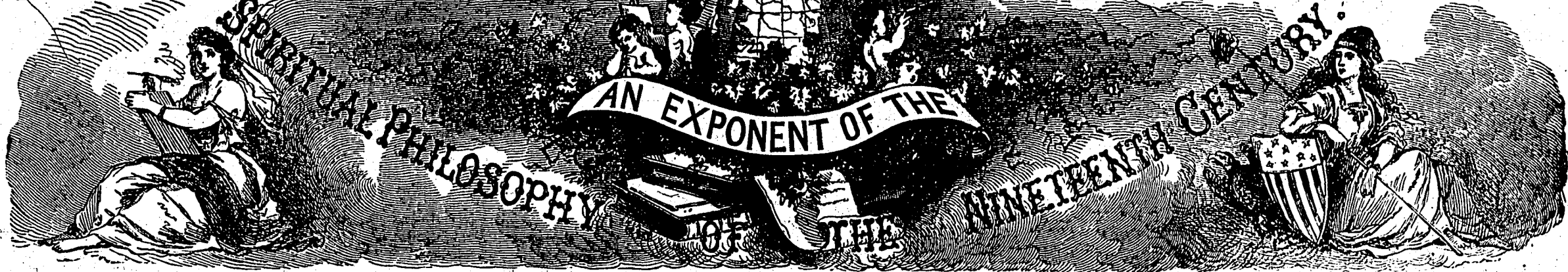


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## The Rostrum.

### SPIRITUAL ILLUMINATION.

An Address delivered by  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM,  
Before the First Society of Spiritualists, New  
York, Sunday Evening, Oct. 17th, 1880.

(Expressly reported for the Banner of Light by Mr. George Herbert Mellich.)

"Desire spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy."  
—1 Cor. xiv. 1.

There are many who read this passage of Scripture without realizing any special meaning in it; or if they contemplate there was a meaning in it, when it was written, they think it applied especially to the affairs of Jesus, or to those early Christians who were soon to understand something of the gifts alluded to. Why this one gift of prophecy seems to be placed above all others many do not understand. They say the veil that covered the future was woven by the hand of mercy. It is a beautiful saying, and a true one: If it were best that mortals should see the pathway of future years each one would be clairvoyant; there would be nothing dim or obscure about it. But as it is, even those who have the clearest perceptions are limited; that which they know is little, that which they do not know is much indeed. Then why was this passage written: "Desire spiritual gifts"? It is easy to see that it is good advice—"but rather that ye may prophesy" may seem strange to some minds. Seeking to know what prophecy means, we find people believe, or suppose, that it means the power of seeing into the future, the power of divination. It means seeing no longer as through a glass darkly, but seeing face to face; no longer knowing in part, but in the entirety. Striving after the real meaning of the word we find it is not limited to divination, nor to clairvoyance—whereby a person reads future events. It means really the spiritual illumination; something like that which was given to Swedenborg. The light is such as has broken upon all those who have had a perception of the new truth, and applied and understood it. Of old the prophets possessed the power of looking into the future to a certain extent, and yet by no means was their vision unlimited in that respect. It is said that the greatest of all the prophets was John the Baptist. We do not read so much of his looking into the future, but he recognized that there was a power about him, and he had a knowledge of the affairs of men, and with a deep comprehension of the differences in humanity he could read that which was veiled from others. His word was like a two-edged sword; his spirit was like fire, earnest, and melting every opposition confronting it. The great power that belonged to him was this spiritual illumination, this perception of existing things, and the power to speak plainly of them.

Having considered what this gift is, let us study and analyze its meaning. We find there is a Pagan interpretation or definition of it, and that this tells us a prophet is one who speaks for the gods. What did the Pagan mean by this? You will read that when Saul sought the woman of Endor, that wonderful woman of the past, she commenced to describe to him what she saw. She said, "I see gods ascending out of the earth." What did she mean? When slowly before her vision appeared those forms, which to her were so clearly portrayed, it seemed to her, as they grew upon her perception, that they ascended as a cloud might from the earth. She said, "I see gods." Now did she mean those Pagan deities, those divinities that we read of, which man in his fancy has conceived? She described the spirit of Samuel, and so clearly and perfectly that Saul perceived that it was Samuel. This was only one of those which she saw; others are spoken of as gods. Now this is what we believe to be true in regard to it, that if a clairvoyant of to-day saw what she saw, that clairvoyant would so express and describe it; whereas in the far-off ages, when intellectual perception of what the spiritual sight revealed was dim, they did not know that these beings who had passed through the shadow of death lived again as real entities, as men and women, as truly identified and real as while here on earth: So if one was seen, the one who saw it believed he or she had seen a god, some strange mystical being, some phantom or some shade. So Paganism tells us that a prophet is one who speaks for the gods. The Spiritualist takes the words *gods* and *prophecy* according to their full meaning and sheds light upon them. A prophet is one impressed by higher intelligences and is able to reveal the

truth. Speaking of these higher intelligences, what are they? Only the spirits of those who have walked here on earth; who have suffered, striven to understand; who have progressed and passed over the river called death into the spirit-land. And these return—and in the olden days were able to impress mortals; and they who were so impressed were called prophets. A prophet is one who is spiritually illumined, who has interior light. That light may shine through a spiritual nature; it may develop itself in certain phases of mediumship, which of themselves may be blessings to the world. But whoever is spiritually illumined, whether as Swedenborg was or as some of the more modern seers have been, is a prophet in the high and pure understanding of the term. "Desire spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy"; that you may be spiritually illumined; that you may have perception of spiritual things; that your nature may not grovel in the dust; that it may not be ground to coarse materialism, but that it may have the power to resist and confront it.

Having found a correct definition of this saying, we naturally ask what can grow out of this prophecy of spiritual illumination? What can come to us from this clear, spiritual perception? If man stands on the earth, questioning immortality, the cold science which lies on the surface of mentality gives no answer to the question, What has man to hope for, what to live for? He asks himself, Is life worth living? The answer of the materialist is, No; it is only valuable as it affects one's self, only valuable as humanity expands in that aggregation of things that go to build up the world. But a person, when he has lived his life of care, borne his burdens patiently, has striven to do right, and yet misfortune has followed him through his earthly years, when he comes to leave this world in his old age he says, I have only just commenced to learn what life means; if I could only live my life over again it would be different; I should know what to do. Just as he learns that, he goes out of this world. Where? What land does he enter? Is he lost in oblivion? Has he gone down like a tear dropped into the ocean, unknown, annihilated, gone into universal death and decay? If so, then life for him is a failure and hope a mockery. By this spiritual illumination of which we have spoken the spiritual organization will come with the unfolding of the mind, and we look at life and find there is not one of its sorrows but has a blessing to give us; not one of its mistakes but will be rectified; not one of its experiences we would have avoided here, but what in the future becomes to us a blessing. It may be in disguise oftentimes, but nevertheless it is a blessing. So life works as a great sculptor might, standing before a block of marble so many feet long, so many feet high, so many feet broad. He looks upon it as you do, and sees a rough block of stone. But he looks upon it with another sight which you have not. He sees in that rough block a figure most beautiful, an angel with the purest and most beautiful face that a soul can imagine. Others may look at it and see only the rough block of marble; the sculptor sees the angel, the ideal. As Hawthorne has beautifully said: All that man has to do is, not to create, but, with chisel in hand, to clip and cut until he discloses the angel in the stone. It is all he has to do. When we look at the monument we find the angel in the living stone. Day by day experience, like the sculptor with his chisel, a natural and divine force, is cutting out that angel-life of ours which shall live to all eternity.

Prophecy, this spiritual perception, looks into the soul of man, and finds that theology has been mistaken, theology has begun wrong. It has taken human life as if it were a pyramid, and tried to stand it in an inverted position, on its summit, instead of placing it as it should be. It has commenced the wrong way to work. It has commenced by believing that man started entirely pure, and then became entirely sinful; that he commenced in absolute ignorance, and then came in possession of knowledge, a perception of the difference between right and wrong. His eyes were opened, and he could see the difference between light and darkness. Theology has said in its creed, "In our own soul there is no foundation for hope; we cannot offer to God, of ourselves, one single acceptable deed; there is nothing in human nature pure and beautiful and lovable enough; we are to seek for atoning grace; we are to put on righteousness as a garment; we are to believe; and through this magical work of the creed the gate of heaven is to open for us, if at all." Now with this belief they have gone to work and tried to labor with humanity, not by reason, but by faith. They have used various influences. They have tried to make heaven appear beautiful. But in the work of theology in the years gone by they have not striven to make heaven attractive so much as they have sought to make the torments of hell terrible and repulsive. Instead of showing man the beauty of a religious life, and leading his nature along in that way, directed by its natural intuition, they have used the whips of fear—those scorpion whips—and have tried to drive man into religion in that way. As soon as the soul of man believes, it grows impervious to these gross things. It refuses to be driven by fear.

In this higher light of which we have spoken we learn that mankind started, as far back as we can look or comprehend, upon the lowest level that we can conceive of; that he was gross and selfish. Growing out of this condition man commenced to expand toward spiritual things. His conscience awakened, and he realized his own nature and the supremacy that belongs to humanity. It was a great step when man began to realize his spiritual nature, began to realize

that there was something holier and diviner than passion, and something that there was something holier and diviner than the creed made by man. And so from step to step, from the old ages of darkness when even God himself to human eyes seemed cruel and revengeful, men have progressed, until religious teachings have changed, and now in the very churches that once were the narrowest and most bigoted for the creed, we see a mighty change. Were one of Jonathan Edwards's sermons to be read in the churches to-day, you would find that according to its stated belief, there would be infidels in the church—we do not mean atheists. And so it has grown naturally, and we find a purer and higher life in Christian teachings now than formerly.

