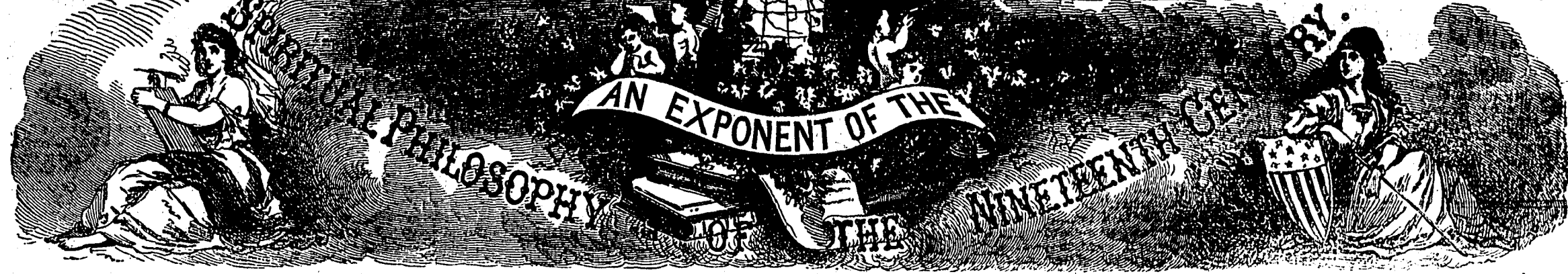


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLVII.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1880.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 6.

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Spiritual Phenomena.

ALFRED JAMES, THE MATERIALIZING MEDIUM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Thursday evening, March 11th, 1880, I called, by appointment, at 711 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, and held a séance with the above named medium, never having seen him until the day before.

Mr. James had recently moved into the humble rooms he and his wife then occupied, which were very scantily furnished. A dark curtain, slightly suspended in one corner of the room, was substituted for the usual cabinet. The medium was taken possession of by his usual personal guardian control on such occasions, who claimed to be a Shawnee Indian chief by the name of Chawanska, (which means "firm rock,") who fought more than a century ago on the side of the French at the battle near Fort Duquesne, (now Pittsburg,) in which Gen. Braddock was so disastrously defeated—the remnants of whose army were saved from entire destruction through the bravery, prudence and superior knowledge in Indian warfare of George Washington, then a young officer in Braddock's command. Chawanska was called "Wild Cat" by the English. There were no other persons in the room during the séance except Mr. and Mrs. James and myself. The medium was in a very weak condition, on which account, through the advice of his spirit-friends, he had foreborne for some time giving materializing séances, pausing for the recuperation of his physical powers, which he assured me had become greatly exhausted, owing in great measure to the discordant character of some of those who attended his circles.

The first materialized spirit that manifested was a male, who was dressed after the Oriental flowing mode, in dingy white, with a large turban. He came outside the curtain several times and approached me closely, that I might inspect his features, which, though the light was dim, I could very plainly discern were quite unlike those of the medium. After the spirit had retired, Chawanska told me it was the spirit of an Arab by the name of Abdallah, of the tribe of Hassan, an Algerine scout who was killed by the French in 1848.

Next appeared a female spirit dressed mostly in white, who I was told by Chawanska was called when on earth "Catharine Gordon, the white rose of Scotland," who died about 1490. (How far this date and description agree with the real facts, I know not; I merely adhere in my narrative to what the spirit told me through the Indian control of the medium.)

Next came a fine-looking Oriental male spirit, dressed mostly in white costume, with a broad black scarf drawn over both shoulders, which was crossed before and behind. He wore a large white turban. I was told that this was the materialized spirit of Emir Usoff, a Persian of note, who died at Tahera in 1838.

Next came a tall spirit wearing a white turban and dressed in dark colored garments, after the manner of a Zouave, who took a heavy cane from the hand of Mrs. James and practiced several successive times the exercise of the spear or sword, as if engaged in fighting an enemy in battle. On several occasions the Zouave came close to me and put his fully exposed face close to mine. His aquiline nose and features generally were very dissimilar to those of the medium. I was told that this was a French Zouave by the name of Henri Maurice, of Chalons, in the south of France, and that he died at the Hotel Invalides in Marseilles, in 1858.

Next came a male spirit, dressed mostly in dark clothes, who I was told was the spirit of the Italian Bruno. He stated that he was burned at the stake for advocating Astronomy, and that Galileo was a student of his. (How this accords with history, I know not. I merely give the substance of what the spirit stated through the vocal organs of the entranced medium.)

Next came a female spirit, dressed in modern costume (the particulars of which I do not find set down in my notes made the morning after the séance). She claimed to be Harriet Perkins, of Lowell, Mass., who died in June, 1863, and had materialized at Mrs. Pickering's séances.

Next came a graceful female Oriental spirit, dressed in dark costume, with a white scarf, who said she danced for the Pasha of Egypt, and died about sixteen years ago.

Next came a beautiful female spirit dressed in white, who said she had been one of Maumud's harem, and died at Constantinople in 1842.

Next came a dark-complexioned form that

claimed to be the spirit of Judah Touro, once of Newport, R. I., who died about thirty years ago. (I am not sure, but I think Mr. Judah Touro, the benevolent and distinguished Hebrew, whose name one of the principal streets in Newport bears, died anterior to the time the spirit stated.)

On Monday evening, March 16th, I had another sitting for materialization with Mr. James, under like conditions as the foregoing.

First came on this occasion a male spirit, dressed in dark Zouave costume, with a broad white sash. His person was decorated with a star, which I was told was that of the Republic of Ecuador, in South America, where he died in 1868. He stated that when on earth he bore the name of Immanuel Escobeda.

A most singular-looking female spirit next made her appearance, wearing a flowing, long white robe, extended out in an unusual manner on the floor in front of her some four to five feet. The spirit showed a good deal of solicitude in keeping the dress in position in front of her by the use of her hands. After she retired, I was told that it was the spirit of Helen Snyder, who had, with such disastrous effect, borne false witness against the Bliss mediums, when they were subjected some time ago to criminal prosecution in Philadelphia. I was also told that the extraordinary length of her dress was the Oriental symbolical method of indicating the progress which Helen Snyder had been enabled to make since she passed to the spirit-world—more rapidly than she could otherwise have done but for my kind and successful intercession with the Blisses to forgive her for which she now expressed great gratitude.

Next came a tall Oriental spirit, dressed in white military costume, with a black sash around his body, also a sash of the same color around his head and chin, reaching to his mouth. He claimed to be an Egyptian officer of some distinction, who lived about twenty-five miles from Cairo, and died in 1871.

Next came a female spirit wearing a dress with dark skirts and white body, who said her name was Maggie Doyle, and that she was a Catholic who lived in Camden, New Jersey, and died last October. She told me that her object in coming was to get a "foothold, so that she could come to her own folks."

One of that singular class of phenomena next occurred that I never witnessed anywhere else but in Philadelphia. The medium was suddenly ejected, head foremost, with great force, from behind the curtain, and fell close by my side on all fours—in which position he seemed to maintain himself with difficulty until he was assisted by his wife to a sofa or lounge in the room, where I left him lying in a partially unconscious state.

A day or two after this I called and had a private sitting with Mr. James, who, after being entranced, told me that immediately after the spirit Maggie Doyle left on a previous evening, the spirit of a Russian patriarch, of the Greek Church got control of the conditions of the circle on account of the weak state of the medium, and entered the cabinet together with (or closely followed by) two shaven-crowned monks, when the latter, by some magnetic power not explained to me, threw the medium out of the cabinet, as I had witnessed. In answer to my queries I was told that this violent procedure was prompted from a bigoted hatred of the manifestations, because the translated priests or monks held them to be antagonistic to the doctrines and well-being of their church organization. I once saw Mrs. Bliss, the materializing medium, thrown head foremost from a cabinet with still greater violence, and also Mr. Wm. S. Roberts, another materializing medium, after like manner, by spirits who were described as shaven-crowned monks. I have also heard it stated by reliable persons that they have been present at materializing séances when Miss Mary Holyen and also Mr. Henry Gordon have been pitched out of their several cabinets head foremost on their faces in similar manner and by like agencies, viz: shaven-crowned monks, always dressed in long, black robes, except in the case of Mr. Roberts, wherein the mischievous monk, after having been identified by his black, monastic dress, assumed in some instances a white gown, that he might seemingly better disguise his presence from the personal guardian of the medium. All these violent proceedings occurred in Philadelphia, and I have never known an instance wherein such a spirit-phenomenon has occurred elsewhere.

On my asking why such a preponderance of Oriental spirits materialize at Mr. James's circles, I was told by the spirit there in control of his organism that the immediate band of spirits that control his manifestations are Egyptians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, back of whom and working in unison with them are numerous other bands of Chaldeans, Ninevites and Babylonians, who work in concert with the Egyptian band through the direct agency of two principal Egyptian spirits, whose earth-names were *Mutapha*, a viceroys, and *Omar*, a high priest or mufi. Hence the sympathies of the medium's controlling guides being naturally inclined toward their kindred, leads them to favor the Oriental rather than the European and more Northern races.

Mr. James confessed to me (what he alleged he had never denied,) that on certain occasions he had taken with him into the cabinet remnants of white and black muslin, (never, as he stated, to exceed two yards in all,) not, as he said, for the purpose of perpetrating fraud, but for the reason that when his vital powers were weak and low, the spirits could expand or multiply the same into the drapery and garments that were needed for the manifestations, from a nucleus however scanty, with much less effort and exhaustion of his vital powers than they could when they were obliged to condense and manufacture the needed articles wholly from

the surrounding elements in the atmosphere and room. I asked the communicating guide of the medium to inform me whether Mr. James was fully conscious of what he was doing when he took the strips of black and white cambric with him surreptitiously into the cabinet? The answer came: "Our medium is a very sensitive man, and is under influence a large part of the time, even when he is engaged in his everyday affairs. He knew by impression what he was about when he took the things into the cabinet, although he was not fully conscious of what the attendant spirits were doing. When the proper time comes, we expect to be able to fully and publicly vindicate the honesty of our medium, and that under absolute conditions, but we must wait for a certain refinement of his physical body before it can be satisfactorily done. Materializing mediumship (continued the communicating spirit,) is one of the hardest phases, because it destroys identity, and unless surroundings are of the best and most harmonious kind, trouble and injustice to the medium will always be the result. Good materializing mediums require to be endowed with an immense concentrative force, and be magnets of the strongest kind, to perform their missions well. Weakness of concentrative force in the instrument causes the features of the materialized spirit-forms to resemble those of the medium, for the reason that when the vital or materializing powers of the instrument's body are weak, its peculiar force can only gather strength enough to envelope the instrument's body without altering materially the cast of the features or form." (This to me seems rather misty, and leaning toward transfiguration; still most experienced investigators are aware that spirit-forms much oftener resemble—more or less—the medium toward the close of a materializing séance than they do at the commencement.)

I had observed that Chawanska never spoke through the organs of the medium whilst a materialized spirit was outside the curtain, and asked to have the circumstance explained. The answer came: "Sometimes we use our instrument's organs of speech when the spirit is outside the cabinet, but not often, on account of the then attenuation of his vital powers, there not in general being force enough left to talk with his organs of speech. If you could see the medium when the spirit is materialized outside the curtain, he would look like a mist, merely, in some instances, whilst in others his form would be totally absorbed in that of the personating spirit. Baron Liebig says that when a smaller body becomes wholly absorbed in a larger visible shape, it cannot properly be called a personation or a transfiguration, but is a real materialization for the time being. There are two ways of materialization. The one, absorption of the medium; the other, wherein the elements for materializing are drawn from the outside circle and atmosphere by a process of condensation."

I now asked to have it explained to me why it was that at sittings at a private circle for spirit manifestations I sometimes attended before a certain medium, the manifestations always run in one uniform channel and in accordance with the stereotyped views of the habitual attendants of the circle and diverse with my own?

The following was substantially the answer I received from a spirit purporting to be Justyn Von Liebig: "In dealing with matter you deal with the physical and visible; but when you enter the spirit circle you are met with an invisible force. There is in every person the invisible force that governs visible matter. This invisible force, or spirit matter, within each person who enters where the materializing phenomena are being demonstrated, the medium attracts, and condenses the spirit forces that are brought there by each individual present. Now in passing through the medium's body the unconscious instrument must of necessity, by a fixed law, take upon itself every individual condition in the circle. The elements thus acquired reflect back upon the circle exactly that which is given by the circle to the medium. Now the individuals in the circle you ask about have arrived at a state of mind in which all their spirit forces have become absorbed in one idea. You, on entering the circle, may have very diverse ideas from these one-ideal individuals, who, in consequence of the intensity of the concentration of their one idea upon the medium, overbalance yours and lead to the results you describe. Now let ten of these one-ideal men (by way of experiment) withdraw from the circle, and you may find the manifestations to be very different. The reason why certain spirits return so often to this circle and duplicate their sayings, is because it is so difficult for spirits to get a foothold on the mortal plane, that when they succeed they are often disposed to hold on, even if they are obliged to conform to the peculiar views held by the majority of the sitters. The individuals may be nevertheless just and true men, though selfish or pertinacious in maintaining their peculiar theory or idea."

In conclusion, I may say that I feel entirely sure that Alfred James is a genuine medium for materialization, and requires nothing further on the mortal side than to be surrounded with good, harmonious and honest influences, to be a very useful instrument in the hands of the angels. Nor should I seriously object to Mr. James, or other materializing mediums, taking with them behind the scenes remnants of cloth or other materials to facilitate the manifestations, after the manner described; but then, it should always be done openly, so that every sifter in the circle could judge for him or herself how far the articles so introduced could of themselves affect the genuineness (if at all) of the manifestations.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

MR. THOMAS R. HAZARD'S REPORT OF THE ASTORIA MANIFESTATIONS.

