

NO. 9.

There may have been battles and bloody wars in other times, but the world is beyond

THREE ANGELS.

They say this life is barren, drear and cold;
Ever the same sad song was sung of old,
Ever the same long weary tale is told,
And to our lips is held the cup of strife,
And yet a little love can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed,
Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void,
Whose head-sea fruit long, long ago has dried,
Whose night with wild tempestuous storms is rife—
And yet a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair
Amidst the broken treasures scattered there;
Where all is wrecked, where all once promised fair;
And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged knife—
And yet a little patience strengthens life.

Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief,
Lo! midst the winter shines the laurel leaf;
Three Angels share the lot of human strife,
Three Angels glorify the path of life.

Love, Hope and Patience cheer us on our way;
Love, Hope and Patience form our spirit's stay;
Love, Hope and Patience watch us day by day,
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal,
Until the Earthly fades in the Eternal.

—Temple Bar.

Spiritual Phenomena.

MARVELOUS MANIFESTATIONS AT ASTORIA, N. Y.

SURPRISING MATERIALIZATIONS—APPEARANCE OF ANCIENT AND HISTORICAL PERSONAGES—MISCELLANEOUS MEMORANDA.

BY J. M. FEEBLES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Thomas, of the New Testament, was, all things considered, rather an admirable character. While less loving than John, and less impulsive than Peter, he was far more cautious. In fact, he was constitutionally skeptical. And as a candid doubter I am quite in sympathy with him. Many believe on evidence too slight.

The crucifixion and resurrection, or reappearance of Jesus, were crisis seasons with the apostles and sympathizing disciples. The excitement was intense. And at the very time that the Marys and some of the disciples declared that they had seen Jesus after the resurrection, Thomas naturally inclined to trust his own senses, and, careful in his conclusions, doubted the alleged fact. He may have pronounced it "Hume-like," contrary to "his experience." Be this as it may, he honestly doubted the reappearance of Jesus. It was natural; and Jesus so understanding it, sufficiently manipulated the auras, spirit-substances, and unseen forces at his command, to assume his materialized form, even to the prints of the nails in his hands. It occurred when the sympathizing band of believers were all of one accord in a room, the "doors being shut." And the phenomenon so surprised Peter that, astounded, if not terribly frightened, he exclaimed, "My Lord and my God!" The Thomases have multiplied since that period.

DO SPIRITS MATERIALIZE?

No—not in the sense that spirits, or rather *spirits*, become essentially and substantially matter. The term "spirit-materialization" is not a fortunate one. It is too materialistic. It contains or may easily lead to a wrong inference. It is not spirit, but etherialized and sublimated spirit substances, that, manipulated by intelligent spirits, may become visible and tangible. A tangible substance is a cluster of atomic forces with mutual relations and connections, occupying a given space. Chemists of the higher life manipulate, mold and fashion these substances in ways utterly unknown to mortals. Constantly recurring marvels demonstrate this beyond a question.

NO CONFOUNDING OF TERMS.

That apparitions, or materializations, real as life, walk out from apartments, or appear in the presence of mediums, is one among many of my settled convictions. And yet, materializations, transfigurations and transformations are not to be used interchangeably. They are not convertible words; and therefore, none of this word-juggling. It is an utter misuse of words to denominate without qualification the trance, a transfiguration. The latter implies an overshadowing of pure and heavenly spirits. Jesus was transfigured upon the Mountain, and, according to the record, his face shone with a divine brightness. But I have seen persons entranced when their faces revealed more of the demagogue than the angelic.

There may be irreligious persons, such as Warren, under the name of Mansfield, et al., too indolent to engage in manual labor, who well understand the processes of transformations, *alias* "ghostly make-ups," at so much per sight. But when practical, sensible people—still a majority of Spiritualists are such—go to attend a materialization séance, they do not care to be edified with imitations or transformations, whether manipulated by spirits out of human bodies or in them.

ASTORIA—THE GENUINE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

New York, famous for gigantic enterprises, magnificent parks, palatial residences, and lovely suburban retreats, has few, if any, more quiet, beautiful and sunny homes than that of Mr. and Mrs. Hatch, of Astoria, L. I. It had been my good fortune to previously meet this excellent family while pursuing my studies of spiritual phenomena in the West.

On a Monday evening near the close of March, and weary with my lecture labors in Brooklyn, I found myself in the elegant parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Hatch, with Col. Eaton, Capt. Dey, Mr. Demarest, Mrs. M. A. Gridley, and Mrs. Hull, the distinguished medium for materializations. It is hardly necessary to say we were all of one accord. The harmony was perfect, and the aims of those present aspirational and fraternal.

THE MANIFESTATIONS.

In deceptions, of whatever character, there must necessarily be sinister and selfish motives; but there could be nothing of the kind here. Mine host, a prominent business man in the city of New York, has, speaking after the manner of men, nothing to gain but much to lose from his connection with Spiritualism. There was no fee-money involved, there was no cabinet, and no dark room for the sitters.

At the usual time, Mrs. Hull, accompanied by Mrs. Hatch, retired to one portion of the double parlor, where, reclining upon a sofa, and adjusting herself as though for a pleasant sleep, she was covered, and made comfortable for the trance, which precedes the manifestations. The curtains were dropped, and the brilliant gaslights were a little softened, but not for a moment during the evening was the light so subdued that Mr. Demarest, sitting at my left, could clearly see to tell the time by his watch.

All was now still—a holy and heavenly influence pervading the room. The hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was sung, when, with a white hand, the curtain was gently pushed aside, and a lady, arrayed in radiant white, glistening and star-spangled, stood before us. The beautiful form was at once recognized as the loved and almost idolized daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hatch. In a few moments, with airy and graceful steps, she retired to the curtain, and pushing it clearly away showed us Mrs. Hull reclining upon the sofa, and at last appearance unconsciously entranced.

This spirit-form glided about the parlor, embraced and kissed her parents, took her mother's arm, and walked out into the hall; then repailling to a side-board she dissected a bouquet of flowers that Mr. Demarest had provided, and gave each of us one as a keepsake. Mrs. Hatch, thrilled with joy, stepped to the piano, and while she was evoking entrancing music, the daughter, Lizzie, stood behind, and almost over her, with raised hands, enveloped in a fleecy, snow-white veil, and seemingly invoking the blessings of God and good angels upon the loved mother. The whole scene was angelic. Is there a skepticism sufficiently cold and impudent to tell this family that they do not know their daughter?

COL. EATON, LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

This gentleman, a thinker by nature—a Swedenborgian in religion, and noted for extensive business enterprises in the West, for great political sagacity as well as many sturdy, manly qualities of heart and soul, was especially favored at this séance. His beautiful daughter, not long in spirit-life, came out materialized, and, embracing her father in the most affectionate manner, they conversed of social life, home life and familiar family matters. They then withdrew into the

hall, remaining several minutes. Returning, she gave me her hand, rather cold to the touch, patted me gently upon the forehead, and, retiring, took particular pains to show us that the medium was lying at full length upon the sofa, and still entranced.

Capt. D. F. Dey, a solid, substantial gentleman, a magnetic battery, so to speak, and a fine clairvoyant, could see these spirits engaging in the preparation and processes of materializations. The Captain was greatly favored, too, in seeing, recognizing and clasping the hands of his materialized friends.

MRS. M. A. GRIDLEY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

It must be some ten years since I first saw this lady in the vicinity of Boston, then passing through the throes incident to spiritual development. It is now only justice to say that she is one of the finest mediumistic instruments in the country, though, from choice, little known to the public.

