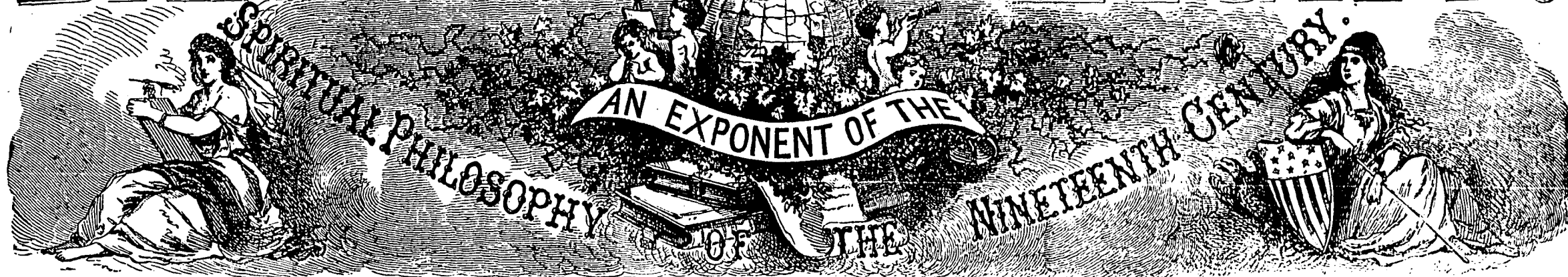


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The Rostrum.

THE FRATERNITIES OF DISEMBODIED SOULS. BY SPIRIT WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

A Lecture Delivered through the Trance Mediumship of Mrs. Corn L. V. Richmond, at Chicago, Ill.
(Special Report for the Banner of Light.)

My theme this evening, friends, relates to the Fraternity of Associated Spirits in Spirit-Life. The text is: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."
The perception of spiritual existence is one thing; the existence of life beyond death is quite another.

There are many persons who exist after the decease of the body; there are very many who do not perceive spiritual existence, even though they live after the death of the body. If I come to Chicago and am intent upon works of art, I visit those places where works of art are to be found, and know very little of what the superficial world may have to offer; I perceive only such things as I am in pursuit of, and I could not for the life of me tell the records of what is passing upon 'Change, nor could I determine in any manner the latest scandal in fashionable society. If a man in love with mere diversion visits Florence or Rome, he would scarcely be interested in those wonderful works of art that form the basis of pursuit of the student and scholar, and he very likely would find the cities both insipid and dull, merely because he could see nothing in a tower or dome or in certain pictured walls to suit his advanced tastes.

We see with our minds and the condition of our spirits; certainly not in any high sense with our external vision or the perceptions of our bodies. And therefore the spiritual world being more nearly a world of the condition of the mind, is entirely one of perception. The condition of every spirit depends upon the degree of that perception. The surroundings being less arbitrary than those of material substance, the external substance itself being amenable to other laws than those that govern matter upon earth, you will find that each spirit describes the spirit-world into which he or she enters as being precisely in accordance with his or her highest idea of heaven, or rather perception.

I once had occasion to ask a countryman in Massachusetts what his idea of heaven might be. He said he had a dream once that he died and went to heaven; and approaching a large red house, which seemed to him the perfection of architecture and taste, he inquired for the master. Everything about the house was spacious, and arranged in strict accordance with an ancient country farmer's mansion. He was informed that the master was away in the fields. He saw broadly cultivated acres and fruits growing in profusion, grain and all kinds of productions in the height of their growth. Presently he saw a man of immense dimensions (who would have appeared gigantic if he had not been so well proportioned) coming toward him; from his own feelings he interpreted this to be God. He, therefore, in abject fear, bowed down before this gigantic man, without making known what his errand might be, and awoke with the full consciousness that he had visited heaven and seen God.

I have seen other men, with larger culture and higher ideas, who had their image of heaven derived from their own minds as much as this man. Whether it be a throne of alabaster with walls of brass and gates of pearl, streets paved with gold and flowing with milk and honey, or whether heaven be, according to the Mahometan, a garden of paradise, where the Peri dwell and where Houris lavish all kinds of blandishments upon the happy and disenthralled Mussulman, it matters not; the ideal heaven is according to a man's spiritual perception, and he undoubtedly enters the state for which he is best qualified. Albeit there is a heaven for the dog fancier; very likely he will enter a condition of spiritual existence where his mind will still be in sympathy with his previous joys and pursuits. Albeit there is a heaven for the loftiest devotee, who enshrines his images in outward form and worships through sacerdotal rites and around altars emblazoned with emblems of external worship.

The heaven into which I entered was that which was latest upon my lips as a human being, the love of my fellow-man. I believe I can say that I have never cherished—at least I have no recollection of cherishing a feeling of ill-will toward any human being. I believe that my effort in life was, so far as possible, to express that good will; and if ever I was indignant, it was at a lack of the expression of good will among men, not toward the individuals who failed in that expression. If I ever cried out against wrong, it was the wrong, not the wrong-doer; if I ever considered human beings worthy of chastisement, it was only the gentle chastisement of that love which burneth greater than fire, and scourgeth more than a fine scourge of coils.

In spiritual life, therefore, I was prepared to enter an abode of love. I had never the fear of God in my mind; I had no thought of wrath, nor vindictive punishment; I had no terror beyond that of my own shortcomings. I well knew that there were imperfections and faults in the spiritual nature; that surrounded with matter and with dust, the spirit had not been so active as it should have been, but I had striven to keep alive so far as possible the spirit instead of the letter of the Word of God. I had striven, so far as possible, to find out what that spirit might be, and instead of the external form of salvation, I had chosen to receive the spiritual meaning of Christ's mission on earth, his love for man instead of the wrath of God; and I believed that this love was equivalent to the uplifting of all human beings.

With this feeling I entered spiritual life. I did not expect the heaven of the Orthodox Christian; I did not expect a ma-

terial heaven at all. I was quite prepared to enter a state of existence entirely different from my earthly state, and hoped that I would do so for this reason: That I found the earthly body, its surroundings and its needs, sometimes an impediment to the spirit; and while quite necessary for earthly uses, I had imagined a condition of life where the body itself might be dispensed with, as any useless incumbrance may be when we have outgrown it, and I quite well remember that in my last moments I became aware of the uplifting of the spirit beyond the senses, that the body was falling off as husks or shackles might fall from the slave, that an external covering was being removed that admitted my spirit into its native element; and I can realize no greater change than could come to a human being under these circumstances than release from the physical body itself. The bird bursting the calcareous covering, and soaring at once into upper air; the butterfly bursting the chrysalis, and feeding on dew instead of groveling in the dust; the flame mounting out of the darkness in which it has been imprisoned for years, could scarcely be more sudden or a greater transformation than that which comes to the spirit of man willing to be disenthralled from the dust.

I do not say that this comes to every spirit. I do not say that the feeling of release is so sudden and so conscious in all human beings, but I do believe—and in this I may perhaps judge somewhat from what I desire more than from what is really the case—I do believe that every human being feels in a measure disenthralled by the change called death. I believe that the worst conditions, spiritually, are in some measure benefited, by that change. I do believe that the outward body, which is the scene of passion and suffering, is in some measure a release to the spirit, while the condition of that spirit may be.

In my own case it was as I have described it. It was not that I was particularly glad to be away from earth; I found many things to employ me here. I found still the great field of social, religious and political life to be, as I thought, renovated. I found that the actual shrine of existence might remain in the external life for some time, and find ample work for the hands to do; but when once it was shown me that I was to go, and when I saw that my necessary career was in the direction of spiritual existence, I as gladly sprang to that atmosphere as the caged bird would spring to his native heather; I as gladly entered that condition as I would have entered any place of intellectual, social or religious enjoyment that I had long aspired to, but never attained when upon earth.

We enter a drawing-room upon earth, and we find ourselves either at once in our own atmosphere, or in a strange element; if in a strange element we are obliged and endeavor to assimilate with it, and to find some one with whom we may converse in sympathy, or at least observe something that will interest. If we find ourselves at home, we can at once enter into the spirit of whatever conversation, amusement or recreation is passing around.

These external states are, as we say, arbitrary; we are obliged to adapt ourselves to them on earth; in spirit-life we take our state with us. We enter that company and companionship for which we are best fitted. Our thoughts on entering are immediately known; we are recognized, and recognize one another without the formality of external introduction, or social inquisition. We are really among our spirit kindred, whether we have ever known each other on earth or not.

It is the blessing of spiritual existence that it removes external fetters; family lineage is not questioned. The spirit-record only forms the lineage that is to be considered. We are not questioned as to our individual beliefs on any given subject, since life itself is taken as a criterion of belief, and we are supposed to worship the gods we follow. I have known things to be different upon earth. I have seen men worshipping at the shrine of Mammon in every external action, and yet professing to worship another deity. I have known it to occur in human life that the profession was Christian, while the practice was largely Moslem. It may be that these conditions on earth are only attempts at growth; but they certainly fall to express the profession of life, and make very much of human existence an outward mask, in which men strive to appear what they are not.

In spiritual life this mask is necessarily removed; if we are highway robbers, we enter the heaven of that kith; if we belong to the more respectable class of robbers—those that in human life are considered respectable, because under the guise of society and law—we enter the condition of our kindred; if we belong to a class of human beings that, reverent principles, and in our imperfect way strive to express those principles in outward life, we are also known and recognized as we are; there is no disguise, since each one knows his or her own record, and is quite aware that one can be admitted to no company other than that for which one's spiritual state is fitted.

I therefore felt no discomfort on being admitted among the kindred and friends that surrounded me, among the minds that seemed to sympathize with the thoughts that I had held dearest upon earth, and among those whose thoughts had in some manner formed the basis of my external life and dreams.

I found social states entirely different from those on earth. By this I do not mean the actual social states which proceed from the affection of the mind and heart, but the laws governing society were from the very outset different. We begin at the external covering on earth, we attack society as you would a burr; that is, a very rough exterior must be taken by main force. In some instances we attack it as a general does a fortress, and approach by parallel lines, and a series of tactics, that the ingenious man if he understands will well employ; and that even discourages many honest men from attempting to enter the fort at all. Beginning on the outside of human beings, we necessarily in human life discover that which is worst in them; they wear this upon the outside, whether they think they do or not, for if it be a mask that apparently is good, we still must probe that mask before we find the actual individual.

In spiritual existence we begin the other way. We find the heart and mind first, which saves much trouble and misunderstanding. We are one with each other at once, or strangers. The chord of sympathy is at once struck, or is dumb. We understand that there is a common ground between us, or we know that there is nothing in sympathy. I have seen men of equal intelligence and learning sit in a company of earthly people who were enlightened and intelligent for three or four hours, and conversing together with never a thought in common, and with no more knowledge of each other than at the beginning.

If, as Talleyrand said, "words are given as a disguise for human thought," surely much of human society in earthly

life is given as a shroud for human existence, and men and women are buried in the things that they vainly call pleasure, and social life is a mere masquerade in which they assume a guise that they vainly would have their neighbors perceive to be true; and each of them despises the other for wearing it.

The thought of being recognized, the consciousness of being loved, and the fact that the spirit could not be mistaken, with an abiding trust and lofty hope, the endearing sentiment and power, made me aware that I had survived death, was alive, and drew to me the consciousness of those friends that had preceded me into spiritual existence. And now let me just here, in passing, say to those who pursue Spiritualism, who search for the hidden truth in Spiritual Philosophy: Do not seek for your friends in their outward garb merely; do not seek for father, mother, brother and sister as they were in their earthly estate, but only seek for them in the love which bound them to you, because all lesser things than this will have been swallowed up in their spiritual state; and in striving to join them do not strive to bring them down to your comprehension of external things, but rather to raise your comprehension to their new-found state. You will find it much more convenient; you will find it much more useful; you will find it much more truthful as far as spiritual life is concerned. The parent who passes from earthly life in a feeble state of health, and with a form decreasing in strength, vigor and activity, will not meet you, in spiritual life, in a decrepit form or with enfeebled countenance, but as in the full prime of manhood or womanhood. The parents who are to you, even in old age, the representation of all that is sacred and dear, will come to you in the full vigor of middle life, as perfect in form and feature as though no finger of time had ever touched them here. If rounded in spirit and completed in those social qualities which adorn human social life here, they will meet you with the full radiance of that social life expressed in visage and in form, and at outward sight you would certainly not know them, but with inward perception you would feel them at once as your own. It is so in degree with every friend that passes into spiritual life; the external imperfection, if it be a physical one merely, passing away with the body, the spiritual imperfection only remaining, and that, if their natures be more aspiring than groveling, soon wears away in the new atmosphere of spiritual life.

I was struck immediately with the consciousness of being in a world or sphere devoid of mere personality, of self-interest. Now what I mean by this is, that necessarily, owing to the external requirements of the body, you are selfish here, even the most unselfish of men. The house that you live in you consider yours; the property that you aggregate around yourself is yours; the possession of things individually belonging to the individual, creates a sphere of selfishness, and the protection of this property produces in all social life a kind of self-interest in which each human being and each family are hidden from the social observation and intercourse of their fellow-beings in some measure.

