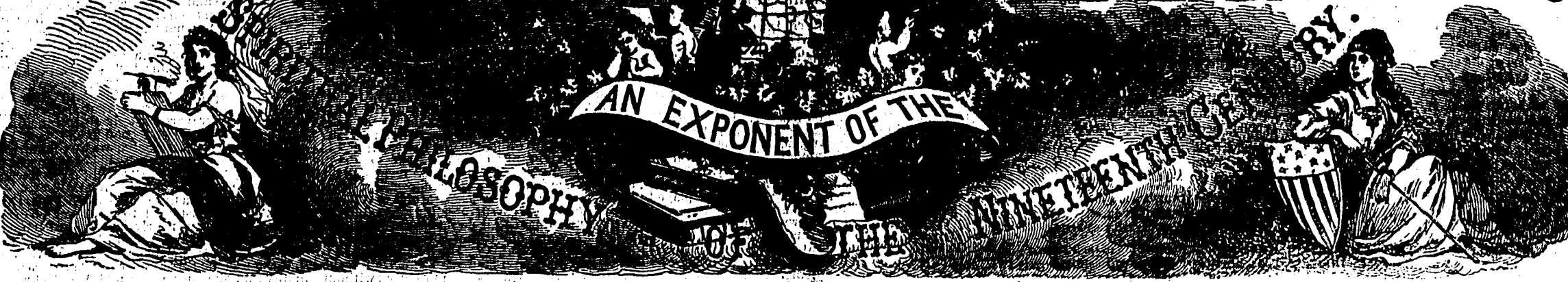


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## The Rostrum.

### THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST: WHEN IS IT TO BE?

An Address Delivered in Everett Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday Evening, March 21st, 1880, through the Mediumship of MRS. F. O. HYZER.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Friends: I thank you for the question you have propounded to me to-night. However often I may have spoken upon this subject, it is ever new to me. In the very sound upon my ear of the name of Jesus I hear the unclashing of a golden spring from the infinite volume of unutterable poetry. My heart glows with renewed adoration of the Giver of perfect gifts, and my pulses beat with spiritual exultation and thanksgiving for the glorious boon or fact of a self-existent help with him to the immeasurable treasures of eternity. Yet the name could have no charm for me—could in no degree quicken my brain to reason or my heart to praise or my soul to joyfulness, did it exert an enslaving or contracting influence upon the nature of either one of these departments or faculties of my being.

In its nature it bound me to any one-sidedness in thought, to one desire to restrict the mind of another or limit one sense of adoration in a single heart to the outlines of my ideal at the expense of its own healthful, natural unfoldment, the name would be to me no magical unclasher of the sacred volumes of divine revelation; but because through the souls of countless millions it has rolled on for centuries, gathering to itself the divine power of bearing humanly upward to loftier heights and broader planes of aspiration to, and inspirations from, the fountains of eternal and impartial Love; because it hath echoed and retold the voice of God to the weary, the sorrowful, the oppressed and despairing; uplifting the burdened, comforting the mourner, delivering the enslaved and illuminating the pathway of the exile, the wanderer and the outcast, it has become a magnet to thousands upon thousands of the human race; and touched by the magnetic waves of inspiration from the divine thoughts and emotions of those to whom God hath given charge concerning us, it rises to a flame of adoring fire, and springs forth from heart to heart, from soul to soul, fusing and blending them, as it were, in one, through the silent, subtle, but irresistible force of "Logic set on fire by Love."

Unlike the honored names of Plato, Socrates and Confucius, it does not represent an individual to our thought, but a PRINCIPLE. It does not typify a man, but the spiritual destiny of MANKIND. The slaughters and tortures and martyrdoms perpetrated in its name have not dimmed its glory or stained its love-consecrated purity. The corruptions of men have not soiled it, the lusts of Mammon have not contaminated or degraded it; the billows of Time's tempestuous, storm-lashed ocean have not extinguished its immortal radiance. Upon the highest, blackest waves of the soul-anguish of human life it gleams and burns, the royal signet-jewel of the Master, in fulfillment of the blessed promise of the Comforter that should enlighten every man that cometh into the world. Beneath its magical illumination the billows lie down in slumber, and the sun pales in glory before the splendor of the lamp that lights the Holy City of Love—the city where night's shadows never fall and the wall of the sorrowing is heard no more forever—for the smile of the living God illumines, and the sweet, imperishable peace that passeth all understanding hath wiped the tear from every cheek, and supplanted with the freshness and beauty of immortal youth the weariness of time and the burden of mortal tribulation.

If I hold in my hand a piece of stone from the Rocky Mountains, a bit of broken sculpture or pottery from the long-buried ruins of Pompeii, a chip of bone from a disintegrated Egyptian, or of any substance whatever, I hold a volume of a clearly-written history of locality and personality, which admits, through the searching eye of "Psychometry," of no misstatements of "original language," no concealments of the writer's motives or meanings, no typographical errors or misrepresentations. Then why cannot a name so highly charged with divine magnetism as that of Jesus of Nazareth, lead us through his glowing life-history to the very life-centres of the Christ, of which *vine* he was so fruitful a branch—the all-redeeming principle of eternal Love? Thus conscious of the power of my question, I reach up my hand to my inspiring teachers, and they lead me forth upon the sea of your thought, which, sweeping toward me in its power of unity, sinks not beneath the pressure of my faith, but gives me back of its soulful sympathy and intellectual appreciations, until I feel uplifted nearer and nearer, higher and higher, toward the land of the river that flows from the white throne of eternal Truth. If one could stand before you to-night clothed in the shining raiment of an archangel, and answer your question arbitrarily by saying "The second coming of Christ will be in 1880," or in any other year to be, giving you the comparative data of the event, in what manner could you assure yourselves of the truth of the statement? To-night, under the stimulus of so extraordinary an event as the coming into our midst of a descending angel, we might not question the authority presented. But the nature of all organic life is relative, and until *light* becomes *life*, it can only illuminate us transiently, for we glow in its borrowed beams, and have no power to

hold them permanently. One of our greatest poets has said, and I think very truly, that the oftener we resolve in light, and reflect because of non-fulfillment of the resolution into *life*, the weaker we grow in relation to the possibilities of actualizing our ideal of a pure and Godlike character. But growth, actual unfoldment from a lower to a higher plane of understanding, becomes positive into giving, instead of remaining negative unto the influences of dissolution; hence it only reflects spherically for the perpetuation of its own momentum, and upon its own axis of revolution, wheel-like, only turning unconsciously backward, thus to preserve the self-governing power of moving continuously and progressively onward. The mind of man never retreats from knowledge. He may learn to-day that twice two are four, and however much his spirits may be depressed, or however great may be the change in his circumstances, he still knows that twice two are four. One cannot retreat from *light* that has become *life*. The inebriate, under the stimulating influence of wine, thinks himself much taller, or larger, or stronger than he really is, yet when the reaction from that excitement comes, he feels himself even far below his own normal self.

We cannot fail to see that there are to-day many persons calling themselves Spiritualists, who are following after every form of test-mediumship, in search of more evidence of the immortality of the soul; and while phenomena multiply, the phenomena of inter-spherical communion upon his reason, he is still uncertain, and, from doubting his immortality at first, pushes his investigation of evidence until the more palpable becomes the demonstration of the truth for which he is seeking, the more he comes to doubt the reality of his own normal senses. So often has he thought himself convinced, and found himself mistaken regarding the firmness of his belief, his reasoning faculties have collapsed from too constant heating and cooling, and at length have so fully ceased to serve him that he may clasp his angel child to his yearning heart, feel her kiss of love upon his brow, hear the sweet melody of her voice, and yet, ere the earth again revolves upon its axis, his poor depleted senses fear they have neither seen, nor touched, nor heard the precious treasure of his yearning father-love. How could this sickly, morbid state of the mind have been prevented? Only by blocking or supporting the wheels of the investigation of this transcendent revelation of the love and wisdom of High Heaven, at every resting point of the great route through the tares and brambles and underbrush and thorns of past superstition and dogmatic opinions, by a unity of special phenomena with universal phenomena, through a deep and continually unfolding system of a philosophy of correspondences, the golden magnets of which should draw into its magic circle all demonstrations and systems of known sciences, all developments of all religions, all harmonies of poetry, all revelations of universal life and love, however radiant their splendor, however simple and humble their proportions. Thus unified with universal truth, its special demonstrations are held fast linked in the bonds of circumstantial evidence of the absolute Centres to whom we call the Infinite, Great First Cause, or God. Thus Truth folds us to her bosom, and from her maternal embraces there will never be an exile, or a wanderer going forth from his divine inheritance of a love of the Good that casteth out all fear of the Evil—from the peace or unity of feeling with intellect which maketh him greater than he that taketh a city.

From such a point on the way of inquiry after truth do I wish to answer, or help you to answer, the question before us to-night. Shall we not leave the *man* Jesus for a while, and search for the *spirit* of the flesh and blood, the Christ or anointed first-born of the overshadowing Life which we call God? I think we may well cry out to-day, with Mary at the sepulchre, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Truly we have so long contended over the merits and demerits, the possibilities and impossibilities of the word or personality, that we have failed to cherish and live the spirit of the word which giveth life. So long have we reasoned or tried to reason objectively in relation to the history of Jesus, that we have failed to realize subjectively the living, soul-redeeming Christ. Let us to-night, then, cease for a while all contention or speculation regarding the picture or copy, and search for the original of the picture in the realms of subjective truth, or life within ourselves. Let us, if we can, find Christ or God or eternal facts *within*, and then we can judge far better if there be a need of such a character as that of Jesus. If we find the need in the laws of our being, we shall see the justice and law of justice by which the need should have been supplied; and contention with regard to the exact data relating to the time or circumstance of that supply will grow less inflammable, sink into comparative negation, allowing simple corresponding history a graceful pose of rest, whereupon she can sleep between the lids of the Bible, as quietly and naturally as a child nestled in the bosom of mother-love.

God, the incomparable SELFHOOD, swears by Himself, having nothing beyond Himself to swear by. Man, the epitomized selfhood, should and must do the same, that he may be a child of the Father who is in heaven, or self-harmony. Let us see if there is anything in the nature of our being requiring sacrifice, or atonement to the Infinite. Turning selfishly, I find organic life, or personality, involves a responsibility, or an absolute necessity of a consciousness on the part of a selfhood, of its relation to something larger, higher, lower, mightier than myself, in whose superior selfhood my own doth live, and move, and have its being. Moving one step further, I discover that to live in this eternal life involves my own immortality. Once a necessity to this Infinite Self-Being, forever a necessity. INFINITE NECESSITY can have no termination. Finding my immortality, or deathless personality, unescapable, or irrevocably settled, I question of the ways and means of its self-perpetuity, and at once I find that eternal life is eternal action, involving eternal mutation of parts, that the whole may remain immutable. Thus I learn that there could be no Infinite without the finite; no finite without change; no change without a law of demand and supply; no action of the laws of demand and supply without a corresponding sense of all these realities, for Infinite Mind involves Infinite Consciousness. Thus I find my senses, or consciousness, legitimate and loyal to God, or my Over-Soul, and fear not self-questioning, realizing that through the exercise of my own faculties, through the development of my own emotional and intellectual being, I am finding the commandments of my God, or the Infinite Revelator. Thus within myself I hear the thunders of his voice on Sinai; within myself I see the flames of the burning bush; within myself I find the entire poem of the Garden of Eden, or the primal innocence; the tree of knowledge forbidden me to eat, on penalty of my dying in that hour to my former state of ignorance of the nature of my being; the temptation of Intuition by the subtle influences of the Wisdom which was driven forth by Infinite law into chaos, or primal, nebular matter, to lead the *first born* of every world to a realization of its destiny of tolling

and overcoming forever, for the preservation of the imperishable, limitless, fathomless Self-Necessity of Being. In myself I find within all this a sense or comprehension of a choice between states and sensations; a desire for happiness; a dread of pain; a choice over which something rules irresistibly, to which I have to yield absolute obedience, at whatever cost to any state, or quality, or condition, of my own nature of emotion or intellect.

Here I first learn of sacrifice. Here I discover that one state is succeeded by another, under the operation of laws over which my choice has no jurisdiction, but where through I also discover a gradual but sure unfolding from darkness into light, from deformity into beauty, from weakness into strength, from germinal form to blossom and fruitage, and ere I am aware I stand before the high revelation of that love of the eternal God written in letters of flame on every particle of universal matter, in every spark of universal spirit. "Nothing can be quickened except it die." Here I find the death, or sacrifice, and the quickening, or the resurrection, are an inseparable unity; hence I find the living reality of infinite self-sacrifice unto infinite resurrection, as clearly, palpably demonstrated as the fact of a centripetal and centrifugal action for the preservation of the motion of our earth upon her axis; and divine meditation becomes as fixed a reality in my comprehension of existence as existence itself. Thus atonement becomes the sacrificial fulfilling of the laws of progressive unfoldment, and now that I have found the living Christ, or self-redeeming Law—the glorious son of virgin-matter overshadowed by the invisible Genius of Life, or the Divine Artist of form, I find no difficulty in corresponding this living principle to the life of the one who first taught it to mankind, or at least to the one who alone transcribed it in his life to me, the first-born type of the soul's resurrection from the self-destruction of mutation—Jesus of Nazareth. Thus corresponded, we see how God is sacrificed to Himself to appease His own necessities of attractions and repulsions. Here religion and science, the poem and the poet, the law and its symbol, vindicate each other, and the first coming of a redeemer having been found within the second coming, can only be the returning tide of the same soul-necessity of our planet and her humanity, and will be discerned at such points first as show the correspondence between the regular, normal unfoldment of the ages of time as related to eternity, the peculiarities of race and the varieties of typical representation of that Comforter and Resurrector.

The more clearly we see the unities of this Christ or Redeeming principle, the nearer and closer we shall feel its presence within and around us. When we can see him glowing in love and uplifting attraction in every form of worship; when a glow of seven-fold light his glory shall span the arching heavens and rest upon the ether-bellings of both the Orient and the Occident; when Christ and Christianity shall cease to antagonize, and the light shall have become incarnate in *men* as it was eighteen hundred years ago in *man*, we shall have become so well acquainted with the life of Christ that we cannot content regarding his picture, though it be named Buddha, Jesus or Mahomet. Then we shall see the nature of the need of a great guide or example to move on before us to demonstrate the practicability of the ideal of a divine life incarnate in humanity—a model brought outward, clothed in flesh, to show how pure and Godlike and unselfish and just the spirit can hold itself in clay; and we who have been taught through history to look for this embodiment of the ideal of the divine man in Jesus, more closer to him still, as unfolding light reveals the exquisite loveliness, the artistic perfections of the correspondence between Christ and Jesus; and with a new joy and an intense reverence and love, we repeat again and again the sweet words, "Our Redeemer, Jesus Christ." Oh, how restful the sweet sense of feeling that all nature is pledged to the one great system of our divine redemption; to know that the universe and its infinite consciousness holds our eternal life in its infinite perfectness; to realize that ocean, lake and river, mountain, hill and valley, reptile, insect and animal, every form and grade of being, every germ, and bud, and flower, and fruit of earth, is moving with us under the same laws, unto as high and full a joy and rest and peace as man, only "one star differing from another star in glory," ever and forever more.

Thus to us becomes vitally correspondent the history of all being; I trace all religions to one source, all Saviours to one Christ; and while I appreciate every one's type of sacrifice and meditation, I fold mine closely to my grateful, adoring heart, in the name of the mangle-born child of Bethlehem. Here angels gather around me, illuminating every word of his poetical utterances as they lie written on the pages of my memory, with the light of their glowing inspirations; and, thus illuminated, the Bible teaches me of the confirmations of the thought of the seers and prophets of the past, of the word of God written in the laws of my own being. Within the living gospel of Truth I find the evidences that this mortal shall put on immortality, this corruption incorruption, and I begin to understand that to do this is not only possible, but absolutely to be fulfilled. I find that the soul embodies immortality; that our bodies must be subject to our spirits. The incoming evidences of the materializing and dematerializing of human forms confirm the correctness of this prophecy. Angels show us that they can so control matter as to momentarily actualize their ideal of deformity or beauty. Thus they demonstrate to us the reality of the so-called miracles of Jesus. They have actualized in our presence the correspondences of his deeds. Now we see he could have walked upon the waves of Galilee; now we know it possible that he raised the chilled heart of the daughter of Jairus. Now we see that the spirit must reach the high attainment of inhabiting both the planes of life called earth and the spirit-world. We have only to educate our natures until the *will* of our accumulated life-power becomes the active, ready actualizer of our spiritual ideal. Thus we lay up treasures in heaven. If we have become self-sovereigns we then can demand of Death his sceptre, and he must obey; we are victors of the grave, and can command the illies of Paradise to bloom above its sealed and forever conquered kingdom. The beauty and grace and brightness of our youth can be more than re-materialized. If I can will one pain from so much as one of my fingers, it proves then I can, by the same law, with corresponding conquest of matter, command pain from my whole body. If I can thus far control my own physical dominions, I have the demonstration that I, too, as well as the returning angels of heaven, or self-sovereignty, can be as I wish and will to be.

It is only a question of unfoldment with us all; but how soon or by what special ways and means each one shall attain this resurrection, "knoweth no man, not even the angels in heaven." This I do know, thank God! this I do know: my Redeemer liveth; and therefore, as I have worn the image of the earthly I shall also wear the image of the heavenly. The sweet reverence, the clinging love, the dear sympathies which my soul has been taught through all its mortal life to

feel for the crucified sinner of Judea, since the day when twenty-seven years ago I was born to the atmosphere of communion with angels, has grown intense, broadened in its sweep, strengthened in its current, until today it bears me on its rolling waves of divine harmony out into the boundless, fathomless ocean of eternal Love. Rising on its swelling tide, I gaze upon the great past and future, and realize something of the grandeur and sublimity of that life which, after eighteen hundred years of human strife and human selfishness, through all the Gethsemanes and over all the Calvaries of time, shines forth to-day with a stainless beauty it never before revealed, a splendor never before reflected, making him incomparably more magnetic in his power of leading us into the kingdom of his imperishable love than on the day when he ascended to his Father.

