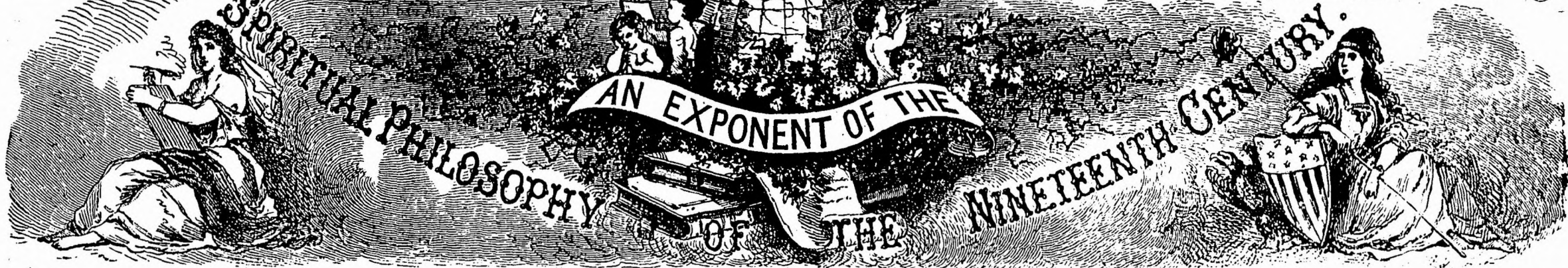


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The Rostrum.

THE NEW MIRACLES AND THE OLD FAITH.

A LECTURE BY ED. S. WHEELER,
Delivered in Parker Memorial Hall, Boston,
Mass., Sunday, January 19th, 1879; and before
"The First Association of Spiritualists of
Philadelphia," in Academy Hall, Phila-
delphia, Pa., Sunday, March 2d, 1879.

(Reported expressly for the Banner of Light.)

As a part of the exercises of the occasion, and introductory to his discourse, the speaker read the fifth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. Announcing his subject to be, "The New Miracles and the Old Faith," he called special attention to the statement ascribed to Jesus: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill."—Matthew, v. 17.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS IN BOSTON.

Preliminary to his lecture in Boston, Mr. Wheeler took occasion to remark: "There is no language that can adequately express what I feel as I stand face to face again with a Boston audience! I look over this assembly and see faces that I remembered last bending above the couch where I lay helpless, pressing, as it were, upon the confines of the spirit-world.

For all their sympathy, for all their help, I have been all these years in debt. If there is any good in me as an apostle of and worker for the truth—if there is any use for me as a man in the body—those men and the women before me here have been the means of keeping me still in the mortal, and more than myself are deserving any possible credit which may attach to the efforts I am privileged to make for the advancement of the ends of truth and progress so dear to us all. Without your sympathy, without your kindly help, without your loving hands under me when the waters were deep, I should not have been here to-day.

I cannot see you all, for since I left you some have gone behind the veil. I remember more than one; but of one I must and will speak. As I stand upon this platform I remember how in earlier days, and but a mere boy, I appeared before an audience in this city. Then, a positive will and a strong hand were beside me nerving me for my work in Boston. However much we may have differed in views, however much we may have clashed in opinion now and then, whatever else may have passed between us as I grew up and came along, I never have seen the need of counsel or the time when friendly advice was wanted in any good work, that I could not go to Dr. H. F. Gardner and find the assistance required. It gives me exquisite pleasure, now that he has removed to another sphere, to say this word in his remembrance. I was not present at the memorial meeting you held for him, but afar off in a distant city I felt to say to the people, when I heard of his decease, "Know ye not that this day a great man has fallen in Israel?" The tears filled my eyes and my heart was full. And now, though I see him not, I know that this day he is present with us."

THE DISCOURSE.

"THE BEATITUDES OF JESUS."—*Mr. Chairman and Friends*: It has not been without reflection, or with any irreverence, that I have introduced what I am to say by reading the often quoted fifth chapter of Matthew, that most remarkable portion of the New Testament. I am sincerely and profoundly impressed with the deeply religious nature of much embodied in the lesson we have read, and see, in the maxims of the peaceful "Sermon on the Mount," the divine principles of love and harmony, the only practical wisdom worthy respect and devotion by the human race. But I have not read from this book asking you to accept the text as an infallible authority. The beatitudes ascribed to Jesus are older than the Christian Era, more universal than a knowledge of the New Testament. They have descended to us as they came down to those who preceded us; they are older than their history, and, much as they have been revered, more divine by far than the world has comprehended. These golden quotations are destined to endure, forms of living truth, as long as humanity and religion exist in human consciousness. Still, I say, I read this book only as I read another book. Among the true and divine things we have considered are statements which, ascribed to Jesus though they may be, utterly fail to appeal to my intuitions, or satisfy in any way my reason. These crudities and falsities are also an inheritance from ancient heirs. Perversions of facts and distortions of truth, they change, and change, and change again, to be discarded from human intelligence and thought at last.

JESUS—MYTH, MAN, OR GOD?

Many of you who know me, my thought and talk, are aware I have not so much faith in Jesus as some of my friends have been educated to suppose they had. Even after reading the books and pamphlets of our friend, J. M. Peebles, I can find no solid historical evidence that any such man as Jesus lived, in any such way, at any such time, as is reported. In this, too, I have the concurrence of abler scholars than I can consider myself; scholars in the Church, as well as outside of the Church. Said a Christian scholar to me once, "If any man receives Jesus, even as an historical personage, the Holy Ghost alone enables that man so to believe!"

THE HUMAN-DIVINE.

Whether the man Jesus lived, I care less; but of the "Christ," I am convinced. I accept the idea of the human-divine, and realizing a living inspiration affirm that which I mean by the term "religion" to be an essential attribute or characteristic of human kind. It is useless to bandy words or fight about technicalities. By religion I mean the belief in spiritual things, the doing of good things, and reverence for beautiful and divine things. All this was prehistorically among men.

We have our dictionaries, our commentaries, and our many thousands of teachers; but after all, the trouble with most is that the definition is made too narrow, too technical; hence we are left to be egotistical, clamorous, sectarian.

I remember my first religious essay, and in review with my subsequent experience, it is instructive. I think I was very honest in my search for spiritual truth and true life, and intending to be very thorough indeed, I joined a Close Communion Baptist Church, was baptized in winter, out of doors, in a deep river, among floating ice. After a time, it occurred to me that outside of my Church there was religion even among Methodists, who, some of them, had been immersed deeply as I myself. By-and-by I began to see that even among Presbyterians there was truth and religion too—sprinkled though they were, one and all!

