted itself, and is well represented by presses in almost all nations; presenting a progress more rapid and uniform than has ever before been witnessed; and surely our seers are right who instruct us that it is not possible to compute the blessings which will flow out to all the peoples of the earth from the introduction and establishment of the doctrines of Modern Spiritualism.

R. W. HUME.
P. O. Box 158, Long Island City, New York.

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARIES.

There are three great events which cover the most important part of our history—the battle of Lexington, which may justly be considered as the birth of national liberty; the battle of Bunker Hill, which may with propriety be denominated the baptism of liberty, and the declaration of independence, which was in fact the proclamation or announcement to foreign nations that a new power had been inaugurated among the nations of the earth, claiming the usual rights, powers and prerogatives.

THE THREE GREAT CENTENNIALS.
The seasons revolve, and the scenes of our story are brought in succession and spread at our feet;
Events big with interest, resplendent with glory,
And deeds with true daring and wisdom replete.

And first in the series the birth of the nation—
The primary event in Colonial reform;
Where sturdy old Middlesex, proud of her station,
Was first to present her bold breast to the storm.

She had firmly declared that no death was untimely,
Where life was surrendered in liberty's cause;
And this sacred doctrine was practiced sublimely,
Sustaining with firmness our freedom and laws.

The baptismal scene was both grand and imposing;
When freemen stood firm on the sea-beaten height;
With courage undaunted, their purpose disclosing,
To battle for freedom, for God, and the right.

Our statesmen indulging a year's meditations,
On deeds as heroic as any of yore,
Resolved to proclaim in the ears of the nations,
The truths that were acted a twelve-month before.

They knew they could lean with implicit reliance
On heroes enlightened with freedom's first rays;
And on the red field bled the tyrant defiance,
'Mid cannon a-booming and Charlestown ablaze.

CENTENNIAL AND OTHER JOTTINGS.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Noticing the marble fronts, inviting parks and magnificent buildings the first time my feet paced the regularly-laid-out streets of the Quaker City, I was charmed—and, what is more, the charm lingers. Is it generally known that, considering the population, Philadelphia is the healthiest city in the Union? The correspondent of the London Times learns "that the average of mortality of Philadelphia is less than that of London and Paris, and considerably less than that of New York, Berlin, and Vienna." In 1874 Philadelphia attained a degree of healthfulness almost unparalleled. With the then population of 775,000 the number of deaths was but 14,966, or 19.3-10 per thousand.

The New York Times's correspondent, examining the wonderful healthfulness of Philadelphia, thinks it due "to the abundant and cheap water supply, and to the use made by the poorer classes of the Fairmount Park, an open space covering nearly three thousand acres. As an evidence of the popularity of this park, it is said that it was visited last year by eleven millions of persons. More than all, the healthfulness of Philadelphia is to be attributed to its abundant accommodation as the city of homes. It contains one hundred and forty-three thousand dwelling-houses, occupied by families, being forty thousand houses more than we have within the limits of the city of New York. Its population covers an area of one hundred and twenty-nine square miles, which are traversed by more than a thousand miles of streets and roads. We say, All honor to Philadelphia! When we think of what has been the misfortune of New York during the past heated spell, of the two thousand children dying from infantile diseases in twenty days; when we think of thousands of our honest, virtuous, noble-hearted working people confined to the dirty, narrow, crowded, nasty tenements of the lower part of the island, we emphasize the tribute paid to Philadelphia by the correspondent of the London Times, and honor it as the one city among American cities which deserves to be called the metropolis of homes."

CENTENNIAL PRICES.

Talk, tattling, grumbling, fault-finding, are all cheap commodities. The masses seek for the ill, rather than the good, along the journey of life. I have yet to learn of the first well-authenticated case of swindling or extortion practiced upon the Centennial grounds. That there are floating gamblers and human sharks here, is not denied;

but other cities have contributed more to the number than Philadelphia.

If the city, as reported, contributed six million dollars to the enterprise, it is but justice that a portion of it be returned. And yet Philadelphians do not expect to become everlastingly rich out of the Exhibition. I see no difference in prices this year from last. This holds good in regard to carriages, street-cars, board and everything else. Every one, however, experiences the enlightening effect of the Exhibition. The markets show great thrift; trade is brisk; the banks are full of money, and there are no "forty thousand working-men out of employment," as in New York. Everybody that possibly can should visit this grand Centennial.

THE PRINCESS ISABEAU A SPIRITUALIST.

This lady, a descendant of Richard Cœur de Lion, is a great annoyance to respectable families, and more especially to her mother, the Princess de Beauveau-Craon. Lady Isabeau is a woman of great wealth, of great talent, and, withal, decidedly eccentric. She lives in a plain, simple manner, cares nothing for respectability, nor the conventional etiquette of French aristocracy. She does her own shopping, consults Spiritualist mediums, and is devotedly attached to a Mr. Stube, a wheelwright by trade, yet possessed of wonderful spiritual gifts. The mother, pretending a few years since that Isabeau was insane, brought her before the courts in Paris. Here she pleaded her own cause in such a masterly manner as to demonstrate her sanity. Though the ordeal was a fiery one, she came out victorious. The London Daily News says:

"She explained the facts which had made her life desolate, and caused her to shun ordinary society and the home of her mother. After a temperate speech, she, being then a woman in the prime of life, turned to the counsel of the opposite party and silenced him. 'I can understand, sir,' she said, 'that an honorable man, who knew nothing of myself or of my character, might adopt the cause of my mother. I do not understand how, after having seen me and heard my defence, you can persist in demanding a verdict against me.' And in point of fact the advocate did not succeed in proving his case. In the trial which has just ended, the Princess Isabeau seems to have been even more eloquent and not less successful than in that which took place eight years ago. In these eight years she had apparently added to her previously deep interest in what is called Spiritualism."

COLUMBUS AND HIS VISIONS.

