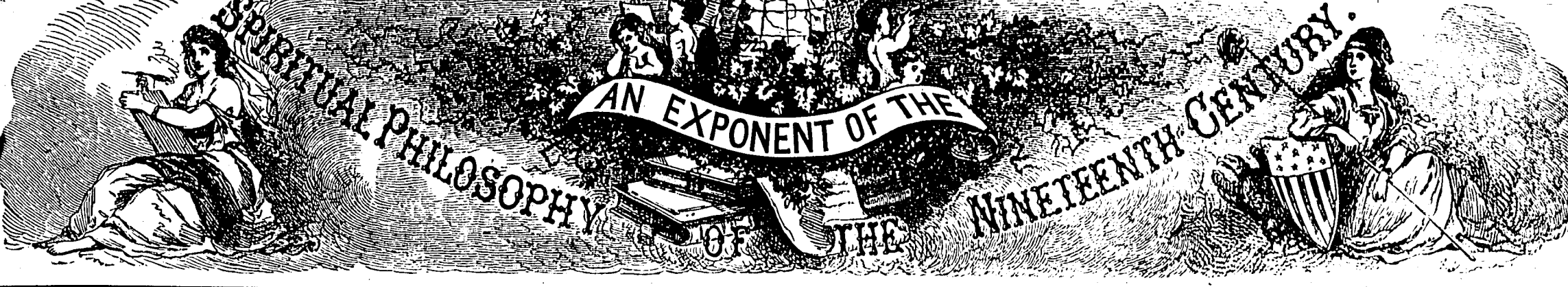


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# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Foreign Correspondence.

### A SECOND PILGRIMAGE AROUND THE WORLD: THE SOUTHERN ROUTE.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

NUMBER VIII.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
The Brahman—said to be the twice born and the rightly born—is not necessarily a worshiper of Brahma. It is seriously questioned whether Brahma is worshipped at all at the present time in India. Certainly all through Southern India those of Aryan descent take the name of Brahman. It sounds dignified. And yet some of these worship Siva, and others Vishnu. None are considered competent to teach the Vedas, however, unless they are genuine Brahmins. Every *Guru*, or priest, must belong to the Brahmanical caste; and the poor *Sudras* seeking to accomplish any important undertaking are quite sure to secure the advice and favor of Brahmins.

SACRED BOOKS—ARYAN DECLINE.  
The Vedas, theological, speculative and practical, are four in number: the Rig-Veda, Yajur-Veda, Sama-Veda and Atharva-Veda. The last mentioned, treating exhaustively of psychological matters and magical performances, abounds, as Abbé Dubois states, in "dreadful mysteries." Anxious to know for myself, I secured the services of a superior Sanskrit scholar to translate certain portions of it for my use. It was like striking a mine of various ores. The richest were psychical and in a very crude state.

The religion of the old Vedas differed widely from that current at the present time in India. In that remote period of antiquity, idolatry in any form was considered infamous. The Brahman's house was his castle—his consecrated temple; and in the earliest historical period he was his own priest. Temples were not known until a later period. Menu says that "temples are unfit to be admitted to the family sacrifices." The burning of the dead was a usage based upon Vedic authority. It continues to this day. And though *Sati*, or the burning of widows, was common among the Hindus at the time of Alexander's invasion, it had not the least warranty in the Vedas, nor the laws of Menu, established 1200 B. C. A peculiar "feature of the Hindu funeral ceremonies is," says Dr. Cornish, "the performance of the *Shradda*, or offerings to the spirits of the departed. These are binding on every householder, and are offered to his own ancestors, to the fathers of their race, and to the progenitors of mankind." (*Census Report, Mad. Pres.*, p. 94.)

Meditative Brahmins of two and three thousand years ago, with notions considerably modified by ancient sages and Buddhist teachings, regarded all life as sacred, and hence were not meat-eaters.

"Flesh meat cannot be procured without injury to animals, and the slaughter of animals obstructs the way to beatitude; from flesh meat, therefore, let man abstain." "He who consents to the death of an animal, he who kills it, he who dissects it, he who buys it, he who sells it, he who dresses it, he who serves it up, is as sinful as he who neglects his obligations to the *manes* or the gods; yore, more because he desires to enlarge his own flesh with the flesh of another creature." (*Laughton's Institute of Menu*, Vol. II., chap. 5.)

But in this degenerate period of Hindulism, meat-eating and stimulating drinks are, in some portions of India, quite common now among the natives. The cow, however, is still considered sacred. Nothing is more abominable in the eyes of a devoted Hindu than beef-eating. But remote Vedic influences are yearly declining; and these "heathen," under European preaching and practice, have already become sufficiently civilized to enjoy tobacco and liquor-drinking—gambling, horse-racing, hunting and aggressive warfare.

THE VEDAS AND LINGHAM-WORSHIP.  
The original Aryans were Unitarians, and the head of the family was the priest. Their theism was followed in after years by a sort of nature-worship, and this by tree and serpent-worship. This latter system, however, was more symbolic than literally real. Ramasamy Naidoo, B. A., connected with the Madras High Court, assures us that in the "Vedic era of literature the people were pastoral, worshipping one invisible and omnipotent God, and this one God was neither Brahma, Vishnu nor Siva." And Max Müller, in confirmation, says:

"Whenever we can trace back a religion to its first beginnings, we find it free from many of the blemishes that offend us in its later phases. The founders of the ancient religions of the world,

as far as we can judge, were minds of a high stamp, full of noble aspirations, yearning for truth, devoted to the welfare of their neighbors, examples of purity and unselfishness. What they desired to found upon earth was but seldom realized, and their sayings, if preserved in their original forms, offer often a strange contrast to the practice of those who profess to be their disciples."

There is not the least mention of nor reference to the *phallic emblems* in the Vedas. If a form of worship with the pre-Aryan people, it received no recognition from the Aryans themselves. These, be it remembered, were Theistic rationalists. To them the sun was the grand symbol of the infinite light and life of the universe! Phallicism first crops up in Hindu history a few hundred years before the Christian era.

The Sivalites are the most numerous of the worshippers in Southern India. And the followers of *Basava*, a branch of these Sivalites, wear the Lingham emblem upon their persons. As a sect they are denominated Lingayets, and the Lingham symbol is emblematic of their faith just as the cross is of the Christians. Cross and phallus were originally the same in signification. Phallic symbols may be seen at the present day in most of the Siva temples of Peninsular India. They were once common in all the older architectural structures of the Hindus. The West has ever borrowed from the East. And these provocative symbols, disguised as they may be, are traceable by the eye of the adept in the Christian edifices and cathedrals of Europe.

SLOW PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.  
Of the swarming millions peopling Southern India, the last census returns 533,700 as Christians, just about the number swept off in six months by the late famine. It is a common saying in the East that *not one* really learned Brahman has ever embraced Christianity. This is undoubtedly true. Church tradition affirms that Christianity was introduced into India by the apostle St. Thomas. There are some reasons for this theory, but not enough to carry conviction to my mind.

Accompanied by D. S. White, Esq., his really clever nephew, Ernest, and another young gentleman connected with the Madras Press, I visited the rude stone church at Little Mount. The scenery was magnificent. On a well-preserved block of stone near this church structure is an old Pehlvi inscription indicating to Prof. Burnell that there were Persians or Manichaeans on this Eastern coast as early as the sixth or seventh century. Some of the Manichaeans were Christians.

The irrepressible Francis Xavier visited India in 1542. He remained three years in the country, confining his labors mostly to the Western Coast. The Portuguese Government aided Xavier all it could in planting and extending Roman Catholicism. But the diffusion of Christianity in any form has proved almost a hopeless task, not because the history of the present Hindu gods is not irrational and ridiculous enough, but because Christianity as presented has utterly failed to meet the spiritual demands of the people. Though thousands of missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, have traversed India since Xavier's time, the great body of Hindus, some 250,000,000, continue to cling to the post-Vedic religions of their fathers. The Brahman admires Jesus, but despises sectarian Christianity.

CELEBRATION OF KRISHNA'S BIRTH.  
While all Hindu historians agree as to the royal birth and faultless character of *Rama*, one of the incarnations of Vishnu, they differ widely as to the moral status of Krishna. The preponderance of mythology is sadly against him. He was the eighth incarnation of Vishnu, born Sept. 20, in that portion of India then called Kurukshetra. The recurrence of this day each year is celebrated by feasts and festivals. The same may be said of scores of others booked in the Pantheon of the Gods. He led the early life of a shepherd lad, and died from an accidental arrow-shot. No intelligent Hindu, though bowing at his shrine, believes or ever believed that he was effaced. Punishment by crucifixion was never inflicted as a penalty in India. This is proven by reference to the laws of Menu. The learned Ramasamy Naidoo, B. A., says:

"That owing to a misunderstanding between two brothers—Drutharashtra and Pandu—connected with a race of kings, the peace of the country became disturbed. The sons of these two brothers being jealous, and listening to evil counsels, went to war. The hostile armies met in Kurukshetra. Krishna, who was an intimate friend of Arjuna, one of the sons of Pandu, was acting the part of a charioteer to him. When the fight had begun, Arjuna, struck with horror at the idea of slaying so many of his relations, threw down his bow and arrow, and refused to fight against an army so composed. The reply of Krishna to him is, the stern necessity to perform the duty of one's caste. The duty of the warrior caste is to fight the enemies of one's country. Krishna, who had advocated war, died afterwards from an accidental arrow shot."

On last Krishna celebration-eve, Sept. 2d, I visited several Hindu temples, and witnessed their great procession. The temples were magnificently decorated, and the air in and about them heavy with burning incense and the perfume of Indian lilies. The more conspicuous of the symbols were soma-vines, shepherds, serpents, arrows, and pastoral scenes.

The image of Krishna—black in color and gaudily decorated—was borne upon men's shoulders or drawn in an open bamboo-constructed car, too unique for description. A sacred cow was tastefully trimmed with evergreens, and a boy placed upon her back beating a drum. As the enthusiastic crowds moved along the streets they were sprinkled from the house-tops of the rich with lotus-scented water, and covered with showers of flowers.

## MAGIC.

On my previous visit to India I failed to satisfy myself relative to the richness of the Sanskrit literature, or the reality of the marvels ascribed to magicians. Now I can speak more understandingly. For if seeing is *not* knowing, it is germane to it.

In legerdemain and aptness in juggling the Tamil-Hindus hold the palm and wear the crown. It is with a certain class a study and a life-long practice. The performances of Anglo-Saxon magicians and wizards, with all their platforms, boxes, mirrors, curtains, appurtenances and confederates, are little more than clumsy attempts compared to the marvels of the Indian wonder-worker, who, wearing nothing upon his person but a close-fitting hip-rag, head, body, limbs all bare, a little bag in the hand, with a bit of cloth, balls, sticks, a fife and a wand, does things too weird and wonderful almost for the belief of one's own eyes.

They perform their wonders equally well in your private apartment, or out in the streets under the full blaze of the sun.

I saw them make the mango-tree grow in a few moments from a seed planted in the street-sand; saw them toss up balls into the air, which would rise and rise to vanish from sight; saw them play with deadly cobras, to my disgust; saw them vomit up quarts of stones from their stomachs large as hen's eggs, the bystanders catching them, as they protruded one by one from the mouth; and I looked straight down into the street at noon time, with a dozen others, from the balcony of the Belgravia Hotel, and saw a woman securely tied, hand and foot, and a net put over her, which was slotted tied also. Then the performer doubled her up as though a bit of rubber, and pressing, pushed her down into a basket; the cover was then crowded on to it, and a cloth thrown over it. The magic circle, about ten feet in diameter, was surrounded by scores of spectators. The magician, now brandishing a wand, marching around the basket, and humming some sing-song words, seized a sword, and thrust it down into the basket in a dozen different places. After the first few slashes there was no resistance; no sounds of distress. The magician then slowly lifted the cloth, and then the cover—there was nothing in the basket! But a wild jolly shout heard off in the distance; we looked, and lo! there came the identical woman bounding and dancing down the street. The gathered crowd parted, and she stepped up to the basket, empty save the ropes and netting, and made her *salam* to the excited assemblage. Was this marvel mediumistic disintegration or not? Call it what you may, the feat was done in broad daylight, in the open street, with hundreds of eyes looking through it. This magician was a tall, wiry, swarthy, long-haired Tamil, living in the mountains. He seldom made his appearance in the city. He had been offered a thousand pounds by an Englishman for a year's service in England, and expenses paid. But he utterly refused to leave his native land.