Still further, I concluded that all Protestant sects were in possession of religion. It was some time after that outburst of liberalism before I became satisfied of the religious character of the Roman Catholics. How complacently tolerant and superior I felt when I became willing to concede the general truthfulness and piety of all Christian sects and people! Certainly, it was a great thing!

RELIGIOUS GOODNESS UNIVERSAL.

But Christianity is a very small and narrow matter when we measure our receptivity by its limitations. I fell in with the Chinese analects; I read the Golden Rule in the words of Confucius and his maxim of reciprocity; I followed "the path" of Buddha and traced the course of the stream of inspiration and truth back to ancient Egypt, home to India, prolific "mother of the gods." It was not done in a day, nor without help, but it was done. I came at last to understand that a true patriotism was love of good government everywhere, and one should be ashamed to boast: "I am English, French, German, American," but rather exult as a man or woman of the great world. So I should be ashamed to say in pride: "I am Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, Christian, Mahometan, Buddhist, Brahman or Spiritualist!"

As principles are eternal, there can be no original and modern ethics, whatever modifications of good conduct, changing times, localities and conditions may require, or however the rule of life reaches us. I was compelled to admit the good of all, compelled to discern the truth of all these varied systems. Everywhere I found error, everywhere superstition; but running through the whole, like pure gold in threads, shining uncorrupted through decaying mummy clothes or rotten modern shoddy forever gleamed the line of truth, holding fast in moral sense and radiating the light of religion, the sum, the substance, the totality, "the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man," with all that may be logically deduced from that comprehensive statement.

"The old gods die," "Baldur the beautiful is slain, is slain!" The Grecian Parthenon crumbles in ruin, august in beauty, even in desolation. The Caves of Elephanta are abandoned; the Oracle is silent at Delphos; the tripod overturned. The forms of faith come and go, phantom-like; but the principles and truths which were the spirit and genius of every shrine, the burden of every prayer, the soul of every hymn, these live, and must continue, vital in the fact that, as our race is religious by nature, they are an essential part of the life of our humanity.

My perception of all this was not, as I have said, immediate, nor my progress that way direct. I had deeper water to swim than the freezing river I was so conscientiously immersed in at one time. The way to liberty lay at first through the cloudy land of doubt. Liberalized by thought to acknowledge many an error, I determined to build only upon the basis of reason and positive knowledge, and sincerely enough transferred reverence for a creed into devotion to science; at least to that which I considered such. Whatever could be demonstrated was, as I thought, alone worthy of attention, and whatever was upon "scientific" principles to me unaccountable, was, as I supposed, unworthy of investigation, and unfit to believe.

In this way I grew to be quite intelligent, according to my own notion of intelligence, and considerably wise, after my own idea of that which constituted wisdom. As my assumed knowledge seemed to increase my faith became obscured, and hope darkened.

THE IMPOSSIBLE.

I came to think that "science" had discov-

ered the boundaries of nature, and that I knew of the limitations of the impossible. These boundaries were those of my own faculties; the limitations those of my own ignorance. When I read in the Bible, or in the other similar books, of transcendent facts or supersensual things, I was too "scientific"; that is, too ignorant, to believe in them. The signs and wonders of the past seemed more weakness and superstition; evidence of the barbarism of our predecessors. When I read of Gideon's fleece of wool, which, as a sign to him, gathered dampness and was drenched in a dry night, and remained dry when exposed in a wet night, I was too "scientific"; that is, too ignorant, to believe in that. When I read of the hand that wrote in light upon Belshazzar's wall, I was too "scientific"; that is, too ignorant, to believe in that. When I read the New Testament of angelic ministrations, of an immortal life, of an infinite, all-wise, loving God and Heavenly Father, I was quite too "scientific," that is to say, altogether too ignorant, to believe in that!

I am not seeking to disparage science, or those who through science have served the race, and are still serving it in an ever-expanding horizon of usefulness. I hope I can appreciate the men who laid the corpse of that plague-stricken wretch upon the dissecting-table and faced a hundred deaths to find in that pestiferous carcass the secret knowledge which should enable them to save the lives of thousands! I hope I can appreciate men like Agassiz, who, walking straight forward the highway of investigation, could say, "I have no time to make money." I trust that I can properly admire and in degree understand men like Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall; for, while I make no assumption of their vast attainments in a knowledge of things, I have the idea, which may be conceit, that I understand them better than they sometimes express their knowledge of themselves—that they are building better than they claim to know, and that I can see it.

I have vast respect for earnest, honest men and women, in science or elsewhere; but I am not in love with a so-called "science" which makes a virtue of its own narrowness and bigotry, and would chain the mind to merely material methods of study; tracing us back to find our ancestry altogether in the chimpanzee's cousin, and the protoplasm beyond the monkey; or running us forward over the brink of the grave, resolved altogether into our correlative forces, to lose our identical humanity forever amid the mass of cosmic debris and broken-down rubbish stuff!

The science for which I reserve my honest praise is that of Profs. Wallace, Varley, Crookes and Zöllner, of Europe, and of Hare, Buchanan, Draper, Hallowell, Denton, Eccles, and others of like nature in America. I wish we could have more courage and magnanimity among scientists in this country; from a variety of causes, and because we republicans have made a Mumbo Jumbo of democratic public opinion, the average American scientist from Harvard, South and West, lacks the hardihood and courage of his own convictions.

The trouble, after all, has been that "scientists" were not themselves scientific. It is scientific to observe facts, and not, like Herbert Spencer, refuse to examine Spiritualism because you assume to have "settled the matter on *a priori* grounds." In science there is no place for egotism, conceit, prejudice and bigotry; yet scientists, as weak and wrong-headed as others, have given us notable examples of each and all of these follies and foibles.

The error of the past was that science was disparaged and the demonstration of facts discredited in favor of a presumptuous, dogmatic *theo xpy*. The mistake of to-day is, that "scientists" attempt to ignore and discredit facts, in favor of a presumptuous and dogmatic materialism.

Theologians once thought the prison the only fit place for that man who proved the motion of the earth. To the science of Bruno their response was a death of fiery torture to him who taught such science. To-day, Surgeon-General Hammond and his kind consider an insane asylum and a prison both deserved by those who report facts not included in their hypothesis; not amenable to their means and methods of analytic investigation; beyond their comprehension, or in conflict with their established notions and assertions as to the proper order of nature. All of which would be endurable were these persons as omniscient and infallible as they are vain and intolerant.

MAN, MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL.