Now, you can imagine that in entering a life where you have no dwellings to provide to keep you from the elements; where your clothing is the work of far other hands than of those that are employed to toll day and night to clothe you here; where your food consists of far other substances than those that must be won either by work of the hand or the speculation of the brain, and where, in reality, the outward is usurped by the inner nature—you must imagine that there is an entire reversal of the social methods; that whatever individually a human being may possess he is not afraid of being robbed of that which is really himself. You are not afraid, when you lock your doors at night, that the burglar is coming to carry yourself away; you do not imagine that individually he would care to become possessed of such an incumbrance; but it is something that you are surrounded with—your goods, your chattels, your diamonds, your plate, your pictures—something that is extraneous to yourself which the burglar does not, perhaps, with a clear moral perception recognize as yours, and thinks he is entitled to it if he can only slip away with it. But in spirit-life everything that surrounds the spirit is as much a part of yourself as your body is here. While, then, you are removed from all necessity for protection against robbery and plunder, or innovation of any kind, there are consequently no inducements to that superficial and external kind of selfishness which constitutes the seeming necessity of outward life. If you could enter earthly society where the houses were all open, where there was perpetual summer, where children were playing to and fro among the flowers, where everything of adornment and beauty was visible, and not concealed, where all objects that met the eye were those of grace and comeliness, where kindly greetings, exchange of fraternal regard, ready sympathy and quick comprehension, were in every mind and heart, where every man who met every other man was as a brother, and all women sisters; where each and all conspire to make the others feel happy, where, if a source of knowledge or wisdom or joy came to one, he was not content without imparting it to all the rest, and where, like a steady breeze that blows in summer time, filling the air with odors of flowers from whence you know not, joy pervades the entire atmosphere, it would give you some idea of the harmonious social state of spiritual existence.

Each family, indeed, is isolated; there is, indeed, an individuality, but it is so sacredly regarded and so heeded that it is not even perceived. No person can invade the individuality of another. In fact, the spirit is its own protection, and you can be as isolated in the midst of a million as though you were upon a mountain top, or a hermit in a cave. If there be something in your mind or spirit that requires solitude, there is no spirit among all your friends who would or could intrude upon that solitude.

The sanctuary is within the soul! The surroundings indicate that solitude is there. No invading hand or voice ever approaches until you desire it. But where there is nothing to conceal, where solitude is only for self-retrospection, self-benefit, where the thought of others is uppermost in the mind, and where ideas flow forever continually toward the benefit of one's kind, there can be little room for misanthropic meditations, little desire for loneliness, since prayer in this state of existence consists of activity, and the working of the mind toward others is found to be the chiefest instrument for aspiration and ascension.

The hermit who prays in soul, the recluse who seeks solitude, the misanthrope who separates himself from his fellow-beings, is an illustration of a kind of selfishness; but he who only seeks solitude that he may gain strength, he who desires to be alone that he may commune with the highest—with the Infinite—he that strives simply to benefit others by his communion and meditation, does not even find it necessary to separate himself from his spiritual associates and surroundings.

While, as I say, the charm of the family is still preserved, and the nearest and dearest are nearest and dearest still; while the mother folds her child, and the father embraces the darling that comes to him from earthly life; while the brother and sister, who are linked in spirit as well as with the ties of consanguinity, are still brother and sister, there is not only this family, but a larger family of all kindred minds and souls.

You meet in society, or in the world of contact with matter, occasionally human beings, and you will say to them, "I surely have met you before; you seem as near to me as a friend or brother." The kindred nature of your spirits flows together, and you know one another without the formality of long social intercourse. After this manner you become associated in spiritual life—poets, philosophers, friends, artists, those who have loved a single truth, or been associated in the same effort; those who in different parts of the world have dreamed the same dreams, and looked out for the same glorious future for humanity; these are drawn into fraternities and associative bodies. They resemble, in a loftier degree, some of those friendly associations in Germany where every man seems to have the interest of every other man at heart more than his own selfish interest. I have seen some such associations in colleges. I have known of such friendly intercourse among those of some craft, or ilk, or art, upon earth. I have known it to exist even among the orders of secret societies, but the trouble is that upon earth it is the external interest that binds them together, and not the flowing together of the spirit. It is like the membership of the church, that has the external form too often of brotherhood, but within is discord. And I know of no bond in church, in Freemasonry, in Odd-Fellowship, in any outward order created by man, that can take the place of this sublime spiritual recognition that determines the order of spiritual relationship, and determines the fact of spiritual kindred by the nearness of spiritual perception and likeness to one another.

Having found my heaven, having determined it to be a condition of mind more than of place; having perceived that I could make my own surroundings, and that my spirit was indeed amenable only to the laws of its own growth, having such outward adornment only as was necessary for the spirit, not limited to time and space, and only such associations as I could take with me wherever I desired to go—I said, "I long to know more of the mysteries of this spiritual state, wherein the brotherhood of man is more clearly recognized, and wherein I can in some degree see the foreshadowing of what I hope may come upon earth."

I beheld one whom on earth was called a dreamer; who gave incendiary thoughts to his time and age, and was denounced as infidel and atheist because he believed in the brotherhood of man, and the love more than in the hatred of God and the condemnation of his fellow-men. I mean Rousseau. I beheld him in a fraternity of associated minds, surrounded by those who had either possessed kindred thoughts for humanity, or stimulated by his words and works, had followed him as their idol and teacher. He seemed to me as a flame. He seemed as inspiring as an eagle. He seemed prone to fly into regions where no other being dared to follow, and yet return again to the conscious work of outward life. Oh, how his spirit flashed! How the air around him seemed to glimmer with transcendent light! How I knew that he had been shunned, vilified, ostracized upon earth! And I beheld those one who loved his kind and hated only tyranny, only those institutions of men that serve the ambition of tyrants and kings by blotting out human life and human liberty. There he was, and could you have seen the minds who surrounded him there; could you have seen how willingly they worked in accordance with his directions; could you have beheld that even as machinery, intricate and complicated, yet all fitted together turns the great motor power of the world, you would have seen that there in that one sphere is a social state equivalent to moving the whole planet of men, stronger than the strongest armies of united Europe, or of the whole world; stronger than the strongest physical force of every masked battery, of every invention of torture that man has ever dreamed of—the one moral power of a single mind round whom other kindred minds are centred, for the purpose of breaking down upon earth physical power and social wrongs.

I did not find him alone great among these minds: I found there many great and risen ones—philanthropists, poets, those who have shed their light upon earth; and linked with them, even far away into the classical periods of time, I beheld other souls whom the world has worshipped as great. I need not say that I found that there were even more modern exponents of the associative effort of man upon earth, attempting to make in external life the semblance of spiritual fraternities. I need not say that in one of the more recent groups I found Robert Owen, the English philanthropist, and he who, perhaps more than any other man of this period, engrafted upon the English working-men's minds the necessity of associative effort.

I said: "In what consists the seeming failure on earth of associative bodies of men for fraternal purposes?" I remember the benign visage and hesitancy, as though he felt unequal to answering the question, when Mr. Owen said, "I am at a loss for any explanation other than that which met me in the face when I first attempted this experiment in my native land."

He said: "I mean the selfishness of humanity. I am at a loss for any other explanation than that the moment external matters of business are considered, human beings forget that they are brothers."

"But," I said, "there surely must be a deeper reason than this?" And with this there came out of the sphere in which Rousseau dwelt, one who seemed competent to answer the question. I did not know him, but some one said, "This is Fourier, the French socialist, the leader of a large class who in following or striving to know that which Plato grasped in his time, fell into the revolution of a period of thought that was not ripe for his plan upon earth."

He said: "I know the reason. It is that the external alone has been sought for in associative efforts. Men begin at the wrong beginning. They make property, education, external things, the basis of associative effort. The only fraternity is that of spiritual kinship. Let any class of beings associate together from the love of one idea, and while that idea binds them they are harmonious. Take the religious ideas and orders of the world: when pervaded by them, those who associate together are harmonious. It is only when external matters intervene that they cease to work together. Take all associative efforts based upon religion, and for zeal and bigotry men will do more than they will for their kind. Now," he said, "if we can only have a religion that embraces humanity, and teaches the worth of human life at the very foundation, we shall have associative efforts enough upon earth."

There has never been a religion except in individual and isolated cases that has been sufficient to overcome the love of external power, whether it be of kingship, priestcraft or wealth.

"When this religion pervades mankind; when some high sentiment like that of art, poetry and music combined shall take possession of the soul; when the thought itself shall be centered upon humanity as the great power, and upon human brotherhood as the heart and soul of its religion, we shall have associative bodies of men upon earth. Foreshadowed by these minds, attempted in many ways, experimented upon in reference to social plans, and plans of religion, no effort of human beings at conquering outward selfishness has been a failure. Every one I consider to be a stepping-stone toward the higher fraternity that shall surely come."

Secret societies, bonds of brotherhood having any relation whatsoever, I consider to be the prophecies of the coming time. The only reason I object to secret societies is that they do not include everybody, and if I ever have an order, or establish one, I should certainly have it include the entire human family. Then it may be as select as you desire. But certainly any one upon any basis, or that proclaims the brotherhood of man, making that its foundation, is to me, and has been during my entire life-time, an indication or a prophecy for the future.

In spiritual life you will well understand there is no rivalry between artists, no jealousies among poets, none among philosophers; and as for millionaires their wealth is nothing, since they have left that behind them upon earth.

There is consequently none of the stimulus to outward emulation, and selfishness gradually comes to be dropped off, as one would drop off a worn-out and useless garment, of which he is always ashamed.

In spiritual associations, also, there is the constant stimulation that the more active we are for others the nearer do we seem to be to that kingdom of happiness of which we are in pursuit, and the consequence is that one soon learns to forget whether he is in heaven or not, whether he is seeking his own salvation or not, by the consolation that he is striving every day and hour to do something that will ameliorate the condition of others.

The working men of England, of this country measurably, of France, of Germany, of all Europe, feel the mighty force of that power that is sweeping in from the sphere of these so-called communists, and, feeling it, are uplifted by it, and although upon them is no blame of the bloodshed that was seen in France, we must remember that riot and confusion were born of freedom. We must remember that if there be violence at the breaking out of the efforts toward fraternal association, it is not the fault of the principle, but only of the state of darkness that precedes it.

I perceived other associative bodies for other purposes. It seemed to me that art was one, and that a whole sphere of kindred minds was linked together around the great soul that planned St. Peter's, and that he, having outgrown his ambition, his jealousies of all rivals, sat in the midst with his threefold power of genius, while many more with him, among whom were Raphael, Da Vinci, and a host of others who seemed to move in harmony together, working for higher aims—what might be their art now? No power for which another dome was to be fashioned; no churches to be ornamented with Madonnas, each one wearing the face of some mother in Italy; no babes, infant Christs, to be pictured for the homage of the world and the admiration of all lovers of art? What could they be painting now? Along the vistas of time, and as if in panorama, I beheld their work, and I saw how upon kindred minds they had pictured hope when despair was high; faith when they had been lost in darkness; love when human hatred had condemned them to despair; and I could behold beautiful images, more beautiful than any which adorned the classical scenes of Rome or Florence. Oh, such pictures of human hearts that had outgrown their anguish, of human souls released from the misery of despair and the desolation of fear of death—such pictures as Raphael alone could paint, whose mind, intent upon the love of one human being, forgot that he ever painted a picture which was worthy the consideration of man! Did he not paint for her eyes alone? did he not tell for the infant upon her knee? and was it not this inspiring love that uplifted him to heaven. Dante—did he care for the divine poem that he wrote, that through all time has been the study of students and philosophers? Nay, he cared only for that one image, uplifted above all others, enshrined within his heart, she who led him on the saint of his worship, the idol of his life—Beatrice. And that worship and that love made him superior to other souls who are impoverished of love here and who have no divine image to turn to.

Was it not the mother of Christ that taught all human mothers to bear their anguish in silence? Was it not Christ, the older brother of men who gave to humanity the one living image of self-sacrifice that they might be uplifted and sustained in every sorrow?

Shall we only paint pictures upon walls? and build temples that can crumble to dust? I tell you that I saw a temple in that artist sphere that no time can cause to crumble, and no human hand demolish, fashioned of human lives, so perfect and so rounded that each pillar was engraven with a life, and every image was an image of loveliness. I saw mothers enshrined there, no carved images of stone, no painted images upon canvas for men to worship, but the living images of Magdalenas, disenthralled of souls, risen out of despair and desolation, whom the tortures of life had misled, but who were there released.

I saw divine and sacred shapes of art and religion, but they were no lifeless things; they were living beings, pulsating, palpitating with the breath of life, and placed in their own sphere, performing their work there, each one a portion of the living temple which the great Master Artist has fashioned in another sphere than that of Rome.