TWO SPIRIT FORMS PRESENT AT THE SAME TIME, AND COMING INTO THE PARLOR FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Brooklyn is highly favored (I may as well call it Brooklyn, as Astoria is the most beautiful of our suburban villages,) with the presence of a medium who (with her present earth-life surroundings) seems to furnish the very best conditions for the materializing manifestations. Give other mediums as good conditions as are furnished by the Hatch family, and no doubt results would be correspondingly favorable. This is an important lesson for Spiritualists to learn.

The accounts and reports of the materializing manifestations which I have seen in the metropolitan press and in the *Banner of Light*, are no way exaggerated, but in fact fall short of the reality, and I speak from personal observation. A friend of mine—a well-known citizen of Brooklyn—who attended a séance a few evenings since, stated this important incident. I will give the facts in the language of my informant: "Why," said Mr. P., "what do you suppose happened at Astoria last evening?"

"Well," said I, "doubtless something very grand, for on the evening that I was there there was a succession of brilliant and demonstrative manifestations. But what do you especially refer to?"

"Why, sir, while a form that had been out in the circle, and was returning to the cabinet, was still in the presence of the whole circle, another materialized form came into the parlor from an entirely different direction, having materialized in the large hall (or in the library room off of it), coming through the hall into the parlor. As this form approached me, I recognized my wife, who gave me loving greeting. You may judge of my emotions at such a meeting."

Here in Mr. Hatch's parlor are two spirit-forms, standing in a good light, in the presence of the whole circle; and one of the angel visitors, coming from a room distant from and directly opposite to the cabinet, approaches her husband, singles him out, and they—surpassing pleasure and bliss!—recognize each other, and enjoy, brief though it was, a blessed reunion and companionship. What next?

In all of the accounts that I have read of the Brooklyn (Astoria) manifestations, that of Mr. Thos. R. Hazard to the *Providence Journal* (reproduced in a recent *Banner of Light*) is the most full and accurate. I suppose the fullness and accuracy of Mr. Hazard's report is due to the fact that he so thoroughly understands the subject about which he writes, and from his long experience in the materializing phenomena, understands the significance, and thus knows how to interpret the events which he narrates. Long may this glorious old man live to be the historian of these transcendent manifestations. As the defender and vindicator of the media instruments of spirit-power by which these manifestations are produced, he has already won a deathless immortality—such as is only awarded to philanthropists as large-hearted and disinterested, and moral heroes as dauntless as Thomas R. Hazard.

Let me add that the *Banner of Light* is doing a most important work in giving publicity and precedence to the facts of the Spiritual Phenomena.

CHAS. R. MILLER.
Everett Hall, Brooklyn, 398 Fulton street,
April 19th, 1880.

BASTIAN'S SEANCES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Harry Bastian gave seven séances in Scranton, Pa., at the residence of Mr. Daniel Howell, President of the Merchants and Mechanics Bank. At the first three séances that were given, March 21st, 22d and 23d, none were admitted but the nearest of kin of Mr. Howell. During these three circles spirit-forms were materialized, all of whom were recognized as having been while in the form our daily and hourly associates and companions. At the Sunday evening séance given March 28th, a female spirit-form walked out of the cabinet in a good light and dematerialized and again materialized in full view of all.

Mr. Bastian was induced to visit Winton, situate about eight miles north of Scranton, and gave us three very satisfactory and convincing séances, both light and dark. The medium cheerfully submitted to any tests suggested, and during the dark circle his feet were held in a position that made it impossible for him to stir without being detected; at the same time he continuously slapped his hands together. A music-box and guitar were floated by an unseen power high above our heads, sometimes striking the ceiling. Unseen hands of all sizes and temperatures caressed us, three and four persons being touched at one and the same time; voices were heard speaking, and by request a cold hand "just out of the grave" was laid on our faces by Johnny Gray, one of the spirit-guides of the medium.

Every evening a committee of two were selected to examine the medium's wearing apparel, who made a thorough and rigid search of each and every article of clothing worn by him, and were fully satisfied that nothing was secreted upon his person whereby the manifestations could be produced. As a test to a very intelligent gentleman, who is a member of the Catholic Church, who was present, the materialized form of a Sister of Charity appeared and announced herself as Sister Celestia, once Mother Superior of a convent in Montreal, and said she came to convince him that good spirits can come, and assured him it was not the work of the devil. Forms were materialized rapidly and in quick succession, male and female, talked to us

and were recognized beyond doubt. We are satisfied that Mr. Bastian is a genuine medium, and to all doubters of spirit-return we have only to state, form your own circles and procure a genuine medium, such as Harry Bastian, and if you do not become convinced you will receive food enough for reflection during the rest of your lives.

FRATERNALLY YOURS,
H. T. HOWELL.

Winton, Pa., April 5th, 1880.

DR. SLADE IN COLORADO.

As we have before stated, Dr. Slade is meeting with a remarkable degree of success in Colorado. The *Chronicle*, of Leadville, contains an account of an interesting séance held with him by a number of gentlemen connected with that paper on the evening of April 4th. The party having joined hands, two slates, one upon the other, with a grain of pencil between them, were held under a table, and a request was made for the invisibles to write.

"Immediately (says the account,) the imprisoned pencil point could be distinctly heard to start off with an energetic clattering, and while the Doctor conversed fluently on other topics, to keep the mind, he said, from controlling the pencil, the scratching continued ceaselessly, till another bang on the table by a hard-knuckled spirit signified that the composition was complete. Dr. Slade laid the slates down in front of the company, and one of the party removed the top one, and then read the following letter from spirit-land:

"My friends, did you ever think each living soul is equally true to the powers that control it? Had intellect been deprived of its selfishness and wedded to intuition, it would have gone forth beautifully, and been strengthened in purity. All that is beautiful and spiritual will be the offspring of this wedlock of intellect and intuition, and everything will take a new light and become divine, bright and true."

I am truly,
L. N. TAPPAN.

Mr. Norton expressed a wish to know if anybody in spirit-land desired to communicate with him. The Doctor placed a pencil point on the slate, which he held under the table-leaf, and in a few moments the following message was received:

"The best thing I can tell you is that the soul of man can never die."
W. NORTON.

The signature is that of a brother of Mr. Norton, who has been dead for many years, a fact not previously known by any of those present. Mr. Norton regarded it as one of the best tests of Spiritualism he had ever heard of. The doctor now requested one of the party to write a question on the back of the slate so that he could not see it.

Mr. Green wrote as follows:

"What became of Bradley?"
The answer came back written on the slate "He (B.) got murdered."

Mr. Green was an officer of Co. B, Eighth Missouri Infantry. In the second charge on the works at Vicksburg on the 22d of May, 1863, Bradley, who also belonged to that company, was missing. No prisoners were taken by the enemy. The reputation of Bradley for coolness and bravery banished the idea that he had fled or deserted. He was reported "missing." He was undoubtedly killed, and the burial detail failed to identify him.

The party withdrew at a late hour, well satisfied with the result of the interview."

SLATE-WRITING WITH FLORAL ACCOMPANIMENTS.

There appears to be no limit to the ability of our spirit friends to furnish new demonstrations of their power and presence. The variety that has already been given is so great that upon the appearance of every new phase we are led involuntarily to ask, "What next?"

A correspondent (A. P. N.) writing from Pittsburgh, Pa., sends us the following account of a séance in that city, at which writing upon a covered slate was given with a new feature attending it. He says:

"While so much is spoken of slate-writing mediums, suffer me to relate what occurred here at a séance held on Friday evening, March 26th, in the presence of the medium, Mr. Sarah Patterson, of 83 Franklin street. There were eleven persons present, including the medium. A bit of pencil about the size of two grains of wheat was enclosed between a double slate. The gas burning above the table being turned partially down, the medium held the slate under the table for one or two minutes. At the sound of three raps it was lifted, when the pencil point was found lying on the top of the slate, as is always the case with this medium when a message is completed. The slate, on being opened, showed a message addressed to a member of the circle present, purporting to be from a spirit-friend; and lying directly on the writing was a beautiful rose, as fragrant as if just plucked off its original stem. This was repeated until eight persons sitting around the table had each received an appropriate message and a flower over it. The flowers varied in kind, but were all fresh and blooming, and filled the room with fragrance. The light was sufficient to show every object in the room, and deception on the part of the medium is not admissible under the circumstances. After this performance a materializing séance followed, in which several spirit forms came out from the door of the cabinet."

[From the Sunday Herald, Boston.]

MRS. THAYER AGAIN. THE OTHER SIDE OF HER MEDIUMSHIP IN WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Thayer and her friends are naturally much disturbed by the publication of recent reports of her career in Washington, the former averring that the letter of Mr. Steinberg to the *R. P. Journal*, of Chicago, accusing her of fraudulent practices, was inspired by merely personal feelings. Among other letters from Washington in vindication of her alleged mediumship we have the following:

Assign me a small space in your liberal paper to describe a wonderful manifestation of spirit-power, demonstrated through the mediumship of Mrs. Thayer, at my house, on the evenings of March 10th and 11th, 1880. The medium, at her own request, was placed under the strictest test conditions, after the company had assembled. She was taken to a room over the parlor by my wife, and every article of clothing removed from her person and thoroughly examined, after which my wife accompanied her to the dining-room in which the séance was held. This room was carefully examined by all present. The doors and windows were securely fastened, so that neither ingress nor egress was possible. The party then took their seats around a long table and joined hands. These

of the medium were held by the gentlemen on either side of her; the light was extinguished, and in about ten minutes a gentle fluttering was heard, when, on striking a light, a beautiful canary was nestled on the breast of a gentleman present. The second night the medium was subjected to the same test conditions; the same party was present and arranged as on the previous evening, and the result was a liberal supply of the most beautiful flowers was spread over the table and in the laps of the company. The flowers were in great variety, but the most remarkable was a strand of similar about six feet long, dripping with water, lying in the center of the table in the form of the letter S, and woven together in the most artistic manner. The company was composed of fifteen persons, all well known in this city, who are willing to testify that the manifestations were genuine, and that fraud or deception was impossible.

Yours for truth and justice,

M. McEwen.

451 M street, Washington, D. C.

The Anniversary.

Second Grand Celebration of the Thirtieth Anniversary of Spiritualism in San Francisco, California, Sunday, April 4th, 1880.

(Reported by William Emmette Coleman.)

The Spiritualists of San Francisco have had two grand gala days this year. Mrs. Britten having graphically described the exercises of the first, it devolves upon my humble pen to report those of the second. The First Spiritualist Union of this city, meeting in B'nai B'rith Hall, devoted the entire day Sunday, April 4th—three sessions—to the anniversary exercises. The hall was elaborately decorated with flowers, evergreens and floral emblems, while the platform fairly groined beneath the weight of choicest flowers, tastefully and deftly arranged by the delicate fingers of Spiritualism's fair daughters in 'Frisco. The platform seemed, indeed, a living *parterre* of flowers, as did also that of Charter Oak Hall the preceding Tuesday. Portraits of A. J. Davis, J. M. Peebles and Dr. Slade, various spirit pictures of W. P. Anderson, and Joseph John's "Dawning Light," all appropriately festooned, adorned the walls; while the *Chalice of Light* and other spiritual journals, and a choice collection of spiritual literature, found ready sale at the tables of good mother Snow.

The exercises of the Children's Progressive Lyceum in honor of the day were varied and appropriate. Some one hundred and twenty-five scholars were present, all of whom seemed to enter into the duties of the occasion with zest and earnestness. Mrs. Seales, Miss Clara E. Mayo and other mediums, announced the presence in spirit of various deceased members of the Lyceum, and the Conductor, Mrs. Laveria Matthews, read the following poem, given through her mediumship, from Josephine Stephens, one of the bright scholars of the Lyceum, lately deceased:

Dear little Joey Stephens

Wishes me to say

That in the Children's Lyceum

She can be found away.

That Willie Andrews, Jennie Miller,

Also come and stand beside her;

That Mrs. Miller's patient face

Is, too, indelibly remembered;

That Mrs. French, who led us all,

Is now within our Lyceum hall.

These spirits meet on this occasion

To join with you in celebration;

Mark! I said "Our Lyceum hall";

And have we not an interest all

In this Lyceum? It was our home,

And here we've always loved to come.

Bright, beautiful flowers, brought with love,

We bring you from our homes above;

With reverence from their sunny feet,

That joy, to-day, may be complete.

"How" is the reward, I hear some say,

"This hand so faithful as to-day?"

Ah! labor to the children given

Is counted in the glorious Eden,

And you cannot afford to stay

Idle all the live-long day.

The gems of thought which here we glean

In heaven's bright corridors are seen;

The threads of love which here are woven

Will make your garments up in heaven.

Then never think your task is laid

When waits for you such rich reward.

Dear Joey returns to earth, to tell

That you have done your duty well;

That, when you reach the shining river—

Crossing o'er the bridge of silver—

You'll meet again your Lyceum band

In the bright and glorious Summer-land.

Dear papa and mamma, do not cry!

Sure you'll see me by-and-by.

Oh! help, sustain with feelings tender,

Thoughts that help you to the goal, to grow,

Proving thus that you remember

Two and thirty years ago.