In the fulfillment of his wondrous prophecies and promises, I hail the morning of his second ministry to earth; consequently recognize the earliest signals of his return in the earliest phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, since to her has been delegated the power of giving all the signs of his coming as they were given to his disciples from his own love-consecrated lips. That my audience is in harmony with my views of the coming of the Christ, I have something of belief, since so long have they failed to remind me of the flight of time or the frailty of human flesh. If I have wearied my listening friends, they must pardon *their own* over-intensity of demand upon my inspirations, not my forgetfulness of time, since I am ever too grateful to God and his angels for the uplifting baptisms of imperishable truth and redeeming love, to have had in all the years of my inspirational privileges, one conscious thought of weariness or desire that the holy sacrament of their love should be lessened or withheld.

You have given me as a theme for an inspirational poem,

THE RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.  
I gaze through a rift in the clouds to-night,  
On the beautiful kingdoms of love and light  
That await earth's children when they shall be  
From the bondage and burden of matter free.  
Through this "rift in the clouds" I behold the power  
Of our spirits to claim our immortal dower.  
The fathomless wealth that in splendor waits  
Each mortal's unquenching the inner gates,  
Through which but the knowledge of law shall win,  
That shows him the kingdom of heaven within.  
Through this "rift in the clouds" I behold the light  
That scatters the darkness of mortal night,  
And shows how low surely the Terror King  
Shall give up his sceptre, and lose his sting.  
While never again shall the roses wave,  
Or the cypress twine o'er a human grave.  
Since Jesus, our guide, with his form above,  
The laws of his nature fulfilled, must close  
The era of matter when graves were made,  
And in their cold bosoms our treasures laid.  
Through this "rift in the clouds" I have caught the glow  
Of a life that shall purify all below.  
"Thi' round us shall gather an atmosphere  
In which we the voice of our God can hear  
Directing our steps to the founts of truth—  
The springs of the spirit's eternal youth."  
Then shall we the prophets of old receive,  
But knowing, no longer can we believe.  
The light having wrought into flesh its way,  
The laws of redemption cannot delay.  
Hence matter must answer their high behest,  
And earth enter into immortal rest.

## PETER AND PAUL.

M. RENAN'S LECTURES ON THE LEGEND OF THE ROMAN CHURCH—A BRILLIANT DISCOURSE.

On the 8th of May, Renan delivered in St. George's Hall, Langham place, London, the second Hibbert lecture on "The Legend of the Roman Church—Peter and Paul." In the first he endeavored to show the inextricable difficulty in which the Roman Empire found itself in the first century in dealing with religion. In the inevitable death-grapple with Paganism it was already becoming clearer and clearer that Judaism, under its Christian form, must carry the day. The future belonged to the Jew. The Jewish colony at Rome dated from about B. C. 60. The Israelites multiplied rapidly. Cicero plumed himself on his courage in having resisted them. Caesar favored them and found them trustworthy. The mob hated them, found them spiteful, and charged them with forming a secret society whose members pushed themselves forward without scruple at the cost of others. But all did not judge thus lastly; the Jews had as many friends as *liberals*. Juvenal's sneers at the Judizing ladies of his time proved the literal fulfillment of Zechariah's prophecy, that people would lay hold of the skirts of a Jew and would be led to Zion. The Ghetto of that early age was across the Tiber; hence in the poorest and dirtiest slums of the city, most likely near the modern Porta Portese. The first nucleus of Rome's Jewish population had been freedmen, mostly sprung from prisoners of war brought by Pompey from Jerusalem. They had clung to their religion in spite of their cruel bondage, and their synagogues at Rome had never broken off their relations with Jerusalem. The original colony had been reinforced by many emigrants, who were started in life by their brethren as peddlers, or became adepts in the trade of begging. No Roman who respected himself ever set foot in the quarter, which was a sink of the most despised classes, and the most disgusting industries. The police never penetrated into the district save when its squabbles grew too bloody or too frequent. Few quarters of Rome were so free. There were no politics there, and in ordinary times no hindrances to religious rites or proselytism.

A world of ideas was hatching in this longshore population, but was lost in the roar of the great city, and the proud patricians who promenade the Aventine did not dream, when they deigned to look across the Tiber, what a future was preparing in those hovels at the foot of the Janiculum. Near the port was *Taberna Martioria*, a kind of low lodging-house used by soldiers and the like, where the Roman cockneys were shown an oil spring reputed to have gushed from a rock. Afterwards the *taberna* became a church, and under Alexander Severus there was a lawsuit about the property between the Christians and the guild of innkeepers, and the Emperor adjudged the house to the Christians. We were here plainly on the native soil of an old popular Christianity, which must have been among the number of those "foreign superstitions" against whose encroachments Claudius and his senate took police precautions in the former half of the first century. It was quite natural, M. Renan argued, that the capital should hear of the name of Jesus long before the evangelization of the intermediate provinces, as that a towering mountain peak should be gilded by the dawn much sooner than the valleys. Rome was the Mediterranean port with which the Syrians had most business. It must be admitted, then, that toward A. D. 50 some Jews from Syria, already Christians, entered the Imperial capital, and communicated to their fellows the faith which had already made themselves happy. Nobody then thought that the founder of a new empire, a second Romulus, was then lodging at the port on the straw. Others followed soon, and letters from Syria brought by the newcomers told of a movement which was incessantly spreading. A small group flocked together, everybody smelling of garlic, poor and dirty proletarians—these ancestors of the Roman prelate—unknown, unmannered men, clad in malodorous stable slops, with tainted breath like that of filled people. We know the names of a plous

Jewish couple who were mixed up with these movements—Aquila, originally of Pontus, a tent-maker like Paul—and Priscilla, his wife.

But we ought to see, not in St. Peter's, but in the old Ghetto at the Porta Portese, the birthplace of western Christendom. Some small chapel ought to have been reared to the two good Jews from Pontus who first syllabled upon the quays of Rome the name of Jesus. One main point to be noted was that the Church of Rome was not, like the churches of Asia Minor, Macedonia and Greece, planted by Paul. It was a Jewish Christian foundation directly sprung from the church of Jerusalem. Here Paul would never be on his own ground; he would see in this great church many weaknesses which he would treat indulgently, but which could not fail to wound his exalted idealism. Attached to the circumlocution and to externalism, Ebionite in its taste for abstinences, and in its doctrine more Jewish than Christian as to the person and death of Jesus, as well as by its strong attachment to Millenarianism, the Church of Rome presented from its earliest days the essential characteristics which mark it throughout its long and marvellous history. A daughter of Jerusalem in the direct line, the Church of Rome would always bear an ascetic and sacerdotal stamp opposed to the Protestant tendency of Paul. Peter was always destined to be her real chief, and in the next place, inspired by the political and hierarchal genius of old Rome, she was to become a veritable New Jerusalem, the city of the pontificate, of hierarchical and rubricated religion, of material sacraments justifying of themselves, the city of ecclesies. She would be the church of authority. For her the only proof of apostolic mission would be a letter signed by the apostles. All the good and all the evil which the Church of Jerusalem did to nascent Christianity the Church of Rome would do to the Universal Church. In vain did Paul write to her his Epistle to expound to her the mystery of the cross of Jesus and of salvation by faith alone. She understood next to nothing of it. But Luther fourteen centuries and a half afterwards was to understand it and to open a new era in the secular series of the alternate triumphs of Peter and Paul.

M. Renan spoke of St. Paul's arrival at Rome in A. D. 61, for the purpose of prosecuting the appeal he had made to the Emperor, as a great event in the world's history. In his chains there the apostle of the Gentiles believed that in this event this apostle career had culminated. It had been precluded by a second apparition of Christ, who had bidden him be of good cheer, assuring him that as he had borne witness of him at Jerusalem, so should he also at Rome. The learned lecturer then gave an elaborate account of what he called the profound divisions, which already, in the first century from the foundation of Christianity, sundered the disciples of Jesus—so profound, he said, that all the differences which divided orthodox flocks, heretics, schismatics in our own days, were as nothing compared with the dissensions between Peter and Paul. The views presented were those arrived at by the so-called Tübingen school of ecclesiastical history and theology. The church of Jerusalem refused communion to all unconverted Christians, however plous. Paul, on the contrary, preached that to uphold the old law was to insult Jesus, as implying the insufficiency of his merits for the believer's justification. Jerusalem with its Bishop James, with which church Peter was in close alliance, sent out opposition missions to counterwork those of Paul. Peter, whose *role* in the Judizing party was that of a kind of timid trimmer between the Ebionite and Pauline extremes, came to Rome with some such intent, and, seemingly, not very long after Paul's arrival there. At the Reformation the Protestants made a kind of dogma of the denial that he had ever been there, thus detroning the Pope at once, who claimed the headship of Christendom as the lineal successor of St. Peter. For the Roman Catholic assumption of St. Peter's arrival at Rome in A. D. 42, and his Pontificate there of twenty-three or twenty-four years, M. Renan proved in detail that there was no tangible evidence; while, to mention nothing else, the silence of Paul's Epistle to the Romans (written A. D. 58), and of the closing verses of the Acts were quite conclusive against it. On the other hand, he marshaled a powerful array of arguments for answering in the affirmative the question as to Peter's having visited Rome after Paul. Peter's martyrdom is attested by extremely ancient evidence, and the somewhat later tradition which connects it with the Neroian persecution at Rome has all antecedent probability in its favor. The mystical Babylon, whence he dates his epistle, can only be Rome. It was quite admissible that Peter came to Rome, as he came to Antioch, following on the heels of Paul, and with a view to neutralize his influence. About the year 60 the Christian community was in a state of spiritual excitement which presented quite a contrast to the twenty years of calm waiting for the end which followed the death of Jesus.

M. Renan, after deploring the mystery which overhangs so many of the facts of primitive Christianity, addressed himself to penetrate, as far as was possible, the veil which hides from us the circumstances of the death of Peter and Paul. It would never, he said, be wholly pierced. The likeliest view was that both perished in the great massacre of the Christians ordained by Nero. As to the fact of such a massacre there was no room for doubt, since we had it on the authority of Tacitus. It was an episode in the history of the great fire of Rome, which broke out on July 19th, A. D. 64, and not only destroyed entirely three out of the fourteen regions of which the city consisted, but reduced seven more to blackened walls. Of this frightful disaster, the suspicion which Nero fell under of having caused it, and the heartlessness with which the tyrant abandoned the Christians to the rising waves of the public wrath, M. Renan gave a most graphic recital. It was too easy for Nero to carry out his infernal idea of making the new religionists the scapegoats of his own crime. They were still worse hated than himself. The horror they felt for the temples made it very conceivable to the bigoted mob that they had at least fed, if they had not lighted the flames. Some strict Jews would not carry money because it bore Caesar's image, while others would not pass through any city gate surmounted by a statue. The song over burning Rome in the Apocalypse, written four years and a half afterwards, most likely borrowed some traits from the great fire of A. D. 64. The exultation there expressed was too congenial to the pious sectaries, who were not unlikely to have seen in spirit the saints and angels applauding from on high what was regarded as a just explanation. Nero offered his gardens across the Tiber for the shows, in which the victims were to be the Christians clad in the skins of wild beasts, while others dressed in garments saturated with oil and pitch served as living torches to illuminate the horrid scene. M. Renan described this *scène* of Nero's gardens on the 1st of August, a day which he could only compare with that of Golgotha, of sufficiently realistic detail. The event was one of the most solemn in the history of Christianity. After remarking that the solidity of a building is in proportion to the virtue, the sacrifices, the devotion deposited on the foundation stone, he











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We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases published, and we are glad to endorse the varied shades of opinion which correspondents give utterance to. We do not return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our insertion, the writer must send a separate sheet for the article he desires specially to recommend for publication.  
Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday, as the BANNER OF LIGHT goes to press every Tuesday.

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SPIRITUALISM, like an enduring rock, rises up amid the conflicting elements of ignorance and passion—a rock which the surges of Time and Change can never shake—on whose Heaven-blessed pinnacle the Angels build their altars, and kindle beacon-lights to illumine the world.—Prof. S. B. Britton.

#### Lunacy Reform.

This is a subject that is not to be permitted to rest until something tangible and permanent has been accomplished; and that is not likely to occur at least until a member of a State supervisory board is forbidden to hold an official position in one of the institutions to be supervised. What, for example, would be thought of a judge's sitting in a court of appeal to hear cases which were appealed up from his decision below? Yet that is pretty much the case of certainly one member of the supervisory board in this State. The superintendent of our asylums is in effect a perfect dynasty, kept in place by the help of that long lever of political and social influence which its members are enabled to wield.

The men composing this superintendency are, as a body, charged with habits and practices in their administration that ought to have no existence in such a connection. They have no faith in the later rule of non-restraint for patients, and it is alleged in the daily papers that the new superintendent of the Worcester asylum, warned by the fate of his predecessor, at once formed a resolution to let no inmate have another opportunity to tell of the inside doings of that institution; since he immediately curtailed the liberty of about fifty of the harmless patients who had previously been allowed to come and go at will, some of whom even had regular employment outside. Thus they were arbitrarily deprived of their stimulus to self-respect, self-control, and ultimate recovery. The citizens of Worcester have justly manifested much indignation at such senseless action. The effect upon these peculiarly sensitive patients themselves is indescribable.

One patient, who was thus curtailed of his customary liberty which he felt was working so much benefit for him, said that on coming in he was told that he could no longer go in and out, and that night, for the first time in his life, he was locked in his room. He said that all night long he did not close his eyes, as his new imprisonment, possibly for life, haunted him continually. All hope of reform, we are positively assured, is out of the question so long as any officer of a local institution, representing a local interest, is a member of this central supervisory board. If Massachusetts, says a fearless and competent critic, is in earnest in this business, and would not make central supervision a farce, she must have an independent, fearless, central board who are unconnected with the interests of any local institution.

Other States have become so jealous of local trustee boards that some of them have ordered their abolition altogether, substituting a central supervisory board. The cottage system of treatment for lunacy has never yet been fairly and thoroughly tried in this country, as it has in Belgium, where there is a whole town of lunatic citizens, as quiet and orderly as any other, if not more so. The public opinion has of late become justly sensitive in regard to the management of these vast hospitals which have sprung up all over the country. It demands a carefulness and a conscientiousness on the part of asylum superintendents and attending physicians commensurate with their great and peculiar responsibilities. Drugging and confinement and violence are not to be tolerated in the treatment of a species of malady which, of all others, requires the application of soothing remedies and sympathetic methods. A new kind of treatment still awaits a fair trial.

A German specialist in the line of mental diseases, Dr. Von Den Steinen, has recently paid a visit to this country for the express purpose of making an investigation of our lunatic asylums. He is an assistant in the Charité-Krankenhaus at Berlin, which is conducted entirely on the theory of no restraints for its inmates, and he has set down his impressions of our methods of lunacy administration and treatment on the pages of the Archives of Medicine. These impressions relate especially to the Blackwell's and Ward's Islands institutions of New York City, although they would not be inapplicable to those of our own State. He sees here only the old and worn-out methods of treating the insane in vogue.

In reference to the institution on Blackwell's Island, he says he would not leave one stone upon another. He thinks our "palace prisons," fitly so called, bring to mind "their impracticable and cruel side." He considers the single object in American hospitals to be the incarceration of a large number of human beings.

He describes them as "modifications of the workhouse and jail," and thinks the builders had in mind "a menagerie for beasts of prey." The building, in its very style, "bespeaks the layman who is anxious to protect us from the outbreaks of violence, but the physician who treats patients is not to be recognized from it." In his opinion, a person confined in one of these buildings must in time inevitably become demoralized, if he is not already so. "Exhaustion and dementia" are the commonest cause given for patients' deaths.

He discovered among American officials "a lack of confidence in the ability to accomplish that which is accomplished in other places, where easy forms of employment and the requirements of religion and amusement are estimated at their full value"; and he denounces the "association of superintendents" as an "exclusive union, into which those gentlemen are refused admission, who, de facto, have control of the really medical observations and of the treatment in asylums." The superintendents of course know why the latter are refused admission into their extremely select associations. The Berlin charity system is one wholly of non-restraint. American superintendents pronounced it an impracticable thing, although Dr. Steinen declared to them that no other system had ever been tried there.

He asked them, in return, how they could pronounce a system impracticable until they had either tried it themselves or seen it tried. They have no experience whatever in the matter. It is a system, he told them, that cannot be subjected to many experiments; it must either be rejected or accepted; the essence, the nature and secret of it, is its unconditional application. The number of suicides, under the non-restraint system, is less than in our hospitals. The attendants would naturally incline to the use of restraint, for the reason that it would make their labor easier and their responsibility lighter; but they accomplish the desired results more effectually by kind and deferential treatment than by the employment of force in any of its forms.

In Germany, the patients with a tendency to suicide, instead of being imprisoned in "cribs" or compelled to wear "muffs," are placed in a large dormitory, with the other patients that require special treatment, in which two nurses, each regularly relieving the other, are on guard through the night, and they are likewise subjected to strict control. The American subject Dr. Von Steinen would abolish altogether. In order to supplant it with the non-restraint system, he would dismiss all the old attendants, and put every restraining method and every suggestion of it out of sight. He would construct a hospital only two stories in height, having a few acres of surrounding land and a connection with a general hospital, with a capacity for from eighty to one hundred patients whose condition is a hopeful one.

A large dormitory would be provided for new patients and such as require special care, with numerous apartments, cells of superior construction for purposes of isolation, and bath-rooms without limit. His scheme likewise contemplates placing a professor in the superintendency, with not less than four assistants, appointed for a term of two years; plenty of room and facilities for putting the clinical and pathological apparatus to service; a head nurse for both the male and female sections of the hospital, and not less than one nurse to every three patients. In our present system, the Doctor seems to think that the patients are secured for the buildings rather than the buildings for the patients.

