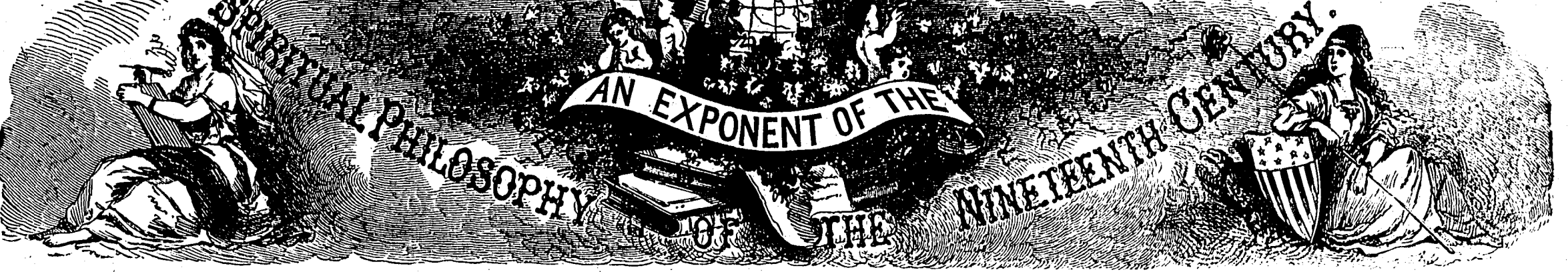


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Banner Contents.

FIRST PAGE.—The Spiritual Significance of Ancient Symbols, More Especially the Letter M, a lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan.
SECOND PAGE.—An Important Compilation of Facts and Philosophy, "Was Gustavus Cruxified?" by J. M. Peabody; "Euthanasia;" "The New Movement in Spiritualism;" "Spiritualism and Nervous Derangement;" "Not Changed," by A. E. Newton.
THIRD PAGE.—"Remarkable Materializations," by Edward John Robbins; Poem—"The Flood of Years," by William Cullen Bryant; Interesting Banner Correspondence; "Palestine Explorations;" "Strange and Beautiful;" List of Spiritualist Meetings; Convention Notices, etc.
FOURTH PAGE.—Editorial Articles: "A First-Class Humbug," "Spiritualism and Immortality," "The Secret Out," "Leymarie—Boguet—The Number of Spiritualists in France," etc.
FIFTH PAGE.—"This Centennial Year," by Thomas R. Hazard; Short Editorials, New Advertisements, etc.
SIXTH PAGE.—Spirit Messages through the Mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd and Mrs. Sarah A. Danskin.
SEVENTH PAGE.—Spirit Messages; "Mediums in Boston," Book and other Advertisements.
EIGHTH PAGE.—"An Extraordinary Materialization Seance," by T. T. Barkas, F. G. S.; "New Publications;" Brief Paragraphs, etc.

The Rostrum.

THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF ANCIENT SYMBOLS, MORE ESPECIALLY THE LETTER M.

NUMBER ONE.

A Lecture Delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, at Chicago, Ill., May 14th, 1876.

(Reported specially for the Banner of Light.)

Among a large class of modern realistic thinkers, everything pertaining to mythology is resolved into a fable, and all tradition is pronounced superstition. But the Positivism of Comte indulges in a little transcendentalism by accounting for singular coincidences on the score that the tendency of all substance is to seek a repetition of its former conformation, and the tendency of all organized forms is to seek their own likeness. Nothing can, in an intellectual sense, be more nearly mythological than this; and yet the Positivist school considers it the veriest philosophy.

If we escape from the narrow limits of mere realism, we shall find that Nature herself is the most symbolic of all possible existences; that the very things which are most important in life are only suggested externally, and that the forces at work in the great vitalizing mechanism of the universe are barely hinted at in what men see and call reality. A sunset is suggestive of another day of glory on the morrow, and faint indications along the horizon are signs of what may be seen in the approaching tempest. The traveler perceives the indications, on the desert, of the approaching simoon, but he must first know the significance of the symbol that portends the approaching storm.

Every power and force in Nature reveals itself by a series of signs and tokens. Nature has no audible voice. She has not even an intelligible language interpreted alike to every understanding; but he who would know may find her innermost secrets. To him who is blind, Nature is a blank; earth contains no prophesy of future blossom and fruition; the rocks are dead masses of matter, and the trees convenient for fire-wood and building of ships. To him who has no power of interpreting the signs of Nature, all splendors of sunset skies and starry firmaments are lost; they have faded into insignificance—they are not.

The religion of the ancients was largely symbolic. Their language compelled this; and the nearer you approach to the aboriginal or even the early patriarchal nations, the more do you find that their sublimest ideas were expressed in vague and, to you, unmeaning symbols. But it has been shown, not only by revelations in the various academies of science in Europe and by inscriptions which are now preserved in the European museums, but by every variety of source from whence ancient learning has been deciphered and unraveled to human understanding, that every character employed by the ancients, symbolic, hieroglyphic, or otherwise, expressed a thought, and that that thought is coequal with the intelligence of this century. Especially is this true of religion. The religion of the ancients necessarily was symbolic. They lived closer to Nature, and Nature expressed herself in a different manner from what she does to the scientific mind of to-day. You can get some idea of this from the aborigines of your own country, who believe in the Great Spirit, and hear his voice in the thunder and in the wind; who trace their language in characters upon the bark of the tree, or upon the skins of animals prepared for that purpose, and who know by a single sign or wave of the hand, what it would take a professor in any college several paragraphs to explain in a scientific manner. The intuitions of the savage bring him close to the truth at once, and he can describe a battle by two men on horseback with drawn arrows and bows, better perhaps than all the poetry that describes, in Homer, the battles of the Trojan gods.

Thus symbolism is reduced to the very crystallization of human thought; and an inscription upon an ancient tablet, tomb or temple, may mean all that it takes the sermons of this day, in Christendom, to unfold. Aye, it may mean even more than that: The sublimation of the very thought of Deity.

You may be well aware that Brahma is a symbol of the divine mind, representing the thought of Osiris, was the great Egyptian idea of worship. You may be well aware that Brahma is typical in various symbols of Nature, and that

no form of life but in the East had its deific significance. You will not forget that in interpreting these symbols the modern mind is too liable to interpret them with modern thought. But if you place yourselves in the position of the ancients, you comprehend that one image traced upon stone in the form of a serpent with wings, meant immortality, and that the Isis represented the undying nature of the soul, and that the sacred Apis, or Ox, represented the strength and power of the earth in its fruition each year, and that every form deified by them was but the symbol of the spiritual thought too subtle to be expressed in their language, but was veiled in this permanent symbol that the people might forever understand its presence and its power; that the departure, or idea of idolatry crept in, but the symbols remain, as the solemn monuments of the age when out of wood and stone men carved that which would bring them to their knees in devotion, or uplift them to the stars in contemplation of the Infinite Being. People were not devoid of worship because they had idols. If so, we have little worship to-day. St. Peter's in Rome, and St. Paul's in London, are not exempt from the symbols of their worship, and if another generation should step in with a new form of religion and say, "Who were these Christian idolaters that had symbols of the cross, and inscriptions, and stained windows?" you would think it harsh, as a remembrance of the time when religion was supposed to be purely ideal and spiritual. And yet people drift into external expression without being aware that theirs may be the very idolatry that they condemn in others, because they imagine that while they worship, the spirit is there. May not others have worshiped with the spirit also, and in temples from whence the life has long departed, may not these once have been the fire and the fervor—Brahma with the three-fold image, Osiris with the eye of day, the various powers pictured by Osiris shining forth in flame and fire—may not these have been worshiped before the very shrine that you term idolatrous?

It is interesting from an æsthetic point of view, if from no other, to study the peculiar fitness of things in reference to these symbols, and to feel that everything, after all, shapes itself according to the law of poetic, if not of spiritual appropriateness, and that things have the right names mostly, and that the names express, in nearly all languages, the very idea intended to be conveyed. We think it was Hawthorne who said there are those who doubt the capabilities of language to express thought, mainly, because they have no thoughts to express; but, said he, the English language is capable of expressing the highest thoughts which the human mind is capable of appreciating or understanding. If this be true, then a symbol may express an eternity of life, and a battle-picture, in basso relievo, upon ancient marble, may convey the concentrated history of a nation.

Among these symbols that have been handed down with most singular significance, and that have had perhaps the most varied possibilities of interpretation, is the letter which forms the theme of our discourse to-night. Two triangles might be appropriately formed of a correct conformation of this letter. The triangle, in ancient days, when first discovered was used as an interpretation of the Infinite Mind who was supposed to be a circle, and therefore impenetrable except in this three-fold manner; and as we know that science gradually confirms this tradition, is it not kind to suppose that the ancients understood the true meaning of the triangle and circle, but used as a symbol the triangle and circle to picture the Divine Mind?

The letter M typifies also a symbol that was used in ancient Egypt to illustrate the rays of light, and the exact process of the sun's light crossing the equinoctial line was typified in this letter. It came to be at last a genuine character of the ancient language, and the interpretation shows that the most ancient secret order of which religious history furnishes any account, properly commences with the letter M, and that this order of Melchisedec denotes in the ancient interpretation the most secret and subtle of the powers of the sons of God. It is undoubtedly true that, although the first Hebrew record of this order begins with the time of Abraham, it was in Egypt first that the order originated, and was introduced to the children of Israel by the very power or person who is related to have met Abraham, and to whom Abraham so generously conveyed such a vast proportion of his treasures and possessions. This order undoubtedly was also the most ancient origin of what in modern times is known as Free-Masonry, a stated series of organizations that not only protected science, but also protected religion and life itself among the nations of the East; for you will remember that religion itself, as well as science, was veiled then in somewhat of mysticism, and that physical powers took the supremacy of the ideal. Hence it became necessary to clothe all expressions of science or religion in symbolism. The order of Melchisedec was undoubtedly a genuine order of recognized spiritual succession, and meant the transmission of spiritual power from one generation to another by a known theory or process of the soul's existence. Therefore, being subtle, all its mysteries could not of course be revealed to so simple and patriarchal a people as the ancient Hebrews. Yet, nevertheless, portions were communicated, and at last this order came to be regularly established among the Jews, and finally indicated a true succession of kingdom, priesthood and prophethood among them.

When, therefore, this true order was established among the Jews, it became certain that the Divine Mind intended to indicate the next Mes-

sianic period, and this period was one in the East that signified the millennium. You will notice that both terms Millennium and Messiah begin with the significant letter. The thousand years referred to in the ancient record undoubtedly did not refer to the real calendar, but to the Messianic period when it was supposed by the nations of the East that a new era would come. This period, from all computations that we can gather, must be about two thousand or twenty-five hundred years, between which periods of time the people of the East supposed that the earth by regular succession would be prepared for the next visitation of the Messiah. Thus Buddha in the East, thus the prophets among the Hebrews, thus the Messiah himself when he came and was acknowledged as such by certain persons, denoted not so much the personality thus anointed and nominated, as the fact that behind prehistoric revelations there was a symbol significant of such a period, and that that symbol must be what is now embodied in the letter M. The All-Seeing Eye, employed by Free-Masons as expressive of the Divine Mind, was none other than the Osiris of the Egyptians, whose eye was supposed to be the sun or light of day. This again was transferred to a spiritual being, the real Messiah of the East, who was supposed to come at various times and in various places, appearing as an all-pervading presence, having knowledge and power and judgment over the hearts and lives of men.

Surely, then, we have the key to many of those subtle mysteries that were supposed to be hidden and impenetrable, or to be merely idolatrous. This one character, traced through all the various languages, has perhaps more varied meanings, and is the beginning of more important words, than any other one letter or character in all the languages of the world. As the beginning of "Mysteries," as centering in the most sacred word which the English language knows of social relationship, "Mother;" as typical of the millennial period when the Christ was expected to come, or the Messiah, in the East, and as denoting now the One Thousand which is the culmination of certain proportions of arithmetic figures—all these indicate a subtlety of poetic idea, and one which enables us to interpret with considerable degree of freedom and much spiritual leniency, the various symbols of the past. If the divine Madonna of the Roman Catholic church be transformed into the sublime Maia of Jove or the veiled Isis of the Egyptians, the Mother of the earth, and if we can understand that spiritually the Madonna occupies the same place that spiritually Maia did in mythology and Isis in Egyptian religion, we shall then forget our bitterness both toward the Roman Catholic tendency to idolatry, and what we supposed to be heathen mythology. Minerva, the daughter of Jove, springing from his brow and fashioned as the Goddess of Wisdom, is also another of the sacred words beginning with the same letter, and typical of the fruition of that life which gave to the Egyptians the subtlety of meaning pictured in various forms and images, but really meaning spiritual powers and forces upon earth.

