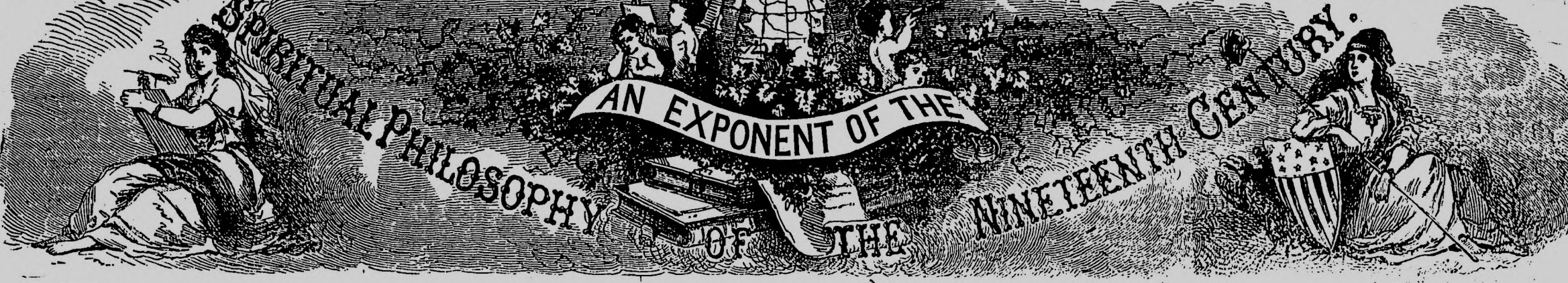


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLIV.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1878.

\$3.15 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 13.

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The Rostrum.

The Experiences of George Thompson

(Late of England) in Spirit-Life:

TO WHICH IS ADDED A PERSONAL TRIBUTE
TO THE MEMORY OF DR. HENRY
F. GARDNER, DECEASED.

Being the Trance Orator delivered at Parker
Memorial Hall, Boston, Sunday Afternoon,
Dec. 8th, through the Mediumship of
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

[Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.]

INVOCATION (BY THEODORE PARKER).

Oh thou Eternal Parent: thou Infinite Source
of every bounty and blessing; thou giver of every
good and perfect gift—our Father and our Mother
God; into this presence, and before the altar
of the spirit, summoned by the white-winged
messenger called death, thy children gather.
Voiceless as is that messenger, it speaks unto
their spirits with the language of the universe,
unutterable things clothed in the diction of
eternity. Once more thy children are made
aware of the operation of that everlasting law
of change; once more they are led by separation
from the loved of early days to seek to prove the
mystery of the life beyond; once more the question
is on their lips: Where has the spirit fled?
Oh thou who art the life of all; whose power
envelops every living creature; who art the source
of life and of what men call death; who knowest
the end from the beginning; who art morning
and night, winter and summer, spring and autumn;
who livest in every form of being; thou who art
present in the sowing of the seed and the gathering
of the sheaves of life—the thoughts and deeds of
the spirit; thou soul of worlds and systems; thou
who breathest in the flowers and pulsatest along
the orbits of the stars; gathered within the circle
of thy light and presence here to-day, upon the altar
of thine Infinite Love we would place our offerings
of praise. We bless thee for every good and
perfect gift; for life and its possibilities both here
and in eternity; we praise thee for the sunshine
and for the shade; we praise thee for the spring-
time and the summer of existence, and for the
winter snows that give rest to the fruiting
forces of nature, and patience unto man to re-
pose and regard thy work, and so be willing to
abide the decree of the law of his existence; we
praise thee for the joy that uplifts the soul into
the light of gladness—for the sorrow that chastens
and purifies. We praise thee for human
intelligence, and for the inspiration which glows
and burns on altars not made with hands. Oh
thou bountiful Parent, thou Infinite Soul, in
whose presence all souls abide, we at this time
ask that thou wilt strengthen the weakness
of mortality with the renewed recognition of
the truth of immortality. Be this hour and day
a service of praise, a day of thanksgiving and
rejoicing; let the folded wings of sorrow rest;
let despair find no place in the heart; let no
tear-drops of loneliness fall from human faces;
let every soul rise into the presence of freedom,
liberty, and immortality. If there are this day
in human hearts any doubtful questionings and
complaining, let such understand that thy love
is adequate, thy law is infinite, thy truth is
abiding! Let thy children, then, in humility
and silence, in the restful presence of that angel
called Death, but which is the angel of life, for-
ever live, ponder on the question, and may their
answers be brightened by the inspiring presence
of thy love, in thy presence, oh Infinite Spirit,
we bend and bow: be thou ever in our hearts
as a living flame. Oh Father, abide with us; kindle
our lives with the torch of truth; let inspira-
tion flow till the word of knowledge and peace
and love shall reach every soul—till emancipated
reason shall come with thanksgivings, to sing
its song of praise to thee in every heart now and
forevermore. Amen.

ADDRESS.

Last Sunday afternoon it was announced that
on this occasion George Thompson, late of Eng-
land, would address you through this instrument,
giving an account of his departure from earth-
ly life and his experiences in the land of souls.
But as the silent angel of death has called an-
other worker from your midst—one as active in
and for Spiritualism as was George Thompson
in reform—it has occurred to the band control-
ling this medium (a conviction strengthened by
conversation with others in spirit-life) that this
would be a most fitting occasion for the narra-
tion that was promised last Sabbath, at the close
of which a personal addition with reference to
our ascended brother, whose remains now lie
before you, will come to the services of the day.
The ascension of one spirit to spirit-life ever
closely resembles that of another, and thus
spirits lately risen can sympathize with those
whose change has so recently come; therefore
now, with your permission, the spirit of George
Thompson will assume control, and give his
narrative as briefly as possible.

[Change of control.] Beloved Friends—It is
but a few weeks since that, in my native land,
my spirit ascended from its mortal tenement.

The words that I speak this day are not entire-
ly to you who are here assembled—some of whom
I have met in the physical form—but are espe-
cially dedicated and consecrated to my daugh-
ters who remain in earth-life, to my grandchil-
dren, and to the friends of my family.

There is no death! I have been here, as en-
raptured my soul is a change of life! Born in a
period of doubt and skepticism on earth, reared
in the midst of contending factions of religious
thought, my latter life was cheered and gladden-
ed by the assurance of immortality; and the
first evidence I received of the truth of this
was in your own city, and through the lips of
this instrument. It was at the time of the death
of your late eminent statesman and orator,
Edward Everett. The assembly on the follow-
ing Sunday to hear this medium speak under
spirit control was quite large, the subject given
for consideration was "The Life and Character
of Edward Everett." The nature of that ad-
dress, delivered at that time under circum-
stances which precluded the possibility of im-
position, brought a large measure of conviction
to my mind, which subsequent experience
broadened to the fullest degree. I pressed on
with my labor in behalf of humanity, but my
spirit more and more received the light of as-
surance of existence in spiritual states.

To-day I come to testify to my friends and
co-laborers of twenty and thirty years ago,
that I am still in existence; I come to clasp
hands across the sea of time and death; to give
the one full word that every human heart longs
to receive; to tell you now it is with me in the
new-found state, and to describe as nearly as
possible my sensations and experiences during
the change through which I have so recently
passed.

There is but one word that can adequately ex-
press the nature of this change—*Freedom!* I
struggled with men, many of them the repre-
sentatives of the authority of nations, for the
freedom of the poor; I have plead with those in
power for the uplifting of the load which rested
on the shoulders of a suffering people; the whole
of my mortal life was crowded with over-exer-
tion and with all-engrossing efforts for the
emancipation of man from every species of po-
litical abasement—*slavery*; in your own city
I have stood side by side with my loved co-lab-
orers in times of peril, when popular clamor would
have dismembered those who were uplifting
their voices for human freedom; the soul of
freedom ever permeated my every aspiration,
whether listening to the glorious utterances of
eloquence in the British Parliament, or those of
your own statesmen, as poured forth for truth
and justice. I say *Freedom*, bright, beautiful
and perfect, was the one symbol and object of
my life, and yet the freedom nursed in my cap-
acity for comprehension bore no comparison to
the grandeur of meaning possessed by that word
in the state of life which now claims my energies.
For the emancipation of man while on earth I
could if necessary have descended into Hades
for the emancipation of man I would have lifted
my voice and plead with rocks and caves, and
all the insensate things of nature, to bring them
into the work if it were possible. And when I
tell you that the highest triumph of my life—the
one token of liberty vouchsafed to man in the
freedom of the slave accorded, and the indica-
tions of a gradual cessation of many other
things which tended to drag man down—bears
no comparison with the consciousness of free-
dom that has come, I could hear the clock
ticking in the room; I was conscious of the
ministrations of my kindly daughters; I knew
when one came to me, but as the waning senses
of the body departed, those scenes seemed to
depart also; but wonderful to me, I found every
spiritual sensation quickened; memory was re-
leased from the long benumbing of disease; every
point of past time came before me in refraction
with color and lineaments peculiarly their own.
I saw what were my mistakes and what were
my successes, but the one supreme conscious-
ness was that I was a free man—that every fac-
ulty was being re-created, that my mind was
being clothed anew, that I was being prepared
for some wonderful assemblage in spirit-life of
those whose existence I had known but whose nature
I did not understand. And as the spiritual senses
quickened, I found myself a living, perfected
human being, endowed with every attribute,
possessed of every power I had known hitherto,
and yet filled with such crowding thoughts and
promptings that the whole universe seemed fur-
nishing the ideas.

You can thus form some idea of the change
that came to me. I did not become less but
more conscious; I could feel the heart-beats of
my daughters near me; I could feel their ques-
tions (if not hear them) and strove to answer
them; but when with my audible voice (as I
supposed) I spoke to them of my new-found con-
dition, I was surprised to find that they did not
answer me. They were not deaf or blind in the
realm of the physical senses, but they failed to
understand the language in which my spirit
strived to make its wishes known. I was, as be-
fore remarked, in possession of all my faculties
and my spiritual attributes; I was now a living
image of what I had aspired to be. But do not
think I was overcome with a sensation of pride
—far from it; I was conscious of my every im-
perfection, yet the consciousness of the good
within me came to me, too, bringing in its train
a feeling of humility. The very air around me
seemed conscious, and this consciousness seemed
growing into my spirit, and discovering my
shortcomings with unrelenting eye. I was aware
that the universe was filled with thought; that
intelligence guides every human being from
birth; I knew that in whatever condition I
stood, I stood there untrammelled and free; and
I repeat to you this message, that can convey no
adequate meaning of what consciousness is, be-
cause of the blindness which is termed intelli-
gence in outward life, which wins its chief in-
formation through the senses of the material
body, through the faculties of sight and hear-
ing, and is scarce even approximately possessed
of a comprehension of the smallest order of
spiritual development. I was conscious in every
part of my being, in every avenue of my life;
there was an indefinable and absolute freedom
of expression which startled me by its scope and
variety. You call it consciousness when the
beauties of Nature, the rippling stream, the

smiling landscape awaken thoughts of rejoicing
in your hearts; you call it consciousness when
in hours of reflection you perceive crowding
around you the expressions every human being
may and is expressing—*you*—you recognize
the paths they tread, and seem almost con-
versant with their thoughts; but let the atmo-
sphere be the people, and let every portion of
that atmosphere seem the thought penetrating
into the inmost recesses of your being; let every-
thing which comes up before your comprehen-
sion be alive with the consciousness of its own
existence and your relation with it, and you will
know the meaning of what I now understand to
be consciousness. Take the deaf, the dumb, the
blind in the mortal form, is the material life
compared with that of the spiritual. That which
is I, that which was in the material body, that
which I am to be, comes sweeping in upon me;
and I am I do not hear or feel or see, in the
sense attached by you to these terms, I yet per-
ceive you closely and utterly.

Consciousness! Why the soul of man is in hu-
man life encased in a prison with vaulted aisles
and avenues of darkness, through which per-
haps one glimmering sunbeam may struggle.
What means, therefore, the measure of his con-
sciousness as compared with that of the spirit?
Message-angels are about you; spirit intelli-
gences are bestowing upon your mind and heart
the glad wealth of their love; dearly cherished
friends of old welcome you with no distant
shake of the hand, no gleaming of the eye
enough the choked labyrinth of human expres-
sion, but soul to soul, the spirit of their intelli-
gence filling your heart and mind with the
warmth of a sphere which radiates sunshine
and power to all. This was the greeting that
met me on the thither shore of life.

Had I an objective form? did I receive a spiri-
tual welcome? did I find a spiritual home await-
ing me? did I find preparations for my coming?
Time and space seemed to vanish as I changed
spheres; my home was in my heart; I was in
the midst of thought and intelligence. I did
not know or dream of matter as matter, but only
as a shadow that I had left behind me. I looked
with astonishment upon my physical tenement.
Was that my body? As one might gaze upon a
manikin, even thus did I upon that which had
been called me, saying, Is that plummy, that atom
of dust, that handful of clay, me? I seemed to
hear in every part of my being the answer of
reason: No! I seemed to feel a world of in-
tellect and attributes, which, prisoned till
now, appeared in their expansion to fill all
space. I could only understand that the uni-
verse was mine; that the attributes of thought
possessed me, growing stronger and stronger,
till I could never believe for an instant that I
had ever occupied the diminutive and attenu-
ated form before me.

And yet I know it to be true: the intelligence
that is mine announce that that cast-off form
was my physical tenement, but the power and
personality which I called me is a power and
personality which I could not now habituate in
a thousand such forms. Such liberty and such
power, or unfolding of soul, is death! As the
unfettered skill of the chemist sets free various
forces to work in and for the world, so the great
alchemist, Death, struck the central chord of
my being, and now I am free! But the force
that governs the world of motion, the leading
force of the most of the spiritual body is thought;
across the ocean of change—these are something
comparable to the universal thought that un-
bars the soul and releases it to its native air.