All the great royal-souled men of the past were gifted with either conscious or unconscious mediumship. Spiritual intelligences have ever had more to do with this world than materialists dreamed of, or Christians knew. This Genoese navigator and re-discoverer of America was the subject of impressions, dreams and visions. Baron Humboldt, quoting from Columbus's letter in "Navarrete's Colcion de Viages," vol. I, p. 299, says:

"Nothing can be more tender or more pathetic than the sorrowful tone that pervades this letter of Columbus, written at Jamana to Ferdinand and Isabella. I particularly recommend to all who wish to study the character of that excellent man, his narrative of the Nocturnal Vision. When in the midst of the tempest a celestial voice soothed and cheered him with these words: 'God made thy name to resound narrowly throughout the earth. The Indies, which are the richest portions of the earth, he has given unto thee for this. Thou hast divided them as thou wilt; and he gave thee power to do so. To the boundaries of the ocean that were closed with a mighty chain, he gave thee THE KEY.'"

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

Falling recently in a railway connection at this "City of Elms," I availed myself the pleasure of calling upon the Whittings, Ewells, and other substantial friends of Spiritualism. The greetings were most cordial. Mr. Hermance continues the same earnest worker, and Mr. Whitting's face is set as flint against "God in the Constitution," and every form of intolerance and bigotry. Masonically speaking, these gentlemen may be named "Jachin and Boaz." Mrs. Dr. Middlebrook is lecturing in New Haven the present month. O. B. Frothingham occupies their rostrum the first two Sundays of September, to be followed by Cephas B. Lynn the remainder of the month and all of October. Mr. Lynn, logical in thought and systematic in purpose, is naturally a constructionist—a builder upon the temple.

MRS. EWELL AND MRS. HAWKINS.

Getting a drink of water of a Mexican mother near the Orizaba Station, last February, I asked, "How many children have you?" "Two," was the prompt reply, "one here on earth, and one in heaven." Of Mrs. Ewell, and Mrs. Hawkins, the latter is in heaven; and yet she is the controlling spirit-intelligence of Mrs. Ewell, No. 19 Charles street, New Haven. Full twenty years since I knew this Mrs. Hawkins well, in White Pigeon, Michigan; knew her as a brave, noble-souled Spiritualist, standing alone among scoffers; knew her as a superior test and healing medium; knew her as a good, self-sacrificing woman. Some of the cures in the vicinity where she lived were as miraculous as those recorded in the New Testament. The neighbors called her a "witch." She loved her mission, and passing to the better-land some five years since, resolved to continue her chosen work on earth, and is so doing most effectually through the mediumistic organism of Mrs. Ewell, whose clairvoyant and healing gifts are truly wonderful.

THE COMPOUND POND MEETING.

Reaching Plainville, I was met at the station by Mr. George L. Smith, a thrifty manufacturer of this place. Weary and hungry, I was soon a guest at his pattern table—no coffee, no tea, no meat, no lard-soaked pastry; Graham gems, oatmeal, new milk, apple-sauce, blackberries, peaches, ripe apples, &c. Such well-spread tables requiring no "grace," are a grace of themselves. Mrs. Smith was at Dr. Jackson's water-cure at the time when Robert Dale Owen's health gave way in consequence of intense mental labor.

It is four miles from Plainville to the plain grounds. The day was fair, the grove beautiful, the rocky back-ground wild and grand, and the pond smooth as polished porphyry. The singing by the Bristol choir, the exhibition of the "Gift of Tongues," the next speaker by Mr. Rogers, Mr. Whiting, of New Haven, and others, all conspired to make the season a most enjoyable one. Just previous to the afternoon speaking Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd was entranced, giving a beautiful address. The words of the controlling spirit, lively and musical with persuasion, lifted the people for the time being into the Elysian lands of the blest. There were over five hundred present, and all seemed happy. The same officers, with one or two exceptions, were reëlected for the ensuing year.

Last season I was written to by Mr. Buddington to attend the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting, but was previously engaged. Two of this season's New England Camp-Meetings have invited me to come and lecture, but my Sunday engagements in Philadelphia until September, prevented acceptance. Forests, groves, lakes, and the out door surroundings of Nature, certainly afford conditions for the highest inspirations, and therefore may be made eminently useful in the dissemination of the principles of the spiritual philosophy.

Hammonton, N. J.

Banner Correspondence.

Maine.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

There is no more lovely or delightful seaside resort in the country than the one denominated Old Orchard Beach, which now presents a lively appearance. The hotels are now crowded to overflowing with guests from all parts of the country, and when the weather is fine, hundreds of people throng the beach, making it seem as if the city had transported itself to the water's side. The beach is above eight miles in length, and at low tide is hard and smooth as marble. Every afternoon it is covered with elegant turnouts, all the way from four in-hand to the little English phaetons. Besides the hotels, there are many people living in cottages, and also many others living in tents.

Near us is a large encampment of Indians, who reside in Old Town, but pass the summer months here, living in small white tents. They weave baskets and other ornamental work which they sell to the visitors; in manners they are quiet and easy, and nearly all are able to read and write; the little children are intelligent and altogether pretty; they understand very little about religion, but are rarely seen on Sunday. Indeed there are but few points of resemblance between them and what we have been led to think were the characteristics of the traditional red man.

Prof. Carpenter has held several successful mesmerism seances here; the second of the series was given at the Old Orchard House, before a select audience composed largely of the guests in the house, which was very entertaining, the principal feature being the personation of W. H. Murray, by J. Wm. Fletcher, under psychological control, which was so finely done as to win the condemnation of many present, who declared it to be a prearranged affair, rather than the result of any influence. Therefore, at the next entertainment, and after the usual manifestations had taken place, Mr. Fletcher stepped to the platform and declared his willingness to submit to the influence, and that the subject should be given him by the audience, so as to preclude the possibility of deception. Carl Petersen, the noted musician, being in the audience, proposed the subject of "Music," which Mr. Fletcher, in the character of Wendell Phillips, discoursed upon for nearly an hour, in a manner to elicit frequent applause, and established the fact of psychological control, the skeptics and opposers readily acknowledging the superiority of the manifestation.