When, on my voyage to Boston, the great Fall River steamer swept out of her slip and carried me along between the vast cities of Brooklyn and New York; as she rushed between the immense abutments of the Cyclopean East River Bridge; as I saw the great cables strung from shore to shore above our heads, I was full of admiration, and ready to cry out: Oh, what a creature is man! But after I found myself in Boston, as I remembered the long, long fight made here for freedom, for progress, and the giants who had toiled and yet left so much not free, not progressive, I was ready to again exclaim, in a different spirit indeed, Oh, what a creature is man!

Materially and in our comprehension of the external and sensual, we show up as genii and demigods. Witness the wonders we have achieved! But in the supersensual, in the spiritual, we are so undeveloped that many, and "scientists" at that, are ready to deny everything the senses cannot fully resolve, referring altogether to the realm of the unknowable and unthinkable, the very idea of spirituality. This is in part a morbid extremism, due to reaction against philosophic and theological assumption, and in part the consequence of our incomplete development in the faculties needed to match

and comprehend the phenomena by which we are surrounded.

We are disposed to imagine that, having eyes, we see all there is to be seen; having ears, we hear all that is to be heard; and that our external senses are, in fact, sufficient gauges to test the detail and sum of things, making our knowledge comprehend the facts of all existence and the entirety of the possibilities of the universe. But the fact is, as we come to know after study and experiment, that our senses, even in the best state of development and discipline yet attained, are only partial and incomplete measures of the actualities immediately next to us. We see but seven colors; there are surely more—seven hundred, maybe. We hear but a few octaves of sound along the scale; there are surely more—infinitely above and below, it may be, as the eternal future and the boundless past. The primitive conception of consciousness is the point, the God, the Masonic Centre—a beginning of time or space. Then repetition induces the idea of continuity, and the secondary conception of consciousness is the straight line, this way or that, down or up; and from these, the point and line, comes the third conception of consciousness, the idea of surface; and from all these we get the conception of the three dimensions of matter—length, breadth and thickness. But Tyndall tells us science has reached a point where further conquest in certain directions demands the use of additional human faculties. And Dr. Zöllner, of the University of Leipzig, argues the existence of a fourth material dimension, neither length, breadth nor thickness, of which Professor Eccles speaks as "the contents of the cube which length, breadth and thickness may outline."

In the growing super-sense of clairvoyance, in the evolution of psychometry, in the concomitants of various phases of mediumship, I see something more than the promise and prophecy of the added faculties demanded by Tyndall, and in the physical phenomena of Spiritualism appears the manifestation of the wonders of the fourth dimension of matter.

THE OLD FAITH.

I was advertised to speak upon "The New Miracles and the Old Faith." What that "Old Faith" has been, in the concrete, sifted from the chaff of sectarianism and conceit, I have outlined, and find in it that which I call religion, which, however we discuss our terms, means somewhat indispensable! The Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, and, logically therefrom, the ethics of the Golden Rule, after the manner of Confucius: "Do unto others as right and justice require should be done to you in like conditions"—not as garbled in the name of Jesus—these are the "Old Faith," the meaning of every creed. Divinity, Fraternity, Reciprocity—these are the Holy Trinity, and religion, all in all, is neither less nor more than believing the true and doing the good.

THE NEW MIRACLES.

The phenomena of Spiritualism which have astounded the world for the last thirty years, growing more and more startling and wondrous year by year—these I take liberty to denominate the "New Miracles," and shall show their relation to that which has preceded them. Of faith in God, of fraternal love, of justice and right, of believing the true and doing the good, of aspiring after holiness and desiring the beautiful, Spiritualism can sincerely say, in the language ascribed to Jesus: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill."—Matthew, v. 17.

We have been accustomed to consider a miracle as an occurrence or phenomenon, supernatural in its cause and supernatural in its manifestation. I am not ready to claim this for the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, for we use the term "Nature" more comprehensively than those who have preceded us. That they are superphysical in cause and supersensual in method, I affirm, and, using the terms in their unqualified old style sense, the phenomena of Spiritualism are in character preter-human and supernatural. I do not mean that they transcend natural law; I cannot imagine such a thing; but they do take place in a manner "science" has declared impossible; in defiance of what has been announced as natural law and by a method incomprehensible to us—a law, if law it be, utterly beyond not only our powers of observation, but beyond our imagination as well. The scientists have not been very much to blame after all, perhaps, in their treatment of the phenomena of Spiritualism. What in the world could a good, solid, opinionated *scient* do in the case? The very fundamental axioms of "science" have been ignored and belittled; if anything was safely carried, we might think the axiom that "no two particles of matter can occupy the same point in space at the same time" was established. But at the house of Dr. Phelps, of Stratford, years ago, and in hundreds of localities since, we are informed, solid substances have passed through a solid wall! How can any "scientist" meet such statements except, like Dr. Hammond, he exclaims, "A perfect humbug, sir! a palpable fraud, sir!" Even that, however, does not prevent the phenomena, nor discover the law and the cause.

Dr. Zöllner, of Leipzig, Germany, Professor of Astronomy in the celebrated university there, held a series of séances with Dr. Slade, the occurrences of which Zöllner critically and most intelligently observed, and an account of which he honestly and magnanimously published. It will not do to attempt to treat Zöllner, of Leipzig, this year, as Bruno was treated, not yet as American "scientists" abused Prof. Hare, of Philadelphia, a score or more years ago. Those of you who have read of the phenomena described by Zöllner know they involved the assumed impossibility of passing solids into and through solids, without rupture, displacement, derangement, or defacement.

We read that Zöllner upon his hypothesis of a fourth dimension, devised certain tests for the lower and intelligence supposed to act through Slade, and that the result justified his theory, meeting his expectations according to the supposed law. For instance, he securely sealed the ends of a piece of cord several feet long, to the surface of a piece of board, so as to allow the cord to hang loosely in the length of it, thus making a loop, or as sailors say, "a bight," in the cord. Now, if there is anything settled in science, men of science tell us it is decided solids cannot pass through solids; hence the idea of knots being tied in a rope with both ends sealed is an insane absurdity. Yet strangely enough, that was Zöllner's idea, and Zöllner was sane, and the absurd thing took place that, several times over, knots were tied in the cord while both ends were fast! Zöllner covered a piece of paper with lamplack, carbonized the surface, then placed it between two slates, and held the slates in his lap; presently he felt a pressure, and removing the paper, found somebody had stuck his foot through the upper slate without rupture, displacement, derangement, or defacement, and stamped the clear impress of the naked sole upon the carbonized surface of the paper!