During the evening's séance at Astoria, May-Queen, the Indian maiden control of Mrs. Gridley, came out, exhibiting all the vivacity and light-hearted happiness characteristic of Indians in their native forest-homes. While this spirit exhibited considerable pride of her elegant garments and Indian moccasins, she was literally overjoyed to meet her medium in this materialized state. Why, she bounded into Mrs. Gridley's lap like a fairy! The meeting was mutually joyous. Though Mrs. Gridley had seen her hundreds of times clairvoyantly, she now felt with a vividness indescribable that she had in her very clasp her materialized presence. This spirit, May-Queen, allowed us to look squarely into her face, the light in the room being only a trifle subdued. She touched or in some way fondled every one present, and, retiring, pushed aside the curtain, showing us the form and face of the medium. She did more—she made magnetic passes over the face of Mrs. Hull, so illumining it that we could see every feature of the face distinctly.

THE MATERIALIZING MEDIUM.

Mrs. M. A. Hull is a pleasant, interesting lady, whose mediumship, so far as I know to the contrary, stands unquestioned. Her very appearance inspires confidence. The controlling intelligence that seems ever with her is an Indian spirit, called Mollie; and, eminently calm, clear-headed and practical, she brings to her medium strength and sunshine, as does May-Queen.

THE APPEARING OF HISTORICAL SPIRITS.

In the course of the evening fifteen or more spirits appeared in front of us, full-formed, or walked about in the richly-furnished parlor. Some of these purported to be ancient spirits. Of course there was no way of recognizing them as several present recognized their friends and relatives. But why doubt? Is not this incredulous state of mind chronic? Who can define the boundaries of spirit power and wisdom?

Among those appearing before us were Dr. Dubois, Joan of Arc, St. Cecilia, Swedenborg, and other distinguished characters. Swedenborg was tall, commanding and courtly in appearance. His face was cleanly shaven. From St. Cecilia's hands there flashed flames of light. Joan of Arc, magnificently attired, described her tragic death; while Aspasia, the harmonical companion of Pericles, exhibited the ease, grace and eloquence that characterized ancient Athens.

THE CONFIRMATION.

The day following this Astoria séance I was calling upon Mr. Kiddle, Dr. Buchanan, Dr. Britton and other New York friends, when suddenly the thought came to me—"I'll call upon Mr. Mansfield, so widely known for test writing mediumship. The greetings were mutually cordial; but not a word did I breathe of the form manifestations occurring the previous evening. After commenting upon the pictures, unique relics and geological specimens crowding and decorating Dr. Mansfield's apartment, I proposed holding a bit of converse with some of the non-materialized invisibles. The first communication—exceedingly interesting and encouraging—was from Dr. H. F. Gardner. Among other matters he said that he and my old English friend, William Howitt, had been conversing with my spirit instructor, and preparations were being made to get only take me over the wide waters but around the world again. I doubt the realization of this prophecy.

I then addressed several questions to Swedenborg, which were quickly and admirably answered. He assured me that he accompanied his "pupil," Col. Eaton, to Astoria, and really materialized in our presence. "Some," said he, "doubted whether it was actually he, or a personification of me by some other spirit—but I assure you that it was really me. I am almost constantly with my pupil, and that for the furthering of an important work."

It cannot be expected that all spirits have the power to assume materiality with equal perfection. Evidently some spirits do not wish to take on material vestures even for identification. Others require peculiar psychic conditions to make themselves known. The two disciples on their way to Emmaus, though walking and talking with their loved friend, Jesus—"who drew near unto them" in his spirit-materialized body—did not recognize him. Afterwards, however, they knew him, conversed with him, and then he "vanished out of their sight."—Luke xxi: 31.

The histories of India and Egypt, of Assyria and Greece, as well as the Old and New Testaments, abound in such appearances as apparitions and materializations. God is unchangeable, laws are immutable, and histories of the race unitive. And if so, what has been may be again.

OTHER MATTERS OF SPIRITUAL IMPORT.

The month spent by me in Brooklyn and New York was pleasant and spiritually profitable. Several of the Tuesday evenings I lectured for the new Society, meeting in Temperance Hall, corner 124th street and 3d avenue, New York. The ladies—blessings upon them—were the principal instigators in breathing life into this Society. While here, I was the guest of Mrs. M. A. Halsted, whose hospitality and sunny home surroundings are as widely known as her genial Quaker proclivities. During the month's lectures in Brooklyn and New York, I had the pleasure of listening to Felix Adler. He not only edified, but absolutely delighted me. He seemed to me a cultured, full-orbed man.

On a Monday evening I listened to Mrs. Elizabeth Beecher Hooker in the Academy of Music, upon the "Equality of Man and Woman." This lady is an avowed Spiritualist, and ought to be upon the public platform in that capacity. I also had the pleasure, while in Brooklyn, of dining with the Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, author, it will be remembered, of "The Conflict of the Ages." He has a higher type of brain morality and a much more spiritual face than Henry Ward Beecher.

The two Conferences in this City of Churches, conducted the one by Mr. Miller, the other by Mr. Nichols, are both doing excellent work. At the latter I heard for the first time, Mr. Kiddle and Mr. Charles Partridge. The style of this Ex-Superintendent of the New York schools reveals the thinker, the scholar, the disciplinarian. He had no notes before him. Mr. Partridge could see no reason why persons in becoming Spiritualists should leave the Christian Churches. He had not done so.

DR. WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

One of the happiest half days of last month was spent with friend Fishbough. He has a new and very important work ready for the press, entitled "THE END OF THE AGES—with forecast of the approaching political, social, and religious reconstruction of America and the world." Mr. Fishbough is a clear, cogent writer, and thoroughly up in science. The book should be before the public early this fall.

Envyable or unenviable, I have the reputation of a fondness for the old. This fondness of mine was gratified by Dr. Fishbough in showing me the original manuscripts of A. J. Davis's "Nature's Divine Revelations." Of these I may have occasion to write in the future.

There are few places where Spiritualism seems in a healthier condition than in Brooklyn. The *Celestial City*, a new Spiritualist journal, starts off with commendable energy and zeal. Success to it. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer is immensely popular in this city. One man said it was "worth a hundred miles' travel to hear her once." Others said she was "the greatest living orator." It richly gratified me to hear such praises bestowed upon a sister worker. Spiritualism, in its present transition state, needs such advocates; womanly, eloquent and learned, with musical words and aspirational thoughts—advocates who can bear the multitudes up to the mountains of vision and there transfix them. But the difficulty with these sensational,

emotional persons, is, that when borne up they don't stay; but soon, like sap-soaked logs, come tumbling down.

When I heard these well-dressed gentlemen sounding the merited worth of our sister co-worker, I quietly said to myself—How cheap you talk! The dictionary is brimming full of words! Put your words into deeds. Put your hands into your purses and employ Mrs. Hyzer for a year. Why not allow your word-zeal to crystallize into action? For enthusiasm without action is like wind without a storm; or like mellifluous rolling thunder without any effective lightning.

Hammon, N. Y.

LETTER FROM FLORENCE MARRYATT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have been told (I hope correctly) that my last letter to you gave satisfaction on the other side the Atlantic, and that my American friends will be pleased to receive further particulars from my pen respecting the mediumistic powers of Mr. J. W. Fletcher. Sunday, April 4th, we celebrated the Thirty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, and the first of Mr. Fletcher's series of lectures in the Steinway Hall. It was truly remarked by one of the speakers on the occasion, that Spiritualism has made a great stride in London during the past twelve months. And I believe a large portion of that advance is due to Mr. Fletcher himself; for many instances have occurred under my own notice of thought, belief and conversion following one another as the consequence of having listened to his teachings or attended his séances.