A most affecting incident occurred during the recitations. Mrs. Jennie J. French, the former Conductor of the Lyceum, passed to spirit-life over a year ago. She recently gave a poem in honor of the day through the mediumship of Mrs. Seales. This poem Mrs. Seales gave to Mrs. French's daughter Jennie, about twelve years old, and a regular Lyceum scholar, to read to the Lyceum. Jennie ascended the platform and began to read it but she had only read the first two lines when she burst into violent weeping, exclaiming, "Oh, my mother! my mother! I can't read it, I can't read it!" Dropping the paper, she retired up the stage to lean and sob over her mother's portrait, her schoolmates finding it difficult to cause her to restrain her grief and cease her lamentations.

Little Annie Perkins, the musical genius of the Lyceum, rendered two ballads very sweetly, and other beautiful musical selections were given by Tenie May, Alice Cameron, Henry Andrews, Emma Booth, Mary Robinson, Della West, Maud Danskin and Frankie Robinson. Among those giving recitations worthy of special note I caught the names of Charles Stern, Herbert Harding, Thos. Wise, Harry Mayo, Lizzie Powers, Jennie Greenwood, Daisy Peck, Edna Hope Loomis, Katie Hammond, Sophie Eggert, Nattie Mayo, Etta Benjamin and Lottie Hebe.

At 2 P. M. the large hall was thronged with an eager multitude, awaiting the promised intellectual and spiritual feast, and filling every seat. Mrs. Matthews worthily presided over the three meetings of the day. Exquisite singing was interspersed afternoon and evening, rendered by Mrs. Feathers, Little Annie Perkins and the regular quartette.

Mrs. E. F. McKinley was the opening speaker, delivering a chaste and practical address, full of earnest thought and inspirational truth. Spiritualism, she said, was to her the most substantial blessing of existence. It incalculates the broadest charity; it has no children for the unfortunately situated, but says to all, "Come up higher." Whatever your besetting sin or weak points may be, ask God's angels to aid you in their betterment and help you to improve. Let us all, by and with the help of the loved ones from the bright beyond, do all we can to overcome the evil of our natures.

Prof. W. N. Van De Mark followed in a stirring, vigorous speech, emphasizing strongly the ethical side of Spiritualism, its potentiality as an instrument for the moral elevation of mankind. In the boys and girls of the Lyceum, reared under the stimulus of the moral teachings of our philosophy, he saw a mighty force springing up, calculated in time to achieve marked results in the paths of reform.

Miss Clara E. Mayo, under influence, next delivered a pleasing and thoughtful address. This is our natal day, said her angel prompters, as well as yours. Cherish the memory of this day in your daily life, letting its beneficent influence permeate your thoughts, words and deeds. She also spoke of the difficulties of mediumship. If we come not as you wish, think not that we have forgotten you. You cannot know how difficult it is for us to linger in your atmosphere, it is so repellant to our souls. But for all that we come, and in the spirit's best way we come to you. Look not so much, all of you, for the tiny teats, but rather at the broad sweep of the great religion you profess.

Mrs. Matthews then read an inspirational poem called "Two and Thirty Years Ago" written through her mediumship. Mrs. M. J. Upham-Hendee, a veteran medium of twenty-five years' standing in Califor-

nia, was the next speaker. Spiritualism, she remarked, was no mythical delusion, but a grand reality. She had seen and heard the spirits—seen the spirit-realms—hence knew, not believed, these things were true. It is the emanations of the spirit-world that carry you safely through the dangers and pitfalls of every-day life, inspiring you to heavenly aspiration and earnest endeavor for the pure and good.

"Father" Pearson, another old veteran in the sacred cause, followed in a line of remark somewhat similar to that he uttered at the Tuesday celebration. He gave as a rule of conduct for all, this: "Do no wrong consciously." It embraced the whole moral law except in one point. That point was covered by the eleventh commandment, "Love one another." From observance of his rule for several years he knew its beneficial effect. 1881 will be an eventful year. Spiritualism will then be thirty-three years old, the length of an average human generation and of the life of the great medium, Jesus. The perihelion of the four largest planets would create disturbances, to be followed by beneficent changes, the character of which could not be determined. In 1881 would be laid the corner-stone of the spiritual temple—the temple to be called Temple Arabula, or Divine Light.

Mrs. Lewis next favored us with an inspirational address, which, as regards beauty of diction and sublimity of thought, may be considered the gem of the meeting. I will make no attempt to reproduce her eloquent phrases and sparkling imagery, it requiring her exact language to do her justice. She closed by calling upon the Spiritualists of this sun-kissed clime, whose treasures have largely filled the coffers of the world, to build a hall for the religion of the angels of heaven—a religion which has reason for its gods, love for its inspiration, and progression for its motto.

Mrs. Seales announced that she had seen Rev. T. Starr King inspiring Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. McKinley. She also announced the presence of many spirit-children. Since she saw the improved and beautified condition in spirit-life of her late husband, Mr. McDonald—shown her, at her request, while visiting his grave—she had never shed a tear for the dead. She also described various spirits seen by her in attendance upon persons in the audience, which were recognized.

Mrs. Wiggins also described the spirits seen by her. Spirits, she said, are here in greater numbers than mortals. Spiritualism is to me all that I ever hoped for—a saviour. If we do all that Spiritualism tells us to do we'll do much better than any of us do now. Let us all do the very best we can.

The afternoon exercises closed with a half-hour séance by Mrs. Breed, a telegraphing, seeing and writing medium, in which she gave some of the most thorough, satisfactory and convincing tests I have ever seen in a public audience. As a missionary among skeptics, she, like Mrs. Foye, should accomplish a good work.

At 7:30 P. M. another large audience assembled. Mrs. Bicknell began the services with a recitation of a poem given her inspirationally by Nettie Pease (Fox). Wm. Emmette Coleman was the first speaker, his subject and its manner of treatment being similar to that in his Tuesday's address in Charter Oak Hall—"The Value of Spiritualism," it being greeted during its continuance, and at its close with considerable applause. (En passant, let me remark here that all the speakers during the day received their due share of merited applause.) Mr. Coleman was followed by Mrs. Dr. Henderson, who said: The truths spoken on this platform are moving through the spheres beyond. We are sowing seed that will spring up in beautiful flowers in the garden of the soul. In the great telephone of time you will find your words reach to the evergreen shores of life. Down in each soul lies a diamond. Polish that diamond; place it so bright in your crown that angels may sing: "There is no night."

Prof. Van De Mark again spoke of the ethical relations of Spiritualism and its utility as a reformatory power in the world. He also paid a passing tribute to the old patriots in spirit-life; those who had had to stand the fires of persecution and obloquy in the early days—the martyrs of our religion. Spiritualism does not condemn the erring man or sinful woman, but taking them by the hand lifts them up. "I have been made better," said he, "and feel higher incentives to live a good life since I came among the San Francisco Spiritualists."

Mr. Irvine read a carefully-prepared paper full of sound practical counsel and encouragement, showing the importance of Spiritualists embodying their principles in their daily lives, and closed with a poem urging them to strive to attain the higher and purer life opening up to all earnest aspirants for the good and true.

Mrs. Miller, an enthusiastic and untiring medium, thanked God for the great-grandmothers of the Fox girls, for had there been no great-grandmothers, we would have had no Fox children. "God bless," exclaimed she, "the fathers and mothers. No woman can know the luxury of goodness till she becomes a mother. The way to conquer your boys is to make them love you. Thank God, all my children are Spiritualists. Glory to God for our wives and husbands, fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers!"

Mr. Ferrie, late Methodist minister, followed in a rousing, soulful speech, full of the old-time revival fervor. All things are ruled by law, he remarked, and come in regular sequence; so Spiritualism made its advent in the world at the right time. The angel intelligences who assumed control of this planet when it was first evolved from its parent sun, determined the time for the appearance of life on its surface, the time of man's appearance, and the time when Spiritualism should appear. When Spiritualism did come, all the forces of the universe were behind it, and it could not keep from coming. Spiritualism is the second coming of the Nazarene, the culmination of the song of the angels to the shepherds eighteen hundred years ago.

Rev. Mr. Parker, Universalist, gave his views concerning the identity of true Christianity and true Spiritualism. He also spoke of the importance of having right beliefs, for much of our happiness or gloom is dependent upon what we believe.

Mr. Wilson thought that man was prone to do good rather than evil, instancing in point the marvelous growth of Spiritualism in thirty-two years in all parts of the world. What will Spiritualism have to show, queried he, at its centennial anniversary?

Mrs. Miller announced a brief spirit-message, extending encouragement and cheer to those present. Owing to the fact of the failure to be heard, through lack of time, of several of the speakers present, and the exceedingly deep interest manifested in the exercises, it was determined to resume them on the following Sunday. And so came to a close this second memorable day in San Francisco Spiritualism in 1880.

Onset Bay Camp-Meeting.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

At the last meeting of the Directors of the Onset Bay Grove Association, it was decided to hold the annual Camp-Meeting from July 15th to August 10th, inclusive. It was also decided to celebrate the opening of the season of 1880 by a basket picnic at the Grove, June 17th. In accordance with this decision, work is already being pushed forward as fast as possible.

The Association has built five more cottages since the first of last January, with two and four rooms each. A well has been made at Central Square, and work is now going on upon the new auditorium, which will, when completed, have a seating capacity for three thousand people.

Private enterprise has also been steadily at work all the time since the close of the Camp-Meeting last August—not having been in the way when there was not one or more cottages under the builder's hand. The cottage of Mrs. Henrietta Hullock, on South Boulevard, Mr. S. P. Willis's cottage on Highland Avenue, and Mrs. Lucy Baker's cottage on West Central Avenue, are among the good ones lately completed.

As a place of permanent resort, we can say that there have not been less than ten families living at Onset any time during the past winter. There is a steady demand for building lots by parties who signify intentions to build at once, or before the opening of Camp-Meeting in July.

From present indications, the season of 1880 at Onset Bay Grove will be a busy one. The friends of this beautiful summer home who intend to spend the season there, or who intend to make a visit there this season, can rest assured that the Directors, with the Committees that have the preparatory work in charge for the coming season, will leave no stone unturned to insure the comfort of the people who stop at Onset Bay Grove.

W. W. CORNELL.

Wareham, Mass., April 8th, 1880.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SOUL COMMUNION.

BY MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

Not in the glare of sunshine,
When the tide of human life,
Like a surging sea, is round me,
With its turmoil and its strife;

When, with a bold endeavor,
Like a warrior in the fray,
I, with my mortal brothers,
Battle from day to day

With all the hosts of evil
Which strive to press us down,
Bearing the cross while I down,
One day to win the crown:

Comes that loved presence near me,
Breathes that dear voice to me—
Too dim my earthly vision
That cherished form to see:

But in the solemn night-time,
When, at the eventide,
We leave our cares and sorrows,
Like garments laid aside,

And, passing sleep's fair portal,
We gain the mystic land,
Where flowers unfold in beauty,
By odororous clouds fanned;

Where every cloud that floateth
In the pure azure sky,
Seems like a memory, ever,
Of something long passed by;

Where every stream that floweth,
And every tree that waves,
Shadows some precious blessing
Our inner nature craves.

Then, when by sleep divested
Of every earthly dross,
My lone heart throbs with rapture,
It heeds no earthly loss.

I fold my long-lost treasure
In my embrace once more;
The life, supremely blessed,
More sacred than before.

And in that blissful dreaming,
No longer torn apart,
We hold a sweet communion
Together, heart to heart,

Too sacred for expression,
Too precious to reveal.
Oh! if our spirit vision
Sleep doth so well unseal,

How blest will be the waking
When earthly life is o'er,
And from our long, last slumber,
We rise to dream no more!

La Porte, Ind.

Funeral Prayer and Address

Over the Remains of the Late Commodore Francis Connor, Church, March 28th, in the First Unitarian Chapel, San Francisco, by Mrs. Emma Harding Britten, under control of the Spirit Thomas Starr King.

INVOCATION.

Oh Thou Infinite and eternal Spirit; Father, God; Lord of Life and Death; Author and Finisher of Being! Lo, thine hand is heavy on us in this trying hour. As we stand in the valley of the shadow we hear Thy voice calling home our hearts' beloved, and our spirits fall as we listen to the summons which removes from our mortal vision the father, friend, the strength, the consolation of many a pilgrim in earth's rough and rugged pathways. But even now, as we bend beneath the weight of our mighty sorrow, whilst our strength is laid low and the voice that has spoken the word of power to the weak and comfort to the helpless is hushed forever, oh, teach us that thou art still the strength of our weakness, the light to our blindness, the true and unfailing consolation of every heart that trusts thee. We know it is thy voice that speaks to us through the eternal silence that has closed these mortal lips, bidding us pause and consider the solemn lessons which death alone can teach. Oh, trusted but most eloquent teacher! as we stand in the presence of our beaming hearts to hear the message that he brings, we uplift our souls to thee, thou only strength and consolation, and learn to lay the burden of our cares and griefs on thee, who alone canst bear them. Help us, oh Heavenly Father! and clear away the mists of sorrow from our eyes, that we may discern the footprints of the beloved one in his pathway to the land of light. Help us to re-tread the tracks of honor, truth and duty that he has left behind. Captain of our salvation! Pilot of souls! Thou who hast steered thy beloved one's bark to the port of eternal safety, be with us now!

We see with streaming eyes and arms outstretched in pain the receding light of the white and flowing sails, as his ship of earthly life is fast drifting out of view. The thickening mists of death have closed around him, and we are left alone, straining our failing sight to catch faint glimpses of the glory in which our vanished friend has cast eternal anchor. Oh, thou Great Spirit! Pole-star of every drifting craft, freighted with frail humanity! teach us how to cry out to thee with heart and voice. We trust Thee, oh, our Father, in life as in death, in darkness as in light, in this our hour of human grief and weakness, as in the more peaceful days of life's full blossoming. We know that all is well with him who has gone before. We know he has gained the shores of endless day and waves aloft the banner of immortal triumph over death. The veil of mortal being, so dense to us, is luminous to him, and from the Mount of Vision we know that he still watches with an angel's tender pity the bereaved and mourning friends who linger yet behind and bear the burdens he has dropped.