Now I am aware these things were reported from Germany; we have not seen them; but if we give human testimony any value, we must accept these phenomena and accord the German scientist. If we refuse such evidence, every one of us must set up as his own complete and exclusive astronomer, geologist, chemist, naturalist, and anthropologist, regardless of all said, done, or recorded by others; to reject such testimony is to eliminate faith from human affairs, to destroy science, and be compelled to verify every circumstance and detail in person. Barbarism at one backward jump!

Even if we are required to refuse credence to what is said to have occurred in Judea, some eighteen centuries ago, many of us could refer to our own experience and observation to recall marvels as great as those observed in Leipzig and reported by Zöllner. I am not of necessity required to ask questions or accept statements from any one regarding these things, for the equal of them has come under my own personal and critical observation.

I am perfectly well aware of the liability to self-deception, argued in one way or another. I know more about psychology than most of those who undertake to assign it as somehow a sufficient cause for my seeing, hearing and knowing the things I am about to relate. I know, too, what legerdemain can accomplish, and have heard and read and known more than enough about frauds in mediumship—especially in physical phenomena, from the Cleveland Convention down to the present. Moreover I have had such persons as Von Vleck in my house day after day, and have been taught the tricks they practiced.

I have been counted an "anti-phenomenal" Spiritualist, because a dozen years or more ago I began extra careful investigations. If all the mediums were proved fraudulent at once, as many real and pretended ones have been, I could see no reason to discard actualities, or not to trust myself. I am little disturbed by failures, detections, *cepsus*, &c., &c. I am too sure of what I have seen to be disturbed by what others have not seen.

In my own residence, among intelligent friends, under the full blaze of two chandeliers, I am common with others—some of them in this hall and ready to testify—saw phenomena which by every scientific rule must be denounced as incredible and impossible. I can hardly believe them true, even after seeing them. I cannot wonder, should any one discredit my statement: the best of it is, that these miracles were not done in Judea eighteen hundred years ago, but in Philadelphia this winter. Moreover, whoever will call upon the now well-developed medium, William Powell, 422 North 8th street, Philadelphia, will doubtless, as hundreds have, see similar occurrences, or at least repetitions of a part of them. Thus I aver criticism of my veracity in the name of common sense, with which common sense my report is inconsistent, and leave the people, the "scientists" and the philosophers—the theologians too, if they will—to verify and substantiate my account, or else discover the falsity involved.

A REMARKABLE MEDIUM.

A few months ago, through circumstances not necessary to recapitulate, a woman—a very remarkable person—became a visitor at times, on exceedingly strange errands, to our house. A woman in the prime of life, in most robust health, very well educated, and of cultured manners. She came as a stranger, and a stranger she departed, strangely at the end. For her I can in no way vouch, but the manifestations in her presence seem to me to vouch for themselves. The woman claimed her development as a medium to be but recent, and that she came to us for advice and help. Both the house and the people now dwelling in it had become somewhat famous through their association with spiritualistic phenomena, at one time and another, for a series of years.

Whatever her purpose, she was fraternally received and kindly treated, not only on account of those who introduced her, but as well through philosophic and philanthropic considerations, and we began a series of strictly private séances, the details of which have never before been mentioned to a very few. The manifestations which took place were varied, and in the mental phases would be well worth an ample record; but they are not so directly illustrative of the present argument, hence I am inclined to merely refer to them as extraordinary in the high degree of intelligence made evident.

Among the physical manifestations we had

the *stigmata* as they have been reported in the annals of the Roman Catholic church, and the passing of solids through solids; also a unique and most remarkable form of "psychography." We had no cabinet, no ropes, no paraphernalia, but there were a dozen sharp eyes to observe, and in our own parlors everywhere a strong, steady, all-pervading light.

LIVING BLOOD MATERIALIZED.

The medium was not entranced, and we seated ourselves as in any company, and engaged in conversation. In the midst of a general discussion of books, art, politics, foreign and domestic news, in which the medium took a very intelligent part, she would suddenly rise to her feet, and thrusting out her hand into the full glare of gaslight, receive upon her palm—to my horror, I confess at first—a transparent and more of fresh human blood. I am confident I do not overstate the amount of blood thus received, for the hand ran and dripped with gore, and napkins were extensively stained and clothing stiffened by it. This was often repeated, and became common. Sometimes spots of fresh blood would fall upon the furniture, and once what appeared pieces of a lung came in that way. The utmost vigilance failed to detect any method by which this terrific phenomenon was simulated, or in any way induced.

SOLID THROUGH SOLID.

On one occasion four of us sat in the dining-room, which was well lighted at the time, as I had been writing a letter upon the dining-table. The back of the medium was turned toward a dish-cloth, some feet behind her, the doors of which were securely latched. Suddenly a silver fruit-knife fell at my feet. No one had moved as I saw. The knife had been in the closet; moreover, it had been left there opened; but when it fell at my feet it was shut. One of the ladies made a request that her thimble and scissors be thrown, the thimble was hurled across the room, but not the dangerous, keen-pointed scissors.

PSYCHOGRAPHY.

At various times the medium took a new, clean slate, and having merely and only the ball of the end of her first finger upon the slate, wrote with a gritting sound several words at a time, in bold characters and broad, free lines. The ball of the finger was paid to the very quick, and the finger-joint to be perfectly clean. It seemed, as if the finger had been turned to stone, and yet it suffered no change, even in appearance. The writing was at times in the lines, and again as if from a crayon, and with or without. The communications were but brief, and generally were announcements, often signed with names of Catholic saints, as, for instance, "I am with you—St. Joseph." I have no faith in "St. Joseph." Some times there were longer messages, but generally of a character to suggest the fact of writing thus done as a force impelling to the proper of the message.

Our medium being desirous, a house was procured for her a few doors from where we lived, and she came there in company with a Mr. Wm. Powell and his wife. There were two little girls, one belonging to the young Powell couple and one to our medium. Mr. Powell had been quite free in his speech concerning the manifestations of the slate-writing took place in his presence as well as elsewhere. At first thought the phenomena Mrs. Powell reported as occurring through the mediumship of her husband, but so many imitative tricks upon his part, but an interview with the heretofore critical and peering Powell himself convinced me of my mistake. I found him quite earnest and sincere, now that the matter had come home to him personally, and our medium being confined in her room, and ill, we saw more of his development. Our female medium soon recovered, and suddenly and mysteriously left us, going we know not where nor how. The *stigmata*, or exhibition of blood, was seen no more after the woman left, and the movement of ponderable objects by unseen power ceased in our house, but slate-writing without pen remained with the Powell couple, increased in power and became diversified in manner.