#### Unmasking Spiritualism.

The *Merrimack Valley Visitor*, published at Newburyport, takes up this alleged business of unmasking Spiritualism, and treats it not only in an independent but in a truly masterly style. It seems that some time since one Elder Waite was announced to do some work in that particular line before the public; and upon the *Newburyport Herald's* saying that "every Spiritualist should give Mr. Waite a careful hearing," the *Visitor* very properly remarks, "That is good advice, but we do not remember ever to have heard the *Herald* say 'every clergyman should give the lecture to-night a careful hearing,' when some Spiritualist was to speak." It adds, also, that the Elder may uncover his rear to a stray shot from somebody who neither believes in Orthodox Spiritualism nor spiritual Orthodoxy. And then it launches forth in a genuinely courageous way, and shows up to the unmaskers of Spiritualism what they evidently have never reflected upon.

"When Elder Waite (it observes) or any other Elder asks faith in Christ, he will find a mass of Spiritualism that must be admitted, or the gospel narratives will be broken at many points. For example—there was a sort of Spiritualism in unnumbered predictions of a coming Messiah through thousands of years." The announcement to Mary it cites as "a spiritual revelation." It says that the temptation on the mountain "was a trance at which the devil appeared." Also, "many of the miracles were the casting out of evil spirits who somehow reached earth." The transfiguration showed Moses and Elias materialized. "When 'angels ministered unto them,' there must have been a highway from the angelic world, which we have never heard has been discontinued."

It likewise refers to the crucifixion scene, when it is reported that there were grave-openings, and the dead went into the city, and were seen of many. Also of the demonstration when Peter's prison doors were opened; and the manifestation when Paul was stricken down on his way to Antioch; and the series of visions of things to come with which the Apocalypse closes the canonical books. It pointedly says that non-Christians might properly deny, but Christians themselves cannot; for "the denial of the spiritual world, and the infowing of that world into ours, and its manifestations and revelations all through the ages, in miracles, prophecies, and wonderful works which no science or human philosophy have fathomed or explained, would be knocking the bottom out of the whole Christian structure."

Then it proceeds to remind these unmaskers of the promise that "nightly works" than these were to be performed to the end; and when a church says it has got through with its miracles, it declares itself consummated and vastated, and another church is being born to take its place, and a new heaven is forming to receive its ransomed spirits, unless God is to be without a church, and earth has ceased to be a seminary for heaven.

"It is the joy of this world," concludes our trenchant but most effective critic and reviewer of these professed unmaskers of Spiritualism, "that life and immortality are brought to light; and it is not for any class of men to limit the possibilities of communion and intermingling of the world in which we are to-day with that

in which we shall wake up to-morrow." Well said, and impressively said. Who, indeed, can claim to possess authority to draw the line where the communion of angels with mortals shall cease? If it was perfectly easy at one time, it can be no less so at another. If it was according to the laws of nature at one period, what is to prevent its continuing so always? These things are not in the hands of men to dispose of, but of the great Creator who lets his rich blessings fall on all alike.

And what, after all, is to be said of a church that, having hugged and cherished these angelic ministrations as its chief treasure, now turns and repudiates them, on the ground that it wants no more of them? Such a church must at least have parted with its stock of spiritualism, and can claim to stand only on its own assumptions and assertions. One would suppose that the nearer the church can draw to the spirit-world the richer would be its life and the deeper and wider its influence. And so would it be; but ecclesiasticism has stopped and built a high wall, declaring that there is no climbing over that—even if we thereby get into heaven—without going out of the church altogether.

#### Remarkable Materializations in England.

On the 18th of April a séance was held at Newcastle, England, in the rooms of the "Spiritual Evidence Society" of that place, the manifestations at which were remarkable, and the results very satisfactory, under conditions that precluded all possibility of deception. The medium was enclosed in a closet effectually fastened upon the outside, and this closet was erected upon premises over which the medium had no control, by a committee of the society, without any further reference to the medium than providing conditions for her comfort. The account, as published in the *London Spiritualist*, says:

"On the occasion eleven persons were present beside the medium, who was escorted to the closet, the door of which closed on her entrance, and was effectually fastened from the outside by two screws. After we had been sitting half an hour quietly conversing with Miss Wood, the medium, who was apparently in an entranced condition, a nebulous mass of white appeared on the outside of the curtains used to screen the light from falling on the medium. We patiently observed the general and perpendicular movement of the mass, until it reached a height of about five feet and a half, when it then approached and shook hands with each of the eleven persons present. I requested the tangible form to pose itself near a closed stove in the room, at a distance of about three and a half feet from the curtains; complying with the request, it placed itself about midway between the curtains and stove, and after standing apparently motionless for a minute or two, we desired it to vanish as quickly as possible from the spot on which it was standing, at which it withdrew in the direction of the curtains. On expressing our desire we continued our observations, when the form (still apparently perfectly motionless, and very like a Grecian statue) exhibited slight movement for a few seconds, as if waves were passing over the whole structure; then it suddenly became invisible. Although it did not move in the direction of the curtains, I could not undertake to determine in which way it disappeared; further than that, after the disintegration of the structure, we observed a residuum of white, like the nebulous mass which first caught our attention, and simultaneously a voice was heard from the inside of the curtain crying that it had no robes to clothe itself with. We desired the voice to repeat the experiment we had just witnessed, upon which very decided movements were seen going on in the residuum of white that had been left behind, the white substance gradually becoming brighter, and denser, and more expansive, until it was so fully developed that we heard the voice (previously behind the curtain) speaking to us from the little form now inside the drapery. After the customary shake of the hands it withdrew behind the curtains, and in a few minutes more Miss Wood, still apparently in an entranced condition, told us she could do nothing more, and allowed us to increase the light to the utmost capacity of the burner. We then examined the closet, and found Miss Wood as we placed her in the inside with the door effectually fastened by the two screws on the outside."  
JNO. MOUNT.  
12 St. Thomas Crescent, Newcastle-on-Tyne,  
April 21st, 1880.

#### Terre Haute Phenomena.

Supplementary to the experience of Judge Lawrence at Terre Haute, given in this number, we note in the *Sunday Bazaar*, published at Sedalia, Mo., an account of a correspondent who passed three nights in the séance-room of Mrs. Stewart, during which he saw, recognized and conversed with a particular friend of his, Dr. B. F. Hughes, lately of Sedalia. He states that "the Doctor was dressed in about the same way that he usually appeared on the streets of Sedalia in his lifetime. I talked with him about his present condition, of his disease when he died, and many other things that had taken place since his departure from this mundane sphere. He seemed anxious to talk more, but did not appear to have the strength. Bidding me a pleasant good-night he seemed to fall to pieces and was gone."

On a subsequent evening he appeared again, when "I think the conversation lasted five minutes; the most of which was questions and answers, which would not interest the reader. The light being very good, my attention was more particularly turned to the dematerializing of the body. The head inclined backward, and the body changed into a mystic vapor, settling to the floor. The hand, which I still held in mine, began to draw down with the body. I allowed my hand to follow until within eight or ten inches of the floor; it then loosened its hold and was gone."

#### Royal Acknowledgment.

The United States Secretary of State has received from Sir Edward Thornton, British Minister, a communication in which he sets forth, in compliance with instruction which he has received by telegraph from Earl Granville, Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, that he has the honor to convey to the Government of the United States the sincere and cordial thanks of Her Majesty, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and of Her Majesty's government, for its generous and friendly conduct in having despatched the United States ship *Constellation*, loaded with provisions which were so much needed for the relief of the distressed subjects of Her Majesty in Ireland, and which, beside being a substantial aid to them in their affliction, has been accepted by all Her Majesty's subjects as proof of the friendly feelings entertained toward them by the government and citizens of the United States.

The *Haverhill (Mass.) Daily Bulletin* of a late date says of a lecture delivered not long since in that city, by J. Frank Baxter, that it was attentively followed by a large audience (considering the state of the weather): "Mr. Baxter has a fine voice, and his singing was listened to with attention and delight. Names of departed persons were mentioned, with circumstances attending their death, which were recognized by friends present."

#### A Sterling Epistle.

We are indebted to Mrs. Oakes Smith, the well-known poetess, for the following letter, written some years since by Mrs. Whitman, the lady who, it will be remembered, was engaged to Edgar A. Poe. Mrs. Whitman was a devoted Spiritualist. She was born in 1802, and died in 1878:

MY DEAR MRS. SMITH:  
I have read with much pleasure the three numbers of your paper already published, and should like to receive it regularly. I see that in your last paper you speak of me as one who has devoted much time to a subject in which you seem to have but little faith. I confess I have from the first taken a deep interest in the mysterious phenomena of which you speak, and at the request of Mr. Greeley, I allowed him to publish my replies to several letters of inquiry received from him on the subject.

I am not myself a medium for spiritual communications, and have never been a member of any circle formed for spiritual manifestations, although I have been an occasional visitor at many. My best evidences of the fact of spiritual agency in the matter have been obtained when sitting with children or with one or two friends, where there could be no room for suspicion and no possibility of deception. Under such circumstances I have obtained evidences of a spiritual presence which I can only doubt when I doubt my own sanity and the evidences of my own senses. Let you should suspect me of a too easy credulity in a matter of such vast moment (estimating the sources of my knowledge from what you yourself saw, or rather from what you did not see, on the evening when you found me sitting with a few friends in the neomantic circle), let me remind you that that circle was composed of a few casual visitors, among whom were no known mediums, and who had seated themselves at the table for experiment only a few moments before your entrance. You remained with us but a short time, and, as you say, no results were obtained. You will admit that, under the circumstances, none could have been reasonably looked for.

You complain that the *soi-disant* spirits with whom you are conversant "harp forever on the gamut of the affections." I confess that during my earlier experience of the matter I was myself not a little surprised at the frequent repetition of these simple expressions: "Believe," "Believe that I am ever near you," "I am happy," "I am with you in the better life," "I am happy in you."

I think I now understand the reason of this. Did you ever notice that a public mesmerizer or biologist, in exhibiting his control over his subject, pursues a certain routine which he does not like to have interrupted by suggestions from the audience. To the uninstructed it would seem that he might vary his experiments infinitely; that, if he could induce one series of impressions with such apparent ease, he could as readily induce another. But he will tell you that he has obtained this control with difficulty, and that it is far easier to remove peculiar states of the mind or of the nervous system that have been already induced than to create new ones. The medium for spiritual communication through electric sounds is, as I believe, spiritually magnetized, although in most instances not in a way to affect the normal exercise of the intellectual faculties. When electrical sounds occur readily in the presence of a medium, it would seem that one thing could be communicated through them as well as another. But this (at least with imperfect or undeveloped media) is not the case. The mind of the medium, unless in a perfectly quiescent state, modifies, retards and repels the communication. I believe that in the case as in that of the mesmeric subject, it is easier to reproduce phrases already communicated than to interpret new and complicated sentences, in the interpretation of which the minds of the medium and circle become perplexed and confused. To this I attribute the frequent repetition of such simple phrases as I have recorded. Yet these simple phrases, had I received nothing but these, coming, as I believed, from friends who stand within the veil, would have sufficed to enable me to live with a rare and mysterious beauty.

I am inclined to think that where the conditions for spiritual intercourse are favorable, as at present they seldom are, the character of the communications is proportionate to the character of the recipients. "From without," says Herman Melville, "no wonderful effect is wrought within ourselves, unless some interior corresponding wonder welcome it."

It were idle to sow lilies in the market-place. If this is a delusion, an error, it is one which is Europe papers tell us that it is on the Continent the one engrossing topic; that it has puzzled the universities of Germany and invaded the royal palaces of Spain and France and Prussia; that even the Pope and the Cardinals have sought in vain the solution of the mystery, and the "end is not yet."

I do not wonder that to you, coming from your own beautiful shadow-land, many of the current manifestations of the day seem common and earthy, yet were there none but such as you describe, I would welcome them, and say with the author of *White-Jacket*, "If so much of unholy fire comes from below, may not an equal influx of heavenly light descend one day from above?"

Yours affectionately,  
L. H. WHITMAN.

#### Anti-Vaccination Items.

There seems to be a good foundation for the belief of our English friends that legislation may soon move favorably for the anti-vaccinators. We have been favored with a copy of *The Citizen* (Gloucester, Eng.), in which is reported an address by William Tebb, in which it is stated that Mr. Gladstone in a letter to Mr. Pittman said, "I regard all compulsory legislation, like that of vaccination, with mistrust and misgiving." In a recent speech Mr. Gladstone expressed his sympathy with the anti-vaccination movement, and Mr. Tebb accepted such expressions as an earnest of what he will do.

A Parisian medical paper, *Le Mouvement Medical*, suggests that a Universal International Association be formed for the overthrow of the vaccination tyranny.

"During the last outbreak of small-pox in Zurich and Elgg, only vaccinated persons were attacked. Dr. Zuppinger, who had been three times vaccinated, was, nevertheless, one of those who suffered from it."—*Schweizer Volkszeitung*, Feb. 14th.

Sir Charles Dilke, M. P., has declared his interest in the anti-vaccination movement and for a complete inquiry into the operation of the law relating to the subject of vaccination.

John Bright says: "The law which punishes parents again and again for non-vaccination is monstrous, and ought to be repealed."

A REUNION POEM ON THE MEXICAN WAR.—At a Reunion of Mexican War Veterans, at Chicago, Sept. 11th and 12th, 1879, E. S. Holbrook, (Lieut. 1st Ill.) of that city, delivered a poem, which the Association has just given to the public in a pamphlet form. After welcoming his comrades and alluding feelingly to those who have joined the army of the unseen, he recalls memories of the events in which they all participated "thrice ten years ago," passing vividly in review the "marches, bivouacs and battles" from Palo Alto to Chapultepec. It is a well-written production, one that must in its delivery have awakened many deep emotions of sympathy and tenderness in the hearts of the veterans and added much to the interest of the occasion.

Read the practical ideas on mediums and the necessity for their pecuniary and society protection, which are expressed under "Banner Correspondence" this week by a writer from British Columbia.

#### William Ellery Channing.

During the time of the Channing Memorial services the Boston *Sunday Herald* published a lengthy editorial on the great preacher and his work, from which the following sentences are extracted for the benefit of those of our readers at a distance from this locality who, like ourselves, hold in highest veneration this wonderfully endowed and spiritually illumined apostle of the Gospel of Humanity:

"When he [Channing] sees his father come home whistling from a revival meeting, in which the preacher had played nine-tenths of the human race into a hell of torment, he springs to the swift conclusion: 'Father do, not believe this story; he would start to his feet in a minute if a fellow-creature had so much as cut his finger.' Such a creed as this is merely assented to through routine of habit; there is no reality or passion in it! In other words, the boy was alive. God, heaven, hell, penalty, reward, must mean something to him. In this single incident we see prefigured the whole after life of the man."

In college at Harvard the primal characteristics of Channing's mind crop out palpably. He is pure and without temptation to sins of the flesh. He becomes enamored of the Stoic philosophy, and does all sorts of good, and feels the sublimity of virtue. The moralists of the day, like Hutcheson, exalted characters in their selves, instinctively break into visions of what earth would be if peopled with a race consecrated to virtue, wrap him in a elysium of delight. Along with this he manifests an exalted piety. But it is the piety of a soul that sees God revealed and glorified in a divine humanity, light of His own light, love of His love, righteousness of His righteousness. An increasing distance and aversion from all in theology that cannot justify itself on moral grounds begins manifestly to assert itself. The youth has too little in himself to believe in immortality and sensuality, and greed, of envy and malice, even to understand the roots of the Calvinistic doctrine of the inborn depravity of the race.

His college career over, Channing accepted the position of tutor in the family of a Mr. Randolph in Richmond, Va. The house was a centre of elegant hospitality, and at first the letters home of the young man "glow with enthusiasm in describing his local and social position." But soon a sad undertone makes itself heard. The suffering which is the heritage of all such sensitively-organized natures, when brought in contact with reality, sets in acutely. The youth has too little in himself to believe in immortality and sensuality, and greed, of envy and malice, even to understand the roots of the Calvinistic doctrine of the inborn depravity of the race.

Humanity has a just feeling for its real benefactors. Hence the enthusiastic tributes at this time paid to the name of Channing. Men will gratefully remember the man who thought so much better of them than they are always able to of themselves. Will the stanchest even of the Orthodox repeat the worn-out tale, that the amiable dreamer believed that men were 'too good to be damned'? Well, it will fall less to the ground, for the conviction is daily gaining head that a degree of self-respect like this does not involve the annihilation of all real modesty.

The chief glory of Channing was it that he did so much to inflame the mind of the world with revolt and disgust at cruelty, abandonment to rage and barbaric destructiveness of every sort, and that thus he offered more than any man who ever lived in America toward delecting the old sanguinary deity whose terrors had cast such a lurid shade over the land. Largely was it Channing's work to fight and destroy terror-breeding abstractions. The God of vengeance who was trembled at was just such a vast and nightmare abstraction. The devil, who was lord and ruler of nine-tenths of a fallen and accursed race, was a like abstraction. Alike were they the looming up in shapes of terror of naked conceptions of justice and malignity, divorced from all human counterbalance of mercy and good-will. And admitting that Channing created in their place a pure abstraction of all the nobler elements of human nature and called it *man*, yet how infinitely higher a model was it to make God in the image of, and to bow down before and worship, than these other. In every fibre was Channing a Christian of the type of Jesus. The vision of the kingdom of heaven on earth swallowed up his being."