It is a grand and beautiful step that man has taken from the shades of the past toward the religion that teaches man that God is wise, just, kind and good. But this is not the end. They had been told that from their own natures nothing could come forth that was acceptable in the sight of God. We learn that we are to work out our own salvation instead of having it done by others for us. We learn that the very center of the Golden Rule is in one little word—No. Just that little word of two letters. It is not so much what we believe as what we do, that builds the starry way to heaven. It is a great lesson to learn. Then we find that in the past the whole matter of immortality was veiled. The question was asked, If a man die shall he live again? The Church answered yes, and endeavored by its statements to satisfy the questioner and to compel him to have faith, and to feel that it was sinful to doubt; that it was religious to believe.

Science analyzes and dissects humanity, and says there is no such thing as spirit after death; but Spiritualism tells us that there is life after death. History has shown the truth of Spiritualism. Men may sneer at these things, they may doubt; but, just as Galileo said, the earth moves, so we say of the doctrine of Spiritualism; it moves, and no power on earth can check its progress. For Spiritualism we claim the power of prophecy to a certain extent; not in any miraculous way, but as those who stand on the watch-tower can see further than those who stand in the valley, we claim that the Spiritualist, being elevated and enlightened, can see into the future, for a like reason. "Spiritualism tells us what is in the near future: There will be great changes in the atmosphere, in the governments of the earth, in social matters, in labor, in capital, during the succeeding eight years. We pray that these changes may come peacefully, by reason, by understanding. There will be great changes, also, in religious matters. We look forward through the storm and see the clear sky, when ignorance in regard to these matters will have passed away forever. Watch and wait, for the signs of the times are full of power and significance. Be wise, with a clear perception; and with an earnest, cheerful labor, mark out for yourself a path wherein your own nature, illumined by progression and a knowledge of the truth, shall find the peace that comes through these liberating influences that are descending within and about you.

The following eloquent passages occur in a recent address in England by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond:

"In the street, in the hotel, in the cottage, in the palace, in the brilliant courts and in the halls of science, Spiritualism alike proclaims its presence and works its revolution. It has wrought its revolution in your hearts. Say, ye whose friends have gone down to the grave leaving no word or sign or token by which your thoughts might follow them, what wonder it has wrought in your lives. The sealed lips have responded, the voice that was silent has again answered to your own; the intelligence, the heart, the mind has given to you evidence of existence, and though removed from the outward form and from contact of the senses, this friend has revealed to you the fact that the spirit-life brings one step nearer those who love; that death, instead of being a barrier, really removes one barrier of flesh and sense from between two loving hearts; and that your children are nearer—the wife, the child, the brother, the sister, are one degree nearer your own souls by the change called death. No other religion the world has ever seen, no other philosophy the world has ever proclaimed, could have so filled your lives and homes with joy as this one simple fact. What, then, becomes of the cold creeds of separation that place a formal barrier between you and your friends?"

What has it wrought aside from this? Your literature is filled with its magic spell of inspiration. It breathes forth in the songs of poets; it is heard in the sounds of music, and in the lofty strains of the drama. It is revealed in all the current literature of the land and of all civilized countries, that there is a power above and around manifesting at every opportunity its presence to the hearts of men. More than this, it has entered the places of human worship; it has charged again the altars, that were well-nigh quenched, with a new fire; it has kindled again the shrines of living worship, and has made manifest its power in the hearts and minds of living men of God that the spirits still manifest to men."

Written for the Banner of Light.  
CALLING ME HOME.

BY MILTON H. MARBLE.

They are calling me home, they are bidding me come,  
They are calling me, darling, from you;  
Not long can I stay from those glories away,  
My dear, I must bid you adieu!

They are bidding me come to the glad spirit home;  
Bright angels are gathering round,  
Who sing to me low of the joys I shall know;  
With rapture I list to the sound.

They are calling me home, at last they have come,  
With flowers, and with music so sweet;  
And soon I shall stand on a far fairer land,  
And the loved of the olden time greet I!

Under the freest constitution ignorant people are still slaves.—Condorcet.

## BRITTAN'S SECULAR PRESS COLUMN.

### The Editor-at-Large at his Work.

(Written for the Argonaut, of San Francisco, Cal.:  
SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM.

A CRITIC'S VIEWS OF SCIENCE—Relations of Facts to Scientific Systems—Horology and Instruments for Measuring Time—Mistaken Views of the Argonaut—Friendly Criticism—Hypothesis of Fraud and Jugglery—Theory of Involuntary Cerebral Action—A Harvard Professor with the Spirits—Science on and Dignity under the Table—An Epileptic Poem from the Spirits—Remarkable Improvisation—The Solar Hair—Doctrine of Chances Illustrated—Is Meteorology a Science?—Comparison of Physical and Spiritual Phenomena—Facts in Science which Centuries may not Repeat.

Not bound by their narrow views to things below. — Pope.

To the Editor of the Argonaut:

Some one has sent me your paper of the date of May 22d, in which I find a marked article entitled "Spiritualistic Handers." I am much pleased with the general appearance of your journal, and recognize the ability displayed in the treatment of such topics as come within the range of ordinary thought and familiar observation. But will you permit me to remark, *per contra*, that some one—whom I suppose to be on your editorial staff—is equally unfortunate in what he writes about Science and Spiritualism? After asking the question, "What is science?" he answers—without hesitation, and in a manner which is at least admirable for its directness, however widely his definition may be found to diverge from all the recognized principles and approved methods of the schools. From this lucid but very questionable exposition of what constitutes science, I extract the following passage:

"Established facts; logical conclusions; systems that work; that never fail; that never disappoint. Three and two are five. . . . A clock that keeps time; an engine that will run; a steamship that sweeps the ocean; a telegraph wire; laws of nature discovered; complications invented; systems of mechanism, chemistry or thought that never fail—that repeat, or illustrate, or demonstrate whenever you choose to test them; contrivances and processes that know no failure and no disappointment—these are science."

It seems evident that the author of the foregoing definitions could never have familiarized his mind with either the principles or terminology of the sciences. The relation of "established facts" to science is often so remote and obscure as to be quite imperceptible. Viewed alone and without reference to any rules of classification, or to the discovery of the laws which govern their occurrence, they never constitute a science in any comprehensive sense of the term. The writer in the *Argonaut* does not limit his statement to facts of any particular class, or to any one department of human observation. Let us therefore take a few examples at random, and leave the writer under review to dispute the facts or show their relations to science. The following will be sufficient for the present illustration. Mr. Gladstone succeeded Lord Beaconsfield as the responsible head of the British cabinet; Gen. Garfield is the Republican candidate for the Presidency; Charles A. Dana is editor-in-chief of the *New York Sun*; roosters are most disposed to crow in the morning; there are men base enough to admire the heroism of the prize-ring; the papers still publish the details of cock-fights; the State continues to break the necks of capital offenders; even when they are young converts to the Christian religion! These are all well "established facts"; but what have they to do with science? Nothing in particular, so far as we are able to discover.

It is true that facts are indispensable in the formulated knowledge which we denominate science. But these are not all that we require to constitute a scientific system. *The facts must be classified agreeably to the recognized principles involved in the subject of our observations.* They must be so disposed that the mind may comprehend their relations to the essential principles and immutable laws which determine and regulate their occurrence. Facts, then, are only some of the materials from which different sciences may be and are constructed. It is well known that bricks are necessary in the construction of a suitable dwelling; but a brick is not a house, and it must be equally evident that a fact is not a science.

Again, we are informed that "A clock that keeps time" is "science"; but we fail to see it in that light. A clock is an instrument which illustrates Horology—the science of measuring time—which explains the principles and laws involved in the construction of instruments for this purpose. A clock is one form of an instrument for measuring time; but it is not the science of Horology. The presumption that it is, overlooks the necessary distinction between the mere instrument and the branch of science it is designed to illustrate. We depend on the barometer to indicate the existing atmospheric pressure, and the probable changes in the weather; but he would be a crazy scientist who should so utterly confound the mercury and the barometrical scale with the variations of the atmosphere as to recognize no possible distinction between an object which properly belongs to the department of constructive art and the science of atmospheric phenomena. There is substantially the same difference between a clock and the science of measuring time, that exists between a barometer and the science of the weather.

Your article suggests that sciences must be very numerous when one can be found in almost any inanimate object, even in "a telegraph wire," which is said to be "science." It is true that wires are employed in the science of Telegraphy; but the wire is only one part of the apparatus used in the practical application of this science. Here we note the same want of discrimination in the use of terms, and a total in-

difference to that precision of statement which characterizes all true science. Agriculture, especially in its superior relations to chemistry, is a profound and most important science. Plows and hoes are agricultural implements; but must we have all our ideas of scientific principles and the proprieties of speech *harrowed up* by being told that shovels and pitch-forks are sciences!