The medium, Mr. Powell, became at times entranced, and brief spoken communications were sometimes given, but they were of small importance compared to the wonderful writing. We invited a number of friends into the parlors, and they aided us in our investigations. There were several physicians among these people, there was a professor of *several modern*, a professor of chemistry, several experts of different kinds, gentlemen of the law, journalists and others; from first to last the utmost freedom of observation was allowed, and yet none of these persons could in any way ascertain any material cause for the things they again and again saw done before them. The scenes began always with a strong light in the room, the medium seated most prominently among us, any person who chose to do sitting closely by his side. When the entrancement came on, or whenever called for, a slate was laid upon his knees, or taken in his left hand. The right hand would be stretched out, and the first finger of the same presented. Every person in the circle was required to examine the finger before each act of writing, and yet nothing unusual was ever detected on or about the finger, except an increased and rather remarkable perspiration when the writing was being done. This extraordinary sweating did not always take place, but at times covered the body of the medium as well as the finger, and seemed abnormally induced by the effort to execute the writing.

The finger and slate having been most critically examined, the finger would be held up in the light and before all eyes brought slowly down on the slate, the ball of the finger alone touching the slate. The finger was brought down at a distance from the frame of the slate, every way, lest some speck of slate-pencil should be in ambush there. The slates we bought new at the time of the circle generally, and, taking charge of them ourselves from first to last, gave them away when written upon.

The ball of the finger would sometimes be moved back and forth on the surface of the slate for some minutes before the peculiar gritting sound which accompanied the writing would begin. Often we sat an hour, or even more, before the phenomena took place, but when the gritting sound was heard the writing soon became apparent. The writing varied very much in character—sometimes fine, sometimes coarse, sometimes exceedingly bold and free, as if done with a small crayon on a blackboard. Several times the medium took hold of another person's finger, and, pressing the same upon the slate, wrote through the intermediate finger, not touching his finger to the slate at all.

The writing, though brief, was always intelligent, often contained test communications beyond the knowledge of the medium, and sometimes gave answers in the most correct manner

to unspoken mental questions. The writing with the naked and entirely natural finger, having been done as described, the whole hand would be wrapped by us in one of our own handkerchiefs, or one supplied by a visitor, when the writing would be accomplished without the handkerchief, without rubbing or even soiling it. On several occasions the writing has been done without contact.

I laid a double-silicate slate upon the knee of the medium, and, seeing the slates were clean, asked for the writing to be done between them. The eyes of the small circle were all upon the medium, who, after a short time, moved his finger above the slates an inch or more from the surface of the cover, thus seeming to write in the air. I took the book or double slate, and, upon opening it, was astounded to find the words "Good night" very plainly written upon the inside.

EVIDENCE, REPORTS AND PROMISES.

Now all these things I saw and scrutinized most keenly. I was but one observer among many, but my own observations are all I insist upon as evidence. There was much more I saw I have not stated, and much credibly reported which I did not see. If I am to believe reports, drawings of flowers, &c., were made upon a slate at some distance from the medium, without any visible cause; the writing was done as if with a lead-pencil or piece of graphite on a piece of paper, and beside, on the wall, in the light, seven feet and six inches from where the medium stood, or rather where the end of his finger was forming letters in the vacant atmosphere. We have been promised that the writing should be done still further from the medium, and moreover, that it should also be done on the aerial surface, so that we should be able to plainly see the characters and sentences floating in the air. I don't know why I should distrust the promise of this last, after having witnessed the performance of what has been related.

UNKNOWN FACTS AND "COMMON SENSE."

I am well aware, as I have already said, how incredible the statements I have made must be; in fact, I almost feel even now that I am telling a lie, when I know the truth alone has been carefully uttered. "Common sense" teaches us all that the appearance of blood, as described, is preposterous. Yet the *stigmata* were a fact, and the blood was examined, and found to be human blood, and quite fresh, at least such was the report of professional persons to me. "Common sense" teaches us all that it is impossible to write on a slate with the ball of your finger, and yet the ball of the finger has been used to write with by two persons, and one of them has exhibited the fingers of others in the same series. We know, in all reason, that when a knife of silver is put in a closet, and the doors latched, the knife cannot come out unless the doors are opened. Yet there was a silver knife, as I am compelled to believe, in its usual place in a closet in my house, the doors of good solid workmanship, were latched, and yet without opening these doors the knife came across the room and fell at my feet! THE KNIFE CAME THROUGH THE DOOR! Solid through solid without rupture or displacement!!

Now, according to all we know in the relations of the three dimensions of matter, as length, breadth and thickness; or of the three forms of matter, as solids, liquids and gases, this thing I assert is impossible; I have no development, no organs, no faculties to comprehend the fourth dimension, or the fourth condition of matter, and am inclined to doubt the evidence of my senses in this particular; but, after all, I am not to be deceived by thinking I am deceived by my same senses, and, so lifting this affair above all cavil by those who simply "have not seen." I assert, upon my senses, and upon evidence: THE KNIFE CAME THROUGH THE DOOR! THE KNIFE CAME THROUGH THE DOOR!! I stand by my senses against "common sense," against my schooling, and against former experience.

THE PRACTICAL VIEW.

The morning after the séance during which the writing was done between the closed slates, I, on my way to my office, came across an acquaintance connected with one of our best Universities—a man of careful habits yet growing mind—who, assuming no title as a chemist and a physicist, is, although bound by his school, still ever eager to learn outside of what he has been taught and that which he teaches. Now this man has a sort of habit of waylaying me and interrogating me about new things I may have seen or heard of, which I take to be a true compliment, and an indication of the value of the medium of Spiritualism. On the morning of which I speak, he asked me the usual question, and in response I related the incredible facts of the slate-writing with the naked finger.

Now I am not an exceedingly amiable person, whatever appearances may indicate, and as some of those before me are aware, am uncomfortable in a quarrel. I think Spiritualists have quite too long and too much submitted to imputations of falsehood when stating the facts of their experience. I make it a matter of high principle to quarrel with, insult and abuse those who in any way charge me with falsehood. I bear less when the facts of Spiritualism are the subject of my statement, than when less important matters are discussed. [Applause.] My acquaintances know of my unlovely ways, and hence my friend, the chemist, did not undertake to question my statement, but undertook to excuse himself from thought by asking: "Well, after all, what practical good can come of the matter?" I, answering a question by a query, replied: "Can you tell any way, can you imagine any way, as a scientist, as a chemist—can you say how a clean, healthy human finger can be made to write on a slate?" He at once admitted he could not. "Can you," said I again, "tell or imagine a way in which such a clean finger could be so used as to write intelligent answers to unspoken mental questions put to persons long since deceased?" The chemist declared himself quite unable so to do. "You admit, perhaps," said I again, "that these phenomena are utterly beyond scientific analysis, if I have correctly reported them?" "If you have, they certainly are," said he. "Then," said I once more, "as *slate pencils have been developed to effect an economy in that little article.*" "That is absurd," said the chemist. "Yes, like the question which provoked it," said the Spiritualist.