I qualified the chalice of love held up to my
lips, I drank in the grand realization of things
around me. Whatever I thought of rose objec-
tively before me—the atmosphere before me seem-
ing the vehicle of its appearance. If retrospec-
tion was invoked, the past was at once in my
view; I felt as if I were looking back upon a
long vista stretching before me. Whenever I
wish to see a friend of the past, that friend, with
eyes beaming with intelligence, with soul ex-
panded and glorified, appears before me, teach-
ing me the grandeur of the new existence which
has come to me. The slight often troubles me
with its clearness and minuteness of detail. If
in the aforesaid we might have been giants,
now it is the spirit that is gigantic, not the
form; the form is small, but the spirit is what
you make it, but the soul is the source of all. I
seem to have preparation for hearing, seeing,
feeling—preparation for every sensation; no
attribute of the mind seems to fail in a single
channel. In a word there was a divine centre
in my being whose expansion seemed the con-
sciousness of the universe.

What is the occupation of my life in the spirit-
world? So far as my present experience ex-
tends, I feel no objective existence at all; I do
not wish any home—I am in the hearts
and souls of my friends. My occupation is to
receive and profit by the lessons incident to this
new stage of being. I had as soon reënter my
cast-off form, or take up my abode in any form
of matter I can call to mind, as to denominate
any state, place or condition that I can name in
spirit-life my spirit-home. Can I tell you that
rivers and mountains, hills and valleys do not
express to me what I call the spirit-land? If I
return to you in the material, and endeavor to
explain the glories of this state of being, it is like
speaking of love to one who has never felt its
purifying and uplifting power; who shall tell, by
words of love—what strength there is in its
thrilling presence? Who can understand what
music is through a mere description of that
heavenly art? Can you describe that which is
essentially formless as far as the recognition of
your physical senses is concerned, and yet fills
the spirit's consciousness with the presence of
real and absolute being? I know that material,
organized substance is valuable, for I have mea-
sured its scope in my mortal form, but this day
and this hour there is no materialism—I abide
in what is to me, spiritually, a tangible, con-
scious, sentient state, born of what was within
me. I perceive only thought, intelligence, ideas,
truths; in short, into my mind, greater than first-
streams, more vocal than the harmony of the
voices of the spheres, come the remembrances of
the past, the joys of the present, the prophesies of
the future! I do not need a home in a *literal* sense
—my home is with those who love me. I do not
need any objective existence; I have no need of
being clothed upon with material raiment, but I
know that I am clothed with such as befits me,
and that these garments are from the atmo-
sphere around me. I do not know that it is not pos-
sible for human speech to convey what the
spirit feels—it must be a conception of your own
soul, and I am not speaking to your senses (to-
day, I am speaking to your spirits). I do not wish
you to understand that I am clothed upon in any
greater degree than thousands of spirits
that minister to you; no splendor of thought
mine that is not theirs also. It is possible that
the earth-experience of mine was different from
those of others, but all are in the same course
if not in degree.

No whose remains now lie before you and
somewhat whose story will be told on this
occasion, has experienced the change awaiting
you in the mortal vestments. I know his life was
not like mine, but I also know there is no hu-
man spirit who does not feel, when the messen-
ger of death comes, the attainment of greater

and higher freedom. I know that even the mur-
derer from the gallows, the criminal from the
dungeon cell, the miser from his cavern of dark-
ness, feels, momentarily this sense of relief from
the limitations which enshrouded his interior life.
How much more, then, must it be attendant on
him who goes out from his earthly work full of
years and honors won by effort for the advance-
ment of truth among men! I bless that sea of
life, that eternity of existence, that has swept
me from material to spiritual experiences, and I
bless also the returning wave that enables me
to speak this word to you in mortal life at this
hour.

I have struggled for human freedom, for the
attainment of that political freedom in a natural
way; and I come to state my thought for the
freedom of man from the trammels of sensa-
tionalism as well. The spiritual state is too
conscious to be made the abject servant to the
human form; intelligence is too potent and too
abiding to come into subjection to the mere
chances and changes of material life; demon-
strations are valuable to the child, but the grown-up
man must be his own demonstrator of life. The
spiritual world is reaching toward you, is bring-
ing upon the waves of that sea of life into your
presence proof of the existence of human spirits
after death—but the truth of that existence is so
absolute that I wish you to know it from within,
from the clearest faculties of your minds.

But some may say all that we have pictured
seems like a figment of imagination; so it is;
but if imagination is not reality, then what is
seen in the ordinary sense of the word does not
exist; for if reality is not in the soul, then life
also is not there. As the voice of my daughters
read to me from the works of that gifted child
of song who at this hour may be shedding silent
tears, my soul was lifted into the world of spirits;
but if that glorious inspiration be imagination,
their death and life and hope and freedom—all
things past, present and coming—are figments
of human error, and all aspirations for
and belief in the presence of higher intelli-
gences are also imaginations and unrealities.
Can that be imagination which can give you to-
day, on earth, truth, intelligence, phenomenal
information of the disembodied loved ones of
your own life, and the revered and honored of
the centuries? If so, then the sun's rays, the
moon's silver splendor, the solemn glory of the
stars, the ever-blooming earth, are all likewise
the lifeless components of the pageant of a
dream.

I am, and abide with you, dear friends; let
me speak this word in closing, that spirit is
reality—that it is the ruling, potent power of the
universe! I thank you for the close attention
you have paid to me.

[Change of control.] "He maketh me to lie
down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside
the still waters; he restoreth my soul." "In
my Father's house are many mansions; if it
were not so I would have told you. I go to pre-
pare a place for you." "And God shall wipe
away all tears from their eyes; and there shall
be no more death."

"There is no death;
'T is but the kindly frost that cracks the shell
And leaves the kernel round to germinate."

These are the words, some of them, of past
and present inspiration in regard to the change
called death. At the memorial shrine we bring
the remains of the beloved friend and brother
whose name we have known in connection with
Spiritualism for a quarter of a century; the cas-
ket is visible to you; the tribute to-day is, how-
ever, not to the form but to the soul. You are
here not for the observance of funeral rites, but
rather to render grateful homage to the life of
one who has a larger life to-day, a higher ca-
pacity and power of comprehension than can be
yours till you, like him, have bowed to the man-
ner of change. For a number of years, and
the labors of those years, few men have such a
record of usefulness and power. The lesson of
the change that is in your midst to-day is a les-
son of the value of human life; what its purpose
is—what also is the design of earth-life as related
to immortality, and what is acquired by it. The
sheaf of grain (referring to the floral and other
decorations of the casket before her) is typical
of his ripened life; the fruitage at the feet of
the casket is typical of the results which wait
on his efforts; the flowers blooming about him
are symbols also of life's value in the plane of the
affections. Whatever life on earth has wrought
for our friend and brother who is here this day,
his spirit knows. There is now no life, no other
spirit that can come to him and tell him of the
lesson of death; that lesson is his possession;
he has tested for himself the realities and the
possibilities which follow the change of spheres.

To those who are here in mortal form, this
casket is a valuable one whereby to measure the
outcome of human life. Is it a structure for
material use alone, or is it valuable for spiritual
uses? What is it that the material tenement
crumbles into dust? Does not all by the law of
strict material observation pass away? Are the
pyramids forever to remain? Does the temple
of even the most sacred church abide forever?
Are the struggles of material nature, that for
which man lives, alone? Are the efforts put
forth to obtain the supplies for his material na-
ture's use, slow of attainment and swift of con-
sumption, the all of his being? Are all to be
measured from the fleeting and transitory stand-
point of earth and its belongings? Throughout
man's life, how very little of it is visible to his
friends—how much is held within the grasp of
his interior being, and makes no appearance in
the light of public comprehension. Is all this
reserved for use in nonentity at the stroke
of death? The silent prayer and struggle, the
hope and the aspiration, that which is obtained
in the spirit, the truth of man, the intelligence,
the fervor of his being—these are to be declared
to be but the little ripple that he makes upon
the surface of human life, or the larger wave
that he may make by and through the influence
of his talents? Such is the conclusion arrived at
by the materialist, who says this ripple or this
wave will undulate to the shore of matter, there
to be lost forever! And yet science tells that
not a particle of anything dust is lost—that in
the great universe of existence, no atom, star or
planet can be blotted out from the realm of the
common and all-embracing activity. Shall that
then which can weigh the atom, and measure
the star, and probe the atmosphere, abide in the
life of materiality only, and, halting at death with
the expression there, perish at death with the
equation of form? Spiritual knowledge says
the *Evermore* and *forever*, No! It shall not be
lost. And streaming into the midst of the nine-
teenth century, where materialism on the one
hand has destroyed the human soul, and theol-
ogy on the other hand has condemned it, the
light of spiritual truth has stamped its seal upon
the thought of this age, teaching in language
capable of mistake the grand truth of a future
conscious progressive life for the human spirit
beyond the range of material dissolution.

But brother whose form lies before you was
one of the first to understand this truth: one
of the first to proclaim it to his fellows. As the
spirit which has just addressed you was working
while on earth against the bondage of caste as
millitating against the highest political rights of
man, so was this brother a stalwart and fearless

witness for the rights of the human spirit—a de-
fender of Spiritualism when it was called to
face, in its advent days, the wealth and pros-
perity of the church on the one hand, and the
sneers of materialism on the other—when it
meant something for a man to stand up
in public and say, "I know that the spirit lives
and can return." When Nicodemus clung to
the darkness and sought the coveted knowledge
stealthily by night, this man bravely stood to
the front, in the full glare of opposition, and
said: "I can prove what I say to be true!"

Whatever imperfections are known to the mor-
tal form, and no one can say, "I am without
one"—yet he who is true to his convictions,
who is not cowardly, who is steadfast in his be-
lief, he is admired by gods and men; and if he
wears somewhat of the ruggedness of Hercules
in his daily walk and expression, is it not Her-
cules that vanquishes after all? Hercules who
conquers all vicissitudes of life and time. For
a quarter of a century in the life of this man
the light of spirit and truth swept in waves, bear-
ing away from him being the imperfections of
his thought, and fitting him the more fully
for the corrected discharge of his duty as a man,
a citizen, and a laborer for the physical and spiri-
tual betterment of humanity; and what that
spiritual light, has done for him is known to
those who meet him to-day in the spheres of the
better land. Strengthened, beloved and blessed
by the angels in both worlds; who would not be
glad to stand where he does to-day? who would
not be glad to pass from the confines of the
physical form, and to say to it: "Thou hast
done my work; farewell!" So more the troubles
of life in matter, no more the imperfections of
man's nature, no more the struggle with en-
trenched creeds and dogmas—today all is living
truth with him; to-day, glowing in new-found
strength, he enters a new sphere of action, and
turns now a face toward you, which would
bear you back in memory a quarter of a cen-
tury, with eyes beaming with love and a glow-
ing with health and happiness, he says
"God bless you, oh, my friends! For the na-
tural, the imperfections, the errors that may
in any degree have rendered your lives less bright-
if they came from me," he says, "I ask your
pardon." For all misjudgments, misconcep-
tions and fallacies on the part of those yet in the
mortal form, he desires to understand of his life,
freely gives you forgiveness in the light of his
brighter day. "Clasp hands across this voice-
less stream," he says, "for the dear truth we
all believe, and that I now know to be a verity;
let us work with increasing and enduring en-
ergy. Life is life forevermore, and I have found
rest and peace, but not idleness."

It is needless to ask you how actively this
man engaged in carrying forward the work of
body of Dr. Henry F. Gardner sleeps—it will be
converted into dust, and molded into flowers,
and fruitage of sun, moon and time—but the soul has
gathered up its sheaves and passed away; he is
done with the crosses of mortality, and now rests
beneath that vine whose fruitage hangs in gold-
en clusters in the immortal world. We need
not say to the friends, the dearly-beloved
friends, weep not in grief, for that truth which
abides in his soul is yours, more or less, and the
near ones of the household will understand me;
a blessing follows this day, all those who have
ministered so kindly during the hours of his
suffering, and those who up to the last moment
have been affectionate, tender, beautiful and
loving friends. And to the one friend, who as
an angel has ministered during all hours and
seasons, whose name is remembered in the angel-
world, and whose voice is an instrument of the
angel message and ministry, we would present
the thank-offering of the risen one in a typical
garland of lilies, for the sister and companion,
who has ever ministered in hours of sorrow or
joy.

Dear ones, companions, co-workers, this day
the spirit-world invites you to the common feast,
you sit down in the presence of its fruits, the
vintage of its vine poured out to one and all;
you partake of the sacrifice of the soul, you are
baptized in the living waters of truth. Immor-
tality is yours, and is in your midst to-day!

POEM.

Oh, blessed angel misnamed Death!
Thou white-winged messenger of heaven,
Pressing o'er with silent breath,
Smiling o'er earth each morn and even,
How is thy name, by man belied,
Become transfigured, glorified!
Within the channel pressed here,
Oh, beautiful angel of white death,
We, kneeling, give what is most dear—
An offering of loving breath.
Angels of life, immortal love,
Thy kingdom evermore above.
Thou primal mother thou art Death;
The flowers feel thee, and sink to rest
To awaken in the heavenly breast.
So blossom upon Aiden's breast,
So spirits sink to rest in thee,
To live again eternally.
And all the unseen realm is thine,
All sights and forms invisible;
The atom filled with breath divine;
All sound and speech hushed;
The sun and moon, the stars and spheres,
The earth and all the changeable years.
Thou art the mother, whose blessed tears
Awaken founts whose ceaseless springs
Are found in angel atmospheres.
And ever faithful, ever winged,
Pulsate eternally in heaven.
To thee all human thoughts are given.
Nor time, nor space, nor dull decay,
Nor terror, nor the fear of man,
Can take the blessed peace away.
Thou dost abide in thy bliss and
Glisten the eyes of those we love,
Waking the sympathetic tear,
Proving their presence still more near.
Then in that kingdom from above,
Oh angel mother of white death,
Thou dost receive the living breath.
Rest, worker of the hand and heart!
Rest, tired mind and ceaseless brain!
For thou art now of Death a part—
But death is life, and will remain!
Unto the dust the farr and flowers,
Unto the spirit all the powers;
The kindly fervor of thy life
Rescued at last from human strife.
Peace, peace! there is no sorrow here!
There is but rest, and peace, and love.
A song of triumph ever thine,
And death abides in life above.

BENEDICTION.