Oh, could you see that dome? Could you behold the images that were adorning its walls? Could you see the life-current flowing to and fro, that vibrates to no melody save that of love? Could you hear the music of voices all in sweet accord that have no sound save that which breathes of peace and harmony? Could you know that not one chord of human sympathy is lost! that not one love-note is broken! that not one life is extinguished! Could you behold the risen and created forms that are grown glorious and beautiful in that far-off clime, you would say that all the art of earth sinks into insignificance, that here is the divine fellowship and the divine hand that links them all together.

I will not multiply. These are but typical spheres of thousands of others that I have visited, thousands where no thread of human life is lost, where no hope has perished, where no day-dream is forgotten, where no lofty aspiration for humanity is ever doomed to disappear; all are gathered in golden links of perfect shining chains into these spheres of life, and represent the possible of man!

To bring some portion of this divine atmosphere, to uplift you to that height and the structure of these divine temples that are imperishable, to make your lives a portion of that spiritual existence that shall fashion for humanity on earth that which souls have fashioned in spirit-life, is some portion of my errand among you.

If from the sphere of fraternity, which embraces thousands of associative bodies, I have given you one gleaming hope, so that the captive in the dungeon cell, the prisoner in chains, the soul enshrouded in fear of death, or he who walks the earth the victim of despair and melancholy shall be in any measure lightened of his burden, then I am satisfied.

This is my errand of love, and as I go I repeat my text, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

POEM BY OLIVIA.

I have come to give you greeting
From the hazy-grounds of above,
And I know that in your meekness
You'll receive me with true love.

Was it not the loving Master
That the pale-face says did die
To bring peace and love to all men?
Then for that love did you try?

How? by slaying one another,
Making fire-arrows the while;
Loving no man as your brother,
And deceiving with your smile!

Far across the big sea-water
Came the pale-face to this land—
Came the pale-face, son of a daughter,
Bringing war and his dark hand.
Then the red man rose to slaughter;
Then he slew your son and daughter,
Then he slew the pale-face daughter,
And he loved no man but the sin.

Did the pale-face come in kindness?
Did he teach him of the love
Of the Great White Brother, shining
In the far-off world above?

Yes, he taught him with his preaching,
But his actions were of fear;
Yes, he taught him, but his teaching
Was as false, dim and drear.

Oh, remember if our Father
Ever had to the red man come,
Ever had to him that with loving
He could gain the highest home.

Ever had to him that by striving
He could win the highest place,
Growing ever-so-striving,
Would he ever-so-strive?

All that teaching, all that kindness,
As to rise up in his might
And slay down a fellow brother,
Claiming it as his own right!

Had the Father in high heaven
Ever given all that teaching here,
Such unkindness as was given
Where the Christians' flag unfurled?

Had he said this to the red man,
He would have said with pipe of peace,
He would have said with pipe of peace,
From all outward pain and sorrow,
And bid all your striving cease.

From the hunting-grounds afar-off,
Where the red man is no more,
United with the cruel warfare,
I have brought gifts to your door—
Just this greeting to your spirit,
Joy into your hearts to pour.

I feel sometimes tears and anguish
Gather round your pathway here,
And you have no hope, but anguish
For the loved ones in heaven's sphere.

For the flower that is transplanted
I throw down a word of truth;
For the tear-drop that you shed
I will bring a pearl of light;
For each sigh and all its pain here
I will bring a dear delight.

I will strive to show you and you
All the blessings I can find;
I will gain that which is near you
I will gain that which is near you.

And will make your earth's pathway
Bright as pathways were of old,
And will show the higher way
That awaits you here with me.

My name is made of white pearl,
Drawn by white waves of my thought,
And my wholeness is no church,
Alas, the way of kindness wrought;

But I don't know when I wander
Here to see what is to be,
Always and I am now forever
In my home which I love.

Self you will find I am true,
When you go away from home,
Soothing some one's pain or anguish,
When again at home you come.

You will brighten that and glory
Waiting you at every turn,
And sweet music, all unaltered,
Rising from an unseen urn.

I will ask you now to leave here,
All around you brows to-night,
Gladness of these heavenly visions,
Fishes of this golden light;

And with all your blessed teaching,
And with all your hearts of love,
And with all your sacred preaching,
Make your earth like heaven above.

THE MEDICAL LAW IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mr. EDITOR—It may be well to give to the people through your columns a short account of the origin and nature of the Medical Law, and present some few reasons why it should be repealed. It was conceived by a few interested parties at the close of the New Hampshire Medical Society at Concord, in June, 1875. The bill was evidently copied from a law passed by the Legislature of New York the year before, in a very hasty and inconsiderate manner. It was presented in the Senate by a doctor—a member—and by a subscription of the rules of the Senate, it passed through its various stages in one day, and was sent down to the House of Representatives for their concurrence, where it received the support of a respected member, also an M. D., who said it was simply an act to keep the "quacks" out of the State, and it passed the House in nearly as summary a manner as it passed the Senate, under a suspension of the rules of the House, and was immediately approved by the Governor, bearing date July 3d, 1875. I am informed, an action was taken on July 7th under the law, upon a physician who was practicing acceptably to his patients, but unfortunately for him not acceptably to the parties who were interested in the passage of this law, who did not acknowledge him as a "regular," duly commissioned from their particular school. This shows something of the spirit which actuated the projectors of this law, and the use they propose to make of it. It was passed through both branches with such undue haste, without debate, under the guise of its being an act "for the protection of the people," that but very few of any of the members fully understood the true intent, or the motive of its projectors. In fact, when the subject of its repeal was agitated last session, some of the old members were surprised that such an act had passed, and become a law, and they were not aware of it. The law was not called for by "the people," and not one in a hundred, aside from the M. D.s, knew that it existed upon our statutes for nearly two years after its passage.

The slight efforts made last year brought in the names of some eight hundred of our citizens, who, in the hearing of the petitioners before the Judiciary Committee of the House, the room was packed by a delegation of the members of the New Hampshire Medical Society—which was in session at that time—with chosen speakers from their members to advocate the justice and necessity of the law before the Committee. They failed to show either, especially in its present form, and all of the arguments they presented in favor of the law were summed up in the utterance of one of their number after the close of the hearing, which was, "that one-half of the people did not know enough to take care of themselves, and that we have got to make laws to protect them."

The report of the Committee was, that the matter be placed in the hands of a commission to be appointed, to prepare and recommend such alterations in existing laws as in their judgment the amended constitution required; and that said Committee properly amend said law or recommend its repeal, as in their judgment the public good required, and report at the next session of the Legislature. This is the situation of the case, and now if the people are willing to acknowledge that they do not know enough to decide who they wish to have treat them in case of sickness, and are willing that "three censors" interested parties, shall decide for them, then they want to sign the petitions which the doctors are causing to be circulated in some localities, to have the law retained. But if they love liberty, have confidence in their own ability to judge for themselves, and are willing to encourage the progress and improvement of the healing art, by giving the various modes of practice equal privileges, and are opposed to giving special privileges to any one class, then they should record their names upon the petitions offered for signatures in every town where there is a person who is willing to work for equal rights, and the highest good of diseased and suffering humanity.

These comments are not prompted by any unkind feeling toward Allopathic physicians, for among them are some of my most valued and esteemed friends, and some of them, at least, are ashamed of this law. But when they, or any other class of persons, seek legislation calculated to deprive the people of their inalienable rights, to make a benevolent and human act a crime, and put the remedial interests of the people into the hands of three "censors" who cannot go beyond their own or a kindred school, I deem it my duty as a good citizen to rebel.

E. J. D.

It is said that if electrical wires are wrapped around a common tin can a telephone is produced capable of transmitting musical sounds through many miles of wire. We cannot vouch for the truth of this, but we know that if a common tin can is wrapped around a dog's tail with a piece of rope, the sounds emitted, if not musical, can be heard through as many streets as the can chases the dog.—Ez.

Spiritual Phenomena.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Being a constant reader of the Banner, I have observed that you sometimes publish articles from correspondents giving the different phases of mediumship, therefore I send you some of my experiences, thinking they may interest some of your readers. I hold myself responsible for the truth of the statements I make.

I have had to travel on business for some years to the many cotton factories in all the New England States (being in the employ of the Drapers of Hopedale). I am not what is termed a clairvoyant, yet frequently in my business with the overseers I would have an unsought mental perception of the presence of some departed relative of the overseer whom I would be engaged with, so clear that I could describe the apparition, and I knew what it wished to say to the person I would be talking with. In that way I presume to say I have given scores upon scores of communications, and never made one mistake, and they were all accepted. I never for one moment lost control of my mind, but could easily proceed with my business, even if it were the taking of a drawing of some machine. Where this power came from I never could tell. It did not come through the exercise of my will, for scarcely ever when requested could I exercise it or give any such satisfactory results.

I have at various times seen spirits of the departed, whether materialized or not I cannot say, but it appeared to me that I saw them with my natural eyes, and at such times I would find myself clairvoyant and would hold mental conversation with them. One or two instances I will relate:

In 1870 I was coming from Sag Harbor, Long Island; and while waiting on the wharf at New London for the steamboat to take us across the Thames, I noticed several other men there, conversing on politics, all strangers to me, and I had not had a word of conversation with any one, but, strange as it may appear, when the boat was about to start one of these men stepped to my right side and said he wanted a seat with me when we reached the cars, as he wished to talk with me. At the same instant an apparition that I knew to be the spirit of his father approached me on my left side. I said: "Well, I am a great talker, and here is also your father who wants to talk with you."

"My father!" he exclaimed; "my father is dead."

"No, sir, he is not," I replied.

"I tell you he is," said he.

I admitted that his body was dead, but that his spirit was there, waiting by my side.

"If that is so," said the man, "will you describe my father?"

I told him that his father was nearly a head taller than himself and walked stooping somewhat forward; described his dress, and in particular a short, round tailed jacket. The man replied: "Well, that is all true, but the jacket he called his 'spencer.'" So after telling him what a pet his father always made of him, and many things that I knew nothing about, while riding in the cars with him an hour or more I explained the philosophy and advantage of spirit intercourse. He told me, apparently deeply interested in the subject, saying that he would search into it if God spared his life.

And now I ask what but that man's father could have influenced him to this approach me, that he might be induced to search into Spiritualism?

At another time, three or four years since, I entered the Boston and Worcester Depot to take the second train for Hopedale; and as I stood with satchel in hand looking at a train of cars that were backing into the depot, a man, whom I never saw before, nor spoke to me and asked if that was the train that was going to Milford. I said: "Yes, sir, and I am going in it." He then asked me if I lived at Milford, and if I knew Mr. Ballou, the founder of the Hopedale Community, and many other questions regarding persons and things in Hopedale, as I had told him I was living there. He then went on to state that twenty years prior to that date he lived in Milford, and felt deeply interested in the Hopedale Community, but that he went West and joined a community (he told me where and what), and added that he had met with bad luck; had lost all of his property and had lately lost four children.

While I was listening to the man's history of himself I felt a touch on the shoulder, which drew my attention to a rather tall, elegant lady, dressed in pongee, without hoopskirts, whom I knew to be the spirit of a wife of the man I was listening to. She was looking on him with apparent interest, and wanted to converse with him; and as the man said he had lost four children, I said with strong emphasis, "You have lost a wife, too." The man replied: "No, I have not; my wife is living now."

This assertion seemed to give me a stunner for a moment, but I turned to the woman and asked her this mental question: "Do you assert yourself to be this man's first wife?"

The answer came, "I do, positively."

I then turned to the man and said: "Sir, here is a woman stands by my side—you do not see her, I suppose, it is a spirit—and she asserts that she was your first wife; and she must have been your wife, or expected to marry you when young."

To this the man replied in a harsh way, "Well, I had a first wife, but we parted before she died."

RICHARD WALKER.

SEANCES AT MRS. PICKERING'S.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Being one of a party of people from Lowell who visited Mrs. Pickering at Rochester, N. H., and whose statement you published not long since, permit me to say that the same party visited her again at a subsequent date. We had every opportunity for examining the premises, did so quite minutely, and all the party reaffirm the statement made at the first visit. The first interview has been quite fully described, but not over-stated, by Mr. E. P. Hill in the Haverhill Publisher. Our first visit was made the next day after the one described by your correspondent from Brooklyn, and our second the day following the one described by Bro. Wetherbee. I desire to describe my own experience at the two seances.

At our first visit we endeavored to satisfy ourselves of the genuineness of the phenomena. Mrs. Pickering was securely tied in such a manner that she could not possibly produce the phenomena we saw, and we were also satisfied that there were no confederates or mundane machinery whatever that produced them. Having become convinced of the genuineness of the phenomena, we desired an interview without her being subjected to any restrictions, and then made arrangements for our second visit.