I would not omit to speak of the wonderful readings of Mrs. Carpenter, who, blindfolded, read clearly and distinctly before the audience, or the many remarkable tests given though her mediumship in the private seances held. Mr. S. P. and Mrs. N. J. Morse, the magnetic healers, are here, and have a lovely situation overlooking the sea. They are as active and earnest as ever, and wherever they are make the good in their hearts manifest. I have found many who are not oblivious to the facts of Spiritualism, and with a spiritual camp-meeting as an offset to the annual Methodist meeting, much good might be accomplished. The people are waiting with anxious hearts the coming of the day when the good results of Spiritualism shall be manifest. To my friends I send greeting, and hope to meet them all again soon.

SUSIE W. FLETCHER.
Old Orchard Beach, Aug. 20th, 1876.

Michigan.

TWO SPIRITUAL FUNERALS.—The city of Port Huron, Michigan, is one of the few places where spiritual and progressive thought has taken firm root, and has the active continuance and support of leading and intelligent men and women. Having this element of social and moral strength, Spiritualism holds its identity and maintains a position of dignity and respectability.

Hence on the funeral occasions under notice, exercises were held consistent with the Spiritualistic belief and philosophy. Miss Belle Haslett, daughter of James H. and Mrs. Lavina Haslett, passed away in her nineteenth year, and her remains were buried on Monday, August 7th. The exercises of the funeral were conducted by Dr. A. B. Spinnay, President of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists, who chose for his text, "Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?" The theme was considered from the standpoint of the Spiritual Philosophy. A very large audience was in attendance, many of whom were members of orthodox congregations. Music was rendered by the choir of the Society at Port Huron, of which Miss Haslett was a member. The remains were enclosed in a beautiful white casket, and the floral decorations, woven into spiritual emblems, were rich, unique, and in great profusion, suggestive of the summer-land.

That persons just entering upon the threshold of active life, with powers and capacities to do and to enjoy, should be cut down, seems sad, and unreconcilable with the apparent law of nature, which is presumed to have ordained a destiny and its fruition to every created thing. But yet the buds wither and fall all around us, and human wisdom has not yet discovered the cause, or how to avert it.

Another case, quite different in its characteristics, was that of Mr. Delsey Benjamin, of the village of Powersville. Mr. Benjamin had battled with pioneer life, had acquired a fair competency, had reached the age of sixty-two years, and had established himself in a comfortable residence in the village, prepared to enjoy the life of an idler. But on Thursday last his spirit passed to the other shore. Himself and friends being Spiritualists, the funeral exercises were held under those auspices, on last Saturday, Dr. Spinnay, who had also been his physician, officiating at the burial. The funeral was attended by friends and acquaintances from far and near, making an audience of fully one thousand people.

One lesson that the spiritual funerals should impress, is the importance to our friends of harmonious cooperation in maintaining local societies. Aside from other obvious reasons favoring such action, we ought to be able to decently dispose of our own dead, and not be under the necessity of calling in the ministrations of those whose religious belief is so inconsistent with our own that the act seems little less than a burlesque. So long as we regard Spiritualism as fit to live by and die by, we ought to secure for ourselves the last privilege of being buried by it.

S. B. McCracken.
Detroit, Mich., Aug. 21st, 1876.

Louisiana.

SHIREVEPORT.—Wm. D. Piggott writes: Why don't good test mediums travel oftener? As a general thing they accomplish more good by their convincing tests, than lecturers. The people are demanding the evidence of Spiritualism, not its theory, and the only way to reach them is by actual demonstration of its facts. Seeing with them is believing. We have many Spiritualists here, but lack organization. A good test medium would find living employment here this fall. Many are the anxious inquiries after truth, and his labors would result in infusing new life into some who have grown lukewarm for the want of an occasional sitting with a good medium. They have been brought to a belief through reading your excellent paper; now the demand is for evidence, practically demonstrated, and once thoroughly convinced (through a medium) there is no back-sliding, for knowledge would supersede faith.

California.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Mrs. Louie M. Kerns, Secretary of the Spiritualist Society, writes Aug. 14th as follows: While we cannot boast of a "spiritual revival" exactly, our society is in a good condition, not only spiritually but financially. Our mediums are many and good. In all my travels throughout America and in Eu-

rope, I have seen none (with the exception of Mrs. Guppy Volkman's marked phase) better than our San Francisco mediums. Our hall is filled every Sunday afternoon with intelligent audiences to witness the manifestations given through the different media. We are going soon to lose one of our most excellent mediums. Our sister, Mrs. Annada Wiggin, who has been associated with the society here for many years, and has been an earnest worker, both as a speaker and a test medium, is soon to start on an extended trip throughout the Eastern States, where we believe she expects to take the rostrum. We hope the different societies in the East will extend the hand of fellowship to her, and give her all the encouragement and support due to a thoroughly honest and in every way most worthy medium. She attends at the hall here every Sunday, and describes spirits (giving very frequently full names) which are almost universally recognized, and I believe she has been recently developed to write. Morally, socially and spiritually she is indeed a lady—worthy of the kindest consideration of Spiritualists everywhere she may go.

Indiana.

MEDORA, JACKSON CO.—Cyrilla E. Wray writes: You may be glad to know that the people of this country are not all spiritually blind, for a goodly number of Spiritualists are scattered over it, and we are doing something toward spreading the glad tidings of the gospel of spirit communion. Mr. L. H. Nixon, a sound reasoner, and also well acquainted with the spiritual philosophy, is our regular lecturer. Mr. W. M. Davis, of Oregon, but formerly of this place, recently returned, and has been spending a few weeks here. When he went West he was a Baptist preacher, but he has come back a whole-souled Spiritualist. He has given us several lectures, which have awakened a good deal of thought and inquiry, as they were outspoken and to the point. People are discussing Spiritualism *pro and con*, and the agitation will work good results. The opposers of Spiritualism do not know what they are opposing, as they are entirely ignorant of the subject; therefore we should be lenient toward them, for the time will surely come when they too will see the light and become wiser. We would like to have any good lecturer or medium passing through our country lend us a helping hand.