May the spirit of the everlasting Father abide
with you all in hours of sorrow and of joy, teach-
ing the lesson of his love in every gift and grace
that comes to you. The dust unto the dust, the
casket unto the mother earth, the spirit, alive,
transfigured in your midst, scatters blessings
upon your pathway forevermore. Amen.

REMARKS OF MISS LIZZIE DOTEN AT CEDAR GROVE.

After the funeral cortege of the late Dr. Henry
F. Gardner had arrived at the cemetery, and the
friends had gathered around the bier at the
grave-side, this gifted lady voiced the feeling of
the occasion in the following touching words:

Dear Friends—Standing here amid these deeps
[Continued on eighth page.]

Children's Department.

TALES OF THE EVERLASTING MOTHER.

ADDITIONAL REVISIONS FOR 1878.
 BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EVERLASTING MOTHER."

OLD WOMEN.

"I ask thee, grandmother, wert thou really once young? Hast thou truly loved, as we? Canst thou sing merrily, unhesitatingly believe, gaily laugh? Thou art not yet so old, thou art vigorous and healthy, thy step is firm, thy hair brown (but yet I can never fancy that thou wert once a merry child, or a sweet bride. Why art thou so bitter, and why does thy outward appearance seem like a satire upon thy true self? Methinks thou shouldst appear *very* old, and go upon crutches. Why does all mankind appear wicked and false to thee? all on earth sin and do wrong? Canst thou still kiss and caress the grandchildren? Or is thy kiss only a mockery of the lips? Hast thou lost all the emotion of love? Grandmother, thou art so inflexible, so severe in thy condemnation of the young and the erring. I believe that thou hast never erred, but also that thou hast never *fully* loved. Thy harsh, cold, censorious virtue, crushes and chills all life and love in us. Wert thou truly free but sixteen years old? A beautiful maiden, a sacrificing wife, a glad and tender mother, a wife who could love, suffer and err? I cannot believe it. It seems to me that as thou art thou hast arisen from the grave, and now, untroubled, thou wilt return to thy stone, gray dwelling."

"Great grandmother, say, why art thou so cold? Why this silent, unsmiling, little hand? Thou art still full of life and youth. Does not the sunshine always play on thy dear head? Do not little joyful smiles ever surround thee with light? Or how, then, would time eyes be so bright and friendly, thy voice so cheerful and so kindly smiling, the broken voice so cheering and so soothing? Great grandmother, it seems to me that thou art but sixteen years old. Take off the old mask, then art thou carrying on a mischievous game with us. Why dost thou go about so bent, and with a stick? Throw it away! Thou art full of life and strength, hope and expectation. Thou art really no old great-grandmother, for thou art young with us; thou lovest and understandest the young, thou sympathizest with the happy, and helpest the fallen. Thou art full of sympathy for all, understandest the battles of the soul, the anxieties of the heart; and thou givest such true consolation in all trouble."

"Great grandmother, thou hast also once erred, loved and suffered. Yes, thou wert a child, wert thouless, passionate, full of confidence and hope; and I say it again, thou hast suffered much. Now thy youth accompanies thee to the grave, back to thy home in the sunny blue heavens. Lovely and peaceful art thou on thy bed, the mouth closed in a sweet smile, a loving look in thine eyes."

ONE SOUL SEEKS THE OTHER.

"I, the Everlasting Mother, see all the souls of men. I know how they wander over from the kingdom of spirits to the kingdom of earth, and how many. Many spirits united in spiritual love, lose each other through this change; they seek each other then on earth, often in vain. 'I see their pain when they cannot find each other, and I weep.' 'There she is! Yes! it is she!' says he. 'Now I have found him,' responds she. 'Ah, no! it is a delusion. The ideal, the innermost desire of your souls, remains unanswered. Or perhaps you are separated by needless and inevitable forms, conceptions of mankind, which extinguish all life and love. It is as if the coarse hand of fate were passed over a fine picture, wiping away all its beauty. And so your life becomes empty, mutilated and deformed. You go on with a cold heart, with no light aspirations, but shuddering to meet death. Then first, after the sleep of earth is finished, you awake, seek and find."

"Thus I saw a youth of an ardent and enthusiastic disposition, living only in poetry and music. Struggling forth from all the meanness of this earth, he lived only in the ideal. But he would realize the world of spirits, of art, in tone, speech and image, as he experienced it in himself. He himself is a strange melody, often soft and gentle as a maiden, then wild and passionate, a raging and foaming sea. Only with dislike and by dint of great self-command does he come forth from the heaven of his ideal to the hell of every-day life. The burden of this earth presses heavily on him, and all the sweet tones of music, songs of elves, and tranquillizing influence of moonlight, are not sufficient at times to console and strengthen him."

"This youth possessed all that the earth could offer him. Only one thing failed him—a soul equal to his own, with the same aspirations after purity, truth, and harmony. Incomprehensible to his friends, he often turned away from them, alone and wretched. One of these proved for him, to be sure, the pleasure of music, others represented in words and colors, but they remained still but material, coarse men, and he turned from them in despair, his ideal only in idealistic feeling, never in reality. All life was to him a dream. He found no being of his being, no life of his life. Earthly love was indeed offered him, but in the moment of grasping it he drew himself back. The fancied off had shown he self a sentient being, and disenchanted, he turned away from this desecration of his soul's spiritual dreams. He is like a tall and noble plant, transplanted from the rich and pure world of spirits to the poor, boggy soil of earth; a powerful off-king, whose voice is music, whose speech is poetry, whose feelings are of pure spiritual love, whose will, wisdom and being are harmony. He lives a contrast to the world, whose music is dissonance, whose speech is falsehood, whose love is sensuality, whose whole being is discord. He is not understood by mankind, and lives alone among the many, who consider him as a fool and eccentric dreamer."

"Then so I saw a maiden. All in and about her answered to a higher harmony. Mistress of the tones of music, she sings to herself her song, in the woods and on the banks of the stream. Then it is as if the old elfin land awoke in her. All around her lives; the clouds take speaking forms and float in manifold pictures before her dreamy eyes; the brook, too, has speech. Here lurk pretty little nymphs, lovely elves peep from the reed-bed trees; there little hump-backed gnomes stumble awkwardly about—her voice has awakened them from their mid-day sleep. Dwarfs, gods of the woods, kings of the air, complaining Melusines, sweet, teasing Undines—she knows them all, she speaks to them, she finds them, by day and night, in the open air as in the room; everywhere she is surrounded by their fictitious

life. She herself is a queen in the spiritual world. She knows more than others, because she is more sensitive and loves more deeply."

"She sits on the flowery banks of the stream and dreams. Then the little flowers stretch forth their heads out of the grass. The blue forget-me-not whispers a melancholy 'I am still the same.' The violet breathes out perfume toward her. The rose admits her hair; yes, even the toads and fishes look at her admiringly, and the little birds perch on the branches overhead turn their heads to gaze on her as she passes by. Her very gait is speaking, it is so tranquil and harmonious, so serene and expressive. There lies a kind of patience in it, as if she would say: 'See! I could float like my sisters, the doves, but I must walk, for my elf-king is here on the earth and I seek him.' In winter, when the poor elves are frozen in, when the dwarfs and gnomes have hidden themselves in their grottoes, when all Nature is silent, she seeks with the flames of the fire. There she beholds fire-spirits and fire-life, forms which arise and again dissolve in the glowing coals."

"Rich in herself, though outwardly poor, with foreboding she looks always for her beloved. Powerful melodies, glorious thoughts, divinely pure images arise within her. For whom? For him. She looks for him; will she find him? Unconsciously they love each other; without meeting on this earth, they are spiritually united; no earthly marriage could bind them more firmly. They even talk to each other in dreams and in thought, though they remain always without the satisfaction of human speech and look."

"So they live on two spirits in one spirit; they live and become old. Comprehendest thou, however, that *one point* in them remains untouched by the world and mankind? Comprehendest thou that both, guarding ever this *one something*, carry it with them, pure and elastic, to the grave. They preserve their spiritual marriage! Each for the other, unconscious of it themselves, they carry it about in them until they die and earth covers their weary bodies. Then, however far their graves may lie apart, *their souls will find each other* in the midst of spiritual splendor. 'Thou wert so long away,' said the maiden's soul, clinging to him. 'But now we are forever one,' said the youth, tenderly embracing her."

(Continued in our next.)

From the New York Sun of Dec. 21st.
Miss Fancher's Condition.

The Queer Case in Brooklyn Considered Anthropologically. Dr. Buchanan Explaining how the Relationship between Body and Soul is Affected by Disease. Somnambulism and Second Sight—Some of the Doubting Physicians Criticized.

Prof. J. R. Buchanan, who occupies the Chair of Physiology and Anthropology in the Eclectic Medical College, was called upon by a reporter for *The Sun* to ascertain his views on the famous Miss Fancher case. The science of anthropology is said by Dr. Buchanan and his followers to be sufficiently profound and comprehensive to illustrate all the abnormal as well as normal phenomena of human life. The doctor has given attention for forty years to the nervous system, and has made many marvelous experiments, such as those which in 1853 excited interest in this city, and obtained the cordial endorsement of a committee of which the late Wm. Cullen Bryant was the chairman.

Dr. Buchanan gave the reporter a concise sketch of his labors in establishing the science of anthropology, and explained the theory and practice of psychometry—the art by which gifted individuals are enabled to take a piece of manuscript, and, without even seeing it, tell from a certain subtle impression the entire character and condition of the writer as well as his life. He has been intimately known for many years. At this stage of the conversation, a woman of genial and prepossessing countenance, whose name is known to the readers of *The Sun* as that of an independent thinker, dropped into the doctor's office, and was introduced as a member of the New York Psychometric Society, composed exclusively of ladies who possess this marvelous power of psychometry, and hold their private seances for its exercise as a means of intellectual and moral culture.

The reporter immediately suggested that she give a specimen of her powers, by pronouncing an opinion upon a piece of manuscript in his possession, to which she cheerfully assented. A brief note from a personal friend was then placed in her right hand, and without looking at it she professed to feel its influence, and proceeded to speak of the writer as freely and judiciously as if she had personally known him.

The brief and accurate description thus accidentally procured was spoken of by Dr. Buchanan as a commonplace incident that any lady of the Psychometric Society could have done. This incident illustrates so well the marvelous powers which Dr. Buchanan says reside in the human constitution, that it serves as an appropriate introduction to his views of the Miss Fancher case, which are presented in an abridged form in the following synopsis:

Dr. Buchanan has not given much attention to the case of Miss Fancher for the reason that I see very little in it that appears to me either new or wonderful. Medical annals contain many authentic cases of abstinence from food, some even for longer periods than in the Fancher case, but of these things the profession generally is profoundly ignorant, for medical schools and medical authors have their infallible dogmas, and anything contrary to those dogmas is fiercely assailed by the whole phalanx, discredited in every possible way, right or wrong, and scrupulously expurgated from medical literature. Upon all things beyond the dead level of a stupid mechanical materialism the medical profession is the most ignorant part of society. In the most fashionable medical schools ignorance is cultivated as a fine art, and stupidity is elaborately condensed into an impregnable shell of case and energy with which a trained professor repels unlimited amounts of testimony, facts, and even the most authentic statistics, can be compared only to the energy that we find in the heels of a spirited mule—excuse the coarseness of the metaphor, for a coarse illustration is necessary for a coarse subject. Common courtesy and common sense are equally disregarded by medical skepticism, which is simply educated ignorance combined with natural stolidity. My language may seem strong, but it is not so strong as the facts warrant."

A liberally educated physician should know that Miss Fancher's case is one of a large number of cases of most unquestionable authenticity, in which the deeply interesting correlations of the soul and body are established by a disturbance of their usual relations. In the average man, soul and body are so closely united that the spirit is completely masked by the flesh, and every psychic process can be traced in the transformation of matter, and recorded in some form of excretion. The animal is stronger than the spiritual nature, and the man has no distinct idea either of his brain or of his soul. This is the ideal man of the medical schools. They tolerate no other conception of man than that of a mere animal. They refuse to recognize the soul as an entity, or even an object of scientific investigation. They know no more of the psychic universe than the mole does of astronomy. To ask one of these skeptics, who considers mind a secretion of the brain; as bile is a secretion of the liver, his opinion of Miss Fancher's case would be as profitable as to ask a description of the climate of Cuba from one of the learned monks in the days of Columbus, who denied the existence of the western hemisphere. But the medical profession is not entirely composed of old fogies. There are some thousands who have adopted modern ideas, and who understand that man is more than a physical machine. They know that when the close connection of soul and body is disturbed, their powers may be separated—the body living as if inanimate, while its vital principle, which is spiritual, acts independently of the body, as

it must when the body has been destroyed by death."

Reporter.—Do such cases often occur?
Dr. Buchanan.—They are very familiar. We see them in *trances*, such as the famous case of the Rev. William Tennant, and that of Capt. Riley, the African traveler, which was related to me by his son. That famous divine, Mr. Tennant of New Jersey, had this separation of soul and body. He lay three days in apparent death, and would have been buried but for the friendly zeal of his physician—who was not of the old fogey species. During this time his soul realized the *post-mortem* life, and enjoyed such knowledge of the spirit-world or heaven that his previous fears and doubts were entirely dispelled. But during these three days of seeming death the brain underwent such a disorganization in the front lobe that his knowledge was lost, and he had to begin, like a child, with a study of the alphabet."

But as the texture of his brain was gradually restored, his identity was renewed, and his mind was able to use the brain as before, with the additional knowledge which it had gained when acting beyond the limits of the body. This is a single illustration of what has been witnessed in a thousand cases of *trance*, except that generally the soul returns to the body, but may become disorganized, and any injury has been done to the vital force. I might fill the entire *Sunday Sun* with such narratives, which medical literature carefully suppresses; but we do not depend on the morbid *trance* for illustration, since we have something better in the way of experiments in the psycho-physiological sciences, which enables us to produce a partial separation of soul and body when we please."

Reporter.—Do you mean that soul and body can be separated by any process known to science without injury to health?