## TALKS WITH THE MAGICIANS.

Beginning intimately acquainted with some of these naturally kind-hearted Hindus who practice magic, they were very free to answer all my inquiries, and even to explain to me some of their tricks; others they would not; and others still they could not explain fully, being conscious of invisible help out of and beyond themselves. And this leads me to say that there are three kinds of magic: skilled trickery, demoniac performances, and higher spiritual influences. The last two mentioned are often classified as "white and black magic"—the latter being demoniac because used for selfish and scheming purposes. The demon phases of magic are the most dangerous, because connected with electro-biology and the perverted exercise of the will-power.

I inquired of one of these better-class magicians if he could always perform equally well. He promptly replied in the negative, adding: "Some of the more ordinary things I can always do; but others, and the most marvelous, I can do only at certain times and under the influence of peculiar feelings."

"What are those peculiar feelings?" "Well, after drawing a diagram, enclosing this image, and repeating secretly-used *mantras*, I feel a thrill in my nerves and a cool wind passing over my hands and face. This is a sure sign that I will succeed."

## MAGIC AND THE OCCULT SCIENCES.

It was my good fortune while in Madras to meet a rather eccentric though really learned Englishman, Mr. —, who had made the occult sciences and Eastern mysteries a life-long study. He had mirrors, crystals, and literally cart-loads of old books treating of alchemy and the various kinds of magic. Many of these books were in the dialects of India, and unreadable only by linguists.

Among the most interesting of these volumes was "Magus," a work by Francis Barrett, F.R.C., treating of astrology, alchemy, magic, amulets, magnetism, elementary spirits, terrestrial and celestial spirits, oracles, cabalistic magic, ceremonial magic, magical circles, magical breathings, charms, evocations, cabalistic symbols, conjurations, and magical figures, illustrated with diagrams, dragons, and devils.

On the twenty-third page this author says: "The devil, in order to hinder the incarnation of the Son of God, attempted, by an application of active things, to frame the seed of man according to his own accursed desire, . . . resulting in a generation of faun, satyrs, gnomes, nymphs, sylphs, dryades, mermaids, naiads, syrens, and monsters generally. It is further, stated in this volume that "Raphael apprehended and bound

the demon, called Asmodeus, in the wilderness of the Upper Egypt. . . . There are thirty thousand immortal spirits living on the earth, who are the keepers of mortal men. They clothe themselves with air, take different forms, and go to and fro everywhere on the earth." Occult dogmas of the ancients bear about the same relation to rational Spiritualism that alchemy bears to chemistry.

Having met some of the most famous magicians of India, and having read either the works or the biographies of Apollonius, Apuleius, Peter De Abano, Henry Cornelius Agrippa, Trithemius of Spanheim, Theophrastus, Paracelsus, Roger Bacon, Lully, Ripley, Glauber, Dee, and other students of magic, I feel to say that there is more sound science in Tyndall's book on "Heat a Mode of Motion," more sublime philosophy in Emerson's "Conduct of Life," and more substantial spiritual truth in Hudson Tuttle's "Arcana of Spiritualism," than in all the mouldy cart-loads of rubbish written by alchemists and magicians of the mediæval ages.

To the superstitious, the terms magic and mystery have bewitching charms. And yet, all there is in these transitory marvels, all that is claimed for the best phase—I mean "white magic"—may be rationally explained by clairvoyance, electro-biology, psychometry, magnetic spheres, psychic influences, will-power, or in a single sentence, the different phases of Spiritualism.

## CONVERSATION WITH A HINDU MEDIUM—DRAVIDIAN SPIRITUALISM.

Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, with their incarnations, were once bards, kings, chieftains, or Rishis. All the gods of the Hindus, in fact, were once mortals. And at present they stand to them in the relation of ancestral deities and guardian spirits.

Speaking therefore in general terms, the more interior-minded of the Hindus are Spiritualists, believing that spiritual intelligences of different gradations hold a guardian care over mortals, converse with them, and have the power to make them ill, and to make them well again. Accordingly, they pray to the good spirits and propitiate the evil ones.

Since reaching this portion of India, I met in the gallery of Mr. Nicolas, a Madras artist, Narain S. Mudaly, a Hindu medium, who heals diseases, casts out demons, and in whose presence material objects are thrown through the air. This class of men are called in Tamil, "Montricians"—men that talk with the dead. He carries with him a book in the Tamil, with figures, diagrams, images, and prayers, which he allowed me to copy. He assured me, through the interpreter, that there were three kinds of wonders in his country: magic, which was simply sleight-of-hand skill; the appearance and interposition of good spirits; and the terrible works of devils and bad spirits. "These latter," said he, "are called *Karrallie*, *Varriellie*, *gnoo*, *manden*, and other names implying their wickedness."

"Did you ever see these wicked spirits?" "Yes; I have seen them upon a thousand occasions. For a time, some of these evil spirits influenced and controlled me; but now I have gained the mastery and control them. They do things at my bidding. Each one of them is best at doing some special thing."

"Is there any limit to the influence and power of these spirits?" "There undoubtedly is; and yet I have seen them tear branches off from trees, hurl heavy stones through the air, make people sick; and I believe they could kill persons if I should command them to do so."

"Are you not afraid that these devils will again get control of and injure you?" "No; because a guardian spirit, once a sage, always accompanies me, and puts the words into my mouth what to say, and tells me what to do."

"Did you say that this old sage always attended you?"

"Perhaps I should not exactly say that, but whenever I want him I think of him, I pray to him, and he comes. And when I go to drive evil spirits away from people's houses, or to dispossess those who are obsessed, he and others help me."

"You say you can see spirits, both the bad and the good?"

"Yes; at any time, providing I properly prepare myself for it."

"Can you hold a seance, or so arrange as to help me to see these spirits?"

"I can help you to see the evil spirits, and see what power they have, because I can command them. And yet, being naturally bad and untrustworthy, they will not do much, unless they are well fed."

"What do you mean by that? or, how will you feed them?"

"I mean that one order of spirits feed me, or spiritually vitalize the food that I eat; and another, and much lower class, I feed. And to put this class into good humor to manifest to you, I shall feed them in this way: I shall go after night fall either to the burning-place or the cemetery, and put upon certain ashes, or by certain graves, pork, beef, mutton, cocoanuts, bread, flowers, aloes, benzoin, frankincense, and camphor. These gifts will propitiate and please them, and then they will the more cheerfully do all the things that I command them."

"But I thought that Brahmins and Hindus did not eat flesh-foods of any kind; and yet you say that the *spirits* of these Hindus eat such food; or, at least, imbibe the effluence and auras that rise from it."

"True; but you forget that all Hindus are *not* Brahmins. I am a Hindu and a caste man, but

*not* a Brahman. And then again, all Hindus are *not* Brahmins. These spirits when in their earthly bodies were *not* true Hindus. They ate animal food, and lived immoral lives; and the *spirits* and *devils* that they had when on earth continue with them yet; and I indulge them in their desires for the time, that I may get them to do the things I want done."

"Do you eat animal food?" "I never tasted a particle of flesh-food in my life. One reason why the English people that come to our country are so gross, war-like and wicked, is because they eat beef. The eating of blood calls for the shedding of blood. Not only did I never eat any animal food, but I never drank any spirituous liquors. And I *must* abstain from all carnal indulgence. If I should gratify the passions of my physical nature in the least, I should lose my power to control intriguing wicked spirits."

"Are you an unmarried man?"

"I am, sir; and I belong to that caste which generally engages in agricultural pursuits. . . . I am willing to answer all your questions, sir, because I see by the aural light around you that you are sincere and well-meaning. By the light around you, and the help of that ancient and white-robed spirit just behind and above you, I can decipher your past life. It has not been a calm sea that you have sailed upon. . . . When I first sat down before you I was afraid. Christians persecute me, and the police seek to arrest me for using my powers."

"Would you as a caste man and a medium eat rice with me?"

"I would not like to eat with you, because it would be setting a bad precedent; but I would shake your hand, walk with you, and be in your society, except when I had formed the *mitring* around me to exercise my spiritual powers; then I could not consent to have you or any one touch me."

"Why do you wear that image over your heart, and these beads around your neck?"

"The Good Spirit tells me to do so. The image has been touched and electrified by him. I say my prayers by these beads. There are thirty-two of them in number. . . . I will meet you here to-morrow evening at seven o'clock, that you may see the spirits and the power they have over material objects."

But as the purpose of this seance-meeting and the time had been reported by one or two who had listened to our conversation, it had reached the ears of the *police*, and this poor Brahman medium was so frightened that he hid himself away from his most intimate friends. . . . Nearly two weeks afterwards I met him and witnessed some marvelous exhibitions of physical mediumship.

## A STRANGE SPIRITUAL PHENOMENON IN INDIA—AND THE CASTING OUT OF THE DEMON.

The Assistant Director of Public Instruction and Registrar of Assurances, Mr. D. S. White, of Madras, is a writer of considerable note, and, theologically speaking, an outright free-thinker, with no spiritualistic proclivities; and yet he confessed that he had witnessed marvelous phenomena, alleged to be spiritual, that sorely puzzled him; and, among others, referred to the wonderful manifestations that occurred in the presence of young Kelly, son of Mr. P. Kelly, a railway contractor. Before leaving the city I visited Mr. Kelly, his son Thomas, and Mr. Cronin, the brother-in-law, getting written statements from them in confirmation of the marvels referred to by Mr. White. Reserving the written documents, I submit the following condensed statement:

The Kellys, Irish in descent, were a quiet, industrious family of Roman Catholics, residing at St. Thomas, some eight miles out from the city of Madras. They had never heard of a people known as Spiritualists. Mr. Kelly, having the supervision of some native Hindus employed upon the public works some distance from home, struck one of these intricate natives with considerable violence. The Hindu was terribly exasperated, and threateningly called upon his ancestral god to palsy the arm or otherwise punish the man who had dealt him the blow; and, strange to relate, almost immediately thereafter, and without any appreciable cause, painful swellings came upon the offending arm. These for a time proved absolutely incurable, and then, all at once, they went away, seemingly of themselves; but at the same time his son Thomas became afflicted and annoyed by what could only be attributed to superhuman agencies.

Perplexed and troubled, Mrs. Kelly wrote her husband of the strange things occurring by invisible powers in the presence of this son, such as stones dropping down before him, dishes sailing out of the cupboard and flying about the room, doors opening of their own accord, trunks unlocked without keys, and some other things too odd to be mentioned.

Mr. Kelly replied to the letter in a rather harsh manner, reproving the wife and family for their superstition. But the noises increased; furniture was injured in locked rooms; crockery-ware was dashed to pieces before their eyes, and a four-pound shot came crashing down through the roof one evening, yet leaving no discoverable opening.

At this singular crisis of affairs Mr. Kelly sent for the son to come to him at once. He did so, and yet these inexplicable manifestations followed him. The son-in-law, Mr. Cronin, a well-educated man, still remaining skeptical upon the spiritual origin of these troublesome wonders, went personally with a carriage to convey the young man to his own house. On the way the carriage was struck several times by some seemingly heavy weapon, stones fell into the carriage



before their own eyes, and also a marble paper-weight from his sister's table.

The following is an extract from Mr. James Cronin's highly interesting statement:

"On the following day, April 10th, reaching my sister's house about 11 A. M., I met my brother, who said, 'Come quickly into the hall.' I went, and saw the whole of the books, usually in an open book case, scattered about the room, and the floor of the room, and other things by the rafters of the roof; the lamp-glass was left in the book case. This circumstance induced my brother to exclaim, 'I defy the spirit, or what ever they may be, to meddle with that book.' The challenge was accepted, for having replaced the books, and turning to go out of the room, my brother felt a heavy shock at the back of his head, and wheeling around, a stove was thrown into the hall. I was not only become convinced, but terrified, and accordingly, I induced the young man to join a religious order."