A Veteran "Exposer" of Spiritualism Converted.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Isaac L. Robbins, a resident of this place, has followed lecturing against, and "exposing" Spiritualism, in this and adjoining States, to the hearty approval and satisfaction of the "Orthodox" denominations, for about ten years. They claimed that "he could show the whole thing to be a transparent humbug," that he would free himself from the most complicated network of cords; cause bells to float over the heads of an audience in a dark room, apparently by superhuman agency; make the stoutest hearts quake with fear at the seeming proximity of "imps from pandemonium," etc., etc., and then honestly repeat *everything* in the light, thus enabling all to see that he had no accomplices, either in or out of the body.

The Presbyterian preacher, located here a few years ago, after witnessing his feats, came out in the Mechanicsville Press with a general discourse over "the dead carcass of Spiritualism."

But a few weeks since, two gentlemen who had been to Mr. Mott's, at Memphis, Mo., and attended his materializing seances, offered to be bound to the tune of \$3,000 for Mr. Robbins's benefit, on condition of his duplicating what takes place there! And as his Orthodox friends urged him on to the trial, assuring him of success, he had no alternative but to go and personally investigate the phenomena. The result is, to his own surprise and that of his numerous friends, his complete conviction of the truth of our glorious doctrine and he has published a statement in the Press to that effect, in which he recounts some of the principal phenomena upon which his conclusions are based, backing up the whole by his affidavit.

He declares that he saw and recognized his father and mother, whom he left in England twenty-five years ago, as unmistakably as he ever did while they were in their own natural bodies, and that they mentioned many incidents of his boyhood, which had passed from his mind until thus revived. One event, which he had always remembered with regret, his father thus referred to: "What made you leave me and your mother the way you did; did n't you think I would have given my consent?" "This," says Mr. Robbins, "was a grand test to me that it was the spirit of my father, for I left my home and parents, never telling them where I was going, which caused them sorrow. There was no chance of any one's knowing this, for I had not mentioned it many times in my life, and when I did it was to my wife."

This event has made a profound impression on our community, and must subvert the cause of Spiritualism.

Of course the clergy, and those who can never accept a new fact, nor reject an old fiction, will impute the whole catalogue of unworthy motives to Mr. R., not forgetting his Satanic Majesty. But there is one thing patent to all, viz., that had Mr. Robbins been actuated solely by mercenary motives, he would never have incurred the hatred of the churches—they being his best patrons—on the principle of *self-preservation*.

He says he was aware that there were some things about Spiritualism which he could not account for, but never believed in their spiritual origin until he went to Memphis.

STEPHEN YOUNG.

Mechanicsville, Ia., Aug. 18, 1876.

Cora V. Randolph.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I noticed a brief account in the Banner of Aug. 19th, copied from the Religio-Philosophical Journal, making mention of the hard circumstances and destitute condition of the daughter of the late Dr. P. B. Randolph. I know not what others may think, but to me it is a sad and painful fact that the daughter of one who devoted his whole life with such self-sacrificing heroism to the cause of humanity, should be "obliged to toil or starve," and a sadder commentary on us, as Spiritualists, if we allow her to remain in this condition.

It is mournful to see a person in a low physical and spiritual condition, who has no desire for anything higher and better, but it is pitiful to see one like her, probably inheriting her father's sensitive spirit, with soul attuned to the melodies of heaven, in physical bondage, chained down by the iron hand of conditions, aspiring and longing for something higher and nobler, some happy oasis in the desert of her life. Let us all, to the extent of our ability, be it large or small, lend her a helping hand. I believe Spiritualists and reformers generally will respond when they become aware of her circumstances.

WM. MAGOON.

Monson, Me., Aug. 20th, 1876.

Spiritual Phenomena.

(From THE SPIRITUALIST, London, Eng., for Aug. 11th.)
A SITTING WITH DR. SLADE.

BY EDWARD W. COX, SECRETARY AT LAW, PRESIDENT OF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Having undertaken to examine without prejudice or prepossession, and to report faithfully, without favor, in a purely judicial spirit, any alleged psychological phenomena that might be submitted to me as President of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, I narrate without comment what I witnessed at a sitting with Dr. Slade this afternoon.

I sat alone with him, at 3 o'clock, in a room at 8 Upper Bedford place, Russell square, into which the sun shone brightly, at a table about five feet by four, having four legs, no ledge below, and no cloth upon it. Dr. Slade sat at one side of this table, sideways, so that his legs and feet were not under the table, but his whole body fully in my view as he faced me. I sat at the other side, the corner of the table being between us. As I sat I could see half-way below the table, and by moving my head slightly, I could see the whole space below, which was wholly exposed in full daylight. An ordinary drawing-room chair was about six inches from the table on the opposite side, six feet from Dr. Slade. A heavy arm-chair was in the corner of the room, about the same distance from him and from the table. A slate of the ordinary school size and a piece of slate-pencil were upon the table.

Instantly upon taking our seats very loud rapping came upon the floor. This was followed by a succession of rappings, blows upon the table, jarring my hands as they were laying upon it. These blows were repeated at any part of the table desired, by merely touching that spot with the finger, while the blows, as forcible as if given with a sledge hammer, were being made. Dr. Slade's hands were on the table upon my hands, and his whole body to his feet was fully before my eyes. I am certain that not a muscle moved. Then he took the slate, after I had carefully inspected it to be assured that no writing was upon it, and, placing there a piece of slate-pencil, the size of a small grain of wheat, he pressed the slate slightly below but against the slab of the table. Presently I heard the sound of writing on a slate. The slate was removed, and on it a zigzag line was drawn from end to end.

At this moment the chair that I had described as standing by the table was lifted up to a level with the table, held in that position for several seconds, and then dropped to the floor. While the chair was so suspended in the air I carefully noted Dr. Slade. It was far beyond his reach. But his hands were under my hands, and his feet were fully in view near my own, on the side of the table opposite to that on which the chair had been.