I have been asked to comment upon Mr. Fletcher's capabilities as a speaker, and would commence by saying that his appearance on the platform, his manner, enunciation and mode of delivery, are all calculated to attract his hearers more and more to the religion which he professes to expound. His voice is clear, simple and unaffected; he grasps the subject he may have chosen to handle plainly and decisively, and he does not leave it until he has exhausted it. His lectures on the Future Condition of the Spirit have been especially interesting, and opened a world of speculation for those who had never thought before. The crowded state of the hall each Sunday night is the best evidence of Mr. Fletcher's increasing popularity in London. There is nothing to attract an audience there except his own words; for the business of the evening is conducted in the simplest manner possible, consisting merely of a few hymns and sacred songs, to fill up the intervals of time and permit the medium to recover from his somewhat exhaustive work.

To meet Mr. Fletcher on the platform is to see him in his own home, where he is characterized by the same gentle speech and urbane manner. He is, however, of a very cheerful temperament in domestic life (which the semi-entranced condition of the platform might lead a casual spectator to doubt), and is as ready to see a joke, or make one, as the liveliest of his friends. But he never quite loses the dreamy appearance of one who is in such constant communion with the other world, and it is difficult to lose consciousness of the spiritual atmosphere by which he is surrounded. This idea is heightened in those who have had the privilege of "sitting" with him, because Mr. Fletcher, whilst under control, is so perfectly natural and like himself, that it is difficult to believe that another spirit is inhabiting his body and speaking through his lips. I told you in my letter of last year that I had held a séance with him of so private a nature that it was impossible to make it public. During that interview "Winona" made several startling prophecies concerning what was then the future, and it may interest your readers to hear that several of those prognostications have already been fulfilled, and that the rest seem likely to be.

Wishing to procure some further proofs of Mr. Fletcher's power before I wrote this letter to you, I prepared a different sort of test for him last week. From a drawer full of old letters I selected, with my eyes shut, four folded sheets of paper, and enclosed them, still without looking in four blank envelopes, which I then sealed. I carried these envelopes to Mr. Fletcher, and requested "Winona" to tell me the characters of the persons by whom their contents had been written. She placed them consecutively to the medium's forehead, and as she returned them to me, one by one, I wrote down her comments on each, on the outside of its cover. On breaking the seals the character of each writer was found to have been most accurately defined, although the letters had all been written years ago, a fact which "Winona" had immediately discovered; she also told me which of my correspondents were dead and which living. Here, you will observe, there could have been no reaction of my own brain upon that of the sensitive, as I was perfectly ignorant, until I opened the envelopes, by whom the letters had been sent to me.

Two months ago I was invited to join in a certain speculation, of the advisability of which I felt uncertain. I went, therefore, to Mr. Fletcher and asked for an interview with "Winona," intending to consult her in the matter. But before I had had time to mention the subject she told me that she knew what I had come for, and went on to speak of the speculation itself, of the people concerned in it, and the money it was expected to produce; and finally she explained to me how it would collapse, with the means that would bring it to an end, putting her decided veto on my having anything to do with it. I followed "Winona's" advice, and have been thankful since that I did so, as everything has turned out just as she prognosticated to me.

It is a common thing to hear scoffers at Spiritualism affirm that if they could get any useful information out of spirits they would be inclined to believe in them. We take a very low and degrading view of the science of eternity when we stop to consider how much money we can make or avoid losing by its revelations; but there are few Spiritualists who have not found assistance, when they needed it, in their earthly concerns, from their friends on the other side. And I know of no medium to whom I would sooner send an unbeliever whom I wished to see convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, than to Mr. Fletcher, or rather to "Winona," whose manners are so quiet and gentle and dignified, and whose proofs are so convincing and so true. I think there are very few people who could sit with her and not feel their skepticism shaken, whatever they might say to the contrary.

There is another point which I would mention, and one of the utmost importance: Mr. Fletcher preaches the religion of purity, truth, and charity, and (as far as human creatures can judge of each other,) he leads a life in accordance with his doctrine. No tales fly about town concerning him; no scandal is carried from one hornet's nest to another; to breed a plague of insects to sting his reputation to death. He creates no enemies by partiality; his quiet

hospitality is open to all his friends, and he has always a good word for the absent and a cloak to throw over the weaknesses or wickednesses with which he meets.

If those who listen to Mr. Fletcher's lectures Sunday after Sunday would only imitate his charity and live up to the doctrines which he preaches to them, the day might arrive when we should have no further need to keep him standing on the platform of the Steinway Hall for two hours at a time, whilst he denounces malice, hard-heartedness and pride, and upholds the grand Christian virtues of universal love and charity. But I am afraid that that desirable epoch is reserved for a distant date, and that I shall have time to write you several more letters before it arrives. Yours faithfully,

FLORENCE MARRYATT.

J. FRANK BAXTER IN SCRANTON, PA.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

J. Frank Baxter delivered his lecture entitled "The Possibility and Probability of Spirit Existence and Communion" at the Opera House in this place on the evening of Tuesday, April 20th, and followed the same by giving quite a number of most wonderful tests, an account of a few of which I thought might interest some of your numerous readers.

His first test was a description of the spirit of Dr. A. W. Burns as being present and desirous to communicate with F. W. Gunster. Dr. A. W. Burns was a prominent physician of this city, and died about three years ago; and F. W. Gunster is a lawyer of this place, who is now engaged in settling the estate of the late Dr. Burns.

As a singular fact in connection with the foregoing, I would state that when the Davenport Brothers and Fay gave an exhibition in the old Opera House in this place some seven years ago, Dr. A. W. Burns and F. W. Gunster served as a committee chosen by the audience to tie the mediums, and see that no deception was practiced.

Mr. Baxter next gave the name of the spirit P. MacDermont, contractor, as being present. A person by that name formerly lived here, and frequently took contracts for laying tracks in the coal mines in this vicinity, and was well known by many of our present citizens.

The name of Aunt Nancy Vaughn was then given, and the time of change to spirit-life stated as January, 1875—her age at time being given as eighty-eight. Mrs. Vaughn was an old resident of Providence, a suburb of Scranton, and well known by many of our citizens.

Mr. Baxter next described the spirit of Thos. P. Hunt, and said he was an elderly man and a minister, and when in earth-life was much interested in reform work; he was also a temperance lecturer. The late Thos. P. Hunt was a Presbyterian minister, and resided in Wilkes Barre, Pa., and passed to spirit-life about three years ago. A clairvoyant who was present at the lecture told the writer that she knew "Old Pappy Hunt" well—she having been a member of a temperance organization in this county several years, and during that time Mr. Hunt frequently visited them, and on several occasions lectured for the society. She also said she saw his spirit form pacing the platform of the stage immediately behind Mr. Baxter for full fifteen minutes while Mr. B. was delivering his lecture.

Other names were given by Mr. B., and recognized. The *Scranton Republican* afterward published a scurrilous article relating to the lecture of Mr. Baxter, in which the writer thereof thought it absolutely revolting that he should solemnly profess to see and describe the spirits of persons well known in this community. This writer of the *Republican* article should consent to take a lesson from Rev. Joseph Cook of your city, and examine one common phase of mediumship that thousands of young children all over the country know to be a fact, and thereby become a better judge of the subject he attempts so stupidly to ridicule, viz., that the spirits of our departed friends can and do make known their presence to mortals through mediums when proper conditions are given.

Scranton, Pa.

SILVANUS.

MR. MANSFIELD'S MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I wish to bear testimony to the mediumship of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, of New York. Mr. Mansfield is an absolute stranger to me, and all I knew of him was from what I had seen reported in your paper. I wrote a letter to my mother, who has been in spirit-life over thirty years, asking her a number of questions that only my mother could answer; and this letter I put in a thick envelope, which I carefully gummed, and sealed, and addressed: "To my Mother." I enclosed it in a note to Mr. Mansfield, simply asking him to let me have a reply if he could get one. Last mail brought me a communication from the doctor, returning my letter addressed to my mother, with the seal unbroken, and in precisely the same condition that I sent it, together with a long reply purporting to come from my mother, addressing me by my Christian name, which Mr. Mansfield could have no means of knowing, and which is a very uncommon one, and answering every one of the questions put to her. I have met with a good many tests during my investigations when in England, but I do not know of any more convincing than this.