We know the Immortal still loves, and that he is all—ay, more than all—he ever was, or could be, to those who love him still.

Thou, who dost make the very roses thy preachers, help these faltering lips to tell of the joy and glory he has gained. Show to these mourning ones the radiant Mountain of Transfiguration to which the angel Death has raised him. Help us to kiss and bless the rod that smites the human heart but sets the immortal free, and once more teach us all to cry in spirit and in truth, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven, forever and forever!"

THE ADDRESS.

Friends, we meet this day to celebrate the birthday of a soul into the life immortal. Fifty-three years ago there was a birthday of another sort in the home where this ascended soul first saw the light as a helpless, walling babe. Born into the life of earth, where care and toil are the milestones at every step of the weary way, with all the bitter pangs of humanity's stupendous warfare looming up before him, still he was ushered into being without one tear or sigh to mar his welcome. No prophetic voice of warning spoke of the thorny road these infant feet must tread. The mother's heart was full of joy, and rejoicing friends hailed the young stranger's advent on life's stormy sea without one sad misgiving.

And now, when we know how well, how gallantly, he's run the race God set before him and gained the victor's prize of a well-earned immortality, shall we fail to bid the triumphant soul God-speed, or stay with a single murmur the hand of the liberty angel that sets the ripened spirit free? Rather let us strive to follow the shining sails of his true life's ship to that glorious port of rest where the storm is hushed forever, and the sunlit waves of joy are beating on the shores of eternal light. Whilst he who is transfigured from the clay of earth to the spiritual glory which our dim mortal sight cannot penetrate, the mute and touching eloquence of the form we have beheld in all the pinoply of life and strength, so strangely still, so dumb and silent now—all, in short, of the solemn mysteries of death prompt us to inquire their meaning and pause in the giddy rush of life, to ask of God, the quiet dead, and one another: What has death done to this our friend and brother?

The ways of the Infinite One must ever be mysterious to the minds of his finite creatures; but in his mercy he

has taught us enough, by that we do know, to trust him in all things of which we are yet ignorant; and amongst the brightest revelations of our present day and hour are those that have stripped the grave of all its terrors, death of its awe and mystery, and shown to the weeping eyes of bereaved humanity its precious dead, in all the glorious reality of life immortal—and death itself to be but the doorway to the higher, better, happier spirit-land. Another of our Father's gifts to man have been the messages of love brought by the very beings nearest to us. They point to the wealth we gather upon earth, the splendor that we fondly lavish upon the crumbling dust of those we've loved, and remind us that all must be left behind, and that the spirit takes that will him the value of death's shroud in material treasure. And yet it is given to us to know there are many mansions in our Father's house; wealth and possessions there; power and strength, and noble work to do; joyful duties to fulfill; and life, with all its glorious energies and powers, continuing the work of being from the point where death has swept it. If this be so, and these revelations of the life beyond are now reaching through the wide, wide world, truly we may lift up our hearts in joy and triumph when we recall the noble record that our friend has made, and with the freight of duties well performed, and count his gallant ship has sailed away to heaven. Besides the lives of thousands have been entrusted to his skill and care; and the fortunes, no less than the safety, of countless multitudes have hung upon the faithful performance of his untiring watch and ward, as the captain of many a ship destined to plow its way on the roughest seas and brave dangers which none but the well skilled mariner could conquer. None but those "who go down to the sea in ships" and track their way through the pathless wastes of ocean, can understand the perils of the deep—the ceaseless cares and toils, the sleepless vigils of the stormy night, he passed "neath the rayless skies, 'midst the howling tempest, drenching rain and piercing cold; whilst the lives of multitudes were hanging in the balance on his skill and care. And yet we know that out of his brave hands no single life was ever lost. In his clear record there's no black mark of duties unfulfilled, no employer wronged, no murmuring crew oppressed, no friend forsaken, no stranger left unaided.

Not one soul he ever knew or served with but what would have united in crying, "God speed our gallant captain to his well earned rest. If ever seaman plowed his way to heaven he is the man!" Staunch and true! Brave man, great heart, gallant sailor, faithful servant of the King of Kings! He watched and waked while others calmly slept. He thought and thought, and battled with the stormy seas and wrestled with the elements until they became his subjects; and whilst the hazy scriptures of the skies stretched out above his head their canopy of glory, he read their solemn lessons in tireless duty, and worshipped his Creator in noblest service to his fellow-men. My friends, the last, best lesson which this wondrous preacher, death, has taught, is, as we thus render the noble record of this gallant life, to emulate its beauty; to re-tread the deep, strong footprints he has made—not in the "sands of time," but in the hewn-out rock of grand endeavor; and the last, best lesson which the best outpouring of the spiritual hosts have brought us is the sweet, consoling truth, that nothing that is good and true, beautiful in manhood can ever be marred by death. God fathers up the beautiful, and he who cares for the falling sparrow and clothes these blossoms with their wondrous beauty, has treasured up the blossoms of his noble life, and only left the dross and dust to death. "We cannot make him dead," the gallant sailor! For mates, companions, friends, he is still the same, though a watcher now on a fairer, calmer sea. For the dear companion he is still the tender guardian of her precious life; for the earth and man and all he's lived and toiled for, he's a guardian angel now, a ministering spirit, making our path more bright, our way more plain, our lives more holy and nearer heaven because a good and faithful man has lived and died. He may, he must, have left a void which none can fill again. Many will miss his helpful, outstretched hand, and she—his best beloved one—will miss the coming foot that was ever prompt to hasten to her side; but she knows, as we do, he lives and loves and watches over her now.

The veil of earth, transparent to the eye of spirit, is only dense to us who linger yet behind it; but when we know, as God in his mercy shows us, through his angels risen, that the form that sleeps the sleep that knows no waking is not the man we've loved—that death has no power upon him; that he lives and stands in our midst this very hour, with all that made the man, and the added glory of life immortal, why should we weep or sigh or put on the weeds of mourning? Why should we wish him back, or stay the hands that lay away the garments in the grave and leave the guardian-angel of the home behind? Remembering all we do know of the shining seas our loved ascended brother is sailing over now, surely we can trust our Heavenly Father in the yet veiled realms of mystery hidden from our view. "He doeth all things well," and though the golden bowl of mortal life is broken, the silver cord of earthly duty loosed, the pitcher broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the elbow, we can bow, and, led in calm submission, look back in high emulation at the record of a well-spent life, and forward with triumphant joy that he has reached the goal from which his loving hand will beckon us to follow onward.

Oh, may the memory of this hour be ever green amongst us! May the record he has made, the wealth of freight with which his ship of life was laden, be a never-dying remembrance to us, to strengthen us in the hour of trial, encourage us to speed on, amidst thorns and briars, to the goal of victory he has gained, until we meet and greet him in the land where the angels have welcomed him with the glorious cry, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant! Enter into the joy of thy Lord." And now it but remains to put away with all reverence the faded garments an immortal soul has worn; lay down to rest the crumbling form of clay. With tender reverence give back to earth the pale, white form of earth. Put out the dying lamp—he will not need it more. Quench the dying flame. Nor heat shall burn nor biting frost consume the happy dwellers of the summer-land. Let dust and blossoms sleep in the tranquil grave, while the shining soul inhales the deathless perfume of the flowers that bloom in the land of never-setting sun. The last rites paid, the last farewell said, the honored dead closed up from mortal sight, commit we all that's left to the silent grave, and bid God-speed to the newborn son of heaven with the sweet, familiar closing words of love: Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And leave us not in temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever.

After the hymn by the choir, "Rock of Ages," Mrs. Britten again said: Before we listen to the benediction which closes these sacred rites, in the name of the wife and friends of the good and true man whose spiritual birth we celebrate, we tender earnest and heartfelt thanks for the deep reverence, earnest feeling and kindly sympathy, manifested by every friend and stranger gathered together in this hallowed ceremony. Above all, we offer on our own behalf, and that of those nearest and dearest to our beloved Commander, our grateful thanks to the trustees of this church, who in their kindness and generosity have granted us the use of this sacred place for the performance of the last and holiest duty to our honored dead.

Whilst memory lingers, we shall ever cherish the tokens of deep sympathy which, for one brief hour at least, have bound together this vast multitude in the ties of a common humanity. I know it has been to you, as to me and all of us, a grateful task to render the best tribute in our power to the memory of a great good man. Your presence and kindly feeling have helped to strengthen me in the performance of a sad, though pleasing duty, and almost changed bereavement into gladness. Let us all go hence, cherishing in our hearts the memory of the brave and true; seeking to shape our lives like his, to the love of duty; striving to bring home to earth's last waymark a record as clear and true as his has been, and commending ourselves to the Father of All, with the reverent cry, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," now and evermore.

The Reviewer.

SPIRITUALISM AS A NEW BASIS OF BELIEF. By John S. Farmer. "Out of Darkness into His Most Glorious Light." London: E. W. Allen. Glasgow: H. Nisbet & Co. 1880.

The arguments of this book rest on the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism as admitted facts, requiring no other evidence than that already existing to establish them as truths; since it cannot but be apparent to every reasonable mind, that if these are not sufficient we may as well discard all human testimony as worthless upon any and every subject where it may be introduced. Assuming that the phenomena are of actual occurrence, the author proceeds to show the outlines of a belief founded upon the new revelations that, by means of them, are coming to mankind—and revelations that will in all cases greatly modify, and in some cases completely revolutionize, the usually accepted views of life in all its relations, both in this world and the next.

The author is of the opinion that upon no subject of human knowledge does there obtain, in popular estimation, such inadequate, misleading and untruthful views as upon the subject of the mysterious phenomena included under the general appellation of Modern Spiritualism. It is to break down the barriers that interpose between the minds of the people and a fair and honest consideration of the subject, and to silence the roarings of the lions of bigotry that would frighten away all who seek to approach it, that this volume is given to the world.

The introduction furnishes the reader who may have known nothing of the origin of the manifestations, with information respecting their advent at Rochester; twelve propositions forming a concise argument in favor of the spiritual hypothesis, and a classification of the phenomena *in extenso*, as given by Prof. Wallace. The existing breach between modern culture and popular faith is considered in full. That such an antagonism exists is evident to all. Science and religion do not harmonize—their only agreement is in agreeing to disagree, which they do very steadfastly, and more so now than ever before. "This antagonism," says Mr. Farmer, "has been attained all the more speedily because Orthodox teachers persisted, and still persist, in teaching the immortality of the soul, accompanied by dogmas so inhuman and cruel that the human heart refuses to believe in a future coupled with such conditions." The fact is, the church is more intent upon driving man with the fear of hell than in drawing him with the joys of heaven; and he don't take kindly to such treatment. The author of this book looks for a repeller of the breach, and finds it alone in Spiritualism. He proceeds, in a manner that will not offend the most worshipful churchman,

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 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.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1880.

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

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

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

COLBY & RICH,
 PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.
 LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
 JOHN W. DAY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Business Letters should be addressed to ISAAC B. RICH, Banner of Light Publishing House, Boston, Mass. All other letters and communications should be forwarded to LUTHER COLBY.

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-lighted pinnacle the Angels build their altars, and kindle beacon-lights to illumine the world.—Prof. S. B. Britton.

Good Things About to Appear.

Next week we shall devote space to the publication of a *verbatim* report of a trance address delivered through the mediumistic instrumentality of Mrs. Corn L. F. Richmond, at Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, Feb. 8th, 1880, and entitled: "SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF DR. HENRY F. GARDNER." Those who know the Doctor in earth-life will, we feel sure, be much interested in perusing the narrative of some of his experiences since passing to the spirit-land.

On the week following we shall place before our readers the report of a lecture delivered in Steinway Hall, London, Eng., through the mediumship of Mr. J. William Fletcher, and bearing for a title, "MATERIALIZATION," with questions from the audience, and answers by Mr. Fletcher's guides. This discourse will be found eminently *apropos* to the present position of affairs.

Next in order will be given Dr. Joseph Rodas Buchanan's address on "THE OLD RELIGION AND THE NEW," as enunciated by him in Clarendon Hall, New York, March 14th.

Other and excellent addresses, essays, records of phenomena, etc., are on hand, and will be published as fast as space will permit.

Sold into Egypt—"A Vehement Anti-Spiritualist."

The Bible contains within its lids the story of a certain young Hebrew, the son of a patriarch; a son who was but one of a numerous family of brothers; a young man gifted with mediunistic power which in after years proved (if the narrative be not a figment of the Mosiac imagination) to be of the most important character, raising its possessor at last to the chief post of the Nile kingdom. But ere he reached that position this young man—the weaver of the "coat of many colors"—was (because of the striking character of his views and his outspoken manner in proclaiming them) most cruelly persecuted by his brethren, thrown into a ditch, and finally extirpated from thence by them only for the purpose of selling him to a band of wandering Ishmaelites, who carried him a slave to Egypt, where his after exploits have been alike the wonder of the adolescent student of biblical lore, and the *piece de resistance* of those stanch technical disciples of "foreordination" who still refuse to temper their ideas concerning human destiny with the slightest latitude of free will.

