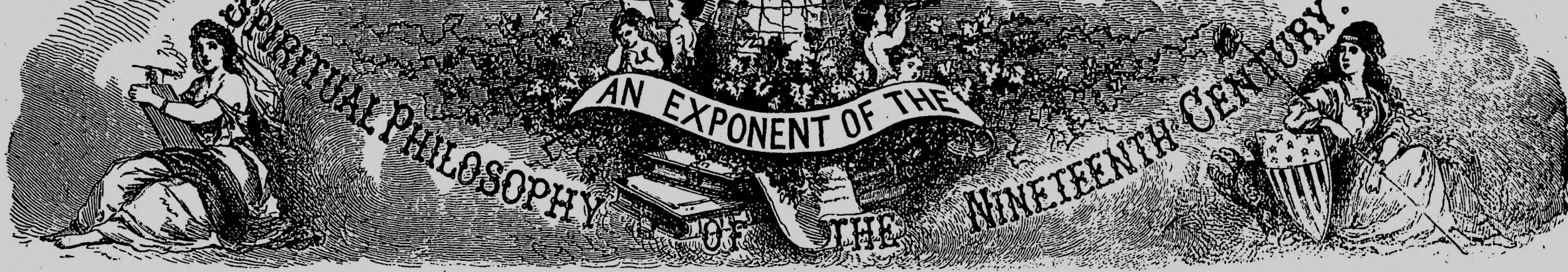


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Foreign Correspondence.

MEDIUMS—THEIR TREATMENT AND RESPONSIBILITY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The year that is now nearly closed has not been one that can be called eventful, unless we consider that a series of blows dealt against phenomenal Spiritualism are events worth note. On your side of the water, as well as in a minor degree on ours, there have been what are called exposures of public mediums. Whether or not such exposures were to be expected as the result of methods of investigation, is a point that may usefully engage the attention of investigators.

Our past experience can hardly be called pleasant in this respect. As a matter of fact we have found that the number of those who possess the power through which these phenomena can be produced in the face of antagonism is very small. Such mediums are consequently much in demand. By necessity, they accept as sitters in their public circles all who can afford to pay the fee. What does that mean? Simply that regard for spiritual conditions is impossible; that all must be accepted, and the circle formed without any respect to its constituent elements, save only the price that they can pay. Now let us turn aside for a moment, and ask what is the method by which manifestations are evoked through the means of a circle? We do not know very much on the subject, but we know at least this: Manifestations are produced by the interblending of the aura—the atmospheric aura that surrounds the several individuals that form the circle. Until that intimate relation has been established all is blank. When it has been established there is a mutual interblending, which results in the vital force of those present being made common property, and utilized by the operating agency through the medium, who is the general depository of the vital forces of all. Into him is poured and through him is utilized whatever the spirits employ. Much of it he furnishes himself; more perhaps (some at any rate) he receives and holds in deposit.

This being so, how important must it be that the circle should be composed of harmonious elements, duly arranged, and each properly prepared for an experiment that must always be delicate. The results to be desired are to be obtained, experience shows us, only by delicate experiment. The best results are to be had only with the most careful and prolonged experiment, after all elements have been thoroughly harmonized, and those which do not properly amalgamate have been rejected.

Yet more. Those who form the circle must be careful to present themselves in a state of due preparation. Extreme sensitives must see that they have not during the day been brought into contact with disturbing influences. Even though they themselves be calm, they must be sure that external influence has not disturbed them. The less sensitive members must see that physically they are healthy, mentally at peace, and spiritually in an equable frame.

There are other conditions to be considered too. What I have enumerated can be controlled by the human elements of which the circle is formed, though it very seldom is. But we have to reckon with a changeable atmosphere, which imports into our experiments perpetual elements of disturbance. We have to consider the disturbing elements on the other side, and especially the difficulties that are imported by antagonistic and vexatious spirits.

Now, if this be so, and no experimenter of average experience will deny that I have laid down roughly the disturbing causes, and have indicated the conditions under which the best results are to be obtained—I ask how it is possible to get these results under our present methods of public investigation. We all deplore the scandals that bring disgrace on the cause we love. Some of us consider that the medium is hardly treated in being visited by condescension for fraud for which he is not primarily responsible. None of us, or very few, ask how far the conditions we set up necessitate the results that we lament.

I do not know how far ingenuity may devise conditions for public investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism which shall be satisfactory. I cannot hope to see any experiments of such a kind productive of the highest results. At the present moment, conducted as they now are, they are productive of results the most deplorable.

pay, and by no other virtue whatsoever, to try the spirits, to while away an idle hour, to gratify their curiosity—for any and every reason (as a rule and as my experience goes) than the right one. There are exceptions, but as a rule, what I have said is true here if not with you. And I suspect that there is a good deal of human nature on both sides of the Atlantic.

The spheres of these heterogeneous sitters are interblended, and the medium is the recipient of their several influences, and forthwith ensues a more or less modified pandemonium. The medium becomes possessed by violent and undeveloped spirits, and the result is violent and painful manifestations.

Oh, the spheres refuse to blend; there is a deadlock, and, as a consequence, the medium, having accepted his fee, is in a predicament. If he repeatedly tells his patrons that nothing can be done, as (if he is entirely honest) he must frequently do, the word goes forth that he is not sure, that manifestations are precarious, and so his trade goes. Too frequently, being already half under spirit-influence, he falls a ready victim to any idling, conscienceless spirit that may be hovering near, and is, from that moment, irresponsible for his acts. If he be himself base enough to trade on such a power and supplement it by fraud—and such things have been—you have an additional element of complication. If he be poor and sorely tried, and if starvation is the alternative, you have another still.

Is it to be wondered at, then, that we have, out of all this sorry complication, fraud, disgrace, and perpetually recurrent shame? And is it surprising that the medium very frequently comes in for far more than a fair share of blame? He is the only person that can be got at, and he catches it accordingly.

I hope that the coming year may clear away some of the fog that has hung around this vexed question, both on your side of the water and on ours. Let us remember that we are dealing with sensitives, and what that means. Let us remember what the constitution of a circle involves, and let us be sure that we are blameless, as having done our duty to ensure good conditions, before we run amuck on mediums.

Mind, I think no punishment too severe for a medium convicted on legal evidence of having basely trifled with the feelings of those who have trusted him. The sin is black, and deserves strong condemnation. But I should like to be sure that he is responsible, and that no one else is, before I visit the whole sin upon him.

At any rate we may usefully set to work to revise the methods under which public circles are held; and I feel sure we shall thereby diminish the crop of fraud. We here, in England, find that manifestations far more satisfactory than any to be got by the use of the cabinet, can be had while the medium is held by both hands in the circle. What a vast element of uncertainty is eliminated by that simple precaution!

These are thoughts that we are concerned with here. No doubt the same have passed through your minds in America. My only excuse for writing such a mass of truism is that we may compare notes.

For the rest, we go on quietly. Spiritualism is interpenetrating the whole fabric of modern thought. It crops out in the most unlikely places, and influences the most unlikely people. As a concrete system it finds no more favor with the man of science and the priest than it ever did. But, spite of that, the thought of the age is permeated with it, liberalized, made more free and thorough, less servile, stereotyped, and stagnant.

May the New Year bring to you and to all your readers progress and peace. We do not think much of our political "peace with honor" here. May yours be more enduring and satisfactory. London, Christmas, 1878. M. A. OXON.

THE CLEAR VISION.

I did but dream. I never knew
What charms our sternest season wore;
Was never yet the sky so blue,
Was never earth so white before!
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
And never learned the bird's designs
Of beauty in its leafless trees.
Did ever such a morning break,
As that my eastern windows see?
Did ever such a moonlight take
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?
Rang ever bells so wild and free,
The music of the winter street?
Was ever yet a sound by half
So merry as yon school-boy's laugh?

Oh Earth! with gladness overhaught,
No added charm thy face hath found;
Within my heart the change is wrought,
My footsteps make enchanted ground!
From couch of pain and curtained room
Forth to thy light and air I come,
To find in all that meets my eyes
The freshness of a glad surprise.
Fair seem these wintry days, and soon
Shall blow the warm west winds of spring,
To set the unbounded rills in tune,
And hither urge the bluebird's wing.
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods
Grow misty green with leafy buds,
And violets and wild flowers sway
Against the throbbing heart of May.
Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own
The wisest love severely kind;
Since, richer for its chastening, grown,
I see, whereas I once was blind.
The world, oh Father! hath not wronged
With less the life by thee prolonged;
But still in every added year
More beautiful thy works appear!