#### Slate-Writing without a Pencil.

At the Laclede Hotel, St. Louis, some very astonishing manifestations of spirit-power are occurring, the medium being Mrs. V. C. Eldridge. The form is that of slate-writing, without the use of a pencil, the slate alone being held underneath a table. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* of the 13th contains the account of a reporter who visited Mrs. Eldridge, and who, though inclined to be somewhat jocular, is nevertheless disposed to be fair and candid in his statements. Taking his seat and inquiring how he should proceed, he was told to write the names of any friends he would like to hear from upon as many slips of paper. He wrote the name of Henry Pennebaker, a young gentleman who died in Colorado, two years ago, and the name was hardly written when there was an immediate and rapid tapping underneath the table. He had written two other names, rolling each in a small pellet, and, not knowing himself which one he was giving to the lady, handed over one. She laid it on the slate and asked, "Is the spirit of this person here?" A succession of triple knocks followed, and as long as the slate was held beneath the table the sound of writing was heard. At the same time the reporter was tapped upon the knee. At last the writing was shown above the board, with the following message upon it: "I am here and I am glad to meet you.—Henry Pennebaker." "Where and how did you die?" wrote the reporter on another scrap, and within a few seconds came the answer: "In the mountains in 1878; consump. Oh, I am so happy. Henry!" This answer was strictly correct. He then asked the name of the communicating spirit's most intimate friend, and it was written "S. J. Spurlock," which was also true. Other manifestations were produced, and as Mrs. Eldridge is to remain in St. Louis for some time the *Post-Dispatch* recommends her to the favorable consideration of its readers.

Mrs. Emma Harding Britten delivered, on Thursday evening, April 22d, to a large audience at Charter Oak Hall, San Francisco, Cal., a lecture called forth by an attack on Spiritualism by Rev. C. V. Anthony, pastor of the Central M. E. Church, of that city, in which he claimed that spiritual manifestations were the work of the devil. We shall print the discourse (for which we are indebted to the kindness of Dr. J. D. MacLennan, of San Francisco, who caused it to be specially reported for our columns,) next week.

Mrs. Amelia Colby speaks regularly for the Rochester Spiritual Society, Sunday morning and evening, at Odd Fellows' Temple. Singing conducted by Mrs. Olive Smith. Seats free.



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From the Boston Transcript.

## THE SPIRITUAL CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

In his letter on the "Leipzig Phenomena," your Cambridge correspondent, Prof. Edwin D. Mead, appears to be deeply exercised in view of the fact that just at present half of the sermons preached in New England "get their tone from Mr. Cook's Monday lectures." In his mind the discussion assumes a melancholy character that is very depressing to the souls of unbelievers. After referring to the "remarkable visions" of a church minister in "Quebec, over which all Canada is excited," and to "astounding messages" from spirits, reported to the Greek language, he indulges in the following strain of mild reproach and pious lamentation:

"What may we not expect among ourselves when our clergy come up to Boston, week by week, to be encouraged to believe that couch-shells slip untroubled through chair-seats, and that spirit-hands imprint themselves in flour? The couch-shells slip through the chair-seats, how many, then, forthwith to see how the risen Jesus passed through the closed doors, to be from the circle of disciples. Spirit-hands, invisible hands, or what not, are in the air; how luminous the story of the ghostly fingers which wrote 'Mene, Mene, Tekel' upon Belshazzar's walls!"

Your correspondent appears to be in a state of solemn expectation, naturally looking further and more steadily at the material. It is true that the facts are material in all directions, and the invisible powers present new illustrations and aspects of the truth often enough to utterly explode the materialistic speculations of each succeeding day. The truth is finding its way through many hard shells which may not be classified with the *stramonium* plants; and those who are resolved to resist it will hereafter require a triplicate theological science and the shield of scientific materialism as a defensive armor. "How the rising Jesus passed through closed doors" on entering and leaving "the circle of his disciples," is now forcibly illustrated, not by the learned excesses of the professed ministers of his Gospel, but by the luminous commentary of the world's experience.

That multitudes now see "the handwriting on the wall" is a fact no longer to be questioned. Those who know how to interpret the mystical message read in it the significant proclamation that the power of a Church which makes war on such essential facts and principles as constitute the only solid foundation of its claims must be greatly modified, or it is destined to rise away from the earth, like the empire of the haughty ruler who desecrated the sacred vessels employed in the temple service. We need not be surprised that "the signs of the times" excite alarm among the "chief priests and elders of the people." They recognize the imminent peril of a Church that has lost the vital principle of its spirituality. This Church is so much in love with stereotyped authorities and ancient relics, and has so little confidence in any "spiritual gifts" as a possible inheritance from its founder, that it boldly declares the faith of the sincere believers a cheat and a delusion. It would not hesitate to send representatives all the way to Troas to procure St. Paul's old cloak, and it has great respect for "the parchments" he left behind; at the same time it will scoff at the suggestion of the possible presence of the ascended apostle himself, as if faith in his immortality were a dream or a fiction.

But the evidence which has been rapidly accumulating for more than thirty years will soon sweep away the popular skepticism of the times and reveal the faith and philosophies of the world. Like a regenerative tide, Spiritualism is fast unsettling and upheaving the old foundations. Lifeless creeds and dogmatic authorities, great wrongs baptized in the name of Jesus, all hollow pretensions and pious shams, are drifting upon the stream—carried away as shifting sands by the ocean currents—and as the restless waves bear the empty shells to the shore, multitudes like Belshazzar have been made to tremble when they saw the handwriting on the wall.

"And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray," shrieking, with childish apprehension, from the grasp of "spirit hands" in the air, and trying in vain to hide the vision of those "closet fingers." But still the luminous hand is visible. It is the index finger pointing to destiny. To-day the hand writes on the walls of a thousand temples. Those who are not blinded by ignorance and prejudice may see what is written. We need no inspired prophet to interpret the impressive lesson. The message may vary in form, but the import is one—*Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharim!*

The fact that Rev. Joseph Cook's popular lectures determine the tone of half the sermons of the New England clergy is profoundly significant. That gentleman has been obliged to recognize many facts for which he has no satisfactory explanation. The accredited masters in science have not solved the complex problems which the subject involves. Like Prof. Phelps, of Andover, and several other divines, Mr. Cook is inclined to look to the demography of the Bible for a solution. This is a concession of the spiritual origin of the phenomena. The assumption that the spirit authors of the modern manifestations are all evil may shield those gentlemen from ecclesiastical condemnation; but it can have little weight in the mind of the honest investigator, who is sure, in the end, to form his opinion of the character of the spirits from the results of his own observation and reflection. Such men as Rev. Charles Beecher and Rev. Joseph Cook have the sagacity to apprehend what is coming, and the boldness to lead the way in which the clergy of all denominations must follow. These men will soon be recognized as the conservators of the church. In thus preparing the way for the ultimate acceptance of Spiritualism, they are pursuing the only course that will save the outward form from ruin. Spiritualism is God's great mill for pulverizing old superstitions, lifeless theories, and the soul-enslaving materialism of the past. It palsies the arms and shivers the weapons of its enemies; and any institution that attempts to stand in its way will be ground to powder, since the wheels of progress never rotate backward.

Your correspondent refers to the spiritual controversy in Germany; and, while unduly emphasizing the importance of Prof. Wundt's materialistic views, he takes occasion to disparage the just claims of Fechner, Fichte, Zöllner and other spiritualists. In his judgment the opinion of Prof. Wundt is worth twelve times as much as that of either Zöllner or Fechner. Mr. Mead's opinion of the other German philosophers above named may be inferred from the following brief extract from his letter:

"Of Fechner and Fichte, in relation to the present controversy, it should be said that, however great their abilities once were, they were quite superannuated men, eighty years old and more, before launching upon the rickety theories with which their names have been lately identified."

It is worthy of observation that so long as those distinguished scientists were presumed to be as blind as bats and ground-moles in respect to all spiritual things, they were regarded as eminent philosophers, whose many years and long experience had only added to their knowledge and ripened their judgment. But as soon as those same teachers recognized the fact that spirits of the mortal world were standing within their doors, every flippant scribbler against the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism made haste to discount their claims to public confidence. At an earlier period the late venerable Dr. Robert Hare, who some eighty years ago, invented the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, was treated with still greater indignity. The name of the man who produced a flame so intense that it consumed the diamond and vaporized most of the known substances, and acquired such a reputation that, in his time, it was said that Philadelphia was chiefly known among European philosophers as the residence of Dr. Hare. No scientist ever questioned the soundness of his mind while he was inventing his instruments designed to detect and expose the assumed fraud of mediumship. But when the spirits made use of the Doctor's own instruments to overthrow his chronic unbelief, and he was thus convinced of the truth of immortality, he straightway lost his standing among

American scientists. Then they had no doubt he was either mad or in his dotage.

At the annual session of the American Association in 1874, Dr. Hare asked for one hour for a brief statement of the scientific methods and unexpected results of his experiments in investigation. But the Association refused to hear him. Even the overshadowing presence and influence of Professors Agassiz, Mitchell and Rogers failed to secure the privilege. Prof. Pierce maintained that the subject could not properly be brought before a scientific association, and Prof. Davies, while expressing "profound respect for the gentleman from Philadelphia," was, nevertheless, willing to stop his mouth. A lesser and more lurid light in science, Dr. Winslow—chiefly known for his investigations of subterranean combustion or volcanic fires—said the effect of the suggestion that if the subject were brought before that body, he would move to convene a "special session" in the nearest lunatic asylum. "It is not among the more agreeable of the writer's reminiscences of the time, that the offender escaped reproof for this shameful breach of decorum."

Referring to Spiritualism, Mr. Mead quotes what Prof. Wundt has to say about *superstition*, from which I extract the following passage:

"It was almost chimerical to hope that science will ever completely root it out. Nothing could have more than the appearance of superstition in scientific circles themselves. Science, striking off one head from the monstrous hydra, is obliged to see a new one start out in another place—a head which soon enough assumes her own face."

The fact is susceptible of the clearest demonstration, that a rational Spiritualism is far removed from everything that may be properly characterized as superstition. It is not one of the excessive religious which degrades the divinity in man; it fosters no slavish fear of God or the devil; its worship is never idolatrous nor otherwise inconsistent with reason; it neither believes in celibacy nor polygamy; it insists on no rigorous observance of religious rites; its beautiful faith embraces no moral or mathematical impossibilities; it neither accepts the infallibility of the letter of its own revelations, nor wastes time in pompous ceremonies which have no spiritual vitality; it recognizes the divinity in all things, and advances no deification of human nature in the interest of the soul. And yet Professor Wundt, who occupies the Chair of Natural Philosophy in the University of Leipzig, and is reputed to be one of the most eminent psychologists in Germany, makes no distinction between Spiritualism and superstition. The boy of fifteen who could not exercise more discrimination should go to the field rather than the university.

Science is in despair, and this German professor is now struggling in the coils of what appears to his vision to be a monstrous hydra. As often as he strikes off one head, he says, "a new one starts out," and in mockery of his pretensions assumes the expressive image of Science herself. What is to be done? The process of actual censure is powerless to extinguish the spirits. Moreover, if they are all of the class usually recognized by the priesthood, they must have learned to stand fire. At present there is every indication that the monster will triumph at last. We know that Hercules is dead and his great labors are finished. St. Patrick, too, has gone to his rest in heaven; and the Leipzig professor is unequal to the herculean task of slaying the last of the monster's dragons. In conclusion your correspondent advises you, by all means, to remain in ignorance of the dangers to which we are exposed. So solemn a warning may bear to be repeated in the interest of all heedless people; and so I beg to reproduce this last impressive exhortation which Mr. Mead has addressed to your readers:

"There are many things of which a man might wish to be ignorant, and these of which, shun them as you would the secrets of the undertaker and the butcher. The last and never denied or trifled with, leave this limbo to the prince of the power of the air."

Now when your correspondent says "the best are never demoniacal or magnetic," we are not sure whether he means "things" of the highest value, the most desirable "secrets," or the best "undertakers and butchers." Without attempting to settle this question, we may respectfully inquire if there may not be some danger in closing our eyes to evils which may chance to lie in our path? Shall we be sure to escape from the wolf that is in our track because we never look for him, and have managed to remain in ignorance of the natural history of the brute? How the cravens who may be pleased to follow your correspondent's advice can guard against the peculiar dangers of which they know nothing does not clearly appear, and this may appropriately be made the subject of another letter from the classic shades of Cambridge.

Yours cordially,  
S. B. BRITTON.

"Since 'ignorance is bliss,' and Professor Mead is known to depend on the same for the security of the brethren, let us add one to the beatitudes. Write henceforth, 'Blessed are they who know nothing, for they are exposed, for they are presumed to be safe.'—S. B. B."

## Everett Hall Spiritual Conference.

Saturday Evening, May 15th—Addresses by Dr. J. R. Buchanan and Mrs. F. O. Hyzer.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A full house and the hearty applause of the audience greeted Dr. J. R. Buchanan on his appearance. His subject for the evening was "The Possibilities and Duties of a Divine Life." He gave a truthful and most graphic sketch of the present condition of society, in its intellectual, social, scientific and religious phases. The tendency to Materialism and Atheism was as conspicuous in it as it was outside the church. The educated classes are going away from religion. References were made to Dean Stanley, and quotations from Rev. Mr. McKnight, of California, and others, showing the readiness of great numbers of prominent religious teachers to give up miracles, which were the historic records of spiritualism, and to admit that Materialism was submerging pulp and college and that Spiritualism came with its inspirations and its illuminating power. Immortality and spirit return were no longer mere beliefs; spirit return was a fact, a demonstrated reality, and only coming into material form in material form is able to cope with and master Atheism and Materialism, and churches of bigotry and superstition must dissolve in the presence of the angels, who, an unnumbered host, are returning, and the souls of the departed are coming back into detail, indicating the reconstructive measures which must follow the general acceptance of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Mrs. Hyzer, who is a great favorite with Brooklyn audiences, followed Dr. Buchanan with a characteristically brilliant address. With Mrs. Hyzer there is nothing insignificant in the universe and there are no unimportant events. She is discursive and philosophical, and no matter what the topic—whether moral or angelic—she, with her rhetoric, like the artist with his pencil, brings out qualities, characteristics and lines of beauty never before dreamed of.

At a late hour—half past ten o'clock—the conference adjourned. The program previously making the evening a most interesting and instructive one, and the exercises were devoted to exclusively devoted to personal experiences. Capt. David gave out "a cordial invitation to our mediums, whose absence as well as present to attend. All who honored our conference with their presence were always welcomed, and warmly welcomed; and, as far as time would permit, all desiring to do so were invited to speak and become active workers in the cause."

C. H. M.  
Brooklyn, Everett Hall, 39 Fulton street,  
May 15th, 1880.

## First Society of Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Mr. Thomas Gates Foster will occupy the platform comfortably with Mrs. Brigham next Saturday evening, commencing Sunday, May 23d. Mrs. Brigham will speak in the morning, Mr. Foster in the evening. Mrs. M. A. Newton.

## Second Society of Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

This Society has secured the services of the well-known and popular Nettle Pease Fox, one of the most eloquent and able mediums in the country, to occupy the platform on Sunday, May 23d, at 10 o'clock. The exercises will be held at the residence of Mrs. Fox, who has been heretofore engaged in Rochester, N. Y., and we hope will like us and our city well enough to make a special journey to the metropolis. Our afternoon conference is increasing in interest; we shall continue it, and probably our meetings, through the summer.

A. WELDON.  
New York City, May 17th, 1880.

## The New York Evening Express is responsible for the following:

"One Dr. Pierson was appointed to travel and 'preach the distinctive doctrines' of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Imagine his horror to find that the Cumberland Presbyterian types put punch for 'preach.' Perhaps it was as well."

## The Thirtieth Anniversary of the Wedding Day.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton, at their residence, 128 West 43d street, on Saturday evening, the 8th of May, celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of their wedding day. It was an occasion of congratulations and kindly interchange of the amenities of life. The reception was quite informal, but a large number were present in honor of the event. There were some handsome floral offerings, and one we noticed specially, the groundwork being made of wheat-straw in the form of a horse-shoe, being filled out with white, red and tea roses, heliotrope, white plums and pansies, with other varieties, and having this unique inscription on a card: "Sent by one who has never failed to find here a brother, sister, and friend, and who always found not only the latest string outside but the door ajar—hopes that thirty may be multiplied by two." The first part of the evening was passed in a social, enjoyable manner. Later on Mr. Newton intimated that he would like to hear from Prof. S. B. Britton. Dr. Britton said he would scarcely trust himself this evening to anything extemporaneous, and (thinking it would be just like his good friend, Mr. Newton, to ask him to say something, he had prepared a paper which might be appropriate to the occasion. He then proceeded to read its contents—the subject being the major portion of the essay:

"Private and public morality, the highest interests of the State and the progress of civilization, all depend on the unselfish loves and sacred relations of home. This is the heart's glory of holies. It is no place for the rude and the ungodly. Destroy these relations, and the whole social and political fabric would fall to the ground, and we should drift away into darker ages of savage ignorance and brutality. Where, then, does love exist on earth? It came from the ark, would it not rise above the dark clouds of the troubled waters. True love is not the fitful flame which ungovernable passion kindles in the human breast."

"Which must be fed on folly or expire."

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Rev. Washington Gladden, who has been intimately connected with the editorial management of this magazine from the outset, retires—Edward F. Merriam being his successor.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART—Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., publishers, 636 Broadway, New York City—has for May a fine frontispiece, entitled "Life, Light, and Melody"; the illustrated article, "Leaves from a Sketcher's Note-Book," is a superb in word and picture; "Eventide" (full page) is a drawing replete with solemn thoughts of a voyage of life and a calendar day, both nearly done; there are other attractions scattered through the issue which render it a worthy continuation of a standard publication.

RECEIVED: THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER for May: H. N. Black, publisher, 37 Park Row, New York City.

## New Publications.

SAKIA BUDDHA: A Versified, Annotated Narrative of his Life and Teachings; with an Excursus, containing Citations from the Dhammapadam, or Buddhist Canon. By E. D. Root, an American Buddhist. New York: Charles P. Somerby, 18 Bond street, 1880.