It is to men and women of thought, of scientific culture and attainment, the phenomena I so imperfectly report recommend themselves for investigation. They fulfill all scientific requirements in the matter of verification: they can be produced and re-produced under like states and conditions, and are as yet quite unexplained or accounted for.

These, and such as these, varying in a thousand forms, vouch for by millions, obtruding upon our consciousness, surpassing our comprehension, incredible to "common sense," a puzzle to science, an as yet inscrutable problem to

reason, the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism are "The New Miracles." Their significance is of more value than many state pencils.

The effect is one of reconciliation and enlargement. I am very much relieved to find that after all the bygone generations were not the knaves, cowards or imbeciles the unqualified modern verdict would make them appear. When we observe the phenomena of the present, we are compelled to credit the wonders of the past.

The horizon of the possible becomes demonstrable things we of late have seen. We discover that science has underestimated the universe, and has small reason to assume the authoritative manner. Faith revives and hope is born again. Science is just begun; there is room for imagination still, a chance for poetry once more. Our intuitions may not be in vain if these impossible things are possible. If they have really occurred beyond question, what need be dogmatically denied which "The Old Faith," in its essentials, affirmed?

The human soul may be possible; heaven may be possible; God may be possible. Eternal progress may be our destiny and everlasting happiness the universal fate. To keep these possibilities in view; to avert the total eclipse of faith; to enlarge the scope of science; to enable philosophy and advance religion; is the heaven-controlled mission of Modern Spiritualism; and to the thoughtful soul still its inspiration speaks, saying ever, as of old: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." Amen! Amen!

THE IMPROVIZATION.

At the close of the discourse in Boston, Mr. George A. Bacon rose in the audience and said that, inasmuch as he, in behalf of the committee of management, being aware of the inspirational gifts of the speaker in former years, had, without consulting Mr. Wheeler, advertised in the city papers that the utterance of the occasion would include a poem improvised by the speaker upon a subject selected by the audience, he moved that Mr. Wheeler be requested to consent to the (to him) unexpected arrangement.

An affirmative vote was the immediate result, when the speaker stated he had to plead guilty to not reading the papers, having been so ill as to be confined to his room previous to the lecture; but that so far as his conditions permitted he was at the service of the audience, and whatever intelligence or influence could further his aspiration for the general edification and satisfaction. Mr. Wheeler suggested that several subjects be nominated and that one be chosen by vote. The themes proposed by different persons in the assembly were: "Creation," "Science" and "Liberty." Although the last was chosen by acclamation yet all three of the important topics mentioned were made subjects of mystical poetic statement, philosophic generalization and religious contemplation.

THE POEM.

CREATION, SCIENCE, AND LIBERTY.

CREATION.

Stars dome the earth, unseen by day;
By night they sparkle fair,
Translucent through your ether vast
And through the lower air;
Harmonious in their spheres they keep,
Forever onward rolling;
Their perfect order held for aye
By one Great Soul controlling.
Through every atom knolling still,
This power, with downward sweep,
Enfolds the planetary world
And inferscope deep.
Abysses—these toils are naught;
Eternity but one.
Faith speaks from God the living thought,
And lo! the whole is done!
Bursts forth a sun upon your sight?
Do solar systems rise?
And new, bright stars begin the night,
To light your northern skies?
'Tis but a thought
That takes shape,
And from God's soul
Doth swift escape!

SCIENCE.
Locked fast in law, in order still,
In concord ever sweet,
Forever speeds the Master-Will
And keeps the plan complete.
Divinity! Eternity!
These mighty themes are ours;
For from the Great Heart Divine
We draw our human powers.

Boundless the ethereal spaces vast
Before our eyes outspread;
Sublime the lessons that we teach,
Sublime the path we tread!
The power of mind, the light that flows
From heaven's pure heights above,
Shall lift your souls to grander thoughts,
Shall fill with warmer love.

LIBERTY.

There is no bound; there is no stay;
No limit-bar let fall;
God freely gives; he gives for aye,
And, lo! he giveth all!

A Revival

In Truth and Progress Among the Adirondacks at Schroon Lake, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Last September was the first time that we had the pleasure in this section of the country of hearing a lecture on Spiritualism. It was delivered by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham of New York, who gave good satisfaction, and the meeting was a grand success. She left many warm friends among us. The able speaker, Cephas B. Lynn, was to speak for us, but sickness prevented.

Through the recommendation of Mrs. Brigham we obtained the services of Mrs. Abby N. Burnham of Boston, an able lecturer and test medium, who spoke for us a few times, her efforts being attended with great success. The giving of her tests was a notable feature of her meeting, they being so direct and to the point that many doubters on listening thereto, were convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. All were sorry when the time of her departure came. She leaves many warm friends among us, who anxiously long for her return.

There is an awakening among the people here, and the time is not far distant when the truth will be proclaimed, and such a paper as the *Banner of Light* will be in every hamlet among the Adirondacks.

THE SEPTEMBER CAMP-MEETING.

If we do not have the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Burnham before our camp-meeting at Schroon Lake in September next, we will then expect to hear her, with such other able speakers as Mrs. Brigham, Cephas B. Lynn, etc. Let all true Spiritualists and Liberals put their shoulders to the wheel in the advancement of truth and progress.

Yours in harmony,

C. F. TAYLOR,
J. D. CHENEY,
JAMES FOWLER.
P. S.—Liberal papers please copy.

PENUMBRAL COGITATIONS.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

"Believe you, then, no preternatural influence?
Believe you not that spirits throng around us?"
—Coleridge.

I certainly do. How dark and desolate this life or world would be to me if I did not! If the external or material was the all of it, who would wish to have ever lived? Certainly I would not. Could I have had my choice, with the prophetic knowledge of the joys and griefs that were to constitute my unfolded life, of entering in and being an atom in the dynamics of vital statistics, or forever remaining asleep in the crust of the earth, my choice would certainly have been the latter. I am aware I am speaking as a materialist—which I am not—when I speak of man as a product of matter, for I know the real man is a spirit; his body only, like his raiment, is a material manifestation; a materialization, if you choose.