I wish we had a good medium of Mr. Mansfield's stamp out here, for in that case possibly we might manage to excite a little intelligent interest in this grand philosophy, for it is lamentable to witness the utter ignorance and apathy displayed toward the subject in this part of the world.

The receipt of your *Banner of Light* is the event of the week to me, and is all the spiritual food obtainable. Yours for the truth,

J. G. MENGES.

3 Church Lane, Calcutta, March 24th, 1880.

A Young Girl's Strange Presentiment.

The *Monongahela Republican* tells the following story: Sometimes an old and well-known citizen of Peters township died in his eighty-sixth year. Living with him was a young lady, twenty-four years old, who had just finished her education, and whose aim and ambition had been to gain a high scholarship. In this she finally succeeded by the most assiduous study. On the day of the grandfather's funeral she came home, and after meditating for some time over a problem, which seemed to cross her whole mind, was asked what was the reason of her abstraction. Recovering herself, she stated, with considerable emotion, that she would die in just one year from that date—she felt it to be true, and without knowing why seemed confidently certain it would happen. The days wore on, the young lady developed consumptive tendencies, and in just one year from the death of Mr. Boyer, the old gentleman referred to, she, too, died in the same room, at the same hour, and was buried on the anniversary of the grandfather's funeral.

Foreign Correspondence.

FROM AUSTRALIA.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I can assure you it is with great pleasure that I sit down to write my usual contribution. I greet my friends in your land with a cordial greeting, and hope that the time is not far distant when I shall be able to do it face to face instead of across ten thousand miles of land and sea. You may feel assured that my feelings of regard for your brave band of genuine upholders of liberty of opinion as well as of person are in no wise diminished by the distance that parts us.

PERSONAL.

I may perhaps be pardoned for a few words respecting myself. I have to thank you, Mr. Editor, for the very flattering article in your leading columns of December 27th on my lecture published some weeks before, and I hope that my almost maiden efforts have been as successful in winning the approbation of your readers generally. I have been very much gratified during the past week to find that my work in the sister colony of South Australia has not been entirely fruitless, but that the cause of Spiritualism has to some extent been promoted through my exertions. A day or two ago I received a letter from a friend of mine in Mount Gambler, where I lived for the last six months of 1879, from which I take the following extracts; they may be interesting as showing that the seed sown is beginning to spring up:

"No doubt you will remember two or three rather unsuccessful séances you got up here; well, these led to subsequent meetings and discussions, and lately some—in my opinion—more favorable results have been obtained. The table rocks as distinctly as possible; answers to hundreds of questions have been received, all correct, and apparently 'on the square' (I mean without human agency except the forming of a circle). E— and I—who were both satisfied that the whole thing was deception, have had repeated communications with and from their departed relations; S— in fact has become a regular up and down Spiritualist. E— says he attended on purpose to ridicule the affair, but admits that a rise was taken out of him when the table rocked, and when his departed sister (died in the Fatherland many years ago) gave the day of her birth, her age, and fifty other things, he was dumfounded. What convinces him is that the questions were answered in the usual way which all were put in the German language. He is thoroughly satisfied that no one hoaxed him—does not know whether to believe in Spiritualism in the strict sense of the word or what to think of it; but the facts, he says, are there."

You will doubtless be able to see evidence in this extract going to show that in Mount Gambler they have some excellent medium-power. I feel amply repaid for the worry and annoyance I have experienced, in the fact that I am able to report that my efforts in this one place have been so successful.

EDUCATION AND THE CLERGY.

Just at the present time the question of the education of the children of the State by the State is the all-absorbing topic of debate in New South Wales, and naturally the priesthood are demanding a share of the spoils; for it is a fact that the priests here are very anxious in disposition to their brethren in other parts of the world? Up to the present time we have had in New South Wales a mongrel system of education, by which the State, in addition to the ordinary public schools, subsidized the scholastic establishments formed by the various sects. A short time ago the Roman Catholic Archbishop initiated a crusade against the public schools, condemning them as "seeds plots of future immorality and infidelity"; and at the present time a very much more liberal measure is before our Parliament, and will doubtless be carried into law. This bill does not meet the wishes of the liberals, as they regard it as trifling with the opposing party; but, speaking impartially, I must admit that I believe it to be just as liberal a measure as the people of the Colony are at present ready for.

DOGMATIC MEDICINE.

There seems to be a great scare amongst the certificated "drug doctors" in many of your States at the present time, and although not quite so much interested in this part of the world in such subjects, we have had a similar scare here, although on a much smaller scale. In our legislative assembly a bill has been introduced providing that no person shall be entitled to practice medicine except after due registration after examination. Of course this examination will be conducted by those interested in the orthodox allo and homeopaths, and hence those who do not agree with these standard authorities will, of course, be rejected. There is no interest felt in the measure, and it is very doubtful whether it will pass; still, the fact of its being brought forward shows that there is the same dogmatic conservatism amongst the medical men of Australia as amongst those in America.

"FREE THOUGHT"

is the title of a new monthly magazine started in Sydney by Mr. E. Cyril Halland. It is a very well written and well gotten up periodical, and will doubtless prove very successful. It admits articles on both sides of the questions with which it deals, and allows the writers full liberty. The proprietor can rest assured that if he be not able to command success he certainly deserves it.

SABBATARIANISM

is rampant in New South Wales, and the Orthodox are firm in their determination that we shall observe Sunday in their fashion instead of our own. They speak of "the Lord's Day" as if it were something peculiarly sacred; they tell us that it has been set apart by the Infinite Being as a season to be devoted solely to his glorification, and they say this, and this only, is the way to glorify him. They do not seem to see that, even admitting their premises that Sunday is a day by itself, made sacred by the Deity himself for the purpose of rest and worshiping him, that we are just as much entitled to say how the objects for which it was instituted should be carried out as they are, and that one man's opinion upon the point is just as good as another's. It has been often shown that the manner of Sunday observances at the present day is totally opposed to the regulations for the observation of the Sabbath under the Mosaic law, but that it is a custom scarce three centuries old, dating merely from the time of the Puritans in England, so that the Sabbatarian party are unable to quote the authority of the Bible for their practice. On the 14th of March, Prof. Charles Bright gave an admirable lecture on the subject to a full house in the Theatre Royal in this city, in the course of which he dealt in a most satisfactory manner with the question. Yours sincerely,

L. E. HARCUS.

Sydney, N. S. Wales, March 21st, 1880.

Pessimism and Optimism.

A correspondent asks for a definition of Pessimism. Pessimism is the opposite of Optimism. Optimism says, "Whatever is, is right." Pessimism says, "Whatever is, is wrong." Optimism says that life is a struggle for a better life, in which man can win. Pessimism says, life is a struggle for life, in which man is sure to be beaten. Life, according to the Optimist, was given to man as a blessing. No, says the Pessimist, it was given to him as a curse, and it is best described in Keats's lines:

"Where but to think is to be full of sorrow,
And laden-eyed despair."
The Bible supports Mr. Demarest's Optimist. Not always, if you respond the Pessimist; for its most eloquent passages are on the misery of human life.

Optimism is dogmatic. Pessimism is cynical. There is nothing new in Pessimism. It has cropped out often through the hundred and seventy known generations. It is as old as man, and sin, and suffering, and they are as old as the creation. It has come in, and it has gone out, over the Western world, repeatedly. Just now it is rather prominent, having its innings as this century closes. It will retire in a few years, but only to reappear. It always exists in the East, being more acceptable in the Evening Land. There is a milder sort of Pessimism, that always has not a few votaries, particularly among the cultivated classes, who, however, are not propagandists, and who care not what is believed in a world of which they are, or say they are, weary.—Boston Traveller.