As Thou hast made Thy world without,
Make Thou more fair my world within;
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt,
Rebuke its haunting shadows of sin;
Fill brief or long, my granted span
Of life with love to Thee and man;
Strike when Thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best!

—John G. Whittier.

Japan has 5,000 miles of telegraph, and 1,000 more under construction. It has also 125 telegraph stations. The insulators made in the village of Inari are of such excellent quality that orders for them have been sent from Europe.

The Rostrum.

DARWINISM FROM A SPIRITUAL STANDPOINT.

A Lecture Delivered at Republican Hall, New York City, Sunday Evening, Nov. 17th, 1878, by
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM.

(Stenographically reported for the Banner of Light by William James.)

INVOCATION.

Oh, Spirit of Truth, Source of divine inspiration, to thee we come as naturally as a child comes to a parent, and find that from that communion with thee in our thought and in our aspiration we derive strength and light; strength to pursue the path which lies before us; light to shine through all the darkness, so that we may not stumble as we go.

In prayer we do not seek to bend nor change a law; we do not seek to set aside injustice, or anger, or to turn away the hand of violence; but rather do we feel that by prayer we break through the ice which covers, as it were, the river of life, and feel upon our thought the reflection of a diviner life, the presence of endless peace and wisdom and love.

We come gratefully in our prayer, in our thought, to thee, oh, Father. Thy gift hath brought us existence, progression—all the senses through which, while still in the body, we learn of the life which lies around us; and we express our gratitude that life is not narrowed in, that it is not held in bondage continually; that it is not chained to this little earth, but that it has a certain requisite development here, and when it has acquired that, the chain of its bondage is broken, the door of its prison is opened, and it comes out, in obedience to the summons of the Angel which mortals call Death, into the brighter life, where its progression goes on endlessly.

Father, we thank thee, not alone for bliss and joy, not alone for success, but for anger and sorrow, for defeat, for these educate us or uplift us, and thus do assure us that such is the mission of sorrow and of care. We thank thee, not alone for the present which darkens us, but for that future which blossoms from it, which bears its fruit beyond the darkness and the shadow of to-day. Oh, Divine Presence! oh, thou who seest all things, there is not a heart that bows beneath its load, there is no eye dim with the bitter tears, but the nature and the light of thy love come to it!

We thank thee, oh, Father, that the earthly life does not continue forever, for thy burdens are too heavy and its clouds too dark; but when we know what lies beyond, when we feel the sun is shining overhead, then, looking up, we see the silvery and golden edges of the clouds, and we know beyond the burden of to-day lies the glorious strength of the future. Yet while we thank thee, while we pray to thee in gratitude, we pray to thee for aid from the realms above us; as light cometh down to the earth, quickening and inspiring it, so from the angels, who are nearer to the true conception of right and truth and all good, may strength and inspiration come to thy waiting children below.

Oh, Father, we pray for light for those whose eyes are dim; for truth for those who stumble in error; for courage for those who sink and droop despondingly along the flinty pathway of human life. And for those who pass over into the other life, for their quickening, awakening, and more rapid progress, and the assistance of higher angels, we most earnestly pray.

Oh, teach us, Father, that prayer uplifts us! Teach us that when the pool of thought is troubled by the angel's wings, it becomes the pool of healing for the angel of prayer brings to its waters the elements of highest spiritual help. Teach us to pray in our deeds, oh, Father, and here and hereafter teach us that our life is thine, that to make it noble, dutiful, beautiful, and true, is to give to thee the highest expression of prayer. Amen.

LECTURE.

The doctrine of Darwin is as old as Genesis: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," is a terse sentence which covers the most vital point of Darwinism. Some imagine, when sneering in ignorance, or comparative ignorance, of the theories of this most noble thinker, that he only goes back, in tracing human life, to the monkey, and stops there. Back of that he goes, further and further along the line of organic beings, and only stops at the protoplasm, the lowest or smallest point or atom of existence that the mind of man can conceive of; and from that point traces, step by step, that most wonderful spirit of progression until he reaches man, and sees in the development of to-day only the grand combinations of efforts and forces we find work for untold centuries, ages and cycles of ages. While the theories of Darwin have even denied that he originated the theory which is known as Darwinism—and, of course, no truth has ever been originated by any mind, for men are only discoverers—we have for years recognized in him a great worker, a helper of humanity; one who has evolved and elucidated a truth of the sublimest importance, and the results, the ponderous results of his researches, which to-day are the inspiration of his scientific world. See how his thoughts, thrown forth, as they were, at first disturbed the scientific circles. What a flutter they were cast into; how they sought, at first to repudiate, jealous, perhaps, or with a little prejudice, or with a feeling that they had attained the truth, and so patently, so clearly, was something which filled them with astonishment. But, step by step, he pursued his own course, not coarsely and aggressively, not with denunciation for the opinions of others, but in a mild and gentle, and yet a forcible manner; setting forth his ideas, illustrating them one by one, till the people could not reject them, and, far and wide, among the best and deepest thinkers, his ideas are accepted, not in all things, but in their most permanent and perfect features. When you see, then, what he has expressed in external things, you only behold his material discoveries, or his discoveries on the material side of life. He has learned that the gigantic wheel of evolution carries all form, all organic form, forward further and further, and that in all nature there is nothing lost, nothing wasted. When he reaches man, and has discovered this, he takes you not beyond this realm of materiality; but, friends, don't suppose that God has ever appointed in all human history one mind which could fathom all thought; which could reach out into all research, and give to you the entirety of truth. Man would need to become Deity to do that. So it has been given to this thinker to seek out on the material side of life, even in minutiae, this important fact of evolution, and to show a natural process by which all things have advanced. Friends, the great apostle of this doctrine of progression in material things is Darwin; but can we stop there? No! We accept his theory, and find most important features, and go beyond that into the spiritual side of it, learning the existence of spiritual forces and the finer laws, and strive in this most difficult task to bring these finer forces into external expressions; to show you that

which works through difficult, intricate spiritual processes in its external and organic manifestations. But, friends, to show you all of this subject is a work impossible for us to do; that is, to carry you to the utmost limit of this spiritual side; for to make you see it, and understand it fully, would necessitate the possession and use of an entire set of spiritual faculties on your part, including one most important one, that of vision, and as while you are on this plane of life your vision is narrowed and limited, and it is only a little way into spiritual things that you can reach, we can carry you then only a little way—as far as by analogy; as far as by intuition. By comparison it is possible for you to learn of the spiritual side of this great subject.

In speaking of this particular theory, we find that persons who think of original man, are compelled to take one side or the other; that is, to believe in evolution, the gradual progression which has produced human life, or to accept the old materialistic, narrow, sectarian account. Ah! but you say, remembering the remark with which we commenced the lecture, did you not say that the doctrine of evolution was as old as Genesis? Yes! as old as the spiritual part of Genesis: But you must remember that in all biblical statements, if you stop on the outside, you have called on a friend, and are content to stay in the vestibule; and we tell you the only true way to do is to go beyond, to enter the structure of religious thought, of religious expression, and then you will find a higher truth contained within passages which seemed dark and blind to you before. In reading the olden account in Genesis, sectarianism who are afraid of science, afraid to begin to investigate, fearing that they may be led to disbelieve in God, or to set aside the divine inspiration and authority of the Bible, say: "Man was made out of the dust of the earth, shaped in that manner, and then when he was so shaped, inanimate, silent, waiting, God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul." Therefore they say, "We don't want science, we don't want modern thought, we don't want anything that you call light upon this matter; you may claim that Darwin has evolved or elucidated a truth, that he has thrown light upon a hidden subject; but all that we want is the light of God, the light of the Bible," and so they solemnly sit down by the side of this passage, saying, "We understand all about this, for the Bible says that man was made out of the dust of the earth." Wait! When the breath goes out of the body, does the body return to the dust? "Yes," you say, "instantly." Oh, no; not instantly. It goes through a certain process, its atoms become disintegrated, detached, and through that process which Nature carries out so perfectly, it seeks, at last, through days and months, and even years, until at last it enters the dust of the earth. Now that is a gradual process when the dust returns to the dust from whence it came. Do not you see that the same recognition of a gradual process must be given to the other side of that passage? Now if it takes years for the human bones to become decomposed, and to enter into the dust, you would at least admit, would you not, that it takes years for the spirit of man to attain to its progression, and for the body to attain to its development? "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return!" But whatever you look upon in this earth, in all the forms of growth or unfolding, is made of the dust, has grown from the dust, and goes back to it again. But in its process of arising, its process of unfolding, it may cover ages uncounted; and when it returns again to the dust, it is in its old primal condition, just as it was before that dust climbed and towered and blossomed to trees and animals and men? No! It is far higher in the scale of being, for evolution is, indeed, a gigantic wheel, that never turns round and round like a mill-wheel in the same place, but goes onward and onward, for evolution—well, it constitutes the chariot wheels of time, of eternity; and they move onward forever and ever; there is no power to stay their progress.