During the interim of three weeks which elapsed between the sittings, I had revolved in my mind the memory of many of the usual ways, which has been fully described. I took my seat at the extreme right of the rear circle, facing the cabinet. When the form I shall describe appeared, Mr. Goward was standing close to my left. The spirit's gaze swept the circle from his right to left, and raising its arm pointed to where I sat. As Mr. Goward was standing so close to me, it was difficult to tell which was selected. He asked if it was for him. A decided negative was given; and again the arm was raised and extended in the same direction. Mrs. Goward spoke and said, "It is for you, Mr. Plimpton," and the spirit assented, and sharply defined to my view, and at the time there was a strong light. The form and features were clearly and distinctly recognized. I should not more readily recognize a friend in the body, by meeting him unexpectedly on any street in this city in broad daylight.

I said, "This is Alonzo," and the spirit responded emphatically, his face glowing with joy and gladness. Now, the person who presented himself to me was killed on a railroad in California, in December, 1864, and among all those whom I had thought might possibly appear to me, his name, or any memory of him, had not been thought of by me in connection with either visit to Rochester.

I have asked my associates about it, and they describe him as I saw him, showing the form of a robust built man, who if clothed with mortal flesh would weigh one hundred and eighty pounds, which was about his weight the last time I saw him. I have been thus particular, because I may answer some inquiries that are frequently made, viz: "Why the spirits they inhere to spirit life?" Why on such occasions the spirit physical discussion on profound and abstruse subjects? etc., etc. I might ask with equal point, why cannot a vessel sail due north by the compass, when it is unequally surrounded with iron ore?

My friend appeared to me for recognition, and assumed the form and expression as I remembered him. It was my friend, he had been in my family and was personally known to me. He did not have to tell me who he was, for there he stood before me.

fore me. It was not somebody whose picture I had seen, or had heard of, who had been dead years before I was born, but he who had made my household glad with his music and good cheer. Surely this is a great triumph and glorious compensation to me for long years of toil and patient waiting for the fulfillment of the promise of the angels.

Those who were with me can testify to the facts I have given; one of them writes me, that "if it had ever seemed to the person who writes me, that 'if it had ever seemed to me, my own experience, while they also can in a measure partake of the joy that fills me as I contemplate the scene and attempt to convey it to others. Believing as I sincerely do the great truth of immortality there being demonstrated, I can say to all who approach that shrine, have a care what intent and purpose, for it is an opening portal to the home of the angels, a very gate of heaven."

Lowell, Mass. A. B. PLIMPTON.

[From the Truth Seeker, D. M. Bennett, Editor, New York, March 16th, 1878.]

A SITTING WITH MRS. MAUD E. LORD.

Our opportunities for testing what are termed spirit-manifestations have not been extensive; and while we are fully satisfied that many unprincipled persons have been guilty of the basest frauds and impositions in this line, and have abused the credulity of honest people for the sake of making money, we are as firmly convinced that genuine demonstrations have taken place in our presence, when no fraud or collusion was employed. These have taken place both in the daylight and in dark rooms. The strongest cases we have witnessed have been detailed in these columns, and it seems hardly necessary that we should mention them again. Suffice it to say, the results that were produced in our presence and in our view could be accounted for only on the theory that there are existing intelligences capable, under favorable conditions, of making themselves known, and of conveying various tokens of their love and continued life, and which are invisible to our sight.

These seeming intelligences may not be spirits, and science may yet be able to fully explain, upon natural principles, how the class of demonstrations alluded to are produced; but we must say up to this time no explanation we have seen seems as probable and reasonable as what is called the spiritualistic theory. A few evenings ago we attended a seance, held by Mrs. Maud E. Lord, at the house of our friend, Mr. Phillips, 222 West 37th street. Nineteen persons formed the circle, and they seemed to be people of good intelligence, some of whom had never attended anything of the kind before. We sat very closely together, forming a complete circle, into which no one could gain admittance, had they been in the room. Mrs. Lord sat in the centre, and some one in the circle kept her feet constantly on hers to be sure she did not leave her seat; besides, she kept clapping her little hands, with cessation, and engaged nearly every moment in conversation.

The lights were extinguished, and in a very few moments an abundance of demonstrations took place, like the playing on a guitar while it was sailing over our heads, the carrying around of a music box while playing; the appearance of numerous lights of various sizes and at various altitudes; the taking of several articles, as handkerchiefs, keys, knives, etc., from one and handing them to another; the frequent touches by hands, small and large, patting, caressing, slapping, etc. Many persons in the circle seemed to have numerous friends present; notably two actors, who appeared to be persons of the name of Edwin Adams and other deceased actors seemed to be with them, and to be feeling very happy. A peculiar feature was the audible voices that we heard almost every moment. They were in loud whispers that could easily be heard by every person present. The name of the spirit, or what purported to be the spirit, was spoken first, after which numerous questions were answered. The two actors alluded to received many of these answers, and they kept up an amusing conversation with their departed friends. It was impossible for Mrs. Lord to have simulated these voices, for they were heard repeatedly while she was speaking.

In close proximity to us, the name, John Bennett, (our father's) was distinctly spoken. What appeared like a man's hand slapped our vigorously; an arm, or what appeared to be an arm, was placed around our neck, and we were firmly embraced; and, in a very loud and vigorous whisper, close to our ear, a voice, at the same instant with the embrace, said, "My son, you are doing right; press on in your noble work." We felt cheered and comforted, and knew that no person in the body had thus embraced us. Our wife was sitting on one side, and her sister upon the other, and they were made conscious of the presence of disembodied personages.

Let not our materialistic friends judge too hastily that we were deluded. We know we were not, and had any candid person witnessed what we did, we think he would have been equally convinced.

We are not positive that this was done by spirits, but we are positive that it was not done by mortals.

[From the Great Falls (N. H.) Journal for May 10th, 1878.]

MATERIALIZATION.

The rapid advancement of Spiritualism throughout the country is exciting astonishment in all quarters, and such demonstrations as are being brought out by Mrs. J. R. Pickering, of Rochester, naturally are given considerable attention by Spiritualists and the public generally, newspapers included. Thinking that we might learn more of the wonderful phenomena, we attended another seance Thursday evening. The company present comprised about twenty-five persons, ladies and gentlemen, eighteen of them being from Lowell.

The Lowell party seemed to be anxious to give the matter thorough investigation, and they examined everything carefully. It was proposed that Mr. Pickering sit outside of the cabinet and see if the forms would appear, which was consented to do. She sat in a chair near the curtain of the cabinet, her face and hands being hidden from view by a curtain which was used for the purpose. Her dress below her hands could be plainly seen, her hands being folded and placed in her lap. In twenty minutes a form of a female, dressed in white, appeared, and a lady present claimed that she recognized it as a friend of hers. The next form was recognized as the mother of one of the Lowell gentlemen. Then appeared the form of a man which seemed to desire the attention of a gentleman present, although several were present to the attention of the so-called spirit form, but could not attract it. Not until the gentleman desired stood on his feet did the "spirit" seem satisfied. It seems that the gentleman had entered the seance expecting to see a departed friend, and, unbeknown to any one present, was familiar with the Spanish dialect. He said: "Es cierto que es usted, Cy?" meaning in English, "Is it really you, Cy?" The form at once bowed assent, as though the question was understood, and a voice was heard to speak as though it came from this form, sounding very much like the Spanish tongue, though it was not understood by the questioner. The form disappeared, but shortly appeared again, when it was asked, "Puede venir una mas aca?" meaning, "Can you come a little nearer?" The form, singularly enough, advanced several steps in the direction of the speaker at once. He then asked, "Puede usted mostrarme como recibio la muerte?" which in English would be, "Can you show me how you received your death?" The form raised one hand to its head and touched the very place where the friend received his death-blow. The form could not be recognized as having any resemblance to Mr. Cyrus Cummings, who was killed in 1876 by being thrown from a railroad car, his head striking a rail, which caused his death. How the questions were so readily understood, seems very mysterious to the gentleman who asked them.

About twenty forms appeared during the evening, and a few of them were recognized as the same ones which appeared at the seance of the previous Saturday evening. At one time three forms could be seen, all at the same time, representing a man, woman and child. How this could have been done without the aid of confederates, seems wonderful. It seems impossible for Mrs. Pickering to get out of her dress and get back into it again while a great part of the dress can be plainly seen during the whole evening, and at times the curtain was lifted by the forms, to show that she was sitting in the chair.

All classes of people visit these seances, believers and unbelievers of Spiritualism, and many church members. Those who have been present at the two seances, we have attended, whether they believed it the work of spirits or not, express themselves as being greatly entertained. You are not asked to believe that the forms are spirits. See and hear and judge for yourself.

Says Prof. Gunning, in his work "Life-History of our Planet":

"What was the court of justice among your ancestors a few hundred years ago? It condemned to death one of the first physicians of England for the crime of raising a storm by sailing over the sea. In a sieve, in company with two witches on broomsticks; and King James of glorious memory, graced by his presence the tortures of the execution. Justice why there was such a sense in the English mind in the time of James I., and it demanded that Dr. Fitham, of spotless life, for crime of brewing a storm in a sieve, should be burned for a few minutes by men, and then through the aeons of eternity by the merciful God! Justice, the sense of what is just between God and man, so slow in coming, has not yet come into the minds of men in the third sense, the sense of what is just between man and animal. The injustice and cruelty to animals, so characteristic of the race, called civilized, will be held in future ages as one of the crowning vices of a more primitive humanity."

The wise man draws more advantage from his enemies than the fool from his friends.—Franklin.

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TO BOOK-RETURNERS.

The attention of the reading public is respectfully called to the fact that the *Banner of Light*, for the purpose of securing a more complete and accurate record of the progress of the spiritualist movement, has been placed on file in the Boston Public Library, and is open to the inspection of all who are interested in the subject. The book is bound in a handsome cover, and is a valuable addition to the library of any person who is engaged in the study of the occult sciences.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Notices of meetings, lectures, and other public events, should be forwarded to the office of the *Banner of Light*, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, as early as possible, in order to insure their publication in the issue of the paper in which they are to appear. The office is open from 10 o'clock to 5 o'clock, and is accessible to all who wish to consult it.

Banner of Light.

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Letters and communications for the *Banner of Light* should be addressed to the Editor, at the office of the paper, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. The office is open from 10 o'clock to 5 o'clock, and is accessible to all who wish to consult it.

The *Banner of Light* Counting-Room will be closed to visitors at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of Decoration Day.

Case of Mr. Mott.

In the case of Mr. Henry Mott, the well-known materializing medium of Memphis, Mo., it seems that a Mr. Patton, a spiritualist, had been the cause of the supposed spirit form, and that this coloring substance was subsequently found on the face of the medium. Well, there is just where the light has been found. Years ago we recorded experiments in the case of Annie Lord Chamberlain and the "Allen boy," as he was then called, where coloring substances put on the spirit-hand would be reproduced on the corresponding member of the medium's body. The files of the *Banner* show that we have repeatedly explained this law, and that under that explanation the appearance of the aniline on Mr. Mott's face was no proof whatever of fraud on his part.

But, says Mr. Patton, the aniline was found on the back of Mr. Mott's chair, showing that he could not have been sitting there. Does not this assertion tell us much about Mr. Patton's experiment as for it? Does it not show that he must have aimed his coloring substance more at the medium than at the supposed spirit? The story hardly hangs together. If Mr. Patton aimed the stuff at the medium, then there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Mott was committing a fraud. If the stuff was not aimed at the medium, then the well-known law in regard to the transfer of coloring substances explains the whole occurrence without prejudice to Mr. Mott. Naturally, if we adopt the supposition that Mr. Mott was seated in his chair, there would have been a slight movement or dodge on his part, which would have carried the aniline to the back of the chair. The experiment is therefore wholly pointless and unsatisfactory, and offers no justifiable presumption whatever against the integrity of Mr. Mott as a medium.

We have expressed ourselves heretofore strongly against these outrages on the part of "realistic ignorance" against mediums of established credit, such as Mott appears to have been. Surely there must be other means, attainable by patience and proper vigilance, for testing the actuality of the phenomena of materialization. For interposing a timely word in behalf of protecting the medium from these unbecomingly outrageous, our brother of the Religious Philosophical Journal calls us to account. We assure him that his desire to unmask and expose all frauds in Spiritualism cannot possibly be more earnest than our own. We merely differ in our modes of proceeding. We do not think that the truth can be best served by violence, or by exacting conditions, which, though they may seem very reasonable to those not yet acquainted with all the phenomena, are in truth opposed to successful manifestations. The *Banner* has been always just, not merciless, toward all fraudulent attempts to help on the phenomena. We have not even spared mediums, whom we knew to be genuine, but who may have been tempted to supplement real spirit action by simulated. Under the facts, and looking back upon our record, we are therefore undisturbed by the insinuations of our Chicago contemporary.

To Our Friends in California.

It is the earnest desire of our spirit-friends that spiritual literature be extended all over our liberal State, and no better method can be in our estimation be adopted than to have the friends meet together in conference and take measures to carry into effect such a laudable scheme. The *BANNER OF LIGHT*, the RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and other spiritual papers can always be had at Bro. Snow's Bookstore, Kearney street, San Francisco. We can supply any number of pamphlets at very small cost.