While I was taking note of his position at this moment, a hand rudely grasped my knee on the opposite side to where Dr. Slade was seated, and his hands were still in mine on the table.

Blows of a more gentle kind upon the table, attended with a remarkable quivering of it, announced, as he said, that his wife was present, and desired the slate. After the slate had been carefully cleaned, it was laid upon the top of the table, with a like piece of pencil under it. Upon the slate he placed his right hand, and I placed my left hand, and with my other hand I held his left hand as it lay upon the table. As my hand lay upon the slate, I could feel, and I did also distinctly hear, something writing upon it. The communication was evidently a long one; but before I repeated the result, I desired to note here a remarkable phenomenon, to my mind the most suggestive that attended this experiment.

It is necessary clearly to understand the position of the parties, therefore I repeat it.

Dr. Slade and myself sat face to face. One hand of each of us was laid upon the slate. The side of the slate that was being written upon was pressed by us against the table. Our second hands were linked together, and lay upon the table. While this position was preserved, the writing proceeded without pause. When Dr. Slade removed his hand from mine it ceased instantly, and as instantly was renewed when his hand and mine met. This experiment was repeated several times, and never failed.

Here, then, was a chain of force formed by my arms and body, and Dr. Slade's arms and body, the slate being between us, my hand at one end of it, his hand at the other end, and between our hands, and upon the slate that connected them, the writing was. When the chain was broken forthwith the writing ceased. When the chain was re-formed the writing was at once resumed. The effect was instantaneous. In this curious fact we must seek the clue to this psychological mystery.

Some rapid rappings, indicating that the writing was finished, the slate was lifted, and in a clear and perfectly distinct writing the following was read. It filled the whole side of the slate:

"DEAR SIR,—You are now investigating a subject that is worthy of all the time you or any other man of mind can devote to its investigation. When man can believe in this truth, it will in time make him a better man. This is our object in coming to earth—to make man and woman better, wiser, and purer. I am truly,
A. W. SLADE."

While I was reading this a hand again grasped my knee furthest from Dr. Slade, whose hands were at that moment holding the slate that I might copy the writing. As I wrote, a hand, which I saw distinctly, came from under the table, seized my waistcoat and pulled it violently.

Seeing this, I took the pencil with which I was copying the words and laid it at the edge of the table furthest from Dr. Slade, and far beyond his reach, the end of the pencil projecting about two inches over the ledge. I asked if the hand would take the pencil. Forthwith a hand came from under the table, seized the pencil, and threw it upon the floor. I again asked that it would pick up the pencil and bring it to me. In a minute it was brought and put upon the table by my side. I saw the hand that brought it as distinctly as I could see my own. It was a small hand, seemingly that of a woman.

Again the slate was cleaned and laid upon the table as before, my hand upon it. In a few seconds the following sentence was written. Considerable power was used in this writing, and I could distinctly feel the pressure of the pencil upon the slate, and its motion as every word was written:

"I am Dr. John Forbes. I was the Queen's physician. God bless you!" J. FORBES.

While I was reading this, the hand again came from under the table and seized the sleeve of my coat and tried to pull my arm down, but I resisted, and it disappeared. Then it came up again, as if from my legs, and caught the eye glass that was hanging from my neck, and opened it. During all these phenomena Dr. Slade's hands were before me on the table, and his feet full in my view upon the floor. The hand on each occasion came from the side of the table opposite to where Dr. Slade was sitting. He was seated on my left, and the hand came and seized me on my right leg, in a position impossible to him. The hand did not vary the size of itself. Dr. Slade's hand, it touched my hand three times, and I could feel that it was warm, soft, and moist, and as solid and fleshy as my own.

Again the slate was cleaned and held under the table tight against the wood, one-half of it projecting beyond the edge, so that I might be assured that it was tightly pressed against the wood; but the slate was seized, and with great force drawn away and rapidly raised above me and placed upon my head. In this position the sound of writing upon it was distinctly heard by me. On removing it, I found written upon it the following words:

"Man must not doubt any more, when we can come in this way." J. F. M. D.

Then the large arm-chair rushed forward from the corner of the room in which it had been placed, to the table.

Again the slate was placed under the table, and projecting from it. A hand twice seized and shook my leg, both of the hands of Dr. Slade be-

ing at the moment before me, and his whole person visible.

Thus ended this experiment. All that I have reported was done, that is certain. How it was done, and by what agency, is a problem for psychology to solve. For my own part I can say only that I was in the full possession of my senses; that I was wide awake; that it was in broad daylight; that Dr. Slade was under my observation the whole time, and could not have moved hand or foot without being detected by me.

That it was not a self-delusion is shown by this, that any person who chooses to go may see almost the same phenomena. I offer no opinion upon their causes, for I have formed none. If they be genuine, it is impossible to exaggerate their interest and importance. If they be an imposture, it is equally important that the trick should be exposed in the only way in which trickery can be explained, by doing the same thing, and showing how it is done.

August 8th, 1876.

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We respectfully call the attention of the reading public to the large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works which we keep on sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, ground floor of building No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass. Orders accompanied by cash will receive prompt attention. We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

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Banner of Light.

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"While we recognize no man as master, and take no book as an unerring authority, we most cordially accept all great men as lights of the world. The generations of men come and go, and he alone is wise who walks in the light, reverent and thankful before God, but self-centered in his own individuality."—Prof. S. B. Britton.

Outrage at Mrs. Markee's Seances.

At Rochester, N. Y., August 16th, one Mr. Crum, a reporter, attempted to seize a materialized form that came out at one of Mrs. Markee's seances. The following account of the affair is from the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle of August 17th:

"Mrs. Markee, a Spiritualist medium, extended invitations to representatives from the newspapers of this city to attend a seance given by her last evening. W. C. Crum of the Express, and several other reporters, found themselves in the apartment rented by Mrs. Markee, in company with ten or fifteen ladies and gentlemen, all devout Spiritualists. The room has no other furniture save the chairs and table used by the circle and medium, and the mysterious cabinet. On the outside of the cabinet were hung placards with the following significant inscriptions: 'In God we trust,' 'The pure in spirit shall see God,' 'Thrice welcome, noble and faithful band,' 'There is no death,' 'The monster has lost his terrors,' 'The angels of love bid us welcome above.'"