If you make a mark on the rim of a wheel, to observe it more closely, you will observe as the wheel turns round and round that now the mark is in the sunshine, now in the dust; but whether in the dust or sunshine it is moving onward and forward. So the forms of dust, as they climb upward through this process of evolution, change in the same way. There is no retrogression; there is nothing wasted in all the universe, for the Divine Economist cares for everything. So, if the body of man goes from the dust of the earth, who can tell how long a time, how many ages have covered its development, and brought it to the point at which we see it to-day? It is said that between the physical structure of man of to-day and that existing as far back as we can trace human life there is very slight difference. Now if that is true, if the difference is so slight in development or unfolding, what does it indicate? Why! Instead of a few thousand years passing over this earth, man must have had millions of years to bring him to his present point of unfolding! It is said by one of the great and most perfect of those who illustrate this theory of evolution, that there is between man and the ape and the dog. Now, when you trace this physical progression, step by step, it gives you such an idea of the immensity of the past, of the numberless ages that have swept by, as probably nothing else in this world could give you.

But one will say: "You will take it for granted that man did come from life which underlies him. Now is there anything in nature to prove that?" And, indeed, one says: "I would not like to admit this Darwinian theory, for in this case I should not be particularly proud of my ancestors!" Perhaps not; suppose then you go to the other extreme, the only other point of acceptance, and you take the Mosaic theory. If we may so call it—the theory of sectarianism; would you be more proud to trace your ancestors to mud pies, so to speak, than the forms of animal life which may underlie you? Is man made only of dust? If so, we ask you then what was it which held the atoms together in that early composition, and what it was that kept Adam, particularly Adam, from dissolving in the very first thunder shower that fell? If this first account is true, what was it that helped hold these atoms together, or kept them from being blown away by the wandering breezes? Oh! Humanity, when you search upon this earth, when you go into its mystic parks, astronomic will help you form some idea of what the earth once was, and evolution will lift fold after fold of the veil, until the subject takes form and becomes clearer in its revelations. Astronomy will tell you that there are worlds probably now in process of formation; vast nebulous masses floating in space and gradually drawing into shape, growing spherical as the ages go by. Now that which is true of other worlds, is most probably true of this, and there was a time when upon the heated surface of this earth, even after its spherical shape had been gained, it was not possible for even the lichen to grow; not even possible for mosses and ferns to take root. But years passed on, and the lichen came, and ferns came, and mosses came; crude, strange forms of vegetable life appeared, and then out of the great world of waters—for, indeed, that seems to be the cradle of all organic existence—came forth forms of animal life—strange, crude, simple, but holding in themselves a promise and a prophecy of that

which was to be afterward. From the fossil remains which the earth shows us now, those which still exist, we can trace the history of life back to a far-off age; we lose sight of it because we are finite, and cannot grasp the immensity of this subject. Let men trace this thought back, as scientists have done, down through animal life, far down, until in the watery world they find a progenitor, as they might say, even in the form of a clam—back of that larks and branches the trilobite; and in all these they find a promise of future and further developments. Take human life as it is now, the body of man, and you find that with all its divine development if we can apply that term to it there are, nevertheless, vestiges of worn out life, or the life that you have outgrown, lingering relics which show your relationship to the lower types in existence.

But some will ask, "How can it be that human life has ever been evolved from the life that is beneath us, while to-day no such evolution takes place, and there is a clear, distinct line running between man and animals." But, then, this line may not be so distinct as it may seem to them to be. How is it? Why? You can only answer that as a child's body may have certain expressions of development which change as years go on, as its first teeth are shed, and are never reproduced in exact likeness, so the life has a certain condition type expressing to you growth and development a periods of development wherein it was possible to evolve through natural selection from the highest type of all animal existence the lowest type of all human existence. Men have sought for the missing link, and they say it cannot be found. Is there so great a difference between the highest form of ape development and the form of the Ethiopian dwarf, or of the Hottentot, the next step in progression? So, step by step, you can go on, through the races of savage life, of course, low undeveloped life, and it does not seem to you that that link is missing. It becomes revealed when you study a little more closely and carefully.

But what is there in human life to show the kinship with this life that is beneath us? Man with all the beauty of his development, with all the pride of his life, can find that in this physical structure there is a duplicate of the life that underlies us. In the bones, the muscles, the tissues, in all this complex and delicate structure, you can find a similarity with the life of apes. Now if other forms seem to be reproduced in human life in certain ways, as science will admit, do you not find then a connection, which is, to say the very least, significant? But one may say, "Oh! It is true that in the form of the ape we may find bones, and muscles, and tissues, and blood vessels, and all those expressions of their physical existence very much like that of man, but there are important differences in the development of the brain, or differences which we never fail to find." Why, of course! If you found no differences, if they were exactly alike, why, then, do you not see this lower phase of life would be no longer lower, but it would manifest the same mental faculties, the same mental power. But when we think of this development of humanity, tracing it back as far as we can, we find that through natural selection man has striven until he has attained the higher point of existence; the higher phase of his development. You can see that in the increase of human life a struggle for existence has been necessary, and in the crowded conditions of existence, while it may seem to you that you find a certain presence of unkindness, of injustice, in a God who could so fill the world, who could allow the races so to increase that they became crowded and crowded in for space, and hence it was natural for the strong, those more intelligent, and more artful, to rise and to crush out and to utterly destroy the weak; yet, friends, if there were no other life, this would be true, but as eternal justice does not find room in this earthly existence to expand in everything to its full perfection, its manifestation, why, then, to the great good of humanity, and in the boundless realm of progression beyond the grave, all these difficult matters are made straight, and that which seems to you to be cruel and unjust becomes fair and clear with the expression of divinity below. So men have striven; so the strong and the more intelligent have prevailed, and in natural descent from them their offspring have treasured and kept that which was best and highest; and so each generation has carried the work of life onward a little further, step by step, continually.

You can see in Nature certain inherited conditions which would demonstrate these previous forms of life from whence we sprung: these primates, so to speak, which leave their autograph not only on the human body but on the human spirits as well. There are certain indications all around you of this truth. As we have said, man keeps in his physical existence a certain record or certain traces of life-primates, from whence he has sprung. Look round you, and you will find that this thing is true. Take animals; for instance, oxen; you find there are certain teeth that they never cut—they never use—they are there, nevertheless. Now, what use are they for? Why do they exist? We said there is no use for them, and yet God knows they exist for something; they linger as proof of a certain change—a development which is significant to the scientist when he traces those conditions which mark physical life, and spiritual life as well. So, in many things in humanity, you trace this same truth; and as usage, as the effects of past conditions leave their epitaph, as it were, or their writing, upon the body and spirit of man, you find that when you pass out of this earthly life into the spirit-life there are effects that still exist, there are conditions that you carry, and only as you keep the record—the memory of them—they stand as indications of that which has been, and as living proofs of the power and certainty of progression.

But where is the spiritual side of this Darwinism? Why! simply this: That as progression has marked all physical life, all material life, so progression has marked all spiritual life. If physical progression can be traced step by step—from the protoplasm, from the atom, through the lowest forms of organic existence until you reach man, and you find that there are certain chains of connection manifest between the higher and the lower—then the spirit of man, also, can give its significant indications to those who are ready and willing to seek for them. How shall they be found? You read that God made man out of the dust of the earth, and that he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul. You read that God created the heavens and the earth; these are the generations of the heavens and the earth, as Genesis tells you: "That in the day God created them, the plants of the field and the herbs of the field He created before the plants were in the earth, or before the herbs began to grow. Read carefully this account of Genesis, and perhaps these two verses may strike you with a little deeper thought. What does it mean? How could it be that God created the plants and the herbs before they were in the earth, or before they began to grow? Does it mean that they were perfected in some upper realm, and then he came down to the earth with them prepared, and with a trowel, perchance, He placed them in the earth, and then they commenced to grow? Is that the coarse, material idea of the creation of these things? The spiritual side of it, when we cast the light

Children's Department.