The supernatural phenomena continued, annoying us especially when at prayers. Three priests were called in at one time, but they could do nothing toward casting away these evil spirits. Valuable papers were taken from locked drawers and thrown about the room. Property was destroyed, and my brother was struck in the head, and what caused more anxiety, it was plainly perceptible that he was growing melancholy, nervous at times, and that these times he was strong as a lion, but very weak after coming out of them. When in these trances, he would talk in a foreign tongue, but could not speak a word of it in his natural condition. Within the state of "superior trance," I heard from the spirit that the young man's father, having struck a hillyard on the head at Virampatty, a place near Trichopoly, was put upon him. But he being a healthy, strong man, he did not have so much effect, and was therefore turned upon this young man. I had told of the young man, a stranger, entered by the door, and he spoke weak and exhausted."

Finally, this family sent quite a distance for one of those self-sacrificing, holy-minded Hindus, who it was said, had the power to thwart all diabolical influences, and cast out demons. He came, wearing a white robe-like dress, and remained three days and three nights. The first evening he marched around the house several times, carrying fire in his hand, chanting sacred hymns and repeating prayers. He put the lad in front of him, and the second night, he performed paper, dress, diagrams, and anointed him with oil, and had him put on a complete change of apparel. The third and last night he placed a magnetic circle of light around his head, bathed him in some scented water, anointed him with holy oil, made him put on another entire suit of clothes, and repeating prayers, pronounced him, the family and the house, relieved of all diabolical influences. And from that hour nothing strange or supernatural occurred.

I saw several members of the family, and also the young man, now about twenty, hale and healthy. He is now to talk about the diabolical influences that so long tormented him. I may further say, that this Hindu desired to and did take away with him all the cast-off garments that this young man had worn, and so did to burn them. A portion of this extraordinary case of obsession was published in the *Madras News*, May, 1874.

#### A SIVA TEMPLE—FRIDAY THE DEMON'S DAY!

Nestling among shady trees, in the outskirts of Madras, is a Siva Temple, presided over by Gnanaraj Mudhar. On Friday afternoon of each week he casts out demons. Remaining in waiting by this Temple about half an hour, a group of friends brought an obsessed woman. She looked wild, spare, skinny, and seemed nervous and sensitive.

"How," I inquired, "does she appear, and what does she do at home?"

The father replied, "She has times of being stupid, and is irritable and ugly. At other times her head rolls, she falls into unconsciousness, talks strangely in different tongues, and prophesies. She has had this demon for four months." The priest drew a circle on the stone floor of the Temple and sprinkled the enclosure with water. The friends placed her in the centre of the circle, and holding the image of a god before her repeated prayers, then placing his hand upon her head, she became tremulous, spasmodic, and fell seemingly lifeless. The priest evoked the presence of a good spirit to become her guardian. She soon arose, and was pronounced well, to the great joy of her friends.

#### NARRAIN SWAMY NAIPOO—AND HIS OBSESSED WIFE.

This man has been in the employ of Mr. Nicholas, a Madras photographer, for several years. His wife having had some serious difficulty with a neighboring woman about some fruit, became obsessed by a demon spirit.

"Her head," said the husband, "would shake and whirl by the hour. She grew dreamy and lazy. She fell into trances, spoke different languages in as many voices, personated other individuals, fell on the ground at times, and sometimes used improper words."

"What else did this devil-spirit make her do, and who was he when on earth?"

"He would not tell his name, but made her break things in the house, and hold fire in her hands without being burned. Large branches of trees would fall down before her, and a great stone lying outside the fence was thrown over into the yard." Other things were done that I would not like to mention. . . . At last I took her to that order of priests, or holy men, who have power over evil spirits."

"What did he do to dispossess her?"

"He told her to go with another woman into a private apartment and bathe herself in fresh water. He then took us into a new and well-perfumed room, and had my wife sit down on a nice, clean mat. He then burned some camphor-gum on a flat brass dish; and while it was burning he kept clapping his hands. He then prayed to the great God of the universe, and, stamping, commanded the devil-spirit to go, and he *did* go."

"What assurance had you that he would not return and obsess her again?"

"He could not, because the *Guru*, or priest, took a singular-shaped piece of brass, and, making figures and devices upon it, he breathed his breath into it and suspended it around her neck. And then he made an offering to the cast-out demon, and invoked a good spirit to become her guardian. She has been all right since."

#### CASTING OUT OF A DUMB DEMON BY A HINDU PRIEST.

On the evening of Aug. 23th, accompanied by D. S. White, Esq., and a party of friends, I repaired to a native's hut near his residence to see the lower class Hindus cast out a dumb demon. The subject was a young woman. Inquiring of the mother, through my interpreter, about the symptoms and conduct of her daughter, I learned that she first had spells of being stupid; of looking into vacancy, and of refusing to notice her

friends. These were followed by tremblings, and motions of the head, and other obsessions, which, till she refused to bathe, to comb her hair or speak. They appeared to me, and the circulation was sluggish, and the feeling of the hand cool and clammy. It was impossible to make her utter a syllable. They sent for a priestess, when two came. Both, at the beating of a tom-tom, became entranced, the one drawing a circle upon the ground, upon which she sprinkled water. The woman was put inside the circular ring before a lamp burning with coconut oil. Camphor was burned and the gods invoked. The spirit was coaxed to come out, and threatened, but all to no purpose. Frankincense was burned, the woman's brain was magnetized, and prayers offered to the gods. It was of no avail. The demoniac spirit took full control, and, refusing to leave, said, "I own this woman. She has given herself to me. I am married to her!"

The scene was exciting. But now, unexpectedly, Mrs. Anthracite, a bright servant-woman of Mr. White, who had come to the place as a spectator, became entranced, and rushed to the obsessed woman and beat her violently with a rod, and then with the green branch of a tree. Then commanding a change of dress and a clean mat for the afflicted woman, this mediumistic servant of Mr. White danced around her, holding her hand upon her head, blowing in her face, and invoking the good spirits till she fell. The exorcism was complete. She soon arose and was herself again.

#### A CASE MAN OBSESSED BY FOUR DEMONS.

Only a little distance from the American Mission House in Madras is a lonely looking dwelling, reputed by neighboring Hindus to be the habitation of demons. Owing to whispers and fears of this kind, the proprietor found it difficult to lease the premises; but finally a rather defiant man, Patnam Pillai, renting the house, soon heard strange noises—saw vapory, appearing apparitions—spent sleepless nights—and began to be troubled with nervous twitches, strange rigidity of the limbs, followed by a sort of non-descript ecstasy. Standing one day by the well, in which a worthless individual had committed suicide by drowning, he was entranced by him, and then by three others, exhibiting much worse characteristics. His nephew, a very intelligent Hindu, told me that he gave remarkable proofs of the truth of the case, and the presence of spiritual beings, but of the Pariah type. He would sometimes stray off to where they burned their dead, would make bold, rude and incoherent speeches, and then fall upon the ground foaming at the mouth and gnashing the teeth. The friends sent for a noted temple-priest of the mountains, one of a class of men called by the natives "devil priests." The venerable man came, calling for coconuts, flowers, camphor and other incense-burnings of the Orient. The tom-tom was beaten, and prayers offered to the great God and the subordinate gods to come and dispossess the demons. The infested man was entranced in a furious manner. The medium-priest said, "Who are you? How did you come by your death? What is your name? and why do you torment this poor man who has not harmed you?" The demon gave his name and a false one. The medium priest, holding in a moment, said, "You give a false name; you try to deceive me. Your lips speak lies through these lips; you was a very bad man, and are now a wicked spirit. I command you to leave him." This determined demon still holding on to the control of the medium, the priest exclaimed, "You are not only selfish and wicked, but obstinate," and the obsessed man by the hair of his head, beat his naked back soundly with the palm of his hand, sprinkled him with perfumed water, turned his face toward the north, threw a piece of cloth over his head, and lifting a kind of tripod-shaped wand over his head, commanded the demon to depart. Every muscle and nerve quivered, trembled, and Patnam Pillai fell to the earth seemingly lifeless. The priest magnetized him, and after a little time he arose quite himself again, though considerably bewildered. The medium-priest then breathed upon him, put a three-strand thread around his neck, and pronounced him well. The work now done, he returned to his quiet mountain temple.

I could fill quite a volume with similar facts and marvels that I either saw or had upon the most reliable authority.

Deep and fasting are my obligations to a Prince of Travancore for a book of these "mysteries," so called, a book not found in Southern India.

Hindus make no secret of their preference for Americans to Englishmen. Government matters and English rule explain the reasons. And yet all thoughtful Hindus must know that English Governors and officers are infinitely more humane, just and tolerant, than were the Mahomedan rulers that overrun and reigned so long over a large part of India.

The practice of exorcising evil spirits is still continued in the Roman Catholic Church. Exorcisms were also kept up in the Church of England as late as 1655 and probably still later.

English history informs us that the Rev. Mr. Radcliffe was licensed to practice exorcisms by the Bishop of Exeter, and that he succeeded in laying the ghost of a woman by the means appointed for dealing with demons. Jesus, it is said, gave the apostles "power to cast out demons," and demons, he it remembered, are the spirits of the ignorant and undeveloped dead.

Madras, India, 1877.

#### "A Spiritual Album."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A short time since I noticed in your columns the advertisement of the photographs of prominent reformers for sale at the low price of twenty cents per carte de visite. An idea struck me; I thought I would make a collection of the same, and have an album "set apart" for this particular purpose. So I sent for a few, and the thought blossomed into a reality. In this way, friends,

we can annihilate space, and stand face to face with those who have made us familiar with them through the medium of their writings. Try this project, friends, and see if you do not feel more like pressing on in the good work when the eyes of these "apostles of freedom" look out their encouragement on you. We looked in vain for the photograph of the veteran Col. Ingersoll, but it was not there, and so we could not send for it. In a later issue of the Banner we see it can now be had for the price of twenty cents. Who would not give this pittance to look on the features of this orator, whose eloquence has reached from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and whose speeches are read throughout the entire civilized world? How many will collect a "spiritual album?"

M. H. MARBLE.

Table Rock, Neb., April 21st, 1878.

#### ELDER HARDSELL'S TROUBLE.

Among these "batter days" have come "batter men."

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learn by experience to be a general rule. After we had changed our positions to correspond with this request, I was again rapped out, "Do not touch that!" His words, as my wife reached out her hand to me, I had generally taken it in mine. This I now forbore to do, and was amply repaid for my forbearance. The conditions seemed to be now almost perfect, and there was not a ripple of doubt or suspicion in the minds of any present to disturb the harmony.

Those not acquainted with the wonderful phenomena of spirit materialization can have but little conception of the extreme nicety and delicacy of the conditions through which alone they can be successfully conducted. The steady gaze of a doubting or over-critical eye upon a partly materialized spirit may render all its efforts to fully materialize abortive; whilst a vindictive, malignant thought, cast by some vicious or ignorant individual present in the circle toward the helpless entranced medium, may prove as fatal to the manifestations as would the kick of an infuriated jackass to the procedure of the nicest chemical experiment. If the blow of the brute was directed to the shattering in a thousand pieces the nicely arranged apparatus, or planted fully in the face of the operator at the moment he was about to exhibit the wonders of his art. There were none of these depressing or malign influences present on this occasion, and my spirit wife was able to do sufficiently upon the vital elements of the medium to present herself almost exactly as she appeared in earth-life. She came out of the closet during the evening no less than twenty-three different times, and moved about with almost the same ease she was accustomed to when in her earth home—passing to and fro in front and behind our seats so naturally, that a stranger to the phenomena could not have suspected her to be other than of mortal mold.