I need not traverse all the terms and forms of expression under which the writer who elucidates Science and Spiritualism for your journal claims to have discovered the former. If his questionable judgment is to be accepted, then the essential elements of science are also to be found in "complications invented." This conception has every appearance of originality; but is it true? We must confess we had not dreamed of that, and should never have thought of looking there for those elements. The subject may be obscure, but Webster comes to our aid with the following plain definition of "complication": "Intricate or confused blending of parts; entanglement; the act or state of being involved." From this view of the subject we might reasonably expect that great scientific attainments need not be so rare. If "complication," or a "confused blending of parts," constitutes science, it follows that the greater the complication or confusion, the more profound the knowledge it involves, and the ancient Babel must forever stand forth at the head of all scientific institutions. If "entanglement" is science, the fellow who is lost in a bramble-jungle, and cannot find his way out, is in a fair way to graduate with all the honors.

"The act or state of being involved" is thus defined by the same philological authority: "To involve in anything which exists on all sides; as, to involve in darkness and obscurity." Now when we look for science in the "complications invented"—in other words, in "confusion," "entanglement" and "darkness"—it is astonishing how scientists are multiplied. The motley crowd not only embraces all those well-dressed aspirants who are striving to reach the temple of fame, but,

"The gathering number, as it moves along, involves a vast, involuntary throng."

Since science is made to consist in "complications"—"confusion and entanglement," as the term is explained by Webster—we need not seek the shadow of the University, under the doors of classic halls, or search in the groves of Academies for wise men. When confusion is science, mere stragglers ought to be sages, and madmen supremely happy; at the same time the lawless rabble must be on the royal highway to knowledge and power.

While respectfully submitting these brief observations respecting your views of science—which are offered in no unfriendly spirit—I trust I may be permitted to notice your summary three-fold method of disposing of Spiritualism. And first you observe—respecting the spiritual phenomena—"we must aver that a large portion undoubtedly" belong to "the imposture part." But I beg to say that the *causes of imposture* are in no sense a part of Spiritualism, but on the contrary, the work of its enemies. If the Editor, in assaying a specimen of ore from one of the mines, should find four ounces of gold and three of other metallic substances, would the assayer be likely to state in his report that the ore tested gave seven ounces of gold, but that "a large portion" of the same was some baser metal? Should your agricultural Editor, or the statistician in your office, be required to estimate the wheat crop of the country, would he report that the United States annually produces 450,000,000 bushels of wheat, but that one-twentieth part, more or less, of the whole is *beans*, and "a large portion" of the remainder "is undoubtedly" *barley*? Of course no sane man would make such a report. It is only on the abused subject of Spiritualism (possibly on science) that the newspapers expect to be excused for publishing such nonsense. When the Secretary of the Treasury figures up the amount of the national currency he never includes the counterfeiters. For a similar reason we insist that impostors and jugglers be excluded in estimating the number of Spiritualists and mediums, and that all tricks and frauds be left out of the analysis of Spiritual Phenomena.

Your next method of disposing of the facts of Spiritualism is by referring them to the *involuntary action of the brain and nervous system*. But pray, Sir, what possible relation can the involuntary action of the brain have to one in a hundred of these facts? Will you ascribe phenomena to unconscious cerebration which the individual is forever incapable of producing by the concentrated action of his faculties and the utmost effort of the will? Yet your assumption involves this manifest absurdity. It is a fact established beyond all rational controversy that ponderable bodies—sometimes weighing several hundred pounds—are moved with irresistible force, and yet in such a manner as to demonstrate the fact that this surprising power is guided by an invisible intelligence; human in all its essential characteristics. If, indeed, the involuntary action of the brain so far transcends the utmost exertion of its voluntary powers, let the fact be demonstrated. If the agents and forces are all in this world, the scientists ought to be able to prove the fact and find the agents. If there is any substantial evidence to support any one of the thousand materialistic theories and speculations, we are quite ready to receive and digest it; but the mind becomes flustered that feeds forever on hollow assumptions.

I was once present at a séance when a Harvard University Professor, with a friend weighing over two hundred pounds avoirdupois, rode about the room on a table; and then both were hurled headlong on the floor by this invisible agency; and I have an explicit statement of the



facts, to which the Professor referred to subscribed his own proper name. Is it to be supposed that the involuntary and unconscious action of either his cerebrum or cerebellum moved the vehicle on which he rode, together with the superincumbent weight of some four hundred pounds? Did this silent cerebration, in spite of the man himself, send him and his companion sprawling on the floor? If a single brain-power can develop such amazing force without the least effort to do so, every sluggard ought to be able to plant, hoe, and grind his corn by his own cerebral motive power. If there is any truth in the assumption it would appear that the way to accomplish the greatest possible results is to make no effort whatever. This is a fair sample of the reasoning employed by the opposition to Spiritualism. If there is anything in this theory the philosophers of the Micawber school must be right, and the power of a dozen loafers might be utilized to run a line of stages; fashionable idlers and all vulgar drones might become useful members of society, and hereafter make some show at the farmers' and mechanics' fair.

I have before me an Epic Poem of some five thousand lines. It is a grand conception; the imagery is equally bold and beautiful, while it is entitled to a high rank as a metrical composition. It is believed that no living poet, unaided by special inspiration or direct spiritual agency, could produce such a work in six weeks; and yet it was improvised through a medium in just twenty-six hours and sixteen minutes. I know it is the fashion with the secular press to assume that all the poetry emanating from the spirits is mere doggerel and utterly worthless. For this reason I may be permitted to extract—almost at random and not on account of the exceptional merit of the passage—a few lines as an illustrative example of the quality of the poem to which reference is here made. The heavenly music contemplates our planetary system as a grand musical instrument—the Solar Harp. One chord in the stellar lyre (the spirit's reference is to the Earth) is represented as *unstrung*. But the angels—the invisible ministers of the divine harmonies—touch the Earth with immortal fire and it is renewed. The chord which had lost its tone is restored and becomes responsive, and Earth, with radiant face—coming out of the darkness and discord with the unbroken symbols of her power—joins in the Solar Anthem.

#### THE SOLAR HARP.

There are twelve great chords in the Solar Harp—  
One chord alone unstrung;  
That chord is touched with a living spark,  
And again it flutters a tongue.  
Joy! Joy! Joy!  
That chord is touched with a living spark,  
And the earth grows fair and young.  
There are twelve great Angels above the stars,  
And they sit on their thrones of gold;  
But the throne of one, by Death's iron bars,  
Was crushed in the ages old.  
Joy! Joy! Joy!  
For earth's throne again is among the stars,  
And she sits in the angel-fold.  
There are twelve great Nations in solar space,  
But one of them sat in the gloom;  
The sun of its glory veiled its face  
In the darkness of the tomb.  
Joy! Joy! Joy!  
For the twelfth great Nation lifts its face,  
And glows with immortal bloom.  
—(Epic of the Stellar Heaven.)

The third and last hypothetical method by which you propose to explain the facts of Spiritualism—to borrow and emphasize your own words—is "the doctrine of chances, the slippery foundation on which all this superstructure of superstition and imposture rests." Here you seem to abandon the first and second hypotheses, and to rest "all" on what you are pleased to term a "slippery foundation." Every one who has made the phenomena a subject of serious observation knows very well that the claims of Spiritualism rest on no such uncertain foundation. Let me frankly tell you that such hypothetical facts as you are pleased to use in your peculiar method of illustration are not such as any rational believer is accustomed to depend upon. May I ask why you do not look at the real facts in the case, instead of trifling with a grave subject by the use of bogus examples?

Now suppose you make an application of your doctrine of chances to the composition of the Epic, and tell us how by chance such a work was accomplished in twenty-six hours and a quarter, when there exists not even a shadow of probability that the combined powers of the medium and all the witnesses could ever have produced it at all. The idea that it is possible to execute such a work by accident—in other words, in the absence of any design and without effort—will not be entertained for a moment by any rational mind. To illustrate your doctrine of chances—where Dr. Adam Clark defines to be, "men's ignorance of the real and immediate cause"—employ a man to throw paint all day at canvas; let him continue the experiment as long as he lives; then let another succeed him in the exercise of the same function; and so on for centuries in unbroken succession. If in one thousand years you chance to get, by this means, a faithful copy of Raphael's Madonna, or of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," you may possibly find some one disposed to listen to the doctrine of chances as an explanation of the Spiritual Phenomena.

You object that "Spiritualism will not be put to work—will not subserve any human purpose—will not come when wanted, . . . it will not repeat itself," or, in other words, the phenomena can not be reproduced *ad libitum*. That Spiritualism has been most effectively "put to work" to overthrow the scientific materialism of the age, and to revise the religious beliefs of all Christendom, is obvious enough to all who are pleased to look at the evidence. That in this way it subserves a divine purpose by quickening the spiritual faculties in human nature, and by furnishing scientific confirmation of our faith in immortality—is already demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of several millions of the human race. When you object that, in respect to positive evidence, it is altogether unlike science, because its phenomena can not always be repeated, or reproduced at pleasure, you assume too much. This is no less true of a very large portion of accredited science. I have not time to survey the whole circle of the sciences with a view to an analytical and exhaustive exposure of the fallacy of your reasoning, and hence a more summary method must be adopted. The barometer may indicate the same general atmospheric conditions, but the nimbus and cumulo-stratus clouds never assume precisely the same forms any two days in the whole year. The laws of Nature are ever the same, but her method produces endless variety, and never an exact reproduction of the same phases and aspects. And because this is the truth, which no

\*These lines have been set to appropriate music by Prof. George Harrison.

one may dispute, will you assume that meteorology is no science?

