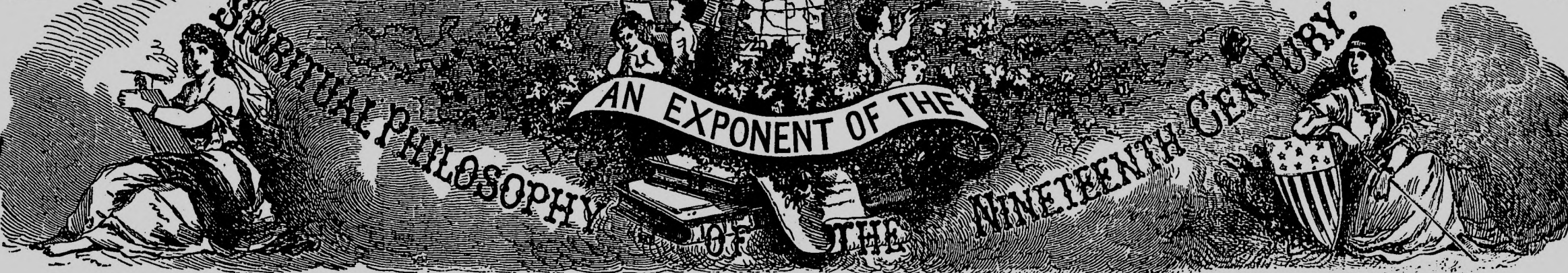


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## CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—The Rostrum: The Methods of Spirit Influences.  
SECOND PAGE.—Spiritual Phenomena: Fireside Séances; Séance with the Holmes Media; Phantomatic Whispers.  
THIRD PAGE.—Children's Department: Tales of the Everlasting Mother. The Feminine Climax. Poetry: Heaven for All. The Mosaic Theory of Creation. Banner Correspondence: Letters from New York, Ohio, Illinois, Virginia, Connecticut, Oregon, Michigan, and Washington Territory. Minnesota Spiritual Convention, etc.  
FOURTH PAGE.—Gladstone's Theology, Prof. Zöllner's Experiments with Dr. Slade, Interesting Foreign Items, etc.  
FIFTH PAGE.—Brief Paragraphs, Short Editorials, New Advertisements, etc.  
SIXTH PAGE.—Message Department: Spirit Messages through the Mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, Mrs. Sarah A. Danskin, and Alfred James. Poetry: The Holy Herring. Phrenology and Spiritual Gifts. The Vaccination Scourge, etc.  
SEVENTH PAGE.—"Mediums in Boston," Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
EIGHTH PAGE.—Pearls. Parker Memorial Hall Society of Spiritualists. New Publications, etc.

## The Rostrum.

### THE METHODS OF SPIRIT INFLUENCES: SPIRITUAL VAMPIRYSM—OBSESSIONS—SPIRITS LEAVING THEIR BODIES AND TRAVELING IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD—THE WORK THAT SPIRITS DO FOR HUMANITY THROUGH MEDIUMS— TIC CONTROLS.

A Lecture Delivered in the Free Course of Spiritualist Meetings at Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, Mass., Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 20th.

BY DR. JAMES M. PEEBLES.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

"For I long to see you, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift."—Paul.

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits."—John.

"For unclean spirits come out of many that were possessed with them."—Philip.

"Heal the sick, . . . cast out demons."—Jesus.

"And, brethren, it seems to me that we may discern a promise, and a prophecy even, in the universal spirit of questioning and unrest. God is arising to shake the earth, that the things which cannot be shaken may remain. We are on the threshold of a new era. God gives to each age the gifts that it most needs. The child leans upon its parents, accepts their statements, reasons not, walks by implicit faith. Humanity has lived as a child. But now the period of maturity is approaching when it must put away childish things. We insist upon knowing; we demand proof of all things. . . . I believe that out of this fierce doubting, questioning, praying for light, this restless striving, this heart-hunger that will not be appeased, this wrestling in the darkness with the Unknown One, whom we will not let go except He bless us, will arise a solution grander than we have power to believe. First, that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual. Modern science is laying a foundation of exact methods and infallible results, and these methods are being used in more and more subtle fields of research. I believe that out of the border-land of dream, trance, seership, and the thaumaturgies of all ages, with their confused and baffling results, is yet to arise the Science of Immortality."—Prof. H. B. Norton.

If there is really any such thing in existence as matter, it is only a mask, a shadow, a changing vesture. God and spirit-substance are the two great realities. God alone is the absolute and the immutable Intelligence, and that form of spirit-substance known as matter is but the garment of the Deific Intelligence. When in ancient times the Platonic Proclus spoke of causation, Plotinus of the universal life-essence, Mahomet of Allah, Zimmerman of intelligent force, Spencer of the unknowable, Emerson of the Over-Soul, and Tyndall of an energizing potency in matter, they all sought to express a belief that there is some being, some divine Presence superior to and acting upon inert, motionless matter. And that divine Presence was, is, and eternally will be God, the loving Father and Mother of us all.

Oriental conceptions and all the various definitions aside, may we not just as well say with Jesus, "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth?"—(John iv: 24.) But if God is spirit—absolute and omnipotent spirit—or as Emerson would say, the Infinite Over-Soul governing the physical and moral universe by immutable laws, and if man is made in the "divine image," then he is necessarily a spiritual being. And the spiritual is the real. Matter at most is but a mask. That which is denominated matter is shadowy and unreal. Critical thinkers recognize the palpable and the impalpable, the shadow and the substance, the shell and the substantial soul of things. Materialists, and even some distinguished scientists, deal altogether too much with shells, fossils, and mere objective phenomena. They are spiritually stupid, if not blind. It is quite probable that matter, the visible clothing of spirit, is nothing more than conditioned force, the residuum of spiritual substance. Everything that the physical senses cognize is unstable and unsubstantial. A bit of granite from the rock-ribbed mountains put into the hands of a skillful chemist may, by the action of heat, be transformed into a liquid, a fluid, and an ethereal gaseous substance. Increase the temperature, intensify the heat, and it utterly vanishes from sight. No scientist pretends to have seen the assumed ultimate atoms of matter. They are unknowable. All power, all force, all that is absolutely real and permanent, is unseen by the physical eyes. Gravitation and attraction, instinct, will, thoughts and ideas, are alike invisible, and yet infinitely more real and abiding than the crumbling rocks of the mountain.

Traveling a few years since from Manchester, England, to London, I chanced to take a seat by an English secularist, who evidently was on excellent terms with himself. Unfolding a Spiritualist journal, and, though reading very quietly, I observed that this gentleman kept glancing at the subject-matter of the columns. Soon he seemed uneasy and really restless. It was evident enough that he was anxious, if not aching for a straightforward lip-and-brain battle. A few words thrown out as pickets, and we were hot in the fray. It was give and take, and no mercy.

After several futile attempts to show the impossibility of "ghosts," spirits, or mind existing outside of the physical organization, he exclaimed with an air of triumph, "Now call up your ghosts, bring out your spirits, right here, now, and let me see them." My reply was: "You, as well as I, believe in the invisible—believe in ozone, oxygen, hydrogen, interstellar ether and many unseen elements and forces. Now bring them out—right out here and now—and let me see them."

"But your comparison is not legitimate. I must have time and conditions. These gases and elements of which you speak may be confined, condensed and otherwise so managed by chemists as to become solidified and visible. I can then see them, and seeing is knowing."

"Granted in part; seeing, however, is only an approach at knowing. One may see the stars a lifetime and yet know nothing about their internal structures and hidden forces. And further: the chemists of earth pursue their chemical studies in the heavens. These, with the savants and sages of the higher spheres, have the power to select, accrete, and so manipulate invisible auras, emanations, etherialized substances and the occult forces of nature as to make spirit-forms visible to the physical eye. I have seen them repeatedly. The process is termed materialization."

"Well, it's nothing to me. I've never seen them, and then I am so organized that I can believe nothing; neither will I believe in that which I cannot cognize with my senses, that which I cannot see, hear, smell, taste or feel! And further, I have this thought—"

"Stop—stop right there, sir. You say you have a thought. I deny it in toto. And now prove it—prove it by your own method of reasoning. Bring out some of your thoughts. Let me see that 'thought' which you say you have—let me hear it, feel it, taste it; let me bite it; let me weigh it in a pair of scales; let me melt it with a blow-pipe."

"But you are going to extremes. I have this idea relating—"

"Stop again, sir! Stop! I deny that you have any ideas. Prove that you have by your materialistic system of reasoning. Let me see this idea of yours; let me hear it, taste it, touch it. What its weight and color, and can it be fused? And what its shape? Is it oblong, square, spheroidal or triangular? Do your thoughts and ideas bear any such relation to each other as steel to iron? and if so, what amount of heat would be requisite to weld them? . . . It hardly need be said that his own way of reasoning silenced him."

Not only are thoughts and ideas—but reason, hope, love, memory, intellect, aspiration, intuition, will, psychic force—ay, all forces and all the mighty powers of the illimitable universe are invisible. And yet it is these very unseen, invisible forces, powers and principles that constitute the real, the permanent and the immortal.

Algebraically expressed, matter is the unknown quantity—consciousness the known. The hypothetical atom cannot be cognized by the senses. Philosophy is rapidly tending to the position that all we can possibly know exists in consciousness and force in their various methods of action.

Kant contends that neither time nor space have any real existence, but are merely forms of thought. Fichte argued that neither matter nor the external world in any of its forms had any real existence, but all was due to impressions generated in the mind. Berkeley denied the existence of the material universe, contending that Deity acted directly upon the human mind; that the seen was the phenomenal, and that the phenomenal was a shadow—that and nothing more! Lewes says: "I cannot transcend the sphere of my consciousness. I can never know things except as they act upon me." If Herbert Spencer had denominated the soul and spiritual realities generally the Knowable, and matter—whatever it may be or may not be—the Unknowable, he would probably have come nearer the truth.

But what is the soul? The soul is the I, myself—the central, living, indivisible unity; the conscious life-germ, or a potentialized and partially detached portion of the absolute Over-Soul, God, and bearing something the relation to God, psychically, that a tremulous drop bears to the crystal fountain from which it proceeded. It is detached at the sacred moment of embryonic conception—that is to say, sufficiently detached to there and then commence an individuality in relation to outer and grosser things.

It is unphilosophical to say that "man has a soul." The soul is the man. And, in the spiritual sense, this soul is old as God, pure as God, immortal as God! When children are born into this world, souls are not mechanically constructed and put into their infantile forms as you would pour water into leaky pumps to set them going; neither do souls grow up out of physical matter something as do gourds from heaps of muck. It is not only illogical, but morally impossible, for the lesser of itself to produce the greater—for effects to exceed their causes. Materialistic thinkers are very apt to put the carriage before the horse. Had they lived in the times of Cheops, they would have recommended building and pivoting the great pyramid upon the little end, with the base wobbling about loosely up somewhere in the aerial spaces. Mind is not the flower of matter. Under no conditions does matter, so-called, produce conscious souls. Neither can phosphorus solve problems, nor the most lustrous iodine idealize.

Considered subjectively and objectively, man is a trinity in unity, compounded of soul, spiritual body and physical body. This was believed by Hindu gymnosophists and Egyptian hierophants. It was also taught by a large school of Platonic thinkers before the Christian era. In a subsequent period Paul taught the trine nature of man. "I pray God to preserve you," said he, "body, soul and spirit," and again he speaks of "dividing asunder soul and spirit." The soul, the inmost of man, as we before said, is a divine germ, or a conscious spark from the great central sun of existence, and, unlike brutes, insects, and all the lower orders, man alone is conscious of his consciousness. Man alone knows intuitively of God and immortality.

The old Biblical prophet termed the "soul the candle of the Lord." The candle, similar to the calcium flame, illumines the whole edifice; so the soul lights up and shines out through the human temple. The head is the topmost story of this bodily temple, and the soul is supposed to be located at the delicate point of the Pineal gland, which is a small, conical mass of gray nerve-substance, attached to the floor of the third ventricle just forward of the cerebellum. It is plain that whatever exists must exist somewhere, and somewhere implies location. Accordingly the distinguished Des Cartes taught, and intelligent spirits teach, that the soul is located at the pineal point, *alias* the apex of the conarium.

An orange in some respects may fitly symbolize the man. The outer peel corresponds to the physical body; the richly-colored, juicy pulp, to the spiritual body, and the orange seed, with its germinal life-principle, to the soul. And dying is the process of peeling—the process of severing the co-partnership existing between the grosser earthly and spiritual body. It does not in any wise affect the soul, but it does transmute the spiritual body into a fairer garden, with better facilities for symmetrical growth and unfoldment.

Man here is trinal; over there in the better-land he is dual, constituted of soul and an etherialized spiritual body. Consciousness, memory, reason, disposition, desires, and the general tendencies of the man go with him to the world of spirits. These, in a large measure, make up his individuality. Without these traits and qualities he would hardly know himself.

Death is no chemical strainer, filtering away all sins and imperfections in the twinkling of an eye; neither is it a piston-rod forcing "imputed righteousness"—righteousness of any kind or moral goodness of any quality—into the immor-

tal man. It is literally true, however, according to Ballou-Whittemore Universalism, that

"Judah was a cord.

Outstrip his Lord, and got to heaven first."

Each individual enters the spirit-world mentally and morally precisely as he left this—and the spirit-world is here, there, everywhere, for God is spirit, and therefore spirit fills the boundless immensity. The spirit world should never be confounded with the spiritual world, with the angelic world, nor with the paradisaic heavens of the Christ-angels. There are swarming millions in the world of spirits that have not so much as caught a glimpse of those radiant realms of angel blessedness. "In my Father's house," said Jesus, "are many mansions." This Father's house is the infinite universe, embracing the heavens and the hells, the demons and the angels that do the will of God.

Divine law is universal and immutable. And the same law that permits angel ministries permits demoniacal influences. These latter under assumed names would now, as in New Testament times, almost "deceive the very elect." To this end the apostolic John said, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits." Gerald Massey, though a poet, speaks thus in plain prose:

"As a rule, I believe the greatest manifestations of a physical-force nature are produced by beings on the lowest plane of spiritual existence—earth-spirits; dwellers on the threshold; unhappy souls that have been foully thrust out of this life; spirits that have not passed far into the interior life, but who remain materialized and ponderable, dense, dark as the mere dregs of this life that have sunk to the bottom, compared with the happier, higher souls, that ascend and rarely, even as matter does in proportion as it rises toward the light. These spirits dominate with the physical-force mediums. Where the phenomena tend to lead the soul into the inner presence-chamber of God and enrich the spiritual life, the lowest means may be sanctified; but where the meal is everything, and the miracle goes for nothing except to evoke an enoche of the miracle for the sake of another meal, then it is degrading, and of the earth earthy. The phenomena were intended to lift up the eyelids of the mind, and elevate the soul to a perception of the fact that there is a spirit-world about us, close to us, and in communion with us, and not to keep on cultivating the acquaintance of the blackguard and the light-fingered gentry of the other world."