I was suffering at the time from the effects of a severe cold, on which account my wife manifested much solicitude, and repeatedly manipulated my head and chest with her hands, retiring ever and anon into the dark closet to recuperate her powers and gather the necessary healing elements to impart to me. From the very first her lips and face had been of a natural temperature, whilst her hands, as before stated, being probably less fully materialized, were at first unnatural in their texture, and very cold. As the evening progressed both of these peculiarities gradually subsided, so that for an hour or so before the close of the séance her hands and fingers assumed, both to the eye and touch, a delicate appearance, whilst her temperature became of the natural warmth. The feeling imparted by their long manipulation of my hair, face and chest, was soothing and refreshing, and very perceptibly diminished the disagreeable sensations caused by my malady. Once (and once only until the close) during the evening my wife's earth-form was dematerialized for a short time. Whilst she held the curtain apart in one hand, her whole form was distinctly to be seen standing just within. It gradually sank downward, as if passing through the floor, until it disappeared, and the curtain closed for a short time, when it was again opened, and my wife walked out and came to me as before.

On another occasion my wife remained passive within the closet whilst a female Indian spirit (a familiar of the medium) manifested. The Indian walked out in great strength, clothed in a picturesque costume of several colors. I asked her to let me look at her moccasins, when she lifted up one for me to examine. In the moccasin she looked and felt like cloth, and I asked the spirit to make one for the occasion, of hair or such materials as the Indians generally wore. She closed the curtain for a few moments, and again came out and presented her foot, which was then covered only with a stocking; but as she manipulated it with her hand it became gradually encased in a moccasin, made apparently of a material resembling both feathers and hair. The lady medium remained entranced within the closet about two hours and a half, two-thirds of which time, at least, my wife was fully materialized, and could be plainly seen by both myself and the gentleman who sat beside me.

At the close of the séance the medium's spiritual guide told me that the reason why my wife had occupied nearly the whole evening was in consequence of the solicitude she felt on account of my indisposition, regretting that she had not the power to minister to my wants now so fully as she used to when in earth-life.

Upon the whole, this "spirit-séance" was, of all the hundreds I have been present at, the most entirely satisfactory of all. Nor can I, after witnessing what I there did, doubt but that our friends in the spheres above will soon perfect the science of materialization to the degree that will admit of their returning to earth (as promised) under the proper conditions, (which must be awarded to them by their earth-friends in order to insure success), and remain for hours together with congenial minds, as palpably and as really as they ever walked the earth in their society before their departure from mortal life.

My wife seemed in every respect as real and lifelike as I ever saw her on earth. To so fully materialize she had—probably with the consent and assistance of the spirit guardians of the medium—abstracted a full half or more of the elements of her life, and had the materialized spirit, when thus clothed upon, been recklessly seized upon by some ignorant man, with but little development of aught but the most brutal instincts, and resolutely held in his grasp, the medium would, from necessity, have been found dead in or chair, or with frozen shivers striving to escape from his grasp, and half dead with fright and sufficed in her own blood (by force of spirit-law not understood by mortals).

Vancouver, B. C. THOMAS R. HAZARD.

#### A SEANCE WITH MRS. MAUD E. LORD.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Wednesday evening, April 17th, the subscriber attended a séance held by this well-known medium. It being my first experience I felt I was a passive spectator, relying upon the evidence presented to my senses as a basis of belief. I had neither credulity nor skepticism nor individual interest to bias my mind. Unlike most in the circle, I was not particularly anxious to hold a reception with spirit friends. To witness the facts—the possibilities—and study the why and wherefore, occupied my mind. Hence I was prepared (according to my percent. of reason) to take every item of evidence on its own merit, as a fearless seeker after truth reads the Bible, or any obscure history.

I do not propose to add to the many detailed accounts given through the Banner of Light. The doors being secured, all in the room (eighteen) formed a circle and joined hands. The gas was then turned off and manifestations super-vened, among which may be enumerated fanning, music, spirit voices, recognized friends, &c., &c.

My chief interest was centered on the accepted genuineness of the phenomena. Skeptics were convinced or confounded. Collusion was not suspected. Being a firm believer in the intercourse of the two worlds, in present revelation, such as will stand the test of reason, I was prepared for the possibilities from the world of causes. The facts presented to the eye of faith and reason discovered a spiritual science struggling for birth, seeking friendly cooperation from mortals.

I was carried back to the many prophets—mediums who have stood upon the heights of time and handed truths down to earth; how they were tabooed, persecuted and crucified between the two thieves of Authority and Intolerance, who thought their blood more valuable than the truths they revealed, and would fain take their dead bodies to close the aperture from whence light proceeded. They would have them resurrected if they would only stand like pillars of salt—stationary—preserved bodies, to worship and

adore, while they in turn persecute the living witnesses. And tradition makes the demons of our sires become "the saints that we adore."

Why not be wise and bless our prophets while present with us? Things are improving. Palace cars are preferred to Pharos's coaches. The heaven that was hid in "three measures of meal" (religious acts) is now leavening the whole lump. While we discard faith by authority and tradition, we must submit to reason and the evidence of the senses. To doubt materialization is to doubt the growth of vegetation. To doubt the possibility of what we cannot comprehend, is to doubt progress and limit the Infinite.

ELIJAH MYRICK.

#### A HOME CIRCLE AND ITS GOOD RESULTS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the latter part of last September the writer happened to be with the family of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Allen, consisting of themselves, their three sons, the eldest about thirteen years old, the youngest six, and their only daughter, a lovely child of eight years. As we had attended some of the meetings at Lake Pleasant with much interest, our conversation very naturally turned to the subject of Spiritualism. Very soon we resolved to have a little circle of our own, to be inaugurated then and there. Accordingly we gathered about a small toilet table, to await whatever of manifestations might come. We were all wholly inexperienced in the matter, and knew very little of the proper mode of procedure. No one of us had ever seen a table move or heard a rap. We probably spent an hour or more at that sitting. We neither saw nor heard anything that gave us the slightest intimation of the presence of any invisible agency. But we resolved to make another attempt, and accordingly we met a week or two later. At the second meeting we were in doubt. We thought at times we heard slight raps, but we were by no means confident about it. We wanted unmistakable evidence, and we were determined to believe nothing until we had it. We separated that evening not quite sure whether the slight sounds we heard were raps or the moving joints of the table, but we were inclined to take the latter view.

But we determined to make other trials, and the next time we were all fully convinced that we heard raps, and furthermore, that they were made with a marked degree of intelligence. This very naturally aroused our interest in the subject, and at almost every meeting since that time there has been some new and very marked manifestation. We have endeavored to meet weekly, but have not always been able to do so. Very soon the table was moved in an intelligent manner, and in accordance with the requests we made.

And now that the developments have become so very marked, we propose to give a brief account of some of the phenomena that occur, believing your readers would like to know what has been accomplished in the short period of



BY GEORGE WENTZ.

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## TO OUR READERS.

The attention of our readers is respectfully called to the fact that the *Banner of Light* is published every week, except on Sundays and public holidays. It is published at the office of the *Banner of Light*, No. 9 Montgomery Place, New York, at the rate of \$1.00 per annum in advance. Single copies are sent free of charge to our subscribers. The *Banner of Light* is published at the office of the *Banner of Light*, No. 9 Montgomery Place, New York, at the rate of \$1.00 per annum in advance. Single copies are sent free of charge to our subscribers. The *Banner of Light* is published at the office of the *Banner of Light*, No. 9 Montgomery Place, New York, at the rate of \$1.00 per annum in advance. Single copies are sent free of charge to our subscribers.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1878.

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JOHN W. DAY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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ENTER INTO EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LIFE, and endeavor to make it a life of service to the human race.

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## Special Notice.

We shall print in the issues of the *Banner of Light* for MAY 15th and 22nd respectively, two fine discourses which were delivered in Chicago through the trance mediumship of

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,

and specially reported for our columns. These lectures will be severally entitled:

"THE OCCUPATION, CAPABILITIES AND POSSIBILITIES OF DISEMBOodied SPIRITS."

By SPIRIT BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,

and

"THE FRATERNITIES OF DISEMBOodied SOULS."

By SPIRIT WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

They are replete with mature thought and fine imagery, and cannot fail of proving of interest to our readers.

The Medical Law in New Hampshire.

It will be remembered by our readers that we published last year a petition against the obnoxious "Doctors' Plot" law in New Hampshire, and now as the recurring season brings another

June, we find the battle for freedom in medical practice is about to be resumed in the Granite State. The monopoly act in the interests of the Regulars is now in the hands of a Commission created for the purpose of proposing such amendments to existing laws and to frame such new laws as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of the amended Constitution of that Commonwealth which was adopted last year—to offer amendments or recommend its repeal as in their judgment the best interests of the people demand, and the matter is to come up at the next session of the Legislature in June.

The efforts of the friends in New Hampshire, last year, to show up the true character of this proscription enacted produced such a good impression on the law-makers, and the people generally, that we are informed the Allopaths, and their allies for the nonce—the Homoeopaths—alarmed for their cause are now scouring the country, armed with petitions in defence of their pet measure, and depicting in the darkest colors the terrible results which they are sure will follow if the citizens of New Hampshire are allowed to freely select their own medical advisers.

We are pleased to see that the secular press of New Hampshire is taking a wider interest in canvassing this question than was the case last year. We are in receipt of a copy, for instance, of the *Granite State Free Press*, of Lebanon, wherein nearly three columns of space are devoted to the publication of a trenchant memorial to the people of that State re the Doctors' Law, from the pen of H. B. Huntington, M. D., of Peterboro'. The editor of the *Free Press* clinches the nail of this mainly protest, in the following independent and outspoken fashion:

"A perusal of the above appeal must satisfy every sensible, unbiased person, that the law referred to is a disgrace upon our statute as an outrage upon the rights of the people, and should be repealed. More and weightier objections can be offered, but the above should suffice."

Following will be found the heading for a petition which can be cut out and attached to a paper for signature. Several persons in every town in the State, who love liberty and are willing to work for humanity and equal rights, should at once prepare and circulate these petitions, giving every person of lawful age an opportunity to express their disapproval of this law by asking for its repeal; and as it is completed, forward to Nathaniel White, of Concord, N. H., on or before the second Wednesday of June next, when and where they will be properly prepared and presented. The cause of justice and right would be greatly advanced if every paper in the State would publish this appeal and petition."

We give on our eighth page the above-mentioned petition for the repeal of the Doctors' Law, to which we hope every man and woman in the State of New Hampshire, who reads the *Banner of Light*, will see that his or her name is attached. Cut out the petition, friends, circulate it, and when all the signatures are obtained, which the limited time left for action will allow, forward what you have to the address of Nathaniel White, Esq., of Concord, N. H., that they may reach in proper form and time the mark at which they are aimed.

## Has Mr. Emerson Changed his Base?

The eminent essayist, Ralph Waldo Emerson, has long been claimed by the opponents of Theism as one of their champions. His utterances in regard to a personal immortality for man, and a consequent intelligence in Deity have been claimed to be somewhat vague and cloudy. It is now claimed that Mr. Emerson is a Christian theist, or rather a theist in the sense that Christ was one. His friend and neighbor, Bronson Alcott, confidently asserted this fact at a recent meeting of clergymen and others in Boston; and now Mr. Emerson himself, in an article in the *North American Review* on "The Sovereignty of Ethics," has given countenance to these reports of a modification in the views which he seems to have taught, though not very distinctly and emphatically, heretofore. As Mr. Alcott expresses it, Emerson "belongs to the church of one member." The following remarks are from the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of May 6th:

"This question was pressed very closely upon his friend and townsman, Mr. Alcott, a few evenings since, when the latter was speaking of the characteristics of the Concord authors. Mr. Alcott waived the close inquiries of the Orthodox ministers, but went as far as friendship permitted in saying that Mr. Emerson was a Christian theist, a man to be taken by the hand by all Christians as a brother, an individual thinker who belongs to the Church of one member. Except in one sentence of his essay on Immortality he accepts that doctrine. He has never written out his belief, but those who know him best speak in the strongest terms of his absolutely sincere religious life. We have nothing to do with his religious opinions except in so far as he has published them in his essays, but the latest contribution from his pen, 'The Sovereignty of Ethics,' in the current *North American Review*, is so marked in its ethical tone as to attract special attention, and seems to indicate a very definite departure from the pantheism which is quite abundant in his earlier productions. It may certainly be said, and our readers can easily test it for their personal satisfaction, that his former ethical view has come out most distinctly for the truths of natural religion which lead directly to theism."