Why not Minerva as well as Mary? Why not the veiled form of the Egyptian Mother as well as the Mother of Christ? And why not all these as well as the consciousness of the Infinite Parent, whose twofold existence overshadows the Universe and makes life itself beautiful? Oh, there is subtlety even in the employment of a letter and a word, the varied meanings of which shall charm the soul into consciousness of the sublime possibilities of existence. Write all the dear words that you know and the sacred symbols beginning with the letter M, and you will have a sermon in itself that will reveal more of antiquity, and ancient learning, and ancient thought, than most sermons of greater professions. Write the name of the dearest object on earth, and it will begin with the cradle where the light of eye and the thought of love made that picture the image of divinity. No love so typical of the Infinite, none so recognized among ancient symbolism as the love of the Mother, and none expressed to every heart so sweet a language and so uplifting a voice, bringing you nearer and nearer to the Divine Mind, by contemplation of her prayers and tears.

The Maia of Jove, beloved of him but not his wife, was the symbol of that subtle power that in the typical life of the spirit may link kindred souls together as brother and sister, friend and friend, in the great eternity. Mary, the name of the mother of Christ, is the symbolic name for love and sorrow, and expresses in its manifold ideas the very thought of what the Mother of the Son of Man should be.

Then if we find such revelations couched in ancient mystery, or glancing in a ray of sunlight, and if the lightning traces, as if by magic, some word or letter upon the heavens that means more than all things else, is not the spirit right in fashioning that interpretation to its dearest consciousness, and in making all forms of existence conform to the sacred and divine character thus revealed?

The true and typical meaning must be that of the millennial period, which period, as we have stated, according to the ancients, was once in two thousand or twenty-five hundred years; and one which the earth itself has come to consider as a portion of its regular possession. If it be true, according to the glacial theory, that once in about twenty-five hundred years the earth itself is subject to periods of inundation, and subject, also, not only to the procession of the equinoxes, but to variation of rotation; and if Science can even problematically compute these variations to a certainty, and fix the period of

time when the next deluge, for instance, will appear, then it must also become true that that which assumes for science the place of language (i. e., mathematics,) must in the spiritual significance of symbols assume the position of spiritual truth, and we must look for much of our inspiration and prophecy not to the visible Christ, nor the actual cross, nor the sign of the crescent, nor the symbol of the sun, nor the Messianic emblems, but to the spirit of that which founded these symbols and made them mean the very soul of existence itself.

We know of no higher contemplation for the mind than to fashion for itself a single character or symbol, representative of that which is supposed to be most perfect; and while idolatry is to be deplored, anything which can lead the mind to a loftier contemplation of the beautiful, even though it be symbolism, must be readily employed. What characters are these (notes of music) that give such strains of melody when under the interpretation of a skillful master? You would pronounce them cabalistic and strange, if unfamiliar; but when interpreted to your understanding and senses by the magic touch of a master, behold what wonders in a simple scroll of written music! Was it Mozart's Requiem that gave to the world such a sad refrain of a wonderful life? And was it not in the very passion of the death approach, that he saw, as it were, with divine comprehension, and sang, as the swan does, his own dying song? The world might not know how a soul should go out into eternity, if none could interpret the Requiem of Mozart. So you may not know what sublime songs have been sung to the ancient symbols that frown upon you from various obelisks and marbles and tombs of the past. You may not know what wonderful powers of thought and inspiration were gathered in the pavilions where the ancients worshiped and in Mithraic caves—again employing the significant letter—where the sacred tablets were preserved whereon were written the very emblems of the heavens and the signs of the zodiac. Ah! carefully must the student tread, or, in the attempt to make all things real, we shall burn the Requiem of Mozart, and never hear the last song of Beethoven nor behold any of the sweet monuments that have been left upon the shores of time. We must take care, or modern realism, to build a house, will ravish the past of its sacred possession, and in visiting Jerusalem or Rome, will tear down the very image of the Mother of Christ to serve the purpose of blind prejudice, passion, or paltry gain. We need not worship the past. There is no necessity that her forms be adored. The mother whom you cherish, and who passes away into the dust, is revered in memory, and the sacredness of the past is that it is your mother. All that is good and glorious of to-day has been hers. The germs of the present were nurtured in her breast. She gave the seeds of all splendid thoughts and prophecies to the world. She held in her loving hands, in Egypt, in Persia, in China, in Jerusalem, in Greece, in Rome, the sacred seeds that have blossomed out into prophecy and poetry and song. Christianity herself has grown out of these very monuments, and rose in splendor by the very symbols that she has sought to destroy. Paganism here and in England, the Reformation with its fire and blood, have been all in vain to exterminate the sacred and subtle Memory which the Mother of all Mysteries holds forever for her cherished children.

You may desecrate the grave; you may trample it under foot; the flowers may be despoiled, but the great earth will revolve and the careful hand of the true interpreter of the mysteries of this great past shall make herself known; her voice shall be audible in the present; the children of the coming generations shall speak her name—the name of that blessed Mother of the past, who has given all things to the present, asking nothing in return but that her memory shall be cherished, and her sacred deeds and words be unforgotten.

Out of the tombs wherein the martyrs and saints have been buried, it is said that oftentimes some symbolic flower or tree upspring. The red rose upon the breast of the crucified maiden, the white lily blooming above the grave of St. Agnes, and over therein Rome's sweet flowers blossoming from the tombs of buried Christian poets who were not Christian to the interpretation of the authorities of St. Peter's and the Vatican. Behold how the eternal Mother of the Universe holds in her sacred keeping all these joyous memories that at last spring forth to the generation that has forgotten the hatred and the warfare of sectional and religious strife! The poet makes religionists clasp hands, and the prophet gives a new interpretation to all symbols, and you bridge the great warfare of centuries by a token or a flower. Perhaps you have had a cherished friend in childhood who gave you some token of writing or flower that you carefully laid aside; and then in after years estrangement has sprung up, and differences, and you have drifted further and further from each other, as a child will wander away from the mother, she all the time remembering. Then upon a sudden, in some old drawer or book, you will find the sacred symbol hidden away, and the generous thought will prevail, bridging over the wide difference, until you are one with your friend again. So, in religious conflict when the passions of men blind them, as Catholic or Protestant, as Christian or Jew, to the great meanings of the sacred word, and when they forget the spirit in contesting for the form of worship, and when, blinded by prejudice, they torture the letter to unmeaning jargon, and in warfare and flame send each other through the fiery ordeal

into the world of souls, behold, the kind mother covers the graves of all alike with verdure and flowers, and over ancient monasteries, and ruins of abbeys, weaves her fair vines as though the children of earth had never had battle. Then the student who has forgotten the warfare, and the seeker of truth who has never engaged in battle, visit these graveyards of the past, and behold how faithful and kind a friend is the earth itself. Not less kind is the spiritual memory that keeps alive all things sacred, holds them in the upper air until the conflict is ended, and showers them upon the world in new symbols of life and beauty. The violets you dig up to-day from their native soil, and scatter at random, spring up another year in various forms and places, and the things that you violently put from you, because of some blindness or prejudice, at last return in gentle benedictions.

The Motherhood of the Universe is as symbolic as the Fatherhood. The great power of spiritual life is, that the Divine Parent embodies both father and mother. And it was Theodore Parker who used to pray, "Our Father and our Mother God," as he does now with loftier symbol and diviner consciousness, seeing that the great universe is alive also with that loving thought, so like the mother, so typical of all sacred and veiled mysteries in ancient time.

These are the meanings written in cabalistic and unmeaning characters upon many an ancient stone. These are the voices that speak out to him who visits ruins and ancient halls with an intent ear. He shall hear the memory of the spirit that hovers around in the upper air, pouring forth, in the voice of Isis, in the sweet veiled stillness of the Egyptian temples, the sacred and wonderful mysteries of life. He shall see where the maidens, clad in white raiment and with lilies in their hands, kept watch by the vestal altars, while the Mother of Truth spoke to the people. He shall visit Delphos and shall not sneer when they show him the altar and shrine wherefrom the oracle in veiled form spake to man. He shall know that from behind, some inspired maiden or priestess, gave forth the voice of the spirit, and that the inspiration was like the Mother of Truth. He shall not laugh to scorn when, following Homer's tale, he reads of the wonders of Maia and Jove to whom worlds are born that blossom into spaces as shining souls; and Minerva who under another name gives to the earth her wisdom and her justice. He shall not smile when he enters the halls of sacred worship in the East and knows that the Mother Earth is typified in the blooming Lotus flower upon which is traced the form of life and of immortality. He shall not deride when he enters St. Peter's and beholds the Madonna, the symbol of the Mother of Christ, imaged there. Really, the symbol is the most ancient and the most expressive of all symbols which the earth can yield out of the soul and out of the body of external religion, fashioning the image that pictures to the earth the form of the Mother of the Son of Man.

Behold we give you the sign! It is not of church, nor of state, nor of priestcraft, nor of kinglycraft, nor of the rule of men, nor of the rule of earthly dynasties; but only of the magic power of that sublime love that can uplift the world and release it even from the thralldom of the engrossing senses.

How kind to your nation has been the great Mother of Freedom that presides, or is supposed to, over your destinies. She has wiped away the stains of your warfare, with sweet peace and blooming flowers, and upon the graves of Union soldiers and those of the South, this same Mother of forgetfulness and of memory weaves her garlands, while the souls are transplanted to immortality; and the nation glides gradually into this same forgetfulness, and only remembers that truthfulness, that the Mother of Freedom is always kind even to those who slay her, and that she lives a thousand lives in the Memory and thoughts of men.

All sacred things become spiritual. No symbol can destroy them. They are transfigured, and stay forever in the sacred tablets of the soul, and though seasons come and go, and monuments perish, and from Egypt's dust there comes no sound, in the sublime stillness of the spiritual atmosphere a voice is made audible that tells of all she has done for the world, and from all the ancient storied places brings to the lap of the present her treasures and lays them at your feet. Though Rome and Greece, the Mothers of Art and of Philosophy, have faded, there comes from thence a voice that interprets to the mind of Plato, in the language of Socrates, the most subtle mysteries of the world, and the divine cosmos is pictured in the sublime image of whatever form of thought to them was most beautiful. From England comes the voice of the great motherhood, dead for many years, but speaking in new-found voices of Science, interpreting with another tongue and thrilling the church with a new-found life—not the church implanted by the harshness of the Reformation, but the new church that springs up spontaneously from the people, and infusing into that church, life and kindness and power, so that England, to-day, learns that her past history has been but a dark gulf—perhaps a sea of blood, which the beautiful in science, art and religion, must bridge over.

To-day, the living spirit has a double voice. It is not fire and flame as in the days of Moses. It is not the stern Nemesis as in the ancient East. It is not even the fiery flame that came with the voice of the love of Christ. But it is the new form of truth and love revealed to man, wherein the two-fold symbol, Man and Woman, shall forever bless and beautify the world. The Mother of the eternities speaks to the present age, and from the symbol of the snowy lily you gather

like me into their ranks, in this unfair way. They will find my guns point the wrong way (for them) every time.

But I long since came to the conclusion that it is useless to argue with skeptics of that class. It is like arguing with persons afflicted with color-blindness about the harmony of colors, the beauties of the rainbow, or the charming tints of flowers. They lack either a certain faculty of perception, or the ability to weigh the meaning of what they see, and argument till doomsday will not convince them, unless the dormant faculty can in some way be awakened.

This may be, perhaps always is, more their misfortune than their fault. Probably they were born so. Let us, therefore, be patient and charitable with this spiritual blindness, knowing that some day, here or hereafter, all eyes will be opened, like those of Elisha's servant, to behold the spiritual realities with which we are surrounded.

Yours, unchanged, for the truth.

A. E. NEWTON.
Ancora, N. J., Aug. 31st, 1876.

Spiritual Phenomena.