Those whom Massey poetically denominates "the light-fingered gentry of the other world," both Josephus and Jesus called "demons." Swedenborg pronounces them "obsessing demons," walking by our sides unseen. They are our erring, undeveloped brothers, actuated, quite possibly, by selfishness, envy, jealousy, malice, revenge, and perhaps by murderous intentions. These are in this life, so far as we can judge, moral incurables. Punishment does not redeem them. On the contrary, it seems to harden some natures. The most fiendish murders ever perpetrated have been by convicts while imprisoned for crime. Only recently, in a Western Penitentiary, one of these fiendish men, nineteen years confined, and ever troublesome, stabbed and killed two of his fellow-convicts; and while struggling madly to murder the keeper, was shot dead, his last word an oath! Where—what his condition? Is there any reason to expect an immediate moral revolution in such a character? These persons are the demons of this and the demons of the future spirit-world. Reproof, counsel, punishment in prisons did not save them. Punishment never saves. It startles; it may arrest the wicked in their course for the time being, and it may also lead to serious reflection; but the Christ-power of love, repentance, humility, aspiration, moral effort—these are the saving graces! God's love spans all worlds and never wanes. The divine effort will continue till all evil-disposed spirits echo the shout with angel hosts—the Christ of God triumphs! the good victorious!

But we are to deal with both spirits and mortals as they are in the present. The worst of prison characters—murderous, tramps—tricky gamblers—persistent libertines—malicious highwaymen—and millions, mad with hate, falling on crimson battle-fields—these are the demons that obsess mortals—that is to say, they psychologically influence, entrance and control certain sensitive persons. Their name is legion. And they incite people to wrong-doing.

Judge Edmonds expressed the opinion to me personally, only a few weeks previous to his departure, that "a majority of the lunatics in asylums are only under the influence of unwise or evil spirits. I have been instrumental," he further said, "in curing some fifteen cases of this kind. And I said this to the Academy of Science here in New York."

William Howitt, in speaking of obsessions and the infestations of certain mediums in England, says:

"With them the approach of spirits is not a visit, nor simply a visitation, but an invasion. They come, the door once open, in crowds, in mobs, in riotous invasions. They run, they leap, they gesticulate, they sing, they whoop and they curse. They are the most merry and the most bitter of mockers. Wit looms in their words like flashes of infernal lightning. Pantomime is in their action; laughter in their eyes; and a horror which no assumption of innocence can veil, is the effluvia of their presence. There is no question with the wretched sufferers of their phantasmagorical assaults that they are the life and quintessence of hell. Nor is it the mind only of the unfortunate one which they haunt; they have a power over his material movements. They move and remove articles; they fling and toss; they hide and steal; they put things where they ought not to be; they take them from whence they should constantly be. Mind, body, soul, memory and imagination—may, the very heart—are polluted by the ghostly *canaille*; and the sanctuaries of life and the dwelling are invaded, disordered, desecrated and made miserable by them. We have known such sufferers, and know them still."

The celebrated Jung-Stilling furnishes a long list of obsessional cases coming under his immediate inspection. I have seen many sensitives, making no claim to Spiritualism, completely or partially obsessed by dark, undeveloped spirits. Not only have I seen these phenomena in this country, but I saw several well-marked cases in India, and was introduced to one Sivaité priest who devoted every Friday afternoon to the casting out of demons.

The distinguished Unitarian preacher, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, writes: "As regards demoniacal possession I think that Jesus believed in it, and that he spoke to the evil spirits as though they would hear him. A few years ago I thought that he shared a popular error in this, which our century had outgrown. But within a few years I have been led to believe in the reality of Demoniacal Possession. I have myself known personally, or by credible testimony, of at least half-a-dozen instances of persons who seem to have been taken possession of by a low and unclean order of spirits. And the best way of rescuing them, when they were too far gone to help themselves, was to have some other person possessing greater spiritual force to do what Jesus did, namely, *order the spirit to go away*. I believe that in certain places and periods the nervous condition of men is such that the lower order of ghosts may get control over them, and that when Jesus came, it was just such a time and place as this."

Renan in his "Life of Jesus" informs us that "It was the universal opinion, not only in Judea, but in the whole world, that demons take possession of certain persons and make them act contrary to their own will. And the vocation of an exorcist was a regular profession like that of the physi-

cian. . . . Almost down to our day, the men who have done most for the good of their kind have been, whether they wished it or not, Thaumaturgists."

Obsessions prevailed in the past, and do among a class of mediumistic sensitives at present. They may also be witnessed among those not recognized as mediums or Spiritualists. This branch of psychology, relating to Spiritualism, requires the most careful and patient study. And while séances should be conducted upon scientific principles, a religious and prayerful influence should be dominant. Purity, prayer and love call the angels into our presence.

Exorcists, as individuals, should not only be firm and positive, but kind and spiritually-minded, influenced by pure and exalted spirits. And further, those obsessed should leave their accustomed surroundings and flee to some mountainous part of the country. They should breathe the purest atmosphere, and keep their persons rigidly clean and sweet. They should strictly avoid promiscuous séances. Thanking the loving spirit Father for all past blessings, they should pray to good spirits and to the holy angels for help. They should seek the baptism of peace and good-will. And they should moreover exercise their own will-power in the direction of the good and the true, the pure and the beautiful.

In speaking of obsessions and demoniacal influences, I have no reference to that semi-omnipotent and omniscient devil of the mythic Eden time, but rather to ignorant, undeveloped, and sometimes malicious spirits, once of earth yet now peopling the lower spheres. I know nothing of any sylphs, gnomes, goblins, ill-shaped 'elfs, one-eyed Pucks, or any sort of indescribable elementaries. People are apt to see what they hunt for. Imaginations, symbols, psychological presentations and a distorted second-sight should never be confounded with clairvoyance. Independent and thoroughly trained clairvoyants and exalted spiritual intelligences unite in the fact that, while they see or meet spirits originally inhabiting other earths and planets than ours, they see in the spirit world no fragmentary nondescripts, no postponed possibilities, and no pygmean Pucks just fitted to do any sort of 'short jobbing business for selfish, presuming satraps! For toward imaginings belong to the dark ages rather than the culture of the nineteenth century."

Am I asked if spirits, as many affirm, can leave their bodies temporarily, and returning occupy them again? Such is my belief. And the belief is based upon the nature of man, the communications of mediums, and the most positive testimony of spirits that have summured long in the radiant realms of immortality. I am not unmindful that this position is disputed. Our most distinguished clairvoyant medium, Mr. A. J. Davis, says: "The soul is organically wedged up in the body. No man's soul ever goes out of his body but once; then it never returns, for from that moment the body is dead." On the other hand, intelligent spirits entrancing Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, say: "The soul is an absolute, independent entity. The soul of the Bushman is radically identical with that of the Caucasian, because all souls proceed from one primal source. . . . Under proper conditions, and aided by wise and holy intelligences, souls sometimes leave their earthly bodies, gathering knowledge in other spheres of existence. They are attended at these times by their guardian angels."

Now, who is right? Whose statements are the most authoritative? From the placid Bay of Naples may be seen a series of ever-green gardens terracing the backward-rising slope far away toward the summit. Inviting and magnificent almost beyond description, they cause one to think of those golden gardens above, where walk the white-robed angels. But who best understands, or who can best describe those spirit-gardens—the man who standing outside of the walls looks into them, or those who there live, cultivating the flowers, and feasting upon the delicious fruitage? The inquiry is self-answering.

While filling a lecture engagement a few years since at Troy, N. Y., I went down to the hospitable home of Dr. G. L. Ditson, Albany, to spend the night with my friend Dr. E. C. Dunn. Our host and hostess, always entertaining, were eminently interesting till a late hour. Retiring to our apartment the Doctor was entranced by his guardian, Aaron Knight. The theme of our conversation was the nature of the soul, and the interrelations existing between the soul and the spiritual and physical bodies.

When leaving in the morning, I said to Dr. Dunn:

"I move into a new room at Mr. McCoy's to-day; leave your body to-night, come and see it, and write me to-morrow describing what you see."

"If my spirit-guides will both permit and aid me, I will so do."

The next evening I received the following letter, published soon after in the *American Spiritualist*:

ALBANY, February 12, 1872.

"MR. PEEBLES—My Dear Friend: In accordance with your request and with the consent and aid of my friends, I left my body last night and visited you in your room in Troy: And now I will give you an account of what I saw, as near as memory serves me."

"You were lying with your face to the south; your clothing was in a chair near the head of the bed. I saw no coat, however. I noticed a number of pictures on the wall back of the bed, and thought it a very queer place to hang pictures."

"On the table lay a number of books and papers. The latter were in considerable confusion. At the right side of the table I noticed papers lying upon the floor. There was a large book lying upon the table, open at the title-page. As near as I can recollect it was about the 'Fine Arts in Ireland.' There was a pencil in the book, round, smooth and not much worn. On the mantel-piece, to the right of the stove, I saw a book which looked like a Bible; it was open to Revelations, and in it lay the photograph of your guide. Near this book lay your watch and chain. I tried to pick up a pencil upon the table, but failed. I spoke to you several times but could not awake you. Everything seemed as natural as though I was in my physical body, and yet I knew that I was out of it, for I saw the magnetic cord connecting me to it. And further, I took especial notice of my body after leaving it as it lay in bed at Albany. A part of the circle guarded it. I had a very pleasant time with Aaron Knight, who acted as my guide while absent from the body. The sensations were all pleasant except the terrible dread which always comes over me when returning to my body. Believe me ever yours in friendship, love and truth, E. C. DUNN."

This description of room, books, pictures, papers upon the floor, photograph in the Bible, pencil, watch and chain, &c., could not well have been described with greater accuracy. During these experiences of the Doctor his body becomes rigid, there is no perceptible beating of the pulse, and only an occasional flutter of the heart. At first the phenomenon frightened me; but I soon became familiar with it. For a few years past he has left his body only at comparatively long intervals. The contrast disatisfied him with earthly things. The lamented Mrs. Conant frequently left her frail tenement, witnessing magnificent scenes and conversing with loved ones in the heavens. Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, of the Message Department, has had, and continues to have, similar experiences. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond bears explicit testimony to the same fact; and so does Mrs. Lottie M. Murdock, the spirit-artist. Dr. L. G. Smedley, a most excellent me-



dium, and proprietor of the Avon Springs, has interested me for hours in descriptions of what he saw in spirit-life when temporarily released from his earthly tabernacle. Dr. A. P. Pierce, of Boston, healing and trance medium for twenty-nine years, and an influential and most highly-esteemed citizen, has for years been away from his body during certain nights of the week, listening to lectures and mingling with vast assemblages of the glorified. He has met others in spirit-life similarly conditioned, and they conversed together of the sympathetic and vital relations they still held with their earthly bodies. I could swell this list of witnesses to scores if necessary. Sergeant Cox, President of the London Psychological Society, in speaking of sleep, dream and trance, said: "What, then, is the rational and scientific conclusion from these facts? Is it not that, if there be such an entity, that is neither brain nor body, but sometimes controls both and sometimes is severed from both, a reasonable presumption arises that this entity is the conscious self, a thing distinct from the brain and the body, from which it may at times be severed more or less?"

Therefore, from the independent nature of the conscious soul; from well-established facts in psychological science; from the affirmations of seers, sages and Neo-Platonists; from the positive testimony of reliable mediums; from the testimony of highly intelligent spirits; and from the testimony of many trustworthy clairvoyants, I am morally compelled to believe that spirits, while yet inhabiting human bodies, leave them for a few hours, now and then, to traverse the etheric spaces, explore the spirit spheres and visit those grand educational institutions of the souls. At such times, vital magnetic relations with the body are maintained, and also spirits of wisdom carefully guard the corporeal vessel. Other spirits do not, however, during such seasons, get into and as some have surmised, occupy these bodies. Neither is this the case in the trance state; but just as the psychologist stands a little distance away from the subject, so the entrancing spirit may be near, or possibly far distant, while speaking through human lips.

Spiritualism, related to God who is Essential Spirit, is a word of momentous significance. It is the science of the soul, the religion of the ages, and embraces everything that is progressive, pure and holy. Spiritualism demonstrates the fact of a future existence, reproduces the gifts of the apostolic times, finds our lost children, heals the sick, brushes away the mourner's tears, breaks asunder the fetters of the enslaved, and unites in golden bands of love and sympathy all the tribes, races and nations of the earth.

Spiritualism was the immediate agency in freeing our country of its four millions of slaves. I refer to the means brought to bear on President Lincoln's mind, resulting in the emancipation proclamation. I personally knew the men and the mediums. Col. S. P. Case, Esq. of 194 North 15th street, Philadelphia, is one of the American "railroad kings," having aided in the construction of several railways, and was at one time president of two of them. This gentleman, visiting Washington, D. C., in the autumn of 1863, during our civil war, was walking along Pennsylvania Avenue, when he happened to see the suspended sign of the medium, Mr. J. B. Conklin, and simultaneously, on seeing the sign, heard a voice saying, "Go in and see Conklin; he is in the rooms occupied by you twelve years since." Mr. Case stopped in and found Dr. Conklin in a half abnormal state, directing a letter, written under spirit-influence, to President Lincoln.

Mr. Conklin said, "You have come in just at the time needed. I want you to take this to the President."

"Well," replied Mr. Case, "I have no objections, if you will accompany me."

They went to the presidential mansion, and Mr. Case, having forgot his visiting-cards, sent up his name by the servant "S. P. Case," which the President understood as "S. P. Chase," for Salmon P. Chase was at this time a member of the presidential cabinet. "Bring him up," said the President. Reaching the drawing-room, the mistake was easily explained by the carelessness of the servant.

"Take your seat," said President Lincoln to Mr. Case: "I know you well, and appreciate the service that your railways are doing in transferring our troops to the South."

After some conversation about the contending armies and the condition of the country, Mr. Case said, "I have a letter for you, Mr. Lincoln," handing it to him. The President, reading and re-reading it, turned to Mr. Case and said, "This is very singular! This letter purports to be from spirits—the fathers of our country: do you know anything about Spiritualism?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Case, "they've called me a Spiritualist for quite a number of years, and I certainly owe my financial successes to the spirit-voice and spirit-guidance."

The spirit-intelligences, in the letter, requested some personal interviews with the President through their medium. This was arranged, and for four succeeding Sundays Dr. Conklin was a guest at the presidential mansion. What the exact result of these sittings was, is not known, only so far that the subject of emancipation was immediately broached in the cabinet-meetings. Soon after the President and Mrs. Lincoln, Judge Wattles, and other distinguished gentlemen and prominent political characters held a séance at the house of Mr. Laurie, a well-known gentleman of Washington, and whose daughter, Mrs. Youngs, is the noted medium in whose presence the piano has been lifted by spirit-power while she was playing.