If we may not exactly duplicate the same fact in Spiritualism at will, it is nevertheless true that facts of a similar character may be obtained at almost any time under suitable conditions. But in science there are many facts which may never be repeated at our solicitation. This does not warrant our disputing their actual occurrence. Should you chance to observe, on some clear night, one of those small comical bodies which, for a moment, become incandescent by their motion through the earth's atmosphere—a shooting-star or luminous meteor—and you were to make the same subject of a paragraph in the *Argonaut*, you would not expect your readers to dispute your statement, and obstinately refuse to believe unless you would make a definite appointment, bring out your meteor, and continue to repeat the exhibition at stated periods, or as often as the caprice of some caviling skeptic might dictate. There may be creatures in human shape so enslaved that they hug the chains they wear.

"As the pipes of some carved organ move  
The glided puppets' dance."

But Nature is not responsible for such servility; nor is science the servant of petty dictators. On the contrary, Nature pursues her majestic course regardless of our vain conceits; nor can the administration of her laws be stayed to save an empire.

"Such is the world's great harmony that springs  
From union, order, and consent of things."

Astronomers tell us that there is a pale pilgrim of the sky, whose flaming hair trails through one hundred millions of miles of ether; that this celestial traveler has made but a single circuit or revolution since Noah's flood; and we are disposed to believe what they say. Science presumes that this mysterious apparition will come round again in the far-away future. Now here is another heavenly body (we know not how many such exist) that will not reappear at our bidding; it will not come and stop and pose for your artist; and so you may, if you will, ridicule the pretensions of the astronomers. In this case you will nurse your unbelief a long time if you wait for a personal introduction to this missionary of light from heaven. The last of the *Argonauts* may founder in the great sea of popular skepticism, realizing at last that "the golden fleece" is not for the faithless. We shall finish our own brief commentary on passing events and the drift of the world's thought; but *cosmos* will remain; the procession of the seasons will move on; nations will rise and fall, and centuries come and go. But when that pale traveler comes back from his long pilgrimage to the frontiers of the astral system, we shall watch his progress from observatories in the heavens, and how will this world be changed! It is more than probable that the foremost nations of Europe will have finished their career and live only in history. Even the model Republic of the Nineteenth Century may only exist in story, because among the more enduring monuments of great Peoples their languages are sometimes immortal.

In the true spirit of freedom and universal Progress, and in the hope that the boundaries of science will soon be so far enlarged as to embrace our formulated knowledge of spiritual things, I am, my dear sir,

Yours truly,

S. B. BUTTAN, M. D.  
Belvidere, Warren Co., N. J., July 28th, 1880.

## Biographical.

### THE EARLY DAYS OF E. V. WILSON.

BY HIS SISTER, MRS. PAULINE WILSON STEPHENS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Now that the earthly career of my brother, E. V. Wilson, has closed, I have thought that a few items in regard to his early life might prove of interest to his friends and the readers of your paper.

He was born on the 16th of March, 1818, in Pittstown, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., the eldest of the children of Samuel and Charlotte Wilson, and was a child of such delicate health that it was questionable for a long time whether he would live beyond the years of childhood. Our mother was a Methodist and an excellent clairvoyant. Night after night, for a long period, she would not close her eyes, so exacting were the demands of the feeble boy upon her constant care and watchfulness; and I well remember her saying she did not know by what means she had succeeded in sustaining him in life unless the Lord had helped her, for the purpose of keeping him on earth for the fulfillment of some great work he had laid out for him to do. He was christened Ebenezer Vespasian Wilson. In his early life he was a somnambulist. Many times during that period the entire family have been aroused at night by his declaiming in a powerful voice to what we supposed to be an imaginary audience. He exhibited an eager desire for books, and availed himself of every opportunity to acquire knowledge. But the means of obtaining an education were very limited in the central portion of the Empire State, from 1824, when our parents moved to Oneida County, until 1834, when Eben entered the battle of life for himself, consequently no systematic course of study was pursued by him.

He would often relate the remarkable dreams he had. Our mother, being highly mediumsitic and often in communion with spirits, was always in sympathy with him, but our father, who had received an excellent education, considering the limited facilities for acquiring one in his youth, treated everything of the kind as mere superstition, and would not allow the subject to be discussed in the family. Often have I heard him say to mother: "I fear Eben will never amount to anything, he is so visionary and seemingly worthless."

Father was a farmer in those days, and his large family of boys were necessary helps in the fields. From constitutional weakness and a consequent disinclination to manual labor, Eben, as he was always called, often escaped out-door toil, and being with mother so much, he busied himself in assisting her in her household duties. Many were the loaves of bread his hands made for the family repasts. He was an excellent knitter and sewer, and used to delight in spinning the yarn. Our dear mother's health was at that time very poor, and in Eben's desire to aid her he frequently undertook and accomplished the arduous task of doing the entire washing for the large family. I was the only daughter, nearly five years his junior, and the remembrances of these events are indelibly impressed upon my memory.

I recollect when he was about twelve years old, father said he must go to the field and help hoe the corn, and, as disobedience to parental commands was unknown, he went; but in the evening he said to mother, "I suppose I shall

have to work till I get big enough to take care of myself, but when that time comes I shall not hoe corn, for I know there is something in my head that will support me."

Father's farm lay on the north side of Oneida Creek, near its mouth. Just north of where the house, barn and yards were located was a strip of land, some forty rods in length, that fifty years ago was white sand, and in the family was called "the sand streak." It was enclosed in a pasture. In the summer of 1831, Eben was one evening told to drive the cows home. He started off cheerfully, and had been gone but a short time when the whole family were startled by fearful screams, whereupon all rushed to the door. Eben was approaching, and soon reached the house. His face was white as clay; he trembled in every limb, clung to his mother for protection and hid his face in her clothes. Father sternly inquired what it all meant. Eben replied that the whole sand-streak was covered with Indians, fighting and killing each other, and he had to jump over their dead bodies. Then looking in the direction of the point indicated he exclaimed, "There they are yet! Don't you see them? Don't you see them?" But of course no one beheld them but the young seer, and that he did so, those who witnessed his manner and his frightened looks could not for a moment doubt.

About three years after the above occurrence there came to our house a very aged Indian, bringing with him a printed pamphlet, in which it was stated that he was an Oneida Brave; that during the Revolutionary war he had rendered great service to the army by running to carry a letter from General Schuyler to another department of the army, and soliciting all who should read the pamphlet to give him any little supplies he might want, in consideration of the service he had rendered our common country. The pamphlet further stated his probable time of birth, which would show him to be about one hundred years old. The account was signed by Governor Clinton. He could talk very good English. He told our parents that when he was a small child the Indians had a great battle on those grounds, and going out doors he pointed to the sand-streak and said, there they fought all day long; the ground was covered with dead; that his father was killed, and his mother took him on her back and ran all night to save his life. Our mother then said it was no wonder that Eben had been frightened on the sand-streak.

When about seventeen years of age Eben went to work at lumbering, cutting wood and hauling it to the creek. The man by whom he was employed refused to pay him, and father determined to prosecute him at law in order to obtain what was Eben's due. In furtherance of this he proposed to engage the services of a lawyer; but Eben said he would plead the case himself at court, and so persistent was he in his determination that he was told to go ahead, have his own way and lose the case. He did go ahead, argued the case, won it and received his pay.

The next year he went to what was then "the far West," the Mississippi Valley. He was absent a year and a half, and returned home in the fall of 1838 sick, and continued in poor health all winter. In the spring of 1839 he worked on an Erie Canal boat. In June, 1840, he married Archelia Adaline Eggleston, an excellent young lady, born and educated in our vicinity. The following year his first child was born, Edwin, who fell, with thousands of others, in defence of his country during the war of the rebellion. During the winter of 1842-3, he resided in Utica, and became "converted" under the preaching of the revivalist, Jacob Knapp. The doctrines of Millerism being then much talked of, he adopted them, but the day of the end of all things having passed, leaving him a foothold on earth, he naturally changed his views on that subject.

In the spring of 1844 he again started for the West, leaving his family at home. In July of that year his wife and two sons followed him, but the vessel in which they embarked came near being lost on Lake Michigan. Eben, who was at that time in Chicago, receiving a vision showing their peril, started the next day on a vessel, and shortly after met the one on which his wife and children were, in a disabled condition. He lived a few months in Chicago, during which time George, a child of two years, passed to spirit-life. From this place his business led him to remove his family to Menomonee, Green Bay, where in the spring of 1846 his wife passed from this life, leaving an infant. This infant, with the boy Edwin, Eben brought to me. I was then married, living in Mercer Co., Ill. My mother was with me, but father had passed to the spirit-world in 1844. Eben felt impressed that the youngest child would not abide long on earth. Starting on his return to business, the vessel upon which he took passage was wrecked near Milwaukee, Wis., and many lives were lost. He drifted ashore in a semi-conscious condition, from which at daylight he was aroused by his spirit wife, who stood at his side with the infant in her arms, it having passed from my care the day before. In writing of his misfortune, he said he knew the babe had passed away, for Archelia held it in her arms, and told him she had taken it.