REMARKABLE MATERIALIZATIONS THROUGH THE WELL-TESTED MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. BLANDY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Having been a constant reader of your journal and other spiritual publications for the last thirteen years, I have had a fair opportunity for observing the various trials through which our noble cause has had to pass; but it is only lately that I have noticed with much pain the unkind and unjust treatment to which, it seems, a certain class of Spiritualists are determined to subject our mediums. It matters not how long they have been before the public, or how often endorsed by those who have been benefited by their martyrdom (for mediumship is most emphatically martyrdom), the slightest apparently suspicious circumstance, observed by some one, actuated by perhaps mistaken zeal, and sometimes by unworthy motives, is sufficient for the medium to be heralded to the world as a cheat and impostor. This hasty action usually proceeds from a limited opportunity for the study of manifestations.

In order to be of some assistance to physical mediums, I wish to state some of my experience for the last six years, during which time myself and family have resided in the same house with Dr. and Mrs. Blandy (late Lizzie Davenport); in consequence, I have had the very best opportunity of studying materialization in all its phases. I have given all the time I could spare from my mundane affairs to this study, and Mrs. Blandy has given her time and her wonderful mediumship, without remuneration, for the perfecting of some of the oldest and most experienced of Spiritualists; and well indeed have we been rewarded for our untiring efforts, and I am able to state from absolute knowledge, and am ready to furnish an affidavit at any time and to any one, if it is deemed necessary, that our so-called spirit-friends are human beings, made of flesh and blood as we are, only of finer material.

And now, Mr. Editor, as I have given you a fraction of my own remarkable personal experience, I will, as succinctly as possible, state part of that of a little coterie of gentlemen who have sense enough to accord our spirit friends their necessary conditions; they are all of assured social position, two of them being principals in our public schools, one a surgeon dentist, and the other a medical student, viz.: Messrs. A. Z. Barrows, E. L. Chamberlayne, D. M. Hibbard and Dr. J. Blandy.

For the year past they have met, (often several times a week,) and the entire party are ready to testify that they know (mark! not believe,) that the spirit friends visiting them are veritable flesh and blood, having brought every sense they possess to bear on the fact; they all have locks of spirit hair, and specimens of velvet, silk and fringe, which they themselves have cut from the dresses of our dear angel friends, who have on several occasions shown themselves to the party in a good strong light.

On one occasion one of the spirit ladies walked out of the closet, robed in a rich white silk dress, with long train, and boots to match, received a phial of wine from one of the party, drank some of it herself, handed it to each one present; was afterwards measured; height, 5 feet 3 inches; she retired, after chatting with us, and shaking hands.

Then another lady attired in crimson silk advanced, shook hands, talked, was measured, height, 5 feet 4 inches, (Mrs. Blandy's height is exactly five feet) took off her cap and waved it in triumph, (this being her first attempt at materializing in the light) then left us, and afterwards remarked that she could have waltzed with one of us. These ladies were of distinctly marked individualities, exquisitely symmetrical, and as lovely as can be imagined. One of them has, at three of our later circles, brought a profusion of flowers and roots. There is before me, as I write, a beautiful geranium in bloom, a priceless gift from her to me.

These angel visitants are arranging conditions which will enable them to walk out in the garden with us, in the moonlight, and judging from our former experience we have no doubt they will accomplish their object.

I have been as brief as possible, to do any justice to the subject, knowing that space in your columns is very valuable. And I am convinced that, scattered through the country, there are many such pleasant little gatherings, the members of which are deterred from giving to the public their invaluable knowledge, through fear of the doubts, sneers and vituperation that would most surely assail them.

But we are of the opinion that those who are not prepared to defy all and everything like Gruntyism, in its various phases, are unworthy to be the recipients of the blessings showered from the spirit-world upon all those who are not too prejudiced or too conceited to receive them. And I call upon all, in the name of humanity and our angel friends, who have had a like experience, to put it on record before the community, and thus bring an overwhelming amount of evidence to the support of our martyr mediums.

EDWARD JOHN ROBBINS.

204 East Swan street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Scene in a telegraph office at Vienna—embodying a fact: An operator takes out his watch, and, yawning, says: "Too bad, I cannot go to the concert to-night." "Why not?" asks a companion. "I am waiting the dispatches from Belgrade, and they generally don't turn up till about midnight." The other operator thinks a moment, and then, with a gleam of light in his eye, he says: "I have you received the Constantinople dispatches?" "Yes," rejoins the operator No. 1. "Well, just write out precisely to the contrary, and go to your concert."

Love is circumspect, humble and upright; not yielding to softness, or to pity, nor attending to vain things: it is sober, calm, steady, quiet and guarded in all the senses. —Thomas à Kempis.

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

A Mighty Hand, from an exhaustless urn,
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life: the Present here,
Tosses and foams, and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. Then, as they who toll,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billow seen—
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.
These groups of revelers, whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
And as they raise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves and disappear. I hear the far
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.

The torrent bears them under, wheeled and hid,
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the stout and rider, the plumed chief
Slung with his followers; the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ears and branded cheek.
A funeral train—the torrent sweeps away
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;
The wall is stifled, and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill, sudden shout—
The cry of an applauding multitude
Swayed by some loud-tongued orator who wields
The living mass as if he were its soul.
The waters choke the shout and all is still.
Lo, next, a kneeling crowd and one who spreads
The hands in prayer; the engulfing wave o'er-
takes

And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine, at his touch,
Gathers upon the canvas, and life glows;
A poet, as he paces to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. A while they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them and flings them under while their
tasks

Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe that smiles to her again—
The torrent wrests it from her arms; she shrieks
And weeps, and midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls; two lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart; the youth goes down; the
maid;

With hands outstretched, in vain, and streaming
eyes,
Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds; his bending form
Sinks slowly; mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks and then are seen no
more.

Lo, wider grows the stream; a sea-like flood
Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces
Crumble before it; fortresses and towers
Dissolve in the swift waters; populous realms,
Swept by the torrent, see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost, their very languages
Stilled and never to be uttered more.

I pause and turn my eyes, and, looking back,
Where that tumultuous flood has passed, I see
The silent Ocean of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets, where mast and
hull

Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Unroofed, forsaken by the worshippers.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has
gnawed

The graven legends, thrones of kings overturned,
The broken altars of forgotten gods,
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard
Upon the desolate pavement. I behold and
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within
The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust; and all around,
Strown on the waters of that silent sea,
Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
Shorn from fair brows by loving hands, and
scrolls

O'erwritten—haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment, and then sink away from sight.
I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold, in every one of these,
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrow, clinging of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air, and happy days too brief,
That sorrowfully ended, and I think
How painfully must the poor hearts have beat
In bosoms without number, as the blow
Was struck that slew their hope or broke their
peace.

Sadly I turn, and look before, where yet
The flood must pass, and I behold a mist
Where swarms dissolving forms, the brood of
Hope.

Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers
Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
And reappearing haply giving place
To shapes of grisly specter, such as Fear
Molds from the idle air; where serpents lift
The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
The bony arm in menace. Further on
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
Long, low and distant, where the Life that is
Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of Years
Rolls toward it, near and near. I must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?
Hear what the wise and good have said. Beyond
That belt of darkness still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
Noble, and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy—all are raised and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,
From stage to stage, along the shining coast
Of that fair river broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring old friends together; hands are
clasped

In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken—in whose reign the eternal Change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

—William Cullen Bryant, in Scribner's Monthly for August.

"This excellent compilation clearly shows that inspirational thought, feeling and utterance have not been confined to any one book, period, nation or race of men; but that from the earliest to the latest time, throughout the earth, there have been greatly enlightened souls, with clear perceptions of an infinitely wise and beneficent overruling Power, of what constitutes essential goodness, of the worthlessness of a ceremonial piety, of the binding obligations of justice, mercy, and truth, and of the capacity of the soul for immortality. It should be widely read." —Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Boston, Mass., concerning Stebbins's "Bible of the Ages." For sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Banner Correspondence.

Vermont.

BARNET.—James Edson writes: I am pleased to know, from your issue of July 29th, that some of the leading Spiritualists have at last concluded that the time is now come when Spiritualists ought to organize. This is as it should be, for nothing can progress, nothing can develop itself without an organization; everything in Nature has an organization, therefore it is wisdom in Spiritualists to organize. In union is strength, whether political or religious. Some may object to the term religious being used with regard to the spiritual philosophy. But whatever we consciously believe is for our best interest; spiritually, as well as for a religion; and the spiritual philosophy contains this in a high degree, and the different phases of it should never be approached in a spirit of levity and thoughtlessness; the mind may be cheerful, but at the same time serious, with all due respect to the spirits who communicate.

With regard to this new departure in Spiritualism, I am afraid that a very large number of Spiritualists will object to uniting Christianity and Spiritualism together. It looks too much like some of the apostles, trying to unite the Jewish and Christian Dispensations together; it was the cause of much wrangling and dispute, and made a breach among its members that never was healed. I think in this age of intellectual development, that we should not magnify or deify any man, but receive Truth, from whatever source, whether ancient or modern. Let us not worship men, but principles; Spiritualists ought to take the lead in every kind of reform that is for our happiness here or hereafter—stop running down every other religion, and show the superior blessings of our own by our walk and conversation. If we cannot argue people into our belief, let us draw them by our honest and conscientious dealings with them—by our example show to the world a more excellent way. Let us encourage and cultivate whatever is good and excellent—love the good and beautiful. Let us often meet together for social and spiritual intercourse as the children of one family, each one esteeming others better than himself. Pride and selfishness are the unhappiness of many, therefore let them not enter our assembly. As far as possible let us live peaceably with all around us. The time will come when we shall have temples of our own wherein to meet for lectures and for the expression of thought. Let these places of meeting be beautiful in design and construction, adorned with pictures and statues of art; let us cultivate the sweetest and most harmonious pieces of music. All this will have great influence in drawing in the young, so that they may enjoy the beauty and harmony of our spiritual and moral philosophy.

I hope if Spiritualists organize that they will find a new and independent name for this New Movement, apart from every other name or sect; let it be short and comprehensive, such as will express in brief compass the great realities that underlie our philosophy.

Kansas.

TOPEKA.—Our correspondents S. writes, Sept. 1st, as follows: In this city and vicinity there are a very large number of Spiritualists, but for some reason we are apparently unknown to the many lecturers and mediums who are traveling in various portions of the West. Recently, however, the interest in the work has been quickened by reports of visits by some of our citizens to Memphis, Mo., where they attended seances with that wonderful medium, J. H. Mott, and for several successive evenings saw and had long conversations with their relatives and friends who have crossed to the other side. Two of these visitors were well known ladies of this city, Mrs. S. and Mrs. F. The first had a son instantly killed on a railroad; the other lost a son by drowning. In their great distress they were moved to go to Memphis, where they saw and talked with the dear departed ones, and returned to their homes with the feeling that they were happy and beyond the reach of the troubles of this world. That they are called fools and sneered at as being the dupes of a cunning trickster, makes no impression on their minds, and they willingly bear testimony to the reliability of the medium, and are convinced that what they see, hear, and touch, is a reality. Many people have listened to the narrative of the personal experiences of these ladies, and there is no doubt but a desire is aroused in very many to investigate this matter for themselves, and see whether these things are true. A reliable materializing medium can do much good here, and it is to be hoped that some such one may be induced to give this city a visit.

The Banner is doing a good work in the cause of religious freedom, and very many copies are taken here, some by direct subscription, and more bought of the news-dealers.

New York.

BYRON.—J. W. Seaver writes, Sunday eve, Aug. 27: Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, of Baltimore, has this day been with us, reviving, by her presence, her thrilling eloquence and improvisations, and the very large audiences attracted by the announcement of her proposed visit, the pleasant memories of bygone days, when she resided in Buffalo, and for years met with and addressed us. Then her audiences were always large, frequently greater than the capacity of our hall. On this occasion, our friends who have control of the Methodist church kindly allowed us to use it, and although quite spacious, extra seats were required to be brought in, to accommodate the audience. This shows plain that any language I can use, the high estimate in which our inspired Sister Hyzer is held in this field of her former labors.

Her discourse in the forenoon was a masterly argument for and appeal in favor of organization among Spiritualists. She showed its importance and necessity, and announced herself as one of its advocates; and I think she carried conviction to nearly her entire audience. She referred in approving terms to the initiatory movement lately started at Philadelphia, and enforced the necessity of the inauguration and carrying into practical operation of some system of cooperation, by which the influence and power of the eleven millions of Spiritualists of the United States may be utilized, under angelic guidance, to the upbuilding of the cause of truth and progress on earth. We say amen to these sterling utterances, and trust a hearty response may find practical expression in widespread action in the organization of local association.

California.