TALES OF THE EVERLASTING MOTHER.

Written down through the Mediumship of
ADELA, BARONESS VON VAY,
of Gohlitz (in Styria), Austria, and translated spe-
cially for the Banner of Light.

THE SECRET.

I thought that thou hadst yielded to me, old sorrow! I thought that my heart was healed from thee, old remembrance! Consciousness of what has been, thou secret of my life, I was again happy, and now thou hast once more appeared as a ghost in the midst of my happiness, as a discordant tone in the midst of harmony. And wilt thou never leave me, memory of an old and evil hour, witness of my sorrows? Has what I once experienced all at once become a personified imperishability? Yes, the dead returns to life, arises warm and living out of its cold lethargy, sings old well-known melodies, and speaks deep-felt words whose sounds have long since died away.

Human beings, as ye wander through the world with dull or smiling faces, each one of you carries secret within himself a skeleton; it may be a word, a feeling, or the memory of a deed. I, the Everlasting Mother, know it, and I pity you, poor beings. Often when you are gay and laugh, it is but a mockery; or say, when you are alone in your chamber, what mean those tears, those sighs, what means that flashing, angry eye?

I know a deep secret. He loved her warmly and truly, as she loved him. They were separated. At this the woman vowed to him: "I will appear to thee at night, as a shadow on the white wall, so long as thou desirest it. Spiritual shall be our wedding, spiritual and hushed our conversation. Here, thou hast this saying, these looks of hair, thy word and thy love to use as a spell—and I will come and follow thee always, if thou lovest me truly; but if thou ceaseest to love me, my shadow will leave thee, and thou shalt never see it again." They parted. Every night as he lay sleepless and full of sorrow, there appeared on the bare white wall of his sleeping apartment a shadow. Dost thou hear it? A rustling. Ha! there she is. The phantom of her beautiful form signs to him, pointing to heart and lips. Yes, she is true to him, for her shadow remains always spotlessly pure. It bends over him, softly whispering in his ear, and intoxicated with bliss he stretches out his long arms toward it, but a gentle stupefaction comes over him, and he sleeps. So it goes on night after night for a year, two years. Then the shadow begins to fade, for empty it finds the apartment of love, empty the place of rest. Every night it sighs and complains, and at last it vanishes. Where is he? Do you not hear the sounds of an organ and the hymn of praise? Do you not see the lovely bride who so tremblingly and softly gives the word of affirmation? And the man who gives his "Yes" loudly and boldly? It is night; already the bride has retired to rest. Gloomily and yet snugly the silk curtains surround the bed. All awaits the bridegroom. It is night, night—the hour of the shadow nears! There! see! On the red silk walls a dark, dark shadow! It becomes larger and larger, until it has attained a giant size. Now it nears the place of rest, and assuming the form of a woman, softly draws aside the heavy curtains. Her eyes are hot and anxious, her breath is—he feels it—over him, and he cannot move nor scream. The form threatens, and points to heart and lips; then bending over him whispers something in his ears, and moves slowly on its way. Gasping for breath, he would follow it, but in vain. He feels always the last word in his ear and heart, it gnaws and tortures him, tormenting him to death.

Spiritual oaths burn up life; spiritual unity forbids and annuls other love. Thou hast sworn to the shadow eternal fidelity. Bear now, thou strange human being, thy secrets with thee to the grave.

THE ELF-CHILD.

I knew a little elf that had become a human child. Its hair was fair and fine, and soft as silk; its eyes deep and dark, like the magic spring of the woods; its cheeks when it slept were rosy and full, its lips purple and fresh, with teeth like pearls; and the little blue veins showed themselves on the soft, velvety arms. And so this tender little maiden drank in the love of life at her mother's breast, and was rocked to rest in her father's arms till she grew large in spirit, heart, and feelings—a beautiful enchantress.

It was, as I have said, a human child. It had a heart and human feelings; it could speak, sing, and love. Once it became ill, very ill. There it lay languishing in bed, the poor elf; it quietly groaned and sighed: "Ah, I feel the weight of the whole world upon me. How I should like rain, wind and tempest!" Her cousins, the mountain goblins, gnomes, nymphs and elves, yes, even the hunchbacks and the hobgoblins, heard her. "The poor child!" said they; "let us quickly gather a great storm together. Bluster, ye evil spirits, weep torrents of tears, ye clouds and rain-elves, thunder, ye mountain goblins, and lightning, ye nymphs! Quickly, here, all! Blow, whistle, sing the song of the storm! Our human-grown elf understands ye. Yes, she wants refreshment, music and consolation, for ill and feverish she lies there." "What a dreadful thunder-storm," say the human beings. "Oh! the lightning!" says the old attendant, and crosses herself. "I am frightened, mother," cries the real human child. "Ah, how refreshing, how splendid," says the sick maiden, the quiet, mysterious elf-child. "How easy I feel. How the rain refreshes me, how wildly merry sounds the dear old thunder, and how joyfully it lightens. The storm relates to me such dear old fairy tales that I think I must have heard once before somewhere. Ah! I should like to go there again, home, home, through storm and rain." And as she said it nature again became quieter; it had vented its rage, and sung its song to the end.

It is a bright, fresh, humid summer morning. The birds twitter cheerfully, the grasshoppers chirp, the branches and blossoms shake off the sparkling rain-drops. The maiden too is quiet; she lies in her little bed softly smiling, as if she would say, "Oh! how beautiful, how sweet it is to go home!"

Behold, the night after, a fresh, lovely little elf danced in the moonlight with her cousins. It is a great elfin feast, and all the mountain, valley, wood and flower-spirits are there, for the child that has been away so long has again returned home. She has now no longer a human heart, and can neither love like a maiden, nor speak as a human being; neither can she be ill any more. But she often sits thinking on the banks of the forest stream for hours together, and throws in forget-me-nots, which the waves carry by the house where she lived, loved and suffered.

[Continued in our next.]

BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF TRAVELS—THE WORK OF DR. CHARLES MAIN.

BY JOSEPH D. STILES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A number of years have elapsed since I ventured to address your large corps of readers through the medium of your columns, preferring that other and better pen than mine should occupy the space with their progressive thoughts and sentiments. But realizing that among your readers I have many dear and valued friends, who doubtless would like to hear of my whereabouts, and what I have been and am doing, I will give, with your permission, a very succinct account of my past and present labors.

Until within two years and a half my mediomistic mission has been confined to the State of Vermont, lecturing in various places, especially in the northern and central parts, and with uniform success. My audiences generally have been large and appreciative, many journeying miles to hear the principles of the "New Gospel" expounded through my humble instrumentality. Everywhere I found true, resolute and progressive souls, many dating their belief to the very incipency of our glorious cause, remaining firm to their convictions through good and evil report, and under every circumstance of condition. Slander, hyperbole and misrepresentation have proved impotent in their efforts to crush down the heroes and heroines of the grand army of Progression. They have only had the effect to make them more determined in their purposes to release humanity from the bondage of superstition and error, and introduce it to a larger liberty and a broader platform. Speakers have been, and are, well patronized, while platform test mediums are in demand there as elsewhere. Bigotry no longer rears its hydra-head, as in days ago—is not so bold and defiant. It has been shorn of a portion of its strength, and has lost much of its aggressive power and influence. But it is not by any means wholly silenced. Here and there it crops out, putting forth fresh efforts to choke down freedom of speech, and everything that does not harmonize with the prejudices of the day. In spite of all this mediums are multiplying; and in Vermont especially there is scarcely a place but shelters one or more of these important vehicles of communication between the two worlds. The cause there, as everywhere else, is rapidly advancing, and rests on so substantial a foundation that nothing can shake or topple it down. To Mr. and Mrs. George W. Ripley, of Montpelier, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius D. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Watson, of St. Albans, Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Fitts, of West Rutland, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Fitts, of East Brattleboro, Vermont, and Mr. and Mrs. Corey Thompson, of Richmond, and many, many others, am I largely indebted for their kind favors of the past, and the words of strength and encouragement they extended to me as I pursued my mediomistic journey. And I trust in due time to respond to the earnest invitations I have received from some of the friends of the cause, my labors among them, and which the invalidism of my mother, who has been brought very near to the portals of the eternal city many times within a few years, has prevented my accepting. Should she, by the favor of circumstances, and kind care and attention, regain in part her lost health and vitality, I am in hopes again to revisit the scenes of my former labors, and continue my work as faithfully in the future as I have striven to do in the past.