After the newspaper men had fully satisfied themselves in regard to the cabinet, a 'circle' was formed. Representatives from the Union and Advertiser, and Democrat and Chronicle, were then appointed a committee to bind the medium in the cabinet. The lady was at once seated in the narrow inclosure and the hem of her dress carefully nailed to the floor. Her hands were then filled with flour and tied together with white brittle thread to the chair a number of times, so that it seemed utterly impossible for her to rise or even to change her position without some of the threads giving way. Thus secured, the door was closed, and she was left to her own meditations.

The door of the cabinet was opened, and the figure of a woman dressed entirely in white partially came through the opening. Her voice was rather weak, but very distinct, and perfectly audible in every part of the room. Her name was Lizzie, and she seemed to be recognized by some one at the other end of the circle; but before any questions could be asked she retired and closed the door. The door was again opened and the form at once appeared. This time she advanced a step outside of the cabinet, and those in the third circle had a chance of examining her more minutely. She appeared to be a woman of medium height, rather inclined to embonpoint, dressed entirely in white, with a long veil covering her face, bare arms, and apparently a girdle of some kind around her waist. The dress skirt came within about two inches of the floor, and beneath it, as she stepped forward, her bare feet could be plainly distinguished. What further investigations might have disclosed it is impossible to say, for just at this moment, as the form was about to move forward, a man sprang from the lower end of the circle and endeavored to grasp the spirit in his arms. As his hand touched her body she gave a loud and very feminine scream, and skillfully slipped from his grasp, disappearing within the cabinet. In an instant the whole circle was in an uproar, and in the confusion Mr. Markee, the husband of the medium, sprang forward, and, with 'You d—d rascal!' upon his lips, struck Crum over the head with a chair, for W. C. Crum the intruder proved to be. I appeal to you gentlemen for protection," shouted Crum, as he held up his arm to ward off another expected blow, but before it could fall others had intervened.

The voice of Daniel Webster directed that the two gentlemen who had bound Mrs. Markee in the chair should come forward with the light and examine her, but cautioning them to make the examination as brief as possible. The two named went promptly forward, and opening the door of the cabinet found Mrs. Markee precisely in the same position they had left her, but with face and hands covered with blood. The thread was unbroken, though a little disarranged, the dress was nailed to the floor, and the floor was undisturbed in her hands. After some time had elapsed, she was gradually restored to consciousness, but apparently exhausted and worn out. Mr. Crum states that the form he grasped was that of a live, flesh and blood woman. If he had only held on for a moment longer the matter would have been settled beyond a doubt as fully in the minds of others as it is now in his own. As it is, nothing was proved or disproved to the minds of the public. The whole affair is more deeply enveloped in mystery than ever."

Mr. Crum, who seems to have been very much intimidated by Mr. Markee's show of resentment, had him up before the police court the following Saturday, and there one Justice Wheeler pronounced the accused guilty of assault and

battery, and sentenced him to a fine of \$25, or three months' imprisonment in Monroe County Penitentiary. The fine was paid, and then the obsequious justice, anxious to manifest his zeal in opposition to Spiritualism, compelled Mr. Markee to pay \$100 for a permission to go on with the scientific experiments in the case of Mrs. Markee. We have commented elsewhere on this act.

As for Mr. Crum, much as we deplore physical violence, we cannot be surprised that, under the circumstances, Mr. Markee should have been roused to extreme indignation. Mr. Crum was there under the express understanding that certain conditions should be complied with. Those conditions were violated, and Mr. Markee believing that the violation was fraught with utmost danger to his wife, was naturally prompted to an act which probably in his cooler moments he regretted; he broke a chair over Mr. Crum's head.

Mr. Crum's exclamation, as the spirit form eluded his grasp, was: "It is a fraud, gentlemen! That was a genuine flesh and blood woman, and it was the medium herself." But here Mr. Crum reckoned without his host. It is well-known to all experienced investigators that these materialized forms may often be quite as solid as the medium herself; that they have literally shown that they were composed temporarily of "flesh and blood," as Mr. Crum says. But the weight of testimony is in favor of the fact that Mrs. Markee had not moved from her seat. The affair has not impaired Mrs. Markee's reputation as a medium; but it has shown what certain bigots would do, if they durst, to put down Spiritualism. The attempt to check the seances by imposing heavy fines on Mr. Markee is every way contemptible. If our opponents think it is by such persecution that Spiritualists can be put down, they will soon learn their mistake.

Mediums Turned Exposers.

If any proof were needed that the preter-human phenomena testified to by Spiritualists are genuine effects of spirit power, it would be found in the utter inability of such mediums as pretend to turn "exposers" to duplicate one of the higher manifestations in a way to show that they could be produced by any trick or gymnastic effort. Of Baldwin, one of these unhappy impostors, the San Francisco Chronicle of a recent date remarks:

"Baldwin has lately visited our city and State. He announced that he could teach his audience all the 'tricks' of mediums. He had good audiences of church members, but at the close of his performances, when he was to explain fully to them, he was always too 'tired,' 'it was too late,' 'would explain next night,' etc., etc. Those audiences are still waiting for Baldwin's 'explanations,' and some pious individuals begin to see the facts, and acknowledge that the 'trick' was in getting them out to see real spiritual phenomena under the pretence of an 'exposure.'"

All this corresponds exactly with the account which Dr. Noyes, who had interviewed Baldwin, wrote in the recent letter to Mr. Epes Sargent, which has been published in the Banner. According to the Santa Barbara (Cal.) Index, Baldwin has drawn large audiences by his pretended exposures, having sometimes taken in several hundred dollars a night.