From books inaccessible to the public have been gleaned the facts embodied in this poem, relating to one whom the author designates as "the keenest-minded of all religious, heaven-sent Arhats." Following the poem are copious annotations in which the author has endeavored to render plain many incidents interwoven with the career of Buddha which could not easily be given in verse. At the close of the volume, for the purpose of imparting to the reader a correct view of Buddha's ethical and religious concepts, numerous passages are given from his "Dhammapadam," or "Path of Virtue," a translation of which has been made from the Pali into English, by F. Max Müller. The striking correspondence existing between the birth, life, incidents and teachings of Buddha and Christ, is strongly impressed upon the mind of the reader of this book: a book which cannot fail to be very acceptable to all students of the origin and nature of the religious faiths of mankind. It was said by the poet Goethe, "He who knows only one language knows none," to which paradoxical aphorism Max Müller added: "To know knows only one religion knows none." The increase of books shedding light upon ancient religions is a marked feature of our times, and of those religions none can be more worthy of attention than that which this book of Mr. Root is designed to inform us of, a religion of which it has been said, "While Old England and New England have used the rack, the cell, the dungeon, the inquisition, and thousands of implements of torture, there have been twenty-three hundred years of Buddhism with not a drop of blood in its onward march; not a groan along its pathway. It has never persecuted; never deceived the people; never practiced pious fraud; never appealed to prejudice; never used the sword."

SOLOMON'S STORY, A Novel, by W. J. Shaw. With Illustrations by H. F. Farny. Engraved by Welsbrodt. Cincinnati: Peter G. Thompson, Publisher, 1880.

This is a Western story, the principal character of which is a child introduced and known throughout the narrative as "the small prisoner." The father of this child, while a passenger on a St. Louis boat, in an endeavor to assist the deck hands became entangled in a rope and was by it thrown into the river and drowned. He was held a large fortune, the title to which was, by this misfortune, transferred to his wife and child, then in Europe, but who shortly after came to this country. They had not been here long before the mother died. Near her last moment she took a string of pearls and a pendant from her neck, and placing it on that of her child, asked her to keep it as a memento of her love. This daughter was now the sole heir to a vast property. It appears that immediately following the death of the father, a conspiracy was formed to obtain the fortune, to accomplish which purpose mother and child were to be put out of the way. The former was disposed of and the latter placed in an asylum under a false name. But the child kept fast hold of his mother's gift and insisted upon being known by his right name. The next move of the conspirators was to arrest the child for stealing a pearl necklace, and she was brought before a court where she was designated as "the small prisoner." Our space will not permit us to go further into the details of the book, which is replete with interesting incidents and wise suggestions. "The small prisoner" was clairvoyant powers, and those as well as the presence of spirit intelligences are recognized, not merely as probabilities but as actualities. "The Pitt-Glazier Club" dispenses some queer logic, and the remarks of its members help to render more intricate the plot which it finally aids in unravelling, and which, by the way, is ingeniously constructed, the characters being well individualized, and the interest well sustained throughout.

HUBBARD'S RIGHT HAND RECORD AND NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY, giving in Alphabetical Order, Towns in each State, with Population; Papers in each Town, with Circulation, with Blank Space for recording the names of the Office, Agents, or any other Data. A Complete List of all American Newspapers and all the Leading Newspapers of the World. Published by H. H. Hubbard, Advertising Agent, New Haven, Ct., 1880.

This is a new and revised edition of a book that, on its appearance last year was welcomed by the business world as an immense aid to a proper and profitable distribution of advertising patronage. The first inquiry of a man who means business is, "How shall I advertise?" and this handsome volume of nearly five hundred pages will enable him to satisfy himself on that point in a most satisfactory manner. It is the most complete work of the kind before the public; presents in a condensed and classified form the name and circulation of the leading publications of the entire world, and will be found to be of such great value to all business men that its possession will be considered indispensable.

BRAIN AND MIND; or Mental Science. Considered in Accordance with the Principles of Phenology, and in relation to Modern Physiology. By Henry S. Drayton, A. M., and James McNeill, Illustrated. New York: S. H. Wells & Co., Publishers, 737 Broadway.

This work is designed to be a treatise on the relations of the thinking principle to its physical instrument, embodying the well-established doctrines of phenology, and showing their connection with the latest modern physiological thought. Its definitions are clear and explicit, and its teachings thoroughly practical. It abounds with suggestions of the highest value, and the reader will, doubtless, arise from its perusal with clearer views of the nature of mind and the responsibilities of life. Its many illustrations add much to the interest and instructive value of the work.

THE LEGEND OF ST. OLAF'S KING, by George Houghton, author of "Christmas Broeklet," "Songs from Over the Sea," "Penny for Your Thoughts," "Drift from York Harbor," etc. Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1880.

The scene of this legend is laid in Norway and the period is that of the twelfth century. It is a beautiful and touching story of early love and betrothal, forced separation and constant faithfulness, with a sad and tragic termination, resulting from jealousy and the treachery of the King. Its smooth, rhythmic lines are replete with incidents and descriptions illustrative of the customs of the people of the Northern nations, with frequent allusions to their history.

THE STANDARD SERIES, published by I. K. Funk & Co., 10 and 12 Dey street, New York, is constantly being added to by the issue of new volumes, the latest being "Knight's Popular History of England," to be completed in eight volumes, at 30 cents a volume. This is very popular in England and brings events down to 1868. "Rowland Hill; His Life, Anecdotes, and Pulpit Sayings," by V. J. Charlesworth, with an Introduction by C. H. Spurgeon, is one of the most readable of books. It is furnished without abridgement in this series for 15 cents.

FREE TRADE AND ENGLISH COMMENCE. By Augustus Mongredien. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York.

A valuable work designed to present a brief review of the present position of the free trade question in respect to the world at large, and especially in respect to the commerce of England; and also to show the bearings of free trade on the commerce and industry of the world.

Those old people whose blood has become thin and steps feeble are praising Hop Bitters for the good they have done them.

The action of Kidney-Wort on the Kidneys, Bowels and Liver, gives it wonderful power.

## THEORY VS. FACTS.

All established theories are set aside by solid facts. The solid facts in this case are, that the business interests of our fair city have been more greatly enhanced within the past year by one single enterprise, conducted by one single mind, than by all other productive institutions in Rochester. We refer to the manufacture of Hop Bitters. The remedial properties of hops, with the herbs introduced, principally buchu, mandrake and dandelion, had long been known, but there had been so much mere stuff—deleterious stuff—foisted upon the country, under the general cognomen of "bitters" and "remedies," that this medicine, which had been perfecting under the experiments of skilled pharmacologists and chemists, had to overcome the distrust of all such "remedies" by the slow process of information, which has been so successfully done that to-day the druggist who does not embrace Hop Bitters in the list of his regularly ordered medicines, or the family that does not know its beneficial effects, would be difficult to find.

## THE MANUFACTORY

Is located on Mill street, from which emanates the preparation that is daily shipped to all parts of this country, and to sections of the globe over which the American flag does not float. The business is splendidly systematized, and everything goes on so quietly that it would be difficult to imagine that so extensive a business was done in that locality. Each department is overseen by competent persons. The items for bottles and for packing-boxes are enormously surprising, and those who furnish these two articles alone have reason to rejoice at the discovery of Hop Bitters, while the myriads of sick people who have been cured by this invaluable remedy have greater reason to rejoice. —Rochester Evening Express.

## More Facts.

Sterling, Ill., August 22, 1879.

We feel we must write something of the success of Hop Bitters. Their sale is treble that of any other article of medicine. Hence we feel it but justice to you and your Bitters to say that it is a medicine of real merit and virtue, and doing much good and effecting great cures.

Yours, J. F. &amp; H. D. ULLERY.

Ashtabula, O., Nov. 16, 1878.

Gents—We have used your Bitters, and like them very much.

SNYDER &amp; HARRIS.

Mrs. Shafts, Poles, &amp;c.

Hayesville, Ohio, Feb. 11, 1880.

I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I only took two bottles, and I would not take \$100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best of results from their use.

C. B. MERCER, M. D.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 15, 1878.

We take pleasure in giving you a notice, and a nice, strong one, as it (Hop Bitters) deserves it. We use it, and we know it deserves it. —The Register.

Wenona, Ill., Aug. 6, 1879.

HOP BITTERS CO.: O. Wingate bought of us a bottle of your Bitters a few weeks ago, and they did him an immense amount of good. We sell 2½ doz. per week.

DENNY BROS.

Greenwich, Feb. 11, 1880.

HOP BITTERS CO.: Sirs—I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me. They are having a large sale here.

LEROY BREWER.

Greenwich, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1880.

HOP BITTERS are the most valuable medicine I ever knew. I should not have any more now but for them.

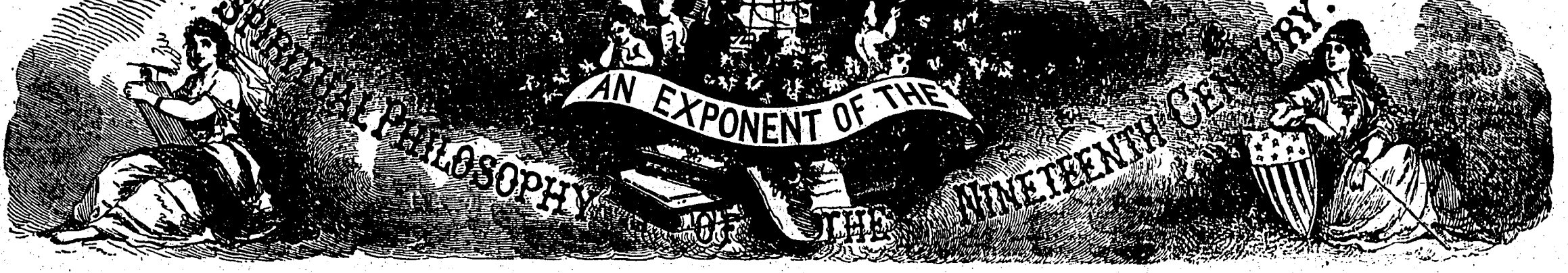
HENRY KNAPP.

Lone Jack, Mo., Sept. 14, 1879.

I have been using Hop Bitters, and have received great benefit from them for liver complaint and malarial fever. They are superior



# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLVII.

COLBY & RICH,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1880.

{ \$3.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free. }

NO. 10.

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## The Rostrum.

### THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST: WHEN IS IT TO BE?

An Address Delivered in Everett Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday Evening, March 21st, 1880, through the Mediumistic Instrumentality of  
MRS. F. O. HYZER.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Friends: I thank you for the question you have proposed to me to-night. However often I may have spoken upon this subject, it is ever new to me. In the very sound upon my ear of the name of Jesus I hear the unending of a golden spring from the infinite volume of unutterable poetry. My heart glows with renewed adoration of the Giver of perfect gifts, and my pulses beat with spiritual exultation and thanksgiving for the glorious boon or fact of a self-existent heirship with him to the immeasurable treasures of eternity. Yet the name could have no charm for me—could in no degree quicken my brain to reason, or my heart to grate or my soul to joyfulness, did it exert an enslaving or controlling influence upon the nature of either one of these departments or faculties of my being.

If in its nature it bound me to any one-sidedness in thought, to one desire to restrict the mind of another or limit one sense of adoration in a single heart to the outlines of my ideal at the expense of its own healthful, natural unfoldment, the name would be to me no magical unclasp of the sacred volumes of divine revelation; but because through the souls of countless millions it has rolled on for centuries, gathering to itself the divine power of bearing humanity upward to loftier heights and broader planes of aspiration, to and inspiration from the fountains of eternal and impartial love; because it hath echoed and re-echoed about the atmosphere of our unfolding planet like the voice of God to the weary, the sorrowful, the oppressed and despairing; uplifting the burdened, comforting the mourner, delivering the enslaved and illuminating the pathway of the exile, the wanderer and the outcast, it has become a magnet to thousands upon thousands of the human race; and touched by the magnetic waves of inspiration from the divine thoughts and emotions of those to whom God hath given charge concerning us, it rises to a flame of adoring fire, and springs forth from heart to heart, from soul to soul, fusing and blending them, as it were, in one, through the silent, subtle, but irresistible force of "Logic set on fire by Love."

Unlike the honored names of Plato, Socrates and Confucius, it does not represent an individual to our thought, but a PRINCIPLE. It does not typify a man, but the spiritual destiny of MANKIND. The slaughters and tortures and martyrdoms perpetrated in its name have not dimmed its glory or stained its love-consecrated purity. The corruptions of men have not soiled it, the lusts of Mammon have not contaminated or degraded it; the billows of Time's tempestuous, storm-lashed ocean have not extinguished its immortal radiance. Upon the highest, blackest waves of the soul-anarchy of human life it gleams and burns, the royal signet-jewel of the Master, in fulfillment of the blessed promise of the Comforter that should enlighten every man that cometh into the world. Beneath its vernal illumination the billows lie down in slumber, and the sun pales in glory before the splendor of the lamp that lights the Holy City of Love—the city where night's shadows never fall and the wall of the sorrowing is heard no more forever—for the smile of the living God illumines, and the sweet, imperishable peace that passeth all understanding hath wiped the tear from every cheek, and supplanted with the freshness and beauty of immortal youth the weariness of time and the burden of mortal tribulation.

If I hold in my hand a piece of stone from the Rocky Mountains, a bit of broken sculpture or pottery from the long-buried ruins of Pompeii, a chip of bone from a disintegrated Egyptian, or of any substance whatever, I hold a volume of a clearly-written history of locality and personality, which admits, before the searching eye of "Psychometry," no concealments of the writer's motives or meanings, no typographical errors or misrepresentations. Then why cannot a name so highly charged with divine magnetism as that of Jesus of Nazareth, lead us through his glowing life-history to the very life-centres of the Christ, of which *who* he was so fruitful a branch—the all-redeeming principle of eternal Love? Thus conscious of the power of my question, I reach up my hand to my inspiring teachers, and they lead me forth upon the sea of your thought, which, sweeping toward me in its power of unity, sinks not beneath the pressure of my faith, but gives me back of its soulful sympathy and intellectual appreciations, until I feel uplifted nearer and nearer, higher and higher, toward the inlet of the river that flows from the white throne of eternal Truth. If one could stand before you to-night clothed in the shining raiment of an archangel, and answer your question arbitrarily by saying "The second coming of Christ will be in 1880," or in any other year to be, giving you the comparative data of the event, in what manner could you assure yourselves of the truth of the statement? To-night, under the stimulus of so extraordinary an event as the coming into our midst of a descending angel, we might not question the authority presented. But the nature of all organic life is receptive, and until *light* becomes *life*, it can only illuminate us transiently, for we glow in its borrowed beams, and have no power to

hold them permanently. One of our greatest poets has said, and I think very truly, that the oftener we resolve in light, and reflect because of non-fulfillment of the resolution into *life*, the weaker we grow in relation to the possibilities of actualizing our ideal of a pure and Godlike character. But growth, actual unfoldment, comes positive into giving, instead of remaining negative unto the influences of dissolution; hence it only reflects spherically for the perpetuation of its own momentum, and upon its own axis of revolution, wheel-like, only turning unconsciously backward, thus to preserve the self-governing power of moving continuously and progressively onward. The mind of man never reflects from knowledge. He may learn to-day that twice two are four, and however much his spirits may be depressed, or however great may be the change in his circumstances, he still knows that twice two are four. One cannot reflect from *light* that has become *life*. The intellectual, under the stimulating influence of wine, thinks himself much taller, or larger, or stronger than he really is, yet when the reaction from that excitement comes, he feels himself even far below his own normal self.

We cannot fail to see that there are to-day many persons calling themselves Spiritualists, who are following after every form of test-mediumship, in search of more evidence of the immortality of the soul; and while phenomena multiply, the phenomena of inter-spherical communion upon his reason, he is still uncertain, and, from doubting his immortality at first, pushes his investigation of evidence until the more palpable becomes the demonstration of the truth for which he is seeking, the more he comes to doubt the realism of his own normal senses. So often has he thought himself convinced, and found himself mistaken regarding the firmness of his belief, his reasoning faculties have collapsed from too constant heating and cooling, and at length have so fully ceased to serve him that he may clasp his angel child to his yearning heart, feel her kiss of love upon his brow, hear the sweet melody of her voice, and yet, ere the earth again revolves upon its axis, his poor depleted senses fear they have never seen, nor touched, nor heard the precious treasure of his yearning father-love. How could this sickly, morbid state of the mind have been prevented? Only by blocking or supporting the wheels of the investigation of this transcendent revelation of the love and wisdom of High Heaven, at every resting point of the great route through the tares and brambles and underbrush and thorns of past superstition and dogmatical opinions, by a unity of *special* phenomena with universal phenomena, through a deep and continually unfolding system of a philosophy of correspondences, the golden magnets of which should draw into its magic circle all demonstrations and systems of known science, all developments of all religions, all harmonies of poetry, all revelations of universal life and love, however radiant their splendor, however simple and humble their proportions. Thus unified with universal truth, its special demonstrations are held fast linked in the bonds of circumstantial evidence of the absolute. Contradiction when we call the Infinite, Great First Cause, or God. Thus Truth folds us to her bosom, and from her maternal embraces there will never be an exile, or a wanderer going forth from his divine inheritance of a love of the *choir* that casteth out all fear of the *Evil*—from the peace or unity of feeling with intellect which maketh him greater than he that taketh a city.