For the past two years I have labored at intervals in different portions of this State. In Quincy I have had large audiences, and in Barnstable and West Barnstable appreciable and at times full houses. In the former, Spiritualism is on a firm basis—the philosophy numbering many believers. The old pioneers, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Brigham, Mr. George Vezile, Mr. John Glover, Mr. Perez Chubbuck, Mr. Eldad Worcester, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, Mr. and Mrs. William Torrey, and others, whose names I cannot now recall, have all passed away to the higher life, whose everlasting virtues dawned upon their souls in full splendor while in the body, and which illumined their passage through the shadowy valley of Death.

For three Sabbaths I have spoken in this town to greatly numbered audiences. Especially glad was I to grasp again the hand of that early pioneer of the cause, that war-worn veteran in the great battle between truth and error, Dr. Charles Main, of No. 60 Dover street, Boston. Separated from him by the gulf of distance for a number of years, he had passed from the ken of my vision, but not from memory, until the happy mutation of circumstances brought us face to face. I was surprised to see how lightly the years rested on his brow. His step was still bold and intrepid, his form unimpaired by years—a perfect mirror of manly vigor and strength. Life to him has been a grand success; not, to be sure, without battling for it, but a success won through his indomitable will, energy, and perseverance. For nearly thirty years his life has been consecrated to the good of humanity in the healing art, and thousands are living to-day who bless and reverently breathe the name of Dr. Main. His home is the abode of the most exalted influences, and one cannot cross the threshold without feeling himself in the presence of superior forces. The air seems balmy with the breath of angels, and their benedictions of love and mercy fall upon all who come within the radius of their influence.

Every one feels at home the moment he is in the presence of this world-wide healer. There are no artificial barriers, no artificial pretensions to weaken the chords of rapport and sympathy between patient and physician. Everything is hearty, cordial and natural. Invalids, faithless and hopeless, shrinkingly enter his presence, to go forth hopeful and glad, and to feel that possibly life has some benefits and blessings in store for them. The open grave seems further off, while heaven is brought nearer to their souls. He does not merely teach through natural and scientific methods. He takes nature for his supreme guide, and relies upon his immortal guardians for valuable assistance and strength. Alone in his chamber, dedicated to his angel Anna, and other ennobling intelligences, he catches those inspirations which are to scatter benefit and blessing to the suffering and distressed.

With a lock of hair in hand, he diagnoses disease with marvellous accuracy, and rarely, if ever, fails to trace its locality and to prescribe the right remedies for its eradication. Through his magnetic and curative agencies, the demon disease is forced to abdicate his throne in favor of the goddess of health.

The doctor does not claim to be a performer of miracles. He does not expect to accomplish prodigies or impossibilities. But he does claim, as we all claim for him, that his method of practice is natural and rational, and seldom fails with patients alid by his rules.

It cannot be expected of me to enumerate the countless cases that have come under and yielded to his treatment, for that would require more than one issue of your paper to do so, and then would utterly fail of its object. One or two that have come within the range of my observation and knowledge will suffice.

Miss Addie G. Crocker, of West Barnstable, Mass., a niece mine, was attacked by the serious difficulty a year or more ago, which threatened to demolish the citadel of life. The assistance of a local physician was summoned to her case, whose prescriptions hardly alleviated, and certainly did not cure. By the strenuous advice of relatives and friends, she sought the healing influences of Dr. Main, full of hope that he would help her. After being under his treatment for a brief time, she began to experience a marked change in her physical condition. The

doctor diagnosed her difficulties with entire satisfaction and correctness, and the application of his magnetic method of treatment, together with the potent remedies prescribed, (and which are his own manufacture) greatly benefited her at once, and she has every reason to feel assured that, under his beneficent ministry, she will eventually regain her wasted vitality and health. Naturally very ambitious (being a school-teacher in one of the districts of Barnstable,) she is too apt to go beyond her strength, and unconsciously obstruct the way to a final recovery.

The most remarkable cure, however, was that of her sister, Miss Hattie A. Crocker, a young lady of nineteen, who was attacked some months ago with all the symptoms of rapid consumption. The hacking cough, the hectic flush, the wasting frame, all told too plainly that she had fallen a victim to that scourge of our Northern clime. Parents, relatives, and friends felt that her demise was only a question of brief time. Hope had almost departed, and the shadow of Azrael's wing was deepening around the young life of the daughter, sister, and friend. Her parents hearing good reports from their friend daughter, (who was then at Dr. Main's,) resolved to place Hattie under his care as a last resort. The doctor received her in that cheerful and happy spirit (as he is wont to receive his patients,) which inspires one with so much confidence and hope, and which at once establishes a sympathetic rapport between himself and patient. He saw that her case was a desperate, but not a hopeless one; and with full confidence that she could be helped, he went to work, administering his magnetic treatment and the remedies he deemed necessary in her case. In a week's time and less, she began to experience a very favorable change in her system. The appetite returned, the sleep, and the hectic flush departed, the alarming cough ceased, and the attenuated frame which relatives and friends thought could retain its hold on life only for a few weeks longer at furthest, began to assume its wonted vigor and roundness. In exactly a week from the day she went to Dr. Main's, she returned home improved in health, and has continued to improve, and to such an extent that she considers herself about as well as ever. The family of course are greatly indebted to the doctor for what they cannot express, for snatching their young daughter and sister from a premature grave, at whose portals they sorrowfully saw the young feet of their heart's treasure tremblingly standing.

The neighbors were so astonished at her improved appearance, that some of the disease-afflicted ones immediately wrote to Dr. Main for descriptions of their cases, which were cordially accepted, and remedies prescribed and forwarded under the administration of which, as I have learned, they are being much benefited. My mother is also taking his medicines, which he has so generously furnished, and she states that it is all that keeps her up. She is nearly seventy-six years old, almost sightless, and her age precludes the idea of a perfect recovery. But she has complete confidence in the doctor, and feels if any one can benefit and reach her case, he must assuredly can.

These are only a few instances out of a multitude that have been benefited by the doctor's treatment. His office is at No. 60 Dover street, Boston, to which all sufferers may trustingly repair and find a balm in Gilead for their ills and infirmities. His house is presided over by Miss Cary, whose excellent management and cheerful disposition win at once the love and esteem of the numbers who seek Dr. Main's assistance. At a place at which healing shines so true, to find the health of body and mind they have elsewhere failed to gain. Let all afflicted with disease, of whatever name and nature, however seemingly hopeless, seek the services of this successful magnetic physician. Try him first and last, and not wait till you are completely broken down by experimental poisons, administered by incompetent and ignorant hands. Long live Dr. Charles Main to the good and the humanly, the prayer of his countless patrons.

Thank you, dear Reader, for your noble defence of mediums. They are obliged at best, to travel a hard road, and the compensation too often is very meagre, compared with the services rendered. They may entertain large audiences, (as I frequently have,) but the remuneration of mediums often falls upon a few, who are hardly able to bear it. Hope there will be one in the future, when every medium, and audiences will remember as they receive.

Excuse my long reference to Dr. Main. I considered it was a duty as well as a work of justice to let the world know what he has done, and is doing, and I am happy to perform the task.

Weymouth, Mass., Dec. 1878.

Our Children's Lyrics.

[From the Cleveland Herald, Monday, Jan. 6th.]

Progressive Lyceum—Annual Election of Officers—Valedictory of Mr. Lees.

But few of the regular exercises of the Lyceum took place yesterday, on account of the annual election of officers. The usual dryness of the election, however, was neutralized by the beautiful singing of the Cleveland Harmony Quartette, Messrs. W. E. Cubben, Frank A. Doyle, George A. Hennings, and J. F. Cook, who kindly volunteered to sing to the children and their friends. Nearly every Sunday, in addition to the usual exercises of this Sunday school, there is either speaking or singing by persons not in the ranks of Spiritualism, which seems to show that there is good feeling on both sides. Full reports from all the officers were submitted and passed on, from which the Conductor, Mr. Lees, computed a comprehensive report, giving a clear digest of the Lyceum's status in this city. The following officers were then elected for the year 1879: Charles Collier, Conductor; Mrs. Emilie Van Scotten, Guardian; Mr. Hatcher, Musical Director; George Benedict, Secretary; G. G. Wiley, Treasurer; Mrs. York, Librarian; Wilbur Olds, Maynard Wilkinson and Charles Watson, Guards. [Mrs. Ella Williamson has been appointed Assistant Guardian.]