There are touches now and then of the old heaven, but the mellowed richness of this latest essay is due not more to the gentility of old age than it is to the fullness of a larger religious belief which permeates his always pregnant sentences. We never expect so sincere a writer as Mr. Emerson to use the stock phrases of religious writers, but his identification of religion with morals, his reference to the religion of the universal unshaping Providence which lurks in tribes, in still, small voices, in the secrets of our hearts, our closest thoughts, as efficiently as in our proclamations and successes, his kind words for the emphatic and positive religion of a century ago as compared with the pale negations prevalent to-day, the increased attention which he now pays in his published essays to the realities of spiritual truth, show that, if our distinguished fellow citizen has not formally changed his base as an ethical teacher, he has certainly done the next thing to it. The evidence is sufficiently marked to give profound satisfaction to many of his admirers, that one who has roamed so widely through the universe in quest of truth has found the final philosophy in the kindred instincts of heaven and home.

There is certainly a tenderness in the cultivated part of this community toward Mr. Emerson, which exists in hardly a more marked degree toward any other moral and literary teacher, and the fact that Mr. Emerson now insists that 'the progress of religion is steadily to its identity with morals,' and that he enunciates not the vague doubts of our detached moralists, but the prime convictions of believers in natural religion, those which border closely upon revealed truth, will increase this tenderness among all who have been helped and instructed by his teaching. He has written few paragraphs which contain more sterling coin than this: 'The man of this age must be matriculated in the university of sciences and tendencies flowing from all past periods. He must not be one who can be surprised and shipwrecked by every bold or subtle word which malignant and acute men may utter in his hearing, but should be taught all skepticism and unbelief, and made the destroyer of all such houses and paper walls, and the offer of his opinions, by being put face to face from his infancy with reality. A man who has accustomed himself to look at all his circumstances as very mutable, to carry his possessions, his relation to persons, and even his opinions, in his hand, and in all these to pierce to the principle and moral law, and everywhere to find that has put himself out of the reach of all skepticism.' And this is substantially the point which Mr. Emerson has now reached."

## Immanuel Hermann Fichte.

We find in one of the Rev. Joseph Cook's lectures the following account of Immanuel Hermann Fichte, now in his eighty-second year, and who in the third edition of his "Anthropologie" has, in the words of Franz Hoffman, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Wurtzburg, "dedicated himself openly for Spiritualism." Still the Rev. Joseph Cook does not seem to be aware of this fact. He praises and quotes from I. H. Fichte, the illustrious son of an illustrious father, and pronounces his "Zeitschrift für Philosophie" the best philosophical magazine in the world, but does not tell his hearers that this eloquent defender of "ethical theism" is a Spiritualist. Why is so important a fact omitted by Mr. Cook? Will he or some of his friends explain the omission? Is it because Spiritualism is tabooed by the "Monday lectureship"? But why taboo a fact? If Fichte is worth quoting, as a high authority on the theistic side, why not tell the whole truth about him? Why not admit that this man, venerable in years, profound in his philosophical and biological attainments, a thorough student, and one of the most renowned thinkers of Germany, is an avowed Spiritualist? We append what Mr. Cook says of him, hoping that, when he repeats his lecture, he will have the candor to supply the omission to which we here call his attention:

"When, one day, the great Fichte (J. G. Fichte) heard the drums of Napoleon beat in the streets of Berlin, he closed a lecture by announcing that the next would be given when Prussia had become free, and then enlisted against the conqueror, and kept his word. The son has had a more quiet life than the father; but he has given himself exclusively to philosophy. The second Fichte was the founder of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, now conducted by Fichte, Uriei and Wirth, and he has lived through much. He knew his father's system from within. Has it led to pantheism or materialism with him, as it has with some others? If Emerson has made pantheism a logical outcome of Fichte's teachings, what has Fichte's son made of them?"

The son of the great Fichte has been a professor at Dusseldorf and Bonn, and since 1842 at Tübingen. He is a specialist in German philosophy, if ever there was one; and his latest production was a history of his own philosophical school. He attempted to show that the line of sound philosophy in Germany is represented by three great names—Leibnitz, and Kant, and Lotze. You do not care to have from me an outline of his work; and perhaps, therefore, you will allow me to read the summary of it given by your *North American Review*, for that certainly ought to be free from partisanship. Thus Fichte loftily writes to Zeiler, the biographer of Strauss, and his positions are a sign of the times:

"Ethical theism is now master of the situation. The attempt to lose sight of the personal God in nature, or to subordinate his transcend-

ence over the universe to any power immanent in the universe, and especially the tendency to deny the theology of ethics and to insist only upon the reign of force, are utterly absurd, and are meeting their just condemnation." (*N. A. Rev.*, Jan., 1877, p. 117.)

We may here remark that Mr. Cook's venerable protegee, Bronson Alcott, recently declared in Mr. Cook's own room, that Emerson was a good theist in the Christian sense. Mr. Alcott is the townsman, neighbor, and intimate friend of Emerson.

## Speech of Mr. Thomas Shorter.

We know of no laborer in the cause of Spiritualism whose collected writings on the subject would be more valuable than those of Thomas Shorter, of London. He was one of the first to recognize the truth of Modern Spiritualism in its day of doubt and discredit, and for the last quarter of a century there has been no more earnest, vigorous and sensible advocate of a pure, philosophical and unadulterated Spiritualism. We regret to learn by a recent letter from London that Mr. Shorter is now so blind that he can see neither to read nor write. But he misses no opportunity of speaking a strong word for Spiritualism, and at the recent celebration of our anniversary in London he made a capital speech, which appears in *The Medium and Daybreak*, and from which we make the following extract. Referring to the "new lights" in Spiritualism, he said:

"Why, it was only the other day that a younger in the spiritual movement advertised to the views of its pioneers as 'old-fashioned Spiritualism.' Think of that now—this Spiritualism that was to have been so short-lived, has already attained to such a respectable longevity that it may be referred to as 'old-fashioned,' and the enthusiastic spirits of the younger generation deem the views of their predecessors to be, perhaps, a little too antiquated. Well, I have no objection to novelty, provided it has something more than novelty to recommend it. I would gladly accept and welcome truth, old or new, native to the soil or transplanted from the catcombs of Egypt and the Lamasaries of Tibet; but caution is said to be a characteristic of advancing age, and before I take any new departure I want to know exactly where I am going to, and I may remind my young and more adventurous friends of the sage advice, 'First be sure you are right, and then go ahead. You may gallop very hard, but if you are on the wrong road, the faster you go and the longer you ride, the further you will be from your destination; and when in the name of Spiritualism I am told that men and women should give free play to their animal nature as a preparation for higher spiritual development, or am asked to believe as a very advanced gospel that old sinners who have passed into Hades still hunger after the flesh-pots of Egypt and prowl about the border-land to seize and take possession of and re-incarnate themselves in the plastic organization of new-born infants, that they may with new zest reenact the old deeds and live over again the old life; or when, again, I am assured that what we have regarded as manifestations from our departed friends and kindred, the evidence of personal immortality, is due to wholly a different source—to elemental spirits, gnomes, sylphs, undines and salamanders, or perhaps to elementaries of human domains who have lost the divine spirit and would soon lose all personal identity, become dis-integrated and wrought up again in the general laboratory of spirit as their physical forms were being again worked up in the great laboratory of Nature; and I am invited to exchange my old lamps for these new ones—I reply, 'No, thank you.'"

I prefer the old sure-guiding lights of Spiritualism to these resuscitated paganism and new-fangled theories, and decline to follow the 'jack-of-all-trades' and 'wills-of-the-winds' that would lead me through bog and morass only to land me in the ditch. I stand by my old-fashioned Spiritualism—not that of our time alone, but of the wise and saintly spirits of the past—of Wesley, Doddridge and Baxter; of Stilling, Lavater and Oberlin; of Guyon and Pascal and Tauler;—and of the revered representatives of an older Spiritualism—of Paul and John and Jesus. I stand by the old faith in guardian angels and ministering spirits; that those who were angels of the household, the guardian spirits of our home, still guide and guard and minister to us and hold communion with us from that higher life to which they are translated. I stand by the faith in immortality, not as the exclusive privilege of the few, but as the common destiny of our humanity, the universal inheritance of all God's children. With my whole soul I stand fast in the belief that the firm assurance of the final and full redemption of our entire human world, notwithstanding all the difficulties discovered or invented by theologians and theosophists. I hold that the beneficent purposes of Infinite Wisdom in the creation of human souls to grow into the Divine Image shall yet be accomplished, and I hope with the full concurrence of all present, to exclaim with our noble poet Laureate—

"We live the best that somehow, good  
Will be the final goal of ill.  
To peace of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of reason, passions of blood;  
That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That no one soul shall be destroyed;  
We trust as rubbish to the void,  
When this world made the life complete."

Mr. Shorter has sometimes written under the name of Thomas Brevior (his surname Latinized); one of his principal books was published under that name, and an excellent book it is, full of facts showing that Spiritualism is as old as human nature. May Thomas Shorter long live to utter his wise and eloquent words in behalf of the great truth that now seems to be emerging out of the clouds that have darkened it in our day! We can name no more faithful representative of the general views of advanced Spiritualists both in America and England.

## The Onset Bay Grove Association.

Chartered March 31st, 1877, by special act of the Massachusetts Legislature, has just issued its first and most convenient form its *Dy-Laws and Very First Annual Report*, accompanied by an accurate engineer's map of the grove, and its most attractive surroundings. A list of the Directors and other officers is prefixed, besides a copy of the Charter under which the Association is organized. A complete description of the motive and work of the Association follows, which will readily put all persons in possession of the facts of its inception, history and purposes. As is generally known, it is an Association composed of Spiritualists, and such sympathizers with them, whose prime object is the securing of a suitable location by the seashore where camp-meetings may be annually held under the auspices of Spiritualism. Onset Bay is a part of the head waters of Buzzard's Bay, lying within the town of Wareham. A grove of oaks covering one hundred and fifty acres, and extending to the very edge of the bluffs overlooking the sea, the whole bounded on three sides by water, forms the leading characteristic of the location. The property is owned in stock shares, which have been increased by fifty. It is fully described in this little pamphlet report. The assets of the Association are put down at \$31,281.77, while the liabilities are but \$3,200. As a property it has in a single year become quite valuable, and is all the time growing more so. The first annual dividend of five per cent. on the capital stock is declared payable on the 15th of August next. We earnestly advise all Spiritualists to procure a copy of this Report. The season at this favorite resort promises an early commencement this year. A number of

the cottages are already occupied; a cottage of Mr. I. P. Greenleaf, of Boston, is nearly completed, and also another for a gentleman residing in Providence, R. I. Several parties from Warren, R. I., signify an intention of building at once. Upper and Eastern New York and Connecticut are to be represented this year. The permanent wharf, four hundred feet in length, is finished. A wide carriage bridge is now being built, and will be finished during the coming week. The opening exercises will be in June, on which occasion the new road will be opened for travel, and the new depot will be in its place. The grove is to be a flag station the coming summer, the trains stopping to leave and take passengers.

## The Anniversary in London.

We briefly alluded in a previous issue to the exercises held at Doughty Hall under the direction of Mr. J. Burns, editor of the *Medium and Daybreak*, in honor of the Thirtieth Anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism. Our thanks are due Mr. Burns for extra copies of his paper forwarded us containing a full report of the proceedings.

One of the pleasing episodes attending this enterprise was the presentation of congratulatory letters from prominent American Spiritualists, among whom may be named Epes Sargent, Esq., Dr. H. F. Gardner, (whose letter we printed last week,) Col. John C. Bundy, editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Thomas Gales Forster, Giles B. Stebbins, Rev. J. H. Harter, Rev. J. O. Barrett, Miss Lizzie Doten, A. A. Wheelock, Prof. and Mrs. Denton, and others. Referring to "the kind and noble letters of our American brethren" the *Medium* says: "Their utterances are of a high class—clear-thoughted and purely spiritual, and in instances from men who have fought the good fight half a lifetime."