During this séance, a young lady medium was entranced by one of the "Fathers of the Republic," and addressed President Lincoln in a most sturdy and eloquent manner, upon the conduct of the war, the true policy to be pursued, and the importance of immediately issuing a proclamation that every slave in the country should be freed. There read the condensed substance of what the spirit said, as furnished me by Mr. Case:

"You, Mr. President of the Republic, are called to the position you occupy for a very important purpose. The world is not only groaning under the weight of mental and spiritual bondage, but four millions, made in God's image, are enduring physical slavery. Their yokes must be broken, the fetters must be severed, and the physically enslaved must be set free, before your nation can be restored to its proper station. Freedom was germinally planted in the forests of the West in Washington's time, and is now about to bud and bear precious fruitage. This Republic has heretofore led the van of nations in its line of free-thought, but the dark plaque-spot of slavery stains its banner. This national evil must be removed."

"There is a spiritual congress supervising the affairs of this nation. This civil war will never cease; the shout of victory will never ring through the North, will never reverberate along the verdant valleys of the South; the olive-branch of peace will never wave over your fields and lakes and mountains, till you issue a proclamation of freedom—a proclamation that shall set forever free the enslaved millions of your distracted country."

Spirits virtually repeated this at subsequent sittings, and in less than three weeks from the reception of these spirit-messages from the spirit-congress, President Lincoln issued that great Proclamation of Emancipation.

And from that time, though there were twenty-six battles fought, every battle—with the exception, it may be, of unimportant skirmishes—resulted in a Northern victory. President Lincoln, though the pride of America, was no sectarian, no creed-bound Pharisee, but a great, broad humanitarian, living a free-thinker, and dying a Spiritualist. The spirit-world is the world of causes, and this spirit-congress, these spiritual influences—in a word, Spiritualism, abolished American slavery.

Spiritualism not only proves that there is a life beyond this, but it explains the nature of the soul, the purpose of moral evil, the characteristics of obsession, frees the enslaved and encourages the tenderest charity. Did not Charlotte Brontë refer to Spiritualism when she said, "I hold another creed, which no one ever taught me, and which I seldom mention, but in which I delight, and to which I cling, for it extends hope to all; it makes eternity a rest—a mighty home, not a terror and an abyss. Besides, with this creed I can so clearly distinguish between the criminal and his crime; I can so sincerely forgive the first, while I abhor the last; with this creed revenge never worries my heart; degeneration never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low; I live in calm, looking to the end."

Dickens says: "Who turns his back upon the fallen and disgraced of his kind, abandons them as vile, and does not trace and track the unfenced precipice by which they fell from God, grasping in their fall some tufts or shreds of that lost soul, and clinging to them still when bruised and dying

in the gulf below, does wrong to heaven and man, to time and eternity." And again:

"No star is ever lost we once have seen,  
We always may be what we might have been:  
Since good, though only thought, has life and breath,  
God's life can always be redeemed from death,  
And evil in its nature is decay,  
And any hour may blot it all away;  
The hopes that, lost, in some far distance seen,  
May be the true life, and this the dream."

And thus they are all beginning to write and to think with Bailey—

"It may be in the coming  
That as we sometimes were all worth God's making,  
We may be worth forgiving, taking back  
Into his bosom, pure again—and then  
All shall be one with him, who is one in all."

I feel to close in the words of Whittier, our good Quaker poet:

"In the economy of God, no effort, however small, put forth for the right cause, fails of its effect. No voice, however feeble, lifted up for Truth, ever dies amidst the confused noises of Time. Through discords of sin and sorrow, pain and wrong, it rises a deathless melody, whose notes of warning are hereafter to be changed to those of triumph, as they blend with the great harmony of a REDEEMED UNIVERSE."

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### PIRESIDE SEANCES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of May 11th I gave an account of several sittings in which three families had joined (Mr. and Mrs. Haskell and the Allens being of the number), and spoke of the results attending the investigations we had thus so auspiciously begun—when it was kept in memory that at the outset we were all ignorant of any practical knowledge concerning the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. These inquiries were entered upon with the sole object of ascertaining the simple truth of what might be presented to us—nothing more, nothing less. To us the results were very astonishing, though we have reason to believe that still more wonderful phenomena have been obtained by other investigators under similar circumstances. One such instance has just come to my notice, and as it may be of interest to the readers of the *Banner of Light*, I propose to give a brief recital of it.

My article of May 11th came under the observation of several persons in Northampton, whose attention had been particularly directed to it. Two of these persons were acquainted with me; they were not Spiritualists, neither had they ever taken any particular interest in the subject; but for some reason they determined to investigate for themselves. Their experimental inquiries commenced only about four months ago, and two evenings in each week have been devoted to the subject during that time. Most of the sittings have been held at the residence of Mr. Dexter W. French. Mr. French is a conductor in the employment of the Connecticut River Railroad Company, and his honesty and integrity are above suspicion on the part of all who know him. The other investigators are neighbors of Mr. French, and some of them also employes of the railroad company. They are mostly young men and women, though several are in the full meridian of life, and all of this company of investigators had witnessed at one of the physical phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, and they only to a very limited extent.

At their very first sitting the table was moved about in a wonderful manner and very forcibly; raps were also distinctly heard. From the first sitting to the present time some new exhibition of power and the presence of some agency beside the investigators has characterized each week's meeting. A small toy piano has been played upon; also a guitar, which instrument at the same time was floated about in the room; a small bell has been rung vigorously over and over again; and, in addition, an harmonica has also been played sweetly; and sometimes several of these instruments have been wrought upon at the same moment. Independent writing with pencil and paper has been repeatedly given; and pertinent and valuable information, before unknown to any person present, has been imparted to individuals attending these sittings.

On the 18th of September I casually met Mr. French, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, and as I was to pass the night at Northampton, he invited me to attend their circle. Nearly or quite all the members of the circle were present. There was also in attendance beside myself a gentleman who was a skeptic and entirely unacquainted with the subject. The whole number present was fourteen. These circles had usually been held in the dining-room; but on this occasion it had been determined to sit in the parlor, that we might be in the room where the piano was the home being that perhaps it might be played upon. The arrangements were all made after my arrival. The piano was moved to the centre of the room to give those present a chance to sit around it. These preliminaries were all executed while it was yet daylight, and there is not the slightest probability that any secret appliance or arrangements whatever had to do with the obtaining of the results that followed.

The new sitters and myself took such seats as the members of the circle thought would be the most conducive to the best results, and on inquiry of the sitters as to whether the company were correctly placed, a most decided and positive negative was given. After a series of questions and replies in the usual manner several chances in the order of sitting were made, and one young man, Mr. Snell, was designated to sit within the circle. That he was thus designated, and the further fact that at a former meeting of the circle, when he was unavoidably absent, the phenomena were noticeably less marked, leads us to suppose that he is very mediumistic. Mr. S. has no personal consciousness of the possession of any such power, or that of unusual influence as upon him. At the beginning of these investigations, and for several weeks afterwards, he was a most determined skeptic, and it was not until the most astonishing proofs of the presence of forces hitherto unrecognized came to him personally, that he was obliged to give up his skepticism. As illustrations: On one occasion his necktie was suddenly removed and carried many feet across the circle to his wife. On another occasion a three-table in his possession, shut up in a book in an inside vest pocket, was mysteriously removed and placed on the table. How it was possible to do this without removing the book no one could tell, nor indeed can any one tell now. Mr. S. was conscious of a sudden movement at his pocket, and knows it was done, but as to the how he is unable to state.

A good Methodist lady, the mother of one of these young investigators, induced by the representations of her son concerning the events that were occurring, somewhat reluctantly consented to be present and judge for herself; and the result is she no longer fails to attend the circles.

At the meeting of which I now speak most of the phenomena of the previous three months were repeated to a greater or less extent. The piano was played in a remarkable manner. When the company joined in singing, as is usual on such occasions, the piano would join in an accompaniment. The scales were played with a skill denoting high artistic attainment, whereas there was not a pianist of any considerable proficiency in the company, and no visible pianist within reach of the instrument. At times the bell would ring in various parts of the room; the small toy piano, the harmonica and the large piano would all be set in motion at the same instant. Sparks of light, resembling those proceeding from an ordinary match when it is first struck in a very dark room, were seen in various places in the apartment—sometimes several at one time. Occasionally these lights would be nearly stationary; at other times they moved slowly about the room, and at others still they would move with almost the rapidity of lightning.

Nearly all of the people present were touched in the most positive manner, and several of us apparently at the same moment. Sometimes the touch would be as if of the entire hand placed upon the head, and at others as if the touch were by some object much smaller than the hand.

This séance was continued from eight to ten o'clock. During the time a great number of questions were put and answered by the usual signals of raps and the movement of objects. Instead of the ordinary raps the keys of the piano would be used, and the piano itself could be raised one, two or three times in answer to queries. Once, while I was gently leaning against it, it suddenly moved toward me, when all the others present declared they were not touching it. The instrument would also move in any direction we requested without the agency of any person present.

On former occasions chairs have been taken from the floor and placed upon the table.

I carefully noticed the clean sheets of paper with pencils that were placed on the piano at the commencement, and the writing on one of them at the close. I do not believe any one of the company or any made attempt to write what was found to be written at the close of the sitting.

It must be borne in mind that this was a totally dark séance, and we do not expect we shall be able to convince the skeptics, who have not yet inquired for themselves, by the mere recital of what was witnessed. But for myself I have not the slightest doubt that there was the most perfect integrity on the part of all present on the occasion.

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## Children's Department.

## TALES OF THE EVERLASTING MOTHER.

Written down through the Mediumship of  
ADELMA, BARONESS VON VAY,  
of Honolulu (in Syria), Austria, and translated espe-  
cially for the Banner of Light.

## FLOWER-TALK.

Not only do I hear the speech of men and spirits, but even the souls of the poor dead flowers whisper to me their fate, for I, the Everlasting Mother, understand every sound of Nature. They pass by me, the souls of the plucked flowers, sometimes moaning and sighing, but often rejoicing; I hear quite plainly their whispers. So to-day a troop of them passed me, weeping and lamenting:

"Oh, let us fly, let us haste! Away! away! Out of the vaults! Out of the graves! Quick! Quick! How cold! how chilly it is down there! how narrow the space! Ah, how merrily we all blossomed in our home, how we sported in the fresh morning breezes and sang: 'Let us blossom, perfume the air, and dance in the sunshine, till we fly toward Heaven!' But then came unmerciful, coarse hands and broke us off, or with cold scissors cut us away from our stems, and carried us, still wet with the dew, away through the meadows and woods, and into the town. Our anxious souls followed the empty chalice in which we had lived and dreamed so sweetly."

"We," said some of the flowers, "were taken into a room where lay the lifeless body of a woman; stern and hard were the lines about her mouth. Ah! where then is thy soul, thou motionless body? Speak! They laid us on her brow and breast, and in her hands, we, lifeless roses, whose thorns could no longer hurt the insensible body, lifeless lilies whose perfume could no longer stupefy."

"We," sang other flower-souls, "were laid around a little tender white angel, whose countenance still so softly smiled. In the little hands were placed rosebuds, over the heart forget-me-nots; the poor dead flowers smiled on the smiling child's corpse."

"And we adorned the grey hairs of the old man; the matron with her hands folded on her breast still holds us fast; on the coffin of the brave warrior we shone in wreaths, with long, silken ribbons. There by our side lay showy paper flowers, but they were without life or feeling; they have no souls, but moulder away in the vaults, while our flower-souls, wrestling themselves from earth, soar heavenward."

So sang they. Then a carnation spoke: "This morning, fresh and blooming, a youth plucked me and gave me to a maiden. She fastened me in her beautiful hair, and there I shone proudly till evening came, and I was weary. I was thrown away, and lay withered and insensible on the floor. All at once I became again conscious. Dew, warm dew, was streaming on my withered leaves. It came from the dark eyes of the sweet maiden. 'To-day, only a few hours ago,' she sobbed, 'I gave me this flower; now it is withered, and ah! I am so sad.' I lay before her as she wept, and thought, 'I too, poor child, have been obliged to part from all since this morning; I too writhed with pain when thy lover so thoughtlessly broke me from my stem. Say, oh say, sweet maid, shall I ever again see my loved ones?' No answer. 'Withered and pale are we both, thou and I. Has fate so relentlessly severed thee from thy beloved, as me from my family? What is thy fate, thou poor, poor child?'"

"Oh, mankind! A moment is all. Moments are always of more or less importance, such is life! All disappears, nothing has duration. All follows the same motive, but with a thousand changes and variations. Only let not yourselves be led by the variations into mistaken ways; do not lose the fundamental tone of your being, and you will remain harmonious."

A lily complains: "For years I have lain in a book, shut out from light and air. I am half-dead, yellow and dry, yet every day I am refreshed and vivified by moist lips and eyes—memory wakes in me through a kiss and a soft-whispered word. Ah! it is melancholy so to live. How much longer will it last? And what will be my end? Alas! unseen and forgotten I shall die."

"Poor colorless old flower! so long as a thought is connected with thee thou wilt live; when that has ended its life, thou also wilt be transformed."

Three roses lying in a book are relating their histories to each other. Let us hear what they say.

"I," so speaks the first rose, "was white and extremely delicate. I blossomed in a little garden on an island. I clambered up an old, crumbling wall covered with ivy, and against whose base the foaming waves of the sea dashed. This wall was part of the ruins of an old convent, and I could peep through an arched window in it, into a desolate chamber where once the monks had passed to and fro murmuring prayers. Now it was quiet and lonely; only wheat and corn were sown out on its floor. I blossomed in the month of May. At this time the sea was peaceful; little golden waves played on the shore and on my old wall; they told me tales of other lands, of the sea-nymphs and fishes who lived in the depths of the sea, of ships and storms. But suddenly, one sultry day, came the sound of merry voices, a chattering and laughing, and a group of gay maidens came through the arched doorway of the court."

"How melancholy it is here," said one. "See this inscription over the entrance to the old hall—probably the refectory of the convent; it is written in Latin: 'Entrance is forbidden to women, under penalty of excommunication.' How dreadful!"

"Oh, they are dead words," laughed a brown, roguish maiden face; "they who left them behind are no more in this life. Will you not go into the hall? It is turned into a granary; instead of monks you will find wheat and corn in it. As a remembrance of this place I will take, with me this white rose who peeps in at the window with so much curiosity. Come with me, little rose," and as she spoke she broke me off.

So I took farewell of my birthplace, parting sadly from the ivy and the wall. Little rosy fingers laid me in a large book, whose cover was closed over me like the lid of a coffin. I was squeezed so tightly that I could no longer breathe, and I wonder that all remembrance was not pressed out of me. Now I am stuck in this book with white leaves; under me are written these words: 'In remembrance of the island of St. Helena, Venice.' Here I remain to be looked at, while my sisters shed their leaves in sunny freedom."

The second rose speaks: "I am a simple monthly rose, I blossomed with my sisters on a grave; before me was a marble cross with an inscription. People came

and read it aloud till I knew it by heart. They looked at us and admired us. One day, as I was still a bud, a child broke me off.

"As a remembrance," said he. "Do not do that," they said to him; 'leave this rose to the dead. You belong to the living; take rather a freshly blooming one from the garden.' 'Let me keep it,' said the child. 'I will bring the dead a rose from my garden for it, that they may not be angry with me.'