It is a book "The Bible of the Ages," compiled by Giles B. Stebbins, which is much needed—one that will impart solid instruction to all thoughtful, inquiring people, and therefore we hope it may receive the wide circulation that its rare merits deserve.—Boston Investigator.

This poem was delivered by Bliss Bollen at a Festival commemorating of the twentieth anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism, held in Music Hall, Boston.
Price 35 cents, postage free.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

➡ Read Dr. Peebles's testimony as to what he saw in Astoria, second page.

Message Department.

Public Free-Circle Meetings.
Are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, corner of
Providence street and Montgomery street, TUESDAY
AFTERNOON. The Hall will be open at 2 o'clock, and ser-
vices commence at 2:30 o'clock, at which time the
doors will be closed, neither allowing admittance nor ex-
cepting the conclusion of the service, except in case of absolute
necessity. The public are cordially invited.

The messages published in 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 pass from the earthly sphere in an unde-
veloped 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 his or
her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive
no more.

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

As our angel visitants desire to behold natural flowers
upon our Circulars, we solicit donations of such from
the friends in the city who may feel that it is a pleas-
ure to place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offer-
ings.

Miss Shilhamer wishes it distinctly understood that she
gives no private test sittings at any time; neither does she
receive visitors on Tuesdays.

All letters appearing in this department, in order to
ensure prompt attention should in every instance be ad-
dressed to Colby & Titch, or to

Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman.

Messages given through the Mediumship of
Miss M. T. Shilhamer.

Séance February 17th, 1880.

Clara E. Simmons.

I have never felt like this before in my spirit-
home. I died of brain fever. I feel something
as I did when sick. I am very anxious to send
a message to my mother and father. I want
them to feel that I can come to them, and that
I am not away off where they can't reach me
with their thoughts. I want them to know that
I come back every day, and that I am in a beau-
tiful home where every one seems happy, where
the flowers bloom all the year round. I want
them to know that the dear ones they have laid
away are safe, they are not lost, but we all live
together, a happy band, joyous and glad; only
it would give us such great pleasure and peace
did our friends on earth know that we come
back, sometimes hourly, to bring them the bless-
ing of peace from another life. I was uncon-
scious when I died; I was free from suffering
more than they felt possible. I saw the angels
when they came, and they took me away. I
felt happy and at rest, and I used to think I was
very sad for the young to die and leave every-
thing on earth, but now I think it is beautiful.
I am so glad I went when I did, only I want
them to know I am alive and can come to them.
I lived in Newtonville, Mass. My father's name
is David S. Simmons; my name is Clara E. Sim-
mons.

Rev. John Blain.

"The Lord is in his holy temple." Once I be-
lieved I understood the meaning of that passage.
I believed the Lord was our blessed Saviour,
and his holy temple was the church. To-day I
am disposed to doubt that, and to realize that I
may have been mistaken in a great deal that I
considered truth when in the body. I begin to
think that the Lord may be the Spirit of Truth,
and that his temple is found wherever the truth
is manifest; and so I may say at this place:
"The Lord is in his holy temple." I am not pre-
pared to say that all my religious life was a mis-
take. I am not at present prepared to say that
I am calling was a mistake, but I begin to think
that I should have done, and that many of my
convictions were misplaced; if so, I hope some
of these good people here will strive to set me
right, as I am willing to be a scholar in the
Temple of Truth. I lived long in the natural
body; my days were many, and I flourished like
a green bay tree; but at last I was called
away to another world. I did not think I should
find myself back upon the material shore so
soon, if ever. I did not think I should be in
haste to leave heaven to return and see what
my mortal body was doing. I had a strong
strong upon the spirit, old associations bind the
soul, and draw it back to familiar scenes and
give it a longing to see familiar faces and listen
to well-known tones, and so I am brought here,
partially to learn something new for my spirit.

I was called home at the dear old Christmas
time—a fitting season of the year, I felt, to drop
away from the material and take upon my soul
the vestments of spirituality; but I am back
again to say that I did not understand the all
of life. I did not realize the beauty of im-
mortality; I could not comprehend the infinite
of love and tenderness of the Father. I
felt that he could not pardon the sins of all his
children, and that certain ones were to be pun-
ished for deeds committed in the body, while I
believe, even now, that every soul receives retri-
bution or punishment for wrongs committed
and for good deeds omitted, and that compensa-
tion is given for true lives, for self-sacrifice;
yet I am beginning to gain an understanding
that none are lost, and that each one will at
last regain his own immortal heritage, a home
of peace, of joy, of life, of triumph, of ex-
altation and strength. I have met many who
passed out long before I did, young children,
youths and maidens, infants, men and women
in the prime of life, and whom I know upon the
earth. I am glad to see them all, to feel that
not one is lost, but that each one is safe in the
Father's kingdom; and I hope that those who
remain, some of them who cherished me as their
old pastor, others who may have perhaps felt
that I have grown supernaturally and useless,
that they will realize I have returned, and that
I come to bring them my blessing of peace, and
to entreat them to leave all that is possible con-
cerning the future life while they yet remain
on the earth. I belonged in Mansfield. I was
known as Rev. John Blain. I lived eighty-four
years in the material body.

Daniel Henchman.

[To the Chairman:] Room for another old
man, sir? [Yes.] You seem to have so many
of them here. I thought I would make my ap-
pearance also. I have been gone somewhat
longer than the reverend gentleman who pre-
ceded me, and I have had opportunities of
learning something concerning the new life. I
don't know that I was any better off, in regard
to spiritual knowledge, while here, than he was;
and I found, when I passed over, I had
a great deal to learn and a very great deal to
unlearn. Now I have not learned much, but I
have been unlearning as fast as possible, and it
is very good discipline for the spirit. I hope all
you people assembled here will unlearn all you
have to unlearn while in the body, so that you
may present a clear page upon which to record
the doings of the new life, and when you step over
you will find yourself much better and stronger
than I did; but for an old man, I feel pretty
well at this time. I met a brother, immedi-
ately upon my passing out, who had preceded me
to the immortal world, and through whose in-
structions and ministrations I have been able
to learn what little I have gained, and I have
been able also to throw off the great pack of
useless knowledge, mingled, as it was, with
errors concerning the soul and its destiny.
Through his assistance I have come here to-day.

Most of my relatives are in the other life, but
I have a host of acquaintances and friends who
I feel would not be sorry to hear a word from
me. As I was engaged in the mortal, so I am
engaged in the higher life. I am seeking to learn
now, that I may instruct others into the laws of
health and the secrets of well-doing, and I leave
all pills and potions, herbs and roots, for the
use of others. I shall strive to get away from
all conditions and to enter a new field of labor,
to deal in the realm of spirit, and seek to ascer-
tain its laws.

I don't know that I have any special reason
for coming here to-day, except a desire to be
heard once more, and to have my name seen in
print in Boston, and to arouse a little curiosity
among the old associates who think me safely
buried out of sight. Many I know, will not be-
lieve I have returned. As I was independent of
public opinion when in the body, so am I now.
If they choose to deny my identity, well and
good. There are those who I know well believe
that I have manifested, and to them I will send
my affection and esteem. I shall assist them
all I can from this date. I have not been able
to do much, but in the future I feel I can return
to them and be of use in many ways. I was

known in Boston and elsewhere as Daniel Hench-
man.

Capt. John Barnett.

I am glad to say, Mr. Chairman, that I knew
something of Spirituality while in the body—that
I don't need to return here or elsewhere
to gain an experience concerning the return of
spirits through matter; that I don't need to
come here for assistance to be lifted out of the
old ruts which superstitious creeds and dogmas
have put for humanity in the past. I am very
thankful for the opportunity of returning and
sending out tidings of my whereabouts and
greetings to my friends. I passed away some-
what suddenly. I met with an accident which
carried my spirit out of the body in the course
of a day or two.