It gives us pleasure to be able to record the evidently harmonious and vitally-useful character of this largely-attended celebration, which in the words of Mr. Burns gave plain proof "that the Spiritualists of London were in a vital state of organization, and thoroughly awake to the passing features of the movement."

## Boston and New York.

The Stonington Line to and from New York offers to the public an array of advantages not possessed by any other route to that city. This fact it will be well for the summer tourist and the business man alike to remember. Taking the cars in Boston at the Providence Depot, which is acknowledged to be the finest in the State, travelers will at once find themselves in the care of experienced employees and courteous conductors, who work together in harmony under the able superintendency of Albert A. Folsom, Esq. Patrons can, if they choose, make the journey to the boats in fine cars fitted with reclining chairs. So much has been already said in praise of the steamboats of this line, their faithful and competent officers, their fine stateroom and saloon accommodations, their choicely garnished tables, their ready and polite waiters, etc., etc., that additional words from us are unnecessary. Try the Stonington, reader, and judge for yourself.

## Missing.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord, the well-known physical medium, who has been astonishing the skeptics of Boston and vicinity for some time past with the remarkable phenomena witnessable at her sances, left her home at 39 Milford street, on Wednesday, May 1st, to fulfill an engagement at Brockton, Mass., and has not since been heard of, (at least she had not up to date of our going to press, May 7th.) Her sudden and mysterious disappearance has caused much anxiety among her large circle of friends in this city.

A correspondent in East New York writes: "I see by Bro. A. J. Davis's remarks (reprinted) at our Brooklyn anniversary (as contained in your last issue) that he discredited the physical manifestations. But the audience whom he addressed are better informed on that subject than Bro. Davis is. Our spirit-circles in Brooklyn have been numerous during the past winter. You may judge something of the interest manifested and of the importance attached to them from the fact that when it was understood that Mrs. Maud E. Lord would return to Brooklyn, seven circles of twenty each were formed in different families, and in different parts of the city, desirous of greeting her on her return to Brooklyn. She went to Boston instead of coming to Brooklyn, but the interest is unabated, and whenever she sends word that she will come to Brooklyn she can have not only seven but several times seven circles. Bro. Davis will have to revise his reckoning. The family circles in Brooklyn are numerous, and are doing great good."

The Overseers of the Poor in Boston distribute the annual appropriation of the city for out-door or temporary relief; that is, for persons not in any institution, and the income of a number of trust funds, the capital of which now amounts in all to about \$500,000. If a person is in need of relief, application is made at their office, where they meet periodically, and where a Secretary and visitors may be found. One of these visitors records on a blank form prepared for the purpose, various facts in regard to the case, and visits the applicant. If he is found to have a settlement in the city, relief is afforded at once, if necessary; if not, the case is referred to a Committee of the Board for temporary or permanent assistance. If he has a settlement in another place, notice is given to its authorities.

Mr. Charles Bright delivered one of his conversational lectures on "Jesus Worship," in Dunedin, New Zealand, March 6th, to an audience which filled the hall. He aimed to show that Jesus Christ was not God Almighty, as claimed by Christianity. The discussion which followed the main discourse was quite animated. But Mr. Bright maintained his position so clearly as to win the applause of the audience.

At a séance given by Slade, at the house of A. Aksakof, Russian Imperial Councillor at St. Petersburg, two pocket compasses were placed upon the table, side by side. The spirit force was requested to turn the needle of one while the other remained stationary, which was done, thus destroying the theory that it was turned by a concealed magnet.

Mr. Frederic Bond writes that "Spiritualism is taking a firm hold in the Austrian Colonies."

Alfred Russell Wallace, author of "The Malay Archipelago," has completed a new work to be called "Tropical Nature; and other Essays."

## From Australia.

The Melbourne Harbinger of Light says: One of the most successful half-yearly sessions of the Progressive Lyceum concluded last Sunday, Feb. 24th, when Mr. Deakin completed the second period of his conductorship, during which more has been accomplished than in any corresponding period of the Lyceum's existence. The standing rule which renders a conductor ineligible for immediate reelection was suspended in hopes of Mr. Deakin accepting office for another six months. This, however, he declined to do, and Mr. W. H. Terry was appointed his successor.

Spiritualism in Australia is increasing in strength, and exciting a growing interest in the colonies. Melbourne is the head-centre of the movement. A new Lyceum monthly has just been brought out.

Mr. Thomas Walker, the trance speaker, says the Harbinger of Light, has been delivering a course of remarkable lectures at the Prince of Wales Opera House, to large audiences. It further says: "Mr. Walker is the most eloquent speaker that has appeared on a Melbourne platform since the departure of the Rev. Charles Clarke," and to this fact and concomitant circumstances is due the steady increase of numbers who assemble to hear him, in spite of the "conspiracy of silence" entered into by the newspapers.

## Dr. Peebles's Last Addresses in England.

In consideration of Dr. J. M. Peebles's valuable and gratuitous services on the spiritualist platform in London for the past four months, the prominent Spiritualists there have tendered him a complimentary farewell *soirée* benefit, which was to take place in Doughty Hall on Friday evening, April 26th. The *Medium and Daybreak* says: "This is not so much a generous act as a just act. Previous to his departure for America, Dr. Peebles will deliver two addresses in the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson street, Liverpool, on Sunday, April 28th: in the afternoon at 2:30, and in the evening at 7. As Dr. Peebles sails from Liverpool on the following Tuesday, the friends there have taken advantage of his presence, and have secured this large and commodious hall, in order that friends from neighboring towns may have an opportunity of hearing this noble apostle of the Modern Gospel before he leaves our shores."

## Testimonial to J. B. Hatch.

Last week we stated that this worthy toiler in the Lyceum field being prostrated by sickness, his friends had arranged a complimentary testimonial for his pecuniary benefit in the shape of a document, copies of which had been placed for signatures and donations at the *Banner of Light* office and at the residence of Dr. Main, No. 60 Dover street, Boston. We have received at this office since last acknowledgment signatures covering the amount of fourteen dollars. We hope the Spiritualists of this city and vicinity, and also all elsewhere who may feel to contribute to a worthy end, will bear the fact of the existence of this testimonial in mind.

## J. J. Morse, our English Agent.

We have received and placed on file for immediate publication another installment of the popular series of "Echoes from England," which the above-named gentleman has from time to time contributed to our columns for years past. Our readers in Great Britain, and on the Continent as well, will bear in mind that Mr. Morse is the authorized agent of Colby & Rich for receiving subscriptions to the *Banner of Light*, and for the sale of all books published and for sale by them. His address is Elm Tree Terrace, Uttoxeter Road, Derby, Eng.

## "Heaven and Hell."

Colby & Rich have on sale at the *BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE*, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, copies of a curious work (see advertisement, 5th page) bearing the above title, and translated from the French of Allan Kardec, by Miss Anna Blackwell, of Paris. None of these books will be disposed of at wholesale, but customers will be cheerfully accommodated at retail prices. Send in your orders early.

Slade, the Spiritualistic medium, is in St. Petersburg, but although Spiritualists are as a rule well received in Russia, he does not find a very warm welcome.

The above paragraph—which is the embodiment either of the ignorance or prejudice of its writer—is now going the rounds of the papers, and it must be confessed, is a clear exponent of the fairness (?) with which the spiritual cause and its advocates and instruments are treated by the editorial fraternity in this country. The same papers which give circulation to this fling at Henry Slade, would not, of course, on any consideration, take notice of or give publicity to the testimony of Hon. Alex. Aksakof and others in Russia, who have written articles for our columns directly proving the baseless character of the peripatetic squib in question.

The Spiritual Reporter gives the following as the officers and leaders of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lyceum at the present time: A. G. Kipp, Conductor; D. B. Bennett, Assistant Conductor; C. E. Smith, Guardian; L. J. Bennett, Assistant Guardian; Leona Cooley, Musical Directress. Groups—Fountain, E. J. Hussey; Stream, C. R. Miller; River, M. E. Porter; Lake, L. G. Douglas; Sea, Miss Mary Gray; Ocean, R. H. Howard; Shore, W. C. Bowen; Beacon, E. J. Peterson; Banner, Dr. J. C. Wyman.

R. N. Porter, M. D., Deerfield, Mass., narrates in another column his experiences at a developing circle, which will be read with interest. The patience and perseverance of the party were rewarded by results that should be encouraging to others who desire to obtain truthful evidence of spirit communion.

The Ninth Annual Convention of the Boston Eight Hour League will take place on Wednesday of anniversary week, May 29th, continuing during the day and evening, at the Melancon Hall, under Tremont Temple.

Dr. Monck, the renowned English medium, is in Switzerland. His health continues in a precarious state, but it is hoped change and rest will restore him.

No. 7 of John Wetherbee's "PHANTOMATIC WHISPERS" will appear in our issue for May 18th. It is a chapter on Mrs. Maud E. Lord's circles, and cannot fail of interest to the reader.

Prof. William Denton's pamphlet "Manhood" has been re-printed at Dunedin, New Zealand.







## Message Department.

The Spirit of the Banner of Light is published weekly, and is the only one of its kind in the world. It is published by the Banner of Light Society, and is the only one of its kind in the world. It is published by the Banner of Light Society, and is the only one of its kind in the world. It is published by the Banner of Light Society, and is the only one of its kind in the world.

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## REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

## Invocation.

Infinite Father, we bow our heads before thee, we seek thee to adopt our words of praise. Thou knowest what we need. With thee we give unto us all the gifts that thou dost so freely and abundantly, and we thank thee for them.

## Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we will hear your spirit.

Q.—What is the condition of advanced minds in spirit life?

A.—We are to answer that question, Mr. Chairman, we should have to write a volume. I can only say man comes from a germ, as does all other individual life.

Q.—[By G. A. Smith.] Chairmen have seen children that have been in spirit life ten years, and describe them as being of the same age and stature as when they were in the flesh. Please tell us whether children grow in spirit life to become men and women, the same as they naturally would if they continued to live here, or not?

A.—Children do grow in spirit life the same as they do here, but in order that they may be recognized, they manifest themselves as they appeared when they were in the flesh. Spirits have the power to show themselves as other as children, as grown persons, or as aged persons. They can represent any stage of their life journey when they return to earth, so they often come back as little children when they are in reality twenty, thirty or forty years of age.

Q.—Please explain this Scriptural passage, "They will go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into eternal life."

A.—We know of nothing of everlasting punishment. We do know something of life eternal. We can only repeat the words of one of our sages, "All go to the place prepared for them." We as spirits can only incarnate the doctrine which we have learned in spirit life. If he chooses darkness rather than light here, he will find darkness when he enters the spirit life, but not darkness eternally, because the evil which is wrought in earth-life will be stripped from him, and he will stand forth a spiritual being, and all men and women in the spirit life will be ready to aid him. If he has fought a good fight, if he has won the battle of life, and stands forth in truth, love and purity, then he will be sure of a life beautiful, bright and true. This is the only explanation that we can give of the question.

Q.—From the Bible, what definite facts have you in the spirit world at the present time, to support the assertion that the person called Jesus Christ ever had an existence? Have you seen him? And if so, how do you know he is the original Bible individual?

A.—I can say that I have seen an individual whom I call Christ, and from the vibration that he put forth, or I might say the adoration that he gave him, from the fact that he still seems to be doing his Master's work, laboring for the good of humanity, and by the peculiar aura that surrounds him, and the gladdening of so many individuals, I cannot but feel assured that he is Christ. I may not be able to bring the proof to the questioner, but so far as I am concerned, I have no doubt that the individual whom I have seen is the one of whom the Bible speaks. He is called Jesus of Nazareth, and is called as the one who suffered martyrdom for the cause of truth. He does not pretend to be more than a human being, who once lived on earth; we are not taught that he is more a son of God than any other. We are told that he was a martyr; and there are many other martyrs in spirit life; yet his life, his works, have seemed to thrill the world with a magnetic force such as no other man has been able to exert. He is the one who occupies a higher position than most of those who preceded him or who have come after him.