The prospect of making money has tempted another genuine medium, W. F. Peck, to join the renegades, and impose on public credulity by pretending that the phenomena of Spiritualism are tricks, and that he can show it. According to the Journal last named: "Those persons who, under favorable circumstances, have closely, thoroughly and patiently investigated the phenomena that take place in Mr. Peck's presence, know that it is absolutely impossible for him to perform them without the aid of some occult power. He will play a few shallow tricks and then expose them to the admiring multitude, and gather in money."

Unfortunately where ten persons will go to see the phenomena of Spiritualism proved to be true, a hundred will go to see them exposed as false. So an unscrupulous medium is encouraged to forswear himself, and to humbug the public by setting up false claims, and bringing charges against such mediums as Dr. Slade, Mr. Home, and Mrs. Andrews, which he knows to be slanderous. This is what young Bishop has been doing in New York, and means to continue doing next winter. The classes who hate and fear Spiritualism are swift to fall into the trap, and are very reluctant to be undeceived.

Brutal Injustice.

We learn from the Rochester (N. Y.) papers that at the recent trial of Elijah Markee, in the police court of that city, for an assault on Mr. W. C. Crum, the particulars of which will be found elsewhere, a charge was trumped up against Markee for "violating the law in giving entertainments for money without a license," and he was made to pay fifty dollars, while an additional fifty dollars was charged him for the privilege of continuing his spiritual seances.

The English of this is, that "the entertainment" referred to was simply a sitting for the development of certain spiritual phenomena, or for the appearance of materialized forms, believed to be projected by spirit-force. If Mr. Markee had advertised a lecture on chemistry, and had, for the "entertainment" of his audience, exhibited the combustion of certain gases, or got up a little pyrotechnic display, it would all have been set down as a purely scientific affair, and no license would have been demanded. A sitting for the purpose of evolving certain wonderful psychological or spiritual phenomena, showing, as many believe, that man survives the dissolution of his physical body, and can manifest his objective reality to surviving friends, is set down as an "entertainment," to be paid for like a circus or a juggler's programme.

Religious and scientific bigotry is at the bottom of all this persecution. The judge and his upholders undertake to pronounce upon these phenomena: assuming that they are either diabolical or fraudulent; and hoping thus to manifest their contempt for the hundreds of thousands of intelligent persons, here and in Europe and Australia,

who have convinced themselves that such phenomena as are to be witnessed at Mrs. Markee's seances are of the utmost scientific importance, touching questions in anthropology and psychology of the profoundest interest, and intimately involving the welfare, present and future, of the human race.

If the Spiritualists of Rochester and of the country at large do not look into this matter, and call to account Mr. Police-Justice Wheeler and his abettors, for their brutal intolerance, their ignorance, and their bigotry, then we shall think our friends more apathetic than we had believed possible.

But this is not a question that touches Spiritualists alone. The outrage committed on them affects indirectly every true man who would be free from the fetters of an intolerant social or judicial animosity. To day it is the Spiritualists who are struck at; to morrow it may be the Secularists, or the Ritualists, or the Shakers, or any sect whose "entertainments" are not after the Orthodox pattern. If Mr. Markee has really paid anything, we hope he has paid it under protest; for the time is not far distant when there will be such a state of public opinion on this subject, that the city government will be forced to pay him back, principal and interest, all that they have now plundered him of under the inspiration of Police-Justice Wheeler and the other anti-Spiritualists of Rochester. Shame on such infamous bigotry in this land of equal rights, of religious toleration, of the protection of minorities, and of constitutional law! We are amazed that such an outrage should be tolerated even in Rochester. Let there be a remonstrance at once addressed to the city government.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

Given *impromptu*, through Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, at the close of a lecture in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 30th, 1876.

"Consider the lilies, how they grow!"

Within the ground the darkened root

No ray of sun, no light can know,

No tender bursting of the shoot,

But only darkness, only the low,

Deep bed which none can ever know.

Long time, within the shaded groves,

The violets upon the bank

Have blossomed; and the flowering loves

Of myrtle 'mong the odors dank

Have whispered; the narcissus moves

Toward the stream, possessed of inward loves.

"Consider the lilies, how they grow!"

The robin's mating-time is past,

The young birds into warblers grow,

And all their flocks of song are cast

Upon the air. The streamlets flow

Responsive to the life that none can know.

The roses are o'er-scent in blossoming;

The garden walk with perfume-death is strewn;

And all the insects thither loitering,

Seek now another challenge for their throne;

Why are the lilies late? Why still below

Must they in silence slumber soft and low?

"Consider the lilies, how they grow!"

Waiting long time—the vernal showers,

The sunlight, and the tides that flow

Sustaining life, have given their powers;

Why are the lilies slumbering still?

Who wakens them with magic will?

What time the harvesters go forth,

Who've waited all the summer through

For ripening of the seed, whose worth

They only who had planted knew—

But the lilies had not blown the while—

When lo! even where the ripened sheaf

Expanded, there the flower and leaf,

The lily chalice seemed to smile.

In Palestine, where the Master's feet

Trod paths unknown of earth,

The lilies bloomed around his feet

After the spring's slow birth,

And scattered germs of future time,

When the snowy bells should make their chime.

For fullness of the life that lives

Ye wait the coming harvest time;

Whatever spring may give she gives,

The violet, the birds' sweet chime,

But for the lilies you must wait,

That in their coming are so slow.

The lilies of life are over-late,

What time they come no man can know!

"Consider the lilies, how they grow!"

Coming Events.

The answer of the controlling intelligence to a question relative to the changes in the ecclesiastical and political institutions of the United States for the next twenty-five years, which was reported in a late issue of the Banner, is one that has doubtless awakened wide interest among readers, as it must likewise lead to universal speculation. Not only is the curiosity a common one that seeks to know of the future by lifting even a corner of the curtain by which it is concealed, but at this present era there is a visible multitude of symptoms of great and important changes that almost unconsciously make such curiosity supreme. Every one who is capable both of observation and reflection realizes that something is in the air which was not once to be seen, and out of which new and strange results are to flow.