In August, 1847, he came home, and in September was united in marriage with "Farmer Mary." In May, 1850, being on a visit to his mother, then living with me, he informed us of the Rochester Knockings, and related what he had witnessed, and said: "If this thing proves to be a fact, it will renovate the world." He continued to investigate its claims, became convinced of its truth, and entered upon its public advocacy. From this date, the life and services of E. V. Wilson are well known to all Spiritualists.

#### All Vaccination Bad Alike.

I had been on board "The City of Berlin" steamer five or six days when a Quaker lady from Pennsylvania, but residing in New York, accosted me with the question, "Are you the gentleman who is opposed to vaccination?" I said, "I am," and then she replied, "Then I wish to shake hands with you," and proceeded to relate the terrible results following the vaccination of her own children. Her eldest daughter, a well born child, without spot or blemish, had been so fearfully poisoned by vaccination that the flesh dropped from her arm within a short time of the operation. She is now a woman, and through life has been afflicted with humors requiring surgical treatment, and her existence has been rendered miserable. Her second child broke out in suppurating sores after vaccination, when she remonstrated with the doctor, accusing him of using bad matter; adding, with tears in her eyes as she revived her painful experience, "I did not know then, as I know now, that all such matter is bad alike." Another child, one of twins, had been killed outright by vaccination. I said, "Madam, how is it that, after your first child had been so seriously injured, you allowed the others to be vaccinated?" She replied, "Because I was compelled to do so according to the laws of the State of Pennsylvania."—William Webb, in *Vaccination Inquirer and Health Review*.

## Foreign Correspondence.

### ECHOES FROM ENGLAND.

NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

BY J. J. MORSE,

Special Correspondent and English Agent of the Banner of Light.

In counting up the sum of progress made by Spiritualism over here, some of our friends are dissatisfied with the total, and consider greater, as well as more numerous results ought to have been expressed. There are those good, but fearful souls, in all movements, who, being inclined to a more or less pronounced pessimism, mistake periods of rest for times of that decay preceding death. From such folks at such times a "Jeremiad" is all that can be expected, though the "Jubilant" of success has but a little while before been sounded by their lips.

Our Jeremiahs over here are inclined "to come out strong," and deluge us with tears and deafen us with lamentations both alike uncalled for, since whatever cause there may be for the disunion in our ranks, Spiritualism itself is in no wise responsible; all such must be laid at the doors of those inconsiderates who imagined our spirit-sent cause to be a plaything for them, or a stepping-stone to notoriety, by enabling them to air their crochets, exercise their hands at rulership, or in other ways divert the glory of Spiritualism to the illumination of their own peculiar selves. If such as these have "sown the wind" they cannot but expect "to reap the whirlwind" in course, and if that wind be a winnowing gale that sweeps out chaff, and leaves the grain, timorous souls may groan the while, but in the end the cause will be the better and the stronger. Our Spiritualism must be the rule of life; self must be subordinated, and with a righteous determination to help the angel-world in their mission upon earth no reason for fears of the stability of our cause will ever be found, for strong from within it can resist pressure from without. Harmony, unity, the common good—these are our duty.

Miss Maizie A. Houghton—whose name is known in Boston as an excellent healer, as it is also well known here in London—has been the subject of attentions anything but delicate or polite, from that well matched couple, Dr. Forbes Winslow, and a person using the name of "Charles Stuart Cumberland," but who turned out to be a Mr. Charles Garner, clerk in a butcher's store in the city of Oxford, though announcing himself as a journalist, lecturer and friend of the Home Secretary! Miss Houghton was taken upon a warrant granted at the request of the above persons, and after a strict cross-examination of "Cumberland," or "Garner," by the defending counsel, that gentleman was glad enough to ask that the charge against Miss Houghton be dismissed. Miss Houghton has suffered severely, physically and mentally, but it is some satisfaction to feel that, in her person, has again been fought successfully the battle of mediumship against bigotry and prejudice. Mr. Garner will in future, no doubt, confine his killing attentions to sheep, etc., and not expend them on mediums and Spiritualists.

The "British National Association of Spiritualists" commenced their annual series of "Fortnightly Discussion Meetings" last night—Monday, Nov. 1st—the course being opened by the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, who delivered an able lecture upon "The Pending Crisis in Spiritualism, and how to Meet it," before a numerous company in the Association's rooms. The lecture, and the concluding poem upon "Light, More Light," were received with marked favor. In the absence of the President the chair was occupied by Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, M. S. Tel. E. These fortnightly meetings are looked forward to every year by a large body of Spiritualists in Great Britain, who either attend in person or eagerly peruse the reports of them in the press; and much valuable matter is annually contributed to our literature. As proof of the wide area traveled over, and evidence of the ability employed, the list of the current session, 1880-81, is submitted:

Nov. 1st, Mrs. Richmond (franchise address). "The Pending Crisis in Spiritualism, and how to meet it." Nov. 15th, Mr. E. T. Colmore, "Agostic Organization among Spiritualists." Dec. 6th, Mr. Calder, President B. N. A., "Social Harmony." Dec. 20th, Mr. Morell Theobald, "Mistakes of Spiritualists and Investigators." Jan. 17th, Mr. Dawson Rogers, "The Proper Attitude of Spiritualists to Public Paid Mediumship." Feb. 7th, Rev. W. M. All, "Conviction: Its Basis and Obligations." Feb. 21st, Rev. Dr. Maurice Davies, "An Hour's Communion with the Dead." March 7th, Miss A. Rundale, "Re-incarnation." March 21st, Mr. Morse, "Mediumship in Relation to Health." April 4th, Madame de Sclager, "Art and the Supernatural." April 21st, Mr. D. G. Fitz-Gerald, "Spiritualism versus the Press and the Double-Edged Sword." May 5th, Mr. F. E. Cook (Chicago), "Relations of Science and Spiritualism." June 6th, Mr. Stanton Moses, M. A., "What I Know about Spiritualism, and What I do not Know."

The council of the B. N. A. S. are promoting a "national memorial," for presentation to the Home Secretary, with a view to bringing about some alterations in the laws with regard to the position of mediums, who are now held liable to pains and penalties "as rogues and vagabonds" in a manner most discreditable to our age.

Messrs. Smart and Spriggs, two young gentlemen belonging to Cardiff, Wales, have lately sailed from London to Australia. A company of some sixteen friends assembled in Mr. Burns's parlors and bade them farewell, presenting them with an illuminated address in the names of the Spiritualists of England. But as no one knew of the intention until after its execution, its national and representative character is somewhat speculative. From personal acquaintance, however, with the two gentlemen, I can assure your Australian readers they will find them a most desirable acquisition. Mr. Spriggs is an excellent medium for materialization, against whom no suspicion has ever been breathed. The "Circle of Light," in Cardiff, to which he was medium, has a world-wide reputation for its success, its spirituality, and the incontestability of its phenomenal facts. Mr. Smart is an excellent stenographer, and has reported several of the lectures delivered by the guides of the writer. Long may they be spared to work for our cause.

A general conference of British Spiritualists has just been held in Manchester, to which the writer acted as Honorary Secretary. A pleasant time was had, and it was resolved to advocate the formation of "District Committees" as a prelude to a more complete national unity. The conference was preceded by three special services on the Sunday at which Messrs. Wright and Lambelle and your correspondent officiated, each being greeted with excellent audiences. As Honorary Secretary it fell to the writer's lot to obtain a statistical return of the movement here. For convenience of reference your correspondent put the returns in tabular form, and his table is printed in the *Spiritualist* for Oct. 26th.

Among the American authors exciting the

most interest over here just now, my beloved friend, Dr. J. M. Peebles, takes the lead—the demand for his later works: "Spiritual Harmonies" and "Our Immortal Homes," being very great, so much so that my cases are emptied of them as soon as received, and then purchasers have to wait. As stated in my last, there was a deal of pleasurable anticipation over the Doctor's new work on the future life, and that anticipation has been fully realized since the work has come to hand. It will undoubtedly attain a permanent popularity similar to the "Seers of the Ages," considered by many the best work the Doctor has produced. The *Pilgrim* is a marvel! How does he find time to accomplish all his work.

Trusting the truth, practicing it always, we build up a life that is holy in ourselves, beautifying humanity at large, and bequeathing to posterity a legacy that shall help on the world to higher spheres of love and goodness. So let us trust, so let us practice, and it will be well for all, and the angels will ever be with us and for us.

Progressive Literature Agency,  
22 Pallatine Road, Stoke Newington,  
London, Eng.

### The Fate of Sir John Franklin's Expedition.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

You may, perhaps, remember that about the year 1850 a spiritual medium somewhere near the coast of Maine published a small pamphlet, in which he stated that the spirit of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN had communicated to him an account of his last Arctic expedition.

Sir John stated therein that the canned meats with which his ship had been provided—having been improperly prepared—all spoiled; that it therefore became necessary to devote so large a proportion of his crew to bear and seal-hunting, &c., instead of navigation, that the entire command consequently perished.

About the year 1856 I mentioned this circumstance to Sir Emerson Tenant, then Secretary of the Board of Trade in London, remarking, also, that inasmuch as we had no means of testing the correctness of the statement thus furnished, the question must remain an open one.

The Baronet was not a Spiritualist, but he immediately remarked that he happened to know that the canned meats alluded to were a portion of a large lot that had been prepared at Berlin for the British Government, and that the residue proved worthless, having spoiled in a naval storehouse at Portsmouth, I think.