As the severing of the mortal tie was swift, so
was my passage into the spirit-world beautiful
and swift. I did not linger around the old tenement
of clay; I was not bound down to old con-
ditions, but, in company with dear friends, who
met me at the portal, I was enabled to rise to a
spiritual sphere where I was welcomed to a home
that I had myself built. Well, in some parts
it was very unique, and perhaps uncouth,
while in other portions of my habitation there
was a finish which delighted even myself, and
knowing full well that the unpollished, rude
portion of the structure had been thrown to-
gether by my own careless acts, and my own
deeds while on earth, I set myself to work to re-
frame that portion, to build it in a more beau-
tiful style, corresponding to the rest; so I have
been busy. I have been obliged to go out here
and there among the children of men, on earth,
and in the spirit spheres, and do what I could to
assist others out of the darkness of error and
the bondage of selfishness, to aid and assist
in bringing souls to return, and send out mes-
sages to their friends, who know not whether they
have gone. I have been back to mediums, and
in their circles have sought to be of use to them
and to others, because I felt my work was in-
complete, and although there were shadows at
times upon the mortal life, although I do not
perfectly have been any way near perfect, yet I
find that my spirit-existence is happy and
peaceful. I have no desire for war or carnage.
I have no desire to roam abroad. I am happy
with my friends, where all is peaceful, and it is
a joy to return at this time, and say to those
who remain, receive my love, each one. I
bring you my affection and sympathy, and I
wish you, at times, to assist you onward. I
would be most glad to receive each one of you,
when you cross to the other shore. I am from
Richmond, Va. I have been in spirit-life now
nearly three years. My friends all will know
of me as Capt. John Barnett.

Lillie Bell.

Oh, how I love the flowers! [Alluding to flowers
on the table.] I think they are so pretty.
[To the Chairman:] Don't you want to know
who I am? My name is Lillie Bell. I have a
sister; her name is Carrie. She is living. Aint
I living? Well, I mean she's living here. I
lived in Springfield, way off in Ohio. My mam-
ma's name is Carrie, too. I want her and papa
and everybody to know I can talk. I had a sore
throat when I died. I want mamma to know
that my auntie takes care of me, my aunt
Mamie, and she's real kind, and she wants me
to send her love, too, and say we are happy;
and I don't want Carrie to cry because the lit-
tle bird died, because I've got it with me in the
spirit-world. Tell her it sings like everything.
We don't keep it in a cage, because they don't
keep birds in cages there, and they are just as
tame as they can be; they don't fly away never
to come back. And please tell her I bring her
birdie home, and she heard it twice when she
was asleep. They thought she named about it,
and she did not; I brought it home, and I want
her to know that her little sister comes to her from
heaven and brings her lots of flowers, and love,
too, for her and mamma and papa. I think I'll
say more by-and-by. If they'd like to have me
come and talk, I will if I can.

Josephine C. Reed.

My name is Josephine C. Reed. When in
the mortal form I lived in Boston. I don't know
how long it is since I passed away, but to me
the time seems fraught with many events, and
it may be that it appears longer than what it is.
I have been anxiously striving to return and
manifest myself to my family and friends, be-
cause I so earnestly desire that they should re-
alize that I am with them still; that I watch
over and guide that little family, from whom I
was called to part. I wish my husband to feel
my presence, and to know that I come to him at
all seasons; that I am by his side, striving to
give him counsel and assistance, to direct his
mind to things pertaining to the spiritual life.
For I wish him to investigate this new philoso-
phy, and to gain all the knowledge concerning
the immortal life that it is possible for him to
do, because when he comes to me I wish to meet
him so that he will have no shadows clustering
around his spirit because of his fears, because he
did not know whether he was to go. I wish
to characterize him there as illuminated by a
true spiritual light, and so I come here to-day
asking him to meet me at some place where I
can speak to him, where I can give him counsel
concerning his future course, and the course of
those so near to us both. I wish to give him as-
sistance in things that perplex him at times; I
can advise him concerning steps he thinks of
taking. It is my most earnest desire that he
will meet me privately, that he will give me an
opportunity to come and identify myself to him,
and that I may tell him my love and affection
to others. Tell him I have not forgotten him.
I am not far away from those I love. I return
daily to the old home, anxiously watching and
waiting, hoping that I may, at some time, be
able to manifest my presence, to make it known
tangibly to those who gather there. My hus-
band's name is Willard Reed. He lives in
Boston.

Jennie Smith.

I don't feel good at all. My folks feel awful
bad because I went away. I don't feel good
anyway. I have been gone only a little while;
but I go home; I am home all the time; and
they feel so bad it makes me feel bad. [To the
Chairman:] Don't you suppose if they find I
can come back they will feel better? I guess
they do not know that I can. I was drowned. I
felt through the ice. It was so sudden it made
everybody feel awful. I wish you would say
I can come, that I send my love, and I shall be
all right; I don't want mother to feel bad. Tell
her we are all happy over here, and any time
she'll find some one I can speak through I'll
come, quick! I am twelve years old. A lady
over here said I'd be all right if I came here.
How'll that be? [It will help you throw off
that bad feeling—then you will be happier.] I
don't know anything about it. I never came to
such a place as this before. I lived in Newbury,
Mass. My name is Jennie Smith. There is a
neighbor of ours who reads your paper; that
how it happened to come here. I guess he will
take it to mother. Don't you think it will
make her feel better? [Yes, and she may give
you an opportunity to talk to her through some
other medium.] That will be splendid. I am
ever so much obliged.

Controlling Spirit.

Mr. Chairman, I desire to return thanks to
the many kind friends who have furnished us
with beautiful flowers to-day, and upon all other
occasions. I would assure them that the
spirit-world appreciate these sweet blossoms,
even more than mortals can realize, for they
not only beautify this room at this time, but the
sweet incense of the blossoms sends out a
strength that gives assistance to many a weary
soul who is seeking to manifest, either for
their own good or to reach some loved friend;
and upon this strength given out by the fresh
and fragrant blossoms, they gain courage and
assistance, and when they return to their par-
ticular spheres in spirit-life, it is with a hap-
py remembrance of their visit to this place,
with new magnetism and power to go forward
in their life, striving to gain a higher and better
platform. Therefore, Mr. Chairman and friends,
we thank and bless you for the beautiful offer-
ings that you frequently bring to us here in the
shape of these lovely blossoms. In the future,
as in the past and present, we promise to bring
you all that it is possible of tidings from your
loved ones from the other shore, to keep open
the doorways of communication between the

two worlds, that angels may return with bless-
ings for you who remain in the mortal.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Feb. 21.—Charles T. Lillie; Lillie J. Lewis; Dr. Adam
Pearson; Maria Boyd; William Giddard; Emma J.
Brown; Rose George; Dr. Theodore Kittredge; Bright
Star.
March 10.—George Thompson; Harriet M. Samson; Ed-
ward C. Jones; Paulina Wright Davis; Nellie Fletcher;
Isaac Buttrick; Red Wing.
April 6.—Alma M. Chandler; Dr. William Porter; Jen-
nie Thompson; Albert Smith; Minnie Temple.
April 13.—Rev. Joseph Smith; Menomine; Emma Olivia
Gray; Annie May; William Young; John Kelly; Mary A.
Dickens; Clara Reed.
April 20.—Nelson Tuttle; Thomas Jennings; William
Hutchings.
April 27.—Mrs. Alice Dixon; Annie Gray; Margaret
Beau; George Lawrence; Mary Lavelette; Rosa T. Amey;
May 4.—Mrs. Ellen French; Thomas S. Anderson; Ed-
ward Smith; Maria Washburn; Theresa Tinnotti; Dr. Wm.
Bushman.
May 11.—Ezra S. Gannett; Henry C. Newhall; Dr. Thom-
as S. McAllister; George Shilling; Mrs. Cordelia A. P.
Morse; Dr. J. H. Doty; Grace Hanson; Carrie Tenor.