Do not fail to read the letter of Dr. F. L. H. Willis in another column. His advice concerning the treatment of media, and the frame of mind in which they should be approached by parties seeking to avail themselves of their development, is of special interest and importance at the present time.

An article entitled "Speaking Mediums," from the pen of C. O. Poole, Esq., of New York City, will appear in our forthcoming issue.

Mrs. John R. Pickering's Work in Salem.

Abbot Walker, in a missive dated Salem, Mass., May 16th, gives the subjoined description of another sitting attended by him, where Mrs. J. R. Pickering was the instrument of the unseen forces:

I attended another of Mrs. Pickering's sittings for spirit materializations last Tuesday evening, and think, as a whole, the manifestations were stronger than at my previous sittings. Some fifteen to twenty forms having appeared during the evening, and as it would be tedious to mention all of them, I shall confine myself to a description of the principal ones. It will also be unnecessary to go into details about the cabinet and conditions, as these were stated in the last *Banner*.

The second spirit that came from the cabinet was a graceful female, dressed in white muslin, wearing a white veil, which hung over her shoulders. She came out a number of times, and finally advanced into the center of the room, recognized the writer, and threw an audible kiss. Her complexion was light, and she looked to be about thirty years of age, but I could not see her distinctly enough to identify her.

The next form was that of a woman, taller and larger than the medium, the shape of her head and features differing entirely from the previous materialization. She was clothed in a loose dress of white cloth, wore a white cap on her head, her hair being dressed to hang in curls by the sides of her face. A gentleman asked if it was his sister, and she bowed it was.

Four or five tall male spirits stepped out of the cabinet at different times, and pointed to particular members of the circle. The shape of their heads, color of their hair, and mode of wearing their whiskers essentially differed. A splendidly attired female, wearing a silver coronet, came out a number of times. A little child presented itself at the long opening. Soon afterward a youth, much shorter and smaller than the medium, wearing dark pants and white shirt, walked into the room, and after remaining a short time went to the cabinet, drew aside the curtains, and stood by the medium, who could be seen sitting in her chair.

The spirit of a physician, who used to attend Mrs. P.'s sittings in Rochester, recognized the lady who presided at the organ. The little Indian girl, with long black hair hanging over her shoulders, danced about the room, going to the organ for a hand-bell, which she rang loudly. A female spirit appeared, decked with spangles, and knelt twice by the side of a table standing near the cabinet. Another woman came out, wearing a white dress trimmed with white ribbons, and went to the organ, at her request, and patted her on the head.

The reasons, probably, why more spirits are not identified at these sittings are that the medium goes into the cabinet in a nervous condition, causing the spirits to partake of her feelings, so that they cannot allow persons to approach them; and because it is necessary to use a dim light. The explanation given by spirits for the necessity of generally of requiring partial darkness in physical manifestations is, that light produces motion among the refined particles which they use. This seems plausible when we remember that notes floating in sunbeams shining in at a window are more lively than those in a darker part of the room. Also that the photograph always covers its camera with a black cloth immediately after taking a picture, and manipulates his chemicals in a dark closet.

The Haverhill (Mass.) Publisher for May 18th devotes nearly a column of its space to a description of the experiences of a representative of that worthy and fearless journal at a sitting held by Mrs. Pickering in Salem, from which account we extract the following:

An incomprehensible fact is a hard thing to get over, though the attempt is sometimes made with great earnestness. The wonderful phenomena which first engaged our attention in Rochester, N. H., more than a year ago, have not been lost sight of for a single moment, and what is more and very remarkable, there has not been a single set-back in their development, though some severe experiences have been encountered, which might have led to their abandonment had not some solid facts been established in the commencement of our investigation which were not to be abandoned in an honest and determined observation and scrutiny.

Within two or three weeks the lady crowned with this wonderful and really mysterious power has been temporarily sleeping in Salem the improvement of her health. Last Thursday a party of ten persons, some of them well known and prominent citizens here, went to that city for an afternoon observation of what is taking place by the power of this medium. They were joined by a party of twelve ladies and gentlemen from Worcester, composing a party of twenty-two quiet, earnest and very orderly and substantial people.

Every desired examination was passed through with the medium took her accustomed place, and though quite ill and really unfit to be placed in the position, a most wonderful manifestation was the result. *Scarcely forms made their appearance with remarkable clearness, while the medium was repeatedly shown, to the satisfaction of all in the room, as sitting in her chair while the forms were standing over her and beside her.*

Four or six of these forms were recognized by different members of the party. Of the Alice Bonney, purporting to be from Plymouth, came out, took a bouquet, placed it for a moment on the head of the medium, then passed it to others, and finally dropped it in the lap of a friend. By signs she sent messages to her mother, and directed the flowers to be taken to her. Several others of marked peculiarities, male and female, were recognized. Among them were Ada Nutting, of Groveland, Rutland, a Worcester friend, Rosa, by a lady from this city, the interview being a remarkably interesting scene. The form knelt by the side of the medium, kissed her, and also sent tokens of love to the children she left behind two months ago. A very tall male form was also recognized by a Groveland friend. A very interesting presentation was a female form appearing and claiming to recognize a lady and gentleman from this city, though not in turn recognized. This form came out several times, but lastly in a vigorous manner, kneeling in the attitude of devotion, forming an interesting and impressive tableau. This form was clothed in purest white, with a crown upon her head, and a gilt band and star. It apparently remained out till nearly wasting its strength, and then with seeming difficulty retired. There were also two child forms made their appearance. Everything about this sitting was remarkably open, free and satisfactory, and there seemed to be something about it of peculiarly solid and impressive nature. As we have often done before, we repeat, the phenomena are real, and challenge investigation.

Mrs. A. W. Wilcox informs us that the Spiritualists in Worcester, Mass., have secured Gorman's Hall, 436 Main street, that city, for the holding of two public circles per week. These meetings occur in the evening, and are well attended. On Sunday afternoon and evening of each week the giving of tests, the participation in general conference, etc., make up the order of exercises. Mrs. S. A. Sweet, lecturer and test medium, states Mrs. W., is doing good service in that community.

The ORATION ON LEADERSHIP AND ORGANIZATION, delivered in outline on the occasion of the recent celebration in New York of the Thirtieth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism, by S. B. Brittan, M. D., has been printed in neat pamphlet form (23 pp.). It has received since its utterance commendations and amplifications of an important character from its author. Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, have the brochure on sale.

Extracts from a Letter Just Received from Dr. Peebles.

The following selections from an epistle written us by the Pictorial, under date of St. John's, Newfoundland, May 10th, will prove of interest to the reader:

It was on the 30th day of April that I shipped aboard the Nova Scotian, a large stoutly built steamer, well adapted to defy the gales of the cold northern seas. We were ten days being rolled, rocked, and knocked across the great deep from Liverpool to Newfoundland. The passage was unusually rough and disagreeable, owing to the prevalence of heavy northwestern winds. We passed some magnificent icebergs, the terror of navigators and sailors.

During most of my stay in London I was privileged with being the guest of a gentleman residing upon Champion Hill. What an ancient apostle wrote may be said of him—"green to hospitality." The society given me in Doughty Hall was a grand success every way. The hall was literally packed and the exercises were of a high order. Mr. J. J. Morse never gave a better address; while Messrs. Shorter, Burns, Fitzgerald, Pierce, Greene, Everett, and others spoke earnestly and feelingly. The music and recitations were very fine, and near the close of the meeting Mrs. Everett and Mrs. Tebb presented me the "Palm of Gold."

The next morning after the *soiree* I left the city for Liverpool, accompanied by James Burns, E. Harrison, Greene and lady, and others. On Sunday we had an excellent meeting in Liverpool, Messrs. Burns and Greene participating. Mr. John Lamont, a very sound, substantial Spiritualist, occupied the chair.

When leaving England, the last of April the beautiful lawns were carpeted in green, the trees were in full leaf, and the orchards all crimson and white with apple blossoms; but here in Newfoundland, ten days later, the trees are shivering in nakedness, and the buds are only slightly swelling. Winds from the polar seas, together with the spring frosts from bleak banks and floating isles of ice, chill and stifle the early vegetation. Give me a thousand times over the tropics the golden sun and the eternal summers of the equatorial latitudes!

My health is not only fair, but absolutely good. It is a mystery to myself how I can brave the cold of the frigid northlands, the torrid heats of India, the fitful changes of the temperate zones, working continually with my pen, and yet coming out fresh each morning. I am yet good for some twenty-five years' work! Obedience to Nature's laws, will-power, and energy to execute, these are the magical words!

This scenic Isle, Newfoundland, triangular shaped, has a population of about 160,000, some 30,000 of which reside in St. John's. This is the capital. Through the courtesy and kindness of Mr. Robert Winton, proprietor and editor of the *North Star*, I was favored with a fine carriage-drive out in the country. This gentleman was formerly connected with the Boston press, and afterwards held a position upon the staff of the *New York Herald*.

Though I could hear of no Spiritualists in Newfoundland, I met several "free thinkers," to whom I gave Spiritualist newspapers, tracts, and pamphlets. Let us hope that the seed fell upon ground sufficiently good to produce an abundant harvest. Some Spiritualist missionary should visit Newfoundland, and Halifax, Nova Scotia. The truths of a present spirit-ministry should be heard in bleak northern climes as well as in the summer south lands of the Orient.

The Psycho-Physical Sciences and their Assaults.

This admirable work of two hundred and sixteen pages has just been issued from the press of Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

The volume embodies the responses of Prof. Alfred R. Wallace, of England, Prof. Joseph Rodas Buchanan, of New York, Darius Lyman, Esq., of Washington, and Epes Sargent, Esq., of Boston, to the singularly fallacious and bigoted strictures regarding the New Gospel of the Nineteenth Century to which Prof. W. B. Carpenter and other of the "Scientists" of Great Britain have given vent.

Much additional matter of interest has been added to the work by Prof. Buchanan since the initial publication, and the book has been brought out with a high order of typographic excellence by the publishers.

We do not know when it has been our good fortune to meet with a book so completely filled, from beginning to end, with unanswerable arguments in defence of the cause which to us is so dear. It deserves a wide reading.

A correspondent who feels indignant at the manner in which Mr. Mott, the materializing medium who resides in Memphis, Mo., was lately treated, informs us that the sittings continue to be given with even added power, that public interest is aroused in a surprising degree, inquiries are pouring in from all parts of the country, and that the local papers are beginning to look at the matter, giving Mr. Mott excellent treatment. As proof of which, witness the outspoken way in which the editor of the Scotland County News—himself an Orthodox church-member—refers to the so-called *épave* (?) by Patton, referred to in our last issue:

"Considerable excitement was created on the streets of Memphis, Sunday and Monday, May 5th and 6th, by the reported *épave* of J. H. Mott. It was that individual named Patton, of Monmouth, Ill., had attended sittings at Mott's, Thursday and Friday night, and again Saturday night. Saturday night he had in his left hand a hollow rubber ring, filled with a solution of rosaniline, which he intended squirting in the face of the spirit, or whatever might appear, on the first opportunity. Mr. Patton's statement is, that he squirted his preparation in the face of a spirit which was within six inches of himself and in front of him. He had attended sittings at Mott's, Monday, and made a careful examination of the spots on the wall and chair, caused by the rosaniline spray. In our judgment, Patton squirted his preparation directly at Mr. Mott seated in his chair in the position which he always takes at the commencement of sittings. By no possibility could the rosaniline have reached its position on the wall and chair had it been squirted straight in front of a person standing outside of the cabinet aperture."

As conclusive evidence that our friend and co-laborer, Mr. A. J. Davis, does not repudiate the physical manifestations which are occurring at this time more satisfactorily than ever before, his card in our last issue to that effect is sufficient; but to let the reader know what he said years ago upon the same subject, we give below the answer to a correspondent which appeared in the *New York Herald of Progress*, of which Mr. Davis was the editor: "Yes, brother, some of the most remarkable physical manifestations are occurring in this city. The forms of well-known persons, who once lived on earth among men, are now made fully visible to the bodily eyes of members of the circle. But it is ascertained that these spirit forms are materialized, so to speak, in order to bring them within the law of ordinary vision."

A correspondent writes: "Permit me to tender you my heartfelt gratitude for the *Banner's* noble course and attitude toward physical mediums, who, during the past year have been called upon to bear a deal of persecution, not only from the opponents of the cause, but also from presumed Spiritualists."

Letter from Dr. Willis in regard to Weighing a Medium.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

My attention was called to the issue of the *London Spiritualist* of May 31 by a brief notice in the last *Banner*. I procured a copy of the same, and have read with deep interest the lengthy article by Mr. Harrison upon weighing a medium during the production of spiritual manifestations, especially those of materialization, and recording the variations from the normal weight of the medium. This experiment was tried three or more years ago in this country, by Col. Olcott, Dr. Storer, Mr. Geo. A. Bacon and myself, with Mrs. Markee, the noted medium, then of Havana, N. Y., and more recently at Rochester, N. Y., by E. Gerry Brown, of Boston, with the now famous medium, Mrs. John R. Pickering. These variations were found to range from twenty to sixty or seventy pounds, demonstrating the wonderful fact that during the transpiration of these phenomena the body of the medium actually suffers this immense temporary loss of vital forces—of solid substance, may we not say?