From such a point on the way of inquiry after truth do I wish to answer, or help you to answer, the question before us to-night. Shall we not leave the *man* Jesus for a while, and search for the *spirit* of the flesh and blood, the Christ orointed *first* born of the overshadowing Life which we call God? I think we may well cry out to-day, with Mary at the sepulchre, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Truly we have so long contended over the merits and demerits, the possibilities and impossibilities of the *word* or *personality*, that we have failed to cherish and live the *spirit* of the word which giveth life. So long have we reasoned or tried to reason objectively in relation to the *history* of Jesus, that we have failed to realize subjectively the living, soul-redeeming Christ. Let us to-night, then, cease for a while all contention or speculation regarding the picture or copy, and search for the original of the picture in the realms of subjective truth, or life within ourselves. Let us, if we can, find Christ or God or eternal facts *within*, and then we can judge far better if there be a need of such a character as that of Jesus. If we find the *need* in the laws of our being, we shall see the justice and law of justice by which the need should have been supplied; and contentment with regard to the exact data relating to the time or circumstance of that supply will grow less inflammable, sink into comparative negation, allowing simple corresponding history a graceful pose of rest, whereupon she can sleep between the lids of the Bible, as quietly and naturally as a child nestled in the bosom of mother-love.

God, the incomparable SELFHOOD, swears by Himself, having nothing beyond Himself to swear by. Man, the epitomized selfhood, should and must do the same, that he may be a child of the Father who is in heaven, or self-harmony. Let us see if there is anything in the nature of our being requiring sacrifice, or atonement to the Infinite. Turning seaward, I find organic life, or personality, involves a *responsibility*, or an absolute necessity of a *consciousness* on the part of my selfhood, of its relation to something larger, higher, lower, mightier than myself, in whose superior selfhood my own doth live, and move, and have its being. Moving one step further, I discover that to live in this eternal life involves my own immortality. Once a necessity to this Infinite Self-Being, *forever* a necessity. INFINITE NECESSITY can have no termination. Flushing my immortality, or deathless personality, unceasing, or irrevocably settled, I question of the ways and means of its self-perpetuity, and at once I find that eternal life is eternal action, involving eternal mutation of parts, that the whole may remain immutable. Thus I learn that there could be no Infinite without the finite; no finite without change; no change without a law of demand and supply; no action of the laws of demand and supply without a corresponding *sense* of all these realities, for infinite *mind* involves infinite *consciousness*. Thus I find my senses, or consciousness, legitimate and loyal to God, or my Over-Soul, and fear not self-questioning, realizing that through the exercise of my own faculties, through the development of my own emotional and intellectual being, I am finding the commandments of my God, or the Infinite Revealer. Thus within myself I hear the thunders of his voice on Sinai; within myself I see the flames of the burning bush; within myself I find the entire poem of the Garden of Eden, or the primal innocence; the tree of knowledge forbidden me to eat, on penalty of my dying in that hour to my former state of ignorance of the nature of my being; the temptation of Intuition by the subtle influences of the Wisdom which was driven forth by Infinite law into chaos, or primal, nebulous matter, to lead the *first* born of every world to a realization of its destiny of toiling

and overcoming forever, for the preservation of the imperishable, limitless, fathomless Self-Necessity of Being. In myself I find within all this a sense or comprehension of a choice between states and sensations; a desire for happiness; a dread of pain; a choice over which something rules irresistibly, to which I have to yield absolute obedience, at whatever cost to any state, or quality, or condition, of my own nature of emotion or intellect.

Here I first learn of sacrifice. Here I discover that one state is succeeded by another, under the operation of laws over which my choice has no jurisdiction, but wherewith I also discover a gradual but sure unfolding from darkness into light, from deformity into beauty, from weakness into strength, from germinal form to blossom and fruitage, and ere I am aware I stand before the high revelation of that love of the eternal God written in letters of flame on every particle of universal matter, in every spark of universal spirit. "Nothing can be quickened except it die." Here I find the death, or sacrifice, and the quickening, or the resurrection, are an inseparable unity; hence I find the living reality of *immortality* self-sacrifice into infinite resurrection, as clearly, palpably demonstrated as the fact of a centripetal and centrifugal action for the preservation of the motion of our earth upon her axis; and divine meditation becomes as fixed a reality in my comprehension of existence as existence itself. Thus *atonement* becomes the sacrificial fulfilling of the laws of progressive unfoldment, and now that I have found the *living* Christ, or self-redeeming law—the glorious son of virgin-matter overshadowed by the invisible Genius of Life, or the Divine Artist of Form, I find no difficulty in corresponding this living principle to the life of the one who first taught it to mankind, or at least to the one who alone transcribed it in his life to me, the first-born type of the soul's resurrection from the self-destruction of mutation—Jesus of Nazareth. Thus corresponded, we see how God is sacrificed to Himself to appease His own necessities of attractions and repulsions. Here religion and science, the poem and the poet, the law and its symbol, venerate each other, and the first coming of a redeemer having been found within the second coming, can only be the returning tide of the same soul-necessity of our planet and her humanity, and will be discerned at such points first as show the correspondence between the regular, normal unfoldment of the ages of time as related to eternity, the peculiarities of race and the varieties of typical representation of that Comforter and Resurrector.

The more clearly we see the unities of this Christ or Redeeming principle, the nearer and closer we shall feel its presence within and around us. When we can see him glowing in love and uplifting attraction in every form of worship; when a glow of seven-fold light his glory shall span the arching heavens and rest upon the ether-beatings of both the Orient and the Occident; when Christ and Christianity shall cease to antagonize, and the light shall have become incarnate in *us* as it was eighteen hundred years ago in *man*, we shall have become so well acquainted with the *life* of Christ that we could contend regarding his picture, though it be named Buddha, Jesus or Mahomet. Then we shall see the nature of the need of a great guide or example to move on before us to demonstrate the practicability of the ideal of a divine life incarnate in humanity—a model brought outward, clothed in flesh, to show how pure and Godlike and unselfish and just the spirit can hold itself in clay; and who have been taught through history to look for this embodiment of the ideal of the divine man in Jesus, more closer to him still, as unfolding light reveals the exquisite loveliness—the artistic perfections of the correspondence between Christ and Jesus; and with a new joy and an intenser reverence and love, we repeat again and again the sweet words, "Our Redeemer, Jesus Christ." Oh, how restful the sweet sense of feeling that all nature is pledged to the one great system of our divine redemption; to know that the universe and its infinite consciousness holds our eternal life in its infinite perfectness; to realize that ocean, lake and river, mountain, hill and valley, reptile, insect and animal, every form and grade of being, every germ, bud and flower, and fruit of earth, is moving with us under the same laws, unto as full and full a joy and rest and peace as man, only "one star differing from another star in glory," ever and forever more.

Thus to us becomes vitally correspondent the *history* of all being; thus I trace all religions to one source, all Saviours to one Christ; and while I appreciate every one's type of sacrifice and meditation, I fold mine closely to my grateful, adoring heart, in the flame of the manger-born child of Bethlehem. Here angels gather around me, illuminating every word of his poetical utterances as they lie written on the pages of my memory, with the light of their glowing inspirations; and, thus illuminated, the Bible teaches me of the confirmations of the thought of the seers and prophets of the past, of the word of God written in the laws of my own being. Within the living gospel of Truth I find the evidences that this mortal shall put on immortality; this corruption incorruption, and I begin to understand that to do this is not only possible, but absolutely to be fulfilled. I find that the soul embodies immortal agelessness; that our bodies must be subject to our spirits. The incoming evidences of the materializing and dematerializing of human forms confirm the correctness of this prophecy. Angels show us that they can so control matter as to momentarily actualize their ideal of deformity or beauty. Thus they demonstrate to us the reality of the so-called miracles of Jesus. They have actualized in our presence the correspondences of his deeds. Now we see he could have walked upon the waves of Galilee; now we know it possible that he raised the widow's son, and called again to human action the chilled heart of the daughter of Jairus. Now we see that the spirit must reach the high attainment of inhabiting both the planes of life called earth and the spirit-world. We have only to educate our natures until the *will* of our accumulated life-power becomes the active, ready actualizer of our spiritual ideal. Thus we lay up treasures in heaven. If we have become self-sovereigns we then can demand of Death his sceptre, and he must obey; we are victors of the grave, and can command the illies of Paradise to bloom above its sealed and forever conquered kingdom. The beauty and grace and brightness of our youth can be more than re-materialized; if I can will one pain from so much as one of my fingers, it proves then I can, by the same law, with corresponding conquest of matter, command pain from my whole body. If I can thus far control my own physical dominions, I have the demonstration that I, too, as well as the returning angels of heaven, or self-sovereignty, can be as I wish and will to be.

It is only a question of unfoldment with us all; but how soon or by what especial ways and means each one shall attain this resurrection, "knoweth no man, not even the angels in heaven." This I do know; thank God! this I do know: my Redeemer liveth; and therefore, as I have worn the image of the earthly I shall also wear the image of the heavenly. The sweet reverence, the clinging love, the dear sympathies which my soul has been taught through all its mortal life to

feel for the eternalized seer of Judea, since the day when twenty-seven years ago I was born to the atmosphere of communion with angels, has grown intenser, broadened in its sweep, strengthened in its current, until today it bears me on its rolling waves of divine harmony out into the boundless, fathomless ocean of eternal Love. It is upon its swelling tide, I gaze upon the great past and future, and realize something of the grandeur and sublimity of that life which, after eighteen hundred years of human strife and human selfishness, through all the Gethsemanes and over all the Calvaries of time, shines forth to-day with a stainless beauty it never before revealed, a splendor never before reflected, making him incomparably more magnetic in his power of leading us into the kingdom of his imperishable love than on the day when he ascended to his Father.

In the fulfillment of his wondrous prophecies and promises, I hail the morning of his second ministry to earth; consequently recognize the earliest signals of his return in the earliest phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, since to her has been delegated the power of giving all the signs of his coming as they were given to his disciples from his own love-consecrated lips. That my audience is in harmony with my views of the coming of the Christ, I have something of belief, since so long have they failed to remind me of the flight of time or the frailty of human flesh; if I have wearied my listening friends, they must pardon their own over-fatiguedness of time, since I am ever too grateful to God and his angels for the uplifting baptisms of imperishable truth and redeeming love, to have had in all the years of my inspirational privileges, one conscious thought of weariness or desire that the holy sacrament of their love should be lessened or withheld.

You have given me as a theme for an inspirational poem.

THE RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.  
I gaze through a rift in the clouds to-day,  
On the face of the King of Love and Light,  
That await earth's children when they shall be  
From the bondage and burden of matter free.

Through this "rift in the clouds" I behold the power  
Of our spirits to claim our immortal dower,  
The fathomless wealth that in splendor waits,  
Each mortal's asplending the hour-gates.

Through which he the knowledge of law shall win,  
That shows him the kingdom of heaven within,  
Through this "rift in the clouds" I behold the light  
That scatters the darkness of mortal night.

And shows me how sweet the Terror King  
Gave up his own life, and lost his sting,  
While never again shall the two ways,  
Or the express twine of a human grave.

Shine, *our* *grace*, with his form above,  
The laws of his nature fulfilled, must close  
The era of matter when graves were made,  
And in their old bosoms our treasures laid.

Through this "rift in the clouds" I have caught the glow  
Of the light that shall illumine our sphere,  
In which we the voice of our God can hear  
Thrilling our steps to the fountains of truth.

The "secrets of the spirit's eternal realm."  
Then shall we the prophets of old receive,  
But *knowing*, no longer can we *believe*;  
The light having wrought into flesh its way.

The laws of redemption cannot delay,  
Hence matter must answer their high behest,  
And earth enter into immortal rest.

PETER AND PAUL.

M. RENAN'S LECTURES ON THE LEGEND OF THE ROMAN CHURCH—A BRILLIANT DISCOURSE.

On April 8th, M. Renan delivered in St. George's Hall, Langham place, London, the second Hibbert lecture on "The Legend of the Roman Church—Peter and Paul." In the first he endeavored to show the inextricable difficulty in which the Roman Empire found itself in the first century in dealing with religion. In the inevitable death-grapple with Paganism it was already becoming clearer and clearer that Judaism, under its Christian form, must carry the day. The future belonged to the Jew. The Jewish colony at Rome dated from about B. C. 63. The Israelites multiplied rapidly. Cleopatra plumed himself on his courage in having resisted them. Caesar favored them and found them trustworthy. The mob hated them, found them spiteful, and charged them with forming a secret society whose members pushed themselves forward without scruple at the cost of others. But all did not judge thus lastly; the Jews had as many friends as flatterers. Juvenal's sneers at the Judaizing ladies of his time proved the literal fulfillment of Zechariah's prophecy, that people would lay hold of the skirts of a Jew and would beg to be led to Zion. The Ghetto of that early age was across the Tiber; hence in the poorest and dirtiest slums of the city, most likely near the modern Porta Portese. The first nucleus of Rome's Jewish population had been freedmen, mostly sprung from prisoners of war brought by Pompey from Jerusalem. They had clung to their religion in spite of their cruel bondage, and their synagogues at Rome had never broken off their relations with Jerusalem. The original colony had been reinforced by many emigrants, who were started in life by their brethren as peddlers, or became adepts in the trade of begging. No Roman who respected himself ever set foot in the quarter, which was a sink of the most despised classes and the most disgusting industries. The police never penetrated into the district save when its squabbles grew too bloody or too frequent. Few quarters of Rome were so free. There were no politics there, and in ordinary times no hindrances to religious rites or proselytism.

A world of ideas was hatching in this longshore population, but was lost in the roar of the great city, and the proud patricians who promenade the Aventine did not dream, when they descended to look across the Tiber, what a future was preparing in those hovels at the foot of the Janiculum. Near the port was the *Taverna Meritoria*, a kind of low lodging-house used by soldiers and the like, where the Roman cockneys were shown an old spring reputed to have gushed from a rock. Afterwards the *taverna* became a church, and under Alexander Severus there was a lawsuit about the property between the Christians and the guild of innkeepers, and the Emperor adjudged the house to the Christians. We were here plainly on the native soil of an old popular Christianity, which must have been among the number of those "foreign superstitions" against whose encroachments Claudius and his senate took public precautions in the former half of the first century. It was quite natural, M. Renan argued, that the capital should hear of the name of Jesus long before the evangelization of the intermediate provinces, as that a towering mountain peak should be gilded by the dawn much sooner than the valleys. Rome was the Mediterranean port with which the Syrians had most business. It must be admitted, then, that toward A. D. 50 some Jews from Syria, already Christians, entered the Imperial capital, and communicated to their fellows the faith which had already made themselves happy. Nobody then thought that the founder of a new empire, a second Romulus, was then lodging at the port on the straw. Others followed soon, and letters from Syria brought by the newcomers told of a movement which was incessantly spreading. A small group flocked together, everybody smelling of garlic, poor and dirty proletarians—these ancestors of the Roman prelate and unnumbered men, clad in malodorous stable slops, with tainted breath like that of ill-fed people. We know the names of a plous

Jewish couple who were mixed up with these movements—Aquila, originally of Pontus, a tent-maker like Paul—and Priscilla, his wife.

But we ought to see, not in St. Peter's, but in the old Ghetto at the Porta Portese, the birthplace of western Christianity. Some small chapel ought to have been reared to the two good Jews from Pontus who first syllabled upon the quays of Rome the name of Jesus. One main point to be noted was that the Church of Rome was not, like the churches of Asia Minor, Macedonia and Greece, planted by Paul. It was a Jewish Christian foundation directly sprung from the church of Jerusalem. Here Paul would never be on his own ground; he would see in this great church many weaknesses which he would treat indulgently, but which could not fail to wound his exalted idealism. Attached to the chremistion, and to externalism, Ebionite in its taste for abstinences, and in its doctrine more Jewish than Christian as to the person and death of Jesus, as well as by its strong attachment to Millennarianism, the Church of Rome presented from its earliest days the essential characteristics which mark it throughout its long and marvelous history. A daughter of Jerusalem in the direct line, the Church of Rome would always bear an ascetic and sacerdotal stamp opposed to the Protestant tendency of Paul. Peter was always destined to be her real chief, and in the next place, inspired by the political and hierarchic genius of old Rome, she was to become a veritable New Jerusalem, the city of the pontificate, of hierarchal and rubrical religion, of material sacraments justifying themselves, the city of ecclesies. She would be the church of authority. For her the only proof of apostolic mission would be a letter signed by the apostles. All the good and all the evil which the Church of Jerusalem did to nascent Christianity the Church of Rome would do to the Universal Church. In vain did Paul write to her his fine Epistle to expound to her the mystery of the cross of Jesus and of salvation by faith alone. She understood next to nothing of it. But Luther fourteen centuries and a half afterwards was to understand it and to open a new era in the secular series of the alternate triumphs of Peter and Paul.

M. Renan spoke of St. Paul's arrival at Rome in A. D. 61, for the purpose of prosecuting the appeal he had made to the Emperor, as a great event in the world's history. In his chains there the apostle of the Gentiles believed that in this event this apostolic career had culminated. It had been preceded by a second apparition of Christ, who had bidden him be of good cheer, assuring him that as he had borne witness of him at Jerusalem, so should he also at Rome. The learned lecturer then gave an elaborate account of what he called the profound divisions, which already, in the first century from the foundation of Christianity, sundered the disciples of Jesus—so profound, he said, that all the differences which divided orthodox folks, heretics, schismatics in our own days, were as nothing compared with the dissensions between Peter and Paul. The views presented were those arrived at by the so-called Tubingen school of ecclesiastical history and theology. The church of Jerusalem refused communion to all unconverted Christians, however pious. Paul, on the contrary, preached that to uphold the old law was to insult Jesus, as implying the insufficiency of his merits for the believer's justification. Jerusalem with its Bishop James, with which church Peter was in close alliance, sent out opposition missions to counterwork those of Paul. Peter, whose *job* in the Judaizing party was that of a kind of third trimmer between the Ebionite and Pauline extremes, came to Rome with some such intent, and, seemingly, not very long after Paul's arrival there. At the Reformation the Protestants made a kind of dogma of the denial that he had ever been there, thus detroning the Pope at once, who claimed the headship of Christianity as the lineal successor of St. Peter. For the Roman Catholic assumption of St. Peter's arrival at Rome in A. D. 12, and his Pontificate there of twenty-three or twenty-four years, M. Renan pointed out in detail that there was no tangible evidence; while, to mention nothing else, the silence of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, written A. D. 58, and of the closing verses of the Acts were quite conclusive against it. On the other hand, he marshaled a powerful array of arguments for answering in the affirmative the question as to Peter's having visited Rome after Paul. Peter's martyrdom is attested by extremely ancient evidence, and the somewhat later tradition which connects it with the Neroian persecution at Rome has all antecedent probability in its favor. The mystical Babylon, whence he dates his epistle, can only be Rome. It was quite admissible that Peter came to Rome, as he came to Antioch, following on the heels of Paul, and with a view to neutralize his influence. About the year 60 the Christian community was in a state of spiritual excitement which presented quite a contrast to the twenty years of calm waiting for the end which followed the death of Jesus.