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 course, on Monday, January and February last,
in the absence of Mr. Colby.

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

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Will you tell us what are and what
are not some of the laws of nature, and about
so much is said and so little understood?

Ans.—To give information concerning all the
laws of nature, would be to establish an eternal
school. To tell what are not the laws of nature
would be to enter in the school a negation that
would be about as endless. We do not know of
any limit to natural laws, provided you include
the spirit as a portion of nature. We do not
know that natural laws have any power apart
from spirit in the universe; in other words, the
word or term natural law is a convenient ex-
pressive of science for the purpose of expressing
nothing, and means a universe full of intention
without truths, a system of laws without intel-
lectual or intelligent power, either to fashion
or impel the fulfillment of those laws, a uni-
verse with full mathematical and other scien-
tific problems that man may solve, but which
the universe outside of man has no adequate
chance to solve. In our view, natural law
is but a relative term, expressing the method
whereby infinite intelligence works through or-
ganized substance. Spirit is the law that is em-
ployed to express the method whereby identi-
fied intelligences act upon one another and upon
natural law, while the infinite law of the uni-
verse is something that neither natural nor
spiritual law, as applied to human beings, may
ever fully express, since the finite, either in na-
ture or in spirit, individually, cannot compass
the infinite; but if we use the term nature at
all, we use it in connection with the methods of
organic life that are not directly governed by
human or other intelligence embodied. If we
use the term spiritual law, we apply it to all the
unconscious forces of mind, the universe that act
upon the other mind, and in turn act upon nature
and govern natural laws.

Q.—[By Dr. B. Franklin Clark.] The follow-
ing statement was published in the *Banner of
Light* Dec. 27th, 1879, p. 4, viz: "Spirit Indian
chiefs have said many times that if the people
of these States were not more just to their In-
dian brethren in the mortal, the time would
come when the powers of the spirit-world would
intervene, and cause anarchy and bloodshed
among the whites in different sections of the
country. The warning has not been heeded,
and the blood has been shed, and the time has
come when the spirit-world will intervene, and
cause anarchy and bloodshed among the whites."
Is this statement endorsed by intelligent disem-
bodied spirits? Have dead Indians this power
of evil and revenge over the living?

A.—Something in the history of nations reveals
to man the fact that a permanent, persistent
wrong cannot go unredressed; that nations ex-
perience the unerring hand of Nemesis in pen-
alty for their transgression. Whatever the pow-
er, individual or national, of Indian tribes may
be who are not dead, but living in the spirit-
world, it is quite evident that the persistent
wrong practiced upon the red men by the nations
under which white men claim freedom will in
time bring its own result. Slavery has brought
its harvest of bloodshed and sorrow to your na-
tion; its abrogation has been attended with this
severe punishment and penalty. In whatever
light you look upon the red man, the persistent
wrongs practiced upon him indicate a moral
turpitude on the part of the nation that must of
necessity have sown the seeds of corruption in
your midst, and this will yield the fruitage of
dissension. In this sense the red man was right;
he, or another class of spirits on your earth, per-
haps, and holding denunciations among local poli-
ticians who are white men, and may bring on
this anarchy. The white man has not manifest-
ed himself supremely above this possibility, nor
has he manifested that largeness of political
liberty that admits into the pale of protection
of the great parent of government, the United
States, these children of nature. We predict an
exact and adequate compensation for this
wrong; we predict an adequate and exact pen-
alty to the nation; in what manner it shall
come rests with an infinite power, not with
ourselves. If the red man is made instrumental
in bringing this about, it will be quite different
from the usual manner in which he approaches
the pale-face from the hunting-grounds of the
immortal world; chiefly he comes to minister,
chiefly to do good to those who have injured
him, chiefly to uplift, to point the way by moral
methods. The time may come when this will
not be so; certainly the nation must yield to in-
finite justice what she has refused to yield to
the simple children of the forest.

Q.—[By E. Southwick.] Is every one's life
marked out for them when they come into the
world, so that we can change it or are we
obliged to go through with it, suffering for
our misdeeds are we elevated by our suffer-
ings?

A.—The old thoughts of destiny and human
freedom are here combined. It is true that
every individual's life is known, and foreknown;
it is also true that every individual's life is
shaped from within. If you show the naturalist
a seed, he can tell its genus, order, family; he
knows what the growth will be if planted in
the soil; if it is a rose it will not be a lily; if it
is an acorn it will not yield a maple tree. Hu-
man life, as seen from the angelic sphere, is
foreknown in the same way that which is with-
in the capacity of your spirit is known, its un-
foldment, the method of it, and the fluctuations
from the ultimate intention, which, it may be,
belong to your individual effort and endeavor;
so whatever you are brought in contact with, in
earthly life, to test your strength or to strength-
en your weakness, the power that is within
you, the capacity that belongs to you will ulti-
mately be fulfilled, and this is the line of life in-
tended for you. Many persons are unable to
reconcile the knowledge and arrangement of
destiny with individual freedom of action
and choice between good and evil paths, but
you must not limit the Infinite plan by your
finite perceptions. There is absolute freedom
to unfold within the universe, but not outside
of it, and no finite mind can go beyond the finite
capacity; though that, in eternity, extends for-
ever, it is not absolute nor infinite; therefore
there is infinite freedom to activity, and infinite
expansion of good, for the reason that this con-
ception of good makes you a partner in the great
moral force of the universe, and you are com-
pelled, from the very fact of being human,
and having an immortal soul, to share in the
life, the infinite and spiritual element. This
is reconcilable with an individual purpose
and direct line of life.

Q.—Does not a person commit a crime who
takes an active part in the execution of another
person for murder, almost equal to the mur-
derer's crime?

A.—For our individual selves we answer; we
consider that one murder does not justify
another; that the judge and the executioner,
though mistaken and sincere in the fulfilling
of their duty, are nevertheless adding to rather
than taking away from the evil of the world. We
believe that the highest Christian civi-
lization should be based upon the highest Christian
life. If you lived in the Mosaic dispensation, you

might accept of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth
for a tooth"; but as the Puritan fathers founded
this government upon a so-called Christian
basis, and as it is claimed that this is a period
of greater enlightenment, we do not know of
any one who has given to man to declare when
human life shall be taken, since even in the
old dispensation you were commanded not to
kill. I believe that the time will come, (indi-
vidually, I think this,) when the executioner
will be deemed the greater criminal, since he
performs deliberately what the murderer has
committed in the hour of frenzy or madness. I
believe the time will come when judge and jury,
and those having judicial commands, who de-
cide to send a mortal into the world of spirits,
will be looked upon as the greater criminals, in
adjudicating that a human being shall die as
the result of an act for which he is, in the very
nature of the case, irresponsible. Society now
murders; society now constitutes a judge
and jury to decide upon the fate of human
beings, but when crime shall be looked upon as
moral infirmity, when the murderer shall be
treated as wisely as the lunatic, when there
shall be moral asylums as well as physical ones,
when hospitals and infirmaries shall exist, in-
stead of jails, penitentiaries, State Prisons
and gallows, we shall expect a higher fulfill-
ment of the laws of civilization, and a better
interpretation of the Christian civilization of
to-day.

Q.—[By K.] Is the bright object visible to me
when I view a fixed star of the first magnitude
with the naked eye, either the body of the star,
or a luminous aura surrounding it?