In the light of this fact can any one fail to see the possible danger to the medium should anything interfere with the return of these forces to the source from whence they were borrowed—even the possible extinction of life itself?

We have fresh in memory the frantic struggles of the psychic form that was rudely and brutally grasped at a sitting given by Mrs. Markee in Rochester, N. Y., in its efforts to reach the cabinet in season to render back these borrowed forces before fatal results should accrue to the medium. By partially de-materializing in the hands of its captor it succeeded in regaining the medium in time to save her life, but not in time to prevent a great shock to her system, so that for days and weeks her life was despaired of, and she was rescued from death after great suffering only by the most assiduous care and attention.

It seems to me that Spiritualists themselves are strangely insensible to the wonder of these marvels that are transpiring so generally throughout the world, and most unaccountably indifferent to the effects of the phenomena upon the mental and physical organization of the media.

While I fully admit the importance of protecting ourselves in every possible manner against being imposed upon by unprincipled charlatans in the sacred name of mediumship, I do not believe we have any right to approach mediums in an arrogant or dictatorial spirit, assuming them to be impostors. Nor do I believe that we have a right to dictate to the spiritual world the terms and conditions upon which we will consent to receive its revelations, as if we were conferring upon it an infinite condescension in deigning to receive the most inestimable boon that can be vouchsafed to humanity. I believe there is altogether too much of this spirit abroad. It was said by one of olden time who was wise in spiritual things, and who manifested a deep insight into the workings of spiritual laws, "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." The law holds good through all the ages. To enter the kingdom of spiritual truth to-day there must be in some degree the humble, trusting, teachable spirit of a little child.

The editor of the *London Spiritualist*, in the article to which we refer, evidences that he recognizes the importance of this law, when he says in reference to the medium through whom he was about to make these deeply interesting experiments, "One element of success was that he should be quite happy and contented with his sitters, so that he could pass calmly into the trance state and that they were not likely to play him any tricks."

Accordingly he invited a gentleman who was selected by the lawyers to give testimony in the *Sinclair* case, and who almost invariably gets good results, so deeply interesting, corroborating as it does the experiences of investigators in this country, who, however, conducted their experiments in a much less accurate and scientific manner. Mr. Harrison says truly that "Every new discovery spreads fresh rays of light upon previous known facts."

More than twenty years ago, at the house of Mr. Daniel Farrar, in Hockley street, Boston, I was levitated and floated above the heads of more than twenty persons within a foot of the ceiling. My sensations I shall never forget. My body felt as light as a cork, or a bladder filled with air, and I believe that could it have been weighed during the occurrence of that phenomenon, it would have been found that its weight had been reduced by this mystic process to a very low minimum, and I believe that by a continuance of investigations like those instituted by the *London Spiritualists*, very many of the phenomena of mediumship that now excite the hostility of scientists, because of their seeming infraction of known laws, will be found to occur in perfect harmony with those laws.

This entire article of Mr. Harrison's is pregnant with interest. I am glad to learn that you have an extra supply of the issue upon your counter, and trust they will find ready purchasers. F. L. H. WILLIS, M. D.

Cape Cod Camp-Meeting.

The Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting at Harwich, Cape Cod, will be held this year as usual, commencing Saturday, July 20th, and closing on the 29th, so as to give ample opportunity for all to attend the Onset Grove Camp Meeting who may wish. Able speakers have always been employed on the Cape, and there will be no disappointment in this respect the present year. There is very little of the sectarian spirit among the cosmopolitan sons of the Cape, whose acquaintance with all forms of faith and worship, obtained by mingling with all nations, makes them hospitable to the presentation of widely diverging views, and thus the Harwich Camp-Meeting has been well sustained by the presence and finances of a large liberal element. The intellect of the Cape and the best social elements are represented at this meeting.

The research committee of the British National Association of Spiritualists has been trying experiments with a medium while several kinds of manifestations were going on. He was seated on a weighing machine that constantly recorded his weight or any variations therein. It was found that it varied remarkably at different times, changing from thirty to sixty pounds, and once dropping as low as twenty-five. The writer is in doubt concerning the value of these experiments. They were made in the dark, and there is nothing in the account as published by the *London Spiritualist* to show that it was impossible for the medium to tamper with the scales or weighing apparatus.—E. Gerry Brown, in *Boston Sunday Herald*.

An extra number of copies of *The Spiritualist*, containing the article referred to above, are for sale at the *Banner of Light* Bookstore. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

VOICE CULTURE.—In another column will be found an announcement concerning the "Howard Method"; if one-half the assertions made in testimonials furnished Mr. H. by the most eminent teachers and other professional men is true, Mr. Howard is doing a noble work. He is a graduate of Yale, also of Leipzig, in the branch which he teaches with such marked success.

Camp-Meeting at Highland Lake Grove.

By reference to our 5th page it will be seen that Drs. Gardner and Richardson, managers, have appointed the period of time between July 17th and Aug. 5th, inclusive, for the holding of the Ninth Annual Camp-Meeting of the Spiritualists and Liberals of New England at the above-named popular resort on the line of the N. Y. & N. E. Railroad. Attention is called to the reduction in price of tents for the Camp-Meeting; also to the other announcement made concerning persons desiring to purchase or hire tents for use elsewhere. Highland Lake Grove has a good reputation as a summer resort, and the meeting projected there will undoubtedly receive its share of public patronage.

Sunday morning, May 19th, W. S. Bell lectured in Paine Hall, Boston, to a good audience, on the topic "What has Free Thought to Offer in the Place of Christianity?" He considered the principal features of the Bible and theological teachings generally, regarding them to be insufficient in scope in the light of modern research to meet the demands of the time, and erroneous as to fact. The broadest freedom was the necessity of the hour, and as Liberalism furnished that condition he held that it was the true substitute. In the afternoon a free conference was held, in which Messrs. Seaver, Mendum, Wetherell, Chambers, Verity, Thomas, et al., took part.

The address delivered by Prof. Joseph Rodas Buchanan, at Chickering Hall, Jan. 30th, on the occasion of the seventeenth commencement of the Eclectic Medical College of the city of New York, has just been placed before the public in the shape of a twenty-four page pamphlet, and reaches us bearing the imprint of Trow's Printing and Bookbinding Company, 205-213 East 12th street, that city. The discourse, which is a trenchant exposition of American medical eclecticism by one of its founders, is entitled the "Triumphs of Medicine."

On our eighth page will be found what is really but a brief outline of Col. Ingersoll's discourse last Sunday evening. His idea, "one world at a time," so much admired by his hearers, is in direct consonance with the teachings of spirits in and through our own columns. "One step at a time," say they: "make the best possible use of your powers in the material life where you are now placed, that you may be fitted to utilize those of the higher when it shall be your privilege to be transferred thereto!"

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO PAINE MEMORIAL BUILDING.—The Investigator has printed circulars for those who are willing to do all they can toward raising money for the Paine Memorial Building, and will forward one or more of them to any address. We hope to see a prompt and generous effort made in this direction by the people; and if it is, the Paine Memorial edifice will be saved to perpetuate its original object—a MONUMENT TO THOMAS PAINE.

Mrs. V. M. George, Room No. 4, 814 Montgomery Place, is, we are informed, gifted with the power of magnetic healing to a remarkable degree—in fact, several instances of her success have come to our knowledge. She deserves the attention of those needing treatment of this nature. Mrs. George also holds herself in readiness to receive calls to lecture and hold public circles.

Prof. Milleson, spirit artist, has been speaking in Historical Hall, Nashua, N. H., for three months, where he is proclaiming his highest and best ideas, exhibiting from time to time his spirit paintings, presenting the grand lessons therein shown. The collection contains the last and best work, "Death and Ascension of Little Violet," "Spiritual Brain," &c.

An anonymous correspondent in the Investigator asserts that "it [The *Banner*] has two clairvoyants connected with its establishment who pretend to reveal secrets." The statement is a deliberate falsehood. We have no clairvoyants connected with our establishment in any such business. What the tenants in our building may do or say is no concern of ours.

By reference to our third page, the reader will find the tribute of a friend to the memory of Mrs. Amy Jane Dixon, deceased. We have received, and shall print next week, a report of the services held in remembrance of her worth by the Brooklyn, N. Y., Society, Sunday, May 12th—the account being contributed to our columns by Charles R. Miller, Esq.

Wm. Eglinton, the medium, has recently been holding sittings at The Hague, Holland, where wonderful manifestations in materialization took place. He intends leaving London for Cape Town, South Africa, on the 11th of July. From Cape Town he will go to Australia and other places, and return home by the Suez Canal route.

The friends constituting the First Independent Society of Sparta have organized a Children's Progressive Lyceum, to act in connection with that body. Its first meeting was held May 19th, 1878, in Independent Hall, James Kay Applebee being Conductor.

We understand that Bastian and Taylor "will continue to hold their sittings in Chicago until the middle of June, when they start for the East, going to Cascade, Cayuga Co., N. Y., to spend the summer, holding circles there, in conjunction with Mrs. Mary Andrews, daily."

We see by the St. John's daily newspapers that Dr. Peebles occupied the pulpit of the Rev. Dr. Willis (Unitarian) on Sunday, May 19th, at 3 o'clock, and lectured before the Liberal Thought Meeting at 7 o'clock upon "The States of the Dead."

Prof. Zöllner and Herr von Hoffman have been further investigating spiritual phenomena with a private medium at Weisbaden: There will be more about the phenomena in the second volume of Prof. Zöllner's book.

Meetings are regularly held at East Dons twice a month, under the auspices of the Free Religious Society. Dr. H. B. Storer spoke there twice last Sunday, and Cephas B. Lynn will address them on Sunday, May 26th.

A CHRISTIAN (?) DIFFERENCE.—In a speech made a Dudley, England, the other night, by a member of Parliament, this passage was particularly enjoyed by his hearers: "If the Duke of Edinburgh were to shoot his father-in-law now, he would be handed down to posterity in infamy; but, if it were declared that the Duke shot the Earl, he would receive a vote of thanks, proposed by Lord Beaconsfield, seconded by Lord Granville, and supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury."

New York Advertisements.

Spiritualism Abroad.

REVIEW OF OUR FOREIGN MONTHLY SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES.

BY G. L. PITSON, M. D.

FRANCE.

When the police pounced down upon Mr. Leymarie, the editor of the *Revue Spirite*, and thrust him into prison, many, including the priesthood, doubtless thought that that would probably put an end to the able and influential "Review and Squid" Spiritualism at the same time; but the April number of our Paris periodical has not only come freighted with its usual amount of good matter, but with a "supplement" of forty pages—all indicating an increasing rather than a diminished interest in our good cause.

The "supplement," which I will notice first, is devoted largely to *Les Théosophes*, a translation of Col. Olcott's letter, explaining the aims and objects of the "Theosophical Society"; fragments of communications upon the same subject, from the able pen of the learned M. Blavatsky; reflections upon those by D. A. C.; an interesting letter from Dr. J. R. of Vienna, on the "Supernatural and the Miracle," with a lengthy reply to the same by M. Leymarie; and a contribution of Col. Olcott's "People from the Other World." Here also is a further account of manifestations in the presence of Mlle. Andrieu, which are briefly as follows: Having passed into a state of ecstasy, the spirit, Blanche, appeared in great beauty, holding a pearly in her hand. So material was she that the large mirror upon the wall reflected her person. She seemed to be partially supported in the air by another person whose hand only was seen, by which the body of the ring with the green stone, by which the spirit had been recognized in a previous of once—Blanche gave her signature, also by direct writing. Several others manifested themselves, recognized by descriptions imparted by the medium. They conveyed to the writer a vigorous shake of the hand. The lady of the house having offered champagne to her guests, the spirits were invited to partake with them. "Immediately the jingle of little glasses was heard as they touched ours, and the figures that surrounded them were also felt," says the narrator, "and we drank with grateful hearts to the health of the spirits." "Ah, I see the Greek," said Andrieu, "the drink he has drunk, and repeated his glass upon the table." Light was made, and the glass was found empty upon the table. The spirits then brought *brandy* (a kind of *ekker* to some of the party), pointed out the wine that remained, and rolled the empty bottle upon the floor. The spirits, being asked what could be done for them, replied, "Offer up prayers, if you please." At another séance three strangers were present, and flowers were brought to them. A Russian gentleman had the initials L. J. given to him, but he seemed not to recall any friend he had lost whose name embraced those letters. The medium came to his aid and said, "The spirit writes in letters of fire, 'My son'"; and he was deeply moved by it.