In a worldly sense, that is, as a human being without any future spiritual expectations, my life has not paid. The balance of the account is on the wrong side; more shadow than sunshine. If my life was a necessity—that it must needs be that I awake into this life and take my chances—then I am glad it came when it did and is more than half over, for it could have been much worse; and now, with my large balance of shadow, I would not dare to change myself with other people; it might be going further and faring worse; for, notwithstanding my preponderance of shade over sunshine, I feel that my life is sunnier than the average of humanity. I have been endowed with a good deal of human sympathy, and the lines of Pope have ever found lodgment in my soul:

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

A large amount of the "grief and shadow" pages in my life's ledger is born out of that sympathetic element in my composition; my private record shows it; but of that I am not proposing to write. There has been spiritual gain accruing to me for that, and I would not dare to have jumped my duty in early or in later life, and taken my chances, for fear of thus having jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. Purple, fine linen and equipage would not compensate for neglected duties that I was born into in my early home and domestic and social surroundings. I know some have died blessing me, and yet I did not do all I could, because I had to paddle to keep from sinking myself as well as to attend to such. But on the credit side of my life I have had remarkable health, freedom from physical pain, pleasant home surroundings, a hopeful organization and a disposition to look on the bright side of things; and yet, for all that, I have been a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs, and the chastisements of others have fallen on me, and by my stripes they have been healed. It is possible I have had my reward. Perhaps my health, my hope and my cheerful outlook may be due to the griefs that have been vouchsafed to me. When I pray, which is none too often, I thank Deity for my sorrows as well as my joys, for some of them have been blessings in disguise. Still I repeat what I said at first, standing, as I probably do, on the pleasant side of the equator of human life, that if the external or material was the all of life, that if it was bounded by this world, and there was no other or future one, I would not have wished to have lived; I would have preferred to have slept forever in the stone.

Modern Spiritualism, by supplementing this life with another, has contributed an element to my being so that I have none of the prenatal regrets that I otherwise would have had (supposing such a proposition possible). I am delighted to have had the privilege of waking up into this life, for the sake of the other which is only reached through this. There are some people who have been born with an intuitive knowledge that the tomb is never to receive them; blessed are all such, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven here and hereafter. I am not one of them, and they seem also to be scarcer in this selfish material age of the nineteenth century than in times gone by. Theodore Parker was one of such; he told me he no doubt of the future life; if he had any doubt, it was whether this life was real. I have found others so constituted, not always among the great, but in the private walks of life. I have most always found this intuitive knowledge of which I am speaking to be in people who more or less belonged to a "divine revelation" was concerned, that is, this Parkeristic satisfaction referred to was not rooted in any evangelical notions, or in a faith that Christ died for sinners, and rose again; the faith in a future life of persons resting on such a source never seemed to me to hold water in an emergency, and their lives gave no indications of such a living faith as they professed to have. I certainly had no such inward conviction, or any threads of it sufficiently exposed in my understanding to get hold of or connect with; to me it required the external evidence that Modern Spiritualism gives, and without knowing much about immortality, the fact that I shall consciously survive the death of my body, I am as sure of as I am of anything outside of my personal existence, and as the roots of a plant in the soil are a necessity for the life of sunlight of the plant itself, so I consider this mundane life the root of the plant, or the germ in the soil of the John Wetherbee who is yet to enjoy the sunshine above the ground and in the Summer-Land.

Since my experience of Modern Spiritualism, and the consequent cogitations, I have discovered threads of thought in my mind that were too far below the surface of perception for utilization without such aid, but which have been made more vivid *ex post facto*; so that now I have the inner, or intuitive conviction of its truth, as well as its sensuous proof. My object, in saying so much of myself, or my feeling, in this somewhat egotistic manner, is for a setting for the statement thoughtfully made, that this life, without the continuance of it beyond the grave, is not a success, and if my condition is an average one, and I think it is, and better, then it would seem to me as though this world, from a human point of view, without a belief or a knowledge of a future one, is indeed, as the ancient has said, a vale of tears.

Look then upon Modern Spiritualism as the brightest light that has shone into this world, bringing as it does life and immortality to light, and I welcome this life with joy, with all its frictions, griefs and struggles, because it is the passage-way to the other. Modern Spiritualism means, also, that there is an invisible intelligence surrounding, influencing, and communicating with us, generally intuitively, sometimes sensibly and sensuously, and often indirectly, through sensitive persons who are thereby mediumistic, and occasionally for a purpose, and

sometimes we learn the purpose afterwards. Occasionally, when the conditions are exactly right, we have positive identity, but this is not often, and there is wisdom in the fact that identification is far less frequent and far more difficult than the general manifestation of a spirit. Identification, with all its satisfaction, is not essential for a positive knowledge of the life hereafter, for the manifestation of an invisible intelligence, that is unmistakable, whether identified or not, shows that the lines are open, and if one can communicate then all can, great and small, good and bad, for the conscious survival of one soul that has shuffled off its mortal coil establishes the fact of the survival of all.

My little girl died many years ago, a child of seven years. She is now a young woman, and to me is a real and a radiant maiden. I have always felt, and so has the mother, that she is one of our family still; I know it to be a fact, if I know anything, and I think the realization of the fact has had a great influence on me. Let me relate an incident that the thought of her now suggests, and how all argument pales by the side of it, or pales without it. The medium, who was one of my household, sat by the little table sewing; my little boy (he was little then) heard a rap on this table, and, noticing it, said, "Is that you, Hattie?" It rapped three times. "It says yes, father." "Well," says I, "talk to it." "Have I been a good boy to-day, Hattie?" said he. "Yes," replied the table, with three raps. Just then the supper-bell rung, and the boy said, "Hattie, will you talk some more after supper?" Says I, "Why don't you ask her to come down to tea with us?" He did so, and the table tipped three times, instead of rapping, and he, leaving it, the table appeared to be as good as its word, for it followed the boy to the chamber door, made a very short halt at the threshold, as it had slid along, then jumped over the threshold, and slid along, following the boy to the head of the stairs, tipped a recognition, and then was quiet. Not a living soul touched that table. It was in the summer time and before sunset, so it was perfect daylight. The lady who had the mediumistic power followed the table, as we all did; we did not know what it was up to. The medium felt influenced to follow the table; it probably required her continuity for its movement, but not her contact. I think that was Hattie communicating through that table, interesting her little brother, and certainly interesting me. Could there be any better evidence of the presence of an invisible intelligence that answered to the name of my daughter and heard the invitation of the little boy to come to tea, and not only replied to it by tipping "Yes" in the usual way, but moved, unaided and to the surprise of all of us, in the direction of the dining-room? This is but one incident among thousands in my experience, and all the frauds that may ever occur, whether they do or not, never will move me or affect the manifestations of invisible intelligence that I know, like the above, are genuine, and while owing much intellectual gratification to the wise words of gifted speakers and fine writers, I must give the high place to phenomenal Spiritualism, for through it, and not through preaching, have I found that I have eternal life; not that I love the latter less, but I love the demonstration of post mortem life more.