A.—It certainly is not the body of the star;
that is not perceptible either to the naked eye
or through the telescope; the light perceived is
rather the atmosphere surrounding the planet
or star, acted upon by the sun's rays; the star
being a fixed star, the action is from another
more distant central sun. As all light in
the universe is communicated by vibration, and
as vibration produces the effect upon the vision,
it is the luminous atmosphere surrounding the
star that the observer beholds; this again passes
through another stage of experience, and is
affected by the atmosphere of the earth. Out-
side the atmosphere of the earth these planets
assume a very different aspect. It is doubtful
whether you could discover them with physical
vision at all, since the earth's atmosphere
affords a medium through which the light from
the rays of a more central sun permeates, and
falls upon the vision, the atmosphere surround-
ing the star only being or forming a station of
vibration, like an electric battery which sends
forth a message.

Q.—Please state whether your answer is based
upon personal knowledge or belief?

A.—Personal knowledge may change. You
may know that two and two make four, but you
may not understand how three can make one,
until you have discovered the triangle. So far
as I am able to state, at the present time, it is
from knowledge. If I shall have any knowledge
that supersedes it, I will make it known.

"The Spirit-World."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dr. Crowell's new volume—"The Spirit-World"—of
which you have recently given an extended notice, may
be regarded in the literature of Spirituality as some-
what sensational, being accepted by many Spiritu-
alists, even, with serious doubts. I have thought that
it might interest some of your readers to learn something
from an outside source regarding both Dr. Crowell
and the medium through whom, in an unconscious con-
dition, he received the statements which he has given to
the world in this volume. Dr. Crowell, who has been
for several years past a resident of Brooklyn, has for a
similar period been retired from business. He is a
gentleman a little past middle life, has a family, and a
fine home, whose hospitalities have been extended to
many leading Spiritualists. He is of high character,
of cultivated and refined associations, and is without
visible motive to interest himself in occult phenomena
except as a seeker after truth. Formerly a material-
ist, he began his investigation of Spirituality with
much caution, and visited many mediums. Where he
found reason to pursue profitable inquiry, he spared
neither time nor expense. The fruits of his reading
and his experiences have been well presented in his
"Identity of Primitive Christianity," and in "The
Spirit-World." In both of these works reference is
made to Dr. Charles B. Kenney, to whose mediumship
he is indebted for some of the most interesting facts
and phenomena he has ever received.

Readers of Dr. Crowell's second volume of "Pri-
mitive Christianity" will remember some pages devoted
to an account of private séances for materializing held
in his own house, with Dr. Kenney as the medium,
which were remarkably successful. Dr. Kenney,
whose title is based upon his practice and success as
a magnetic healer in this city for several years, is about
thirty years old, of vigorous, healthful maturity, genial
and gentlemanly in manner, cheerful, temperate,
generous, warm-hearted, self-respecting, thoroughly hon-
est, and of excellent private repute. I think those
who know him best will recognize the picture as not
overdrawn. As a medium he is only known to the
general public as a healer, for his Indian control, "Old
John," has discouraged his attending circles or sitting
to gratify curiosity. Among his patients may be found
clergymen, physicians, merchants, lawyers, and others,
from high social circles as well as the patronage of the
so-called middle classes and the poor. He has had
many patients who would not for one moment admit
their belief in Spirituality, but with whose Orthodoxy
his "treatment" it is feared, has wrought and havoc.
Dr. Kenney's earlier history has some features in
common with others who have become workers in this
Modern Dispensation. He was driven into it by cir-
cumstances; it was forced upon him and taken up
with reluctance at first. He was a healer almost be-
fore he knew it, began to enjoy improved health from
that date, and, aided by his amiable wife, his home
became—what it has ever since been—a most attrac-
tive one. The manner of his control for healing is pec-
uliar, unlike that of most other mediums, and, to
many people, a phenomenon in itself of great interest.
Dr. Kenney passes through a series of rapid changes,
accompanied by quick respirations, to an unconscious
condition. "Old John" comes with a gruff though not
unkindly voice, and talks in broken English, or some-
times, perhaps, with an old acquaintance, will share
his conversation with his spirit-friend, "Big Bear,"
who aids him with "power," and with whom he talks
in Indian. Of course what "Big Bear" says cannot
be heard, but that it interests or amuses "Old John"
is frequently evident from his manner. "Old John"
rarely comes without first uttering a brief prayer to
the Great Spirit, and he does the same when leaving,
a similar physical change to that already described
taking place at his departure. While under influence
the separate identity of the medium and his control
are most striking, and I have never heard of an in-
stance where "Body," as "Old John" calls him, had
any knowledge of what occurred when under influ-
ence.

The sittings with the medium whereby Dr. Crowell
obtained the material for "The Spirit-World" were so
strictly private that no living person except the uncon-
scious medium and Dr. Crowell were ever present.
These were insisted on, Dr. Crowell says, as inexora-
ble conditions, the reasons assigned being absolute
freedom from possibly disturbing influences, in order
that there might be such trustworthy communication
between the two worlds as, it is alleged, was thereby
satisfactorily accomplished. Dr. Crowell, in the pre-
face to his book, describes the process of hearing from
his friends, and it has a special interest with those who
know the medium, Dr. Crowell and "Old John," which
it cannot possibly have with others. Here were three
spirits—the Doctor's father, Mr. Owen and Mr. Ber-
nard, each talking by turns or as courtesy prompted,
through the unconscious medium—the medium's con-
trol, it is alleged, also being mesmerized in the spiri-
tial—each talking in a material manner, and with se-
lection of words, a form of expression and inflection of
speech peculiar to himself. Their manner and speech,
the Doctor has told me, differed as much as would
those of three embodied spirits here. With many sé-
ances of this kind in his own house, and carrying on
conversations with them as he would with three intel-
ligent visitors from New York or Boston, upon life and
scenes in the spirit-world, it may easily be believed
that the Doctor found them very interesting. That he
has faithfully edited what he has heard from this
source, so far as it has been given in the book, none

who know him will doubt. Whether these revelations
may be trusted in their very practical descriptions,
geographical and otherwise, of spirit-life, Spiritualists
and others must determine each for himself. The
book, in its secondary effect, will reveal to Spiritu-
alists how widely they really differ; or, if not that,
unsubstantial and uncertain their ideas of spirit-life
are. To me it has been a surprise to learn that some
who have long believed in Spirituality were unpre-
pared to accept almost any account of life in the world
to come that bears any resemblance to life here. In-
deed, one exacting person is reported to me as saying
of the Doctor's book: "Well, if the next world is n't to
be better than it is here described I don't want to go
there." While there are narratives in that book that
are very hard to "swallow," and while there is much
to inspire doubt, its general points may be accepted
by most Spiritualists without violence to their con-
victions, and its moral tone is above criticism. Those
who read it once and laugh, perhaps, incredulously
over what they encounter, may read it more thought-
fully a second time. I know prophecy is very cheap,
but it is just possible that this book and its contents
will be referred to ten or twenty years hence as one of
the most interesting and important gifts to Modern
Spirituality.

Brooklyn, N. Y., 1880.

THE ASTORIA MANIFESTATIONS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the Brooklyn *Celestial City* of 8th Inst., I notice
an anonymous attack—by a party who appears to have
never witnessed them—upon the integrity of the spiri-
tual manifestations (materializations) that have lately
transpired at Astoria during a period of several weeks,
and which were numerous attended by selected, in-
telligent, respectable persons; none of whom, so far
as I have heard, have questioned their genuineness.

Than the household in which these extraordinary
occurrences took place, there is none more generally
known in that vicinity, or entitled to more respect, I
believe.

The capacity of the medium as such, and the genu-
ineness of the materializations that occur through her
gift, will be least questioned by those who best know
her, and, no doubt, a host of those who have witnessed
her cheerfully testify their conviction of her entire
good faith. There are

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