And the friendly child, a bud like myself, kissed me and carried me away to his home. There he put me directly into a glass of water, that I might blow fully, he said. The next morning when he awoke I was still dreaming in the water-glass, scarcely knowing whether I was dead or alive.

"Have you opened any more, dear little bud? Come," said he, 'come, I will make you immortal. Then you will live for me, as a remembrance of yesterday, till I am grown up. But you must suffer to become deathless, poor rose, for I must press you in the great book there. See! your sisters in the graveyard blossom, fade and shed their leaves; they disappear unnoticed and forgotten, but thou shalt live and speak in my album.'

So, dear sister rose, I was, like you, pressed, to become immortal—that is, so long as the memory of the child lives."

Shortly and gloomily the third rose speaks: "The remembrance of me is dead. I was of a deep red color, large and handsome. A woman's hands gathered me, and then I was stuck in the buttonhole of a man's coat; by him pressed, looked upon, forgotten. Now I have lain for years in this book. No one knows anything of me—by whom or why I was pressed. I am weary of myself, and I should like to die!"

The roses were silent, but other flower-souls chattered:

"We were wantonly plucked by children's hands, and then torn to pieces."

"These roses," said a little rogue, 'are apples; the lilies, sugar; the carnations, meat; the violets, raisins. Come, buy of me!'

Ah! the mockery of these children! How cruel they were to us!

"Come," said a little maiden, 'let us leave the poor flowers now, they are already so tired and faded. We will throw them all into the brook, and perhaps they will come to life again.'

So we were thrown into the brook, and floated down it and out into the sea; forgotten, ill, dead—lost in infinity."

Bell-flowers murmured: "We come from a quiet chapel where, before the picture of the Virgin, we have breathed out our last breath. Sisters of Mercy came and gathered us in the quiet convent garden. Earnest prayers, coming from pure breasts, hovered around us in our last blossoming hours, and then we were brought as a sacrifice to God. Quiet lamentations, old sorrows, secret crosses, anxiety of heart, pious aspirations streaming from heart and mouth, floated around us before the picture of the Madonna. See the brightness of their eyes! the precious tears! the heaving breasts! They praise God, and are consecrated to God, as we are—for we, too, have breathed out our last strength willingly before the Madonna."

And the simple field-flowers, too, speak: "We rejoiced a poor sick child. We were brought into the bad air of a sick chamber, and laid on the bed of a feverish boy, who, softly smiling, caressed us, kissed us, and pressed us to his weary eyes. 'How fresh! how beautiful!' said he."

Evening came. Sadly, with our heads drooping, we lay on the bed, exhausted by the caresses of the poor sick boy with the hot hands and feverish lips. Sadly, too, sank his curly head on the pillows. One last ray of sunlight stole to his little bed. He smiled and said, 'Do you not see the little angels? Oh! they have more beautiful flowers than these. But give me these good flowers too, that I may take them with me.' And his little hands sought over the coverlet for us."

The ray of sunlight is gone, and gone with it is the spirit of the child; gone with it are the flower-souls, and the little angels, for death flies fast."

And so these whisperers from the flower-souls go on forever around me in the air. But now let us leave them to float and to sing. I am again drawn to mankind, whose love and life are to me such inexplicable enigmas.

(Continued in our next.)

## The Feminine Climax.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Bishop of Mississippi, in a recent address before the Trustees of the University of the South, after enumerating what he considered the dangerous elements of the present condition of society, such as "the mad hurry of our men of business—the insane and universal spirit of speculation—an insatiable greed for riches in every rank and occupation of life—the rapid increase of murder and violence—defalcations and embezzlements without number—the antagonism of labor and capital—the army of tramps scattered now along our roadsides, but ready, at a concerted signal, to combine for the overthrow of law—the destruction of vested rights, and the despoiling of every one who dares either to inherit wealth or enjoy it as the reward of his own labors—the corruption of the ballot box—the bribery of witnesses—the trickery of politicians—the unblushing libertinism of our nation's capital—the 'strikes' . . . that made a nation stand in fearful expectancy of that watchword of the communists, 'Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality' . . . the want of refinement among our young people—the fashionable dances of the day"—thus came the climax of our woes: "See a female band," he exclaims, "whom we blush to acknowledge as our countrywomen, traversing the land as public lecturers; crowding the halls and lobbies of Congress; vociferously demanding the right of suffrage; claiming equality in every way with the other sex; mounting the political rostrum, and even using the pulpit for the publication of their blasphemous! Not without justice have these disgracers of their sex been called a 'shrieking sisterhood.' . . . Where the unseemly ambition of these viragos is to stop no one can tell. Who need be surprised at one day seeing them first in the innocent enjoyment of climbing a 'Maypole,' or heading a charge of cavalry? If ever this unfeminine madness should meet with the least toleration on our Southern soil, farewell, a long farewell, to the purity and sanctity of our social life!"

"Alas, poor Yorick!" From this the Bishop goes on to say: "If we turn now from this disgusting spectacle to look at the religious belief of the day, we see, and not without fear, a growing tendency to atheism, rationalism, and skepticism in their various forms." . . . But we are too much exhausted with the consideration of the aforesaid "disgusting spectacle" to pursue further the interminable catalogue of our impending dangers—many of which, by the way, are of serious and alarming import—and we have only enough strength left to say that the question of the emancipation of woman is really and actually invading our Southern soil, and what is to become of us under this serious affliction Heaven only knows.

MARY DANA SMYLER.

Nacogdoches, Texas.

For the Banner of Light.  
HEAVEN FOR ALL.

BY FRANKLIN HOLMES.

Where have the countless thousands fled  
Once living on the earth?  
The myriad tribes of savage hordes  
The ages brought to birth?  
The victims of great battle-fields,  
Who perished side by side?  
They who by famine or by plague  
Or Korah-like have died?

They who by hundreds, through all time,  
Sank 'neath the salt sea-waves?  
And they who—through the ages all—  
Through fire passed to their graves?  
Their numbers stagger our belief;  
Dead myriads unknown,  
Who lived through ages of the past,  
Oh! whither have they flown?

Why lived those rude, uncultured hordes,  
Through the dark ages—why?  
Why Shakespeare lived we can conceive;  
The wonder's why we die.  
If here rude missions rude men serve,  
The simple find employ,  
Does not the spirit-world provide  
Work simple ones enjoy?

While thoughts like these my brain impressed,  
And questioned o'er and o'er,  
The answers, from the spirit-land,  
Upon my soul did pour.  
A low, sweet voice, in accents clear,  
Said, 'Unto you I come,  
To teach you how we spend our time  
'Neath God's great temple dome.'

The meager views of spirit-life,  
From John's strange visions drawn,  
They heaven as faintly typify  
As night doth day full-born.  
Oh, ye who drone and dream away  
The precious hours of earth,  
What will ye do when to our world  
Ye pass through spirit-birth?

For all have occupations here—  
None lounge around the throne;  
Each hath his duties here to do—  
Heaven harbors not a drone.  
Great souls from all the walks of life  
Here broadcast scope do find;  
Our world employment doth provide  
For every grade of mind.

For we should tire of endless psalms,  
Though round a white throne sung,  
And God would ignore our fulsome praise,  
Our harps be soon unstrung.  
In mines of wisdom deep we delve,  
Or climb the mountains high;  
Drink copious draughts of wisdom pure  
That ancient wells supply.

Wise men, Chaldean sages old,  
Teach astrology art;  
And Socrates, and Plato too,  
Their wisdom still impart;  
Herald, Mozart, Beethoven,  
Each wakes the tuneful lyre;  
Demosthenes, with silver tongue,  
Thrills thousands with his fire.

Fulton propels with mystic steam  
Great armies of light;  
Morse lays his thrilling spirit wires  
Through seas, o'er mountain height;  
Ancient astronomers, now freed  
From churchly chains and ban,  
Here prosecute their noble work,  
Fether chains nor man.

Herschel with mighty telescope  
Still wanders 'mong the stars,  
With clearer vision, perfect glass,  
Distance scintillantly bars;  
Immortal Shakespeare liveth still;  
His genius cannot die;  
And in our homes, as on the earth,  
His gems and jewels lie.

The poets here weave sweeter songs,  
As loftier themes inspire;  
To Heaven belong the artists' gifts,  
Here genius doth aspire.  
Honest men of ancient times,  
Of giant intellect,  
And scientific mastodons,  
Grand systems still erect.

And Heaven hath humbler duties too,  
For humble men reserved;  
The spirit-world hath lowly ends,  
By lowly spirits served.  
And they who'd learn God's mysteries,  
Heaven's open books may read;  
The wisdom of the universe  
Earth's hungry souls can feed.

Crowds meet in academic groves,  
To learn of sages old;  
Children are taught in heavenly lore,  
And learn the rules of gold.  
And when our spirits restless prove,  
To distant orbs we fly,  
God's glorious works to interview,  
Their beauty scan and try.

Our God we worship 'neath his dome,  
Framed not by mortal hand;  
Its pillars are his attributes,  
That will unshaken stand.  
Its arches span the universe,  
Lift every star above;  
Upon its massive corner-stone  
Is graven, "God's name is Love."

\*By earthquake.

THE MOSAIC THEORY OF CREATION.  
NO. IV.

While conceding the Genesis history is generally regarded as teaching that the sun, moon and stars were created on the fourth day, yet as it seems to me that it admits of being construed in strict harmony with my interpretation of the statement, "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place," as teaching the sun was created on the third day, I have concluded to submit for the consideration and criticism of my readers the following reason for my thus thinking, before construing the residue of the third day's history.

Assuming, without further preface, that the lights mentioned in the fourteenth verse refer to the stars, and that the two great lights mentioned in the sixteenth verse refer to our sun and moon, as it is affirmed of each that they were "to give light upon the earth," it seems to me that in construing the history of the fourth day the problem to be solved is whether its concluding statement, "And the evening and the morning were the fourth day," refers to and defines the time when these bodies first "gave light upon the earth," or to the time when they were respectively created.

Thus regarding the history, I submit that as scientists now suppose and teach, the earth was surrounded by darkness for a long time before the sun's rays penetrated the same and gave light thereto, and as the history seems to contain internal evidence warranting my accepting, it was written under the guidance of inspiration emanating from a very intelligent mind, with this conception of its source and authority it seems to me that I may consistently accept the author's conception of the earth's surroundings during its infancy as an organized body, accorded with the present supposition of scientists, and accepting thus, consistently conclude that the lesson which the author intended to affirm and teach substantially is, that while the earth was created on the third day, "and God

saw that it was good," it was not until the fourth day or era that the stars, sun and moon gave light thereto.

Resting for the present on the foregoing reason for my thinking as stated, I purpose in my next to present what seems to me to be the lesson of the teaching, "and let the dry land appear and it was so," &c., &c., intending in due time to submit my conception of the lesson of the statements referring to lights," in the firmament of the heaven," to divide "the day from the night," and "the light from the darkness," for it seems to me the key for construing these teachings will be found in the history of the first and second days.

## Banner Correspondence.

## New York.

AUBURN.—Rev. J. H. Hart writes: "Allow me to send through the *Banner of Light* a vote of thanks and a word of cheer to our good brother, Thomas Lees, of Cleveland, Ohio, and the Lyceum with which he is connected, for their recent public exercises in the interests of temperance. This is a move in the right direction. Intemperance, in its various and numerous forms, is the great evil in our land, and yet reformers, philanthropists, and professors of Spiritualism even, are doing but little to destroy this great foe of human progress and human happiness. Nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dram-shops in the United States are yet active operating 'manufactories' of drunkards, paupers, beggars and criminals for sober and industrious people to support. The liquor sent forth from these houses of evil are warranted to rob some of life, many of reason, most of prosperity, and all of true happiness; warranted to make friends of fathers, widows of wives, orphans of children; warranted to cause mothers to forget their infants; children to grow up in ignorance and rage; young women to forget their principles, purity, youthfulness to become loafers, murderers, and lewd fellows of the baser sort; and give them fevers, scrofula, consumption, delirium tremens, debility, disgrace, despair and death."

Spiritualists are the highest and best views of life, its responsibility and its accountability, and they above all others should take the lead in all true reforms. My heart has many times been saddened by the indifference of Spiritualists in this respect. I hope and pray for the time when, to come, when the Spiritualists, private and public, by voice and pen, in words and deeds, will do what they can to give us schoolhouses instead of dram-shops, reformatories instead of the gallows and prisons, peace instead of war, virtuous homes instead of brothels, universal instead of partial suffrage, preachers of truth instead of preachers of error.

Go forward, then, dear brother, in the good work in which you are engaged, and be not weary in well-doing. Make it one of the duties of all the dear children composing your Lyceum, and send them forth to do good in the world."

CLAY.—Oris Barnes writes, Nov. 10th: "The following communication was written through the hand of L. Hakes, of Westbury, Cayuga Co., N. Y., and addressed to me by the spirit of a dear sister, who departed this life forty-six years ago. It is so full of good cheer and consolation, if you can find space in the good old *Banner*, and consider that it will interest to your patrons, you are at liberty to publish it."

"My Dear Brother Oris—Cheerfully do I come, in company with brother Charles, to gladden you with a few lines from our beautiful home. How it rejoices me that I can use the hand of this passive instrument to try and cheer you in your dearling years. You are nearing the shore of the narrow river that separates you from the loved but not lost ones. Here we are patiently waiting for the great joy of our beautiful cottage home on the evergreen banks of the real river of life. Cheer up, dear brother; time hastens when we shall be again united in an unbroken family fold. I have been at your materializing séances, trying to be recognized by you. I hope to meet you in the future, and to make myself known to you. Oh, brother! how beautiful are our surroundings. Onward and forever upward is our course. New beauties forever bursting upon our enraptured vision. The great joy of our lives is to be united with you. I hope to meet you in the future, and to make each other happy; to extend the helping hand to those needing comfort. There are no laggards here. All are busy striving to help those we left in earth-life. Charles says, 'Dear brother, be patient a little longer, and we will meet you in the future, and to make each other happy; to extend the helping hand to those needing comfort. There are no laggards here. All are busy striving to help those we left in earth-life. Charles says, 'Dear brother, be patient a little longer, and we will meet you in the future, and to make each other happy; to extend the helping hand to those needing comfort. There are no laggards here. All are busy striving to help those we left in earth-life. Charles says, 'Dear brother, be patient a little longer, and we will meet you in the future, and to make each other happy; to extend the helping hand to those needing comfort. There are no laggards here. All are busy striving to help those we left in earth-life. 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**SPECIAL NOTICES.**  
 In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (or correspondence) of correspondents. The columns are open for the expression of personal free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance. We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a line around the article he desires specially to recommend for notice.  
 Those who intend forwarding notices of spiritual meetings, etc., for insertion in our columns, will please to remember that the BANNER OF LIGHT forms go to press on Tuesday of each week. Their notices, therefore, to insure prompt insertion, must be forwarded in time to reach this office on the preceding Monday.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1878.

**PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE.**  
 No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street (Lower Floor).