M. Renan, after deploring the mystery which overhangs so many of the facts of primitive Christianity, addressed himself to penetrate, as far as was possible, the veil which hides from us the circumstances of the death of Peter and Paul. It would never, he said, be wholly pierced. The likeliest view was that both perished in the great massacre of the Christians ordained by Nero. As to the fact of such a massacre there was no room for doubt, since we had it on the authority of Tacitus. It was an episode in the history of the great fire of Rome, which broke out on July 19th, A. D. 64, and not only destroyed entirely three out of the fourteen regions of which the city consisted, but reduced seven more to blackened walls. Of this frightful disaster, the suspicion which Nero fell under of having caused it, and the heartlessness with which the tyrant abandoned the Christians to the rising waves of the public wrath, M. Renan gave a most graphic recital. It was but too easy for Nero to carry out his infernal idea of making the new religionists the scapegoats of his own crime. They were still worse hated than himself. The horror they felt for the temples made it very conceivable to the bigoted mob that they had at least fed, if they had not lighted the flames. Some strict Jews would not carry money because it bore Caesar's image, while others would not pass through any gateway surmounted by a statue. The song overburning Rome in the Apocalypse, written four years and a half afterwards, most likely borrowed some traits from the great fire of A. D. 64. The exultation there expressed was too congenial to the plous searities, who were not unlikely to have seen in spirit the saints and angels applauding from on high what was regarded as a just expiation. Nero offered his gardens across the Tiber for the shows, in which the victims were to be the Christians clad in the skins of wild beasts, while others served as living torches to illuminate the horrid scene. M. Renan described this *fit* of Nero's gardens on the 1st of August, a day which he could only compare with the 1st of Golgotha, of sufficiently realistic detail. The event was one of the most solemn in the history of Christianity. After remarking that the solidity of a building is in proportion to the virtue, the sacrifices, the devotion deposited on the foundation stone, he



added that fanatics alone can find anything. Judaism lives on still, because of the intense frenzy of its prophets and fanatics. Christianity by means of its fanatics. Nero's orgy was the great-baptism of blood which marked out Rome, now the city of martyrs, as destined to play a signal part in the history of Christianity, and to be its second Holy City. It was the triumphal procession of the Vatican hill by a kind of triumphal procession unknown till then. The hateful and brainless Emperor did not see that he was founding a new order of things, and was signing for the future a charter whose provisions would be matter of claim at the end of 1800 years. M. Renan proceeded to argue that Peter and Paul were both martyred at this epoch, and not improbably in the manner attested by tradition—namely, Peter being crucified with his head downward, and Paul by beheading.

### Races of the Past—An Interesting Ethnological Lecture.

By Mrs. Emma Harbinger, Britten.

During Mrs. Britten's lecture at Charter Oak Hall, San Francisco, Cal., Sunday morning, April 25th, she answered many questions, among which was one of great ethnological interest, viz: "Was this country formerly inhabited by an intelligent white race? If so, what is their history?" She answered:

Mankind early separated into four differentiated types which developed such marked distinctions and acquired such local permanence as to be looked upon as the four original types of mankind existing upon earth to-day.

Different race-developments of mankind have existed, but have faded out, leaving no present representative upon the planet Earth. These types may be classed as, first, the Negro, a black race inhabiting the more ancient portions of what is at present called Africa. Next, the Mongolian, spread out over that great Continent, a large configuration of land, as once bounded, and situated in the Northern Hemisphere, which we may now best designate as Ancient Asia, but which really extended over much of the present area of the Pacific Ocean. Violent changes of elevation in the surface of the earth took place, under the natural law of the contraction of the crust of our planet, which submerged the great Continent of the then Asia, and simultaneously raised up the space between that and its great central table-lands that exist to-day. Then, the Indian, or more properly termed Malay race, inhabited another vast continent, now also broken up and depressed and the mighty physical convulsions which have at long but systematic periods of intervals changed the form of continents and upheaved and depressed portions of the present area of the earth's crust. This former continent was situated where now the Archipelagoes of Polynesia, Oceania, or the system commonly called Spice Islands, remain as the submerged summits of its mountain elevations, still above the sea level. Portions of Australia are yet peopled by some of the earliest, most degraded and least progressive of the inhabitants of this former continent. Lastly, the pink races were settled in the high mountain regions, best described to us at present as the locality of the great mother of the Himalayas, a mountain, a pleasant and healthy region of country, whose ridges are now thrown high up as the towering, snow-capped peaks of Central Asia.

Originally a race of nearly uniform development occupied the Polynesian continent, and also such portions of the present North American continent as were at that time above the level of the sea. They were a highly cultured people, and their descendants, the present North American Indians and the ancient Malays, bear the unmistakable traces of an expiring race, having been degraded from their more intelligent ancestors, some of whom were the famous Mound-builders of the Mississippi Valley; and they extended thence along a line of elevation through Mexico to Yucatan and portions of the West Indian Islands and Central America.

Look at the wonderful ruins of a most ancient civilization revealed by the finely sculptured temples and palaces of Copan, Palenque and Uxmal, and you will find two sets of monuments, the records of an under and an overlying more recent population. The two sets of markings, quite distinctive in general style and character, are the lasting records of two independent types of mankind, existing at different periods in the history of the country. The first of these was the beautiful Malay race, traces of whose beauty yet remain among remnants in some islands of Oceania—a people whose history at that early period has faintly stamped itself on later histories of Greece and Rome, and is alluded to as the great commercial nation of the Phoenicians. Their king, the Phoenician, eminent among the very early and most remote ancestors of a people who afterward developed on the other side of the world, in the valley of Mesopotamia, and from whom succeeded the progenitors of the now distinctive Hebrew race. The ancestors of the Hebrew blood, the refined and cultured Malay of this early time, and the early Phoenicians of ancient history, were all analogous and dwelt here together, when their country was overrun and their civilization overthrown at the same period.

Other monuments and ruins, such as the pyramids, a coming race, having the puny features of the Mongolian, showing that these early residents of China, whose history is indeed very old, swept through and conquered the former owners of the continent that then existed, whose form was different from at present. Their monuments, left as silent witnesses, tell of remarkable fineness of detail in workmanship, and their sculptured forms clearly indicate the character of the people to have been patient and patient laborers. The numerous monuments remain to tell their own tale to scientific explorers who may take pains to study them understandingly. From inscriptions, they may still read the history of the nation's wanderings, and brief facts necessary to unlock to modern eyes substantial proof regarding the identity of the Mound-builders, and the ancient nations of the great Malay kingdom, so frequently alluded to in early Greek records as the great, very ancient, and extended nation called Phoenicians.

The monuments of Northern and Central America are typical of solar-worship, so common among the Aryan and Indian races; and their people, whom we know were familiar with signs of the early Chaldean Zodiac, were a much higher type of manhood than is represented by any Indian races at present upon the continent. The North American Indian is the last of a long line of descent, from a once high, mighty, and powerful early civilization, whose representatives have nearly died out, but whose period of decline is manifest among the later Mound-builders of our continent. That people were power upon earth when, in times now prehistoric to us, they lived here in the full enjoyment of their prime.

### Pock-Marked Faces.

The Archbishop of York in one of his letters asked if vaccination was to be credited with the absence of the pitted face after small-pox, which was common when he was boy. He replied: "Certainly not." It is a coincidence, not a consequence, and is no more owing to vaccination than to the introduction of railways.

In the first place, pock-marked faces have not altogether disappeared; while observation and inquiry will establish the fact that vaccinated persons who have small-pox are oftener marked, and are more liable to be marked, than the unvaccinated. The healthier the body the more capable it is of throwing off the vaccine poison without leaving injurious consequences. The vaccine disease corrupts the blood, retards recovery, and predisposes to marking.—*Henry Pittman, in Vaccination Inquirer.*

THE WONDERS OF LIGHT AND COLOR. Including Chromopathy, or the Science of Color-Healing. By E. D. Babbitt. New York: Babbitt & Co. Price 25 cents.

So that warm weather is approaching there will be an opportunity for invalids to use sun-baths, and Dr. Babbitt's little book will stimulate their use. He has collected in this little work much testimony from eminent authorities as to the value of the solar rays, and added considerable of his own experience and practice. Without being able to endorse every theory in this book, we can commend it heartily, and multitudes may be benefited by its perusal. It is gratifying to see that there is a more general study of the solar agents which may be used in the cure of disease, and Dr. Babbitt is one of the most enthusiastic students in this direction.—*The Herald of Health.*

Written for the Banner of Light.

### A MAY NIGHT.

By Lydia Davis Thomson.

How still the night! No sound disturbs the air,  
All heavy with the subtle, rich perfume  
Of nodding lilac flowers and apple-bloom.

In darkest robes she walks in silence forth,  
And sets her myriad jewels in the sky  
To guard the myriad flowers that sleeping lie;

The while the laggard moon, in peaceful rest,  
Ere she begins her wonted watch to keep,  
Is hiding 'neath the many waters deep.

Now heaven-born musings fill our faintest soul—  
Ay, holler thoughts with all our breathings blend,  
And love goes forth to face and friend;

Now seems the time when heaven and earth do meet;  
When through the glorious darkness, hand-in-hand,  
There comes to us an unseen angel band.

We almost hear the rustling of their robes,  
The songs they sing, their converse, strangely sweet,  
And clasp their hands and silent kisses greet.

So deeper grows the silence with their coming,  
We deem we catch a glimmer of the light  
Which fills for aye their "City without night."

Would thou couldst tarry with us, dear May night!  
All redolent of the sweets of sleeping flowers,  
All holy with the hush of Angel-hours.

Lydia D. M.

### Spiritual Phenomena.

Hon. E. Lawrence—Journal of His Personal Observations and Experiences at Anna Stewart's and Laura Morgan's Seances, Terre Haute, Ind.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

Some months since I received from Hon. E. Lawrence, Ann Arbor, Mich., a copy of his journal of occurrences at many spirit circles while on a visit at Terre Haute, Ind. Judge Lawrence's journal is a record of events that transpired at the seances of Mrs. Anna Stewart and Miss Laura Morgan; and so important were the manifestations, so engrossing was the interest that they aroused, and so dear were the acquaintances and companionships which he was permitted to form, that the sittings—alternating between the Stewart and Morgan circles—were continued many weeks, during nearly the whole of the months of January and February, 1879.

When I was permitted to read Judge Lawrence's journal of his personal observations and experiences at the Stewart and Morgan circles, I knew, besides the honor he had conferred upon me by making me his correspondent, that I had thus been brought into the presence of grand historical events. In expressing my obligations to Judge L. for the favor he had done me and the important service he had rendered the cause of Spiritualism by becoming an actor, recorder and historian of events of such transcendent importance, I asked that I might be permitted to send the manuscript to the *Banner of Light* for publication. To this, my first request, Judge Lawrence replied that so intimately were his personal and family relations blended with the manifestations, that he felt constrained to decline giving a favorable response to my request. But months later, when intervening occurrences had directed public attention to the Terre Haute mediums, and the cause of Spiritualism was covertly assailed in bitter personal attack upon those superior mediums, Anna Stewart and Laura Morgan, I renewed my request, asking Judge Lawrence a second time to permit the publication of his journal, copy of which I still retained. In making my second request the considerations that I urged were wholly of a public nature connected with the cause of Spiritualism and the vindication of the mediums who, no one better than Judge L. knew, were unjustly assailed.

I esteem it not only a privilege but a very great honor to have been the instrument of securing Judge Lawrence's assent to the publication of his journal, and that I am permitted to be the medium of conveying so important a communication to the *Banner of Light*.

CHARLES R. MILLER.

East New York, 1880.

I arrived at Terre Haute on Friday, the 17th of January, 1879, and at evening attended a seance at Laura Morgan's. Eleven spirit-forms appeared at the curtain of the cabinet and were recognized. Mrs. L. came in the dress she promised through Mrs. White, medium at Ann Arbor, to appear in, and with others, expressed pleasure at my coming. Mrs. L., my wife, and Mary, my daughter, said that at my private seance on Saturday they would come into the room and sit by me. They were introduced to various persons and shook hands with them. They addressed me in a loud whisper, which, when near them, I could hear distinctly.

Saturday, Jan. 18th.—Had a private seance with Laura Morgan. Mrs. L. came first, dressed in white—came into the room, sat down by me, and conversed for several minutes. Mary also came and sat by me, dressed in white, with a shining light on her head, which she said was given her on account of her musical teaching. Eddie, my son, also came and conversed a long time. He said he had been studying astronomy and was now learning music, and devoted himself to the study of the works of Nature. He and Mary both said that if Mr. Morgan would move the piano into the seance room he and she would come in form and play on it; that Mary would play "Sweet Home" and "By-and-By." Eddie said, "There is a lady here in trouble." I asked, "Who is it?" He said, "It is your old sweetheart from Georgia." Mrs. Morgan said she saw a lady with a large, bright, golden cross in her hands, and Eddie said my old friend had it, and that she would appear to me. She came dressed as I had seen her before. She said she was not alone to blame for breaking the engagement—that her father and mother advised it. I told her that it was all for the best; that I still felt friendly toward her, and that I often thought of her. She said that because she was often with me. Her father was over her side, and thought preaching—in which he had spent a long life—was a humbug. She told me about her family, and gave me a parting kiss, and asking her to repeat it, she gave me another. She promised to appear with the cross at the next seance. Davidson, the spirit-control at Ann Arbor, came; said they had a private seance at Mrs. White's, and that I was only missing—that there was nothing new at Ann Arbor; that he would try to get up the telegraph on Wednesday evening. "Jack," also a control of Mrs. White, came, pleasant as ever, and very communicative. Every spirit kissed me when they left, and I old sweetheart twice.

Saturday Afternoon.—Attended a public seance at Laura Morgan's. Mr. Davidson was the first to appear. I conversed with him about the seance, etc. He thinks Mary and Eddie will be able to play on the piano to-morrow. Eddie came and gave his name, with that pleasant smile which he always wears. He says he will play a jig for me on the piano. Mary came, also, and told us to place the piano close to the cabinet, for the nearer it was to the medium the longer they could stay out. Mrs. L. asked if I would like to receive a bouquet. I answered affirmatively.

Saturday Evening, Jan. 18th.—Attended a seance at Mrs. Stewart's. Minnie greeted me with an allusion to a term used by me when here before, showing that she recollected me.

As our space will not allow the insertion of the narrative, we make the following selections, considerably abridged from the original.—*Ed. B. of L.*

and my former visit. She said that Eddie was coming. I went to the cabinet door, and there he stood. He said they would play on the piano at Laura Morgan's to-morrow, and, after a brief conversation with me, dematerialized at the cabinet door. He was dressed in black, with a black necktie. Oskaloosa, the daughter of Minnie, came and walked into a rear room, as far as thirty feet from the cabinet, and returned. Geo. Powell, brother of Mrs. S., came and talked, and, walking off the platform, seated himself in a chair, and remained there for some time. Several other spirits came, and were recognized.

Sunday Morning, Jan. 19th.—Had a private seance with Laura Morgan. The piano had been placed in the seance-room, as directed. Mary first appeared at the door; said she would be able to come into the room and play. She immediately came out of the cabinet, closed the door, and took a seat by the piano. She played "Sweet Home" most charmingly. She also played a waltz of her own composing, as she claimed, in a pleasing and wonderful manner. Every note was exquisitely touched, while the time was perfect, and the effect upon those who listened most exhilarating. She played other tunes with equal skill, though an occasional loss of power was observable in a weakness of touch, followed by a renewal of strength, and more effective playing. Eddie also came; said he was practicing with Mary, and played a jig, as before promised, also a portion of the waltz composed by Mary, remarking there was another part which he had not yet learned.

Monday Morning, Jan. 20th.—Had a seance alone this morning with Laura Morgan. Mrs. L. first appeared in white, with a long train, and silk veil over her head. She came and sat by my side, permitted me to feel of her dress and veil, and presented me with a beautiful bouquet. Before coming out she asked for a glass of water, which she drank. She then placed a piece of thread, with which the flowers were tied when handed to me. As she placed them in my hands she said, "I gathered them in the dark last night. I materialized some of them, but they are commencing to wilt." After conversing for a few moments she said, "I must go," and went to the cabinet.

Mary then came to the curtain, and said she would be able to play on the piano, and soon after came out, and played four or five times, most gloriously, then retired to the cabinet with the thank and applause of the company. She wore upon her forehead a light shining like gold, and said she could play better on this piano because it was magnetized by the medium. Eddie then came, and played several tunes, composed, as he said, by Mary, among which was a very beautiful one called "The Death March." Everything he played was greatly admired. No such music, it was said, was ever before heard in Terre Haute. I am not musician enough to describe the peculiar excellencies of these performances, but, having heard many distinguished artists, I can say that I never listened to music that affected me so, as did these sounds direct from the spirit-land. "Jack," one of Mrs. White's controls, also appeared, and said he would play us a tune, the only one he knew. Upon my asking him the name of it, he replied, "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater," and then played it with great animation.

Tuesday, Jan. 21st.—This evening I attended a seance with Mrs. Stewart. The medium was brought out of the cabinet by one of the band. The two were dressed differently, and both were plainly in view. There was no disputing that we beheld two distinct persons, whose identity was as conclusively marked as that of any other two persons. Other spirits came, and were recognized by their friends. Mrs. L. came out very distinctly, took my arm, was introduced to the company, and shook hands with all who desired her to do so. Minnie said, "To-morrow evening Mrs. L. will appear in her bridal suit," and told Dr. Pence to bring in a step-ladder, so that the judge-chief could get over the train of her dress.