SANTA BARBARA.—Mrs. G. E. Childs writes: We have no medium residing here, but I wish we had, for some of us are literally starving for spirit communion. When one comes he does not stay long enough. The last one who was here could have given twenty-five or more seances, with the room full each time, if he had remained longer.

Maine.

BUCKSPORT.—C. F. Ware writes: Mrs. Rosanna Smith, of Hampden, a highly respected lady, is a most excellent trance medium, and is doing a blessed work in the cause of Spiritualism in this section of country. She is considered one of the most reliable mediums in the State. God speed her in her noble efforts.

Illinois.

CHICAGO.—Ernest J. Witheford, M. D., the materializing medium, writes: I enclose a portion of a piece of fabric which was cut from the robe of a spirit who materialized on the 31st July last, at a special seance arranged by Hon. W. K. McAllister, Judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, and the father of the young lady who is such a wonderful musical medium. (Noticed in the Banner, Chicago Times, and other newspapers.) The Judge invited all who were present

as his guests. My rooms were thoroughly examined, and several forms were shown in the light circle. All declared themselves satisfied that there was no imposture, and pleased with the manifestations. I would say they were all the Judge's own friends, and almost entire strangers to me; the majority I had never met at all before. I send the fabric for you to compare with other pieces (no doubt in your possession), obtained in a similar manner.

I shall go to Philadelphia about the 20th of September.

Palestine Exploration.

Photographs of recent discoveries made by the expedition sent out by the Palestine Exploration Society have arrived in New York, and form an interesting record of the progress made. They were taken at different points in the land of Moab, Gilend and Bashan, which the Society had mapped out for its work. In a picture of Amman, the Rabath Amman of the Old Testament, and the place which Job besieged when he placed Uriah the Hittite in the front of the battlements of the city. Forty-six towers of stone are standing, and they are as true to days as when the builders set them. Throughout they do not deflect one eighth of an inch from the plumb and level. The Temple of the Sun at Jerash shows eleven columns still standing, splendid specimens of Corinthian architecture. Though they are forty-five feet high and five feet in diameter, the immense capitals are finished as delicately as lace work. The leaves are traced almost with the lightness and perfection of Nature. There is a fine specimen of similar work in the "Serai," or "Convent of Job" at Kunawat. Here the solid blocks, which had not yet been carved into capitals, still rest unfinished on the tops of many columns. In Jerash, which is rich in ruins, are a triumphal arch and forum. The arch, though not older than Trajan's time, is a beautiful relic, showing some unusual features, notably the singular vase-shaped columns of the columns, ornamented with acanthus leaves. Of the forum, fifty columns are still standing, and little of the entablature is broken. The Temple of Theothatha, of which a portion of the north wall alone remains, is a noble specimen of Ionic architecture. There are nine courses of stone between the stylobate and entablature, all truly squared, none beveled. The Temple at Masmeth, which a Greek inscription tells was built during the reigns of Marcus Antoninus and Lucius Verus, A. D. 161-191, shows some interesting work. Outside, the Doric columns stand in massive perfection, while within, the Corinthian show their delicate capitals, and just below them, on each column, a wreath is beautifully carved. One or two views of a cedar grove, in which the gnarled and knotted trunks and broad spreading branches stand out in sharp relief against the clear sky of Palestine, give an idea of the wealth of vegetation with which the upper plains of the Jordan are covered.

Strange and Beautiful.

A strange and beautiful story of a little boy that died, of which, in an imperfect version, Mr. Moody makes frequent use in his sermons, is told truly by Augusta Moore, in the Boston Congregationalist. The mother of the child, who is yet living, is her friend, and did not believe in early religious instruction. "She said, 'Wait until the child is able to understand something of what you mean, before you try to get ideas of sin and redemption, or of heaven or hell into his mind.' Her ideas were very firmly fixed, and she acted upon them. She did not know that Eddy, at his sixteenth year, had so much as heard of heaven, and the name of Jesus he clearly did not know. At the age of six he was taken sick, and lying near to death, on his bed, with his eyes fixed on a corner of the ceiling, he asked, 'Mamma, what country is it that I see beyond the high mountains?' The mother replied, 'There are no mountains here, Eddy. You are with your parents in this room at home.' But the boy insisted that he saw a beautiful country, where were children playing and calling to him; and said he, 'I cannot get over the mountains. Mamma, papa, won't you carry me across?' Then the mother wept, for in her heart she felt that her child was called away. 'What country is it, mamma, that I see?' he repeated. The mother, not knowing what else to say, asked, 'Is it heaven, Eddy?' She told me that she did not know that the word would carry any meaning to the child's mind, but he caught it instantly, and answered, 'Yes, it is heaven, oh, where you carry me over the mountains, the high mountains.' The distressed parents tried to quiet their little one, asking him if he wanted to leave papa and mamma and home. He lay still and silent for a time, and, anxiously watching him, hoped that the trouble was past. The trouble was past. Eddy had never in all his little life said the dear word, 'mother,' but suddenly he turned his face to her, and with his eyes bright with more than mortal light, and with voice clear and strong as when he was well, he said, 'Mother, mother, don't you be afraid! The strong man has come to carry me over the mountains.' Thus Eddy died."

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Illinois Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 o'clock, at the Baptist Church, 3rd and 7th Sts. Mrs. M. A. Ricker, regular speaker. Seats free. D. J. McKim, Sup't.

HARTFORD, CONN.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 o'clock. Lectures, Dr. Smalley, Conductor; T. B. Baker, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. A. Jenkins, Guardian; W. B. Kelley, Musical Director; F. Turner, Librarian; Mrs. A. B. Phillips, Secretary.

LOWELL, MASS.—Meetings of the First Spiritualist Society are held every Sunday at 10 o'clock. Lectures, Dr. Smalley, Conductor; T. B. Baker, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. A. Jenkins, Guardian; W. B. Kelley, Musical Director; F. Turner, Librarian; Mrs. A. B. Phillips, Secretary.

SALEM, MASS.—The Spiritual Progressive Lyceum holds its sessions every Sunday at 10 o'clock. Conference meeting at 3 and 7 P. M. at 10 o'clock. Lectures, Dr. Smalley, Conductor; T. B. Baker, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. A. Jenkins, Guardian; W. B. Kelley, Musical Director; F. Turner, Librarian; Mrs. A. B. Phillips, Secretary.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Spiritualist and Liberalist Society meets at Liberty Hall Sundays at 2 and 7 P. M. Mary A. Dickinson, Corresponding Secretary.

MAINE.—The Maine Spiritualist Society holds meetings every Sunday at 10 o'clock. Lectures, Dr. Smalley, Conductor; T. B. Baker, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. A. Jenkins, Guardian; W. B. Kelley, Musical Director; F. Turner, Librarian; Mrs. A. B. Phillips, Secretary.

ROCKLAND, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock. Lectures, Dr. Smalley, Conductor; T. B. Baker, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. A. Jenkins, Guardian; W. B. Kelley, Musical Director; F. Turner, Librarian; Mrs. A. B. Phillips, Secretary.

WATERBURY, MASS.—The Waterbury Spiritualist Society meets every Sunday at 10 o'clock. Lectures, Dr. Smalley, Conductor; T. B. Baker, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. A. Jenkins, Guardian; W. B. Kelley, Musical Director; F. Turner, Librarian; Mrs. A. B. Phillips, Secretary.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Regular meetings are held by the Chattanooga Spiritualists' Union, at 10 o'clock, every Sunday at 10 o'clock. Lectures, Dr. Smalley, Conductor; T. B. Baker, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. A. Jenkins, Guardian; W. B. Kelley, Musical Director; F. Turner, Librarian; Mrs. A. B. Phillips, Secretary.

CLEVELAND, OH.—Lycium meets every Sunday at 10 o'clock. Lectures, Dr. Smalley, Conductor; T. B. Baker, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. A. Jenkins, Guardian; W. B. Kelley, Musical Director; F. Turner, Librarian; Mrs. A. B. Phillips, Secretary.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1876.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY, and all BUSINESS LETTERS to ISAAC B. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

"Who we recognize no man as master, and take no book as an 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, and self-centered in his own individuality."—Prof. S. B. Britton.

"A First-Class Humbug."

That Baldwin, the so-called exposé of Spiritualism, is an amusing humbug and nothing more, we think must have been made sufficiently apparent to our readers by his own letter published in last week's Banner. When to that was added the testimony of Dr. Noyes, Mr. Reed, of Salem, Oregon, and the editor of the San Francisco Figaro, the reader will admit that little more is wanted to settle the character of Baldwin's pretensions. But we find in the San José (Cal.) Weekly Mercury of Aug. 31st, some comments on his performances which confirm, in every respect, all that has been said in the Banner. After alluding to the absurdity of Baldwin's supposing that "by a few juggling tricks he can convince people of average common sense that he has solved the whole theory of the so-called spiritual phenomena," our San José contemporary remarks as follows:

"And yet for the past two nights he has filled the Opera House, and while claiming to duplicate and expose the manifestations of such mediums as Slade, Eddy, Mrs. Holmes and others, he has utterly failed to duplicate or expose anything, other than a few tricks of sleight-of-hand performers, leaving the wonderful phenomena entirely unexplained. No, we beg pardon, he has explained them all away upon the proposition that 'if I can, by means of a few chemicals, change water to the color of wine. I have told you how four or five spirits of dead persons have walked out of a cabinet within which one medium had been placed, and were recognized by their friends, who spoke to them and received answers in different voices.'!!! And well-meaning persons, knowing but little of the phenomena produced by mediums, of which the books are full of authenticated cases—that is, that such seemingly unexplainable manifestations have taken place—think that Baldwin has produced all the phenomena ever claimed to have occurred by Spiritualists; even that he has laid the best producer of manifestations in the shade, when, as we have said before, he does nothing but a few simple tricks, imposing, by the way, the most arbitrary conditions and allowing no one to offer a suggestion: furnishing his own apparatus and having his own way altogether. Nevertheless, Baldwin is clever, in his way. Another thing: His grand expositions do not consist in what he actually does, but what he, in a boastful, egotistical way, says he can do, but strange to say, never does.

"He pretends to expose all the great manifestations of the Eddy Brothers. He does nothing of the sort. At a late date given in the East by William Eddy, as reported in the papers, fourteen spirits were materialized in one evening. One of the audience recognized six. They were of various ages and sizes, and divided as to sex. Nothing approaching in the faintest degree to this was given by Baldwin. His performance consists in the rope-tying trick, he furnishing the ropes and talking his committee blind while they are tying him—the ropes being short and few in number—not one long rope, which would have furnished a good test—and a few chemical experiments.

"The clairvoyant trick, by which it is pretended that the phenomenon is duplicated, is so transparent a sell that a third-rate magician would be ashamed to introduce it in his performance. Pieces of thin paper are passed around, and some of the persons receiving them are furnished with a book of manifold sheets on which to rest the paper while writing. The questions are duplicated on this book, which is carried behind the scenes to the clairvoyant, who then has it all her own way. Several of the expositions last night, notably the slate-writing, consisted in explaining how it was done, not by actual demonstrations. We do not believe any medium ever attempted any such weak devices to deceive sensible people. And further, the manifestations we have seen did not occur in the way Baldwin stated. People knowing nothing about the matter and prejudiced against Spiritualism, may believe that he has given a genuine exposition. The writer, standing on middle ground, can positively assert in regard to the wonderful manifestations he has seen, that Baldwin explained nothing. His attempts, in most instances, were too flimsy and ludicrous to require notice. His great stock in trade is bluff, and at that game he is par excellence the chief. Moreover, our reporter, of his own motion and at no one's suggestion, went there Tuesday night to obtain points to show up the egotistical, overbearing 'Professor's' pretensions, being convinced on the first night that he was a first-class humbug."

All this confirms what Dr. Noyes told us of Baldwin's duplicity, his air of ingenuously coupled with an obvious talent for humbugging, his pretensions to explain, his equivocalness, and his cleverness in not doing it. He will "talk you blind," but when you come to look for the grain of explanation in the chaffy mass of words, you do not find it.

Baldwin is but the prototype of Bishop and the other recreant mediums who use their peculiar gift in pretending to expose what they know is not capable of exposition or explanation.