People who are willing to admit that these turns and revolutions in human progress do actually occur, and always must occur in obedience to the law of advancement, are incredulous about any special changes taking place in their own day. They assign them either to the past or the future, but the present cannot possibly contain them. It is much like the prevalent belief that everybody is liable to die but ourselves. Now if events do occur at all, they must do so somewhere in the line of time, and why not at this time as well as at any past or some future time. The single condition of a religious, social, or political change—call it revolution, if preferable—is that everything shall be ripe for it. Just when it may occur is something about which it cares nothing, and, in fact, has nothing to do. Enough that all events are embroidered on this ground of Time, in which we are actors. That gives us all sufficient warrant for speculating about them.

We are told by the spirit-intelligence referred to, that twenty-five years hence Spiritualism will have a stronger and deeper hold in every church than it has to-day. We are quite prepared to credit it, judging only from what has occurred already. Although the church rulers and managers are vigorously contesting the progress of Spiritualism in their midst, and scouring the lanes and alleys for prestidigitators and profes-

sional wizards to come forward and try to show that spirit communion is no more than a mechanical trick, the belief nevertheless continues to grow all around them that the heavens and the earth are very near to each other, and never so near as they are in this our own time.

So, too, in public affairs: the changes that are impending are many, and of the largest importance. The spirit declares that a grand revolution will take place. We can all see underneath the swift currents of party strife are working new forces, which are to lift up our political discussions and the people along with them. A different class of questions is to be argued; or at least old and permanent questions in a new way. And in consequence a new class of men is to be engaged in public affairs. All this introduces no miracle, but is to be accomplished naturally and according to laws that are always operating. Who could have foreseen, at the time of the Rochester knockings, what tremendous events would make forever memorable the coming twenty-five years? And who can foretell what their very occurrence is to make necessary, if only in accordance with the law of sequence, for twenty-five years to come? Harrowing and breaking up the soil must be followed by the work of seeding; and it is not the old seed that is to be sown in this country for the remainder of the century.

Decease of Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis.

This earnest advocate of woman suffrage passed on from her home in North Providence, R. I., August 24th, aged sixty-three. The news of her transition will be received with feelings of sadness in the circles in which she labored as an honored member. She was a woman of distinguished attainments and fine intellectual qualities, and through her long life gave freely of her talents and wealth to elevate and advance the better interests of her sex. She spoke and wrote frequently upon the subject dear to her, and much of her public and private work has had powerful influence in the cause. She had a refined, sympathizing nature, a heart warm with good impulses, and a sweetness of disposition which made her society very delightful. Her marriage to the Hon. Thomas Davis of Providence, gave her ample wealth and rendered her more capable of aiding, practically, organizations and attempts constantly making in behalf of woman's progress. In her elegant home most of the leading woman suffragists were entertained and encouraged, and his charming hospitality was well known throughout the country. On her sick bed she was patient and resigned. Confined to her chamber for three years with a distressing malady, yet her fine spirits never deserted her, and her efforts to do good never relaxed. Mrs. Davis filled official positions in woman suffrage organizations, lectured upon the subject, published at one time a paper called The Una, devoted to the advocacy of woman's rights, and with voice and pen accomplished a great deal of work. Her passage from the scenes of time will be deeply regretted, and her earnestness, faith and inspiration will be greatly missed in the woman's movement.

Her remains were interred at Swan Point Cemetery on the 28th; funeral services by Rev. Augustus Woodbury, assisted by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony. Among the large concourse in attendance were Theodore Tilton, Miss Kate Stanton, and many other prominent persons.

Mrs. Davis was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and Mrs. Hardy, of Boston, and others, have frequently visited her during her last illness that she might receive messages from her spirit-friends. She was a regular reader of the Banner of Light, and often spoke kindly of its efforts to do justice by all. As evidence in proof of her fearlessness in regard to her belief, we republish her last testimony to it, as it appeared in our issue for May 20th, 1876:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Will you permit me to narrate a few facts that recently occurred in my sick room, which, account I will make as brief as possible?

Quite late in March, while Mrs. Hardy was visiting me, a seance was held by my bedside which was unusually satisfactory. I passed the evening, and only sleep, and that on the slate was written this message: "We will not give you much to-night. You must be here on next Wednesday morning" (this was a day which Mrs. Hardy desired a little, and said she thought she would come so soon again). "The reply to this was, 'You must do this for us who do so much for you.' She then said, 'I don't see any reason for my being here, and I don't see how I can always want the reasons for everything; we will, at that time, give the mold of a face, in full day light, which shall be recognized.' The persons who were to be present were then named.

At the appointed time the little company gathered round my bed. The parlor was brought by the aid of the household, and prepared in my presence. Mrs. Hardy entered the room. This was about eleven o'clock. The moonlight came pouring into the windows with unobscured brilliancy. The small table under which the parlor was placed was set by my bedside, so that I rested my hand upon it. Two ladies and one gentleman occupied the upper end and one side of the table. Mrs. Hardy took her seat at the lower end of the table, where, as I said to her, she would be fully in my sight. She was busy with a bit of fancy work. We sat talking in this position for fifteen minutes, when she asked me to lay aside her work and place her hands on the table. To this, with her sweet good nature, she readily acceded.

Not many minutes before there was a splashing sound under the table, and in ten minutes it was announced that the work was finished. The shawl was lifted, and there was found a face, which was very wonderful. After a little examination I recognized it as that of a very dear friend, long gone before. The gray hair was tossed off the forehead in his own peculiar style. The nose and mouth were perfect. No sculptor ever molded such a nose. On comparison with a water-color miniature in my possession, of the existence of which till that moment Mrs. Hardy was ignorant, every line and curve of the classic features was found to be correct. The whole thing was evidently as much a surprise and delight to Mrs. Hardy as to me; and this being the first face that had come to me which had been recognized.

Now, knowing as I do by practical experience the difficulties of modeling a face, or hand, Mrs. Hardy must be acquainted with the fact, that she had accomplished such results with her toes. But as Mrs. Hardy's feet were encased in a neatly fitting pair of lace boots