Wednesday, Jan. 22d.—Attended seance at Mrs. Stewart's. The usual manifestations were given. George Powell came and conversed freely and went into the rear room. Several forms dematerialized at the cabinet door. One lady came from the cabinet, and, sitting herself on the piano, played several pieces of her own composition. After the playing and we had conversed awhile, Mrs. L. came to the curtain. Almost immediately the door was opened, and there came a gushing light, like a halo of glory, and there she stood, extending her arms, removing her veil, spreading it out and then placing it on her head; exhibiting her face and form endued with angelic splendor and beauty. The exhibition excited the admiration of those present. The light faded away, but the woman remained in the room forever. She then played several times, and retiring with the affectionate greetings of the company, appeared at the curtain. Then Eddie came, bright as the morning star; was illuminated, and, upon request, conversed freely upon a variety of subjects. I asked what John, his brother, would say upon seeing his picture. He replied, "It would put him to thinking." Finally Carrie Hook came and sang sweetly, accompanied by the piano, "The Sweet By-and-By," and the seance closed.

Jan. 22th.—A private seance with Laura Morgan. Four or five present besides myself. Mary appeared and said she would play for me, and, as usual, I went to her, and she came to me, and, standing up, I arose and offered her my chair. She declined to take it, but told me to sit down. I did so, and she seated herself in my lap and sat there chatting for a few moments. She then moved to the piano, played charmingly, and then I asked her to let that poor woman who was in trouble, bearing the cross, come to me. She said that she would. Soon after this Mrs. L. came and, after conversing a few moments, gave place to a spirit-form who stood at the door of the cabinet, dressed in white, holding a golden cross in her hands, which she moved in various ways so that it could be distinctly seen. I went to the door, took the visitant by the hand, and inquired who it might be. She answered, "Julia." I asked, "Why do you bear that cross?" She said, "I have borne it a long time." I asked if she had her picture taken for me. She replied, "Yes." I thanked her, expressed pleasure in meeting her, and again asked, "Why do you bear that cross?" She replied with emphasis, "Oh, know," and added, "Father and mother desired me to dissolve the engagement. I did it reluctantly." I then said to her, "Throw away the cross. It was a great disappointment to me, but it was all for the best for both of us. I entertain no other feeling than that of friendship for you; would like to have you still my friend, and hope you will come to me again. Throw away the cross, and let us be friends forevermore." I told her that I had thought of sending her picture to her brother, who was Bishop of Georgia. She said it would be of no use; he would not believe. I told her that her father had spent a whole life in preaching an error, and her brother was doing the same thing. She assented to what I said. I then told her that I often dreamed of her, and she remarked that it was because she was often with me. After repeatedly assuring me that she would remain a friend to myself and family, she for a few moments held the cross, glittering with gold, outside the cabinet, moved, and, in a few seconds, was gone, and finally disappeared.

This was a wonderful manifestation to me. In my youthful days, nearly half a century ago, while in Georgia, I was engaged to that lady, and, after an absence of a few months, she was compelled by her parents to break the engagement. It was wise in them, and beneficial to us both; but my regard for that person, though wronged by her act, could never be turned into hatred. I always supposed she acted from compulsion. It appeared from this manifestation that the consciousness of having wronged her best friend did not die with the act, for she had borne the cross on which her affections were crucified until this day. Before the seance commenced Laura said she saw a hand holding a cross at the end of the cabinet, and had seen it before. At a previous seance with the same medium, Eddie said, "There is a woman here in trouble." Upon inquiry he said, "It is your Georgia friend." She herself, at a former seance, said she would appear with the cross. Davidson, the spirit-control at Ann Arbor, at Ann Arbor, at a sitting before I went to Terre Haute, told me that he saw a lady kneeling, resting on one knee, holding a cross on which was inscribed these words: "My dear Edwin, I am alone to blame. Forgive me. I died a wretched death!" and that she would appear to me with the cross at Terre Haute. Thus has been verified the statements of Davidson and Eddie, and my own wishes have been gratified by the appearance of the object of my first love. This is the most satisfactory and interesting scene that has occurred in my spiritual experience. It proves that the wrongs that we do follow us into the other world, and that they have to be atoned for before we can be assured of happiness.

Before the spirit left I asked her who would come next. She replied, "Your son." It was as she said. Eddie came and remarked to me,

placed on the platform, and the camera, with a plate in it, was put on the chair. Mary came from the cabinet, arranged the chair to suit her, and then stepped from the side of the platform and took a seat, folding her arms. Raps came on the camera. Mr. Stewart drew out the slide of the instrument, and in three or four seconds the raps came again, indicating that the picture was taken. The slide was closed, the impression was developed on the plate in the usual way, and there was seen a beautiful picture, which was claimed to be that of Mary. The picture is a charming representation of female beauty. I can see several characteristics of my daughter's features in it; but she passed from earth a poor, anemic, consumptive, and my first recollections of her are far removed from the fullness and beauty of health that appear in the spirit face. I could hardly recognize the countenance from its greatly improved appearance; but the features, separately considered, with the evidences surrounding the taking of the picture, remove all doubts that the picture is in reality that of our first-born, who has long been in heaven. This is the first picture of a materialized form taken at Terre Haute, the pictures having hitherto been produced without any sittings being in sight, and with the camera closed.

Minnie said, the evening before, that after the seance she would hold the medium and take her into the picture-gallery. When the time came, the medium, under control of Minnie, went into the picture-gallery, and as I stood by the camera, Minnie said, as if talking to some one in the camera, "Eddie, hold up your head a little; throw out your chin; turn your face so," at the same time turning the face of the medium through whom she spoke. I said, "Minnie, who are you talking to?" She replied, "I am talking to Eddie." "Where is Eddie?" said I. She replied, "He is in there, pointing to the camera." I asked, "How in the world could he get there?" She replied, "Spirits go anywhere—through a keyhole, or anywhere." A plate was then put in the camera, and the medium (entranced) and myself put our hands on its top. The raps came on the instrument and the slide was removed. In a few seconds the raps came again, the slide was closed and the picture was taken, which, being finished, was a most perfect one of Eddie. It is a most wonderful picture, one which no one would venture to change in the least.

After the camera had been arranged for a new sitting, a form dressed in deep mourning, with a black bonnet and a long veil, appeared. She moved the chair in the right position, then stepped from the platform and took her seat. At a given signal from Minnie, the slide of the camera was withdrawn, and in a few seconds the raps came on the instrument, by which we knew that the picture was taken. Before going to the seance, I had desired that some one of the family of an old friend of mine would come, and this picture proved to be the face of a friend of mine, long since gone to the spirit-land.

Jan. 23th.—Had a private seance with Laura Morgan, during which a lady appeared, standing in the doorway, dressed in evening dress, and of white. Soon a light came, shining all around her, and filling the cabinet with great brilliancy. Mary, enfolded in the splendor of midday sunshine, moved about, changing her position, extending her arms, and showing clearly her beautiful face and form, looked like an angel in a blaze of glory.

The light, after a minute or two, faded away. Mary then closed the door and appeared at the curtain. I went to her, and she wished to know how I liked the illumination, and soon after came from the cabinet, and, sitting herself on the piano, played several pieces of her own composition. After the playing and we had conversed awhile, Mrs. L. came to the curtain. Almost immediately the door was opened, and there came a gushing light, like a halo of glory, and there she stood, extending her arms, removing her veil, spreading it out and then placing it on her head; exhibiting her face and form endued with angelic splendor and beauty. The exhibition excited the admiration of those present. The light faded away, but the woman remained in the room forever. She then played several times, and retiring with the affectionate greetings of the company, appeared at the curtain. Then Eddie came, bright as the morning star; was illuminated, and, upon request, conversed freely upon a variety of subjects. I asked what John, his brother, would say upon seeing his picture. He replied, "It would put him to thinking." Finally Carrie Hook came and sang sweetly, accompanied by the piano, "The Sweet By-and-By," and the seance closed.

Jan. 24th.—A private seance with Laura Morgan. Four or five present besides myself. Mary appeared and said she would play for me, and, as usual, I went to her, and she came to me, and, standing up, I arose and offered her my chair. She declined to take it, but told me to sit down. I did so, and she seated herself in my lap and sat there chatting for a few moments. She then moved to the piano, played charmingly, and then I asked her to let that poor woman who was in trouble, bearing the cross, come to me. She said that she would. Soon after this Mrs. L. came and, after conversing a few moments, gave place to a spirit-form who stood at the door of the cabinet, dressed in white, holding a golden cross in her hands, which she moved in various ways so that it could be distinctly seen. I went to the door, took the visitant by the hand, and inquired who it might be. She answered, "Julia." I asked, "Why do you bear that cross?" She said, "I have borne it a long time." I asked if she had her picture taken for me. She replied, "Yes." I thanked her, expressed pleasure in meeting her, and again asked, "Why do you bear that cross?" She replied with emphasis, "Oh, know," and added, "Father and mother desired me to dissolve the engagement. I did it reluctantly." I then said to her, "Throw away the cross. It was a great disappointment to me, but it was all for the best for both of us. I entertain no other feeling than that of friendship for you; would like to have you still my friend, and hope you will come to me again. Throw away the cross, and let us be friends forevermore." I told her that I had thought of sending her picture to her brother, who was Bishop of Georgia. She said it would be of no use; he would not believe. I told her that her father had spent a whole life in preaching an error, and her brother was doing the same thing. She assented to what I said. I then told her that I often dreamed of her, and she remarked that it was because she was often with me. After repeatedly assuring me that she would remain a friend to myself and family, she for a few moments held the cross, glittering with gold, outside the cabinet, moved, and, in a few seconds, was gone, and finally disappeared.

This was a wonderful manifestation to me. In my youthful days, nearly half a century ago, while in Georgia, I was engaged to that lady, and, after an absence of a few months, she was compelled by her parents to break the engagement. It was wise in them, and beneficial to us both; but my regard for that person, though wronged by her act, could never be turned into hatred. I always supposed she acted from compulsion. It appeared from this manifestation that the consciousness of having wronged her best friend did not die with the act, for she had borne the cross on which her affections were crucified until this day. Before the seance commenced Laura said she saw a hand holding a cross at the end of the cabinet, and had seen it before. At a previous seance with the same medium, Eddie said, "There is a woman here in trouble." Upon inquiry he said, "It is your Georgia friend." She herself, at a former seance, said she would appear with the cross. Davidson, the spirit-control at Ann Arbor, at Ann Arbor, at a sitting before I went to Terre Haute, told me that he saw a lady kneeling, resting on one knee, holding a cross on which was inscribed these words: "My dear Edwin, I am alone to blame. Forgive me. I died a wretched death!" and that she would appear to me with the cross at Terre Haute. Thus has been verified the statements of Davidson and Eddie, and my own wishes have been gratified by the appearance of the object of my first love. This is the most satisfactory and interesting scene that has occurred in my spiritual experience. It proves that the wrongs that we do follow us into the other world, and that they have to be atoned for before we can be assured of happiness.

Before the spirit left I asked her who would come next. She replied, "Your son." It was as she said. Eddie came and remarked to me,

"That woman went away crying at what you said." I responded, "What in the world was she crying about? I addressed her most kindly." He replied, "She was crying for joy."

Jan. 30th.—Numerous spirits appeared, among them my wife and daughter, who were illuminated and played upon the piano, conversing with me in an easy and natural manner. Then came a lady dressed in white, giving her name as Julia. I told her I saw no cross. She said, "I have no further use for it." I conversed with her about her father's family and her own. She said, "My husband was accidentally drowned in a river." I had heard of that before. She stated that her parents' only objection to me was that I was not well enough off; that she often thought of me, and it was a pleasure to her to thus come to me. I asked her to appear to me again. She replied, "I will; do you want me to come to you in the old green silk?"

This, to me, was a fine evidence of her identity, for she was accustomed to wear such a dress when I knew her, nearly half a century ago. She gave me her hand, which I held during the whole conversation, which was further evidence that she was the person she claimed to be. She finally said she must go. I told her, Not without some token of your remembrance. She gave me a parting kiss.

Sunday Morning, Feb. 2d.—Private seance with Mrs. Stewart. Minnie called for the camera. At a previous seance we were told that the medium and Belle (one of the band), would be taken together. The medium and a spirit-form then appeared, and the camera being arranged, their pictures were taken, standing together, a feat which Minnie said had never been accomplished before. Mrs. Stewart's likeness is perfect, and the attending spirit lies on a white robe, with a wreath of white flowers on her head and long dark hair hanging down her shoulders. Both figures had their eyes closed. Minnie said, "I have made one mistake. I forgot to open the eyes of the medium."

At the afternoon seance, after others had appeared, came my Georgia friend, took a chair and placed it close by my side, sat down and took my hand in both of hers, as she was accustomed to do in this life, and conversed with me freely and pleasantly about old matters; said she had thrown away her cross—thought of me on her bridal day—that her husband was a drunkard, and that she had no desire to be united to him in spirit-life. She said she had materialized at Bastian's, but for no particular person. I told her that I could make no present that would be of any value to her, but that I would give her half my soul, and she replied, "You shall have half of mine," and glided to her spirit-home.

Photography.—In taking pictures a camera is used. The plate is prepared in the usual way, and placed in the camera, the cap being kept on. The medium and person desiring a picture put their hands on the top of the camera. Then the plate is put in the camera the camera comes on the instrument, or the tripod, which it stands is moved as a signal for the slide to be drawn; and when the raps are again heard, usually within three or four seconds, the slide is closed, and the picture is taken. It is then developed and vanished. Sometimes, instead of a picture, a note or writing comes on the plate, signed by some friend. I have eight or ten notes, or "letters," as they are called, taken in that way, and signed by various spirit friends. I received communications, which I now have, from my two children, Mary and Eddie, and from Charles Smith, the leader of Mrs. Stewart's band. It is said the writing is not made on the plate, but photographed on it from a spirit-writing placed in the camera. Now, these writings thus produced, and open to exhibition, are the most convincing and incontrovertible arguments that can be presented to the skeptical mind. No ingenuity, no imaginary theory, can account for the production of these marvelous messages from the spirit-world, except upon the hypothesis of intelligences beyond mortal ken.

Feb. 4th.—A complimentary seance was given this morning by Mrs. Stewart and her band. Eddie came out, and, by me, the cabinet doors being open, and the medium in plain sight. The conversation turned on the plate which he had previously produced through the camera. He informed us that the letter appearing on it was written with electric light, producing golden letters on the plate without affecting the dark shade of the background. This is beyond the skill of earthly photographers. The writing on the plate produced while my hands and those of the medium were on the camera, reads as follows:

"Dear Father—We have all had such a nice time since you have been here; we are all sorry you are going home, but all hope to meet you soon again. EDIE, in the Spirit-World."

Eddie said he was studying the subject of electric light, the same as is being experimented on by Edison, but in a different way. After other conversation, he went to the cabinet. Minnie said, "Eddie will write some more." A plate was put in the camera, and the writing came out, leaving the door of the cabinet open. The camera was on a chair on the platform. Eddie took it, and placed it on the lap of the medium seated in the cabinet, and in two or three seconds replaced the camera on the chair. The plate was then taken and developed, and, being brought again into the room, Minnie said, "Pence-chief, strike a match, and see what Eddie has written." He did so, and upon the plate, in letters of gold, the dark background being unaffected, was the following: "Father, we best them all; we are all well, and remain some time with us, conversing on various topics. Then came Mrs. L., dressed in black. She took a slate that lay on the platform, putting a piece of paper on it. She then took up a lead pencil that was on the slate, and said, "They say that a woman does not know how to sharpen a pencil, but I will sharpen this." I asked if she would use my knife. She replied, "No, I have one of my own." She showed me the knife, and let me handle it. It was apparently a four-bladed knife, with a shell or part handle. She sharpened the pencil, seated herself by my side, and wrote a very pleasing letter, in which she regretted her inability to produce a picture for me, though she had tried to do so many times, promised to meet me at Laura Morgan's, and anticipated the happy times we should have when I pass to "the other side."

Thus closed a series of seances, a few of the principal incidents of which I have given, but no description can portray the reality, for these manifestations must be seen and heard to be fully appreciated.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I am indebted for a copy of your *Banner of Light* of May 1st, containing your kindly notice of my book of essays, in "Sequel" of late addition. Much of the mysticisms of mind and cosmic coherent laws of matter, in the production of phenomena, become simplified and understandable with my infinite parts of the subtle materiality of all minds—Inductive and finite; by which such minds become mechanical factors in controlling the actions of all unthinking matter; such cosmic mind-matter being attracted by our sensitive nerve structures (proportionate to sensitiveness with all animals as well as with individuals) just as oxygen is attracted to our lungs, proportionate to their structure, both being foreign to our incipient organisms, but incomplete without such attachments. This theory of the origin and subtle materiality of minds is much more likely than that our minds should be the product of gross brain matter, or of an immaterial spirit which cannot be mechanically operative on matter; and that the Infinite Mind, as the highest subtlety of matter and most important functional part of the cosmic whole, becomes the mechanical factor in controlling laws over unthinking matter, as its metaphysical body—I believe to be the true explanation and characteristics of associate, intelligent and non-intelligent materials of cosmos. This theory will comport with the strictest scientific analysis.

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

Locust Valley, Queens Co., N. Y.

Mr. G. B. Stebbins, a gentleman well known in this State, is editor and compiler of a book which he entitles "The Bible of the Ages." We do not recognize any special propriety in the title, but the extracts and sentiments are such as most persons will be glad to have within reach. Some of the noblest conceptions which the genius of man has attained are to be found in it.—*Hon. George Willard (Mr. C.), Editor Battle Creek (Mich.) Journal.*







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