Under the head of *Memories* are noticed the departure from this life of the eminent scholar, writer, patriot, Spiritualist, M. Guizot de Bozzi; from the *de Janeiro*, an estimable, intelligent young lady, beloved by all who knew her, Mlle. Laure Bourdin, in Quebec, M. Chénier, who left France to reside in Canada, but soon passed away lying in Spiritualism; also the worthy young son of M. and Mme. M. rise—George Albert, and the no less excellent son of M. Chénier. I should not omit to name the young wife of M. Guizot, severely mourned by all. Her demise has thrown a gloom over the *Group Spiritual* Mass.

In *Inner Progress*, vanity, pride, constitute the subjects considered in the main body of the *Revue*. Under the head of *New Discoveries* occur the following: "An article hostile to Dr. Slade, published in the *Gazette* by Dr. Elcho, was learnedly refuted by M. Wittig, sub-editor of the *Revue*; M. Wittig has published also a pamphlet (already noticed in the *Banner*) in which he calls upon the men of science of Germany to engage in the study of the mediumistic phenomena obtained through Dr. Slade." Next we higher authority to invoke a favorable consideration of this subject.

Here, also, M. Tognoli commences the romance of a real life—the sad history of a young medium who has to struggle with her education (as a Catholic), with a wretched fortune as a bride, but was still upheld by a kind spirit, who whispered in her ear and preserved her life where death seemed imminent. The sketch is, I am glad to see, to be continued.

Magnatism, regarded in its historical and religious aspect, i. e., as the Church has considered it, the "true and the false," is very ably discussed in the *Review* in hand—a review, in fact, of an elaborate work on the subject by M. Ch. Hue. "Certain priests," says the writer, "prohibit the employment of magnatism as something supernatural, outside of their faith, because they cannot at one glance embrace all its results." "These priests, blinded by prejudice or led by a spirit of prudency, find themselves in contradiction with the court at Rome, which sees nothing in magnatism opposed to the faith or to good manners." Here follows quotations from the "Congregation Generale of the Inquisition," and from the writings of St. Augustine, Origen, the Abbé Lacordaire, etc.

BELGIUM.

The *Messenger*, of Liege (April 1st), has an article on "God, the Infinite, the Creation," in which occurs this paragraph: "The grand problem (We go to God, we came from God, and the consequence is that we are God) is then resolved, and the reader understands that the solution is no other than that of the Vedas, which represents to us creation as a great sacrifice, where God is at once the sacrificer and the victim. "Sublime idea which one finds expressed in the sacred books of antiquity," says M. Humbolt, cited by M. Jacodiot.

A "Little Dialogue" carried on between a priest and a countryman, is continued in the *Messenger* and has many points of interest; but of greater historic value is the brief report of the "Conference of the Grand Rabbins of Belgium," where M. Astruc read a paper on the Jews in Spain during the time that country was in possession of the Arabs. "During the eleventh and twelfth centuries," he said, "the Jews occupied in the Kingdom of the Muslims of Spain the very highest positions, and were never molested on account of their religion. Besides poets and theologians there were those whose works permit us to know and to appreciate the religious ideas of the Jews of that period, their philosophy, their morals, the degree of civilization to which they attained. M. Astruc recounted the lives of many of the illustrious Jews and ana-

lyzed their productions. Maimonides, the wonderfully astute writer, was particularly dwelt upon. This deep thinker's first name was Moses. He was the son of Maimon, and was born at Cordova.

The *Revue Belge du Spiritisme* (April number), has thirty-one pages of such substantial readable matter that it is hardly possible to make a single extract without marring the whole. "The Last Days," (relating to the posthumous works of Dr. Dupuis); "The Mission of Spiritualism"; "Morality," (ably continued); "Materialism," "Mahomet," as a reformer, and a "Variety" of other subjects make it a very attractive periodical.

SPAIN.

El Criterio Espiritista of Madrid opens with an interesting article from the pen of the Viscount Solanot on mediums as healers. Among many excellent sentiments here expressed, occurs the following: "Truth, love, and charity are the first mottoes upon our banner, and these exclude immorality, cleanness, etc." "That mediumship in general being a gratuitous gift, should be used gratuitously," and this, he says, "we are almost tired of repeating;" and this, doubtless, founded upon the fact that Christ and his apostles went about doing good without any remuneration. Following the above is a remarkably sensible communication from a gentleman in Barcelona, Don R. Caruna Berard, on "Communications Between the Visible and the Invisible Worlds." Love binding two hearts which death cannot annihilate, is one of the arguments used to explain the reasonableness of possible manifestations of the sympathy abiding beyond the tomb. Notable also are "Considerations on Spiritualism," the "Physiology of Magnetism," and the "Miscellaneous" which grace this number. Several items among the latter I will quote: "Circles," for the study of Spiritualism, taken from day-to-day a more serious character. Curiosity, interest in phenomena, give place to the intensely interesting studies which our doctrine offers. "It is suggested that each group should devote itself to that particular aspect of the faith to which it was best adapted; one to philosophical researches, others to morals, some to the laws by which verifications can be established of spiritual phenomena, etc." Certainly, more of this among American Spiritualists would give character to the abundant demonstrations with which we are favored. *El Criterio* further says, that in Tezuitlan have published a collection of communications in prose and verse, obtained at the spiritual "circle," called *La Esperanza*; that the Protestant paper *La Aurora de Gracia* published an article against Spiritualism, but that the illustrious and able *polémista*, our brother D. M. Gonzales, had replied to it, divesting it of all its force by clear and incontrovertible reasonings; that the *Revista de Barcelona* is publishing notable doctrinal articles from the pen of the erudite writer, D. M. N. Murillo; that the first numbers of the new spiritual periodical published in Vera Cruz had been received in Spain; that *La Discusion* of Guadalajara (Mexico) reproduces the interesting narrative of the illustrious Mr. Epes Sargent, upon the phenomenon of "Spirit Materialization"; and that various periodicals, not spiritualistic, of Belgium and Holland, insert articles from our brethren in defence of Spiritualism when attacked.

Accompanying *El Criterio* is a valuable supplement from the pen of the distinguished Viscount Torres Solanot, addressed to the Jesuit missionaries in Huesca.

MEXICO.

La Instrucción Espiritista of Mexico, (April number), has been received. Its mass of matter, however, renders it appalling when the thought of condensing it into a few paragraphs comes up. Don Juan Cardero opens his first pages with an article on "Conscience." "Popular Instruction," "Hell," "Life Immortal," "Material and Spirit," "Retrospective Review," from the French, and "Animal Magnetism" are some of the other themes that invite attention. A communication from Melancthon says: "The Pharisees and Sadducees sought a miracle from Jesus. My children, the truth is clear water through which you can always see the bottom; the truth is the firmament above, through which we see the constellations that illumine it.

To establish the doctrine which shall serve to sustain the Spiritualists of to-day, there is no need of miracles; . . . study; seek to understand natural laws." *La Ley de Amor*, of Merida, is also at hand. "Memento Homo," from the pen of the editor, is its first article—a consideration of man as he is, his life, duties, end, a tolling creature of dust, destined to return to dust. Some remarks follow respecting the "carnival," which it was thought would be suppressed on account of the arrival of the news of the death of Pius IX.; but *La Revista de Merida*, an impartial periodical, says that "on Monday and Tuesday the enthusiasm of the people had reached an aspect of delirium. It is impossible to paint in all its details the wildness of the revelers of the carnival." After this comes a translation (taken from a Mexican paper published at Puebla) of some observations by Alex. Dumas (*pere*) respecting the youth Antonio, who, in a somnambulic state, was enabled to traverse the universe and describe accurately places and things of which he really knew nothing. Of much interest is a short notice, in *La Ley*, of a people near Merida who speak the Maya language: some historical facts concerning them would be of great value. They are called the Kukab; were a few families—a *rancheria* of *indigenes*—when first known, but have increased to their place of residence has been honored by a name, "Cepeda," given in memory of a Gen. C. who had distinguished himself in the cause of liberty. *La Ley* also says: "At last we have the pleasure of receiving the *Banner of Light*, the largest periodical published in the world, dedicated to the cause of Spiritualism. We thank the editor for his kindness in exchanging with our little paper, and for the honorable mention he makes of our humble labors."

SOUTH AMERICA.

The *Revista Espiritista*, of Montevideo, has a limited amount of matter, seldom anything of the phenomenal, but articles always well considered. "Charity" opens the present number. "Spiritual Dissertations," by the "Angel Guardian," some of the same quotations which I have made here from the Barcelona correspondent, and views on the creation, God, sin, &c., make up the larger portion of this March number.

ITALY.

The neat, handsomely-printed pamphlet, *Avanti Dello Spiritismo*, of Turin, (April number), contains thirty-one pages of very readable, very attractive contributions, opening with "Demonstrations and Defence of Spiritualism" (its tenth article on this subject). The late lamented Baron

de Bozzi contributes also his "Religion of the Future"; this is followed by a statement of some experiments in a private family, where, on one occasion, through the mouth of the medium, who speaks good Italian, a communication came in the old Romanesque language, with all its vulgarisms, such as was used by the most ignorant of the people. She began by asking the medium for a pinch of snuff "which did her head so much good." She had been a washer-woman, and had received some money, in her needy hours, from the medium. "The Vision of Pope Clement IV," and a notice of Mr. Slade in Germany and Russia conclude this number.

The valuable weekly, *Le Deroir*, *La Revue Magnétique*, the *Revista Latino-Americana*, *La Jeune Italie*, the *Physico-Eclectic Journal*, and the *Religion of Spiritualism* I shall notice further and at length in my next.

Robert G. Ingersoll in Reply to his "Christian Critics."

This distinguished apostle of free thought addressed an audience which crowded Music Hall, Boston, to its fullest capacity on the evening of Sunday, May 19th. An organ concert of half an hour preluded his discourse. The appearance of the speaker called forth a universal burst of applause, which gave proof that the people who were in attendance were in full accord with the Colonel in the bold position he had taken before the public. Without preliminaries he at once plunged into the work in hand, and for two hours held the respectable and cultured audience before him with the grasp of an intellectual giant; his hearers being sometimes won over to the melting mood by his pathos, anon stirred to the pitch of enthusiasm by his flights of oratory, then convulsed with laughter at some telling point.

He said, in commencing, that there had been a good deal of talk for a great many years about this being a free country. He had heard much about it—how our fathers established liberty religious and political—especially on the 4th of July. And he made up his mind to investigate it and find out if a man could make a living by his profession in a United States and not agree with the popular forms of religion. And he delivered a lecture on skulls, and it was called popular. He had no idea at the time he delivered it that it would cause "the slightest ripple on the ocean of theological stupidity." He found, however, that he had raised the ire and malice of the Orthodox clergy, and when these Christian critics got hold of it he found it was not his ideas but himself that was to be criticized and censured. Attacking him rather than his ideas, he said was a fair proceeding. "I say 'twice five are ten.' You cannot disprove that by showing that I am a rascal." He made liberty his religion and worshiped at that shrine; for he found there was no feeling of obligation without liberty; that duty is a word that cannot be learned in chains. The slave to save his back obeys, but the only safe man in the community is a free man. And he wished he could get out of the hands of the people that ignorance is a duty; that a chain is one of the implements of civilization; that there is a penitentiary for the soul; that God kept a prison and roomed through infinite space with the key in his hand. [Applause.]

He did not think a good Orthodox clergyman, with all the wealth and civilization behind him, with an infinite God to do battle for him, would be found who would want to prevent a man's saying his honest say. But such told him he must not speak these things, and the attorneys for the plaintiff had been speaking eighteen hundred years they wanted the attorney for the defendant not to say a word. Beside this, there was arrayed on the other side hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of church property, there being at the present time \$22,000,000 invested in church property in this country, on which not a cent of tax was ever paid, and he could not help thinking that three or four million dollars a week, the \$15,000,000 for every day of ten hours, which it costs to maintain the churches in this country, could be used to better ends. In presence of all this lavish expenditure he could not help thinking of the poor he had seen in the streets of New York, whose children could freeze upon the stone steps of these costly piles and no door be opened to them. When he visited the great cathedrals of Europe his soul walked with doubtless ease through the immense crowds of people who saw the frescoes upon their walls—he became mad with art because it had gone into partnership with falsehood. And he thought that all this great wealth and time wasted over it could have been lavished upon man in such a way that he could take advantage of nature, make his body more beautiful and his mind richer. In that lecture he argued for the banishment of the great cathedrals, and the money that would be saved would be used to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to educate the ignorant. He did not know all quite certain, but it was his honest belief, and he stated it to be such.