Dr. Buchanan.—I do. Almost every case of natural somnambulism is an illustration. The somnolence of the morose *trance* can certainly be produced on any twenty. In some regions three-fourths of the entire population can be thus entranced. I am very sure, from Dr. Esdaile's surgical experience in India, that more than one-half of the population of that country can be so entranced into a partial separation of soul and body, and probably at least one million of them could display the ecstatic, clairvoyant and preoxant phenomena of Miss Fancher. The medical colleges do their utmost to suppress the knowledge of these phenomena and prevent their investigation. Prof. Agassiz was a fine mesmerist subject when in Switzerland, and might have rivalled Miss Fancher, but his powers had been cultivated in that direction, and he had not the truth-seeker's courage, and he carefully avoided this forbidden ground."

Reporter.—I perceive, then, that you class Miss Fancher's experience with that of somnambulism, seers, ecstasies, prophets, and cataleptics; but is that really an explanation? What we want is the *rationale* that explains all such phenomena, if it is possible to give it.

Dr. Buchanan.—That is the very question that I wish to meet. This question cannot be answered without a thorough science of the functions of the brain, its external and internal parts—everything in it, from the medulla oblongata to the corpus callosum. Anthropology, as I have taught it for thirty-six years, is such a science, and outside of it there is no explanation of such cases. The fashionable physiological writers have only a glimmering and uncertain idea of the functions of a few structures. In the case of the brain, knowing nothing of the mental functions, the physiology of Gall and Spurzheim knows nothing of the psychological offices of the brain, nothing of its relations to the soul as a distinct entity, and nothing of its interior structures and its basilar convolutions. All these things I have made the subject of scientific experiment, and this experimental knowledge enables me to explain all such cases. It would take a volume to do justice to the subject, but I will give a rule outline of the explanation in five minutes. To be concise, I will put it into a few propositions, and I wish them published in my exact language:

1. In my diagnosis of such a case I would say that the chief seat of the wonderful intellectual powers displayed by Miss Fancher, independent of the external senses, is in the anterior pillars of the brain, and the septum lucidum, structures which no living physiologist, but myself even, has been able to understand.

2. The internal surface of the optic thalamus, the corpora mammillaria, and the pineal gland are also in a high state of activity. The functions of these structures are also unknown to physiologists.

3. The basilar regions of the brain are in exact antagonism to the coronal or superior regions. The former are physiological in their actions, the latter pathological. The latter, in fact, is the seat of the morbid condition of one region leaves the other in unrestrained predominance. Paralysis or inactivity of the moral region, which we often witness under the effect of phobias, makes man a beast or a criminal. Paralysis of the basilar region, if complete, makes him an angel by suspending physiological life, and leaving the soul unconfined to soar out of the body."

There are numerous intermediate states in which the basilar functions are but partially suspended, and the soul partially emancipated. These states we witness in magnetic somnolence, in pathological *trance*, religious ecstasy, catalepsy, and sometimes in hysteria. Fastening is one of the modes of developing this exalted condition. If fasting excites hunger it only develops animality, but if it suppresses appetite then it is favorable to religious ecstasy, clairvoyance, and spiritual communion."

The superior functions of the brain in the case of Miss Fancher is sufficient to develop all her spiritual nature and powers, and consequently if she is not under any unfavorable influences near her, must give her an exalted character—a degree of angelic purity, elevation of sentiment, and clearness of perception similar to that of the disembodied soul after a virtuous life."

The temperament developed by this condition of the brain is one of great refinement and susceptibility of impressions; and if any one time with the necessary scientific knowledge had seen Miss Fancher at the first of her attacks the whole progress of her case might have been controlled, and the present condition prevented. Even now, much might be done for her comfort by those who are sufficiently enlightened."

7. At some future time, when less occupied, I may recur to this case, and have something to say that will be interesting and agreeable to Miss Fancher and her friends, as well as the public."

THE YOUNG DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

"Take him up tenderly, lift him with care;
 Offer to heaven for him a prayer;
 Robe the cold form for his home 'neath the sod,
 Leave his soul to the love and the mercy of God."

Wipe from his forehead the cold dews of death;
 Try to forget that he, weary of breath,
 Took with his own hand the life God has given;
 Have pity for him if you want it from heaven."

He had no mother to love and direct him;
 No loving father to guide and protect him;
 Homeless and friendless, surrounded by sin,
 What wonder his life was so profligate been?"

Once he was pure and honest and strong,
 Loving the right and despising the wrong;
 God knows who tempted him—led him astray—
 Drew his young soul from true honor away."

God knows who held to his lips the first glass,
 Bidding him drink and be merry. Alas!
 One young life in years should be old in his sin,
 Pity him, thinking what he might have been."

Take him up tenderly, lift him with care;
 Offer to heaven for him a prayer;
 Robe the cold form for his home 'neath the sod,
 Leave his soul to the love and the mercy of God."

Gossu.—We must regard every matter as an entrusted secret, which we believe the person concerned would wish to be considered as such. Nay, further still, we must consider all circumstances as secrets intrusted, which would bring scandal upon another if told, and which is not our certain duty to discuss, and that in our own persons and to his face. The divine rule of doing as we would be done by is never better put to the test than in matters of good and evil speaking. We may sophisticate with ourselves upon the matter in which we would wish to be treated under many circumstances; but every body recoils instinctively from the thought of being spoken ill of in his absence.—*Ex.*

Banner Correspondence.

Illinois.

CHICAGO.—Theodore F. Price writes, Dec. 1st, as follows: "I have frequently thought it my duty, in justice to one of the purest and best mediums that it has ever been my lot to meet, to bear my testimony to the very convincing and remarkable character of the spirit-communications received through the mediumship of Mrs. E. P. Anderson, of No. 18 Ashland avenue. Her controlling spirits are remarkable for the deep interest they take in the business affairs of those who receive their communications. No detail of personal affairs is veiled from their view, and the character of their communications seems to have a practical application to the things of this life. While not applying for advice to a special degree in such a direction, there are yet several remarkable instances where she has given direct information, through her mediumship, leading to the restoration of stolen property. Some time ago she was called upon by her lady, a total stranger, who asked a question which was given. Before the lady had asked a question she was informed by the controlling influence—the same that has controlled Mrs. Anderson for the last twenty years—that she had lost a gold watch. The possessed lady immediately replied that such was the case, and that she had called to have a sitting with the medium in order to see if there could be any light thrown on its whereabouts. She was informed that if she would return to her home and search for a certain number to one of her servants—not as a direct accusation—she would be put in possession of the watch. The lady did as directed, and the servant, becoming alarmed by the remarks of her mistress, as to the search, returned to the chief when she discovered the watch, and restored it to the lady. The lady discovered returned to the dressing-case where it had been taken. This is by no means an isolated instance, nor the most remarkable one of the kind which has been placed through Mrs. Anderson's mediumship, and is related as one well authenticated, the particulars and proofs of which have been many times related by the lady interested."

In my own case, although not a believer in 'luck' in the vulgar acceptation of the term, I have never called upon Mrs. Anderson for a communication relating to my business affairs, but what I have ever received such advice as has shown me some way—and the best way—out of the difficulty. The position I now hold I fell into—to trace the circumstances—almost by a miracle. I had just received a communication from her 'business' spirit, which led to a train of thought that so influenced my movements as led directly to my establishment in my present position. Previous to this I was a clerk in a large and complicated office, and had wandered for weeks in desolation and despondency, out of employment. The spirit had told me that he would be with me until I was out of difficulty, which promise, on this occasion as well as various others, was well kept."

Comprehending the close relations of the spirit-world with ours, I trust I do not lay myself open to ridicule by your readers in thus making a few honest statements of the facts which have been the honest conviction of all true spiritual believers that all of the most important steps taken by mortals in their earthly careers are well known to their spirit-friends. If indeed they are not, such steps, I think, are a mere desire to place an excellent medium and worthy woman in her true position before the public; one who has quietly and unostentatiously done her work as a true Spiritualist, and one who has dispensed charities to the needy, even to the extent of giving a time."

In California, in Chicago, and in the East, Mrs. Anderson has done much as a medium for Spiritualism, her reliability and integrity never having been questioned in all the years of her experience as a trance medium. She has been the subject of some of the most remarkable tests on record. Her rooms are very pleasantly located on Ashland Avenue, opposite Union Park."

New York.

MORAVIA.—S. E. Constatock writes: "Now, in renewing my subscription, I am reminded of the privileges that Spiritualists enjoy here in Moravia. We have in this little village (of less than two thousand inhabitants), as many as five or six circles held by avowed Spiritualists; and probably as many more in the ranks of our avowed adherents—at events, such incidents as Spiritualism making its way into the churches, that it greatly annoys some of the clergy, who are loud in their denunciations of it and of all who believe in its blessed teachings."

The words of one clergyman are wonderful to hear. I think the condition of his own church must have suggested to his mind his classification of Spiritualists. Mark the elegance of his diction—he'll say nothing of 'darkness' or 'the idea'—and you can imagine with what fervor he would attack the slender corporation: 'Spiritualists are half knaves, and the other half fools, and the knaves are living off the fools.' We hear complaints from this last named class of Spiritualists, that the churches are at any rate teaching Spiritualism; and while, moreover, knowing perhaps nothing about the identity of Marlowe with that of the poet alluded to by Shakespeare, he yet quotes Marlowe in confirmation of his own views of *Eternal Hope*, and I may add, of true Spiritualism, when he points out that writer as telling us in his *Devil and Dr. Faustus* that:

"Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
 In one self place; but where we are is hell,
 And where hell is, there must we ever be.
 And, to be short, when all this world dissolves,
 And every creature shall be purified,
 All places shall be hell which are not heaven."

—Audar, in *London Spiritualist*.

The chaplains had a hard time of it in the army. The spiritual harvest was not large, and there was often a good deal of difficulty in the gathering. One Sunday morning while the grand old Army of the Potomac lay in the swamps of the Chickahominy, the chaplain of a certain Massachusetts regiment, I might say, scratched at the flap of the colonel's tent. He was invited to enter and be seated. "What is it, chaplain?" said the colonel, a terrible fellow to fight; "you seem to be in trouble." "Well, colonel," answered the good man, "I'm almost discouraged about our men." "Our men?" ejaculated the colonel, "what's the matter with the men?" "Well, you see," continued the chaplain, who felt that he had got the wedge fairly in, and might as well drive it home, "the fact is that our men do not take as much interest in religion as I wish they did. I think you and the other officers might help me, but instead of that you get them a very bad example by your constant swearing. Now, there's the—th Maine, just back of the hill yonder; the colonel is a God-fearing man, he does all he can to help his chaplain, and the result is that only last Sunday they baptized twelve men, while we have not had a single conversion since we left home." "Is that so?" said the colonel, thoughtfully, and then raising his voice, told the orderly to call the adjutant. "Adjutant," said he when that officer appeared, "the chaplain says that they baptized twelve men in that Maine regiment last Sunday. Detail twenty men for immediate baptism. I won't be outdone by any regiment in the army."—*Boston Transcript*.

Canon Farrar's Teachings.
 Mr. Gerald Massey has plainly shown us in his *Shakespeare's Sonnets and his Private Friends*, as well as in his valuable little book *Concerning Spiritualism*, that Marlowe was the poet to whom Shakespeare alluded as:

"By spirits taught to write above a mortal pitch;"
 and to whom came

"Companys by night, giving him aid."

This appears to me very valuable testimony, because the Spiritualism taught by Marlowe is so very like the Spiritualism taught in the present day that it shows the unchangeable nature of true Spiritualism, so unlike the variety of teaching in the churches. And yet, indeed, such men as Canon Farrar are beginning to teach Spiritualism, though they are unwilling or unable to acknowledge its source. However this may be, Canon Farrar is at any rate teaching Spiritualism; and while, moreover, knowing perhaps nothing about the identity of Marlowe with that of the poet alluded to by Shakespeare, he yet quotes Marlowe in confirmation of his own views of *Eternal Hope*, and I may add, of true Spiritualism, when he points out that writer as telling us in his *Devil and Dr. Faustus* that:

"Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
 In one self place; but where we are is hell,
 And where hell is, there must we ever be.
 And, to be short, when all this world dissolves,
 And every creature shall be purified,
 All places shall be hell which are not heaven."

—Audar, in *London Spiritualist*.

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North Carolina.
ATLANTA.—Robert Bonner writes: "For a long time we have made but little advancement of Spiritualism in this city, but the recent labors in our midst of Mr. Eldridge, and his beautiful and truthful Virginia wife, have created wonders among the unbelievers in this place. I have witnessed many convincing tests in Boston and New York, but never saw anything better calculated to impress truth than the manifestations recently from Mrs. Eldridge, of Richmond, Va. The spirits were so tangible and double states, and answer all written and mental questions, and a plain legible hand without the aid of any pencil. You can hear

MINNESOTA.
ROCHESTER.—Mrs. Eliza S. Dodge writes: "The communication from Mr. Eli Woodruff, printed in the *Banner* of Sept. 28th, 1878, is correct. Mr. Woodruff was well known in our family. He passed away in Elgin, Minn., as he states, about three months before he manifested at your circle. He said Rev. Mr. Eaton spoke at his funeral, which is also correct. I sent the *Banner* containing it to Mr. Eaton, who lives in Rochester, and he was greatly surprised, and said it was very much interested in the message, and that it was correct, and sounded like Mr. W. This makes the third one from our vicinity who has manifested through mediums at a distance."

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Foreign Correspondence.

WILLIAMS AND RITA AT AMSTERDAM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The public mind has been somewhat agitated by the alleged exposure of Mr. C. E. Williams, England's most celebrated medium, at a séance given at Amsterdam, a partial report of which has appeared in the columns of your paper.

To make the story short, Mr. Rita, an English medium, was engaged to give a séance at Amsterdam; he invited Mr. Williams, who was visiting the Hague, and under whose influence he was developed, to accompany him, which invitation Mr. Williams accepted.