Q.—Some poor suicides, wandering about for years without purpose, or seeking a mother or friends, often control this medium, asking where they can find their friends. Could you not have in spirit life a place similar to what we call an intelligence office, where all such unfortunate spirits might find their friends, and thus do a noble work for humanity?

A.—There is in spirit life something of that kind. Sometimes a suicide or an undeveloped spirit wanders without caring to know where his friends are. In that case he becomes like the "Wandering Jew" you have heard so much about; he keeps going on and does not stop. He returns to earth and visits the haunts which to him were the most attractive to him; he goes, perhaps, to the drinking saloon, to the theatre, or wherever he may feel inclined. He is really an inhabitant of this world rather than of the spiritual. When he wakes up to the fact that he wants to see his friends, there are places in the spirit world which are like your "intelligence offices" in one sense, yet far beyond them, more far-reaching and potent in their influence. The very moment that the disoriented individual that he wants to know and realize something of the spiritual and reach his friends, there are always those in spirit life who are ready to assist him. Many times it becomes necessary that spirits should first speak here on earth in order to develop them to unfold the spiritual through the material. That is why so many come here, but this is not the only spirit intelligence office we have; this is but a counterpart of those in spirit life—the kind of intelligence office that the questioner wishes established—yet we cannot always do all we would for them unless they first manifest on earth.

Q.—[By E. B. B.] Are not all things pre-destined? And is not pre-destination written on the pages of all the past?

A.—There seems to be a destiny marked out for each and every individual, yet there are two paths in life. From the beginning of life individuals have power to choose which path they will take, and that path leads on to the end. You all know that in your lives, in your youthful days, you have had a feeling come over you, "Shall I do this or that?" You have chosen for yourselves, and when you have once chosen

there is no going back; you walk that path and no other to the end of your days.

Q.—[By Mrs. M. J. Healy.] Is there a moral science discovered in the spirit world, (I mean an exact science) of a self-acting law on the moral nature of all human life?

A.—Human life is governed more or less by its surroundings, in the material that you have chosen, and the pre-natal influences which were brought to bear upon it before the being saw the light of day. There is a moral law in the spiritual world which manages refractory spirits, not as you manage them here, with jails and police-stations, but with love and kindness, by drawing out their better qualities and keeping down such as are evil.

Q.—In studying the law running through nature, we find that the morally weak gradually die out. Is it possible for individuals to lose their individuality by intense selfishness?

A.—We know of nothing without an individuality. Even the flower before us has an individuality, and it is impossible to turn that individuality aside. You cannot transform the clover blossom into the hyacinth, neither can you make it a rose bud. You cannot lose your individuality, no matter how morally weak you may be. I know very well that it seems as if some special beings of humanity were so low in scale, being that it would be well for them to be annihilated, and you question whether they can possibly have an individuality; but the spirit world is a world of progression, and there is hope for all.

Q.—Disinclined natures feel humiliated in spirit life by coming in contact with those they have formerly misjudged?

A.—It is not possible to come back from the spirit world to an individual that you have misjudged and misunderstood, without feeling a sense of humiliation, without feeling sorry. You have not the power to say audibly, "I am sorry." I regret the course I took. I would make amends if I could; yet you stand in spirit wishing earnestly that you could make amends.

Q.—Disinclined persons in a circle aid undeveloped spirits in making mediums evil.

A.—We are to answer that question, Mr. Chairman, we should have to write a volume. I can only say man comes from a germ, as does all other individual life.

Q.—[By G. A. Smith.] Chairmen have seen children that have been in spirit life ten years, and describe them as being of the same age and stature as when they were in the flesh. Please tell us whether children grow in spirit life to become men and women, the same as they naturally would if they continued to live here, or not?

A.—Children do grow in spirit life the same as they do here, but in order that they may be recognized, they manifest themselves as they appeared when they were in the flesh. Spirits have the power to show themselves as other as children, as grown persons, or as aged persons. They can represent any stage of their life journey when they return to earth, so they often come back as little children when they are in reality twenty, thirty or forty years of age.

Q.—Please explain this Scriptural passage, "They will go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into eternal life."

A.—We know of nothing of everlasting punishment. We do know something of life eternal. We can only repeat the words of one of our sages, "All go to the place prepared for them." We as spirits can only incarnate the doctrine which we have learned in spirit life. If he chooses darkness rather than light here, he will find darkness when he enters the spirit life, but not darkness eternally, because the evil which is wrought in earth-life will be stripped from him, and he will stand forth a spiritual being, and all men and women in the spirit life will be ready to aid him. If he has fought a good fight, if he has won the battle of life, and stands forth in truth, love and purity, then he will be sure of a life beautiful, bright and true. This is the only explanation that we can give of the question.

Q.—From the Bible, what definite facts have you in the spirit world at the present time, to support the assertion that the person called Jesus Christ ever had an existence? Have you seen him? And if so, how do you know he is the original Bible individual?

A.—I can say that I have seen an individual whom I call Christ, and from the vibration that he put forth, or I might say the adoration that he gave him, from the fact that he still seems to be doing his Master's work, laboring for the good of humanity, and by the peculiar aura that surrounds him, and the gladdening of so many individuals, I cannot but feel assured that he is Christ. I may not be able to bring the proof to the questioner, but so far as I am concerned, I have no doubt that the individual whom I have seen is the one of whom the Bible speaks. He is called Jesus of Nazareth, and is called as the one who suffered martyrdom for the cause of truth. He does not pretend to be more than a human being, who once lived on earth; we are not taught that he is more a son of God than any other. We are told that he was a martyr; and there are many other martyrs in spirit life; yet his life, his works, have seemed to thrill the world with a magnetic force such as no other man has been able to exert. He is the one who occupies a higher position than most of those who preceded him or who have come after him.

Q.—Some poor suicides, wandering about for years without purpose, or seeking a mother or friends, often control this medium, asking where they can find their friends. Could you not have in spirit life a place similar to what we call an intelligence office, where all such unfortunate spirits might find their friends, and thus do a noble work for humanity?

A.—There is in spirit life something of that kind. Sometimes a suicide or an undeveloped spirit wanders without caring to know where his friends are. In that case he becomes like the "Wandering Jew" you have heard so much about; he keeps going on and does not stop. He returns to earth and visits the haunts which to him were the most attractive to him; he goes, perhaps, to the drinking saloon, to the theatre, or wherever he may feel inclined. He is really an inhabitant of this world rather than of the spiritual. When he wakes up to the fact that he wants to see his friends, there are places in the spirit world which are like your "intelligence offices" in one sense, yet far beyond them, more far-reaching and potent in their influence. The very moment that the disoriented individual that he wants to know and realize something of the spiritual and reach his friends, there are always those in spirit life who are ready to assist him. Many times it becomes necessary that spirits should first speak here on earth in order to develop them to unfold the spiritual through the material. That is why so many come here, but this is not the only spirit intelligence office we have; this is but a counterpart of those in spirit life—the kind of intelligence office that the questioner wishes established—yet we cannot always do all we would for them unless they first manifest on earth.

Q.—[By E. B. B.] Are not all things pre-destined? And is not pre-destination written on the pages of all the past?

A.—There seems to be a destiny marked out for each and every individual, yet there are two paths in life. From the beginning of life individuals have power to choose which path they will take, and that path leads on to the end. You all know that in your lives, in your youthful days, you have had a feeling come over you, "Shall I do this or that?" You have chosen for yourselves, and when you have once chosen

I felt so bright and smart. I went out just as any old person. I suppose I did of old age.

I've got friends in Boston and in Chelsea. George and Roxie have been real good to me. I wanted to let you know. Roxie and I had it out; he always did find out everything about me. I got up here I didn't had anything as I expected. I wasn't Orthodox, by any means. I believed things would be right, anyway. I'm glad I went out just as I did. I'm satisfied with everything they did for me. I want to thank 'em and tell 'em if I had let 'em had their own way a little more I guess it would have been better for me.

## Emily B. Mason.

I am Emily B. Mason, and I come from Ithaca, N. Y. I am fourteen years old. It is four years ago last summer since I died—I think it was June. I do not know what the matter was, but something connected with the lungs. I had rather a hard time; I raised blood and had a bad cough. I am very tired; have been tired ever since I have been up here. I have been with the school children here. Little Phoebe and Georgie, my Uncle Henry, grandfather and grandmother have been with me, and I have had a nice time. I send this letter, I don't know why, but I think some of my folks will get it. Uncle Henry says he will see that it reaches them.

## Clarence Rogers Smith.

Please say that Clarence Rogers Smith came here from Philadelphia. I have been dead ten years the twenty-third day of April. I died by accident, having had a fall which induced a spinal disease. I suffered a good while, but at last got free. I was a believer in Spiritualism, neither am my folks; but I've got a sister Mary, who sometimes talks with a friend who tells her of these things. Sometimes she reads the paper, and she has often said if a letter would come from somebody who she knew she would believe there was something in it—she had looked it all over, and she never found anybody she knew; so I thought I'd come to-day, and speak to her the best I could. I want to ask her if she remembers the old attic where we played, and grandma's old brass auditions, and the shovel and tongs? how we played house? Maybe if I speak of these things she will remember them.

## William Boyd.

I am William Boyd, of Harrisburg, forty-eight years old. I died of typhoid fever—inflammation of the brain, so the doctors said. I don't know any more about it. I wish sister Lydia would write me something, or a talking man. I would like to see some of the papers that she has never yet found that will be of benefit to her. I don't care for myself about it, for it renders me liable most any time to be drawn down to earth. I've got all of earth I want. I was of the earth, earthy; now I want to be of the spirit, spiritual. It don't make any difference to me what anybody believes, whether they believe in a hereafter or not, so long as I know there is a hereafter. I know I am here and am working. I know I have a power to come and go just as I please, and yet not as I please either, for sometimes they call me down here when I don't want to come. I am interested in machinery, and enjoy it very much. I would like to go on building, working, investigating and studying. I don't care to be a medium, and I don't care to give my heart away. The last few months have been months of waiting; the last few weeks have been weeks of care; yet let her ever remember that it is darkest before the dawn. Years may go by, but she will not come to us until joy and brightness have come to her heart. The flowers she loves so well are growing even now in the spiritual home. The spirit remembers her, although she may not approach the old home so quietly. And there is yet another who may bring in harmony sometimes, yet she shall not come without she brings the golden link of love. Changes may come, but she will never change. We will do all we can to make it brighter for her; we will send our love as sweet and pure as we can bring it from the crystal fountains of spiritual life. We will ask her to ever remember in her hours of sadness, or rather in the morning hour, when she feels weak and almost fainting, that we will bring the old Indian friend whom we have with us in spirit life to strengthen and protect her. Please say it is from Sarah, to A.

## Charles M. Osborne.

I am Charles M. Osborne, who formerly lived in Boston, but for a good many years I stayed in California. I went out to Sacramento. I have been gone five years, or it will be very soon. I went in the month of March, with pleurisy. I left Boston in the days of the gold fever. I went out there, made my pile and lost it, made another and lost it. I left a little where I was. My folks have never got it. I have a brother in New Hampshire and a sister in New York State, and I want them to look this thing up. I've got a cousin here in Boston who has been prying round, inquiring into the condition of the people of the summer land, as they call it, I've been waiting a good while for a chance to post her up, so she can post the rest of my friends up, and as to-day seemed to be a kind of a material day—everybody talking about their affairs—they said I had come in and out of the spirit world. I was sorry I haven't got something interesting to tell you, but I am only standing by the well drinking a little of the water now and then. I hope, when I've got a goblet full, I shall be able to bring you all some.