Then he delivered his lecture on Ghosts, in which he tried to show that just in proportion as we find out the laws of nature superstition fades away. Immediately the gentlemen who considered they are preventing the whole world going to hell, attacked him—but not his ideas—to uphold such things. Now I say that we should bread to eat, a home to shelter them, and everything they have, and in turn they give what they call advice. He claimed that it was the instinct of preservation that made every priest and clergyman; in early days men feared the ire of God, and had men whose business it was to stand between him and themselves to keep him good natured. These priests pretended to be on good terms with deity—to know many court secrets—and in consequence came to be looked at in the light of lesser gods by the people; these priests did not fail to turn their supposed knowledge to good account in governing the people and perpetuating that appeal to human fear, which was their strong hold on the world's thought. But gradually people began to learn to do things which their prayers could not effect. All the prayers in the world, said the lecturer, will not relieve hunger as much as one hot biscuit with a little butter. Now that the clergy are no longer useful, he continued, the question arises, "are they ornamental?" [Great laughter and applause.]

His Christian critics declared that this world was nothing—the next was the all in all. They said this is the only world I know anything about, and it is a mighty poor farm that I would swap off for a cloud. [Applause and laughter.]

It has been said, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and he would say in the same strain, one world at a time. There is sorrow and sadness enough in this without borrowing from another. Let us do away with some of this sadness, help to cultivate more sweetness and to something for this world to make it better than it is, and not be working so far away we don't know what the crop will be—cultivating with imaginary plows the vast field of space. "I believe in the religion of this world, I believe in the religion of liberty, in the religion of home, in the religion of fraternity and equality—a blessed trinity. I believe in the blessed trinity of science—reason, observation and experience. I believe in the trinity of family—man, woman and child. These are the trinity in which I believe, and I find as much work in this world as I want to do." [Applause.] He had noticed in life this fact, that those who had the smallest, meanest souls make the greatest fuss about getting them saved. [Prolonged laughter and applause.]

The lecturer considered at great length the inspiration of the Bible. The great question has been, did not use man as we use a pen; not to dip him in ink and write, but inspire him to write, or did the fellow write what he wanted? Some say the whole Bible is inspired; others that it is inspired except where it had to be corrected. Some say the writers were inspired as was Shakespeare. He thought not. His writings are grander, have more intellectual beauty than all the

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Bibles ever written. The only question is, then, is it true? You cannot afford to swap old truth for inspiration. According to them God wrote a letter to his children, or such of them as happened to live in Palestine, and in the fullness of time, about two thousand years after, he was going to make it more clear; but this new revelation failed when made as surely as the first one, and the people speedily fell to cutting each other's throats to convince each other that they were right or wrong.

What could I be thought of the impudence of a man who would write a commentary on an infinite God's letter to those he had created? When he wrote to John Smith he knew how John Smith would read it and what he would think of. If a man can't write a letter that can be read without a commentator's services being necessary he ought not to write, and it is because these letters are differently understood we have hundreds of sects among us. What would any one think of a town clerk who should not agree about as to the time it indicated, or a railway time-table go two understood alike? If their time-table was an infinitely wise God we would understand it. If there is any divine revelation of justice and charity, it is the perpetual revelation of the human heart.

The speaker proceeded to analyze the teachings of the Bible, asking whether any of the lovable, the grand, the progressive qualities of human thought and action found their spring within its pages. Did the sentiment of honesty, patriotism or honor come from it? They say we got our ideas of mercy from that; that it was not for that, mothers would broil their babes for their sinners. Now what kind of a God of mercy is this? First he drowned a whole world filled with his children. [Sensation.] And was that the God to tell him how to raise his children? And he ought to teach me what to do when he had to know his? The speaker quoted from Joshua what he called the Lord's general orders in time of war, counseling the putting to death all those who opposed the invading army, and making captive those people which surrendered, and this because these people worshipped a stone god. Better, said he, worship a god of stone than one whose sayings would make him a monster of his children—create one set of children to be intimately dealt with by another. Quoting copiously from the book itself, he pointed out that the Bible taught cruelty, slavery, concubinage, polygamy, superstition, and intolerance in religion. On the last point he asked if a God who had given to his people such a law as in Deuteronomy xiii., 6, 7, 8 and 9, should take upon himself the likeness of man and teach new and strange doctrines to them—if a God who should not only teach, but put to death for it, he simply repeating what he has sworn? When people read of things like these, which shocked their senses, they could be sure they were not inspired by a merciful God.

Regarding the world as it is to-day, he said he believed that there was a vast amount more of good than of bad in it. We get a wrong idea of it, because only the bad is thought worth printing; but if all the acts of patriotism, bravery, devotion to home and family, obligation, honesty and love were printed, the papers would be filled with the names of noble men and women.

Referring to the teachings of the New Testament, he incidentally spoke his regard for the Universalists, who had discovered in it a God of love and mercy. But according to this we are told that the mercy of the Infinite Being is found in the plan of salvation. And he considered that according to that the innocent suffers for the guilty to satisfy the law. He was informed that in some mysterious way he was to be held responsible for the sins committed by Adam, but he was not aware that he had ever voted for Adam to be his representative, and he did not consider himself responsible for any crime committed by him. He maintained that there could not possibly be such a thing as vicarious sin or vicarious virtue. But his original sin, Adam's, he was told, came down through the ages, and if there had been no sin, then there would have been no death, and we would not have stood much of a chance here. Some one went when he came into the world, and he was willing to go out for some one else to come. Had there been no death we should have had no room here, so, on the whole, doubtless death was a good thing. Then there is the doctrine of hell, which he argued could not be considered as tending to make us kind, affectionate and merciful. It was that doctrine that gave us the rack, the inquisition, the cell of torture, and inspired the painting of the self-satisfied redeemed looking over the battlements of heaven upon mortals in the unquenchable fires of hell, and he believed whoever preached that preached what he felt and knew was a lie. The lecturer concluded by discussing the questions whether either political liberty, or woman's equality with man, was taught by the Scriptures; whether domestic virtue, benevolence, filial duty, equality or fraternity were inculcated by it, claiming that they were not.

He had been asked what he would give in exchange for the doctrines he so determinedly attacked, and to that question he would answer by saying that, in place of the slavery of the Bible, he would give absolute intellectual liberty; in place of the polygamy of the Bible, he would substitute a home where one man loved one woman; in place of the geology and astronomy of the Bible, he would give the results of the scientists, who have done so much for the world; in fact, he would do away with the book, he said, was the production of barbarous men in a barbarous age. He closed by urging his hearers to throw their minds of the teachings of superstition and to stand up and battle bravely for absolute intellectual freedom!

Spirit-Communion—Verification of Spirit-Messages.

DANIEL LAKE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I wish to inform you that in the *Banner of Light* for July 7th I noticed a communication from DANIEL LAKE, of Bridgewater, Vt. That being the place of my nativity, I have means of knowing the truthfulness of the message. He was a man over ninety years of age; he had excellent means of investigating the phenomena, as in their early days they were manifested in the family of his daughter, a very few steps from his own residence. The daughter of Dr. J. M. Holt, his granddaughter, became a medium. Mrs. M. S.

Townsend, now Mrs. C. N. Wood, is well known as a speaker. She possessed many phases of mediumship, hence her grandfather Lake had every chance to learn the true alphabet, as he was personally acquainted with Uncle Daniel, as he was called.

Respectfully,
Upper Falls, Vt., July 8th, 1877.
MRS. S. A. JESMER.

MRS. MARY F. STEARNS.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A few weeks since I read in the *Banner* a communication from Mrs. MARY F. STEARNS, who passed on from Clinton Junction, Wisconsin, in October last. Mrs. Stearns was born and lived very near neighbor, as also an intimate friend of our family. The message speaks most truly of her, particularly the earnestness and desire to let us know of her joys and the great hereafter. I am most happy to acknowledge the message as from her. With our best wishes for yourself and your glorious work, I am most truly yours,
M. K. EMERSON.

19 Lyman street, Waltham, Mass., July 14, 1877.

LYDIA HALL.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the *Banner* of August 18th is a communication from LYDIA HALL, which has been read by many of her old neighbors, and so far as I have heard—and to my certain knowledge in many instances—is acknowledged to be remarkably characteristic of the old lady, and to be correct in its statement of facts and dates.

Yours truly,
Franklin, N. H., Aug. 27th, 1877.
D. GILCHRIST.

SAMUEL MOUNT.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I wish to say that I recognize in the *Banner* of Sept. 15th the spirit message of SAMUEL MOUNT, of Fleet street, Brooklyn, as characteristic of the man in every particular. It is over forty years since I became acquainted with him. I have often talked with him on religious subjects. The message is Mount all over.

LE GRAND DOUGLAS, SR.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 18th, 1877.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May—Houghton, Osgood & Co., 220 Broadway street, New York. Boston, publishers—introduces its contents with another installment of W. H. Bishop's "Detmold." An extract from the journal of Henry D. Thoreau; a sketch of travel by T. B. Aldrich; a story—splitting article "About Magnanimous Incident Literature," by Mark Twain; and a geological consideration of the silver question, by Prof. Shaler, may be mentioned as among the chief attractions. J. T. Fowler, bridge contractor, presents a verification which must prove of decided interest—especially to readers in Boston and vicinity—on "Menotomy Lake," (Sey Pond, Cambridge,) and poems are also contributed by Beil. F. Taylor, "H. H., Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, and others. The departments are excellent.

SCHMIDT'S MAGAZINE for May—Scrutiner & Co., 749 and 751 Broadway, New York, publishers—reaches us by the courtesy of A. WILLIAMS & Co., 238 Washington street, Boston, who have it on sale, as well as ST. NICOLAS, a copy of which we have also received from them. The ILLUSTRATED contains specimens of the work furnished by eight new draughtsmen, as well as by the old favorites; W. M. Tilston contributes a pleasant article on "Non-Sporting Dogs." Miss Trafton's "His Inheritance" continues to be of absorbing interest; and the departments are up to the usual standard. Some "ventures" of the spirit have tried to distinguish himself in its pages by a potty play at the spiritual phenomena, but such squibs are sure to be blown to the fingers of those who light them.

ST. NICOLAS for May is a charming number. Its frontispiece, "Mandy and Bub by the Nets," drawn by Mary Halleck Foote, is a fine sea-shore sketch. Ranging through the pages of this issue, the eye meets, among others, with the following articles, poems, etc., of special attractions: "The Slight Goose," by E. Smalley; "Paradise Lost," by Henry Bacon, with five illustrations by W. F. Brown; "The Sing-away Bird," by Lucy Larncom; "Old Song," by Mrs. E. W. Lattimer, illustration by J. E. Kelley; "Where Money is Made," by M. W., with six illustrations by Fred. B. Schell; "Wild Geese," by Celia Thaxter; "The Chameleon Parakeet," by David Kirk, with illustration by J. L. Dickinson; "The King and the Hard Bread," by J. L. with illustration; and "Discontented Polly" (illustrated), by K. B. H.

WIDE AWAKE for May—D. Lothrop & Co., 30 and 32 Franklin street, Boston, publishers—is received. "Dropping Corn," its frontispiece, by Mary A. Lathbury, is supported by a poem by Mary B. C. Slade, which is destined to take a high place in the bardic literature of the household, and can be read with profit by the parental mind as well. The frontispiece furnishes the theme of the present installment of "Child Tolders of the Bible," a childhood's wonder, the tale of "Aladdin," finds treatment in choice illustration and verification, and in addition, many other just claimants to attention are furnished. The older readers will doubtless consider No. XVII. of the Poet's Home Series the most valuable article in this number. It being about Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, by Arthur Gilman, and illustrated by a fine portrait of the poet from a recent photograph. It also gives a charming view of the study in his house on Beacon street.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE, conducted by Charles Force Deans, D. D., and issued at the Publishing House, 537 Pearl street, New York City, has in its May issue a collection of good things from which for special mention it is indeed hard to choose. Its frontispiece has for a subject, "Abaddon," and its tragic fate. Illustrated sketches on "Cora, the last of the Hermit Nations," "Bulgaria," "Wild Asses of the Desert," "Pope Leo," "John Bunyan," etc., etc., are embraced in it, and much miscellaneous reading of value is given in the (over) 120 pages constituting the number.

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING for May—published at Springfield, Mo.—reaches us from the hands of its editors, in an entirely new dress, typographically speaking, and begins its second volume with a fine table of contents as well. Since its inception the *Offering* has doubled its number of pages, quadrupled its reading matter, and has won a good hold on the popular estimation. The present number has, in addition to other good things, a steel-plate frontispiece of S. B. Brittan, M. D., also the first part of a biographical sketch of this talented gentleman.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON—published at Springfield, Mass.—has in its May issue some seventeen articles in prose and verse, going to prove its right to be considered a fresh and sparkling magazine, and one which gives good promise of the future. It has never been our privilege to meet with a better satire on popular religious prejudice than is contained in the article "A Typographic Crime," by Rosette Johnson.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for May—S. R. Wells & Co., publishers, 737 Broadway, N. Y.—is received. It is full of good matter, phrenological, hygienic and reformatory. The number for June will contain, among other things, sketches of Dr. H. A. Buttolph, Superintendent of the New Jersey State Insane Asylum, and Mrs. M. S. Wetmore, the prisoner's friend, of Massachusetts.