It would now seem that in our modern days (which are rapidly paralleling many of the recorded occurrences in the Old and New Testaments) we are being treated to the opening chapters in the history of a new Joseph. He is the Rev. Joseph Cook; he is of the progeny of the Evangelical Christian system; a willom disciple of the Andover Theological Seminary; and has numerous clerical brethren of the Judah, Zebulun and Issachar stripe; and like his prototype he has—by and through his efforts to persuade the church of the utter untenability, now-a-days, of the old fortress of blind faith (which it has occupied so long), and his efforts to lead its followers out upon the broad plain of scientific reasoning—caused these brethren to look askance upon him in the past; and now, to carry out the similitude—although in this case the repetition of what the modern Joseph has seen with his own eyes, rather than dreamed, as did the ancient one, is the cause of his trouble—he has drawn down upon himself the wrath of the bigots all around the family circle by daring to speak from his platform in the Old South Church, Boston, upon certain phenomena which he personally witnessed, and to which he assigned a meaning peculiar to himself.

The modern bigots (differ more than the ancient) could not, however, "see" their sheaves of priestly tenets bowing down before the upright shaft of the modern Joseph's logic, therefore they have taken the old-time method to crush him; and he is at present piteously pleading for help at the bottom of that opaque mine-shaft of obloquy which suggests itself to the imagination of the average churchman when he hears it said of any person: "He is a Spiritualist." "I am," he earnestly declares, as he views the gathering of his credulous brethren, led on by the Watchman, around what many of them hope perchance may prove his theological grave, "a vehement anti-Spiritualist!" The question now is, may not his vociferous vindictory shouts attract so much public attention as to lead to the next step toward the fulfillment of the parallel; will not his brethren of the sur-

plice finally take alarm, hoist him out of the pit, and thrust him, *notens volens*, into the hands of the Free Religionists, and hence necessitate a march on his part constantly toward the east of an ever-increasing spiritualization? reaching at last the complete rounding out of the similitude by his winning a high place in future among those who are the friends of humanity for humanity's sake? The coming years must tell, and as the bard aforetime has recorded it, "The good can well afford to wait."

This prophetic perspective is by no means an Utopian view. Mr. Cook is an original, and in the main an independent man; he is gifted with a mind which "fears not to pry into the thunder-cloud," even though at the risk of losing his standing among the brethren; he has studied into the scientific aspect of Spiritualism, has sat—as a reader at least—at the feet of the German and English philosophers who have investigated the phenomena; he has seen some marked occurrences in that line himself; and the seed is sown in his interior consciousness which cannot but produce a harvest, however diligently the outer man may try to disguise the fact. If the reader will pardon the change in comparison, the arrow of truth has found a weak link in the harness of him of the Monday Lectureship, and the giant must feel the sharp barb of conviction incising the very vitals of his intellect at every after movement on his part. The "end" of this "may crown the work" in his case in a much different manner than this ditch-imprisoned Joseph or his militant brethren now dream.

But added to the higher points of his character, Mr. Cook has an excessive amount of morbid sensitiveness, which it is hard to account for in the premises. To such a degree does this carry him that he is swerved now and then rapidly from one point or statement to another, in a manner alike amazing to his critics and confusing to his friends. For instance, the very letter in which he denies being in any sense of the term a Spiritualist appears in the columns of the *Daily Advertiser*, a paper which Mr. Cook personally assured us during a call made by him at our office (and made for the purpose) was not reliable in its reports of his utterances—he wishing the sweeping denunciation put in his mouth by the *Advertiser* against the moral character of Spiritualists (and against which we had warmly protested) radically modified; as proof of the verity of what he said he left with us at that time a proof-slip of the report as printed in the *Independent*. [Readers of the *Banner of Light* who will refer to their files will see that on the fourth page, Feb. 7th, we printed the reports in the close juxtaposition of a double column, showing the marked difference in the language made use of in these two papers.] It now seems that though the *Advertiser* is an unreliable reporter, it can be relied on as a vehicle of correspondence, since Mr. Cook so promptly flies to its columns in order to defend himself when attacked. We would, however, intimate (in passing) that since we published that correction, at the express request of the reverend gentleman, there have not been wanting both correspondents and callers at our office who declare that the *Advertiser* did tell the unvarnished tale, while the *Independent's* account had evidently passed through the hands (after delivery) of a skillful "finisher."

Mr. Cook having found a sphere of usefulness in which the *Advertiser* can be relied on, now utilizes its space for the purpose of giving expression to sentences like the following:

"The *Congregationalist* is perfectly right in representing me as an earnest opponent of Spiritualism. Here in the West I do not see the Watchman; but if it has been representing me as in any way a friend of Spiritualism, it has been publishing first-class rubbish. To call me a defender of Spiritualism is as inaccurate as it would be to call Wendell Phillips a distinguished pro-slavery orator. I have the strenuous and bitter opposition of every important spiritualistic newspaper in the country, and this indicates how far I have shown myself a friend of the enemy."

And further on he speaks to the following effect:

"The gigantic mischief of Spiritualism requires a union of all its foes in opposition to it. You are at liberty to assure any one that the *Congregationalist* and the *Independent* are wholly right in telling their readers that I am a vehement anti-Spiritualist."

This is the language which our (over-sensitive) modern Joseph now offers to his brethren, as a reason why they should cease to regard him as a Spiritualist. We will do what we can to help him out of his present dilemma, and onward toward the next step in fulfilling his mission, by saying that personally we have never regarded him as a Spiritualist, or claimed him as such distinctively—though whatever he may have had the courage to state heretofore that was true concerning the phenomena has been grateful to us, and has received our commendation.

All that Mr. Cook really means, it seems to us, by the language used above, is that he draws his own conclusions from the phenomena classed under the head of Spiritualism; and this he has a perfect right to do. We do not ask him to accept anybody's theory as to what produces the phenomena. All that we can reasonably ask of him as an honest man is to admit that certain occurrences, testified to by certain persons calling themselves, or called by others, Spiritualists, are not lies or fancies, but real facts. This Mr. Cook has done, so far as some of the phenomena are concerned. He may draw what line he pleases between what he elects to call "the superhuman" and "the supernatural." We ask of him no merely speculative concessions. He has seen enough to satisfy him that materialism is not only a fallacy but a blunder. He has seen it shattered by one simple experiment, thus confirming the grounds he had previously taken in his lectures. Now he may go on and show up as much as he pleases the shortcomings which may in some instances result from taking it for granted that all that the spirits say is true. These mistakes bear the same relation to the grand fact of Spiritualism, pure and simple, that the crimes and follies of bad or foolish men bear to the great fact of humanity; and it would be just as sensible for Mr. Cook to say—giving its true meaning to the term *Spiritualist*—that he is a "vehement anti-anthropologist" as to say he is a "vehement anti-Spiritualist." Mr. Cook will not deny that he is a Spiritualist in the philosophical and religious sense. Before he can do this he must repudiate his Bible. Satisfied that the truth has to a certain extent found lodgment in his mind, we await in confidence the results which we feel will in good time be brought to pass.

The following from the Boston *Herald* gives the truth "in a nut-shell" about the Government and its wards:

"The whole United States army cannot keep the miners out," says a Western professor, speaking of the raid that is to be made this spring upon the lands of the Indians. *If the United States cared anything in particular about keeping its faith, it would take up this challenge, but it doesn't*—not when an Indian is concerned.

Psychometric Contagion.

Many persons become sick, they do not know why or how; yet in such cases there is nothing like accident, for all goes by law. Dietary habits do not wholly explain it, and oftentimes have nothing to do with it. Were people to make a rather thorough search through their own experience and observations, it would surprise them to find how frequently, and as it then seemed to them mysteriously, they were influenced to their discomfort and even to serious illness. We firmly believe in this transmissive power of magnetic conditions. Every one must realize, on reflection, that in his different moods he is influenced by different contacts or surroundings. A person comes into the room, holds a half hour's conversation or more, and the recipient of the visit is in a new frame of mind and temper. These changes are of course but temporary, but working incessantly as they do, and having such close relationship with our happiness, they deserve to be considered with care and treated as of leading importance. And it is on this very basis that we shall be wise to determine who are and who are not to be our personal friends. Do we not shrink from some persons from sheer instinct, unable to find any reason for it? And toward others are not the doors all open and the walls all down?

Some time since, one who described himself as an "incipient healer" set down a short list of his experiences in this particular direction, and it is exceedingly instructive to run them over again, as they appeared in the *London Medium and Daybreak*. He rightly speaks of it as one of the most important subjects that can engage the attention of the students of spiritual science, and adds that he has become convinced that "the happiness or misery of a large part of the human race is seriously affected by the lack of a proper understanding of what he styles 'psychical contagion.'" While he admits that there may be some persons who are so positive in constitution as to be all but impervious to this contagion, or perhaps to psychical influence of any kind, he is certain that there is a vast number of persons who are continually suffering from or benefited by it, without ever suspecting that their ailments and the removal of them might be traced to the action of laws of which common sense or physical science knows nothing. He presents no theory on the matter, being content simply to record a few of his own experiences, which he thinks will speak for themselves. For twenty years he has suffered from no more serious disorder than a cold, an occasional bilious attack, or a "short catch" of bronchitis. He is habitually careful as to diet, drink, and in observing all the laws of health, and believes himself to be free from disease. Yet he says that all his life he has been subject to unaccountable periods of exhaustion, to stomachic derangements, and moods of depression or elevation, varying with the persons with whom he came in contact.

He states that he has learned from experience the importance of using the greatest care in selecting one's surroundings as regards persons, places and things. While it is, of course, impossible for one who has to mingle with the outer world to avoid coming in contact continually with influences that may be either beneficial or the contrary, what he has found it most important to avoid is the admission of injurious influences into his home; for when the home-sphere is invaded one's refuge is gone, and it seems impossible to avoid absorbing, to some extent, the unfavorable influences one is thus closely brought in contact with. On the other hand, few things are more beneficial or gratifying than to receive into one's home persons of a sympathetic disposition and a genial temper; the influence they leave behind remains often for days after they are gone. The medium referred to says that a relative who stayed with him for some time in a former residence left in his room an influence which he never got rid of; and for months afterward he never entered that room, even with window and door wide open, without a sense of being oppressed. And the same individual, whenever he sees him or receives a letter from him, imparts a feeling of unrest and feverishness. Some persons' letters, says this medium, always bring the writer's ailments with them; or they at least establish a rapport by means of which disease or vitality can be transmitted, irrespective of distance. He gives a number of very striking instances of this kind of transmission, the trouble being in digestion and other non-contagious disorders.

With such experiences as those related, he thinks it will be readily understood that he has no sympathy, and not much beside disgust, for those persons who are in such haste to "expose" mediums, who first pollute the latter with the influence they bring with them, and then persecute them for the consequences. He says he feels a strong desire to expose the expositors themselves, and to do all he can to cause them to be studiously shut out in the outer darkness until they are more fit to receive the inner light which spirit-circles should make it their first object to seek. There is a world of meaning in these revelations. They tell us all of our susceptibility to the influences of others upon us, and set us to thinking about our own influence upon them. We are constantly giving forth of our influences, and this should teach us to be especially careful in forming the characters which are to give out these influences. If we should be careful in letting others approach us, we ought to be no less so in what constitutes our real approach to them. This is a mutual affair. We live in a state of constant interaction one upon another. We are continually giving and taking. It is possible for us to reject many advances which are deleterious to their results, and it is our duty to do it. How long will it be before people learn that there is a *spirit* within the body, which is all that gives it influence or power over others? When this is understood, people will see the necessity of keeping *clean spirits*, that they may give forth healthy influences rather than disagreeable and dreaded contagion.

The Mediumship of Mr. Edison.

Rev. A. L. Hatch, Congregational minister, of 59 Liberty street, New York, furnishes the following statement to the *New York World*: "You know [Mr. Edison] is a medium, and his great invention of the quadruplex telegraph instrument was revealed to him in a trance state. He sat one day, and passing into that condition seized some paper lying before him, and wrote until he had filled several sheets with closely-written notes. Then waking up, and rubbing his eyes, he said he thought he had been asleep, until his attention was called to the paper, which he had not read through before he broke out with his usual expletives, and said he had got the idea he had been struggling for so long."

Dr. J. M. Peebles

Lectures in Boston on Sunday next. He will be at the Shawmut Lyceum session, at Amory Hall, in the morning; Berkeley Hall in the afternoon, and Amory Hall in the evening.

Spiritualization.

The *Merrimac Journal* is pleased to observe that "the Spiritualists are somewhat reviving their energies this winter. As a distinct order, however, they are likely to fall by the general acceptance of the leading features of the faith by a majority of the Christian world." Whether Spiritualists "fall" or succeed "as a distinct order," they assuredly will succeed in the promulgation of their faith and their philosophy when the latter become fairly accepted "by a majority of the Christian world." It matters little indeed to them whether they build themselves up into "a distinct order," so that the work which has been given them to do is really done.

By admissions like the foregoing we are able to see to-day how much more effective and rapid the work of Spiritualism has been by reason of not having its current dammed up to run in a private channel than if it had been distorted and obstructed for personal, selfish and ambitious purposes. Its character alone forbids that the notion of erecting "a distinct order" upon it should for a moment be entertained. Only as such a notion is and shall continue to be avoided, can the believers in Spiritualism hope for the achievement of that universal success of which a mere hint is given in the admission above. We must work for the Cause, rather than for an Order. The trouble of troubles in matters of religion consists in this idea which has controlled the human mind, that *authority* is the thing to be secured.

Spiritualism comes to reverse this long-standing error. It seeks first the kingdom of truth and love. In doing this it excites no hostilities, arouses no prejudices and erects no barriers; but offers the simple truth it bears within itself for the hearing and hospitality of all, trusting to its own power to make its silent but sure way into every heart. Is not this a far better and greater work, yes, and a much more lasting one, than to expend its forces in the creation of a selfish establishment after the pattern of the church ecclesiastical? Manifestly it is, for it includes that and all other establishments, melting them all down in its capacious crucible. People who are disposed to speak of Spiritualism as if it were at bottom self-seeking and ambitious, openly confess that they have the poorest possible comprehension of the subject as yet.