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:**  
 THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,  
 14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,  
 39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

**COLBY & RICH.**  
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ISAAC R. RICH, Business Manager.  
 LUTHER COLBY, Editor.  
 JOHN W. DAY, Assistant Editor.

Business letters should be addressed to ISAAC R. RICH, at Banner of Light, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass. All other letters and communications should be forwarded to LUTHER COLBY.

THE HISTORY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM is to appear in our next volume. To bring forth a new and more definite order of things; to induce a better spirit in our professions; to foster business ethics, and to promote the "Golden Rule" as the legitimate standard of action; to reform the world; to make men and women better; to teach them to live according to the dictates of the inner man; that their lives may be pure and true, leading them up higher spiritually.

### Closed on Thanksgiving Day.

As Thursday, Nov. 22nd, is the date appointed by the authorities as a season of public Thanksgiving, the office of the *Banner of Light*, and the Bookstore, will during that day remain closed to business. City patrons will be supplied with their papers on Wednesday morning, Nov. 23rd.

### Gladstone's Theology.

Few public men of our time manifest the same interest in theological questions which is shown by the ex-Premier of Great Britain. As a writer and controversialist, he is hardly less of a theologian than he is of a classicist. Early in life he composed a book on Church and State, and one of his chief measures when in power was the disestablishment of the English Church in Ireland. On the whole he is after the order of ritualists, to which he is unmistakably attached. He has recently written an article for the *Contemporary Review*, in which he arranges the sixteenth century before the nineteenth, pointing out that, while the Latin Church is able to effect but an exceedingly light lodgment on the English mind and sentiment, there is nevertheless a certain degree of narrowness discernible in the organization and administration of the English Church which is much easier passed over than defended. He is evidently willing to concede this much because he feels so certain that the Anglican Church is so strong against Romanism. He even goes so far as to admit that there are certain extravagances in doctrinal statement by the Anglican Church which it lies fairly within its province to correct. He credits the Protestant Reformation in England to the prevalence of doctrinal errors and profligate morals. On the subject of justification he holds that the doctrine of the English Church can be profitably modified. He likewise holds that in throwing away the doctrine of purgatory and rejecting the evils growing out of it, it was far from necessary to deny the propriety of offering prayers for the dead or to assert that men are always to remain after death what they are at that hour.

This is coming to the point rapidly. To be willing to admit, or rather to readmit this doctrine respecting human spirits, is a long step on the road to Spiritualism, for it concedes, through intercessory prayer at least, the possibility of spirit-communication. There is nothing away from it. Mr. Gladstone takes pains to protest, in his way, against the old Protestant conception of the future, or invisible life. It is evidently little or no life at all in his eyes. He says also that another serious mistake of Protestantism was in its too exclusive estimate of the value of the Scriptures, throwing away as it did the other and outside evidences of religious truth, which were an unquestioned part of the primitive Christianity. This simply means, in effect, that what are known and accepted as "miracles" by the Christian world are by no means limited to the record kept of them in the New Testament. He thinks that a good many of the difficulties incident to the question of Inspiration may be easily remedied by simply taking a more rational view of the collateral and outside proofs which relate to the teaching of the Apostles. What may have been gained in England by the abrogation of the Papal authority and the setting up of the authority of the Sovereign in place of it, is not so plain in respect either to civil or ecclesiastical freedom. The displacement of one Pope with another is far from being an entirely satisfactory process in a large work of professed reformation. After these vital admissions Mr. Gladstone may defend the Anglican Church as much as he chooses, but he has already allowed enough to let in a flood of light and liberality upon her worship and doctrine, and this is the kind of heaven that is in the present age working actively everywhere.

W. F. Jamieson writes to the *Banner of Light* that he is engaged to deliver a course of lectures in White Hall, Ill., Nov. 20th-24th. He will deliver courses of Liberal lectures in Illinois for thirty days thereafter. Address him as above. We see by last week's issue of the *Investigator* that our good Bro. Jamieson, who is a clever writer and clever speaker, and, withal, a clever soul, has come out (we quote him), "a full-fledged infidel. Amen!" So mote it be!

Read "FIRESIDE SEANCES," on our second page.

### Prof. Zollner's Experiments with Dr. Slade.

Slade.

The *Spiritual Reporter* of Manchester, England, publishes the following extracts from a work by Friedrich Zollner, Professor of Physical Astronomy at Leipzig University, translated from the German by Esther Becker.

The Professor being anxious to see more of the temporary disappearance of objects, a sitting was held May 5th, at 11 A. M., at which the following extraordinary phenomena took place: "Ready immediately for a trial, Slade asked Mr. Von Hoffman to give him some book, and latter took an octavo volume from the little bookshelf against the wall. Slade laid it upon the table, held the slate under the edge of the table, and immediately drew the slate out without the book. We searched the card-table thoroughly, inside and out; the little room was again searched, but all in vain; the book had vanished. After about five minutes we took our places again at the table, with a view to further manifestations. Slade opposite to me, Von Hoffman between us to my left. We had scarcely sat down when the book fell down on to the table from the ceiling of the room, giving my right ear a sharp rap as it passed. The direction in which it came appeared to be an oblique one, from a point above. Slade while this happened was sitting before me with both his hands quietly on the table. In our next morning's session, in clear sunshine, I was destined to be the witness of a much more striking manifestation of this kind. I had taken my place as usual with Slade at the card-table; opposite me stood, as had often been the case in other experiments, a small round table near the card-table. The height of the round table was 77 centimeters, the diameter of the top 16 centimeters, the material is birchwood, and the weight is 45 kilograms. Perhaps a minute might have elapsed after Slade and I had seated ourselves and laid our joined hands on the table, when the round table began to make slow swaying movements, which we both plainly saw by its round top, the lower part of it being hidden from us by the top of the card-table, it laid itself down under it, with its three feet turned toward me. Slade appeared equally ignorant with myself as to what we had to expect, and for about a minute nothing further took place. Slade was just about to resort to the slate in order to ask the 'spirits' what else was going to happen, when I thought I would examine more particularly the position of the table lying under the card-table. To my own and Slade's great astonishment we found the space under the card-table quite empty, and the table, which a minute before we had present to our senses, was not to be found anywhere in the room. In the expectation that the new seances were set down against the card-table, Slade close by my side at the side of the table opposite to that in the neighborhood of which the round table had stood. We had been sitting perhaps five or six minutes in breathless anticipation of what might be about to happen, when suddenly Slade again affirmed that he saw lights in the air. Although I, as usual, could see nothing of them, I yet involuntarily followed with my eyes the directions in which Slade's head was turned, and my hands still lying on the table, and my left leg almost constantly touching Slade's right leg in its whole extension, as naturally followed from our both sitting on the same side of the table; Slade, still looking upwards in different directions with growing astonishment and expectation, asked me if I did not see the great lights. I answered decidedly in the negative; but raising my head in the direction of Slade's looks toward the ceiling of the room, behind my back I suddenly saw at a height of about five feet, floating down on to the surface of the card-table, the hitherto missing table, with its legs turned upwards. Although we involuntarily, to avoid being hurt by the falling table, moved our heads to one side, Slade to the left and I to the right, we were yet both so smartly hit on the side of the head before the round table settled on the card-table that I felt the pain fully four hours after it occurred.

"On May 31, 1878, during a seance in which Herr O. Von Hoffman took part besides myself, among other objects there lay two small shells on the table." (The Professor had bought the small shells at the Leipzig fair in the morning, and they had never been touched by Slade.) The smaller small shell belonged to a species common with us; the larger, according to the account of the dealer of the shells, came from the coast of the Mediterranean, the name of which he wrote for me as *Capo Turbis* (probably the Latin may be *Caput Turris*). The nearly circular opening of this shell was about 43 millimeters, while that of the smaller shell was only 32 m.m. at its greatest diameter. I had, without any special object, placed the larger one over the smaller, so that the smaller was completely hidden by it. As Slade now held a slate in the usual way under the edge of the table, to receive writing upon it, suddenly a sound was heard as though a hard body had fallen upon it. On the slate being immediately drawn out to look at, the smaller shell, which I had one minute before covered as described with the larger, lay upon it. As both shells had lain on the table untouched, almost in the exact middle of the table, and constantly under my observation, the phenomenon of the message of matter through matter received a startling and quite unexpected physical confirmation.

While reserving for my third volume the description of many other phenomena of this nature, I must yet mention here a very remarkable circumstance. Immediately upon Slade's drawing out the slate with the shell upon it I seized it to see if any change had taken place in it. I almost let it fall again, so hot had it become. I immediately handed it to my friend, who confirmed the fact of the heightened temperature; this phenomenon, taken in connection with a circumstance connected with a succeeding experiment, is, I think, of scientific weight.

### "Notes of Liberty."

The above is the title of a neatly printed sixteen-page monthly which has been established in this city in behalf of a new treatment for the insane. In the address to the public with which it is sent out, its management states that "no cause before our country is of more importance than this of the physiology and pathology of mind. Its principles permeate every department of human life and every circle of society, and if well understood and followed, would rectify many of our most serious evils. We do not need innumerable expensive locked-and-barred structures for the incarceration of thousands of invalids, but we do need new and enlightened principles diffused throughout society." Those who desire to know more concerning the new-come can address Mrs. M. E. Berry, editor, 3 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

A correspondent writes from Philadelphia, Pa., as follows: "I avail myself of this opportunity to express my convictions that if Mr. W. J. Colville's future lectures are equal to his first, published in the *Banner of Light* for November 9th, they cannot fail to greatly strengthen, and as I think purify Spiritualism, by defining and making prominent the wide distinction between it and Materialism. I have read the report very carefully with great satisfaction and instruction."

Various Cleveland papers received at this office contain about a column each devoted to a description of seances recently held in that city by Mrs. Maud Lord-Mitchell. The reports are fair and candid. It will be seen by an advertisement on our fifth page that this remarkable and reliable medium is now in Boston, and has commenced her sittings at No. 8 Worcester Square.

We shall print next week the report of a lecture delivered before the First Society of Spiritualists of New York City, Oct. 27th, by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, and prepared for our columns by Mr. George H. Mellish.

### Interesting Foreign Items.

A meeting of Spiritualists, called by Mr. Enmore Jones, was held on Thursday evening, October 24th, at Langham Hall, London, Eng. The primary purpose was to welcome Mr. D. D. Home, but that gentleman was prevented by ill-health from being present. Mr. Jones presided, and the meeting was addressed by Major Forster, Mr. Shorter, Dr. Carter Blake and Mr. Humphreys. Their speeches included a review of the past, an examination of the present, and speculation as to the future. Several hymns were sung; and Mrs. Jencken, whose name was coupled with that of Mr. Home, occupied a seat in the body of the hall. Mr. Jones, in the course of his remarks, is reported in *The Spiritualist* as saying that some time ago, when he was very ill, Mr. Home attended him with all kindness, night and day, and proved a son indeed. Afterwards they went to Tunbridge Wells, and during a sitting there held in the light, a fleshly living arm formed in the air, while Mr. Home's hands and arms were in sight; the materialized hand struck him on the hand several times, thus appealing to the three senses, touch, sight and hearing.

Thomas Gales Forster was announced to deliver his third lecture in Doughty Hall, London, Sunday, Nov. 3d. Mr. and Mrs. Forster intend to start immediately for the southern clime, where they will spend the winter months.

*The Spiritualist* says, Wednesday night, Oct. 20th, Mr. J. J. Morse delivered a trance lecture before a public audience in the ancient city of Chester, a place abounding in material relics indicating the reality of spiritual influx in centuries long gone by, and now awakening to the knowledge of its inhabitants that such influx was not a myth.

The letter from Miss Slade will be read with delight by all lovers of right and justice. The power of the spirit-world is beautifully vindicated in the report extracted from *The Age*. The article shows what the London attack on Dr. Slade now amounts to. He is exalted and his persecutors are laid low. The "English conjurer" and his employees cut but a sorry figure, while the phenomena through Dr. Slade's mediumship shine forth more brilliantly than ever. He will do immense good in the colonies.—*Medium and Daybreak*.

While Spiritualism was spreading with rapidity in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North, it seemed utterly incompetent to take root in South Western districts. Whatever the cause may have been, it is removed so far as the beautiful county of Devon is concerned. We possess information that it has taken root in at least six Devonshire towns, and that in one of them mediums are multiplying.—*The Spiritualist*.

Mr. Charles Blackburn furnishes *The Spiritualist* with an account of a recent test seance attended by him and a few friends, when the most rigid scrutiny was observed. He previously remarks:

"Respecting the Williams-Rita affair (in Holland) I am very apprehensive that those reported Spiritualists who seized the mediums are not sufficiently experienced in the true nature of materialization, or they would have waited a little longer before seizing, or giving publicity to their hasty acts."

Then detailing the seance, he says: "Myself and Mr. Bondi 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!' and the medium and ourselves all laughed. For the exclamation 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. At which the curtains were drawn, 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.—'Now, on his light, showing himself plainly,' said to him, 'Now, Peter, is your time.' Whilst your medium is groaning, take me into the cabinet by the hand, and do not leave me until you bring me back to my chair.' He said, 'Come along.' So I left Lady G.—'s hand and gave mine to Peter, who led me into the cabinet, and placed my left hand on Williams' head; I felt his hair and face; my right hand felt his shoulders and body without any calico on them whatsoever. Peter then took me back to my chair, never having loosened 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."

The editor of *The Spiritualist* adds:

"Before he left London, Mr. Eglington was advised by us to give no seances to strangers, unless he was held by both hands from first to last, so that if anybody did anything, or if spirits or mortals brought in any drapery, he must be held blameless. It is pleasing to see from the letter recently published by Mr. Berks Hutchinson that so far he has acted upon this advice, and given general satisfaction."

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten concluded the most successful course of lectures ever given in Victoria, at the Opera House, on Sunday, Sept. 8th, her subject being "The Church of the Future," says the *Melbourne Harbinger of Light*. Her oration was listened to with the profoundest attention by an immense audience, who crowded the building in every part. On the following day Mrs. Britten, accompanied by Mr. Britten, left town for Benalla, en route to Sydney, where she is to give a course of lectures.

Mr. Thomas Walker, the trance speaker, at the termination of his successful course of lectures in the Victoria Theatre, Sydney, will probably accept a call from the Spiritualists of Melbourne for a series of discourses.

Dr. Henry Slade, through his remarkable mediumship, is still meeting with success in Melbourne. The spiritual phenomena witnessed in his presence baffle and confound the hardest skeptics, and convince the candid and clear-headed investigator.

*The Spiritual Offering* for November reaches us from its new publication office in Rochester, N. Y., with an improved appearance which must be pleasant indeed to the eyes of all its well-wishers. A continuation of the biography of Prof. S. B. Brittan; an article from Thomas R. Hazard, on "Medium's Rights" (Reviewed); poems by Milton H. Marble, Belle Bush, and others; and the first installment of a series of papers by R. D. Jones, entitled "Modern Spiritualism—its Development in Rochester, and Subsequent Growth," may be mentioned as among the chief points of interest in the present number.