These officers were at once duly installed, and Mr. Thomas Lees, on donning his badge in favor of Mr. Collier, and before retiring, delivered the following valedictory:

OFFICERS, LEADERS AND CHILDREN OF THE CLEVELAND LYCEUM: This day terminates two years of continuous office for me, making in all five years out of the thirteen we have been organized. I have served as your Conductor. In refusing the candidacy so kindly tendered for another term, I hope I may not be misunderstood. My interest in the Lyceum has not ebbed one iota, and I trust as a Spiritualist I shall never so far forget myself and my duty as to grow indifferent to the importance of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. It is the hope of Spiritualism, and should be the pride of Spiritualists everywhere. I merely retire from the leadership for a time, feeling the need of a rest, and with the hope that the good work may be accelerated rather than retarded by the fresh ideas a new conductor will necessarily bring with him. I fully appreciate the compliment you paid me to retain the office, for it is a position I have ever been proud to hold, and my growth, while in the office, I feel has been commensurate with the responsibilities of the position, and thus I feel I am fully compensated for the labor expended.

The Children's Lyceum is a positive blessing to all those who participate in its exercises, be they scholars, lovers of officers; it is the most natural school I know of for developing our spiritual and moral natures. It is almost superfluous for me to say that in the many years I have been with you in the Lyceum, I have become so attached to you, one and all, that it is with positive pain I now "step down," but not out. I have ever felt that your kindly actions toward me were promoted by the best of wishes and the purest of love. It has been this consciousness that has upheld me in the trials and struggles of the past; without your love and cooperation no one, be they ever so capable, can do full justice to the position of conductor. I shall watch with much interest the future success of the Lyceum, and shall not be found wanting to render all assistance in my power should any emergency arise.

To my successor I would say he can fully rely on me for anything it is in my power to aid or advise him, and to you, children and officers, and friends, as a recompense for my labors while with you, all I ask is that as to the new Conductor,

Mr. Charles Collier, you will do the same to him as you have by me; give him your hearty support; let him feel by your actions you are with him in the movement; strive to make him happy in his new position by your punctuality and good deportment. I know from experience the pleasurable feelings derived from presiding over a full and well regulated Lyceum.

And now, in conclusion, my dear children and friends, I thank you for the cordial support of the past two years, and ask your forgiveness if, at any time during my administration, I have ever been remiss in my duties or stepped beyond them. I have ever tried, during my conductorship, to be just and impartial to each and every one, and I retire from my proud position with the consciousness of having done the best I could under the circumstances.

What I have done in the past for duty and love of the cause I leave to all. I was late in waking up to the truth of Spiritualism, but have been trying the past eighteen years to make amends for my tardiness. When speaking of Spiritualism, I feel in rapport with the author of the following beautiful lines, W. D. Rockwood, I believe, when he says:

"To me 'tis a beautiful heaven light,
Ever leading me on in the midway of right.
I thank thee, O God, in thine infinite love,
Hath sent the bright angels from their homes above
To wipe the hot tears from the sorrowful eye,
And assure us not one of this children can die.
I thank thee, O God, in thine infinite right,
Or, cheerless and dark a long, dismal night;
But only a change that comes over us here,
The dear too higher, more beautiful sphere.
It teaches that lesson, the beautiful array,
Is so very near—just over the way.
It tells us in language so plain that we know
We can if we will make one here below."

It gives us a spiritual religion or creed,
But one universal, and all are agreed
Its teachings are suited to old age and youth—
Its claim, and its only foundation, is truth."

The Reviewer.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EXISTENCE.

Significant as is the title of Dr. Kelley's volume—*The Philosophy of Existence*—it can hardly be said to denote the contents of the work. It is rather a cursory view of ancient Legends and Mythologies. The authorities cited are numerous, and the investigations are candid and generally stated with great clearness. The conclusions are not always so distinct; nor is it often easy for the reader to make them for himself. The omission of the index detracts much from the value of the book to students, who will accordingly consider themselves debarred from using it in their more careful explorations.

The writer has employed the older plan of giving Latin names to the Hellenic divinities; and we notice some mixing of Egyptian with Grecian myths. There are likewise several new orthographies to Oriental names; as though there were not too many already. The modern scholars appear to do such things for the purpose of "casting a spell" over their uninitiated readers. It is not safe, except for the very few, to attempt to spell or pronounce an Hindu name. No two writers spell alike, and no two persons give a word the same sound and intonation. Even the most familiar words are daily mispronounced. Every layman says his *skithel* with a *sk* to the scholar. He cannot safely trust his ears. The *a. g. j. n. r. s. ch. etc.*, are prolific sources of blundering. If Orientalists wish their books sold and read, they must unite to abate the spelling nuisance. Why not, like men, let the petty jealousies of which no real scholar is guilty, and adopt a uniform orthography for Sanscrit, Old Persian, and other Oriental words, when these are to be expressed in European speech? Dr. John Weiss's great work on the English language proposes a sufficient rule—to pronounce words as they are spelled, or to spell them as they are pronounced.

Book I, is subdivided into two parts: 1. Theism; 2. Mythism. By theism, the author means the belief in a God, yet not without attributes and acts; and by mythism, the legends of mythic deities and divinities. The first part accordingly includes the God, or Trinity of Gods, of the nations that believe their respective Godhead to be true. Roman First Cause. These several peoples had not only their sacred records of the doings of their deities, but of the national religion of each, as well. The polytheism of certain of them, who believed in inferior local deities, tends to place them among the mythists, so that the division is necessarily somewhat arbitrary. The author overlooks ancestor-worship in a great degree, and assumes the Sun, as his reared spirit, to have been the anterior, and probably the original object of adoration. Part Second embraces the gods of the Greeks and Romans, together with those of the forefather-nations, chiefly of modern Christendom. These deities and divinities were derived from those of antiquity, from celestial objects, from phenomena in nature, and from deified heroes—subordinated to the One Sole, Supreme, Unseen God of all, in whom was general belief. There is little occasion to prosecute the examination of these chapters more critically; the author has been very liberal in his quotations from classical and other authorities, with which scholars are generally familiar.

The Second Book is a treatise upon the Celestial Regions. It is not always quite clear in its distinctions. There is a confounding of heaven and paradise, or Elysium, which may be common enough in our modern period; but is hardly permissible when ancient fables are the subject of consideration. No old time hero or patriarch cherished any expectation of going to heaven. "I will go down to Hell to my son, mourning," says Jacob. "Thou wilt not leave (or forsake) my soul in Hell," says the Hebrew psalmist. "It is pleasant to descend under the shades," says Father Anchises. Hell was a place of bliss to him, compared to his life on earth.

Dr. Kelley, citing the first chapter of *Genesis*, infers that "heaven" is the "heaven of heavens," and the firmament another heaven, one elementary and one empyrean—possibly some circulating orb of the universe; and as such, the supernal abode of the Great Unknown, the true Creator. To sustain this construction, he quotes freely from Milton. But unfortunately for some of his inferences, he has mistaken heaven as being in the singular number, whereas in the Hebrew original, the word is generally plural. After speculating in regard to the heaven made at the same time with the earth and the firmament, he next surveys the current opinions of the ancient and archaic periods. Here his labor is really valuable. We are informed that the Chaldean and Persian accounts were similar to that of the Hebrews. This is not to be doubted; the Zoroastrian revelation was the older of them all. All nations placed heaven away or above the planetary worlds, and peopled it with gods, but not with men. Only when metempsychosis, valingenesia, or re-births, was adopted as a belief, did men aspire to be united to the deity. But when this doctrine became prevalent, theologians proposed the existence of a great number of heavens. Especially was this the case in India and China. The Jewish Rabbins, copying from the *Frutidud* and old Chaldeans, described a plurality of heavens and subdivisions of heavens; and Mohammed, Dante, and perhaps Swedenborg, have derived the ideas which each elaborated in his own method.

"The principal revelations from heaven, recorded in the Bible, are those of the New Testament, comprising most of the books so called, or the *Apocalypse*." Dr. Kelley has noted the strange resemblances of this work to the book ascribed to the prophet Ezekiel. But he omits to elaborate conclusions, having left this to a future contemplated work. He does not fail, however, to give due importance to the great sage and seer of the eighteenth century. "In addition to the revelations made to St. John, we have not less important disclosures vouchsafed to Baron Emanuel Swedenborg; and these are not only of the celestial regions, but of the infernal, and also of an intermediate ashyum—the resort, according to some, of all till the final judgment, when the righteous are assigned to heaven and the wicked to hell." He adds: "It is a question whether his voluminous works are not even more generally read and believed than those of St. John, although they apparently

* *The Philosophy of Existence*. The Reality and Romance of Histories. In Four Books: Book I.—History of Deities; or, Theism and Mythism. Book II.—History of Heaven; or, The Celestial Regions. Book III.—History of Demons; or, The Infernal Regions. Book IV.—History of Angels and Purgatory. By E. G. Kelley, M. D. New York: J. W. Bouton, 706 Broadway, 1878. pp. 630.

are so inherently of the same character and source that the believers in one will not reject the other. Not only were these modern manifestations the more extensive, but the famed Baron was bolder and more inquisitive. He was also more observing of phenomena, and, reasoning therefrom, made the applications and lessons instructive to mankind."