Spiritualism comes to spiritualize. It is a great mother plant, and no mere graft or offshoot. Its aim is to work upon existing institutions to improve and exalt them, not to overturn and destroy them. It comes to enlighten, and expand, and liberalize the current methods of thought, not to cut them off and supersede them. It seeks to set things running in a new channel, draining all the old streams and currents gradually into it. Or, to use a familiar and favorite image, it is like the light of the sun that comes to flood all places alike, seeking no mere earthly name and power, but desirous of being the benefactor of the whole human race. And they are true Spiritualists who cooperate in such a work. Success of this character is far more and better than to have built up "a distinct order" merely.

The Church Giving Up the Miracles.

The popular church, having made an effort to rid itself of hell, is now going in an iconoclastic style after the miracles. A California clergyman, Rev. W. W. McKaig, of San Francisco, recently said in a public discourse:

"With the exception of a small number of priests in the Catholic Church, a general incredulity on the subject of miracles colors the thought of all educated men."

He says this is not for lack of evidence that the events narrated as miraculous actually occurred—they probably did; but at the time of their appearing the limited field of vision comprehended by the human mind, of the possibilities of nature was such as would lead mankind to judge as supernatural what to-day, with a vastly extended field, we would attribute solely to natural causes. And further:

"It has been noticeable that within a few years past there has been a growing tendency among the leaders of the church to give up the miracles of the Old Testament. That there was something at the bottom of some of these Christian miracles, something that we cannot now understand, something that Spiritualism may yet explain, I admit."

That is just precisely what Spiritualism is doing. It is bringing to light the dark places of human belief—straightening out the tangled threads of thought, and harmonizing, to the hitherto distracted mind of man, Nature with Nature's God. And thus, one by one, the cumbersome piles of theological rubbish that some denominations "pillars of the Church" are being swept away. Long since "infant damnation" passed to the shades; then "total depravity" drew its dark mantle about it and skulked off; after that the doctrine of "the elect" concluded it was time to go, and went. Next the "devil" began to have his character questioned, and some concluded that, as far as personality was concerned, he was not much of anybody after all; and a year ago all our evangelical pulpits were self-appointed investigating committees on whether there is such a place as "Hell." Good-by, all! May you have more happiness than you have given to others. To-day we welcome the light and the truth of heaven!

Imprisonment of a Medium in England.

England has added another proof to those it already possessed of the intolerance of its laws by the prosecution, trial and imprisonment of Frank Owen Mathews, at Keighley. It appears from a statement in the *London Spiritualist* that Mr. Mathews was accustomed to deliver lectures upon Spiritualism, and afterwards to reveal information about the private affairs of those he had never before seen, even giving the names of their departed relatives. He also gave private séances, one of which Mr. James Sharphouse attended, and not being satisfied with the result, he caused a prosecution to be instituted against him under the same statute that was raked up from the dusty alcoves of the court for the persecution of Henry Slade. The force of a trial, in which the defendant enacted the part of a lamb among wolves, and ignorance exhibited itself in laughter at what it could not understand, was passed through with, and resulted in the conviction of the prisoner and a sentence of imprisonment for three months.

A petition for his release has been drawn up by Mr. J. W. Fletcher, and largely signed, setting forth that Mr. Mathews was engaged in what he believed to be a holy calling; that he is at times controlled by spirits of the departed—a possibility that is attested to by the leading scientific men of England and other countries, and of which the magistrates before whom said Mathews was tried were ignorant, and hence believed him to be an impostor, thereby depriving him of a fair trial.

Strong Argument Against Medical Monopoly.

The following case—the points concerning which are gained by us from personal conversation with the gentleman experiencing the cure—is one which those regular M. D.s who want to rule Massachusetts so much (but who are shown the door every time they approach the State Legislature with such intent) will do well to ponder over. It is in itself a living argument against medical monopoly in whatever form or in whatsoever locality it strives to appear, and such arguments—added through the successful services of the magnetic healers, the clairvoyants, etc., everywhere—are increasing in number each day, all over the State, the nation and the world.

Mr. John Rowe, Jr., of 147 Tremont street, Boston, called at our office some days since, and put us in possession of the facts we here propose to relate: He was seized, Nov. 12th, with severe pains in the stomach, which continued to increase in intensity for twelve hours, and ended in throwing him into a fit. A homoeopathic physician was summoned, but although the doctor continued his visits afterward, day by day, the patient did not improve, and his symptoms, which assumed the form of paralysis of the stomach, to the extent of the closing of the pyloric orifice, took on, as time proceeded, a most threatening aspect, though the physician refused to give up the expectation of helping him, affirming that the old adage "While there's life there's hope," was true in his case. For thirty-eight days Mr. Rowe was unable to take into his stomach anything of the nature of food—water was all that he could retain; and nothing which went into his stomach was able to leave it. For the last two weeks of this period, beef-tea and brandy were introduced into the system by means of intestinal injections.

At last, feeling that his hold on life was daily growing weaker, Mr. Rowe decided to try the process of treatment followed by magnetic healers, and to that end called in Dr. Webster, of 8½ Montgomery Place, Boston. He came, and after the first (as also after every subsequent) treatment the patient felt greatly relieved, and was certain in his mind that Dr. Webster was assisting nature to overcome the difficulty under which he was laboring. Finally Dr. W. expressed it as his opinion that Mr. R. could commence eating, at least to the extent of a raw egg; to this the sick man demurred, averring that his stomach, long unaccustomed to action, was now incapable of assimilating this order of food. Mr. Rowe finally decided to try the experiment, (though such was his weakness that he consumed two hours in eating the egg, and was thoroughly exhausted when he had finished; but subsequently found to his surprise that he experienced no difficulty whatsoever from it. This simple order of diet was in time expanded to include milk, mush, and comestibles of like frugal nature.

As soon as he began employing Dr. Webster, Mr. Rowe discontinued taking, and caused to be thrown away, the medicines prescribed by the physician first spoken of (who was a "regular" by education, as well as a homoeopath by practice), though he did not, through a sentiment of delicacy concerning that gentleman's professional feelings, inform him of the fact, but allowed him to continue his visits from time to time. When, therefore, the sick man began to exhibit an improved state of health, under the magnetic power of Dr. Webster, this medical gentleman forthwith commenced to praise the unexpectedly favorable action of his own remedies to such an extent that Mr. R. felt it incumbent to tell him plainly that he had ceased long ago to take them, and was under the charge of a healer by laying on of hands! To his surprise the physician did not resent what he had done, but was pleased to see that by any means the patient was recovering—which commendable feeling on his part proves at least that there are yet left among the educated M. D.s of the present day a few real gentlemen—men who have hearts within their breasts, and who prefer the saving of human life to the mere upbuilding of the edifice of their own or their Society's professional pride.

Mr. Rowe stated to us that he thoroughly believes that the services rendered him by Dr. Webster are the means of his being alive to-day, which opinion is also shared by his (R.'s) wife; and he further stated that should disease again attack himself or his family, he should at once call for aid not on an Allopathic, a Homoeopathic or an Eclectic physician, but on Dr. Webster, the healer, toward whom he cherishes the liveliest sentiments of gratitude.

This case speaks volumes as to the value of the practice of healing by laying on of hands, in general, and is but one of many which Dr. Webster has been privileged to perform since he laid off the policeman's uniform to put on the magnetic robes which his unseen guides at that time imperatively called upon him to assume.

Spiritualism One Hundred Years Ago.

The *Merrimac Valley Visitor*, (Newburyport, Mass.) contained in its issue of April 10th a lengthy article upon Shakerism, in which it is stated that for upwards of one hundred years what is now known as Modern Spiritualism was familiar to that people. The manifestations were prevalent during the times of Ann Lee, who was born in Manchester, Eng., in 1736, and came to this country in 1774, "driven by persecutions and instructed by revelations," and continued until 1837, when, from that time until 1848, they appeared more frequently and with greater power.

"It came upon them by songs and music in the air; it seized upon little girls at their amusements and whirled them around the room, prostrated them on the floor, and threw them into trances. Soon they began to talk, narrate what they saw in the spiritual realms, sing hymns unwritten, set to music that mortal eyes had never seen. They had the gift of tongues; also the gift of discernment, so they could read the characters of those they had not before met."

It is fortunate for the world that these things subsequently occurred outside of that community, for they considered that the people of earth were in a totally unprepared state for what they (the Shakers) were experiencing. Having held this view of the case for more than a century, it is quite probable we should have been debarred from communion with our spirit-friends up to this time, and whether we should ever be granted the privilege would depend altogether upon whether—according to Shaker judgment—we were sufficiently prepared for it. But the invisibles were not to be kept back, and so they rapped at Rochester and sought an interview with the people of earth.

These old-time Shaker manifestations prove to us, what the history of all past ages confirms as truth, that evidences of spirit-presence and power are not new, not characteristic of our times alone, but as old as history itself.

Jonathan Nayson, one of the most prominent citizens of Amesbury, Mass., died Friday morning, April 23d. Mr. Nayson was born in Weare, N. H., in July, 1803, and was consequently nearly seventy-one years of age. In 1830, and three years subsequent, he represented the town of Amesbury in the Massachusetts Legislature, and was the mover and most prominent supporter of the ten-hour law. He was also a member of the Constitutional Convention. During the administration of Pierce and Buchanan he occupied the position of weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom House, and was President of the old Jackson Democratic Club of Boston. He was for three years selectman of Amesbury, and assessor of internal revenue in Essex district. Among his townsmen he was highly esteemed and respected.

Mrs. M. F. Cross, of West Hampstead, N. H., and Sarah J. Patten, of Bath, Me., will please accept our thanks for bouquets of trailing-arbutus for our Free Circle-Room. We also thank Dr. R. N. Porter, of Deerfield, Mass., and several other friends, for like donations.

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa.

Message Department.

Public Free-Circle Meetings.
Are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT FREE-CIRCLE, corner of
Providence street and Elm street, every TUESDAY
AFTERNOON. The Hall will be open at 2 o'clock, and ser-
vices commence at 3 o'clock precisely, at which time the
doors will be closed, neither admittance nor egress being
permitted until the conclusion of the service, except in case of absolute
necessity. The public are cordially invited.

The messages published under the above heading indi-
cate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their
earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil—con-
sequently those who have been in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to a higher condition.
We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by
spirits in these columns that does not comport with the
reason. All express much of devotion they perceive no
more.

It is our earnest desire that those who may recognize
the messages of their spirit-friends, verify them by in-
forming us of the fact for publication.

As our angel visitors desire to behold natural flowers
upon our Circle from the flowers of the domain of spirits,
the friends in earth-life who may feel that it is a pleasure
to place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offer-
ings.

Miss Shethamer wishes it distinctly understood that she
gives no private tea-sessions at any time; neither does she
receive visitors on Tuesdays.

Letters sent to this department, in order to
ensure prompt attention, should in every instance be ad-
dressed to Colby & Rich, or to

LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

Messages given through the Mediumship of
Miss M. Theresa Shethamer.

The Medium's Brother.

It has come to our knowledge, Mr. Chairman,
that a message recently published and given at
this place was not dictated by the spirit as
carefully as it should have been. As one of the
brothers controlling this medium, I felt it my duty
to look up the spirit who had dictated the message.
I have found the influence, but he is unwilling, at
this time, to take control of the medium, as he
tells me he is very apt to blunder in trying to
speak in public, although he can and has done so,
having made little speeches in the various small
meetings of his native place; but he seems to
grow confused in using another organism. He
tells us that, so far as he understood matters,
his message was correct; that the principal
facts cannot be impeached; but, so far as his
more details go, he will endeavor to give them
some time, and feel more tranquil and
speak for himself. However, he requested me
to say this much, that it was really himself who
manifested here, and not another spirit borrow-
ing his name; for there were certain things men-
tioned that he considers no other spirit could
have possibly known. The spirit I speak of was
called Nelson Hardenbrook, and lived in Port-
land. I felt it my duty to return in this way,
as perhaps certain parties in the form might
read the message and feel that there were dis-
crepancies. I do not undertake to give any mes-
sage from this spirit, as he feels certain that
some time he will be able to speak fully for
himself and to do better. I am the medium's
brother.

Stance February 2d, 1880.

Invocation.

Our Father God, we approach thee once again, upon
this occasion, with love and gratitude and praise in
our souls, thanking thee for all thou hast given to hu-
manity in the past, blessing thee for these present days
which go by, and for the future, and for the future
of our race, and for the future of the world, and for
the future of the universe, and for the future of the
eternity which stretches out vast and free before the soul
in its onward march toward eternal progress. We
praise thee for the love and tender care; we see it in
the snow-drops and the blossoms of the spring, and
in the green leaves and the golden fruit of the summer,
and in the autumn, when all abroad is the whirly snow,
the wintry snow, the ice, and the keen blasts that
blow across the frozen streets. We bless thee for every
manifestation of life, for the atom beneath our feet,
and the sunbeams that stream down from the sky,
for the stars that march along in space, for all
that breathes of thee, of thy divine wisdom and won-
derous law. Bless, oh, our Father, every soul, every
child of earth; give unto each one that strength and
courage which will enable them to stand higher and
higher toward the realms of infinite peace, that
they may indeed walk with thee nearer and nearer to
thy holy kingdom. Be unto each one a guard of
strength; be unto every soul a blessing that shall bind
them all in one; be unto every soul a light, and a
brilliant bouquet of beauty; so may the souls of thy
dear humanity compose one grand galaxy of glory that
shall shine abroad through the realms of eternity.