Read the announcement made on our fifth page by Asa K. Butts, Esq., concerning his new paper entitled *Man*.

"The Mission of Life" is well set forth by W. J. Colville on our eighth page.

### Important, if True.

We are in receipt of a *carte de visite* photograph from Mr. John R. Pickering (husband of Mrs. Pickering, the materializing medium), taken by Mr. S. Swaine, of Rochester, N. H., representing the full-length figure of a female clad in a loose white raiment, with a white cap upon the head and holding a bouquet of flowers in her left hand, while the eyes are looking upward in a devotional manner. The artist is not a Spiritualist but an Adventist, Mr. P. informs us, hence it is fair to presume that there was no collusion on his part. Besides, our informant states, Mr. Swaine is ready to asseverate that the figure on the plate came independent of Mrs. Pickering or any one else in the room, and that all he has to say is, that some unknown power produced the female form represented standing near the curtain, just outside the cabinet, and thus to him it is a very wonderful circumstance. The face resembles that of a middle-aged Indian woman, as the high cheekbones are prominent, and the hair evidently black. We present the facts as we receive them, and shall await further developments ere we are willing to give them the sanction of our endorsement. Still, as Dr. Gully obtained a photograph of a spirit in a similar manner in England some years ago, we do not doubt, under similar proper conditions, but that the same result may be arrived at in this country.

### The Bible of Bibles.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Colby & Rich, Kersey Graves' last and great volume, which has long been promised, and which must be admitted on all hands to be a great production. He describes twenty-seven different bibles, and if some of them are passed over rather briefly, he enters fully enough, to make all amends, into a consideration of the Jewish Bible. He claims that there are two thousand mistakes and errors in the inspired volume, many of which are dwelt upon at considerable length. The characters of Jehovah, the Jews, Moses, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, Solomon, and many of the prophets are examined without wincing. We can assure the reader that the volume is a perfect storehouse of Bible knowledge, and does great credit to the author of "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors." Thousands of copies will be required to satisfy the popular demand, and we hope to have the pleasure of sending out a fair share of them. It is a volume of 440 pages, and is mailed at the low price of \$2.00.—*The Truth Seeker*.

There is every reason to expect that the favorable opinion thus cordially expressed by Mr. Bennett through his columns concerning the new work of Mr. Graves, will find endorsement on the part of a multitude of readers—as it should. The volume is for sale by the publishers at the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, and is by them confidently recommended to the public attention.

### "Harmonial" Retrospection.

Among the racy matters published in *The Spiritual Offering* for November are interesting passages from the record of the busy life of our friend, Samuel B. Brittan. It was under his editorial management that the early numbers of *The Universalist* were published. But it surprises us to learn, as we do from *The Offering*, that in this association there was a traitor, "one Judas," a "modern Iscariot," and that "through the false pretences and intriguing disposition of this spiritual Jack-with-the-lantern, the interests of *The Universalist* were betrayed in a way that led Mr. Brittan to terminate his relation as its editor and publisher." Will not *The Spiritual Offering* designate more precisely the name of this disciple who betrayed the cause? One of our special correspondents, who peruses the columns of *The Spiritual Offering*, is particularly anxious to be enlightened upon the subject.

A correspondent in Pennsylvania writes to us under date of Nov. 11th, that William Eddy stated to him that he (Eddy) expected to visit Boston soon and hold seances at the *Banner of Light* office. If Mr. Eddy made any such statement it was incorrect, as no arrangement of the kind has been entered into by us, and neither have we heard from that individual for a long time. More than this, no circles are held at this office other than those of which Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd is the medium.

Colby & Rich have just issued at the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, and have for sale, a new edition of "Christ, the Corner-Stone of Spiritualism," by Dr. J. M. Peebles. This writer touches the keynote of truth in illustrating the Christ-principle, which was taught long before Jesus was born, viz., "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

The spirit-telegrapher, J. V. Mansfield, of 61 West 42d street, New York, has recently been brought prominently before the public of that city in the daily newspapers through being on-evidence in the Vanderbilt will case, and we trust that his patronage has been increased thereby, as there is no doubt of his genuineness as a letter-answering medium between the two worlds.

Rev. J. J. Mair, in the course of his sermon in New York, on the recent stealing of Stewart's remains, said: "Why this deep interest in the desecration of Mr. Stewart's grave? In searching his history, can the poor of this city point to a single monument for their benefit erected by the millionaire? The only solution can be found in the magic influence of the millions he possessed."

In a private letter from Mrs. Carrie A. Forster, now in London, she says, "Heaven bless all the dear workers in the spiritual field in our beloved land, and particularly those who, like yourself, bear the brunt of the battle that is at the present time waging within our Zion."

Mrs. Kendall, test medium at 84 Montgomery Place, Boston, continues to be unfitted for the discharge of duty in the direction of her development, from prolonged and serious illness. Due notice will be given in these columns of the resumption of her sittings.

Mr. J. J. Morse delivered an able lecture in London, Oct. 20th, on "Spiritualism—its Distinctive Mission," which is printed in full in the *Medium and Daybreak* of Nov. 1st.

Dr. E. F. Butterfield, of Syracuse, N. Y., is staying at 1003 Arch street, Philadelphia, for one week, beginning Tuesday, Nov. 19th, giving free medical clairvoyant examinations.

Charles R. Miller's experiences at the James Circle in Philadelphia will appear in our next issue.

Read "Trance Mediumship," by Wash. A. Danskin. The article will be found on our sixth page.

We shall print next week "An Open Letter to A. J. Davis," from the pen of our valued correspondent, A. E. Newton.

### Apotheosis of Mrs. Col. J. C. Smith.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

I am greatly pained to have to record the physical departure of Mrs. Col. J. Clement Smith, of Washington, D. C., which took place last Thursday morning, Nov. 7th, at the family residence in that city.

Mrs. Smith was a woman of rare worth, amiability and accomplishments. Her bodily absence from the hospitable home of Col. Smith will be recognized by him as irreparable, and her departure long mourned by a large circle of appreciative friends to whom she had affectionately endeared herself.

For many years Col. Smith has been a leading member of the Spiritual Society there, several seasons serving as its President, as well as generously contributing to its support. In all these efforts to maintain first class lectures in that city, which were further supplemented with the most delightful social and literary receptions, Mrs. Smith's tact and ability were nobly conspicuous. A wise and rational Spiritualist, liberal and comprehensive in outlook, a devoted wife, loving and beloved, a firm and cherished friend, she has cheerfully entered upon the realities of that Higher Life toward which the hastening days are bringing each one of us.

From local papers which I have received I learn that the exercises, which were largely attended by the friends of the family and the Spiritualists generally, were held in the spacious parlors of the family residence, and were opened by a chant beautifully executed in the minor key by a select choir accompanied by the piano. Mr. Crypti Palmieri recited in his most impressive manner a poetic tribute to the immortal attributes of man. His elocution was nearly faultless, and blended with a pathetic earnestness and sympathy which seemed to diffuse themselves throughout the assembly. The choir then sang a hymn, after which Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, an intimate friend of the deceased, invoked the presence and aid of the great Infinite Father and his angels, and followed the invocation with an address characteristic of the faith and knowledge which animates her, and which partook more of rejoicings at the birth of a spirit into a new existence than of sorrow at the dissolution of the material body. These interesting exercises closed with a beautiful rendering of the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," in which all present joined with much feeling, when the mortal form was taken to Oak Hill, where other similar and commemorative services preceded the interment.

The *Washington Sunday Herald* of Nov. 10th, commenting on this event, truthfully says: "On the whole, the services were beautiful and attractive, but unlike any before seen in Washington, in the absence of the usual exhibitions of deep grief and lamentations over the remains, and the presence of a firm confidence that the departed still lived in the glorious realms of immortality."

Our most cordial congratulations go out to the freed and happy spirit over the release from long physical suffering, while our heart's deepest sympathy is extended to our long-time friend and now stricken brother. G. A. B.

### Social Reception.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

Mrs. Jennie Potter, the well-known medium who lives at No. 136 Castle street, Boston, gave a reception on Friday evening last to Mr. W. J. Colville, the young trance speaker, from England, who during this month is occupying the spiritual platform Sunday afternoons at the Parker Memorial Hall, intending it also as complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, the mediums for physical manifestations and materializations. There was quite a select and intelligent company gathered on this occasion, who enjoyed it very much and continued it to a late hour.

After some preliminary music, Mr. Colville was asked to be influenced, and acting under that influence was introduced by a question, viz.: The phenomena of flowers, how produced and whence? This was elaborately answered, and continued by other questions growing out of it. He was very lucid, and considering the mystery of their appearance as spiritualistic, the explanation was both philosophical and reasonable. This young English medium is remarkably gifted in answering questions, as all who have attended lately the Parker Memorial Spiritual Meetings know full well.

Mrs. Potter was then controlled, and the spirit who calls herself Alice made herself welcome and entertaining, and had something to say of the spirit friends of quite a number of the company, and before she retired from her medium the cheerful voice of Rosa put in, not her appearance but her voice through her medium, Mrs. Holmes, and the duet of Alice and Rosa was continued for quite a while; and their combined manifestations filled out the remainder of the time till the moment arrived when, according to an earlier announcement, Mr. Colville was to give an impromptu poem. "Music" was the subject given, and the poem was in keeping with the speaker's high reputation, and which, after a pause, closed with a poetic benediction. Then the order of exercises changed materially in more senses than one, by the company going to a lower sphere, that is, one story lower, and enjoying material manifestations of an edible character, the enjoyment of the tempting refreshments provided constituting the closing feature of the evening's entertainment. J. W.

Our English friends are reminded that Mr. J. J. Morse is our authorized subscription agent, and as it is desirable that they liberally patronize the *Banner of Light*, we hope they will make it a point to bear this fact in mind. The *Banner* is a first-class eight-page paper, containing a vast amount of readable original matter, principally upon spiritual topics, and as it is cosmopolitan in character, should be patronized abroad as well as at home. If Spiritualists everywhere would only exert a little more influence in its behalf, it would be the means of doubling its circulation in a very brief period. Then we should be enabled to enlarge its dimensions, and thereby enhance its value as an exponent of the philosophy of Spiritualism. Strengthen us, friends, in this direction, that we may be able to continue successfully the work thus auspiciously inaugurated.

Received and transmitted to Jennie Lord Webb the following sums since our last report, viz.: Henry J. Horn, New York City, \$5.00; Mrs. A. S., Holyoke, Mass., 50 cents; a few friends in Portland, Me., \$3.00.

Messrs. Colby & Rich: Dear Sirs—Please acknowledge in the *Banner of Light* the receipt of five dollars "from a friend to the cause" in New Orleans, and oblige. Yours very truly, JENNIE L. WEBB.

Dr. Ira Davenport, Sen., botanic physician, has returned to Boston from his Western visit, and has opened his office at No. 9 Hayward Place, where he will be happy to meet all of his old friends.

Read the card of Annie Lord Chamberlain in another column.

See the first page, present issue, for the Pilgrim's third lecture in Boston.







Mary D. Wildes.  
I wish you would say that Mary D. Wild

James Macarthy.

[To the Chairman.] Faith, sir, it's bad luck I have entirely, and nothing but bad luck—bad luck in my own country, bad luck coming over, and bad luck ever since, and now "Yellow Jack" has got me, sure. That's bad luck, isn't it? There's the priest, he says it's all good luck but I don't believe it. You can tell a man thing and assure him it is so, but how can a

**MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED:**

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS  
JENNIE S. RUDD.

Cot. 2.—White Fawn; John D. Pray; M. to H.; Emory Collins; Nathaniel Davis; Marcellus Merrill; Billy Mc-  
Cain; J. C. Borden; George Loring; Mary E.  
Scharf; F. E., to H.; Anonymous.

Cot. 3.—Orceuto; H. E. Tuttle; Susan S.—; George  
B. Goodenough; William R. Joshua; Charles  
Cot. 4.—Mary Cahill; Samuel P. Huetter; Abner Montz;  
Uncle Ben; George Jacobs; Nehemiah Cushing,  
Nov. 4.—Irish Jack; Elizabeth; Penelope; Stock  
bridge; Samuel C. Prescott; James Howe; To Mother,  
Nov. 5.—John D. Pray; John D. Upton; Cum. Vander  
bilt; Louise Storrs;

well as the reverse proposition, the influence of the  
 fully over the mind. Mr. Evans, who is an "M. D." as  
 makes the thread of the argument somewhat uncom-  
 ed to the ordinary mind, and while he appears to treat  
 the Holy Scriptures with respect, employs them to en-  
 for an end, and with an ease barking more of license  
 than of logic. . . . Rev. Mr. Evans, M. D., an ardent  
 writer, and his speculations will doubtless find many to  
 accept them in a world where the vague and the myste-  
 rious are so much in vogue. The author of the sim-  
 plest and plainest teachings of nature, science, and  
 revealed religion. — *The Satirist*, *Saratoga, N. Y.*

A Cincinnati newspaper announces "eighteen-carrot  
 vegetable man is

**Passed to Spirit-Life:**  
From Boston, Nov. 24, Wm. C. C., son of William and Julia Parmelee, aged 1 year 4 months and 20 days.

Thus has another sweet bud of spiritual beauty been transplanted to a more congenial soil, where its unfoldment will be cared for by the angel loved ones who availed it there. May the parents, grand-parents and kindred, all be cheered by the assurance that in "the sweet by-and-by" they will meet him yet again.

Funeral services by the writer.  
J. H. CUNNINGHAM  
7 Everett street, Boston.  
[Michigan papers please notice.]

**Robtary Notice:** *Not exceeding twenty line publication.*  
*proviso:* When they exceed this number, three cents for each additional line is required. A line of age



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 Medical Clairvoyant. Reads the Interior Condition of the patient, whether present or by lack of hair, Prudently, and postage. State age and sex. Mrs. Hilton's well-known Cough Mixture, an untailing remedy for diseases of the lungs and chest, especially adapted to the consumptive. Price, 50¢ per bottle. Hours 9 till 12, 2 till 5, 7 till 9, Sundays 9 till 12.  
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**Or, Christianity Before Christ.**  
Containing new, startling, and extraordinary revelations  
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Pearls.

And quoted tales, and jewels five words long,  
That, on the stretched forefinger of all time,  
Sparkle forever.

OLD GERMAN LOVE SONG.  
Since creation I was thine,  
Now forever thou art mine.  
I have shut thee fast  
In my heart of last,  
I have dropped the key  
In an unknown sea.  
Forever must thou my prisoner be!  
—Helen S. Conant.

There is far more painful to cowardice than death to  
true courage. — Sir Philip Sidney.

AUTUMN'S LAST ROMANCE.  
The squirrel glows over his accomplished hoard,  
The ants have brimmed their chambers with ripe grain,  
And honey bees have stored  
The sweets of summer in their bustling cells.  
The swallows all have whined across the main,  
But here the autumn melancholy dwells.  
And sighs her tuneful spells  
Amongst the smilax shadows of the plain.  
Alone, alone.