Accordingly, the pictures of Heaven, as delineated by him, are given at considerable length; and it should be added, in their more attractive form. It is not necessary to go into detail, but we will not resist temptation to relate that the late John Wesley declared the nuptial heaven of Swedenborg not specially desirable, nor his hell of self love, harlotry, and love of domination very repellent.

The twelfth chapter of this book contains extracts from revelations purporting to be from Theodore Parker. This is followed by a discussion of the possibility of settling the question historically of the true condition of all the departed in heaven by the ideas of modern Spiritualists. The answer is suggested, but not made. The remaining chapters are devoted to theories of the resurrection and Judgment, as held by Christians, Pagans, Spiritualists and others. The sex of the angels is referred to somewhat humorously as a mooted question. "While there is ample evidence of male angels, there is less proof of the existence of female angels or angelines." Milton has suggested that they "either sex assume;" perhaps after the analogy of the *Katholikon*, or priests of Kibbe and Astur. It may be that women, passing to the angelic region, undergo some neutralizing process like workmen during pre-natal incubation. But Dr. Kelley cannot be serious.

Book III, is devoted to the whole question of Demonology. We notice the same tendency to contracted views in this as in other departments. He compresses definitions to limits almost as narrow as those of modern theologians; and so he almost banishes arguments. He gives as a reason, in this instance, that demon spirits or beings were originally acknowledged to consist of good and bad spirits or influences; "but their more modern signification and character are evil, and that continually." So with the *daes*, who were deities in India, and devils in Persia. The fact is, that the Iranians broke away from the older Hindu Aryan religion, and so placed the ban upon the older gods. The Christians and Mohammedans have treated the Persian and older Semite worship in the same way; hence magic has always an evil meaning, and *Mithras*, the Persian mediator and god of truth, was represented by Tertullian as Satan, the Father of Lies. But, anciently, *Dæmon* was the title of the Supreme God, and *dæmonism* was the divine in man. The men who made up the New Testament changed all that, and perhaps Dr. Kelley is wise in employing words in the sense in which they are understood.

This part of the work is characterized by a sketch of opinions entertained concerning the "Power that unmakers." By his old-time designations, Satan, Ahriman, Shiva, Typhon, more correctly, Seth, Lok, Eblis, or *Diabolus*, etc. All these are epithets; indeed, most of them had served as gods in religions that had been overturned. Satan, or Seth, ruled Egypt and Palestine; Ahriman, the Ethiopic Indians; Shiva, the Dravidian tribes. They are all only epithets by Dr. Kelley as known in later mythologies. He does not, however, resist the temptation to copy also the sketches of the grotesque devils of the medieval period. Some of these accounts are really jolly. We hardly know where to assign Martin Luther's familiar figure, Beelzebub, which he has a kind of "cupid or diabolic St. Valentine." He is *dispositionally* the demon of the association of the sexes. The author has an unpublished manuscript of this personage, which he quotes freely, and which tends to lessen the opprobrium which Beelzebub has long ground under. Beelzebub is a philosopher in his way; he enforces laws and usages for their partiality, and makes sport at the discourses condemning the conservators of society and the sanctuary, who, in order to divert attention from themselves, denounce unmercifully the unprotected classes, less guilty than themselves in the waywardness of life. After Beelzebub comes numerous quotations and illustrations from the *Autobiography of Satan*, equally apt and just. He certainly does not appear so very black. The Scotch divine is justified in his wish to pray for him.

Book IV, is devoted to the Infernal Regions. In popular acceptance, Hell is the abode of the damned, the State Prison of God Almighty. It is the place to put people whom we hate. The Bible says little about it; theologians, much. We have little taste for following up the subject, and will be brief. It is the necessity, we had almost said, the necessity, of theology. Years and centuries of hard study conjoined to a morbid, dyspeptic imagination, were required to evolve this receptacle for the lost. The Persians, always foremost in such things, devised it for those who told lies and violated contracts. Their head devil, it will be remembered, was the original "Father of Lies," and under other names was enshrined on the later religions of Judea and the West. "God made it before he had created for it," says the Rev. Nicholas Chernes, M. A. It has been placed pretty much everywhere; by one class of writers close up beside heaven, so that the redeemed saints could rejoice over the torments which God's inextinguishable indignity devised; by another in the hollow of the earth—perhaps in Symmes's Hole; by another in the outermost space. It was the "asylum for the unfortunate of earth, and the rejected of heaven." We never heard it satisfactorily solved why sulphur, the *theion* or divine element, was made the fuel with which God roasted his enemies. But then, happily, the writer, as well as the author, has become an atheist to such a God, and will remain such in all worlds and forms of existence.

Dr. Kelley has enumerated the variety of hells thus ingeniously depicted: the Hebrew Gehenna, the Sun itself, the Hindu *narakas*, Tartarus, John Milton's and Dante's. He ought to have added the English hell—the fear of not being respectable. It is the most real of them all. But the real hell, the Hades of the ancients, was the world of the dead. The Norse goddess, Hel, who gave her name to it, was custodian of souls. "Hell, or his principal apartments," says Dr. Kelley, "seems to be reserved for disembodied spirits." All who died were supposed to repair thither. Even Jesus was said to have descended into hell, and then to have preached the gospel to the dead and to the "spirits in prison," the disobedient angels of the time of Noah. In the Hellenic mythology, Hades was the chief deity of heaven till dethroned, when Kronos, the Fire-god, succeeded; Zeus, or Jove, ruled the Aither-world; Here, or Juno, the lower atmosphere; Poseidon, the sea and all non-Hellenic countries—leaving to Hades, or Pluto, the dominion of the under-world.

Emanuel Swedenborg describes hell as plural, antagonizing the heavens. There is no chief devil in his system. The spirits are ranged in infernal societies, but they all exist in their own delights and solists from the Lord, having somewhat of good in them. The fire of hell is infernal love, and it exists from the same origin as the fire of heaven. Each spirit is in a state of evil and falsehood—these, indeed, constitute his hell. Instead of the nuptial love of the heavens, conjoining two as one, they have only the lascivious and scoratory impulses, which impel to harlotry and concubinage. Probably, however, these are only figures of speech.

The various "descents into hell" by heroes and gods, like Christ, Ishtar, Odysseus, Aeneas and Dante, are noted—the book finishing with several chapters of this literature. The real conclusion, however, appears before the author seems to be in rapport with the late Wm. Blake, who advocated the reconciliation of good and evil. If all were originally created good, he argues, there were at best no occupants for hell. If angels rebelled and mankind sinned, and together established a hell, the parties interested have only to consent to a reunion. The Powers have but so to will. If these *Histories* prove that the courtship and the publishing of the banns—effect a reconciliation—it will be compensation for the toll.

According to Mr. Kelley's philosophy, as cited, contrasts are essential to progression. "Attraction and repulsion, reason and energy, love and hate are necessary to human existence. From these contrasts spring both the religious and good, and evil. God is the positive, and obeys reason; evil is the active, springing from energy. Good is heaven; evil is hell. Energy is eternal delight. Man has no body distinct from his soul; for that called *body* is a portion of soul disordered by the five senses. Energy is the only life, and is from the body; and reason is the bound or outward circumference of energy."

Indeed the principal world-religions have more or less expressed this idea. If Christianity is what its supporters declare—the culmination of the past worship—it will yet assume a form, "meek and lowly," and merge evil into itself; if not, a universal fall will be evolved, transcending all, which will be more capable of meeting the necessities of human aspiration.