Augusta A. Currier.

How beautiful and true it is that the gates of
an endless life are indeed not only ajar, but
wide open, through which the souls of the dear
departed may return to the friends they love
on earth, and stand with them, and share the
glories of their immortal home; that dear little chil-
dren, mothers and fathers who have passed be-
yond the shining river, husbands and brothers,
may all return from the bright beyond and
bless with peace and affection those dear souls
who yet travel in the narrow way of mortal
life. And indeed it is a blessing to my soul this
afternoon to return upon snowy pinions, that I
may waft a breath of love and a sweet sense of
sympathy and peace to those I knew upon the
earth. To those who still remember me, and
who are asking, "Where is she to-day, and what
is she doing?" I say, "I am not always in the spiri-
tual world, but that I return day by day to mortal
life, and through some other organism ex-
press my ideas, my experiences of the higher
life, and also strive to reach out to some poor
souls struggling in darkness, that I may, if pos-
sible, lift them up from their darkened condition
into the light of perfect knowledge and truth.
It is but a few years since I passed away from
the material frame, yet these years have been
freighted with much love, so much peace and
happiness, so much light and glory, that I am
indeed one of the blessed, and I would share it
with each one of earth; I would lift you up
from the cares and anxieties of mortal existence,
and bear your souls away to that land
where peace alone abides; where there is no
more night, but where day shineth forever and
forevermore. My love, sympathy and soul-
affection I send forth to you who ask of me
whether I have gone and why my voice is silent
now. Remember that I have not passed be-
yond the stars; that I have not traveled away
to a land far beyond the etherial sky, but
that I sojourn with you here just as much as
formerly; that I bring to your souls in the silent
watches of the night, in the rosy dawn of morn-
ing, in the pearly gray of the twilight hour, such
sympathy and love as only spirits can bestow.
Yes, I am indeed at work. I have no special
medium, but here and there, where I can find
an organism adapted to my purpose, I am glad
and willing to return and speak a word of cheer
and give out some tidings of the loved ones who
have gone before into the spirit-world. I find
nothing in vain—nothing lost; every attribute
of the soul has a chance to develop, every body
that man can conceive of is his. Though many
may not have the gift of musical expression
upon earth, that gift shall be yours in the spiri-
tual world; though you have not the gift of poetry
here, that gift shall be yours when you have
reached the sphere of poetry in the supernal
world. So it is with all the gifts that are given
to the soul: no one has more than another, for
sometimes in the future every soul shall rise up
from sphere to sphere of spiritual experience,
until the nature is rounded into a complete and
perfect whole. In order that this may be so,
each one must gain those gifts which here are
bestowed upon only a few; they are the inheri-
tance of every soul, the heritage of every spirit,
and no one can receive more than another. No
matter how deeply sunk in materiality at this
time a soul may be, by-and-by it will spring
forth, like the blooming lily out of the mud and
mire beneath, up into the clear sunlight of
heaven. Augusta A. Currier.

Theron Palmer.

I was quite an old man when I left the body.
I don't know how long ago that was, but I
think it must be about a year, perhaps a trifle
more. I was well known in Salem, Mass., and
felt that I would like to try and return, and
send out through your avenue a few words of greet-
ing to my old time friends. I think they will accept
what I say, and I hope if they do they will give
me an opportunity of returning to them in pri-
vate, as there is much connected with my past
life I would like to speak of; and I would do so
here, only out of consideration for my friends I
refrain, as they do not care to have much said
in a public way; but I thought possibly I might
be able to call their attention to this from this
place, and in that way open doors for them to
come to me and read my letters. I am
pretty well satisfied with that has been done by
my friends on earth in regard to my affairs
and in relation to themselves, but it seems to

me I can point out something better if they will
give me an opportunity. I hope they will re-
spond. If they wish to know how I am situated
in another life, tell them I am in very good con-
dition. I have a few more friends and rela-
tives, those who passed away before me with
whom I was in sympathy, but I find myself
often returning here and picking up little links
here and there concerning my past life, which
I see I may outwork. I can now understand
much that was strange to me when here, and I
can see wherein I failed to do my duty in even
little points which were but of small conse-
quence to me when in the body, but which ap-
pear magnified to me now; so I try to see if I
cannot pick them up and make them of use. I
was known as Theron Palmer.

John Bennett.

[To the Chairman:] In spite of wind and
storm, sir, I feel it important that I should come
here to-day, and make myself heard. I wish to
reach one who is passing through a dark experi-
ence in life, an experience, however, which is
of great practical use and benefit to him in the
future. Persecution and opposition, even
if exerted legally, that is, by the law of the
land, even though unjust, must in due time
produce a good result, because, sir, it will create
a public sentiment for the oppressed and per-
secuted which will be of great use to mankind
in the future. It will lead the public to repeal bad
laws and guard against framing unjust ones; it
will also call attention to the persecuted, to the
right and justice of their claims, and so prevent
a recurrence of the same trouble. And although
this state of things may be very hard for some
time, because a few must be punished, even
though innocent, to save the many, although
the spirit-world looks on, without lifting a
hand, as it seems to mortals, to stay this unjust
enactment, yet it is true that the innocent must
suffer at times in order that the hundreds may
go unscathed; and in the future we can see
from our standpoint that a better state of
things will be brought to bear upon the people;
there will be less injustice and more right; there
will be less intolerance and more tolerance, and
free thought, free action will be allowed to hold
sway. And so I wish to say to my son, bear up
against all that is laid upon you, for you, for
your spirit-friends are with you, they hold you
in their keeping, they bring you a blessing, they
bring you sympathy every hour, they surround
you in your imprisoned condition, and are bring-
ing you a happiness and peace that shall be of
great benefit to your spirit in the future. You
have a work to do, by-and-by, for humanity; a
work while you are in the mortal, and we hope
that these prison days will be productive of
great good and use for that work. You have
passed through very strange experiences; you
have sometimes diverged from the lines of right,
you have been seemingly led away from right,
but all your experiences have been for your
soul's benefit; they have been stepping-stones
to something higher, and you will hold them as
landmarks in the past, by which you may ob-
serve your mistakes and your failures, and
guard against them in the future. It lies with
yourself to remember that the angel-hosts come
to you, using you as an instrument, upholding
you by their strength and power, and they will
surround you with every aid that is needful.
Only be true to yourself in the future; be true
to them; and, although unjust and opposition
shall surround you in the mortal life, you shall
through them unsundered; we will lead you on,
higher and higher, to new realms, where you
shall receive light, instruction and knowledge,
and be able to send back a blessing to your fel-
lows. I bring you the greeting of all who are
with me, for yourself and those dear ones who
share your anxiety and care, who bring you a
blessing with their love and sympathy. Please
to say, sir, it is John Bennett, to his son, D. M.
Bennett, of the Truth Seeker.

Rev. Ralph Sanger.

I used to say, when in the material form, that
"the fear of the Lord was the beginning of wis-
dom"; but in returning here to-day I would
modify the statement—I would say the love of
the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. I cannot
tell you why any living creature should fear the
Divine Father, who rules the world with his
tender care, but I can see why every living soul
should love and reverence that Divine Spirit
who is the source of all life and blessing, and in
whom we all live, move and have our being; and
I feel it my duty to return to earth, to speak
through mortal lips, in this way, that those who
know of me may understand that I have out-
grown many of my old ideas; that I have ad-
vanced out of the old ruts in which I confined
myself when in the body; that theology has no
attraction for me now, but humanity brings
me a thrill of delight and blessing whenever I
think of that glorious theme—the love for hu-
manity; the love for God; the Divine in human
souls; the Divine above us; the All-permeating
Life, with its glorious tenderness and sympathy;
and in the sweet blossoms I can see a promise
of what there is in store for human souls. I
can see a prophecy of the beautiful future open-
ing before every child of the Eternal. I can see
that, as the beautiful flower has grown out of
the dark earth; has burst the green, crude shell
and expanded, in the light of the sun, to a beau-
tiful, glowing expression of love and knowl-
edge, so, also, every human soul shall grow out
of the darkness of the material selfishness, shall
burst the crude, dark shell which now may en-
fold it, and, under the light of Divine Tendere-
ness, shall blossom out into beautiful flowers,
fit for the divine garden of the Infinite.

As in the past I was well known in Massa-
chusetts, in Cambridge and vicinity, also in
Dover, N. H., where I came from in my early
years, there are many souls in those places who
remember me as an old-time preacher, and who
probably think I am away off, singing
praises to the Lord and returning here to-day
to assure those who love me that I am in a
world as beautiful and glowing as this world,
only apart from the storms and tempests of ma-
terial life, dwelling in the sunlight of heaven.
I confine my work to teaching little children,
to watching the attributes of the soul expand-
ing within like beautiful blossoms, fragrant
with exquisite odors brought from realms of love
and sympathy above. This is my work. Surely
I cannot believe in the wrath of God while
watching the expansion of these terms of sym-
phony and love, truth and purity; but I can en-
vise the divine tenderness, the infinite sympathy
of the dear Father who holds every mortal and
every immortal in his embrace, who is contin-
ually drawing humanity higher and higher. This
is my lesson to my old friends; this is the ser-
mon I would preach to them on this stormy
day. I would ask them to look well within their
souls, to watch well the budding of the beau-
tiful blossoms beneath their care, to guard and
cherish them with tenderest love, not to teach
them of the fear of God, but to guide and guard
and watch the knowledge of the Father in their
tender and blessing every child. I am, Ralph
Sanger, who passed away in Cambridge, Mass.,
where about thirteen years ago. I lived to a
pretty good age, sir, but didn't know near as
much concerning the soul and its destiny as I
might have done.

Mary Leonard.

[To the Chairman:] Are all welcome, sir? I
am a stranger in these parts, but I feel such a
strong anxiety to try and reach my friends, and
I was told if I would come here I should have
an opportunity. I passed away with consump-
tion, I think; it seemed to be a wearing away
of the vital forces, and weakness of the lungs. I
was ill a long time, and I think now it was well
that I was, because at first I couldn't reconcile
myself with the idea of a change. I wished to
live still in the flesh, I didn't wish to go to
another world, but through suffering and soli-
tude, and all the concomitants of a wearing dis-
ease, I felt the old desires falling away from me,
and I began to realize that it was best that I
should go to another life; and so when I did de-
part it was with resignation, with a hope that I
should find rest and peace and happiness. I wish
to tell my friends that my hope has been real-
ized; that I am at rest; I am at peace. I am
happy; but yet my happiness would be so much
enhanced if they could only realize that I am
with them, that I can know their thoughts, that
I know what changes come to them, how they
live, their sorrows and their joys; that I am
striving earnestly to aid and assist them, to make
them know of the "u" which is in store, the
future of the soul. I have a friend who some-

times reads your paper. She called my atten-
tion to this philosophy, as she called it, before I
passed away. When I was very ill, she brought
one of the papers to me and read what she
termed "spiritual messages." She wished I
might take an interest in them, and try to re-
turn, if possible, after I had left the body. I
could not realize that such a thing was true, that
spirits could return and talk to mortals, so I
said: "I don't know; if it is a possible thing,
and I find it true, I shall try and come some-
where and sometime; but I am afraid I never
can; I am afraid you are deceived." And as
my friend reads your paper still, and feels that
what she sees is true, and receives consol-
ation, at times, when she is sad and sorrowing,
from the messages that come from the other
world, I draw here this day to speak to her
and tell her I am glad to hear that she
wished me to, to thank her for her tenderness
and care; to bring her love from her dear friends
who are with her—nearly all of them on the
other side of life—to ask her to take this to my
friends, those of my family who remain, and
tell them I have come back, and I wish them to
give me an opportunity somewhere to speak to
them, to tell them a great deal that will con-
vince them of my power to return. I was told
if I came here the old trouble would not affect
me in influencing elsewhere, as I do not wish to
be troubled by the effects of earthly disease. I
am thankful for the privilege of coming
here, trusting that when I return to the other
world I shall have every facility for speaking out
what I wish to convince them of my presence.
My name is Mary Leonard.

Tim Flannagan.

[To the Chairman:] Do you allow any one to
come? [Yes.] An' it's a carpet yehave. That's
what I call fine. The top o' the mornin' to ye!
I had a crack on the pate, an' it sent me out;
an', if ye please, sir, I've come back to get whole
again. An' must ye know who I am? Well,
I be Tim Flannagan. I comes from Philadel-
phia. I be se, sir, I fell from the top of the
building, an' it smashed in me head, an' I don't
feel good at all, at all, an' I want to get back to
Kate. She's been having a hard row of it. I
thought if I could get her a word I'd be made
whole, do ye see? An' so ye'll please say that
Tim's got back, an' he's tryin' to make the
good folks straighten the way for her. That's
what I want, an' I'll be very much obliged to
them if they will—those that Kate works for;
they can do it; they believe this thing, so they
do, an' they read the papers, an' all the rest of
it, an' it seems to me, sir, it would n't hurt them
to help a poor body that's left with a childer;
an' all I want is, for them to give her a decent
word for her work. An' I'll be glad to see
Kate to go to the prais to some place, because it
weakens her; she weakens right down an' isn't
able to get along; an' the reason is, because she
sees the prais too much, an' when he talks so
long to her it takes away her strength. She's
better off to keep away; that's my opinion.
Shure, sir, there's a prais comes here this day
to help me, an' I am much obliged to him; but,
for all that, I say, keep away from the prais.
Do ye think my head will be better? [Yes.]
Then I thank ye, an', be jabers, an', be jabers!
for ye will ye, ye will ye, an', be jabers! If
ye have a crack on the head I'll cure it for ye.