On arriving at the house where the séance was to occur the circle was formed in the usual way, around a table in the dark; the mediums firmly held by the sitters, and all hands joined, the usual manifestations transpired, such as touches, raps, voices, &c. After this had taken place for some time, it was proposed that both mediums go into the improvised cabinet, which was accordingly done, and very soon the materializations began. While the apparition known as "Charlie" (an attendant spirit of Mr. Rita's) appeared at the opening, a man, followed by the other members of the séance, plunged at the cabinet, and, wonderful to relate, found the mediums inside, a scuffle ensued, blows were given, ladies fainted, and finally a light was struck, the half-entranced mediums were dragged forth, and the process of examination begun, when certain things were claimed to have been found upon Mr. Rita, while some one from behind Mr. Williams took up a very small roll of what appeared to be muslin, saying they had found it in Mr. W.'s back coat pocket. This being done, the amateur prize-fighters turned the mediums out of doors.

Mr. A. J. Riko, of the Hague, who was not present by the way, at once made public the above version of the story, together with the alleged contents of Mr. Williams's portmanteau, describing a wonderful instrument for writing on the inside of two slates tied together a la Sade, which he said he found; he has since said in print that he really found nothing of the sort, but as there were some small pieces of slate pencil he supposed they were intended for some such instrument; however the various articles of spirit drapery were sent to the British Association, whose council has seen fit to take up the matter.

The mediums admitted the facts as stated, but denied any knowledge whatever of how the things came into the séance, or that they had anything to do with the matter, but were willing to give any number of séances to prove the genuineness of their power.

The press has been somewhat divided in its treatment of the affair. The *Spiritualist* at once accepted the affirmations of the accusers, dropped Mr. Williams's advertisement, and prejudged the case; while the *Medium and Day-break*, imitating the example of the *Banner of Light*, in a long article defended the mediums.

The National Association took the matter up, since they were appealed to, and Mr. Williams appeared before them, and reiterated his former statement, that he knew nothing of the affair, that he had never had the slightest inducement to cheat, and called upon them as a body to sustain the truthfulness of his mediumship, which they were compelled to do. A gentleman who had held séances with him for years, the scientific experiments before the Research Committee, where the medium and spirit were weighed at the same time, a report of which had gone forth to the world from them as *proof conclusive* of the genuineness of his power, and hundreds of other séances in private houses, where, held hand and foot, the manifestations had taken place the same—in the light of all this evidence of their own senses, and thousands of witnesses in England, they preferred to believe in the testimony of eight "men of Holland," who shield themselves behind the word "investigators"; and after various convocations the following was proposed and carried at their last meeting:

"Mr. Dawson Rogers, as Chairman of the Committee, then read the following report of the Special Committee on the Williams-Rita case:

To the Council of the British National Association of Spiritualists:

The Committee appointed to consider the charges brought against Mr. C. E. Williams by friends in Amsterdam, and to report the result of their deliberations to the Council, have the honor to report as follows:

The Committee have no reason whatever to doubt the genuineness of Mr. Williams's mediumship, which they regard as conclusively established by the irrefragable evidence of competent witnesses. They desire, however, to suggest to inexperienced observers, that while on the one hand discovery of trickery is no proof that the deceiver is not really a medium, so on the other hand the existence of genuine mediumistic powers is no guarantee that the medium will never resort to the practice of deception. A public physical medium—when not placed under stringent test conditions—has many temptations to simulate phenomena. Genuine manifestations are often obtainable only by a great expenditure of vital energy; they are always more or less uncertain; and they frequently fall altogether to satisfy the sitters—so that, by simulating certain manifestations, the dishonest medium can expend the expenditure of strength and vitality affords in most cases greater satisfaction to inexperienced observers, and thus is able to give more séances and to earn more money than by acting conscientiously; while, if his character as a genuine medium should be impugned, he has generally the resource of offering to obtain indubitable phenomena under rigid test conditions. All these considerations are, however, no justification of fraud, and the attempt to deceive by pretended manifestations is deserving of the gravest possible censure. The case of Mr. Williams has occupied the careful and very anxious attention of your Committee, and, after an interview with Mr. Williams, and a careful investigation of the evidence, they regret to have to report that the charges brought against him by the friends in Amsterdam have, in the opinion of your Committee, been sustained. Your Committee therefore recommend the Council to direct that Mr. Williams shall not be again employed for the purposes of the Séance Committee, and that the same rule shall also in future apply to every medium whom the Council shall believe to have in any instance resorted to deception.

(Signed)
E. DAWSON ROGERS, Chairman.
C. PEARSON.
W. MALL.
MORRIS THEROALD.
RICHARD PEARCE.
DESMOND G. FITZ-GERALD.
R. A. MARCH.
H. WITTHALL.

Mr. Dawson Rogers moved, and Mr. March seconded, the adoption of the above report."

Mr. Williams, who was a member of the Association, at once withdrew his name, as he could not remain in connection with any "public body that discredited his word as a gentleman or his honesty as a medium."

It is a notable fact that Mr. Williams never refused any test demanded of him, and has always acceded with great willingness to every condition, and yet some evil-disposed person or persons desiring to do the cause harm

—and there are too many in the world who would be glad to do the same—have been the cause of all this commotion. Mr. Williams was never in better power, as will be shown in the letter from Mr. Charles Blackburn, recording a séance in which the medium was examined, and yet he and the spirit were seen at the same time:

"Sir—I wrote you an opinion a few days ago touching the Rita and Williams affair in Holland; since which I sent for Williams to interrogate him, and to have a test séance with him at Signor Rondi's studio, 22 Montagu place, London, on Friday last. The house is half a mile away from Williams's residence, and I invited Lady G—, also Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher and Signor Rondi, to be present.

They arrived about three o'clock; and we all heard Williams's flat contradiction of his guiltiness: he having been in a semi-trance at the Holland séance, and his attendant spirits, "John King and Peter," not having arrived, he was awakened by the screen being knocked down over him, and a rush into the cabinet. He says he brought nothing but his ordinary clothing with him, and had left his carpet-bag at the hotel; so whatever was found during the scolding did not belong to him; nor was he engaged there at all, for it was Rita's séance, &c., &c. I replied, "We will end this affair, so far as I am concerned, by now having a test séance in the presence of these witnesses." He replied, "I am quite willing, if my attendant spirits will obey my wish." I then asked Williams into an adjoining room, and took also Signor Rondi as a witness, leaving the two ladies and Mr. Fletcher a few minutes only. Myself and Mr. Rondi made Williams strip himself, whilst we examined his clothing and pockets, and were satisfied there was no calico, or oil, or anything different from our own clothing. We waited until he dressed, and then took him back into the next room, placed him in a chair in a corner of the room, behind two green baize curtains, and whilst I was drawing together the curtains, "Peter the spirit," shouted out, "Mr. Blackburn, very glad you are here," at which the medium and ourselves all laughed, for the examination was so sudden that Williams had scarcely got completely seated. The room was darkened by a Venetian blind, and brown paper over that; a little gas was on, but Peter requested the gas to be put out, as he would show himself by his own light, so the gas was put out. We then all heard the medium breathing heavily, as if he had gone into trance, when suddenly Peter told us to change places, and he would come out of the cabinet. He said that Lady G— was to sit next the cabinet, and I next to her, and Mr. Rondi next to me, then Mrs. Fletcher, then Mr. Fletcher, and all to join hands.

This being done Peter opened the curtains, came into the middle of the circle, and lighted up something white in his hand, for as he breathed on it, it illuminated his face (which is very different to Williams), and showed a mass of white calico on his head in turban shape, and a separate lot over his arms, shoulders, and breast. His light went out; we heard the medium again groaning and his chair creaking. Then Peter came and stood in front of me and Lady G—; blew on his light, showing himself plainly. I said to him, "Now, Peter, is your time. Whilst your medium is groaning take me into the cabinet by the hand, and don't leave go until you bring me back to my chair." He said, "Come along." So I left Lady G— a hand and gave it to Peter, who led me into the cabinet and placed my left hand on Williams's head; I felt his hair and face; my right hand felt his shoulders and body without any calico on them whatever. Peter and self went back to my chair, he never having loosed me for one second. The company then asked to see the "medium," and Peter took us all into the cabinet, and with his light showed him plainly in trance. I speak as I experience, and trust others will do the same without prejudice.

We quickly broke up the séance. After such evidence I must say I am satisfied, and I think my previous letter will help to throw light upon this subject.
CHAS. BLACKBURN.

As far as the Association is concerned the matter is closed by the Committee's report, the mediums having no redress, as any one of the people at the séance might have brought the articles in, this not being the first time an attempt has been made to expose mediums by the same party; for example, the case of Mr. Firman, where he came very near being served in the same way, and in a recent published letter warns all mediums against the jealousy of the private mediums in Holland; but Mr. Williams is very little affected by the affair, as the people outside the B. N. A. S. do not believe in its verdict, and sustain the medium to a greater degree than ever before.

The lesson taught is a useful one, especially to mediums, namely: Not to sit with people promiscuously who take the name of "investigators," for their uninformed minds or hatred of the truth may lead them to almost anything; and also never expect any charity or assistance from a body of organized Spiritualists; although you may have served them faithfully, they will always take sides against the medium.

London, Eng. FIDELITY.

THE "LINKED-RING" QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Having been away from home for some time, I could not read the *Banner* regularly and at leisure, but glancing the other day through previous numbers, I found some lines of regret on the indications of possible "fraud" in the interlinked ring question. Permit me to state that from my pen only the pointing out of a "flaw" (by accident) served as an argument for postponing judgment. I hold that the result was genuine, as far as conditions practically and morally are considered, and I feel convinced it will be repeated in proper time, that is, as the first experiment, with one of the rings previously opened and restored (by glueing) in a manner that a second meddling on the spot or séance would be absolutely impossible without detection. I rest my conviction of success on the hypothesis that the ring test is only possible if one of the two bodies is either a living being or previously disturbed in the cellular arrangement, in fact interlinking of two solid bodies as coming from the hand of Nature may be impossible, but if cutting, sealing, and the like, opening and reclosing operations, have once let pass through a current of human magnetism, then the inlet of spirit manipulation is possible.

The marvelous results of knots in endless cords refer to ends sealed together. If knots are made for once in a ring, say cut out of one piece of leather, then the interlinked rings of two solids may be obtained; and, indeed, I would be the first to rejoice in the defeat of my melancholy hypothesis.
Yours truly, C. REIMERS.
47 Mornington Road, London.

BISHOP'S SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A few weeks ago a young man, with much of the "swell" about him, called at 38 Great Russell street, the Reading Rooms of the British National Association of Spiritualists, and asked to see a file of the *Banner of Light*. This, of course, was furnished him, for this admirable institution, unlike another that claims greater precedent in the same cause, combines much civility to strangers, together with a large supply of the current spiritual and scientific literature of the day.

Before leaving the room he was, as is usual, presented with the visitors' book, in which those visiting the Institution are expected to write their names, and it was the cause of no little

surprise to see the name of Washington Irving Bishop, U. S. A., when he had left, in a book hitherto an honor to the Institution.

The next morning the same individual called and asked for the "Manageress." Miss Kinslingbury, with her usual amiability, replied that she was the secretary, and would be pleased to serve him.

"I think this is an admirable institution," said the wily Bishop. "It must be productive of great good. I should like to become a member. I [with a smile of affability] suppose, my dear madam, I could do so?"

"To be sure," was the reply, "if you were to furnish the proper references as to eligibility, &c.; but are you not the young man who pretended to expose Spiritualism in America, and have come to England with an idea of doing the same thing?"

The "young man" is sometimes troubled with bronchitis, together with a tendency to blush, which, by the way, is scarcely indicative of innocence, even in a Bishop; but having recovered himself replied:

"Well, really, I can't say. I have never exposed anything except the *fraud* in Spiritualism. That is all I ever pretended to do."

"That is exactly what we do," said Miss K.; "but there are two ways to investigate Spiritualism: one in the spirit of inquiry, the other in the spirit of scoffing. The first we welcome, the second we deprecate."

"I am quite in the spirit of inquiry, and I shall refer you to Mr. —, a trance medium, as to who I am." And so saying the young exposé bowed his good morning.

After due inquiries a letter was sent to the given address running thus:

"Mr. W— I— Bishop is deemed not eligible for membership to the National Association of Spiritualists."

Thus ended Mr. Bishop's *début* into Spiritualism, while his other arrangements have quite fallen through, as Mr. Crookes declined to meet him with Dr. Carpenter to witness any of his exhibitions. And in like manner may all the attempts made against the truth meet their reward.
J. WILLIAM FLETCHER.

4 Bloomsbury Place, W. C., London, Eng., Nov. 20th, 1878.

Written for the Banner of Light.
LIGHT.

It came on the wings of the newly-born earth, And dispelled the deep darkness that shrouded its birth; It breathed on the sun, and its glory unrolled, Revealing its bars of pure amber and gold; It touched the broad face of the dark rolling deep, And crowned her with gems as she rose from her sleep; It glanced at the stars on the dark brow of night, And, peerless in beauty, they sparkled in "Light"; It sped to the mountain, bare, barren and grey, And gave for its darkness the glory of day; It paused by the forest—grand, stately and old— And painted its frontlet with silver and gold; It gave to the rainbow its form and its hue, And deepened its colors of crimson and blue; It pierced the dark mine, far down in the earth, And gave to the sparkling diamond its birth; It breathed on the valley, the streamlet and dell, And opened the buds with its mystic spell; When to the fair earth it repeated the story "Of God in his goodness, of God in his glory, In the shimmering, soft-fading clouds of the west, Crest-crowned with glory, "Light" passed to its rest. Fort Gratiot, Mich. MRS. E. A. ATWELL.