A writer in the Sunday Herald commends what we had already suggested in the Banner as a short way of dealing with these sham expositors. Select some one of the phenomena that we now know to take place in Dr. Slade's presence in the light. Let it be that of Independent slate-writing. Independent movement of objects, or the materialized hand, visible and tangible—all under the conditions accepted by Slade. If any one

of these phenomena is produced by the "exposer," then call upon him to explain by what trick or effort of skill it can be done. Note well the face and the reply of the exposer when you put the case to him thus. If he does not play the "artful dodger," set us down as no prophet. The only objection to this is that the greater part of the audience, who go to see these "exposers," are so anxious to believe that Spiritualism has come to grief in their persons—that they have plucked out the heart of its mystery—that they do not want to be undeceived, and the man who interferes to expose the expositors as the miserable humbugs they are, is hooted down. They remind us of the Athenian audience that went into paroxysms of delight over a favorite clown who could imitate the squealing of a pig. At last a countryman, who offered to do it as well, came upon the stage and produced the sounds. He was hooted off; when, drawing aside his cloak, he showed a pig concealed there, from which the squealings had really proceeded. We commend this fable to the Rev. Dr. Bellows, Mr. George W. Curtis, Dr. Hammond, Rev. Mr. Heworth, and the rest of these hasty assailants of Spiritualism.

Spiritualism and Immortality.

We published in the last number of the Banner for July, a discourse delivered before the Free Congregational Society of Leavenworth, Kansas, by Rev. E. B. Sanborn, on "The Evidences of Immortality from Spiritualism"—a discourse that, while it professedly denied everything like a subscription to the claims of Spiritualism, nevertheless raised questions, and proposed problems, and started speculations which nothing so far has come so near to answering as Spiritualism itself. There were many high thoughts in that discourse, which make a return to it not simply excusable, but profitable. The author, after discussing "protoplasm" and kindred theories which still evade the beginning of things, and after duly reciting the disappointments of men in relation to the results of their creeds and professions, at last comes down to this broad and firm conclusion:

"Granting, then," he says, "a time when the earth will contain a race of pure spiritual beings to whom matter is but an incident, and that out of the materiality we behold there are also pure spiritual existences to whom matter is no restraint—the conclusion forms itself that that time will see an intercourse between the beings who make the earth their home and the beings who have seen death, as free as is now possible between you and me; and more, because we are restrained by the conditions of the body." This is what he believes as to the future population of the earth. They will become so advanced spiritually as to come into free and open communion with the spirits which have become disembodied. But if that is to be the universal state hereafter, why may it not begin now, as a step toward that result? And why, then, is not Spiritualism that very step?

Again he observes: "Some believe without sufficient proof; others will not look at proof at all, but turn their heads away when it is advanced. To me the whole matter of so-called spiritual phenomena unlocks a world of mystery which it will take many ages to explore." Doubtless. The immensity of the ocean of truth which the phenomena are sufficient to reveal need not lead one, however, to question the fact of the phenomena. Spiritualism has not yet set itself up to explain and clear up everything. It has not even attempted to account for anything. It comes simply as a palpable proof of the existence and presence of "emancipated spirits," and it reveals the existence and operation of a great law which includes and overrules all laws that are laid down, only to be taken up again, by the dogmatizing mind of man.

Yes, yes; it is these very phenomena of Spiritualism that open the door and point the way for all the rest. They explain nothing, measure nothing, set neither metes nor bounds; but they do bring visible and invisible nearer together, very close together. Mr. Sanborn recites some of what he regards as the more wonderful of them, as they have come under his observation. And from his own experience he draws this conclusion, that "there is a great field of manifestations becoming more and more prominent every day, in which you may find tests as trying as human genius can devise, which go to sustain the assertion of the Spiritualist. To the Spiritualist himself he adds, 'they are as common as the leaves upon the trees.' And he testifies that he has seen really scientific men, who were skeptical to the claims of the Spiritualist, nevertheless convinced of the truly genuine and marvelous character of the manifestations.

The most that he has to say about the phenomena is that they are "unaccountable." Ah, but suppose he patiently listens while the spirits themselves expound the laws according to which they are produced. If they may be given to the comprehension and satisfaction of one, they certainly may be to that of another. He agrees that the spirit activity is one "that has an utter indifference to matter." Then of course it is superior to matter, and is able to control it. He also confesses that he finds hundreds who are not Spiritualists, "vaguely impressed with the feeling that some unknown soul, whose love can never die, is lingering in their presence to help, and comfort, and console." Yes, but who is it that thus impresses them? It must be only spirit that thus operates on spirit. He is willing to believe that it will be so some time, if it is not so now, and that all men will come to realize it as a fact.

Beautifully does the author of this discourse say that "there are sad hearts for whom death has made this world a tomb, which have been cheered and lifted into light and glory by the scintillations of love from an unknown world which unseen lies around us all. The gloom has been transformed into shimmering splendor by processes more marvelous than any physicist has found. And souls to whom this world has been a hell, have been suddenly awakened to find it a heaven surpassing any tale of seer or fairy." And why, let us ask? Simply because the revelations of Spiritualism, by demolishing superstitions have robbed death of its sceptre. Because this proof palpable of the direct communion of spirits has rolled back the mists of fear founded on ignorance, and let in the light of truth. Because actual knowledge is better than blind, unbroken faith, and seeing is indeed believing.

And when the question is asked again—What is the practical use of Spiritualism, and what good has it done? let it be answered in the language of this striking discourse, as follows: "While moralists are confounded by a maze of difficulties, appalled at the inefficiency of future rewards and pains to stay the present crimes, ashamed of and shocked at the irreligion of the

most religious, here is a force which trains men and women into the life of right by the simplest though subtlest influence—the love of unseen ones who are ever anxious for their higher growth." He freely admits that if all humanity could be touched by this force to-day, "it would be the regenerating power of the race." The final question with him is, whether these phenomena are only appearances or are genuine. He answers that time alone can tell which. Yet he frankly confesses—and it is a confession that is far more stable than any of the unsatisfying creeds—that "they have better evidence in their favor than the religious revelations on which the mass of people hang their hope and faith." And that makes out the case sufficiently for Spiritualism.

The Secret Out.

The Liverpool Daily Post has let out the secret that Dr. W. B. Carpenter, President of the Royal Society, is the "distinguished scientist" whose skepticism has been stunned and staggered by Dr. Slade, the American medium, in London. Other Fellows of the Royal Society have been séances, and, like Dr. Carpenter, have been completely nonplussed, acknowledging that there can be neither delusion nor fraud in the manifestations, and that the only fair way is to own up.

The Sunday Herald has the following remarks: "English men of science certainly have more pluck than those of the United States. For some years Dr. Slade was giving his phenomena in New York, but no physicist of any note went to see him. He had not been in London a fortnight when the president of the principal scientific association in England had a séance with him. We learn that among the letters of introduction taken out by Dr. Slade was one from Mr. Epes Sargent to a clergyman in London. The clergyman went to see Slade, and satisfied himself of the wonderful phenomena in his presence. Thereupon he addressed Dr. Carpenter, and the latter, to his credit be it said, though he was strongly committed against Spiritualism, sought a séance with Dr. Slade, had a successful one, and confessed he had come across the 'Inexplicable.' We are not as yet at liberty to state more than is given in the paragraph from the Liverpool paper. But the American editors who think that one of the popular impostors of the day has come to an untimely end, may soon find among the deluded dupes claiming their pity for recognizing the phenomena alleged, no less a person than the president of the Royal Society."

But for Dr. Carpenter's absence in Glasgow, whether he had gone to attend the great September gathering of men of science, he would have followed up his investigations with Dr. Slade immediately. He invited the gifted medium to go to Glasgow; but probably the latter's engagements in London will prevent, as he must leave for St. Petersburg the last week in October.

The New York clergymen, doctors, editors, and others, who have been making dunces of themselves by proclaiming that the bottom had dropped out of Spiritualism because that young impostor and artful dodger, Mr. W. I. Bishop, mingling medial phenomena with jugglery, had persuaded them that all spiritual phenomena are tricks, will be struck with consternation when they learn, as they quickly will, that the President of the Royal Society and some half-dozen of the most eminent of his associates have admitted that the phenomena of independent slate-writing, independent movement of objects, and the independent materialized hand, are true objective facts, and not at all the result of illusion, jugglery or fraud.

These are types of nearly all the great phenomena claimed by Spiritualists; so that in admitting these, the *skeptics* admit everything. It is the facts, for which Spiritualists have been reviled and ridiculed; for they admit that every one is free to supply what theory he pleases for their explanation.

When the Rev. Dr. Bellows, in reference to the cunning fooleries, called an "exposure," by the lad Bishop, cries out, "Let us hope that this is the beginning of the end of the pestilential superstition, with which ten millions of people have been infected," what he means is simply to give vent to his exultation at the prospect of disproving our phenomenal facts.

When Mr. George William Curtis gives the readers of Harper's Magazine to suppose that the sham exposé, Bishop, by his "suppleness, agility, great quickness, and self-possession," has explained and brought to naught the supersensational phenomena attributed to spiritual agency, he is simply laboring to show that there is no validity in our facts, and that we have drawn our momentous inference from such premises as lie in certain gymnastic feats performed by a youth who has the effrontery to pretend that all our phenomena are of the same trivial type, and to be duplicated by a juggler or a gymnast.

When Dr. Hammond, in his worthless book, entitled "Spiritualism and Nervous Disorders," gives 366 pages to his task, his object is to show that our facts are all chimerical, and that such phenomena as levitation, independent writing, lifted chairs or tables, &c., are impossible.

The whole editorial antagonism to Spiritualism is based upon a persistent denial of our facts. And now—confusion!—here are Dr. Carpenter, and some of the strongest men of the Royal Society ready to assure the world that we are all right in our facts!

What is the world coming to! Imagine the countenance of the Rev. Dr. Bellows when he learns that Dr. Carpenter has backedslide, and hopes to carry with him both Tyndall and Huxley! What will Philosopher Fluke say when he learns that the phenomena he has sneered at as "Totemism" have been witnessed and endorsed by some of the first men of science in England! What will the Harvard professors say after their Rip Van Winkle lethargy of a quarter of a century? We drop the curtain on the scene of dismay and indignation.

Mrs. Tappan to go to San Francisco.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan is engaged to lecture in San Francisco, Cal., for four months, beginning with the first Sunday in November. From the deep and most favorable impression left by her lectures of last year, a still more extended usefulness through her visit of the coming winter is anticipated, writes our agent, Mr. Herman Snow.

M. Milleson will speak in Stoneham, Mass., on Sunday, Sept. 17th, at 2 and 7 p. m. The afternoon lecture will be on Spirit Art, and that of the evening will have for its theme, "The Anatomy of the Spiritual Body." These addresses—as are all which he delivers—will be illustrated with pertinent drawings. Would be pleased to make further engagements. Address him care Banner of Light.

An obituary notice of the decease of George Haskell, M. D., of Ancora, N. J., from the pen of A. E. Newton, Esq., will appear in our next issue.

Leymarie—Bugnet—The Number of Spiritualists in France.

Emily Kisslingbury, Secretary of the British National Association of Spiritualists, is at present furnishing letters of continental travel to The Spiritualist, London, Eng. From her last epistle, dated Paris, France, Aug. 26th, we make the following extracts:

A VISIT TO THE PERSECUTED M. LEYMARIE.
The first step to be taken on my arrival here was to present myself at the *Préfeture de Police*, to receive in person a permit of entrance into La Santé, the prison where M. Leymarie is detained. It was duly impressed upon me that it was a great favor, *par exception*, and not to be abused. The visit was made this morning. After passing innumerable doors, guarded by grim-looking officials, I was introduced into a tiny sort of box, divided into two parts by an iron or zinc trellis, through which the prisoner and the visitor can just touch fingers, not shake hands. The warden examined the wires, to see that there were no loopholes, so that written communications could only be exchanged by being rolled up very tight, in packets no thicker than your thumb. Of this arrangement one of course takes due advantage. M. Leymarie seemed rejoiced at my visit, which he regards as a representative act on the part of English Spiritualists. He looked pale and rather thin, but his health remains unimpaired, and he conversed cheerfully with me for nearly an hour. It says that he is very particular to take as much exercise in his cell as his size will allow. The length is five paces, the width two and a half, and part of the space is occupied by his bed.