Nellie Wyman.

[To the Chairman:] Will you please, sir, send
a message to my papa? I want to tell him I am
growing up in the spirit-world, trying to be
nice and bright, because the spirits say I can
be a messenger to help the poor spirits to come
back to their friends, and I can speak for them
when they can't speak for themselves. I have
a mamma with me in the spirit-world; she's
just as bright and good! and I've another mam-
ma here to know that I come to her; and I am
going to come to her more and more, every day,
and control her, so as to be her messenger for
the spirits that can't speak for themselves; then
her hand will bring her power and strength
to the people that are not well. I am
going to come so I can tell the people about the
little children and their fathers and mothers
who are in the spirit-world. I think I'll get
power here to come by-and-by, and I want mam-
ma to sit along with papa as much as she can.
Tell her to sit every day if she can, for a little
while, at the same hour, because we want to
work on her, to develop her powers more. She
is a trance medium, only we must develop her
more. I think papa can help him, too, by say-
ing, "I am coming to you, my dear, my dear
Nellie, in the spirit-world. My name is Nellie
Wyman. I want papa to write and tell you if
he thinks I say things right."

Daniel Pacher.

[To the Chairman:] Good afternoon, sir. This
is something very strange to me, and yet I feel
impelled to return, not so much for myself, but
for the dear child who has just come to me in
the spirit-world, who is anxious to inform her
friends that she is well; that she is at rest and
happy; that she has been with them since her
departure, constantly by their side, and endeav-
oring to manifest her presence—to make them
feel that she is indeed with them, and that her
sympathy is closer drawn; that she can blend her spirit
with their spirits even more freely than when
in the material form. She has been in the
spirit-world but a day or two, consequently she
cannot return for herself to speak in this way,
my daughter, but she commissions me to give her
love and sympathy to all who are dear to her—to
say that she is at rest. I have been away so
long, so much longer than she has, that it is
comparatively easy for me to speak in this way
a few words; so, while here, I would send out
my greetings and regards to my friends in Maine
and Massachusetts, and would say to them, I
remember you all with love and affection. I
am sometimes with you in your business, and in
your moments of meditation I seek to influence
you with my presence; but whether or not you
appreciate the truth of spirit-return, whether
or not you believe I can come and influence
you, I return at this day to give you a spirit's
greeting, and to bless you with a spirit's love.
My dear friends in Maine, remember that no
years of seeming separation can part the soul;
that, as in the past when in material flesh, so
now, in the spirit-world, I am with you, and I
instruct you on your way, and will at last wel-
come you beyond the borders of mortal life. I
belong, sir, in Leeds, Maine. My name, Daniel
Pacher.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Feb. 10.—Abba P., Danforth; Eliza H. Barney; George
Thompson; Elizabeth B. Roberts; Susan A. Cass; Florence
Danforth.
Feb. 17.—Capt. Seth Hersey; Clarence Gray; Clara E.
Stearns; John Blain; Daniel Henneman; Capt.
John Barnett; Lillie Bell.
Feb. 24.—Joseph C. Reade; Charles Taint; Lillie J.
Lewis; Dr. Adam Perry; Deacon J. D. Tidd.
March 2.—William Anderson; Lillie Curtis; Dr. Seth
Smith.
March 10.—Margie N. Ramsay; Gorham Young; Cora
Lenox; Samuel Maxwell; Andrew Mead; Dr. William S.
Chapin; George A. Redman.
March 17.—Harriet Boyd; William Goldard; Emma I.
Brown; Rose Clancy; Theodore Kittredge; Bright
Singer.
March 20.—George Thompson; Harriet M. Samson; Ed-
ward C. Jones; William Wright; David Nello Fletcher;
Isaac Buttrick; Red Wing.
April 6.—Almira M. Chandler; Dr. William Porter; Jen-
ny Porter; William Young; John Wiley; Mary A.
Pray; Annie May; William Young; John Wiley; Mary A.
Pray.
April 13.—Nelson Tuttle; Thomas Jennings; William
Hutchings; Winifred Graves; Eliza Emerson; Rev. John
Pierpont.

Many a man can trace his present indifference to re-
ligion to the time when serious lasted from an hour to
an hour and a half; when "seventeenth," and "final-
ly," and "not to enlarge," and "in the last place," and
"to conclude," were the different points at which he
was accustomed to dismiss the subject. The mistake
about hell in those days.—Commercial Advertiser.

Some one has said of a fine and honorable old age,
that it was the childhood of immortality.

REPLIES TO QUESTIONS,

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

At the Banner of Light Free Circle-Room, during her lec-
turing engagement in Boston, January and February last,
in the case of the following questions.

We invite written questions from all parts of the
world, and give free opportunity for verbal questions from
members of the audience.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—[By T. H. B.] We are holding circles,
earnestly seeking spiritual knowledge. A spirit
controlled at one of our sittings, and said he
had been dead three years. We afterwards as-
certained that he was still in the form. We
have had other similar cases. Please tell us why
it is that we are thus imposed upon, when we
are seeking for the truth, and nothing else?

Ans.—Oftentimes spirits leaving their bodies
temporarily may communicate, without any
knowledge of time; oftentimes also they depict
the spiritual, instead of the physical condition.
That individual may have been dead to all use-
fulness, to every material effect, as pertaining
to his spiritual life. We have known of one in
stance in particular, that we think we can well
attest. A spirit communicated, giving full par-
ticulars of death, where it occurred, under what
circumstances, and the person was found to be
living in physical life. In just one year from
that time the person did die, under precisely
the circumstances the communication related,
showing a prevision of the spirit of the individ-
ual, while temporarily absent from the body, as
to the manner of death. This could seem to the
spirit as having already transpired. There are
other reasons and explanations for these mes-
sages, which are very frequent, and we will
not discuss them here. We received a communication
from her brother. She believed her brother to have
left the earth-life, and in two or three weeks
she heard from him alive and well. At the time
she received the message, however, he was in a
state of profound coma, under the influence of
morphine, and probably did not know, in spirit,
but what his body was dead. Such occurrences
frequently lead you to a system of reflection
concerning the nature of the spirit, as being ab-
sent from the physical body, even while that
body is still seemingly active, and will
lead you probably to the further discovery that
time and space, so far as the knowledge of them
in spirit-life is concerned, must be frequently
entirely abrogated, the knowledge of time only
being perceived by sympathy with human minds,
and not being dependent upon spiritual condi-
tions, where time and space are neither requi-
site, nor do they form component parts of spiri-
tual existence, as recognized by the earth.

Q.—[By M. T.] In regard to the transmigra-
tion of souls, do we take some other form, and
so go on in a constant round of progression? In
other words, does a soul ever reënter another
body, sometimes better and sometimes worse
than its own?

Ans.—So far as the word transmigration is con-
cerned, we do not accept it as applying to the
human soul, since in the Orient it applies to the
human spirit in connection with possible incarna-
tion in dog, horse, or other animals, and also
to other inferior grades of life, which seems to
not teach, in the East, and which is not taught
by the spirit-world in its instructions concern-
ing rebirth. The word should be applied
as embodiments, using plurality; the experience
of the spirit. In separate embodiments or im-
pulsions, the spirit, on the whole, will be con-
tinuous and unbroken; but human beings
are not capable of judging, in all cases, as to
what would be progress and what would be re-
gression; since one might consider that to
step from the sphere of the peasant to the
sphere of Caesar would be progression, another
might consider the opposite to be the truest
progression. Each spirit is embodied in succes-
sion, in just such forms as the next step of
growth requires, whatever that next step may
be, in the individual experience. If, to-day, you
are filled with pride, with power, with authori-
ty, with glory, with the next step will be re-
gression, and you will find a lesson in humility.
This might seem to be retrogression, but it is
really an advance to the individual experien-
cing it. Every embodiment or impulsions is a di-
rect unfolding of the spirit, in the cycle of its
full and spiritual completion, and would form,
if reviewed, a spiral pathway or chain, by which,
beginning with the feeblest and most imper-
fect, you at last mount to the highest and most
perfect expression of human life.

Ans.—The planets are inhabited. Those planets
inferior to the earth, and those but one or two
degrees beyond the earth in development, can
be visited by the spirits from this planet, but
planets still further advanced must be too re-
mote in spiritual progress for spirits not en-
lightened. Only those in the higher angelic de-
grees can hold actual interstellar communi-
cation with spirits from planets of the highest
order, through various degrees of angelic pres-
ences. The touch the highest unfolded of the
spirits of earth we receive knowledge of more
remote, highly developed planets. Those that
are near to earth, as Mars and even Jupiter,
and those that are within the orbit of the earth,
nearer to the sun, as Mercury and Venus, can
be visited by spirits from the earth. The spirits
of these planets and spirits of those from your
world can exchange communion. Frequently
spirits from the earth pass into the spiritual at-
mosphere of these planets to gain experience,
or to minister, as the case may be. In every in-
stance the development of the life is found to be in
exact correspondence to the position of the
planet. Mercury is found to be the least
unfolded, Venus the next (in its general aver-
age condition, we mean), the earth the next,
until you take all the planets in the solar sys-
tem; the average grade of development is one
step in advance until you reach the outermost
planet. Spirits from those planets within the
orbit of the earth cannot approach the earth
unless by instruction, by permission; those be-
yond the earth who are developed into a higher
spiritual condition frequently approach the
earth, either to minister to spirits near you, or
to convey messages to your own minds which
they cannot be imparted through your guardian
spirits or angels.

Q.—Please give your opinion of Christ's re-
velation to man?

Ans.—The essential message of Christ was a
spiritual one, in contradistinction to the Mosai-
c message, which was a literal one. We mean
by this that while the Mosai dispensation
represented the Law, Christ's dispensation
represented the Spirit of the law. We consider
his expression spiritually the highest expres-
sion of a given race. The latest Messiah ex-
presses the highest truth that will be the
three beyond Christ, that which he foretold. We
consider the "Golden Rule" the highest rule
yet given for man's guidance, howbeit it may
have been taught before, but was embodied in
the spiritual quality of Christ and his life; it
constituted the epitome of that lesson. We
consider the "Sermon on the Mount" the high-
est expression of promise and spirituality given
to man, therefore it stands for all time as the
epitome of that spiritual dispensation. When
the Comforter, whom Christ promised, shall be
truly come, you will then realize more the mean-
ing of Christ's dispensation. Every dispensa-
tion of Christ is unfolded by its successor that
is in its own day. Christ unfolded more truly the
spirit of the Hebrew dispensation; a new Mes-
siah will unfold more and more the spirit of
Christ's dispensation, for the reason that, with
each added step, that step which has preceded
becomes more general, while the antagonism of
the world is extended to the new. In the new
dispensation those who believe in Christ will
have been gathered to the spiritual kingdom
that he possesses, while a new angel will stir
the waters and call for those who shall take the
new steps.

Q.—Is the principle, or the theory and prac-
tice, as set forth by Emma Hardin Britten in
her book entitled "The Electric Physician,"
that to inflammatory surfaces, bruises, and so
forth, of the body, the negative pole of the bat-
tery should be applied, and that the negative
cools and the positive warms, correct? Is she
right, and others who advocate the contrary,
wrong?

Ans.—There is a measure of truth in the con-
flicting theories. The mistake which people
make is in supposing they possess the whole
truth. One ray of light is valuable as a single
ray, but whoever claims that he has the whole

of the influence of the sun in that one ray, falls
far short of a true statement. It is quite true
that both statements may be correct. The posi-
tive and negative of the universe is the absolute,
but the positive and negative of every individual
varies. One person may be negative to-day and
positive to-morrow, to the usual magnetic and
electric currents of the atmosphere. In all
such cases they would require inverse treat-
ment, i. e., directly opposite from what they re-
quired the previous day. No two persons are
positive and negative alike, to the same individ-
ual; but if negative to one individual they may
be positive to another, therefore can never
be affected by the absolutely positive or abso-
lutely negative forces of the earth. The earth
alone has its positive and negative magnetic
and electrical currents; every human being
has his or her positive and negative centre or
pole; but this differs with the degree of health,
with the degree of harmony, with the degree of
spiritual adjustment in the individual as re-
lated to individuals around him. Merely gal-
vanic magnetism does not always affect the poles,
either positive or negative, of the individual;
but mesmeric and psychological power may do
so, to the entire disturbance or overthrow of
the usual magnetic currents of the earth. In
taking the system of medicine into our con-
sideration which is here referred to, we must
not forget that what man is the subject of the
galvanic influence of the earth, and the atmo-
sphere, he is more the subject in many in-
stances of the direct magnetism (mesmerism) of
individuals, and this will largely neutralize or
counteract every form of galvanism adminis-
tered mechanically. Galvanism cannot be a
remedy in all cases. Administered mesmeric-
ally, galvanism may aid in preparing the way
for the more subtle current of mesmeric and
psychological power; but the real force which
is to be exercised upon humanity in the removal
of disease, when all these helps have had their
influence, is to be found in the positive power
of the mind itself, which acts not only posi-
tively but negatively, and will in time supplant the
use of electrical apparatus and all appliances
of magnetism from the external by the one
power that belongs to mind, namely, the power
of volition in overcoming disease imparted by
mind, in a healthful state, precisely adapted to
the patient receiving treatment. When this
certainly shall transpire, the great art of heal-
ing will have been discovered, and people will
adopt it at all times, curing diseases by the one
remedy.

Verification of the Message of Spirit "Eulalie."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

You know I am ever interested in the messages on
the sixth page of

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

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