Recent Experiences of an Allopathic Physician in the Treatment of Disease by Magnetism.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Not satisfied with the past results in the treatment of disease, I have recently been making trial of what is called the magnetic mode of treatment. With your permission I will give you the history of a single case. Let me, as preliminary to the account of this case, state that I am a regular physician of the old school—a graduate of more than twenty-five years' standing of one of the oldest medical institutions in the country. My experience in the new mode of treatment must be reckoned by months rather than by years, and is known to a very limited number of my personal friends. Notwithstanding this experience is of short duration and quite limited, I recall several cases of equally successful treatment, by the magnetic plan, with that here given. With patrons accustomed to the old mode of treatment it has not been an easy thing to make a fair trial of the new method. In many cases patrons would turn with disgust from their physician, should he adopt so novel and what would be to them so nonsensical a method of treatment. It would be to them like the show and nummery of ecclesiastical forms and ceremonies. The case which I here give, and several others occurring about the same period, struck me so forcibly that I made at the time a careful record of them, and the account here given is an extract from that record, which is as follows:

"CASE III.
"Sept. 2d, 1878, I was called to attend Mr. —, aged eighty-two. I found he had been ill nearly a week, and that his cough and other unfavorable symptoms had been much worse during the last two days. He was expectorating the peculiar, bloody, viscid matter which points invariably to pneumonia. His breathing was hurried and laborious, accompanied with great restlessness. My prognosis of his recovery was exceedingly unfavorable. I assured the family that the case looked to me very unpromising. It did not seem at first, nor for the first day or two, that magnetic treatment could be of any avail. Accordingly I entered upon the approved allopathic treatment of expectorants, opiates, the application of hot fomentations, &c., &c. A little rest was obtained, but the expectoration was checked, and there was a marked increase in the congestion of the lungs, and of course the difficulty of breathing was much increased."

"I pursued this plan of treatment for the first thirty-six hours, and my patient grew steadily worse. I was not surprised at this, for the case from the beginning seemed almost hopeless. On Wednesday evening (thirty-six hours from my first visit) I was summoned to the patient, who was much worse, and thought to be in the last struggles of life. The breathing was excessively laborious. Expectoration had entirely ceased. His moanings and other expressions of suffering were so loud that I heard them in the street many rods before reaching the house.
"Unable to lie in bed he had raised himself on one elbow to enable him to breathe with more ease. I at once directed him to be placed in an easy-chair, and the upright position gave a little relief to his breathing. Still, the pulse was so rapid and irregular that I found it impossible to count it.
"As soon as it became evident that he was not to pass away at once, I volunteered to be physician and nurse also for the night, and requested all the family to seek the rest they needed from the constant watchfulness of the past few days. This was acceded to, and I was soon alone with my patient.

"Abandoning wholly the use of medicine I commenced the magnetic passes from his shoulders, and continued them for more than an hour. In all the use I have ever made of medicine, I have never seen a patient quieted so readily and so perfectly as my patient was on this occasion. At the end of an hour and a half he wished to lie down, and I placed him in bed. He immediately fell into a quiet sleep. Seeing that he was resting quietly I withdrew to an adjoining room, and leaving the door open, I laid down upon a lounge and had an hour's sleep or more. At three o'clock, four hours after I had been summoned to him, he was still sleeping, and I left him in the care of his wife, assuring her I should visit him again at an early hour, but directed no medicine whatever to be given.

"Four hours later, to wit, at 7 o'clock in the morning, I visited him and found him much relieved, though not so quiet as when I left him. I repeated the magnetic treatment for a short time, say fifteen minutes, when he became perfectly quiet. Not deeming it quite polite to have my patient appear to be doing so well and yet taking no medicine whatever, I prepared an exceedingly weak solution of carbonate of ammonia, and ordered a teaspoonful to be given every hour. So weak was this solution that as a medicine it did not really amount to anything.

"I visited him several times during the next twenty-four hours, and at each visit found him doing well. I repeated the magnetic treatment under the plea that I thought rubbing would do him good, and each treatment would be followed by the same happy effect. Expectoration has been re-established, and the breathing has been very essentially relieved.

"My patient now bids fair to recover, no medicine whatever having been used but the weak solution of carbonate ammonia, above referred to.

"I have disclosed to no one, not even any member of my own family, the course of treatment I have pursued. I am revolving the subject over in my own mind, seeking to get the truth in the case. Is it possible that my patient would have improved equally without any treatment whatever, and that my treatment of the first thirty-six hours was a damage to him? Then why did he not begin to improve before I was called to him? If my treatment of the first thirty-six hours was all wrong, then I have erred in the great company of allopathic doctors. Is it possible that the so-called magnetic passes and treatments have brought about this result? This really seems to me almost too wonderful for belief, and I must submit the plan to further trials before I can fully endorse it.
"Sept. 5th, 1878."

Since the foregoing was written, my patient has fully recovered so far as a person of his great age can be expected to recover. I have also made further trial of the magnetic plan of treatment, but rarely under favoring circumstances. I have been obliged to do it in most cases in disguise, on account of the prejudice it would excite. But even under these adverse circumstances, it has, I believe, in all cases so far, been partially successful, and in several cases the success has been complete. I shall await the results of further trials with absorbing interest.
MEMOIRS.

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Consumption—Catarrh—A Remedy.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In hope of doing some service to those afflicted with catarrh, permit me to bear testimony to the benefit to be derived in this complaint from the use of mullein. Smoking it in a pipe when the catarrh is most troublesome always secures relief, and, patiently continued, effects a permanent cure. A decided improvement is very soon noticed in the tone of the lungs and voice in speaking and singing. It can be had of botanic dealers at twenty-five cents a pound.

The following statement (which I find in a weekly journal which has fallen under my notice) of its virtue in consumption may also be trusted and tested:

"CUT THIS OUT AND SAVE IT.—A correspondent writes as follows about the flower of a well-known plant: 'I have discovered a remedy for consumption. It has cured a number of cases after they had commenced at the lungs, and the hectic flush was already on the cheek. After trying this remedy to my own satisfaction, I have thought philanthropy required that I should let it be known to the world. It is common mullein, steeped and sweetened with coffee sugar, and drunk freely. Young or old plants are good, dried in the shade and kept in clean bags. The medicine must be continued from three to six months, according to the nature of the disease. It is very good for the blood vessels also. It strengthens and builds up the system instead of taking away the strength. It makes good blood and takes inflammation away from the lungs. It is the wish of the writer that every periodical in the United States, Canada and Europe should publish this receipt for the benefit of the human family. Lay this up, and keep it in the house ready for use.'
J. F. SNIPES.
87 Leonard street, New York."

A Practical Lesson on Ventilation, etc.

When the landlord hands over the key of the new house, if he has promised to give the outside "two coats" of paint, and "one coat" all through within; and to mend up the broken glass in the bath-room, and put on the door-knob that the last tenant's children have wrenched off up-stairs, it is as much as the new possessor asks. For the house is new as the possessor is, and in that sense only. Other people have lived in it; there have been weddings from it, and funerals; it is in an excellent neighborhood, and in thorough good-repair. The doors shut, and the windows open; there is water laid on in the upper stories, and heated air in every room. The rent is lower than your old one; and you agreed with the landlord that, considering this, the paper on the walls will do for the present. It was a good, high-priced paper to begin with, and has been well kept. The last tenant left all the rest in very good order, and apologized that there had been no time to put the cellar to rights. In view of all this, you do not lavish on him any observations for the old bottles and the dust-heap you find by the coal-bins. It will be time enough to attend to that when the carpets are put down and things are settled up-stairs.

One or two things happens: Either you do attend to it, that old dust heap, promptly, and find it a sort of underground record of the last family's marketing, fruit and vegetable cans, still showing what was in them, in mouldy remains, the lees of wine and sour ale left in the bottles, bits of old carpet in damp decay, last year's Christmas tree and candles and the broken toys and sudden little shoes from the nursery. You get it all carted away and whitewashed by the corner where it has been, and where the potato heap was raising a little patch on its own account, and you see that the cellar window is tight when it rains, and that no water gets in from the street. You do all this promptly; or else you don't. Now, as to this last case, a cold snap comes and you get in your wood and coal in a hurry, so that you can hardly turn round in the cellar it is so full, and you conclude to leave the general cleaning till the spring. So the fire is lighted in the furnace, and up through all the layers comes the cellar atmosphere, a compounded essence of many things in that dust and ashes covered corner of many decaying things. Some

fresh air gets in from time to time, perhaps, but that was where the water got in also; and you cannot account for the strange and sickening wafts that come up through the heater, unless it was that standing water that the maid forgot to mention.

By-and-by one of the children gets a sure throat, and you send out for a doctor. He asks if you ever had any trouble with the drains, and you tell him there never was any complaint from the people who last lived here. May be it is not the drains; but it is something. Perhaps the little fellow caught it at school. Then the baby gets it, too, and matters look serious. You remember, with a sort of sad satisfaction, how the carpet and the paint and the window-shades are all fresh in that room, for it was your daughter that the children should have the doctor and next in the house, instead of putting it in the parlor. Your boy gets well, but the baby dies, and the previous tenant comes to pay you a visit of condolence, and to say how strange it was that one of his children died in that same room, of the very same thing. Then you open your eyes. Can it be the wall paper? Did your well-intentioned predecessor leave anything else behind him except cellar rubbish? It is a pretty flock paper, and it certainly holds a good deal of dust. You have it all taken off, and the one that is under it, and the one that is under that, and when you have had a cheap new one put on you wish that you had attended to it before, or that he had. Perhaps, after all, it came from the pipes in the bath-room, that opens into the nursery. Certainly there is a very strange stale smell there when the nursery has been shut up over night.

That may have been the source of it, for ever in that row of new houses, where the new people moved in last year, and that all have very fine hard-wood finishes on their bath-rooms, and white marble slabs and silver spigots, there is already something wrong, they say, and the doctor's carriage comes round pretty often. In your house there was the mouldy heap in the cellar to be seen that never did get cleared up, and all this trouble came, and then your wife thought it had been there for more years than one. There was the water standing, too. There were several reasons why sickness should have come, and why it should strike the little folks, who are not toughened yet. At all events it did come, and you are willing to give the benefit of your experience, for the folks that move to or that stay in the same sort of thing without having to move, and who are their own landlords and tenants.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

NEURALGIA.—A very simple relief for neuralgia is to boil a small handful of lobelia in half a pint of water till the strength is out of the herb, then strain it off and add a teaspoonful of fine salt. Wring cloths out of the liquid as hot as possible, and spread over the part affected. It acts like a charm. Change the cloths, as soon as each till the pain is all gone; then cover the place with a soft, dry covering, and apply a blister. Neuralgia can often be relieved by application to the painful parts of cloths wet in a weak solution of sal soda water. If there is inflammation in the joints, the cure is very quick. The wash should be lukewarm.

A MEDIUM FLOATING IN THE AIR IN THE LIGHT.

By HERBERT T. HUTCHINSON.

Mr. Edlington has been levitated in the light, in the presence of seven witnesses. He was in a state of trance on this occasion, and floated up perpendicularly to my ceiling, coming down again, and re-rising. This was done four or five times. He then rose into the air, assumed a horizontal position, and floated to within nine inches of the gas, which was burning, though not at the full. When he came up the two palms of his hands were put up to his face, as if screening him from the action of the light. We all saw him quite distinctly, and noticed that he was in the mesmeric or trance state. This is, he says, the first time that, to his knowledge, he has been seen to float in the light, and he considers the fact a great triumph over skeptics.

We have on seven or eight other occasions had him floated up to my ceiling, but as it always took place in the dark, that circumstance militated against us, although we were in a position to argue out logically that it was true. When levitated in the dark he was usually quite awake, and spoke to us; the sitters on each side, when he was ascending, were obliged to stand on their chairs, and finally on the table; on some occasions they were compelled to release his hands. He would knock his hands against the ceiling, kick it with his boots, and on one or two occasions write a word, or make a sign I suggested at the moment. The words are now on my ceiling. We have felt his boots touch our heads all round; we were gently touched, Mr. Edlington talking all the time. A Mr. H. Fisher (a poet) has been levitated on several occasions in a similar way, and wrote his name on my ceiling.

Mr. Edlington has been levitated in another private house, and the lady in whose room the séance was held was floated at the same time; she being a medium. Having only our hearing and feeling in the dark, people fancy we have been self-deceived; but the writing is still on the ceiling, and the levitation in the light, with several persons as witnesses, gives us the best of the argument.

I have some important results to make known in reference to dematerialization of the medium's body up to his chest. This was not Mr. Edlington, but Mr. Fisher. It will throw much light on the recent weighing experiments at the rooms of the British National Association of Spiritualists.
Cape Town, South Africa, Oct. 12th, 1878.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

BALTIMORE, MD.—Lyric Hall.—The First Spiritualists' Convention of the United States, held by Wash. A. Danks, and others for spiritual communications every Friday evening.

LYCEUM HALL, No. 83 Baltimore street.—Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, meets in this hall every Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, and every Thursday evening, 7 o'clock. Wm. Leonard, President; Geo. Graham, Treasurer; Wm. Leonard, Secretary; Geo. Graham, Chairman; Ruth Graham, Guards; Dr. Geo. E. Morrill and Geo. E. Morrill, Trustees; Levi Weaver, Benj. M. Hazelt, Dr. Geo. E. Morrill.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Society of Spiritualists meets at the Brooklyn Institute, corner Washington and Concord streets, Sundays, Levitation, and other manifestations. Charles H. Miller, President; Dr. A. B. Smith, Vice-President; Mr. H. French, Secretary; Mrs. C. E. Smith, Treasurer. The Children's Progress Lyceum meets at 2 P. M., at the Brooklyn Institute, corner Washington and Concord streets. Mr. A. M. Mr. A. G. Kipp, Conductor; Mr. D. B. Bennett, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. C. E. Smith, Guardian; Mrs. M. G. Bennett, Assistant Guardian; Miss Leona Coady, Musical Director.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The First Society of Spiritualists holds regular meetings in the Third Unitarian Church, corner of La Salle and Monroe streets, every Sunday at 2 P. M., and 7 P. M. Dr. Louis Bushnell, President; W. T. Jones, Vice-President; Miss Nettie Bushnell, Treasurer; Collins Eaton, Secretary.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Spiritualists and Levitators' Sunday School.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets regularly every Sunday at 12 P. M., in Halle's Hall, 33 Superior street. Thos. Lees, Conductor; Miss Sarah A. Sage, Guardian. The public are cordially invited.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The First Society of Truth-seekers meets for religious services at 805 East Market street, every Sunday at 2 and 7 P. M. A. B. Bull, President; S. D. Bull, Secretary.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 60, 58 W. 2d street, near Broadway, at 12 P. M., and 7 P. M. J. A. Collins, Secretary, 32 West 23d street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 2 P. M., Mrs. M. A. Newton, Guardian and acting Conductor; Mrs. P. H. Assistant Guardian; Mr. O. B. Gross, Jr., Recording Secretary; Mrs. H. Dickinson, Corresponding Secretary; H. Dickinson, acting Treasurer.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The Keystone Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., at Lyric Hall, 229 North Ninth street.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The Spiritualists meet every Sunday morning, and evening in Odd Fellows' Temple, Mrs. Nettie Peace Fox, speaker. Liberal Conference every Sunday at 2 P. M.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Under the patronage of the San Francisco Spiritualists' Union, a Children's Progressive Lyceum is held at 105 A. S., and a Conference at 2 P. M., every Sunday at 2 and 7 P. M. Lectures are given at Charter Oak Hall, Market street.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.—Spiritual Meetings are held every Sunday at Grace's Hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., Mrs. M. A. Newton, Guardian and acting Conductor; Mrs. P. H. Assistant Guardian; Mrs. M. A. Newton, Recording Secretary; Mrs. H. Dickinson, Corresponding Secretary; H. Dickinson, acting Treasurer.