Further Experience of an Old School Physician in the Treatment of Disease with Magnetism.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As favorable mention has been made in your columns of my article in your issue of Dec. 21st, I am disposed to offer for publication another instance that has just come under my treatment. Here, also, I make an extract from my record of cases:

Case XVII.—Jan. 29th, 1879, I was called to attend Mr. S. S., a carpenter, aged fifty-five. I found him suffering most intensely from a sudden and most violent attack of spasmodic Asthma. This was his second attack, the first having occurred two months previously, while I was absent on a vacation.

He had retired at an early hour in the evening, as was his custom, feeling as well as usual, though his wife had noticed that he had sneezed several times during the afternoon, and told him she thought he must have taken cold. But he had no chilliness or other symptoms of a cold. Toward the latter part of the evening he became very restless, accompanied with difficult breathing. At half past nine o'clock, less than an hour after the first symptoms of difficult breathing, I was sent for. I found him, as above stated, suffering the most intense agony from a sense of suffocation produced by the difficult breathing. I did not count the number of respirations per minute, but I think they must have been nearly three times as frequent as in ordinary health. He was sitting up, leaning forward and gasping for breath. He was unable to speak. An intensely anxious expression was upon his countenance, and the perspiration was actually dripping from his face and hands, and his whole body was in a dreadful sweat.

On the plea that I wished to make a medicinal application to his chest, I prepared a simple but inert solution, which I applied to the trunk of his body with my hands. Thus I was enabled to apply the magnetic treatment in disguise, and with the happiest result. In less than fifteen minutes there was a marked abatement in the difficulty of breathing. I continued the treatment for an hour, occasionally dipping my fingers in the solution, for appearance sake, and I had the satisfaction of seeing a most wonderful change for the better. Expectoration, very slight or wholly absent at the beginning, was now established, although at my marked relief. The frequency of breathing had diminished one half in the hour. The whole aspect of his case was changed; and yet I had given him no medicine. In two hours from the time I first saw him I left him for the night, quite comfortable. In fact, he was so much like himself that he wanted a chew of tobacco.

On my visit the next morning I found he had passed a comfortable night, having slept quietly for several hours, and he now bids fair to be able to resume his customary duties in three or four days.

The second day Mr. S. was able to be dressed and about the house. He is now about as well as before the last attack.

In his sickness of two months ago, when he was attacked in precisely the same way, he received the allopathic plan of treatment, probably just as I should have treated him two years ago. For several days he was not expected to recover, and he was under medical treatment for about five weeks, for which he has received the physician's bill for sixty dollars. However congenial to the pecuniary interests this mode of treatment may be to physicians of the old school, I must think their patrons would prefer the magnetic plan, if this man's case is a fair example of the two modes of treatment.

I have reported this case, not for self-aggrandizement, for, for the present at least, I prefer to remain *inop.*, but in the hope that other old school physicians who may read this account may be induced to investigate and make trial for themselves of magnetism as a remedial agent; and also that those who may be suffering from the ailments to which flesh is heir, may be willing to have this very ancient method of curing the sick applied in their own case.

February, 1879.

MEDICUS.

Read "Penumbral Cogitations," by John Wetherbee, Esq., on second page.

'To the Editor of the Beacon of Light:

and many other powerful manifestations,) some of her band, on whom she relied to keep out intruders, have told her and me that they could not always see lower spirits who entered, and that, particularly when engaged in speaking, they could not be on the watch to discover those who were ever ready to creep in, either for the purpose of making trouble or simply to call attention to themselves. The gentleman whose letter I have made use of in the above quotation, spoke also of the séances at The Hague—referred to by Mr. Williams—in which the manifestations of some of our best mediums are duplicated as nearly as possible by trickery, the natural consequences of such exhibitions being to arouse skepticism, particularly as the person who is so clever in getting up these entertainments is a Spiritualist. I will also state that Mr. Jeffrey Simmons, who has had years of experience with mediums, believes that he has had abundant evidence to prove that the various articles might well have been brought and

you see me now?" were asked. I never saw a lovelier materialization of a male face, one that was of so truly spiritual a beauty. We saw the head take form from what appeared to be a luminous vapor. Several times it floated toward us, but although we heard the eager question, "Do you see me?" asked close before us, it was some time before substance enough was gathered to make the features visible to our eyes. At last, however, we saw them quite distinctly, although the whole head, face and drapery remained so ethereal that except in being life-like and having visible outlines it bore no resemblance to human flesh. The lids drooped over the eyes, and I did not see them raised, but the lips were quite flexible, and the voice proceeded from them. Now a bushel basketful of robes and beads could no more account for such manifestations as these than the bit of pencil said to be hidden under Slade's finger nail could account for writing between locked slates in languages unknown to the medium. How any one can see what we saw, and not be assured that no fraud could produce such effects without apparatus that could not be hidden from those who are at liberty to search the room directly before and immediately after a séance, is something I do not understand. I have never seen a man who appeared more honest and simple-minded than does Mr. Williams; but if he were ever so ready to cheat, and also the cleverest of tricksters, he must have some visible means by which to produce these floating and talking faces; and if such exist they certainly should have been discovered long ago; and be it remembered, too, that this medium put himself into the hands of the Examining Committee of the British National Association of Spiritualists, and passed the ordeal unscathed. LOUISA ANDREWS.

London, Eng., March 10th, 1879.

To produce real genuine sleep and childlike repose all night, take a little Hop Bitters on retiring.

instrumental, of rare excellence, will be furnished by the Children's Lyceum, Mrs. P. A. Wieland, Prof. J. J. Watson, Master E. H. and Miss Annie A. Watson, Prof. Justin Juch, Mr. J. V. Brown, I. G. Withers, and the Elect.

will be entitled to a copy of the BANNER OF LIGHT one year, provided a marked paper is forwarded to this office.