SPECIAL NOTICES

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1879.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY

Printed at the University of Toronto Press

whelming charge that what was promised the

Mr. Beecher's discourse was upon "The Reality of the Invisible World," in which he set forth the belief that it is possible for persons living in this physical world, and immersed in its cares and duties, to realize and enter into a perfect conception of the invisible world. "Everywhere in the New Testament," said Mr. Beecher, "it is to be found the announcement that there are two worlds, and that they so far interpenetrate with each other that it is not only the privilege but the duty of every man to live in one and in the other. The distinctive characteristic of the lower sphere is that it is physical, that we recognize all its events by the use of our senses; but civilization does not take many steps forward before men become aware that there are many matters of profound interest that mankind will not willingly let go, which have no physical representation. There is such a thing as love, but no man can see it. We can behold the bird, and hear its song; we cannot behold love, nor anger, nor hope. We know well, and more and more as we grow refined, the joy and strength to be obtained in the upper realm of thought, and that this state of feeling has no physical exponent, though it may lead to physical action. The action may suggest the cause

Cornelia A. Sheldon, an invalid and elderly lady of Belmont, N. Y., is the inventor and patentee of a fire escape, by which, after adequate and practical trial, it would seem the desideratum had been reached, and that through what may be regarded as the plain intervention of disembodied intelligences. If any doubt exists, read the following extracts from a private letter written up by the lady herself:

"After the horrible holocaust of human being in New York, Brooklyn and St. Louis, I was literally haunted with the impression that some means could be devised to rescue women and children, as well as men, from burning buildings. . . . I could not get rid of this impres-

Mr. Moses Hull will review Rev. Joseph Cook's attack on the Freedom of the Press and Mail, next Sunday (Jan. 26), at 7:30 P. M., in New Era Hall, Boston.

The Late Bayard Taylor.

✎ The January issue of the *London Spiritual Notes* was the seventh number of that well conducted paper. It has met with such favor that the editor cherishes the hope of being able ere long to issue it weekly instead of monthly. He says: "Ours is purely a labor of love. We work for no other end than to promote the extension of the truths and the consolations of a pure and unadulterated Spiritualism—that is, of the assurance of our immortality, and of the possibility of sweet and profitable communion between those who yet remain and those who have passed on to the higher life." May success attend so worthy an object.

☛ The Holmes media are now in Fitchburg, Mass., where they will remain for a brief season.

ing, suitable for office of the Association, post-office, news office, telegraph office, ticket office, waiting room, store-room, etc.; a pavilion, not less than fifty by seventy-five feet; the altering of our old pavilion into a restaurant; enlarging speakers' stand and building seats with backs; building of fences round parks; costing in all, including other expenses for the year, about \$4000.00.

do not want to run in debt. True, but last year at this time we had a balance in the Treasury of about \$280, and we found means of making good on our obligations.

the time this is making and have expended over \$200,000. I am sure that the new creation of 500,000 new shares of stock and the sale of and assignment of the same will be a profitable investment for the stockholders. I would recommend *precisely the same course* for this year. Our capital—considering the size of the enterprise—is quite small, and if the present share holders are willing to contribute all they can do by taking up this new stock at once. If they do not want all of it, I have no doubt there are yet some good friends of the ready-to-be members of our Association as soon as the opportunity is afforded them to do so. I think that should expedite the circulation of our shares.

stock. I have no pet scheme to offer or to urge, but only wish to see this money provided, and the improve-

[illegible]

vidual interests in said property at the earliest practical moment, to the end and for the sake of complete unity and harmony of all varying interests of the friends

of this great movement whose material concerns are entrusted to our keeping, the *spiritual significance* of the work is faintly suggested. In it, the *material* for that future work will be made clear, as *spirit* transends all other considerations, in *spirit transends matter*.

H. S. WILLIAMS.

President Onset By Grows Association.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Conneaut, Ohio, Dec. 23d, 1878. Mrs. E. A. Petty in her 52d year.

Mrs. Petty was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and knew that her loved ones awaited her on the golden shore. She had no fear of the death-sleep. She was the only outspoken Spiritualist that I knew of in Conneaut. Her later suffering was intense. She would often say, "Oh, if I only could escape breathing, that is all I would ask." She was truly faithful to the teachings of our beautiful Philosophy, and she had gone to the land from whence travelers do not return.

FRANK L. ROGERS.

From South Canterbury, Conn., Jan. 2d, 1890. Emlene Williams, widow of the late John Smith, died on 18th of January.

The immediate cause of the change was pneumonia, and the disease developed alarming symptoms, light broke upon her mind from the spiritual, and so illumined her heart that her loved ones were able to converse with her, and the transition truly glorious. She was a devoted

wife, a fond mother and a true friend. Her affections centered in her home with her family and associates. There she spent her life trying to make home pleasant and other

happy. We trust that the reward of her well-doing preceded her death. Her husband, a true spiritual home. Her funeral was preceded by the Rev. H. B. Storck.

From Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 7th, of consumption, John S. Cordell, son of M. W. and W. B. Cordell, aged 39 years, died at his residence, 1001 Madison street, at 10 o'clock, on the 6th inst. He was a young man of strong morals and good business qualifications. He was a true sufferer, and has gone to his true spiritual home. He passed away without a struggle and without any suffering. He was a true spiritual home. He was a believer in the new Spiritual Philosophy.

A FRIEND.

Mr. J. W. Hagle, one of the best farmers in Jefferson County, Ill., died at his residence on Knob Prairie, Dec. 2nd, 1878, in his 64th year.

Those who knew Mr. Hagle well, respected him for his many good qualities. He was a man who has participated of life's joys and sorrows. He was a man who has lived a life of simplicity, and those who have dealt with him, admired him. He was always true and good. A man of more than ordinary intelligence, he thought correctly and his actions were in accordance with his thoughts. He was a true spiritual home.

reasoned well. Knowing the nature of that change called death, and what it led to, he had no fear of the transition from this life. A good man is gone, and we shall regret his

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Society of Spiritualists meets at the Brooklyn Institute, corner Washington and Congress streets, at 8 p. m., every Sunday at 10 a. m. J. Bennett, President; Charles R. Miller, President; Dr. A. B. Tuttle, Vice President; Mr. B. French, Secretary; Mrs. C. E. Smith, Treasurer; The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 a. m. Mr. A. G. Klip, Conductor; Mr. D. B. Bennett, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. C. E. Smith, Guardian; Mrs. J. J. Bennett, Assistant Guardian; Miss Leona Conley, Musical Director.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The First Society of Spiritualists holds regular meetings in the Third Unitarian Church, corner Madison and Dearborn streets, every Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Dr. Louis Bushnell, President; A. B. Tuttle, Vice President; Miss Nettie Bushnell, Treasurer; Collie E. Baker, Secretary.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Spiritualists' and Libera-

ists' Sunday School.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets regularly every Sunday at 12½ p. m. in Halle's Hall 333 Superior street. Chas. Collier, Conductor; Mrs. Em.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The Keystone Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. at Lyric Hall, 238½ North 8th street.

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SANTA BARBARA, CAL.—Spiritual Meetings held every Sunday at Crane's Hall. Christian's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at same hall at 10 1/2 p. m. **CHICAGO, ILL.**—P. M. Brower, Assistant Conductor, Mrs. Mary A. Ashley, Guardian, Mrs. Mary F. Hunt, Secretary, Mr. Gen. Childs, Musical Director, Mrs. Emma Seaverson, Organist.

NAUSET, MASS.—Conference or lectures every Sunday at 7 p. m. at Washington street, at 3 and 7 p. m. S. G. Hooper, Secretary.

SUTTON, N. H.—Society holds meetings once in two weeks. Mrs. A. Fowler, President; James Knutson, Secretary.

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SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[illegible]

Dr. Frost, author of a work on pathological anatomy, was the relative of one of his catalogue patients that had been blind for years or had been blind since birth, but that every day the patient seemed to be transparent around her, and that everything she saw was as if it were written on her skin. In the case of Dr. Delpit's case, as related by Mayo, was similar to that of Miss Fletcher's in many respects. "She neither ate nor drank, and, nevertheless, remained unchanged. One day the patient became blind; the next she could see, but could not hear, and she was unable to walk. She was able to read, but the paper became useless, she read printed pages with the tips of her fingers as well as in profound darkness as in the light. The surgeon, therefore, ascertained that the patient was not a clairvoyant, and placed a case where his patient 'saw' internal organs, and the patient was able to tell the surgeon of the position of the organs. The patient's fingers, in fact, printed and discovered the minutest object with her knuckles in darkness or light, but she lost this faculty of clairvoyance when she was put to bed on her back, and she could not see, hear, or move with her knuckles, but she could see, hear, and move with her hands."

A young man with his first goatee may be said to have a tuft time of it.

domen, and one on each side of the head. Another species has the light under its wings. When the fly

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