SUTTON, N. H.—Society holds meetings on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, at 2 P. M., at Sutton, N. H. Mrs. C. A. Fowler, President; James Knowlton, Secretary.

Passed to Spirit-Life:
From No. 2 Polk street, Charlestown District, Nov. 28th,
Mr. Gardner S. Geary, aged 53 years 4 months and 26 days.

Bro. Geary has long been an invalid. He served his country during the late civil war in the Ninth Massachusetts Light Artillery, and received injuries from which he never recovered. For the last three years he has been unable to attend to business. He leaves this side the river of change a loved companion, a son, an aged father, brother and sister, and a very large circle of relatives and friends.

The bereaved family the highest esteem in which they held him, and he departed, as well as their deep sympathy for them, by affixing the name with their numbers at the funeral service, which were held at his late residence on the afternoon of the 11th of November, and were conducted by the writer, assisted by a choir under the direction of Mr. C. B. Marsh, may each lay-claim, as the years roll round, be cheered by the memory of him, that many friends of the cause are waiting and hoping for his return. J. A. CRIBB.

No. 71 Lombard street, Boston.

From Holliston, Mass., Nov. 25th, Mrs. Annie E., wife of Daniel Metcalf, aged 4 years.

While administering to the wants of her sister's family,

From North Ware, Mr. H. Munday, Dec. 9th, T. Elloridge, 1847.

Fisher, aged 47 years.

Bro. Fisher was a thorough Spiritualist, and what is better, he was a true Christian. He vied with his disease nearly all his life, and often expressed his longings to join friends in the other side of the River of death. He only wanted to live to see his dear friends, and to be able to tell them that he leaves a son, a brother, and numerous friends, who will be his bodily presence, but rejoice that he has done his work so well, and is now free from the afflictions which enumbered his life.

A discourse was delivered on the occasion before a large audience of friends by the writer of this.

Moses Hill.

He leaves a son, a brother, and numerous friends, who miss his kindly presence, but rejoice that he has done his work so well, and is saved from further the afflictions which were his lot.

A discourse was delivered on the occasion before a large audience of friends by the writer of this. **MOSES HULL,**
From Westfield, Mass., Dec. 9th, Martin Lincoln, aged
31 years 10 months and 15 days.
Like a sheaf of wheat, fully ripe for the harvest, he was
ready to go, when that night he called. He earnestly ex-
pressed the fervent desire that he might "go to sleep and not awa-
ken again in this world." He had his wish. After sleeping
or about twelve hours, without awakening, he quietly

Increased to breathe.

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(Continued from first page.)
...and shadows, with the soft moonlight falling tenderly upon this open grave, we feel that we cannot commit this loved form to rest without speaking a few earnest words of affectionate farewell. We ask not for inspiration from the higher spheres, to aid our utterances. The love that is eloquent in the hearts of those standing here transcends meditation, and is sufficient for its own expression.

Here is represented the love of an only and well-beloved son, together with his chosen partner in life. That son now stands by the grave of both father and mother, and hereafter he must encounter the rude buffetings of life unaided by their immediate counsel and guidance; yet we may surely trust that in the deep places of his inner life he will yet recognize their presence, and be thereby comforted and strengthened to do deeds of manly worth, and to act his part in life both wisely and well.

Here, too, is represented the love of a little child, bearing the name of him who has passed before. How often has he folded this little one in a tender hug to his bosom, and with his lips pressed upon his forehead, which is stronger than death, and the grave forget his name, and will not the freed spirit return over the celestial highways to guide these young and tender feet into the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace?

Here, too, is the love of an aged woman, the friend and helper of his early years, to whom the rich gratitude and sincere affection have often been the tender name of mother. And with all these are near relatives and friends, with kindly memories and tender, outstretching sympathies, and the love of the friends who are gathered here to witness this solemnity.

One of the hearts closest to those who know him best and loved him well, by his only son, is represented. He was a strong and earnest man, firm in his convictions, devoted and efficient in his execution, and for this he was an object of admiration. He was true and fearless in the expression of his honest convictions, scornful of flattery, and pressing home to the four corners of the world the cause he loved was a sacred and for this we honored him. He was large hearted and loving, full of warm and tender sympathies. His hand was ever open to the suffering and needy, and for this we loved him. The standard of perfection is attained by none, but now that the strong man is laid low we need not fear to bid him adieu.

If the free spirit still lingers near, we will ask, and our deep need will be answered, that after the good and true and manly soul has been laid in its quiet grave, to know that we are something more than mortal, that when this strong man in the spiritual world may be permitted to return, in presence and with power, and give to our friends, and to the perfect demonstration of immortality which we so earnestly desire.

When the kneeling group of the morning dashed the sacred earth, his spiritual vision was unobscured to the light of the celestial day, and now, when the shadows of evening are deepening, and as it were, that we lay this man and woman and child to rest in the hallowed domain of earth, therefore, from the living and selfless love of humanity, we do surrender ourselves to the power and into the hands of the Father, and we will have all that we can get.

...and shadows, with the soft moonlight falling tenderly upon this open grave, we feel that we cannot commit this loved form to rest without speaking a few earnest words of affectionate farewell.

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WESTERN ITEMS AND JOTTINGS.

BY A. M. PIERCE.

Having finished a course of lectures upon foreign travels, delivered in the Unitarian Church, Vineland, N. J., I left immediately for the West, and Mr. Lee is the same day for our home in Hamden, Conn., putting it more correctly, will be our home when the frowning "mountain" is reached.

I took a through ticket from Vineland to Chicago, with the privilege of "laying it" at different stations. The night was dark and dreary, and the storming wind furiously, but every night has its days, and after the storm comes the calm. Tedium and tinsome is this perpetual travel, and yet, as our societies are conditioned, with their love of change, novelty, and sensation, it seems a temporary necessity.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Early on Thanksgiving morning I reached this beautiful and thrifty Western city. The lake wind was curving and chilling. Probably I felt the more kindly from having been two previous winters in the tropics. Nearly do I love the everlasting summers of those southern latitudes.

Dining with Mr. Thomas Lee, we talked of the Lyceum, and movements connected with the advancement of Spiritualism. Mr. Lee is a zealous worker in behalf of Lyceums. Cannot be, with A. J. Davis and J. B. Hatch of Boston a trinity in unity—so forth all through the land, organizing and offering Children's Progressive Lyceums.

Here I met the medium A. James, and Prof. E. Whipple. The latter is not only a sound thinker and able lecturer upon geology and the physical sciences, but, touching the works of Swedenborg, Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall, he is one of the most intelligent and earnest men in our ranks. He is at present the editor of our ranks. He is at present the editor of our ranks. He is at present the editor of our ranks.

Seized in the Battle Creek Station. Obligated to wait an hour in Detroit, from two until three o'clock, I telegraphed ahead of my coming. Reaching the Battle Creek Station, five hours afterwards, I was collared by Dr. J. V. Spencer, and hurried over to Stuart's Hall, where was a large party of friends in waiting, with tables spread, music, and everything being speaking a most cordial welcome. Here myself and family and friends, and here I was the regular speaker for the Spiritualists and Liberalists during six years. About the same time Dr. Willis was the settled speaker four years in Cold Water, Michigan, and Giles B. Stebbins in Ann Arbor, for two years, if memory serves me. I need not mention the condition of Spiritualism in these localities under the benign reign of *unsubstantiated* *unsubstantiated* *unsubstantiated*.

The Spiritualists of Battle Creek urge, insist upon my turning and settling among them for life. This, of course, would do were not my present partial so extensive. Some are designed for long settlements, and others are itinerant. Let each and all fill their places in harmony. This Battle Creek welcome took me completely by surprise.

CHICAGO.

It was late Saturday evening when the coach-driver dropped me at 38 Ordway avenue, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Richmond. Here I found the double parlors and hall crowded almost to suffocation with Chicago Spiritualists. Dr. Bush-

nell opening the exercises, Mr. Tuttle made the principal address. Mr. Chas. Lee, a beautiful poem, adapted to the occasion from Quina, one of the controlling intelligences of Mrs. Cora Richmond. Master Wells Anderson presided at the piano. Miss Bushnell, and others, gave us some vocal music, and several mediums were entranced, telling us of the better land. It was a most enjoyable occasion. Mrs. Richmond, so I hear, has large and enthusiastic meetings. They are held twice each Sunday in the Third Unitarian church—a grand edifice. The Lyceum, I am told, is in a flourishing condition. On Wednesday evening of last week I dined with Col. Bundy and lady, just after which the Rev. Robert Collyer and Giles B. Stebbins dropped in for an evening's social chat. Mr. Collyer, a liberal and cultured gentleman, is a power in the ranks of Western Unitarianism. Mr. Stebbins, able and constructive in thought, is at present giving *factor* conversations in Chicago.

W. P. ANDERSON, THE SPIRIT-ARTIST.

It is about eighteen years since I first met Mr. Anderson in this city. He was then penning spiritual pictures. In the course of art he now wears the wreath and the laurel. Invited into his room, the other evening, where the walls were hung with the most exquisite works of art, he requested me to blindfold him, which I did most effectually. Then placing drawing-paper in front of him, my fingers resting upon the edges of it, the controlling spirit through his hand seized the pencil, and in less than two minutes produced a beautiful picture. It purported to be the face of a spiritualist, and I was asked to name it, and the words "Giles B. Stebbins" were written in the air. I carefully watched every stroke of the pencil. The work was right the reverse of the way that artists usually work—that is, the head, bust and form were being *done* instead of toward Mr. Anderson. Such tests are not proofs of clairvoyance, but of direct spirit control. Mrs. Anderson is said to be an excellent trance medium. Their residence is 15 Ordway avenue, Chicago.

MRS. SIMPSON—A GRAND TEST.

Something like ten years since, while giving a course of lectures in New Orleans, Mr. Simpson, for the first time in his life, ventured to attend. Mrs. Simpson, with Roman Catholic prejudices, refused, promising me a "charlatan, an impostor," and hoped that the "New Orleans people would far and feather" me. Only one decade has passed, and Mr. Simpson thanks me for his conversion to Spiritualism, while Mrs. Simpson is one of the finest test mediums in the world.

Permit me to describe one of these tests. I stepped into their residence on Ordway avenue, about nine o'clock on a Sunday day. The room was plain but pleasant, and as light as sunshine could make it. The independent slate writing was as good as I ever saw through Dr. Shade. No one can witness this, and yet doubt its genuineness. Finally, Mrs. Simpson put a tumbler, say half full of water, on the top of the slate, and the hand extended under the slate, the latter resting upon it. I could see the arm from the shoulder down to below the elbow. The hand was not the fingers of a mortal. Within say a minute, she withdrew the slate and tumbler, with in which was a beautiful crimson cross blossom, and under the slate the full imprint of her hand in perspiration. Possibly I should say that the table consists of four legs and a very plain top-board. Tipping it upwards I examined it carefully before she placed the tumbler upon the slate for the phenomenon. It is but justice to say that Mrs. Simpson is willing to submit to the most rigid official tests.

AUSTRALIA OR AMERICA—WHICH?

The following paragraphs are clipped from the last *Banner of Light*, published in Melbourne, Australia:

I was told that Mr. Hudson Tuttle, a Spiritualist writer of considerable note in America, in the book, recently published the *Chicago Edition Philosophical Journal*, that Spiritualism in Australia is twenty years behind the movement in America.

The status of our spiritualists in Australia, who are acquainted with the *status* of Spiritualism in all parts of the world, favors us with an opinion upon this twenty years in the rear matter? Ed. B. of L.

Spiritualism in Australia is not only abreast of the movement in America, but far in advance of it, say in our Southern States. In proof of this, Mr. Tyerman, now in this country from Sydney was once a resident of Australia, and the musical medium, and Dr. Shade, are both in Australia, and are well-sustained. Australia has also superior mediums of her own. Mrs. Britten and Mr. Walker are drawing crowded audiences in that country. They have organizations, Children's Progressive Lyceums, and saying nothing of the well-established *Banner of Light*, devoted to the Lyceum interests. These are the plain unvarnished facts, each and all must draw their conclusions.

MY DESPAIR.

Last week I received a letter from R. O. Fenton, Mantua station, Ohio, containing this passage: "I can see how you can make out Jesus Christ to be the cornerstone of Spiritualism." And R. S. Clark, Shelby Prairie, Ind., writes me thus: "Having read and read your book, 'Jesus, Messiah, and God,' I do not see how you could write such making Jesus the cornerstone of Spiritualism." Dearest beloved brother, I've written no such book or pamphlet as you object to. For the humble expenditure of ten cents, forwarded to the *Banner of Light* Office, you can procure a pamphlet of between thirty and forty pages, entitled *Jesus, the Christ, and the Kingdom of God*. Having it, you will probably thereafter see the difference between personality and principle—Christ, and the man Jesus.

NOTES FROM CHICAGO.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Of course an editor knows everything, and can remember everything that he ever published; so in all confidence I ask you to republish a statement made, I think, in your *Banner of Light*, months or years ago, of Dean Stanley's opinion of Spiritualism, an extract from a sermon of that eminent divine.

Several persons have expressed a wish to see it, and if you can find it, or if some of your scholarly contributors or correspondents could send it to you, I would surely be indebted and grateful with many others. The generous sentiments of this English prelate, in his late visit to this country, have awakened new interest and given added value and significance to his words. I am here for ten days, and find Chicago *alive*, as it ever is.