The petition for pardon, with the signatures attached, has been presented, and I went with Mme. Leymarie to the *Ministère de la Justice* to see the secretary on the subject. We were received by one of the under secretaries, who said that, as in the absence of the chiefs, a large amount of work rested on the shoulders of a few officials, no answer could be given under three weeks from that time. Madame Leymarie, whose courage is something admirable, especially in a country where the people bow down before officialism, then pleaded in eloquent terms on behalf of her husband. The secretary said he was very sorry; that it was not for him to judge; but that he found in the book of the trial, which Mme. Leymarie had sent him, several letters proving her husband's complicity in the Bugnet frauds. "Indeed, sir!" said Madame Leymarie, "then pray show them to me; I am the compiler of that book, and should like to see one word in it which reflects upon my husband's honesty." The warden then closed the book, in which he was seeking for the proofs of his assertion, and did not refer to it again. I put in a few words to the effect that the signatures to the petition were genuine, many having been written under my own eyes, and that they had been appended as a mark of esteem for the character of M. Leymarie. The fact that Firman had been set free was greatly in his favor, we were told, and we left the halls of Justice, feeling that hope was not yet quite extinguished nor charity quite dead in the breasts of French officials.

CAPTURE AND IMPRISONMENT OF BUGNET.

I think it is not yet known in England that Bugnet has been recaptured, or, rather, has given himself up to justice, and is at present at La Santé, where he will have to work out his full year. The mistress of the photographic establishment in Belgium, where he was employed, being herself impecunious and unable to pay her assistants, had Bugnet arrested (unjustly, it appears) on a charge of theft. She then informed the authorities in Paris that she had found the notorious spirit photographer, and, at last, Bugnet himself, to avoid further complications, requested that he might be at once removed to Paris to work out the full term of his imprisonment. He has been at La Santé for two months, and, being an artist, has been appointed superintendent of the artificial flower-making, for which he also draws the designs. His wife and children are living in Paris in great distress and poverty.

THE NUMBER OF SPIRITUALISTS IN FRANCE.

I found it impossible to arrive at anything like statistics with regard to the number of Spiritualists in Paris or in France. Beyond the names of subscribers to the *Révue*, I was told that it would be impolitic to attempt to keep any register at the Rue de Lille; because, in case the papers and books should be seized at any time, the names of Spiritualists would become known to the authorities; and, though the Republican motto is *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*, there is still so little of the first of these in France, as to make the two others a dead letter. For the same reason the society was registered as *The Joint Stock Company for the Continuation of the Works of Allan Kardec*, no mention being made in the articles of the tendency of the works, nor of Spiritualism. If it had not been for this precaution, the whole of the property on the premises at the Rue de Lille would have been confiscated during the late persecutions; as it was, several thousand copies of the *Révue* were seized by the police, but were afterwards restored with offensive marginal notes on some of the pages, such as *l'imbécillité*, against a name well-known in high places. All meetings and séances have been given up for the present at the Rue de Lille. In no case can more than twenty-one persons assemble in a private house in France without the presence of the police; but all the *gens d'armes* who attended the Kardec meetings became so interested in the proceedings, that they became by degrees secret but fervent adherents of the cause. Thus Spiritualism spreads by the very means taken to crush and hinder its growth.

Correction.

On our second page is an article from the pen of Dr. J. E. Bruce on "The New Movement in Spiritualism." The Doctor desires that the seventh paragraph should be understood to read as follows: "While the spiritual leadership of Jesus, in the large sense of a supernaturally selected person to stand as the symbol, before men's senses, of the Divine Love and Wisdom, as these are operative in the practical processes of making and perfecting worlds, is a recognized principle in the science of theology, we yet commit no man to these nor any other set of opinions as a condition precedent to membership in our societies."

Ultra Sabbatarianism scattered carbolic acid, by aid of sprinkling carts, in Leather Lane, London, recently, so that the Jews could not keep their shops open on the first day of the week. This is an improvement, for the same blessed bigots once secretly put ladders on the pavement of St. Martin's le Grand, that city, to break the legs of the horses attached to the Government mail-carts, so that "Sunday" should not be violated by the procession of these vehicles. Verily Christianity is the foster-mother of liberal (?) sentiment in the breasts of its believers.

Miss Anna C. Colby, eldest daughter of George J. L. Colby, of the Merrimac Valley Visitor, Mass., was united in marriage, Tuesday, Sept. 12th, to Dr. Mayo G. Smith, of Colorado Springs, Col. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Randolph Campbell. The newly married couple left for Philadelphia in the afternoon.

Read Hudson Tuttle's able review of Epes Sargent's popular and exhaustive work, "The Proof Palpable of Immortality," on our second page. A new and revised edition of the work is for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."—Go and see this magnificent example of modern French art, which continues to attract large numbers of visitors to Brainard's gallery, 146 Tremont street, Boston.

A New Indian Treaty.

The war against the Indians is over, and it is pronounced a failure. It has been a series of disasters from the beginning. Crook failed of a victory at Rosebud Creek, Custer's command was massacred in a brave stand-up fight, and then Crook and Terry started in pursuit of Sitting Bull. He has broken up his body of warriors and sent them flying in all directions over a country where our troops cannot follow them. It is argued by military men that the misfortune of Crook at Rosebud Creek paved the way for the Custer disaster, and the present defeat of the purposes of the army. And it has to be conceded by them that Sitting Bull has beaten them out-and-out in strategy and generalship, getting away from the army at last with small loss and real prestige.

There was never a more needless war, or one based more strictly on selfishness. It was of our own provocation. The Sioux Commission, with Bishop Whipple at its head, is now at Red Cloud Agency, proposing a new treaty. It would have been better and juster to keep the old one more faithfully. Doubtless the hope is to stave off hostilities for another year. Yet the objective point is clearly to become possessed of the Black Hills, the coveted territory which is the cause of all the trouble. Bishop Whipple opened the negotiations with prayer, which shows how Orthodox mocks the sentiment of justice before it begins the work of cheating, and after the proposal was read and interpreted to the Indians assembled, there was a feast: Six beaves, ten pounds of sugar, and five pounds of coffee for each of the six bands present. What the Commission proposes, after the Indians have fairly whipped us, is that they shall give up their Black Hills reservation, abrogate the treaty of 1868, give the right of way through the lands that are left, and move down into the Indian Territory. But even there, the railroad cormorants are after the land, and the Indians would have no better guarantee of stability than where they are now. There never was a more hypocritical or greedy scheme set on foot in the name of peace and religion.

Remarkable Cure by Dr. J. R. Newton.

The following letter, which was forwarded to Dr. Newton, the healer, without solicitation on his part, is full of the soul of gratitude, and furnishes additional evidence of the wonderful powers possessed by this venerable worker in the spiritual field:

Dr. J. R. Newton: Dear Sir—As an expression of intense thankfulness, and from a sense of duty to my suffering fellow-men, I desire to state briefly the remarkable cure of my daughter, of nine years of age. She inherited a very feeble constitution, and has always been very frail from birth, especially subject to attacks of inflammation of the eyes. Last winter she had a protracted blindness for several weeks, which was at last greatly intensified by an attack of measles, which threatened total blindness. The best oculians and regular physicians failed to accomplish anything. In utter despair, having heard of your great success as a healer, we decided to try your method, and we have reason to thank God that we were so directed. Even upon our first visit you succeeded in showing her the blessed light, which she had not seen in many weary weeks, and in a few treatments she was entirely restored to us. No medicine, nothing but the divine touch of magnetism!

My prejudices were always in favor of the regular profession, but these "stubborn facts" are stronger than theories. Alas! that "selfish interest" and the learned ignorance of the "schools" should ignore this wonderful power of healing—but so it has ever been. May God and his good angels still abide with you, and give you long life and this power to bless your fellowmen, is the earnest prayer of myself and wife. Yours very truly,

E. C. PHELPS.
Phelps Conservatory of Music, 24 Greene Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 25th, 1876.

Grove Meetings.

Extended reports of the Spiritualist gatherings held at Lovell's Grove, and Highland Lake Grove, on Sunday, Sept. 10th, were prepared for this issue, but are deferred till next week, in obedience to that law of philosophy whereby it is laid down that two bodies cannot occupy the same space in the same time. Our space has its limits, and matters having come to hand which could not brook delay, we were unable to accommodate all, and were obliged to defer these reports.

Lovell's Grove was the scene on that day of a pleasant party, assembled under direction of Dr. H. F. Gardner. Miss Lizzie Doten delivered an inspired address in the morning on "The Sphinx's Riddle," closing with a poem; Mrs. Suydam held a successful fire séance, and Dr. Storer delivered the afternoon discourse—music by a military band affording additional interest.

At Highland Lake Grove on the same day the services carried out under the auspices of Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston (J. B. Hatch, conductor), were varied and attractive, consisting of exercises by the scholars, music by the band conducted by Alonzo Bond, and addresses by Dr. John H. Currier and Henry C. Lull, of Boston.

Special Notice—End of Volume.

One more number of the Banner will close the present volume (XXXIX). Those of our patrons who wish to renew are respectfully requested to remit at once, thus sparing additional labor to our mail clerks, and at the same time conferring upon us the benefit of an encouraging pecuniary remembrance.

We not only ~~earnestly~~ request all our present subscribers to renew, but anxiously solicit them to exert their influence to increase the number of names on our books, and thus assist us in the great work we are engaged in of promulgating truth for the enlightenment and good of the whole human family.

Woman Suffrage Convention.

The friends of reform in the political condition of woman, met in delegate convention at the Melancon, Tremont Temple, Boston, Sept. 12th, to consider the means best fitted to advance their cause. No direct candidates were nominated, but the support of the movement was pledged to the Prohibitionists. During the sessions held, Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Lucy Stone, and Messrs. Vibbert, Blackwell, Lathrop and others addressed the Convention, Mrs. Livermore being elected as presiding officer. Music by the Hutchinsons added to the harmony of the meetings.

The reports of the first day's proceedings at the Banner of Light Public Free Circle Meetings, and the Baltimore messages—which will be found on our 6th page—occupy more space than usual, and are replete with interest. The Banner Circles have now entered successfully upon the second week of the season, and are largely attended.

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

PROF. LISTER, ASTROLOGER, 319 Sixth
avenue. 44 years' practice, 27 in Boston. Send for a
Circular. Address all letters P. O. Box 4829, New York.
July 15.

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free-Circle Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. JENNIE S. RUDD, are reported *verbatim*, and published each week in this Department.

We also publish on this page reports of Spirit Messages given each week in Baltimore, Md., through the mediumship of Mrs. SARAH A. DANKSKIN.

These messages have the spirits carry with them the character of their earth-life to that beyond, whether for good or evil; consequently those who pass from the earth, there in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All expressions of truth as they perceive to more.

The Banner of Light Free-Circle Meetings.
Are held at 1111 N. E. Street, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, AT 7 P. M. The Hall will be open at 2 o'clock, and the doors will be a goodly number, allowing entrance to all who desire to attend. The public are cordially invited to express their views on the subject of the circle, except by the mediumship of the spirits. The public are cordially invited to express their views on the subject of the circle, except by the mediumship of the spirits. The public are cordially invited to express their views on the subject of the circle, except by the mediumship of the spirits.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Invocation.

Our Father and our Mother God, thou who knowest our needs from the beginning to the end, we will not ask thee to give us sunlight, as in days of the past we were wont to ask; we will not ask thee to give us great and mighty blessings, but thank thee, Father, for the manifold gifts we are receiving day by day. We thank thee, oh Father, that we, who have ascended to the higher life, can return to these, thy children of earth, and bring some word of truth. We thank thee, oh Father, for the kind and loving hearts that we see before us, asking that we may bring some treasure from the everlasting fountain in the spirit-world. We thank thee, more than all, that we still live, that the greatest boon of all is granted to us; that we live beyond this little planet Earth; that our desires, our heart-throbbings are still fulfilled; that while we can walk with God we can walk with men. Oh, Father, send thy angel ones to stand above us, to hold our hands, to-day, while we, in turn, shall hold the hands of an earthly medium, and bring to you some words of truth from the home beyond.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have any questions, we will listen to them.

Ques.—(By C. E. R.) Do the fearful conditions which hold the poor idiot and imbecile from usefulness in the life adhere to them in the future life?

Ans.—We answer, in one sense, no. The imbecile is on a low plane of development while here, and enters the spirit-world, as it were, an infant, not as in your world, to be held down by the customs of society or by the misunderstanding of the multitude, for all in spirit-life understand their condition and endeavor to unfold it and aid them in their development. True, it takes many years; but should you meet them after they have been here five or ten years, you would scarcely recognize the weak boy or girl who trod your earth. When they come to us, all that which pertained to the body, which clogged the understanding, and prevented them from gaining knowledge, of course, so far as the body is concerned, is cast aside. Only the spirit, with its longings, with its heart-throbbings, is recognized there; and under the care of kind wisdom-spirits it is unfolded even as the little flower unfolds its petals through the influence of the sunshine and the raindrops, until at last the weak-minded idiot becomes a well developed man or woman.