I have recently seen in the public prints that a Mr. Cheyne—in England—has lately raised this question, with a theory that attributes the failure of Franklin's expedition to the same cause, and declares himself ready to prove that other parties used portions of the same lot of cans above named, that also proved unreliable, and failed accordingly. [\*]

JOS. P. HAZARD.

Seaside, R. I., Oct. 8th, 1880.

\*[The account to which our correspondent evidently refers is as follows: a more lengthy statement, but presenting substantially the same facts, is also going the rounds of the press, credited as being from a letter to the New York Herald by Commander Cheyne.—Ed. B. or L.]

Commander Cheyne says: "It was not the Arctic regions that sent Franklin's men to the next world. They were murdered by the contractor who supplied the expedition with preserved meat. The same contractor supplied Sir James Ross's expedition to which I belonged, and the time he had spent in the Arctic regions was not without some of the tips, when opened, contained nothing but big knuckles of bone. Everything belonging to the animals was put into the tin, except the bones, hoofs and hides. The very entrails were there, and when the crew, having nothing else, ate them, they had to hold their noses, so offensive was the stench. If Sir James Ross and his party had been out another winter they would have starved. I have repeatedly, in my lectures throughout England, denounced this contractor as a murderer, and dared him to bring evidence to the contrary. I should be glad to have him do so, for I could establish the truth of what I say." In support of this statement Commander Cheyne quotes from the *Franklin Arctic Regions*, by Simmons, the following passage in regard to the deplorable sufferings of Captain Moore's search expedition in 1848: "After a minute examination about ten thousand pounds of preserved meats on board this vessel were found in a pulpy, decayed and putrid state, totally unfit for men's food, and ten thousand five hundred and seven pounds were thrown overboard. As the sea was as usual calm in July last," Commander Cheyne has been in three Arctic expeditions. He was with Sir James Ross when he found the ruins of the Franklin expedition, and he has been on the island of St. Michael and elsewhere they found this bearing the contractor's name, and Commander Cheyne, knowing the kind of provisions which he had prepared for the expedition, noted in his journal to the effect that he could fully understand how Sir John Franklin's men had come to their death. The same contractor subsequently supplied the Mediterranean fleet, and Sir William Parker, the commander, condemned the supplies at Malta.

#### New Publications.

JAPANESE FAMILY WORLD—Stories from the Wonder-Lore of Japan, by William Elliot Griffis, author of "The Mikado's Empire." Illustrated by Ozawa, of Tokio. Schenectady, N. Y.: James H. Barlyte.

Twelve years' intercourse with Japanese youth and four years' residence in Japan, enabled the compiler of the thirty-four stories contained in this volume to make the selections from the literary and artistic products of the imagination of that, to us, strange nation. Some of them he first read on the tattooed bodies of the native foot runners, others he first saw in the flower-tableaux at the floral shows in the streets of Tokio. In the collection are condensations of bulky volumes and interminable romances, and a few sketches by the author embodying Japanese ideas, beliefs and superstitions. The dozen engravings are from drawings made by a native artist of Tokio. The book possesses a peculiar charm for children, and is not without interest to adult readers.

THE BACK BAY DISTRICT AND THE VENEDOME. Boston, by Moses King, editor of "King's Hand-Book of Boston," etc.

The new palatial hotel of this city, "The Vendome," of which Col. J. W. Wolcott is the proprietor, is the central figure around which the array of artistic beauties contained in this *bijou* revolve. A finely executed engraving of the "Vendome" is given, with a map of Boston originally published in 1722, twenty or more pictures of public buildings, works of art and points of interest, and brief historical sketches of Boston and its suburbs, serve to make this work a pleasing souvenir for transient visitors to take with them on leaving the city, or to send to strangers at a distance who desire to know something of the attractions of the metropolis of New England.

LA GRANDE FLOREINE. A Love Story, by Adolph Belot. Translated from the French by G. D. Cox. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

As a sequel to "The Strangers of Paris," this is pronounced to be a brilliant illustration of the remarkable skill of its author in the construction and development of an intensely interesting plot.

"TRUE RELIGION" is the name of a poem by Mrs. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, N. Y., appended to which are "Rhymes on Shakerism," by Mrs. Harter and Lizzie Morton; recently published in a tract of twenty pages. The subjects are pleasantly treated in Hudibrastic verse.

James Jackson Jarvis writes from Florence to the New York Times as follows: "If Boston should ever decide on redeeming her reputation in monuments, which it should do soon to keep pace with its intellectual growth in other matters, there is an historical incident at the very bottom of the annals of Massachusetts which affords, either in sculpture or painting, a motive of great character and capacity of treatment. I refer to the visit of the first Indian to the half-starved Pilgrim Fathers on that memorable wintry morning when Samoset, as he called himself, instead of coming with war-hatchet, advanced from the woods toward the startled group with the words, 'Welcome, Englishmen,' on his lips—a sentence that was the anticipatory requiem of his own race and the giving over of a continent to the white race. Here is material for a great work of art, indeed."







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In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of contributors. The editorial articles are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we cannot undertake to publish the varied shades of opinion to which contributors give utterance. We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the contributor in all cases should be a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a line around the article he desires specially to recommend for perusal. Subscribers to Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday, as the BANNER OF LIGHT goes to press every Tuesday.

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THE WORK OF SPIRITUALISTS has been the subject of much discussion, and the highest spheres of angelic life to the lowest conditions of human ignorance. It is as broad as Wisdom, as comprehensive as Love, and its mission is to bless mankind, *John Pierpont.*

### Our Heavenly Visitors.

*Reincarnation and Visible Appearance of Fifty Spirits—Four Males and Eleven Females: Indubitable Evidence of Materialization and De-materialization.*

By invitation we attended a spirit materializing séance at the residence of Mrs. Andrew Bigelow, No. 3 Hancock Street, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 17th. The company was a select one, numbering eight adults, two only being females. It is altogether unnecessary to specify the initial proceedings, as that has been done many times in these columns; suffice it to say we were convinced there was no collusion, and no avenue open for deception of any kind. This matter being settled beyond doubt, we give below a succinct description of what we saw, with our senses vividly on the alert every moment, and what the other visitors in the circle likewise saw during the sitting of two hours and a half. To only say that the company was gratified that the séance was a successful one, etc., would be taking an entirely superficial view of the astounding phenomena presented in the short space of time named above. It was marvelous in the extreme. No words can describe the holiness of the scene presented. It thrilled every heart. The personal spirit-friends of nearly every one in the room alternately appeared, and were fully recognized; and the delight of the for the time being embodied spirits, when identified, was unbounded. Should we give a fully-detailed account of what we witnessed it would occupy several columns of the *Banner of Light*, and then not do full justice to the wonderfully life-like appearance of our angel visitors.

A short, appropriate invocation was made by the lady of the house, a pleasing melody sung, and presently the curtains parted, and before us, in angelic beauty, stood a female form which was recognized as the guardian of the son of Mrs. B. She was robed in white, a profusion of lace being about her head, which she soon removed, and passing outside the group of sitters, she placed her hands on the heads of each in succession, enveloping the heads of some with her lace mantle, making passes over those of others, and kissing those whom she had before met.

Next came a tall, gracefully-formed female spirit, indicating by a motion of her hands those with whom she was acquainted. Though her features were not at first recognized, she soon made herself known by directing attention to a silver leaf on her brow. One of those whom she had indicated as being acquainted with was, during her (the spirit's) life on earth (1836), a correspondent of several Spiritualist publications, writing over the signature of "Silver Leaf." Being recognized, the leaf became more distinct. She then displayed a lace shawl or mantle ornamented with many silver leaves. At the time referred to the lady also wrote over a signature of her own, and she was asked if she would in like manner give us to understand what it was. She retired, and in a short time reappeared with another object in place of the leaf. Wishing to assure himself and all present of the test the spirit had chosen to give of her identity, the gentleman requested others present to state what ornament she now wore, and it was said, "It is a pearl"—which was correct, her *nom de plume* having been "Pearl."

The next was immediately recognized by one of the company as his wife, her long experience in materialization enabling her to come with great strength. She beckoned him to approach, which he did, and, embracing, they kissed each other, the gentleman congratulating her upon the wonderful success attending her appearance.

Another female form then came. She walked to where we were seated and extended her hand to us. We took it in our own and shook hands with her as naturally as we could have both been mortals of earth. Her head and face were enveloped in a veil of thin, gauzy material, which in a brief time she carefully removed. Our impression was that it was Mrs. Conant; but we were not fully assured of the fact until, as she gained strength, the features gradually assumed an appearance we were long familiar with, and we then felt that in truth and verity the spirit-form of our faithful co-worker in the cause stood before us. The light, fleecy mantle she had taken from her head and now held in her hand, she dropped to the floor, and, kneeling

upon it, motioned us to approach her. We did so, and as we bowed our head she raised her hands and held them a moment above us, as if in supplication for the bestowal of spiritual blessings.