Dr. Thomas has full houses, even while some of his Methodist brethren suspect him of heresy. He is a sincere and devoted man, simple, unpretending, with the deep spiritual life of early Methodism and the broader thought of today.

I sat in McVicker's Theatre, Sunday, amidst the audience that filled it to hear David Swing, the quiet speaker, opening in a low and indistinct monotone, not reaching to grace of speech or impassioned utterance, but flashing up now and then rare intuitions that gleam and glow like rubies and sapphires.

I heard J. K. Applebee, Unitarian, lecture in Hooley's Theatre, on John Wesley—a rare treat, for he had fine appreciation of Wesley's spiritual gifts, and gave a glowing description of his life and work.

Letter from John Tyerman.

We have received a correspondential favor, bearing date of December 10th, from this distinguished Australian visitor, which shows that his heart is in the work and that he is gradually drawing near the Eastern coast, where we trust that the friends will utilize his powers as a lecturer to the fullest degree during the brief period of his stay, which is fast approaching its close. The following extracts will convey some idea of the labor accomplished by Mr. Tyerman of late, and his intentions for the future:

"Since I last wrote to you I spent a month very agreeably in Detroit, Michigan. No public meetings of the Spiritualists had been held there for several months before I visited the place, so that the cause was in a very dull condition. My lectures created some interest, and I trust did a little good; the audience steadily increased; the last Sunday evening there were more persons present than could be seated; and have remained much longer in the city, than I should have, owing to a larger hall. Dr. Sydney, Mr. Sanborn, Mr. McCracken, Mr. Spinney, Miss Lane, and a few others have the movement at heart, and work for it in their several ways; but, alas! they are only a handful compared with those in the city who, while professing to believe in it, are utterly indifferent to its prosperity. Among the mediums in the place I had pleasant and satisfactory sittings with Mrs. Cartwright, Mrs. Reddick, and Mrs. Modiere. Mr. Cartwright, an excellent clairvoyant and symbolic medium, and gave me several capital tests. I spent an agreeable evening with Mr. Giles B. Stebbins while in Detroit. Mr. Stebbins is a gentleman of more than ordinary culture and intelligence, and I should suppose would much interest and instruct an audience capable of properly appreciating him. I lectured at several other places in Michigan besides Detroit, including Galesburg, Saranac, Lowell, St. Ignace, Milwaukee, Le Roy, Fowler, and Nankin, and met the speakers, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Whiting, and Mr. and Mrs. Allan in my travels, all of whom were doing a useful work."

I came from Detroit to Mr. Hudson Tuttle's home, Berlin Heights, Ohio. Mr. Tuttle having cordially invited me to visit him on my way eastward, I could only spend a day and a night at his place, however, but the long enough to fully realize the high estimate I had formed of him by reading his writings. Mr. Tuttle is really a *Famous Philosopher*. He works as hard on his land during the day as any laboring man, and in the evening, after spending some time in quiet enjoyment with his family—for he is a thorough family man—he retires to his study, shuts out all mundane things, opens his soul to the spirit-world, and pours out those telling facts, ethical maxims and philosophical principles, which characterize his excellent and useful writings. Mr. Tuttle's experiences as an inspirational writer will some day form an instructive chapter on psychological science. In his excellent wife, Emma, he has a helper who can enter sympathetically into his peculiar experiences, and assist him in his arduous work.

Cleveland, Ohio, was the next point I made. Fully intended staying there a few hours, but as I was so late, I could only remain over Sunday. This is a splendid city, in a great many respects, and Mr. L. Van Sleet is the worthy President, who for it twice on the Sunday, in connection with Mr. Tuttle. Mr. Tuttle's two short addresses were replete with wisdom and instruction. There is a Lyceum at Cleveland, which holds its session immediately after the morning service. Mr. Thomas Lee is its conductor; his soul is thoroughly in his work, and he discharges the duties of his office very efficiently. The Lyceum is well organized and disciplined. The Lyceum is well organized and disciplined. The Lyceum is well organized and disciplined.

One of its members, a little girl some eight years old, named Smith, has rare gifts, and gives promise of a fine future if rightly developed and wisely guarded. Why are there so few Lyceums in America? I have only found three in my travels across the continent so far: one at San Francisco, one at Chicago and one at Cleveland; only three in nearly three thousand miles! What are the spiritualists in many places thinking about? Have they no care for the future well-being of the rising generation? Some of them actually send their children to Orthodox Sunday-schools, and subject their tender minds to the perverting influence of a false religious system. Those friends can know nothing of the mental anguish it has cost some of us to shake off the Orthodox bondage, or they would not expose their children to the risk of a like bitter experience. I stayed in Cleveland over Monday, in order to attend a public entertainment by Mrs. Emma Tuttle, and did not regret doing so. Mrs. Tuttle possesses great versatility of talent, and is equally at home in pathetic, comic and tragic characters. A large and fashionable audience was well pleased with the entertainment she gave. I had not an opportunity of visiting any of the mediums in Cleveland. During my short stay I was the guest of Mr. T. Lees, a fine worker in the cause.

Buffalo, N. Y., was the next place I visited. Mr. E. V. Johnson had just finished a month's work in Buffalo, and had awakened a lively interest in several minds by his great oratory. There is no Society in Buffalo, though I understand there are hundreds, perhaps thousands of Spiritualists in the city. Mr. Frank, whose hospitality I enjoyed during my stay, Mr. Montague, and one or two more, are live Spiritualists, but do not appear able to sustain an organization at present, though they fully admit the importance of united effort. I lectured in Buffalo twice last Sunday, to fair audiences. The friends were anxious for me to stay the month, but I wished to be getting on toward Boston. Mr. Frank, I say, is in Buffalo, and apparently doing very well as a medium; as is also Mrs. Fullerton. I had good sittings with both of them. Mrs. Blady, sister to the Davenport Brothers, is now located there. She is said to be a fine materializing medium, but has ceased to sit for the general public. She kindly offered me a sitting, but nothing was got, owing mainly, it was supposed, to her being indisposed. But if no genuine manifestations were obtained, no spurious ones were attempted to be imposed upon me.

For Buffalo I came to Rochester, N. Y., by way of Niagara Falls. I shall not speak here of the place of Mrs. Notch, but of the place which will occupy the platform in Buffalo. Mrs. Fox has been lecturing here the last two months, and has, I understand, created considerable interest in the place, and gathered round her a fine audience. But there is no society for lyceum in this city now, those once flourishing institutions having died out. I trust Mrs. Fox's visit will lead to the resurrection of both, to a healthier and longer life. The *Spiritual Offering* is now published here, and a magazine well worthy of the support of Spiritualists. I have long wished to visit Rochester, because of its association with the early history of Spiritualism. Over thirty years have passed since Kate Fox, now the honored wife of Mr. Jencken, an English Barrister-at-law, and her sister were the occasion of great excitement in Hydeville and Rochester, through the peculiar manifestations which took place in their presence; and what wonders the spirit-world has wrought since that time! The sepioid and sepioid sepioid, who tried to smother them, and drive back the hosts above, signally failed in their inglorious work. The curtain veiling the future was rolled up to fall no more; the barrier separating the two worlds was broken down, never to be built up again; and a channel of regular communication was embodied and disembodied spirits transient visits of fact in the occasional and my stay in America will be very short. I am to speak in Boston the first and second Sundays in January, and intend leaving immediately after for England, on my way back to Australia. Therefore, if there are any Societies in the East that wish me to speak for them, I shall be obliged if they will address me at once, in care of the *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass."

Mr. Joseph P. Hazard, of Rhode Island, United States, arrived in London last week, and is eling round the world, and observing spiritual phenomena among the natives of India, China, and other countries. He is a firm Spiritualist, and brother of Mr. T. R. Hazard, one of the most active workers in the movement in the United States.—*London Spiritualist*, Nov. 29th.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

THE HONEY-BEE AND THE PRINTER-BOY.
The finest thing that a mortal can see is the industry of the honey-bee. He saunters out when the morn is bright. And keeps at work till the dusk of night. Gathering the sweets for many an hour Which he finds embedded in every flower. But when the printer sets his types, And out the sweat from his brow he wipes, To him 'tis sad, and makes him sigh. On finding his forms knocked into pl. If he were plous 't would make him swear, And curse the "devil," and pull his hair. And this the difference is, you see, 'Twixt the printer-boy and the honey-bee! —(Droxy.)

"What do you know of the patriarch Abraham?" was asked of a scholar in one of the London "board schools." The reply came rapidly: "He was the father of Lot, and ad few wives—win was called Hishmale and the Cother Haygur. He kept wum at home, and he turn'd the Cother into the desert where she became a pillow of salt in the daytime and a pillow of fire at nite."

Why do not captious critics confine their contumacious to common sense?
All souls that struggle and aspire, All hearts of prayer by There are lit; And, dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire On dusky tribes and centuries sit. —(Whittier.)

Are the "Takes of Ancient Greece" "fat" matter? Type is anxious to know.

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING for December has the following in its table of contents: "Clairvoyance—Transcendental Action of Spirit"; "What is the Good of Spiritualism?"; "Clouds." (Poem, T. P. Norton); "Truncating a Cone"; "Samuel B. Riddan." Biography; "The Religion of the Future," by the editor; "Modern Spiritualism, Its Development in Rochester and Subsequent Growth." (Chap. II, by R. D. Jones); "Where are the Dead?" (Poem); "Mediumship of Baroness Von Vay"; "Our Young Folks"; "Editor's Table"; "Editorial Notes"; "The Voice of the People"; "Review of Current Literature." Rochester, N. Y., D. M. Fox, publisher.

If *Triumpht* fight, where did he get his wings?

Motto of an inveterate beer-drinker: From beer to beer.

New York City is certainly a cosmopolitan place. A linguist has reckoned up the number of tongues that are spoken here, and declares that if the whole city were to be seized with a fit of indignation the people could swear in at least eighty different languages.—*New York Herald*.

A man in San Francisco who drives his pony with two bits says it is the cheapest way of traveling.

RICHARDSON'S MUSICAL HOURS, for December, issued at Temple Place, Boston, by Geo. W. Richardson & Co., has a choice collection of popular music, and is eminently worth the subscription price. "The Blue Abelian Mountains," song, words by Charbel, music by S. Adams, is a beautiful composition. Twelve pieces (vocal and instrumental) are given in this number.

Why is it that people boot a dog and show a hen? and foot a bird? and cap a climax? and head a movement? and shoulder a responsibility? and back a career?

It is a well-known biological fact that if a weight be tied to a mole's tail he cannot bray. It is the habit of that animal to erect his tail before slouching his sole, and if that be prevented he is silent. In like manner, the arms of a cup-bearer prodder down to his sides, and he couldn't save two souls per season.—*Figaro*, San Francisco.

Conscientious Greek professor, remonstrating with sophomores for creating disturbance in the class-room, lays his hand indignantly upon the refractory one's shoulder, and says: "My dear young man, the devil has hold upon you!"

Chas. Van Goeckbeek was recently arrested at Rondout, N. Y., upon suspicion of incendiarism at another place. He Rondout, and now he Goeckbeek!

THE "DIABOLICAL" CRITIC, Who is seeking for fame, Will scratch his pate, And find, too late, That 'tis a losing game! —(Jo Cox.)

In England brides are led to the hymeneal altar.

The *Boston Post* calls lecturer Cook "the chaotic case of non-luminous inner consciousness."

It is said that 16,000,725 people of all nations visited the Paris Exposition.

SPELLING BY SOUND.

In Two Parts—Part II.

Ye Spelling Reformers, be strong in the truth. And labor to lessen the sorrow of youth; Let union and joy your efforts inspire; The Spelling Book Tyrant will quickly retire. How bright is the day that is beginning to dawn! Ere long it will burst in the full-blown sun. Our children shall rise from the spelling oppression! The mill-stone be hurled from the neck of progression! Then rite away, spell away; seize at the dayz For no age, invention, and science in haze. They will warm and enlighten the huge world round. When the million can say, We are Spelling by Sound. —(New York Graphic.)

We are to have a Prince for Mayor. It is a singular fact, though, that he was elected by Democrats.

It is so much easier to do right than to do wrong, that it is surprising so many people pursue the latter course instead of the former.

The avaricious man clings to his earthly idols till death, and goes to the spirit-world a pauper. It is a terrible fate.

A Sunday school teacher who was accustomed to giving her scholars a verse to learn each week, varied her usage, one Sunday, by allotting to each of her scholars three names to commit to memory. One little five-year-old boy, who had for his lesson the names "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego," when asked to repeat it, on the following Sunday, scratched his head, threw up his eyes, and timidly replied, "Shake the bed, Make the bed, and To bed we go."

On dit that the British attack upon Afghanistan is Amerer speculation—A sheer case of All-money.

When rogues fall out, honest men get their dues.

Russia wants peace—so does Turkey. They think they have as many widows on their hands as they can take care of.

When me, let their angry passions rise, They often blacken each others' eyes.

Indian agents are being "censured" by the Government for their shortcomings. If it is about time something besides censures should be meted out to these corrupt men, Indian wars will never cease, until the white man's cupidity is put an end to—that's certain.

A Marseilles almanac predicts for 1879 the death of Bismarck, Gortschakoff and Beaconsfield.

The Princess Alice, the second daughter of Queen Victoria, and the wife of the Grand Duke of Baden, died of diphtheria on the morning of 29th, 1878, at Darmstadt. She was born April 25th, 1843, and was married to Prince Ludwig IV., the Grand Duke, on July 1st, 1862. Her death occurred on the seventeenth anniversary of that of her father, the Prince Consort. The issue of the union of the Princess and Ludwig includes five daughters and one son. She is the first child the Queen has lost.

Robert Cooper has issued a fine song—words and music by himself—entitled "The Bright Summer-Land." The words of "The Sweet By-and-Bye" can also be sung to the music if preferred. He will send to any person this song and the new music which he has composed for the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," for fifteen cents in stamps. Address him 543 Washington street, Boston.

Mrs. Andrews, of Moravia, N. Y.; has of late been holding séances in New York City.

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