Upon a mossy stone,  
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,  
With the last leaves of a love romance.  
While all the withered world grows drearily,  
Like a dim picture of the drowned past  
In the hushed mind's mysterious far away,  
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last  
Into that distance, gray upon the gray.  
—Thomas Hood.

Whoso will feel the tenderest participation in joy,  
Let him not look at happy children, but at the parents  
who rejoice to see them happy. — Richter.

COMMUNION WITH SPIRITS.  
Some say most  
About the future, others of the gone,  
The dim traditions of Eternity.  
Or Time's first golden moments. One there was  
From whose sweet lips elapsed as from a well,  
Continuously, truths which made my soul,  
As they sank into it, fertile with rich thoughts—  
Spoke to me of Heaven, and our talk  
Was of Divine things always: Angels, Heaven,  
Salvation, immortality, and God.  
The different states of spirits and the kind  
Of being in all orbs, or physical,  
Or intellectual. I never tired  
Pondering questions, but at each response  
My soul drew back, sea-like, into its depths  
To urge another change on him. This spirit  
Came to me daily, for a long time,  
Whenever I prayed his presence.  
—Philip James Bailey.

I love truth, because I love to have an apple thought  
to be an apple and a hand a hand, and the whole  
beauty and hopefulness of God's creation a truth  
instead of a lie. — Leigh Hunt

**Parker Memorial Hall Society of Spiritualists: Third Lecture by W. J. Colville: The Mission of Life: Swedenborg and his Teachings: Will Spiritualism ever become an Organic Movement? etc., etc.**

The distinguished and eloquent trance lecturer whose name occurs above, delivered the third discourse of his present engagement before the Society of Spiritualists regularly assembling in Parker Memorial Building, Boston, on the afternoon of Sunday, Nov. 17th. Though the weather outside was of a decidedly unpleasant character, the interior of the hall was thronged with an audience whose close and respectful attention to the spoken word proved their fullest appreciation of the matter and manner of what was set forth. As usual at these meetings, the music of the female quartette added much to the harmonious characteristics of the hour.

In the absence of John Wetherbee, the permanent Chairman, George A. Bacon of the Committee presided, who at the outset called the attention of the people to the fact that some six subjects for the lecture about to be given had been handed in by the ushers, as gleaned from the audience, and stated that he should submit these queries to vote. On trial the theme receiving the greatest show of hands proved to be: THE MISSION OF LIFE: and it was accordingly declared the choice of the meeting.

In opening his discourse the speaker remarked that probably there was not a thinking mind in the gathering before him, or to broaden the scope of the statement, there was hardly a reflective person in the entire sum of humanity, who had not at some time, and under the pressure of diverse and adverse circumstances, asked the question, What is the mission of life? Why am I placed here in a world of pain and sorrow to undergo this series of causes which I but dimly understand, which lead to effects which pass the boundaries of my finite conception? Material science could do much for man in teaching him the mission of existence upon the plane where its operations could legitimately be brought to bear; but it placed man at last face to face with the inner door of the sanctuary of life, which it was totally unable to open because of its grade of natural development; the sacred gateway to God could only be thrown open to the soul which Him was divine. Material science could, then, but partially answer this query; the intuitive out-reachings of the soul for more light would bring added testimony; and the returning spirits—like the one who was at present controlling the medium, could, because they had passed the change of death and gained more extended experiences—throw a still further gleam of light upon the solution of the problem, but nevertheless the interior purpose of the eternal life could not be definitely solved by them, even, since no practical experience had been participated in by them of the crowning glories of the pathway which commencing in the coarse soil of matter, ended in Divine Anzhood.

Starting out with this premise of the necessary imperfection of any solution which might be presented, the speaker said the soul was incarnated in the physical form for the purpose of its attaining, through trials and adversities, the necessary development to fit it for the enjoyment of a full and rounded existence, toward the attainment of which embodied mortals and disembodied spirits represented two stages. Mere materialistic science explained to the human intellect the *modus operandi* of nature's laws in many cases, but was as incapable of solving its special department the question as to the mission of life; as any member of the entire audience would be to take in the physical hand a thought, and explain to others its length, breadth and depth. Spiritualism came in to bring a new factor in solving the problem; the lecturer would not under any circumstances be understood as intimating that Spiritualism and science were at variance the one with the other (as some imagined)—Spiritualism bearing the same relation to science as the mind did to the body, or the body to the garments which clothed it. Suppose, for the sake of argument, it were admitted that no future life was in store for man, there still existed an aim, an object, a mission for life in the duty which rested upon all to so order their own physical and mental lives that better conditions of social, political and intellectual existence, and better and happier races of beings, could become possible on this earth. We did not, but by the operation of the divine law could not if we would, live for ourselves alone, because there was always flowing out from each individual an involuntary current whose effects were taken up and insensibly appropriated by all others around him, and by and through which each was either acting as a mission-angel of God, working to uplift his fellows, or performing the part of a seducing

and degrading spirit, leading unwary souls not into a state of eternal misery because that was unnecessary as well as unnatural, but into a condition of remorse which was the result of an awakened comprehension of missed hours, neglected opportunities, and deeds done which had better have been left undone. The secularist might, and oftentimes did, view life from a grand and noble standpoint, and many of that belief had labored for the good of humanity with a tireless energy whose outworkings were sublime, and the speaker desired to be understood as acknowledging to the full the benefit which flowed out from such efforts, put forth without the hope or the recognition of immortality; but when he spoke of a knowledge of immortality being essential to mankind, he did so in view of the fact that information concerning the future life helped them to more correctly discharge the duties of this. For instance, while commendable deeds put forth for the advantage of mankind, and not for the more selfish aggrandizement of the doer, would not lose their reward in the spirit-world—even though he who performed them in this mundane sphere did not expect to enter into any state of continued life, or to sustain a memory on earth except through the results his deeds would produce upon those around him or who were to exist on the earth-plane after his decease—yet if, on the contrary, a man should be informed that future life, and should be made to comprehend that the life would certainly induce its penalty in the future, he would be more likely to endeavor to lay up in the better land the treasures of a benevolent than the sorrows of a self-seeking existence on the material plane. There was a glorious significance in those words of Jesus, "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." The true measure of credit, the real mission of life, rested alone in so discharging its duties as to benefit others. The different methods of doing the same thing, and thus producing opposite effects upon the doer and others, was imaged in the case of two authors, both of whom might write books filled with excellent lessons, but in daily life the influence which went out from one was in harmony with his book, while that flowing from the other was an entire contradiction of his printed thoughts. This was because the sphere which surrounded the first was the sphere of philanthropy, while that of the second was selfishness and self-admiration. The latter author might not lose the entire spiritual return of his labors, because his book might produce good in the lives of those who never met with him personally, but compared with that reward which waited on the whole-souled forgetter of self, who penned a volume which he afterward repudiated, his life's work would be but slight in degree and relative importance.

Without less the soul in its primal infantile existence in the celestial heavens, is aware of not only the necessity of its incarnation in flesh if it would attain to the fruition of its germinal possibilities, but also of the duties which will be demanded of it, and the trying character of the development through which it must pass on its way to ultimate anzhood. Notwithstanding the state of innocence in which they primarily existed, such souls were not without an abiding will with willingness a life which argued eternal automatism for one of activity and final development, and to do so from choice—not that they prized innocence less, but knowledge and unfoldment the more. The same was witnessable in earthly parents. The baby of one year on earth was a picture of innocence, but the parents prized more highly, because of their attained attainments and their interior power, the child of ten years, although he was not so innocent as he was when but twelve-months old. The ancient parable, fable if you will, of the Garden of Eden, said the speaker, finds a demonstration of its interior meaning in every life. There comes a moment in every childish nature when the serpent of knowledge, enters the garden of infantile and innocent bliss, and teaches the difference between good and evil—between that which is ought or ought not to be performed. There was a time when each individual came face to face with his own soul, when the soul and the spirit, the inner and the outer being came into contact; a time when the child says, "I have disobeyed my mother and am unhappy." The same act committed an hour before would not have produced a ripple on the sea of the soul's content, but growth has developed the knowledge of right and wrong, and has brought about accountability. The fact which fact an awakened conscience bears witness. A just parent would not punish an infant for an act which would bring condign chastisement upon a child of older experience; and the law of compensation, itself the embodiment of divine justice, discriminates between the individuals of the human mass, some of whom, for instance, are possessed naturally of but a small stock of inherent will-power, while others are endowed with a more abundant measure of this quality, bringing practically to bear the provisions of the apothegm: "Where much is given much also is required."

Each and every individual, from the spiritual standpoint, occupied a position which, though additionally outboarded in the spirit-world, could not reach its fruition till the glory of anzhood was attained; and only through the attainment of that state by each and all through progressive unfoldment could the zenith of the universe be won. If one planet even were blotched from the grand procession of the starry worlds, Nature would be a member of the her every department—each world would feel the effect, because another world had been wrought upon. And so those who are occupying individual spheres of spiritual being are amenable as are mortals to the laws of the universe, which are the embodiment of the inscrutable wisdom of the Great Over-Soul. All were parts of the stupendous whole of being—the mortal on the physical plane, the spirit disembodied, as the hand was a member of the body but was also made up of fingers which were members of that hand, thus every spiritual intelligence was not only through its physical vehicle while on earth a member of society, but was also, through its own inherent powers and condition, a member within a member of society. No work on earth was lost—the material had its mission as well as the spiritual element in life. The chosen pursuits of the man while on earth, the *finest* of employment, which was engaged held good and continuous in the spiritual realm; the inventor, the mechanician, etc., had the power and the will to continue their professions; and it was through their prompting energies, matched with the strength over matter possessed by another class of disembodied ones, that the physical phenomena of Spiritualism were rendered possible; these phenomena were not to be scouted as puerile or useless, since the spirits had yet to mighty work to perform, and could, through this avenue of material evidence alone, successfully appeal to those on earth who needed to be approached through the physical senses and were impervious to any other class of testimony.

Humanity might be divided into various classes, and the individuals in one of those divisions might criticize the members of others, but the result proved that each and all were necessary to the general harmony. The weak could not live without the strong, and the strong were in turn dependent for certain elements upon the weak. Some one might ask of what use was the acutely refined and cultured lady of fashion, whose accomplishments were comprised in good appearance, a few songs, a smattering of polite literature, etc. This class of humanity was useful, however; the mission of these human flowers was to give a tone and delicacy to the mass, and they were as necessary in their place as the cement which held together the coarser materials of the present age, and which, through the operation of the divine law, would be as the cement among the small things of life as well as among the grandest.

It was necessary for individuals to look within as well as without their own nature, and their own development, in order to arrive at a clear recognition of the mission of their special existence, and in order further to discharge it faithfully; just as a person endowed with some specific talent (for music or other arts it might be), needed to reach a realizing sense of the importance of its practical use, before it could be of any particular use to himself or the world. The speaker thought the modern system of popular education failed of its duty in this regard, bestowing its attention as it did to superficial polish, and neglecting "the weightier matters of the law" of correct unfoldment which originated really from within outwardly. The grand

mission of your life, he said, is to be natural, to be yourself, and not the false copy of some one else, because there is within your soul the foundation elements which characterize your own individuality; and if you seek, by engaging in employment for instance for which you are not fitted, to imitate that which others have done, or are doing, you will only present the sad spectacle of a poor workman seeking to reproduce what a master builder has wrought aforesaid, thus doing injustice to yourself by abandoning the dual elements which your own special elements of development fitted you, while at the same time you wrong those who are possessed of the power to rightfully develop in that sphere of action, by your standing in their place, and thus mayhap forcing them also into paths of physical occupation with which they are not congenial. Returning to a point raised at the beginning of the discourse, the speaker repeated that the efforts of the materialists, who had no hope of immortality, for others' good, and therefore inevitably for their own, were not lost, because they would find them on the spirit shore, when they awakened in the new and to them unexpected life. A man who started on the right road would not miss the end because he was ignorant at the outset of where that road terminated. The great benefit of Spiritualism was that a knowledge of the continuous character of future life, and of the unlimited nature of Swedenborg's and others' good, and therefore inevitably for their own, were not lost, because they would find them on the spirit shore, when they awakened in the new and to them unexpected life. A man who started on the right road would not miss the end because he was ignorant at the outset of where that road terminated. The great benefit of Spiritualism was that a knowledge of the continuous character of future life, and of the unlimited nature of Swedenborg's and others' good, and therefore inevitably for their own, were not lost, because they would find them on the spirit shore, when they awakened in the new and to them unexpected life. A man who started on the right road would not miss the end because he was ignorant at the outset of where that road terminated.

The mission of life was to recognize the spark of the Divine Intelligence within to realize the fact that we were not here on earth to work for ourselves alone, but to do our part toward the harmonious development of all who were here and all who were to come after us; to cultivate that state of mind and feeling which would make of the body the vehicle of the soul, and harness outward material means to interior spiritual ends. Such a course would bring the heaven-life here on earth, and fit us, for the fullest usefulness and enjoyment of the experiences proffered by the next stage of progressive being.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.  
The Controlling Intelligence then devoted some time to answers to the queries from the audience. To a question as to whether Swedenborg, as a medium and seer, wrote his works under spirit influence, and if so, why were the general beliefs of Modern Spiritualists denounced by his followers as fallacious and dangerous, the speaker replied that it was patent to the close observer that there was always a marked difference to be traced between the expressed views of Swedenborg and the ideas which his followers had deduced from them. Swedenborg founded no sect while he lived on earth; it was after his demise that the forty-two articles of the New Church were formulated, and those belonging to the Swedenborgian order of belief were as essentially tied to those tenets as the Episcopalian were to the thirty-nine articles which composed the creed of their church. To form a creed at once, and to formulate a state which admitted of nothing which looked toward a change in the existing order. Had Spiritualism in its revelations squared with the forty-two propositions, then Swedenborgians would have recognized its truth at once, but it did not; hence their denunciation of it.

Swedenborg did not imply that all he wrote was revealed after the manner of inspiration received; oftentimes he recorded—just as any other clairvoyant might do what he saw as a remarkable personal experience to be read and commented on by other minds. Some things, again, which he did record as real, were only the result of a chain of shifting circumstances. Himself and followers, for instance, declared the endless perpetuity of future punishment, and denied the truth of progressive development for all spirits; but because he happened to view the hells of spirit-life, at times, and was strongly impressed with what he saw and found to be a reality, he was not able to see the eternally continued presence there of the spirits he saw in those dark abodes. He had been taught to believe in an endless hell before he saw any of his visions, and this idea (as did those contained in various other theological notions which he imbibed through early education) proved too strong for him, and therefore he was led to engrave it (as well as others derived in a like manner from early training) upon his new-found views, which, while they were in advance upon the belief of his time, argued yet other advances to be made by those to come after him, rather than a finality (as he and his followers imagined) which should enchain the souls of men, as had the systems which preceded it. His remarks concerning the hells were true as far as he happened to see at the time of his visions, but were not true as a finality, any more than if a person happened to see a snake slithering away and say that the audience present *always* remained inside of Parker Memorial Building, instead of (what was the truth) that the Spiritualists of Boston regularly assembled at stated intervals in that place, and that the audience was not always composed of the same persons. The lower spheres of spirit being had tenants, but these tenants were continually changing in accord with a law of progress which allowed all to rise as they would, and the price of such advancement was no insupportable one, existing between them and the loving efforts of the mission-spirits of God.