Q.—(By J. M. N., Carthage, Mo.) Why are nearly all communications in the "Message Department" of the Banner, from those who lived in the large cities?

A.—Indeed, Mr. Chairman, I think your correspondent, if he will look over the columns of the Banner of Light, will find that he is mistaken. We would like to ask him to candidly scan the communications from our medium in Baltimore, and our medium in Massachusetts, and if he does not find that out-of-the-way towns in many a State are represented, then I will acknowledge myself at fault. We do not recognize the large cities any more than the small towns. Whoever we find here on this platform, Mr. Chairman, we endeavor to assist, whether he come from some obscure Arkansas town, or from the golden-shores of California—from the distant east, or from the furthest south. It matters not to us whether he crosses the ocean, and comes from the English shores, whether he speaks the language of the Chinaman or of the Frenchman; if he seems harmonious, and we feel that we can admit him, with justice to our medium and justice to the Banner of Light, we do so. The smallest town, however obscure, shall have its representative if the friends will send him along.

Address by the Controlling Spirit.

Friends, again we have the pleasure of welcoming you to our Circle-Room. Many years have passed away since first those who felt it their duty to hold the hands of the angel-world closely and to work with it for the earth, saw that it was necessary to open a Circle-Room for the benefit of those who were unable to communicate elsewhere. We cannot picture to you the many struggles which those individuals passed through; how many times their hearts failed them by the wayside; how many times within their own hearts they said: "No longer can we go on, for truly we are forsaken by God and man;" but an angel whispered sharply, "Ye must go on; ye must listen to the voice of the angels, and this work must be performed." Again the work went on. It is almost twenty years since first the Circle-Room was opened for the benefit of the angel-world, and it is many years, as ye count them years, since first our noble-hearted brothers sent forth to the breeze the "BANNER OF LIGHT," saying, "There shall be one flag unfurled that shall be true to earth-life and true to spirit-life. Ye who read its pages from week to week have no idea of the struggle—have no idea of the work which is performed by those who make up from hour to hour, from week to week, the pages of the sheet which you read perhaps on Saturday night with so much pleasure, without thinking, maybe, of the heart-struggles which have come in to make up the mighty whole. We who have been with them from the commencement, and have held their hands, and have encouraged them, hour by hour, and day by day, and week by week, and year by

year, and have said unto them, "Ye shall not fail"—know what we are talking about when we say to you, there has been a giant work performed; not only for you, the people of Boston, not only for the State of Massachusetts, but broadcast over the whole world have these pages gone forth, carrying consolation to those who were in sorrow, bringing strength to those who were fainting by the wayside.

When some little time ago there went from you the one who had been our mouthpiece from the beginning, it cost a severe struggle. Through her we had been able to say to the poor and needy, "Come, and you shall be fed with the bread of life." No matter how lowly you are, no matter how miserable, we are willing, we are ready to give you the right hand of fellowship; we will guide you and guard you on your way." When those in earth-life looked on and saw that form fading from their sight, when they felt that no longer had they an instrument to rely upon, they cast about them and said to themselves, "Where shall we look for another? Never in all these long years of fighting, in all these long years of opposition has she failed us. Ever have the angels been ready to encourage us and to sympathize with us. When he who was our partner went forth to the other clime, she was still left as a support, as it were, and now she is fading away." Well do we remember the cry that was addressed to us, "Where, oh spirits, where shall we find another for our circle-room? Must we close the door and lock it, and no longer let the angels in? We have done your bidding from the beginning to the end. We have ever reached forth our hand of assistance to those who were in need. Never has the time been when a medium, poor or troubled, has come to us and we have not gladly given assistance. There never was a time while our purse remained ours that the needy have asked us for aid or for bread and we have turned them away with a stone. Now, oh spirit-world, will you leave us without a mouthpiece, to alone do battle for the right?" We answered, "Nay, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Wait until our mouthpiece is ascended, and we will bring you another; it may be, not one whose lips are touched with the same fiery inspiration as the one we have used in the past, but one who shall make good her place and do our work. Your circle-room shall not be closed, neither shall the angels' words be unspoken."

We have fulfilled our promise. Though we stand before you to-day holding one who was a little while ago a stranger to you, yet as we look into the faces of those around us, we know there is a magnetic chain which binds you to this room, and which shall bind you to her and to us in the future.

We view, as we stand before you, many a loved one waiting, waiting to give forth their knowledge of the Great Hereafter; waiting to tell you that the other world is not a blank; to say to you that the summer-land is no myth, but, on the contrary, a positive, tangible reality. There is a life to live, and a home to live in. There is the same work in life there as here. The same inspiration which you receive from the higher spheres they receive. The same circles which you hold here are held in the summer-land beyond. Mediums who were mediums here are still mediums there. Their pursuits, their longings, their desires, are the same as when they were here, only spiritualized, only intensified—and we ask you to-day to aid us. Are you willing to put your hand to the wheel—to give us of your substance? Are you willing to put your hand to the wheel and bid us Godspeed, as we come to you from that shining shore to bring our words of love, our messages of thought, that we may show to the world there is no death? What seems so is simply transition—the casting off of the mortal and putting on the new dress of immortality.

Mothers, fathers, your little ones whom you have mourned so long are standing by your side to-day. They are longing for the time to come when they shall be able to speak to you. They are looking forward to the time when the home-circle shall be unbroken, and there shall be no vacant chairs.

Fathers, mothers, take courage, for the loved ones still live on in the bright Summer-Land. Brothers and sisters, there is a link which binds you to the Great Hereafter. Remember that you are making an impress upon that spirit which has been entrusted to your keeping. Shall we find you in the Summer-Land, with a bright, unspotted record, or shall we find you with a tainted page, that shall bring shame to your faces as you look into the mirror of your own souls? These are questions for the Spiritualist and for the Skeptic to solemnly ponder. Will you have a bright record on the other shore, or will you have one that you will be ashamed to scan? We trust every one within the sound of our voice will answer, With my whole soul will I live the life of the righteous, with my whole heart will I reach out my hand to humanity and acknowledge the brotherhood of man. I will do all I can to sustain the angel-world in their work of love and sympathy, to aid them to bring those from the other shore who need development, who need power to go onward and upward.

You know well, oh Spiritualists! why this room has been opened, why we stand here to-day—that those who have no other opportunity may here receive teachings that will help them onward and upward in the pathway to the immortal shores. They need the teachings of the earth-life; they need a measure of instruction here before they can appropriate the lessons of the higher life. They must come here or to your homes. Do you realize that in the morning, it may be, a class of little ones enter your homes to learn of the material? How many a cheek would blush, how many a heart would grow sad, to remember that on such a day they taught these children sadness and distrust of the material life! Such is life. We bring them to earth; we have only that way to teach them of that which they must necessarily learn. We seek your assistance, friends, this afternoon, and in the coming months. Will you aid us? Will you take our hands and keep us in the pathway of light, while we bring those who need your instruction and ours to the Circle-Room, that we may give them strength to develop from the lower to the higher condition? Will you aid us to still keep the Banner unfurled, in order that we may bring messages of love into every household; that we may bring magnetism and strength to every sick-soul; that we may bring a power which shall make man and woman better and wiser? We ask you to aid us, while we, as chief movers in this grand dispensation, shall assist mediums as in the past, helping them onward and upward, without money and without price. We ask you, Spiritualists, to

aid us, to encourage us, to sometimes send a kind and pleasant thought to all who are concerned in this work—to those who sit beside us in the Banner Circle-Room—to him whose pen wields a power for good in the editorial department.

May God and his angel-blessed and guide you all.

Dennis D. Pierce.

Your correspondent has asserted that only large cities were heard from. Now I do not pretend to hail from a large city or a large place, but I do feel it my duty to speak the words which I feel to be truth. I believe that no man can accuse me of untruthfulness, or that I have not in my earth-life tried to do what at least seemed to me to be right. I passed out with heart disease, about the middle of July. I did not believe in your theory, Mr. Chairman. I had heard something about it, but I had no belief in it, and I really had no idea of visiting your circle, until I met a brother-in-law of mine, Henry Gibbons. He told me of this work and told me of our great mistake, that we were at fault, and had been chasing after phantoms of theology.

I know that my friends in Canton, New York State, will think, maybe, that I am crazy; but, like one of old, I shall say, there is method in my madness. I ever tried to deal justly with my fellow-man. I tried to give praise to God and to worship him according to my ideas. I find the spirit-world not a heaven such as I expected to find, but it is a real, tangible world, where the longings of the soul are ever filled, and where that which I supposed would be but a myth has proved to be a glorious, a blessed reality. I find here a dwelling-place, a home "not made with hands," verifying the Bible where it says, "In my Father's house are many mansions." I meet my friends there, and I greet them with the same pleasure that I greeted them when here. I find beautiful forests, through which one cannot but admire to walk. I find lakes on which I think I shall love to sail. I find beautiful, clear rivers there, and believe that the flowers are the brightest I ever saw. I find that all the love-links that were lost in earth-life, live and are made up in the spirit-life.

I long to make known to my loved ones that my going out was no loss to me. I had many attacks before, but had kept the most of them to myself, until on the night when I went out to drive the cows to pasture, feeling a sudden faintness, sat down only to pass out into spirit-life. I met, as I said before, my brother-in-law, who came with a helping hand and loving heart to greet me.

Think not, attendant physicians, think not, dear and loving friends, that I was absent while you were gathered about the old body. While you were looking at it, I felt the utmost joy to know that I was freed from the earth. Only because it was so sad to them, could I grieve. For myself, I could have sounded a "Glory Hallelujah" that the earth life was past and I was home in heaven at last. Dennis D. Pierce, of Canton, N. Y.

Gloriana Powers.

My name, massa, is Gloriana Powers. I know it's a kind of a funny name, but then, you see, I belonged to the colored race. I went out from Charleston. [What State?] I dunno what it is. Down South somewhere. Dun you know what it is? [In South Carolina, I presume.] Yes, sar, I guess so. I belong to de Powers family. I used to go to camp-meetin', and to class-meetin', and to all de meetin's I knowed of, and dey tell me if I obeyed my massa and missis dat's all I had got to do. If I believed in God and in Christ and him crucified, and was baptized, dat was all.

Now, you know, dey had a terrible war down dat, and it made dreadful revelations to folks. It made a big revelation to dat family, for dey were what you call "secess." You know de Northerners tuk all dey had, and dey left 'em purty poor. We colored individuals had to take what was left and start. I was pretty well worked down. I had a run of fever before I got to Washington, and I got out.

Since I ben up here, I ben wondering what I should do wid myself. I had nuffin in de world to do. I used to be a real busy old woman. I didn't know what to do till I come here—'cause de minister told me—his name was Braker; did n't never hear tell of him, did you? He was a powerful old Braker to preach. They say he died up North, of paralysis. He used to preach down South. He was the last one I ever heard preach, a powerful old gemman. Had n't got but one arm. He used to lay down de law to us colored folks pretty rigid. I've tried to find him since I come up here, but I ain't found him yet. Don't believe he'll have so much to say about "mindin' massa and missis" as he did.

They've told me what to do—the good folks here—to care of these little ones, and I am perfectly delighted, 'cause I'll have sunthin' to do. I thank you, massa, for lettin' me come.

Paulina W. Davis.

Well, friends, I cannot say to you what the old negress has said, that I have nothing to do. I have not been gone—as you call it—from earth-life but a little while. I never saw the time when I had nothing to do, for I was interested in all the affairs of the day. I felt keenly for my sister woman. I longed to see her condition made one of equality and of happiness, and I longed that all might receive this grand philosophy of Spiritualism, and not only receive it, but live it, and feel happy in its influence.

I have journeyed across the waters, and visited foreign shores, but I always found the spirit-world close to me there. No matter where I went, no matter what company I was in, I never alone, but recognized the angels' presence—not so plainly, perhaps, as many others, but still I knew they held my hand, that they were doing a work for me.

Since I have come to spirit-life, I have met the dear good ones who passed on before to the shining shore of life, and it has been to me such a happy meeting! I could clasp the hands of those who had stood in the front of the battle, had worked all the day long, and ventured all they had. And as I look at those I have left behind, I feel that they know I still live. I know, and they know, that my hand will not be stayed.