With many expressions of delightful satisfaction in having been able to succeed in all she had undertaken, Mrs. Conant left us, and shortly after a smiling, frolicsome face was thrust through the opening of the curtain. Then the full figure appeared: an Indian maiden with long black hair, whom we recognized to be "Springflower," one we had long known as a spirit. "Springflower" on this occasion was quite comely. Daring upon our view at one instant, she quickly vanished behind the curtain the next, played bo-peep in its folds, and amused us with her quaint facial expressions and child-like antics. Passing behind the sitters she allowed each to handle her long dark tresses, and threw them playfully over the heads and faces of several. She walked to all parts of the room, being at some points a distance of twenty feet from the medium. Apparently greatly interested in every object, she looked at the pictures, passed her hands over a piece of statuary, as if to learn of what it was, made, and, attracted to a bright colored cushion cover, made an attempt to remove it. She then passed to a what-not, took up various articles and examined them, and finally, while holding a vase in her hands, extracted from it a dozen or more fancy lamp-lighters, and carried them behind the curtain. Her merry mood led one of our party to remark that one of his spirit daughters had frequently increased the length of her hair until it touched the floor, which was more than "Springflower" could do. But the happy little Indian girl was not to be thrown from her equanimity by such bantering. She immediately commenced to manipulate her long, flowing hair, as if to extend its length. After doing so, she suddenly stooped so that the ends touched the floor, then arose, and with a triumphant smile on her face, bounded behind the curtain. She soon reappeared, and motioning for a chair, seated herself, and passing her hair through her hands several times, increased its bulk to about double what it was at first.

When "Springflower" first appeared her dress was pure white. She directed our special attention to it, and we beheld its surface gradually change until it glistened as if covered with diamond dust. Retiring for a moment, she soon reappeared, and the dress was adorned with what looked like silver spangles, each being about half-an-inch in diameter, placed three inches apart. She remained with us from fifteen to twenty minutes, and was the strongest materialization of the evening.

Our next visitor was recognized as Mr. Lloyd Minum, a brother of the wife of Mr. Hazard. When on earth he signalized his life by heroic conduct in saving the lives of many of his fellow-passengers, during the burning of the steamboat "Henry Clay," on the North River many years ago. At that time he met with an accident that disabled him more or less the remainder of his life, the nature of which he made known on this occasion as a proof of his identity.

John Pierpont, Bertie North, and a son of Mrs. B. then appeared.

Mr. Hazard's daughter Fanny next presented herself and affectionately greeted her father.

Then came a female whose features were very clearly defined. She was recognized as Pauline Wright Davis, a lady well known for her active efforts, while on earth, in advancing the interests of women and her hearty cooperation in all movements for the general good of all.

Mr. H.'s daughter Gertrude came, pleasantly greeted all, and affectionately met her father.

So long an interval elapsed between the disappearance of the last spirit and the appearance of another, that it was supposed no others were to come; but an emphatic movement of the curtain indicated that the séance had not terminated, and soon after a spirit-form came into view, and was immediately recognized by Mrs. J. S. Adams as a relative who passed to the spirit-world only a fortnight previous. The recognition was perfect, she having been deformed while in the earth-life, which peculiarity was fully shown as she now appeared. The effect upon Mrs. A. was extremely thrilling. She had not supposed it possible for her aunt to come, but she now stood before her with all the reality of life, in a position she had many times seen her, and tears of joy and gratitude came to her eyes as she beheld what was to her the crowning event of the evening. So overcome was she by the manifestation that she could not move from her seat to approach the spirit-form, though asked to do so; but Mr. Adams stepped forward, took the spirit's hand in his own, and felt assured of her identity. The same eyes, the same arrangement of the hair, the same complexion, the same expression, size and form with which he had been familiar for upwards of thirty years. The spirit appeared as greatly overjoyed at being able to come, as her friends were in welcoming her.

Mr. Hazard's daughter Anna next came, and after the customary salutation with which she invariably greets her father, confirmed the identity of Mrs. Davis and indicated the pleasure she experienced in meeting her in spirit-life. Then, waving her hand as if to extend her kindly wishes to all, she withdrew.

The last spirit-form which appeared was understood to be that of a lady of ancient time. As she stood before us, each was permitted in turn to approach her and observe the beauty of her features and complexion. They were, indeed, nothing of earth, and we will not attempt to describe them. The curtain was parted sufficiently for us to see the medium, and at the opening stood the spirit-form, attired in white. Her headress was also white, banded across the forehead and draped closely at each side of the face, after the manner of women of the East. While standing in full view of the company, the form gradually decreased in height and breadth, at the same time slowly retreating to where the medium lay, until it was less than one-half its original size. As this progressed the outline of the form became less and less discernible, and soon nothing was seen but a narrow strip of white, through which we beheld the medium on the lounge, and that gradually vanished.

The séance was a success, not because we were all Spiritualists, not because the medium was spiritually exalted in her nature and unexcelled for the production of the phenomena, but from a combination of causes, chief of which was the fact that we had no desire to dictate conditions. We had entire confidence in our spirit friends, and they in us, and, consequently, that perfect harmony existed which is absolutely essential at such times to secure satisfactory results.

Nearly every spirit that came seemed to make special efforts to assure us of the reliability of the medium and the genuineness of the mani-

festations, by repeatedly drawing the curtain aside, so that every one could plainly see the former, reclining, deeply entranced, upon the lounge.

The spirits who appeared and walked among us were not thin, shadowy forms, ethical nothings to our sense of touch, which one's hand might pass through as through a cloud of mist; but so far as that sense and others could be cognizant—firm, substantial bodies.

### Changing Orthodoxy.

If the churches are right beyond a peradventure, they obviously need no modification in their creeds and observances. Yet we see such modification continually going on. It was only the other day that the general convention of the Episcopal Church, sitting in New York, adopted a resolution looking to the revision and necessary modification of the Book of Common Prayer, which it has always held to be next to the Bible, in acknowledged obedience to the changed views and opinions of the present time. The prayer-book, it was urged, needed alteration to suit the age in which the church is obliged to live to-day.

We have in a recent issue referred to the case of the Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, and the fearless and outspoken character of his utterances regarding many of the at least tacitly understood tenets of Methodism (for it is a notable fact that open and critical formulation of its opinions has not entered to any large extent into the practical life of that church). The public press teems with marked instances all over the country which demonstrate that the liberalizing process is going on, and that its fruits are not wanting both in the utterances of the clergy and the laity alike. The recent remarks of Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, (Baptist,) of Brooklyn, and Rev. H. L. Kitchin, (Baptist,) of Waupaca, Wis., are keenly to the point in this direction.

So it is all around. Even iron-clad Calvinism, the most cruel and forbidding creed known to Christendom, is silently suppressed by making no mention of it; and other doctrines, derived mainly from the same source, are evaded or passed over without the regular Sabbath preaching about them. Nothing more is required to show that the ecclesiastical power, which seeks to control all else, is obliged to take not merely hints but inspiration from the prevailing body of public opinion. It would be arrant folly to undertake seriously to deliver spiritual messages to a people who put no faith in them. That is just what the preachers are beginning experimentally to find out. The people will have something besides the old chaff and refuse of ecclesiastical magnification.

A discourse was delivered before the Independent Religious Society of Utica in May last, that furnishes an illustration of our remarks. It was based on the defection, or rather the open revolt, of Rev. Mr. Adams from the Orthodox Church, he having rejected the dogma of eternal punishment on natural ground. "Sixteen years ago," said the speaker, "while pastor of a Congregational Church, I began the protest which led me, step by step, into rationalism. And I know well," he added, "the doubts and troubles which thousands are suffering who have not wholly escaped. I have letters from ministers, Sunday-school superintendents, lawyers, physicians and business men, asking counsel."

A Wisconsin minister confesses that he dare not open his mind to a brother minister, for fear the latter would at once lose confidence in him. Ask any church member you chance to meet if he has no doubts as to the soundness of the theology he professes—says the Utica preacher. He quotes Rev. Dr. Patten as saying that you may even yield the inspiration of the Scriptures without losing the essential portion of Christianity. The dissent of Mr. Adams from the hell doctrine is based on the rationalistic ground that enlightened human nature protests against it, that the whole doctrine of eternal punishment is abhorrent to every sentiment of honor and justice in the human soul. Dr. Lyman Beecher said, "The woes of some will make others happy because their punishment glorifies God." But the son, Edward Beecher, says, "This doctrine involves God, his whole administration, and his eternal kingdom in the deepest dishonor that the mind of man can conceive."

Our Utica preacher remarked with perfect truth, that the brooding horror of this whole scheme of salvation and damnation has cursed us beyond all that can be expressed. He has no patience to discuss the question of eternal doom. He said he was far more anxious to have the people get rid of the notion of heaven than of the notion of hell. The one is selfish to the core; the other is simply horrid. This is the scheme of Calvinistic Orthodoxy: An angry God; fallen man; an atonement by the blood of Jesus; salvation for those who believe, and damnation for those who do not. Rev. Mr. Adams denies, in his protest, that the failure to accept of any scheme of salvation involves anybody in eternal ruin.

Who is the man that is afloat on the sea of doubt? asks our preacher of the Independent Religious Society. Is it the man who can say: "I will study all religious thought that I can reach, and judge as to its value; I am bound to hold none of it except that which confirms itself to my reason and moral nature as true?" or is it the man who says: "I am bound to hold that the Scripture of the Jews is supernatural, the special word of God, and the full guide for all right belief and life; yet I reject the cosmogony of Moses; I reject the astronomy of Samuel; I reject the literalty of Job; I reject the morality of Solomon's Song; and I do not believe the chronology or the genuineness of the authorship of most of the books?" and so on. The new Orthodoxy, in other words, believes in God as everywhere, literally present in nature, the soul of the universe in which we live and have our being. Old Orthodoxy longs to die and find its God, whom it believes to be somewhere beyond the grave.