To a questioner who asked, "Is Spiritualism ever to become a distinct and organic movement?" the speaker remarked that Spiritualism itself (whatever might be done by its believers) could never be organized, or held in the hand of any workers on the earth-plane, since it was itself a knowledge of the possibility of communion with the disembodied intelligences, and a revelator of conditions in the future life—a door constantly open, and not a gate ajar, liable to be closed at the will of any. If a select party of those who believed in its truth should arise, and desire to set themselves apart from the commonality with or without the prefix of an adjective before the name Spiritualism, they had a legitimate right to call themselves Spiritualists, because of their belief, but there their power ended, because they might have the tendency to chain. Spiritualism was intended to appeal to the individual man out of all creeds, tenets or organizations whatsoever. Its mediumship—intellectual and physical—wrought its perfect work everywhere, and its media were found in the lines of church membership as often as outside; its work would go on, and in due time it would ultimately become the universal religion; but the victory would be attained by the aid of the workers upon the earth-plane, and not by the efforts to direct the movement on the part of the denizens of the mortal plane. Spiritualism could never be organized so as to limit it within itself; therefore no such arrangement could be truly said to have been outwrought till every living being on the planet became a Spiritualist.

Other queries were then propounded, bearing on points which have been before treated during Mr. Colville's engagement; a questioner then arose with a desire to know if the story of Samson, his long locks, and their loss, had any other than a spiritual significance. The speaker said the luxuriant hair ascribed to the strong man of old was, in a spiritual sense, the type of the power to externalize truth to mankind. Clairvoyants had testified to seeing spirits in the darker spheres who were bald-headed, and did not present themselves to view in that way, because of their purpose of identification, but were really in that condition through a low grade of power in the direction above named. There was also another and material view which could be taken of the case, viz., that certain constitutions tended in a marked degree to hirsute developments, and the shock of removing the greatly extended growth of such appendages might result in a temporary debilitation of the entire system.

The speaker closed his remarks with an answer to a leading question concerning a bouquet which was placed on the reading-desk beside him. This collection of flowers he averred had been brought to him through the mediumship of Mrs. Mary B. Thayer, when the room where in the party sat was closed, and it was impossible for any person to have gained access to or to have left the apartment. At the time they arrived they were fresh and moist. One of the

blossoms in the bouquet he said had been brought from California. He would like to have some scientific man examine into this phenomenon and inform the public, if he could from his standpoint, how it was brought about. He then explained that these earthly flowers—which had been by the subtle action of spirit chemists de-materialized, and passed through the matter composing the confines of a closed room—had been accompanied with the direction that they be displayed before the audience; they had a spiritual significance, and he cited the meaning of several of them as referring to the interior characteristics of different types of people present.

The meeting closed with a song by the quartette, an improvisational poem on "Guardian Spirits" (chosen by audience) and a benediction by the speaker.

Next Sunday afternoon Mr. Colville closes his present engagement before the Parker Memorial Society of Spiritualists. The meetings have been successful throughout, and there is every reason to anticipate an audience on that day which will severely test the accommodating power of the hall. Services to commence at 2:45.

Mr. Colville in Charlestown District.

On the evening of Sunday, Nov. 17th, Mr. Colville occupied the platform in C. B. Marshall's course at Abbotford Hall, Waverley Building. The audience furnished several questions for consideration, the following being the one selected by vote, whereon the lecturer based his remarks: "How does the Doctrine of Modern Spiritualism Harmonize with the Doctrine preached by Jesus Christ when on Earth?" During his comments upon this theme the speaker averred that the teachings of Spiritualism did so harmonize, but that the teachings of Jesus had not been rightly interpreted to the world. Jesus taught as the burden of his discourse, Love to all, while the churches who so ostentatiously paraded his name were instinct with a sentiment of a far different nature toward all who refused to join them in the embracing of their peculiar tenets. The teachings of Jesus could not be successfully appealed to, to prove the existence of a place of everlasting punishment in future life. Spiritualism taught the exercise of the love-principle, which was the central point of the ministry of Jesus on earth, and so harmonized with his chief aim and object. The speaker expatiated at length concerning the lessons flowing from the revelations attendant on the modern dispensation, and at the close of his remarks answered several questions from the audience in a manner which gave great satisfaction to all present. An inspirational poem was also furnished by him, the subject—given by the people—being "Our Darlings on the Other Side."

Mr. Colville will lecture, answer questions and deliver a poem in this hall next Sunday evening, Nov. 24th, at 7½ o'clock.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November—Houghton, Osgood & Co., 220 Devonshire street, Winthrop Square, Boston, publishers—leads off its collection of reading matter—which is interesting and varied—with an article on "The Nationals, their Origin and their Aims"; "Home Life on the Brook Farm" is continued; "An Impressionist" affords a good description of what was pertinent to its author "at the Paris Exposition"; Richard Grant White gives the fifth part of his present course on "Americanisms"; Harriet Prescott Spofford, W. W. Young, Edgar Fawcett, W. W. Story and others furnish the poetry; W. D. Howells commences a serial entitled "The Lady of the Aroostook"; Charles Egbert Craddock, has a touching sketch in "The Star in the Valley"; and articles on "Presidential Elections," "Oppressive Taxation of the Poor," etc., combine with the Departments in making a number which will bear close reading. Richard Jettell, who passed on not long since, through suicide, previous to his decease furnished to the publishers of this magazine a poem entitled "Indirection," which is truly spiritual in its nature and expression. The December *Atlantic* will contain a third paper by the author of "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life"; an important article on saving and spending in hard times; a short sketch by J. W. DeForest; a long installment of Mr. Howells's story, and many other attractive features.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON for November—published by a company of the same name in Springfield, Mass.—has for its initial article "Women in Prison," by Clara T. Leonard, who evinces an enthusiasm on the subject she treats of, which makes the essay all the more valuable therefore; Susie M. Day's story of "The White Stone" is weird and solemn in its flavor; Edward E. Hale continues his serial "Aunt Huldah's Scholars"; "The Japanese Story of Creation" is of marked interest; the astronomical sketch, "One November Sunday Afternoon," unites much of truthful history and pathos; Campbell Wheaton, in "Clips from a North-Western Log," speaks of the Indians and the Government's problem concerning their treatment; Washington Gladwin writes of "How to Use the Bible"; much good poetry contributes to lighten the pages, and the general drift of the departments is excellent.

A. WILLIAMS & Co., 293 Washington street, corner School street, Boston, forward us the November numbers of SCRIBNER'S ILLUSTRATED and ST. NICHOLAS magazines, which they have on sale. The first named monthly gives as one of its chief points of attraction the opening installment of a novel by Mrs. Burnett, entitled, "Haworth's." (This serial will, during its issuance, be made of additional interest by the presentation of four picturesque illustrations); "A Night with Edison," by William H. Bishop, is takingly gotten up—limning and letter-press bearing every evidence of harmonious fitness for each other; Mr. A. C. Redwood presents the first of a series on "Life in the Confederate Army" (illustrated); Bret Harte essays (with what success the reader must judge for himself), in "The Spelling-Book at Angels"; to rework the mine which gave "The Heathen Chinee," and other stirring California lyrics, to the world in his early days; Mrs. Mary Halleck Foote contributes sketches which are reproduced by "the process" with which Scribner has been recently making experiments; "A Wind Storm in the Forests of the Yuba," by John Muir, (illustrated) is a graphic sketch of nature in one of her wildest moods, and "Chamberly Fort on the Richelleu River," by Henry Sandham, is alone worth the price of the number. Those who wish to have a hearty laugh must not slight the claims of "Jo Murch" (by Noah Brooks) upon their consideration. A fine frontispiece is given to this November number in the likeness of Prof. Longfellow, which is backed by a fine descriptive article from the pen of R. H. Stoddard concerning the poet's what-and-whereabouts.

ST. NICHOLAS begins the sixth volume of the magazine with seventy-two pages and fifty-two pictures filled with enchantment for the boys and girls. Two new serials begin in this number. One, for boys, is by Frank R. Stockton, and has the inviting title "A Jolly Fellowship." The other serial, for girls, is by Katharine D. Smith, and this first part has three pictures; two of them, by Frederick Dielman, are unusually fine. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge contributes a poem entitled "A Mistake," illustrated by Addie Ledyard; and a paper called "Monkeys and Dogs to the Front," giving a lively account of some remarkably trained dogs and monkeys, with fourteen capital pictures by L. Hopkins. One of San Francisco's curious new wire-cable railroads is described and thoroughly illustrated under the title "Towed by Rail?"; the pictures being from photographs taken especially for this article. There are five complete short stories, all illustrated. Among the other attractions of the number, besides poems by Lucy Larcom, C. P. Cranch, et al., are: "The Three Wise Men," some funny verses humorously illustrated by Hopkins; "The Magician's Lesson," a short and striking play by G. B. Bartlett; the usual large print pages for the youngest readers, and "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," and the other departments.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE for November, issued at the Publishing House, 53 Park Place, New York City, has, as its main point of attraction, a copiously illustrated biological sketch of the great African explorer, David Livingstone, written by Alfred H. Guernsey; "Learning a Trade," by Francis Xavier, the Apostle to the Indies; "The Ship of the Desert,"

and other articles of merit, together with poetic selections, original and excerpted, are to be found in the well-filled pages. The miscellaneous contents of the number, comprising more than fifty separate articles, and nearly one hundred illustrations, will be found quite up to the mark of any other magazine in the language.

WIDE AWAKE for November—Ella Farman, editor, D. Lothrop and Co., 30 and 32 Franklin street, Boston, publishers—gives as one of its chief attractions the pathetic old story of "The Babes in the Wood," versified by Mrs. Clara Doly Bates, and illustrated charmingly by Mary A. Lathbury. Another gem is Margaret J. Preston's art-poem of "Glottis and his Sheep." Miss Plympton, Mrs. L. C. Whitton and Howard Glyndon also have illustrated poems. Among the stories is an amusing one by the editor, entitled "Betty's Tramps," accompanied by a frontispiece. Laurie Loring has a good school-story, "Down a Water-Spout." "Topsy's Thanksgiving" is a dainty little Thanksgiving story for the smaller children. Mrs. Little's English Literature paper treats entertainingly of "John Dryden and His Times." "In the Gas Works," is an excellent article; the Poets' Homes Series has a paper on Nora Perry. "The Child Tollers of Boston Streets" series treats this time of "The Chestnut Roasters," and the usual Departments make up a fine number.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for November—Cassell, Pether & Galph, 556 Broadway, New York City, publishers—gives a display of engravings, among which may be cited, "Childhood in Eastern Life," "Ligella," and "Dr. Jenner inoculating his son." The article on lace (illustrated) is excellent, and "Artist Haunts" continues to be as attractive as ever.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW for November—Dedember—A. S. Barnes & Co., publishers, 111 and 113 William street, New York—has the following table of contents: "Does Humanity Require a New Revelation?" by Prof. P. G. Tait, College, Edinburgh; "Pending Oracles of Democracy," by Hon. Geo. W. Julian; "The Government Library at Washington," by A. R. Spofford; "The Final Philosophy," by Rev. John Hall, D. D.; "Successful Mediocrity," by Albert Rhodes, U. S. Consul, Rouen; "Social Democracy in Germany," by Prof. J. Huber; "Ye Poet's His Epitaph," by J. W. Green; "After Seclusion Resumption—What?" by Horace White; "A Shocking Story," by Wilkie Collins; "Contemporary Literature." The Literary Movement in America, England, Germany and France. In order to include "The Shocking Story," the publishers have enlarged the number by adding forty-eight extra pages without increasing the price. This original bi-monthly has for its object the union of all nations in a common literary enterprise. The proprietors spare no expense in securing for the pages of this Review the original contributions of the best writers in both hemispheres, and the result of their labors is that the magazine is rapidly growing in popular favor.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for November—published by a company of the same name at 1006 Chestnut street, Philadelphia—has a goodly array of reading matter in which prose, poetry, colored plates, descriptions of patterns, (which latter are numerous), puzzles, comic illustrations, etc., find place. This is the lady's magazine par excellence. The steel plate frontispiece this month (by F. O. C. Darley), continues the Waverley sketches, by a view of the scene in the "Heart of Midlothian" between Jennie and Effie Deans and Ratcliffe at the Tolbooth prison. As the season of Christmas and New Year's draws nigh, those who are querying how to make a useful present to their female friends in accord with the times, will do well to bear a year's subscription to the *Lady's Book* in mind.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for November has the following among its varied table of contents: "Simon Newcomb, of the U. S. Naval Observatory," portrait; "Right Relation and Misrelation," by Brain and Mind; "Hans Makart, the Austrian Painter," portrait; "Ministry of Love," "Who was Roger Williams?" "Mental Over-Work"; "Some Experiments in Magnetism," etc., etc. S. R. Wells & Co., Publishers, 737 Broadway, New York.

RECEIVED: THE SHAKER MANIFESTO, for November. Published by the United Societies at Shaker Village, N. H., by N. A. Briggs. Hereafter all communications and correspondence relating to *The Shaker Manifesto* should be addressed, "The Shaker Manifesto, Shakers, N. Y."

John C. Paige, Insurance agent, 7 Exchange Place, Boston, sends us a neat business brochure of 32 pages, which is admirably gotten up, and is a credit alike to the workers who prepared it, and the gentleman who disbursed his funds for its distribution among the people.

The Helping Hand.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Ladies' Helping Hand Society met last evening in the parlors of Mrs. Morrell, 129 East 16th street, where an appreciative audience listened with much interest to Mr. Peavy's essay upon "The Wisest Use of Wealth." At its conclusion the President, Mrs. Adams, made appropriate remarks in connection with the subject, and invited others to follow.

Mr. H. J. Newton, an honorary member of the Society, arose and gently criticised some points in the lecture. He also referred to the pet project, a Medium's Retreat, which the hopeful sisters see in the future. His remarks gave evidence of deep thought upon the subject, which is acknowledged to be one of great moment. "A place where mediums may find home comforts when they are out in the cold." His remarks elicited the closest attention, for they showed him to be a keen observer and not hasty in conclusions, and they were received by the ladies present as wise and friendly counsel and with gratitude.

Mr. Keenan, also an honorary member, and Mr. Whitman, each gave specimens of their elocutionary powers, which are highly artistic, and afforded much pleasure and gratification.

Mrs. H. M. Rathbun, a highly-gifted writing medium, read a communication which she wrote under the control of a spirit-guide of the H. H. S. It was fully appreciated.

Mrs. Decker presided at the organ while the overwelcome "Sweet By-and-By" was sung. Altogether the evening was very enjoyable, and after a generous collection the meeting adjourned.

New York, Nov. 14th, 1878.

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