## C. B.

Mr. Chairman, I have been trying to get in for an hour, but they pushed me so, I couldn't. I am the "Coming Man." Talk about Jesus Christ! I've seen him! saw him before I ever went away from earth! I knew I had seen him. I knew he sent his influence upon me, and I did his work. I got kicked round like a dog. Everywhere I went, I was kicked round like a dog. I wouldn't believe an old fellow like me could have Jesus Christ come. Now, I don't see why I couldn't feel his power. He used to stand right side of me and help me. I did all I could for humanity; humanity didn't do it but a dreadful little for me, I tell you. I worked here in Boston; I worked all over the world. I was quite a traveler. I could work, and that was the way I was, and I was happy, and all because I thought I had the influence of Jesus Christ. I was a good old Indian. Some of the band here tried to keep me from getting in. I suppose they thought I wasn't good enough. I always had a hard time to get into a hall in Boston, and if I got in somebody always wanted to put me out. I am the "Coming Man." I've got a work to do, and I am going to do it. I'm going to find some medium person and consecrate him to do my work. I'm going to work through him.

I've found the spirit-world just what I expected. I haven't been frightened into it, nor frightened out of it. I tell you, Mr. Chairman, you don't know but little until you step on this side. I tell you that Christ does come to earth, and he does send his influence out, he does bring people to him, he does say to them, "You must do the will of the Father." They don't make any difference whether you believe it or not, it has got to be done, and will be done, and you Spiritualists have got to work out a new and purer life, and have new strength, or you never will get anywhere, that's all.

I don't want to talk long. I may never get another chance. Remember, I am going to consecrate somebody to do my work, who is going to take up my mantle and carry it on. I shall still be heard sometimes in Boston. Sign it C. B.; it's all I want.

## Controlling Spirit.

We have no desire as a band, or as individuals, to push spirits out, or to keep them away; but sometimes we feel as if there were individuals who perhaps had better learn the way of life and understand something of control before we give our medium into their power. Consequently, when the friend stepped up to-day, thinking it was an acceptable time, we thought perhaps it would be better if he waited until more light came to him, and we asked him to step aside and give way to some one else; he being as persistent as he was in earth-life, was unwilling to do so, so we allowed him to control. Please do not understand from our remarks here that we are arbitrary and only allow certain individuals to control. We allow every one to do so who comes with sufficient strength. If spirits are in darkness, it makes no difference; let them obey our rules, and we place no obstacles in their way.

## Winthrop Blanchard.

My name is Winthrop Blanchard. I think it will be twenty-two years the 29th of May since I

left the form, in this city. My mother's name was Grace, my father's name was William. I was nearly seventeen years old. I am quite a young man now. I met friends of mine here that I look me in their arms and held me a dear old grandmother of my father's, who seemed to think she could not do enough for me. I have many kind friends. I have some on earth to-day, and for the second time I make the attempt through this avenue to send them a letter, and to say that I would be very glad to communicate some facts about me that I could give them help that would be worth a good deal to them. Most of my friends are here, yet there are some dear ones that will remember me that have not ceased to think of me from the time my eyes closed in the sleep which they call death, but which was life everlasting. I again make an appeal; please hear me.

## William H. Mann.

I come from New Orleans; my name is William H. Mann. I have been gone some ten years; my age is fifty-five. I direct my letter to an old friend of mine, whom I will simply call Jim. Many a long day have we been together, and many a day I have been questioned as to whether there was such a thing as coming back. I have few friends who care anything about me; they have mostly forgotten me, and I am glad they have. I used to be a dreamer often, and used to tell my friend I believed there was such a thing as coming back, and wherever he might be, whether in the prison cell or in the world at large, if it was possible I would find him. I have been able to rap at his bed room door. I have been able to warn him once or twice. Now I come here and trust my letter to the waves of Spiritualism, trusting it will reach his destination. I am thankful there is a place where good and bad white spirits, and as I used to say, "blue spirits" and gray, can all come, and on the same day, if they want to.

## Phebe E. Ranney.

I have only been gone a few weeks. I went away somewhere about the latter part of February last. My name is Phebe E. Ranney. I left this life at Toledo, Ohio. I might be said to be long in Chicago. My name was formerly Eldridge. I have a brother John, in Hartford, to whom I wish to direct my message. I want to ask him if, through some of the different mediums that are in this city, he will allow me to speak a few words to him, as I believe I can assist in his work. I believe I can give him advice which he has not had before. I can tell him some things which will be a relief to him. Ask him if he will write to my husband and give him encouragement, and assist him; also my family. Do not be afraid, dear brother, I will not injure you. I simply come with all the love I ever bore, asking if you will listen to me, and as I ask, please direct my message to John B. Eldridge, Hartford, Conn. I was quite along in years—sixty-eight—and most of life's scenes were past and gone, most of life's joys were over. I feel now as though I had grown younger every moment. I saw the struggle of life, I realized its power, I knew it; I felt the foreboding, I understood the mystery, but not fully. I was thankful when I landed on the shore of eternal life.

## Sarah, to A.

Again I intrude, Mr. Chairman, to send a message to a friend of mine, to let her know that I do not forget her, and that I come through every source endeavoring to give her heart cheer. The last few months have been months of waiting; the last few weeks have been weeks of care; yet let her ever remember that it is darkest before the dawn. Years may go by, but she will not come to us until joy and brightness have come to her heart. The flowers she loves so well are growing even now in the spiritual home. The spirit remembers her, although she may not approach the old home so quietly. And there is yet another who may bring in harmony sometimes, yet she shall not come without she brings the golden link of love. Changes may come, but she will never change. We will do all we can to make it brighter for her; we will send our love as sweet and pure as we can bring it from the crystal fountains of spiritual life. We will ask her to ever remember in her hours of sadness, or rather in the morning hour, when she feels weak and almost fainting, that we will bring the old Indian friend whom we have with us in spirit life to strengthen and protect her. Please say it is from Sarah, to A.

## Simeon H. Presbrey.

Some time ago I presented myself at your circle, and was told that my message must be marked out for I wasn't dead, when I really was at that time.

My mother believes in this thing, and knows that I can come. My brother doesn't believe in it. Now there were certain things that passed between us a short time before I was taken sick, in the way of business and papers. I asked him to visit me, and he said he would come and see me during his earthly life. I have looked over the city, and I believe if he will visit a medium they call Wildes, I can certainly assist him. I can tell him some things now, I am positive, for father is helping me, and Uncle Nathaniel is helping me too—Uncle Nat, as I used to call him, though he was a brother-in-law of mine, by the way. I really and earnestly want him to visit some medium who has never known me, and never known him, and I will give him satisfactory proof that it is I. I wish you would say it is from Simeon H. Presbrey, to Henry A. Presbrey.

If not inconvenient I would like to have my remarks published as soon as possible.

## James Landergan.

Say it is James Landergan. I lived in Auburn, it came to warm one Miller in regard to one of his family. I am no relation to 'em whatever, still I'm a little interested. I'd like to have him look out for a daughter who lives here, near Jamaica Plain. If he don't look out pretty soon, it won't be any use for she'll be all used up and won't be worth a fig. It's too bad. He used to allow her to dance and sing. Now she's not allowed to dance or sing or anything else for fear it will give offence to God. I don't like any such religion. I have taken the liberty to come here and express my opinion. The best thing they can do is to take their daughter home. She isn't happy, and it's the pity of the family that is making her unhappy. They are no relation to me. I never knew them, but I suppose I have a right to come here and give my opinion. You can sign it—I am coming to call you to an account. April 30.

## MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. SARAH A. DANKS.

## Edith Rate Specknell.

My name was Edith Rate. I was only twenty-five years old. My husband's name was Charles Specknell. I lived on North Schroeder street, Baltimore. Many and many have been the times that I have been told that absence conquers love. Not so. Though I passed through what is termed the valley and shadow of death, still no fear came to me. I have confidence in the Father's will and power. I lean upon him, for his staff has sustained me, and does yet sustain me.

"It is hard to part from those we love, though we have the full assurance of meeting them, knowing them, and loving them in the world beyond. Still if my will had been done, I would have stayed on earth and been a loving companion for my husband; but the decree went forth, and death entered the house, and made the heart of the one whom I loved, and who loved me, sad and mournful."

Do not look forward, oh husband, but look backward to the happy days we spent together; then think, if you can, of me as being a watch-

ful angel over all your acts, trying to teach you the way of God and of God's people.

What a beautiful gift is this! Though dead seemingly to the world, yet the privilege is ours to come and speak with you. Fear it not, for it is not of darkness. I live in the realms of light and beauty where the angels dwell. I am not dead, but alive. A life that has no ending is mine; that life which is knowledge and understanding, that life which takes away the fear of death and the sting of the grave, and makes us victors over all our sorrows. So, give me praise, do not condemn me. My heart was so overflowing with joy that I had to come and speak, to let you know, although you shrouded me for the grave, I am not there. My spirit dwells in heaven.

## James Dunn.

Men and women, I am an inquirer. I lived on Pennsylvania Avenue, in Baltimore. I was fifty-five years old. You were singing for one to be happy and contented; that is impossible. I died without wanting to do so. My family needed my presence; but the Almighty God, of whom the churches speak so much, sent out his decree, and I had to lay down my body and take up the spirit—unwillingly, to be sure.

Now what are you doing here, sitting around a table? I don't see anything to eat or drink. Of what use is it to you, and what advantage can it be to me to come here? I am gloomy, sad, and filled with despair over that which I cannot control.

I tried to believe what I was taught, but I never could believe that God would be so malignant as to cast me into eternal torture; nor has he done so. I did things that I should not have done, and I left undone many things that I should have done, and now I am held down to earth. Clouds gather around me, and as I break through them others come up against me. Now what can I do to get free from such conditions? My character was not altogether what it should have been, but the mourners held all that from the outside world.

I want help—not pecuniary help, but spiritual help. Why do storms overtake a man after his body has been consigned to mother earth? Are not the elements of my nature likened unto those of other men? Has God sought me as an example for others? I am held as in a vice—contracted at every point. I labored with my hands; I labored with my brain. Now what advantage is it all to me?

## David Eddy.

Being familiar with Spiritualism and its divine philosophy, I raised the table (the table had a few minutes before been raised partially from the floor) by which to introduce myself. It was I who first introduced Spiritualism into Cincinnati. A deep-toned volume, and from its pages I gleaned life instead of death. I return now through a stranger to myself, to make known to all those whom I have left behind, and that death has no place in God's universe.

I gradually lost the use of my limbs, but never lost the place of my senses. I knew when death came. Calmly and peacefully did I welcome it. And now, friends, unto all you who know me, and all those who know me not, I bring the glad tidings of a resurrected spirit born into new life, with new glories and new activities.

Boundless are thy universes. Unto thee, Creator of all creatures, offer I my thanks for the power which thou hast invested within me to-night to speak to mortals, and say, truthfully, There is no death. All is life, all is activity in that beautiful realm called heaven.

I shall ask no questions. I do not expect any response. My knowledge is extensive as regards the intercourse which the one world holds with the other, consequently I do not come as a novice.

Thanking you all for your kind attention, I withdraw.

## Senator Boggy.

"I was on the 20th of September I, a United States Senator, residing in Missouri, was dying in St. Louis. Strange, incomprehensible, I who warned others against such fanaticism, should stand here in the midst of many, and add my testimony to the verdict of truth as regards intercourse existing between mortal and immortal. My only condemnation should be my ignorance. After having learned and accepted the truth of an existing intercourse between the mundane and spiritual, and standing here as I do to-night, I think you should award me some progression on the other side.

I have no particular interest in any one of you. I deem there are none here to-night who take any interest in me. Thus the matter stands between us.

Drawn as I am in close proximity to yourselves, with power to read your minds and understand the workings of the body! That faculty was not mine when I was in the flesh, and it seems very beautiful.

I am not conversant with the laws of spirit-life; I am a mere pupil, and I stand hungry for spirit knowledge, being hungry, the angels feed me. As far as they have given me, and add my testimony to the verdict of truth as regards intercourse existing between mortal and immortal. My only condemnation should be my ignorance. After having learned and accepted the truth of an existing intercourse between the mundane and spiritual, and standing here as I do to-night, I think you should award me some progression on the other side.

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