I could not do for my family, while here, as I longed to do, because of the great and mighty waves that rolled over me, making me feel there was so much to do for the world. Many times, I presume, I neglected to give out those love elements to my beloved ones which really belonged to them.

As I look upon the earth to-day, knowing, as I do, that this spiritual philosophy is true, and that it can be made of practical use to the world, I am more than thankful its beauties were unfolded to me. I am thankful for every little flower of truth which I ever received. I am grateful for every rain-drop of spirituality which ever fell on my brow, and I rejoice with exceeding joy that I am able to stand here, to-day, and speak a word in favor of the great cause of freedom and Spiritualism; for I recognize that through this grand influence the whole world will be revolutionized. I know that woman will yet, through the divine influence of Spiritualism, stand on an equal footing with her brother man; that she will have her own distinct influence to wield for the good of humanity. I know that through the inspiration of the angels, many poor souls, down-trodden and distressed, shall find their way to the path of duty and life immortal.

I thank the loved ones who watched over me. The thought comes from you here: "What are you doing in spirit-life?" Only beginning, only looking over the ground to know where my hand shall take hold of the great and mighty work which I see spread out before me. My heart is so full of beloved ones, I cannot express the joy which I feel in leaving that old, weakened body which held me down to earth so long, and kept me from doing what my soul longed to do. There is no longer any trace of it; all is clear and bright. I have got pretty strong, only as I come

in contact with humanity I can feel the old weakness. I know enough of spiritual life to know that when I leave this form I shall no longer feel it.

Work on, and on, and on! How sweet the world! On for humanity! All through eternity! I thank the loved ones who watched over me, for their kind consideration and care. Beloved ones, I was with you; I gave your cheeks the kiss of love. I was as near to you as I have ever been before. I will still be a mother, a better mother than I have ever been before. I trust to be a better wife, a better friend than ever I was. I know I shall live to work out my own glory, my own salvation. Paulina W. Davis.

Hiram Hills.

I made up my mind, sir, I would come to your circle, let whatever might happen. I had an earnest desire to try this thing on, and to know how it would seem, but I made up my mind I would try your other circle-room, because it was more distant from the home where I lived, and people would say I had less contact with your circle, maybe; but I really have not impatience. As I stand here to-day, I don't feel as if I want to travel to the city of Baltimore when I am on hand now. Do you see any reason, Mr. Chairman, why I should do it? [No.]

I could not be said to be a believer in Spiritualism while I was here. I had some sisters who had, by connection with a Spiritualist family, imbibed very unpleasant ideas. I must say that sometimes I laughed at them; sometimes I couldn't, but I had an attentive ear to what they said. I thought it very curious, but my family, as a general thing, were very much opposed to Spiritualism. I guess I didn't think a great deal of it, sir. But my daughter was sick and insane a portion of the time, and I found a lady they called a healing medium could control her. I had some conversation with my sister, Julia, on the subject, and she expressed her belief that she might get well if she was doctored in that way. I told her I knew it was impossible. I loved my wife very dearly, and thought she was right in most things, and I knew she would not countenance anything of the sort. I don't think she will countenance my coming to-day!

After getting into the spirit-world and meeting my daughter I found that her life might have been saved had I obeyed the impression which came to my sister—that if we would employ a healing medium for her she might get well. When I went out—faded out—and met my daughter and other loved friends, I was surprised to find I had been so completely duped all my days. I met the gentleman who had tried to "prepare me for death," and I found him even more blind than I was. He really didn't know anything about God. I—who had not had so much "God-like experience" as he who was supposed to live near to God—found I understood more of religion than he did; and, finding this world so real, finding I was myself, I felt as if I would like to communicate to my mortal friends. And now I'd like to send a message: Olive, if you go to Baltimore this winter, endeavor to find some medium, and I will communicate with you.

I would say to my sisters, Julia and Maria, for I can reach them easier than I can my children, faint not by the wayside. You have commenced; go on, and I will help you. I know that there are conditions which surround you which are fearful for you. You know what I mean. I now see that before I passed away from earth I should have done differently, but I believe it will all be right in the end.

Mary Rockford R.

I passed away when I was a little girl. My name I will give as Mary Rockford R. I have a good many friends in earth-life, but my mother is here in spirit-life. My father is here. My mother went away when she was quite young. Her name before she was married was Maria De Forrest. I have an own brother, Charles, and a sister Mary. I have two half brothers, Nathaniel and Henry, and two half sisters, Emily and Abigail. Of them won't be glad to see me. I think my brother Henry (for he knows a good deal about this) will be much surprised to hear from me, because he never knew me, and thinks I am among those that were. I'd like to say to him, "Take care of your health—that is, if you wish to stay in earth-life—for there's a magnetic element surrounding you that, unless you do take care of yourself will very soon bring you to spirit-life, and if it does it will be a great loss to your family and friends, and you had better try to sustain yourself and keep yourself strong. While there is time, take care of yourself."

Mr. Chairman, can't this go in the paper right off? I want to reach my brother Henry. I know this will reach him, and if it does it will tell him to thinking, and it's the only thing that will. I am so anxious about his health. Tell him to get out of that magnetism he is in. Put it aside. That man will never do him any good.

Augusta Maria Norris.

[To the Chairman.] Did you ever get lonesome? [Yes, sometimes.] Well, I'm lonesome. Must I tell you my name? It's Augusta Maria. I can't hold on very good. I can't breathe good, 'cause I could not breathe good when I went away. Do you want to know my 'tother name? It's Norris. I died, I guess; did n't I? I stopped breathing. In a big city; not this one, though; in New York. I'm dreadful lonesome. I died one day. I got whipped one day, too. I went home. I didn't want to stay no longer. I found something up in the closet. I do n't know what it was. It was something they killed bed-bugs with; do n't you know what it was? [Toison, I suppose.] I thought I'd taste of it. It did n't make me breathe good. I stopped breathing. I ain't got no folks, hardly.

The good folks spirits round here said they could n't teach me nothing till I come here.

I wanted to tell you that I didn't have any home, any good one here. I had to beg or steal all I had, and I never had a good bed like you folks—guess you all have one. I never had a good place to live in. I used to peek into the windows and see the bright fires, and the beautiful pictures, but they never gin me anything. The kind folks up here said they'd gin me some, if I'd come down here. Are you mad 'cause I come? [No; we like to help the needy.]

The Controlling Spirit.

As the sun shines on the flowers and strengthens them, so does the magnetism of the forces which we find in your circle-room strengthen the weary, wandering ones whom you send from the spirit-life to ours. They must be taught the way of life; their footsteps must be guided, their little hearts unfolded, the love-gem in their souls brought out and kindly nurtured, until they feel the presence of the great Immortal God, until the angel ones can reach them in their lowly homes; for they cannot be made to comprehend the lessons of spirit-life, they cannot receive the wisdom of its schools until they have learned something of the material world, consequently we bring them to you. The little girl who came last furnishes an example.

We cannot take them into each of your homes; they cannot always get there; they cannot always manifest when they come. So we bring them here to this school-house, where they receive the love and affection of the Banner band, and return to the spirit-life unfolded and better prepared to journey on in the life beyond.

The question why more of the friends of those who come to the circle-room do not put in an appearance, we have answered time after time. We bring to you those that are brought to us. If your friends refuse to come, we cannot send them in; if they refuse to come, we cannot force them to do so. We take whatever we find best adapted to the

day, to the medium, and to the audience, and give it to you for what is worth.

Again, you ask us why we do not organize, to prevent the obsession of individuals. And we ask you why you do not prevent robberies and murders in earth-life? We are doing all we can, quietly and unseen. With a power and a will, we are working to stay the hand of evil and strengthen the good. We long to prevent obsession, and when you of earth-life will assist us in the development of your children, when you learn to bring into the world children harmoniously organized, we will make our forces still stronger to prevent obsession by evil spirits; but while there are in your world so many persons organized in a manner to invite the control of the undeveloped, we cannot stay the tide of evil influence; but we shall do all we can, you may rest assured of that.

We thank you for your interest this afternoon. We thank you for the lovely flowers, for the sweet music, and for the kindly thoughts. We bless you for your loving hearts. As you leave, may good angels guide and guard you. We see little ones gathering about you; we see a wife bending low to kiss her husband's cheek; we see the hand reached up to sustain the wife; we see brothers and sisters standing near, watching and waiting for the time to come when they may enter the temple of your thoughts and say to you, "I am here." We have brought all we could; we have done all we can, and for each flower and leaflet, we thank you. They will blossom up there in our summer home. Oh, friends, if they will be pictured there, and when you come to spirit-life, we will take you by the hand, and lead you to our temple of thought, and say to you, "You brought the flowers there to us in your circles; we have made them immortal in our home above." We thank you for your attention, and bid you good afternoon.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. SARAH A. DANKSKIN.

During the last twenty years hundreds of Spirits have conversed with their friends on earth through the mediumship of Mrs. Danskin, while she was in the entranced condition—totally unconscious.

Mrs. Danskin's Mediumistic Experiences.

[Part Thirty-Seven.]

BY WASH. A. DANKSKIN.

The case referred to in our last week's experience very naturally created considerable excitement and interest in the neighborhood where the patient lived. Some of his German friends came, and others brought their children to be placed under the treatment of the "New School," which so readily conquered disease that had set the Medical Faculty at defiance.

Among them was a little child, about four years old; a bright-looking little fellow, with a well-proportioned head, a fine eye, and, while in his father's arms, apparently in perfect health, but when I attempted to place him on his feet, I found him paralyzed in both legs.

Mrs. Danskin took the little fellow on her lap, and my feelings were aroused by the manner in which he clung to her, and the appealing expression in his face. She played with him and amused him for a time, until he became familiar with her, and then she manipulated his spine and limbs for ten or twelve minutes. After preparing medicine for him, she gave it, with directions, to the father, and they departed.

Not hearing from him for a week or more, I sent to know how the child was, and to ask why the father had not been to Mrs. Danskin's office to make a report of his condition.

The reply came—"There was no report to make—the little one had been playing about with the other children for several days—as well as ever he was!"

This was the kind of appreciation in which so grand a manifestation of spirit power was held. The child, for several months, had been unable to stand upon his feet, had been attended by the regular physician without the slightest benefit, the prospect was that he would be a helpless cripple for life, and when he had been restored to a perfectly healthy condition by a single treatment under the influence of spirit-control—when this wonderful result was produced, and activity and vigor given him in a few days—there was "no report to make." When will the people learn to appreciate the blessings which the angel-world is offering them through the instrumentality of spirit-mediumship?

Helena Burt.

My name was Helena Burt. I was a native of Stamford. I was the mother of Henry Burt, of Springfield, Mass. I was in the seventy-third year of my age, yet I knew not of this consoling method that lies between the two worlds; but when it was taught me, I, like the little bird, fluttered my wings here with gladness and joy. It is to you, son, that I make the return, feeling that no one ever loved a mother more tenderly than myself. I return to express the fullness of my heart toward you for every kindness you tendered me. Oh, Henry! Heaven is sweet and full of the harmonies of life! On and on we go, gathering in that knowledge which we do not get in the lower life. Every step which we take builds us up in confidence toward the author of our being. I will, if power is mine, take away the scales from your eyes, the bigotry from your mind, so that you can be, when you enter where I am, like the little warbler. Death has no sting, the grave has no terror, for all is well with those whose hearts and minds are in the right place.

If at any time you read these lines which have been given through an utter stranger to myself, let the heart feel and the mind understand that mother still lives and loves you.

Eliza Onderdonk.

At Flower Hill, Manhasset, Long Island. Eliza Onderdonk, widow of the late Peter Onderdonk, in the seventy-first year of my age. I was buried from the Reformed Church in Manhasset.

Cry not, nor denounce one who proposes to speak, for with me it is one of the beautiful realities of a new dispensation to be in the flesh and to work and perform the duties that belong to the material existence. Whilst all this is going on, we are told by preachers that after death we will not be conscious; but I find, in the ecstasy of my rejoicing, that we are functional beings. After the separation is given to the body, then comes the sweeping reality of meeting, knowing and being known by those who have for years and years gone before us. What advantage would it be for me to claim immortality if it was not so?

He that taketh a little sparrow for his keeping has housed your old friend, Eliza Onderdonk.

Albert Eastman.

My name was Albert Eastman. I was the son of Sarah Dayton. I was drowned. I was eighteen years old. I was drowned at Lake Skaneateles, and then they buried me from the St.