The Spiritualist will not have to look far for the cause of this broadening out of public opinion. In the earliest days of our acquaintance with the modern dispensation it was proclaimed to us by spirit intelligences through the

Rev. J. Hyatt Smith is reported to have said, in a late Sunday discourse: "They would have us believe that God created 1,200,000,000 human beings every generation, picks out 100,000,000 to be saved, and makes a Niagara of condemned souls of the other 1,100,000,000. It is monstrous. It is not in the Bible, and I should not believe it if it were there."

The Rev. Mr. Kitchin is reported by one of our exchanges to have made the following remarkably frank avowal of his own opinions on the theological "scheme of salvation": "I believe the Bible belongs every generation, picks out the Lord's will, but that the Bible is not absolutely infallible. I believe that the Old Testament is merely a history, and in a great deal of it there is no need for any inspiration. In relation to the Atonement, I believe that Christ, by his life and teaching, is made unto the world a moral force leading humanity to the truth, and that all truth centres in him. In relation to the future punishment, I am not sure as to its duration, and I believe that it will never come to a close. I believe when sin ceases to come from a contrite heart, hell shall be no more. I believe that God is compassionate, and I do not believe in a hell of material fire. These old ideas are fading away, and humanity is coming out into the sunlight of a better knowledge."

mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, that Spiritualism had come to earth "to liberalize existing conditions, not to overthrow them"—even as him of Galilee said, "I am not come to destroy" the law, "but to [spiritually] fulfill" it. The good work is evidently going on at every hand, as all can see who read even with casual glance the signs of the times. The prophecy thus made to us so long ago is being unquestionably verified day by day. The spiritual heaven will continue to work in the churchly measures of men "till the whole is leavened"; and we feel confidently assured that the spirit-world—whose denizens inaugurated the modern movement—will be found fully able of itself when that time shall arrive to take the next step and utilize the material thus finally prepared for the greatest good of the greatest number of sentient and immortal souls.

### A Lesson from the Minnesota Fire.

A large portion of the hospital for the insane, located one mile from St. Peter's, Minn., was burned on the evening of Nov. 15th. Over five hundred patients were turned out of doors during a terrible night, whose rigor was almost unparalleled in that region. Some twenty-five of the patients are reported to have perished, and hundreds of half-naked, screaming maniacs raced in utter despair over the bleak snow-laden prairies, and in the face of the freezing, cutting wind. The citizens, State officials, and hospital physicians and men did all that remained to do for the survivors; but the occurrence was one whose horror can hardly be overestimated. It is said that as one result of the disaster the roll books of the male department were destroyed, thus rendering the personal identification of the whole number of patients (upward of five hundred) necessary. This conflagration is another argument in favor of the "cottage," rather than the "palace" system of building hospitals for the insane: no fault existed in the Minnesota edifice, it being light and cheerful, large and airy, but through want of fire-discipline among its employees the hospital, and its precious freight of life, well-nigh foundered in the red waves; whereas had this home for the insane consisted—as in what is known as the cottage plan—of numerous small detached buildings, each under the charge of proper officials, both the loss of life and the great destruction of property would have been avoided.

### Aid for the Poncas.

It is the purpose of the committee in this city having in charge the relief of the Ponca Indians, in conjunction with other persons in other parts of the country, to push the measures now before the U. S. Senate which involve the question of reparation and justice to the Poncas, and also the legal status of all the Indians within the limits of the United States. Further than that, it is desired to assist the Poncas, who have fled from the Indian Territory and are now trying to make a living on their old reservation in Dakota. It is also desirable that the public be kept informed as to the progress of the efforts to secure justice to the Indians and become familiar with a view of the subject of Indian rights and wrongs which it can get in no other way. For these purposes Mr. T. H. Tibbles, who has done so much in behalf of the Indians already, and Miss "Bright Eyes," will be in the East during the season, and will speak whenever there is a desire to hear them; for which purpose they can be addressed in care of B. W. Williams, of Williams Lecture Bureau, 258 Washington street, Boston.

### Cruelty to Children.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children will hold a Fair in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Dec. 8th to 18th, 1880. His Excellency, Gov. Long, will be President of the Fair. His Honor, Mayor Prince, will be Vice President.

Six thousand five hundred ladies, representing nearly every city and town in the State, constitute the General Committee. An Executive Committee of thirty ladies and gentlemen have charge of the arrangements.

Frank B. Fay is General Agent and Secretary of this useful organization. Parties wishing to know more concerning its aims and plans can call upon or address him at his office, No. 1 Pemberton Square, this city.

### Bastian to Remain in Europe.

The following letter from the celebrated materializing medium, Harry Bastian, will acquaint his friends in America of his present change of programme:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Will you have the kindness to make known in the *Banner* that I shall not be able to return to America as soon as expected, having made engagements here and in Paris. I am also receiving many letters of invitation to visit other places. I have met with good success in Hamburg. I find here a great interest in Spiritualism. I hope to return to my many friends in America as soon as the higher powers see fit.

Yours, in the cause of Truth,

HARRY BASTIAN.

No. 4 Heerenstrasse, Hamburg, Germany,  
Oct. 31st, 1880.

### "Soul Germs and Spiritual Growth."

We shall print next week an eloquent and thoughtful discourse on the above topic. It was delivered in Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, by Spirit Emmanuel Swedenborg, through the trance mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, and will fully repay perusal.

S. K. Abbott & Co.'s mammoth pamphlet bindery, situated at No. 58 Federal street, Boston, is just the place where a neat job, and one quickly despatched, may at all times be obtained: of which fact the firm of Colby & Rich are witnesses, in that the larger portion of their work of this nature passes through the hands of Messrs. Abbott & Co. The Abbott bindery is the oldest and largest of the kind in New England, and without doubt one of the most complete establishments in the country. The business was commenced thirty years ago by Mr. J. H. Abbott, brother of the senior member of the present firm. At that time its force comprised two hands and the proprietor; now the premises contain a quarter of an acre of flooring space in this crowded city, embrace every variety of labor-saving machinery, and give employment to two hundred and twenty-five men and girls.

The California Medical Journal remarks with self-evident truth, that "of all the professions the medical is the least liberal; that while the church is getting more and more progressive each year, so much so that it is no uncommon thing to see clergymen of different denominations exchanging pulpits and meeting on the same platform for religious purposes, the 'medical sects' seem to be separating further apart. Distrust, bitterness, strife and meanness are the ruling passions."

### Matters in Cleveland, O.

We are in receipt of a letter from our friend and correspondent, T. Lees (of Cleveland), describing his recent visit to New York City and Brooklyn. Not having space for the account we reserve it for our next issue. Brother Lees concludes his letter as follows:

"We [the writer, and his sister who had just returned from England] reached home just in time to attend the Cleveland Lyceum on the Sunday, when I delivered all the kind messages sent by the Brooklyn and New York Lyceums, and shared in the enjoyment of the unexpected but pleasant reception tendered Miss Lees after her long absence. I am to regale the little ones on Sunday (21st) with a description of the two Lyceums I visited."

I am glad to announce that Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond will address the Spiritualists of this city Sunday, Dec. 10th, en route from England.

I cannot close without saying one word on the C. Farnie Allen conversion to the Baptist Church. She is certainly the funniest Baptist I ever heard speak; for at the time the report must have been sent to the *Banner of Light* office she was advancing, as strong as anybody I ever listened to, 'The Truth of Spiritualism,' in this city.

Our regular lecture season has not yet opened, but negotiations for discourses are pending with Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Profs. Buchanan, Kiddle, Denton, and others."

### A Second Edition.

The first edition, and an unusually large one, of "OUR HOMES AND OUR EMPLOYMENTS HERE-AFTER, WITH WHAT A HUNDRED SPIRITS, GOOD AND EVIL, SAY OF THEIR LOCALITIES AND CONDITIONS," was soon exhausted, and we now have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that the second edition of this valuable work, corrected and revised by Dr. Peables, is now ready.

Be reminded that this elegant volume of three hundred pages treats of the proofs of spirit existence, of where the spirit-world is, what spirits return to earth, what employments occupy their time, what the higher spirits do for the lower, and what spirits, through their mediums, not only in this country but in Australia, Ceylon, India, South Africa, England and other countries, teach of the future life. Without a dissenting voice, so far as we have heard from Spiritualists and the liberal-minded, this is the ablest and most interesting of all Dr. Peables' published works. For sale at the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

### Mrs. Richmond Sails for America.

A private letter from Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond informs us that Mr. and Mrs. L. were to sail on the steamship "Adriatic" (White Star Line) from Liverpool Nov. 16th. She is announced as to speak in New York the 28th of November and 6th of December in Masonic Hall, corner 6th Avenue and 23d street. They will then visit Boston, remaining from the 7th of December to the 13th.

It is reported that Mr. H. C. Strong, of Chicago, has invented a telephone by which electric earth-currents can be utilized to transmit messages without the use of wires. A magnetic survey has been commenced, forty-five stations for observation established, and a system adopted by which to record the variation or declination of the needle. The hypothesis is that the magnetic needle is acted on by earth-currents, which bend round the dry hills and mountains, taking by preference the course of the damper valleys and the streams. According to well-known law, the needle tends to set across the stream-lines of an electric current; and, if earth-currents exist, having a general direction from east to west, the abnormal deviations of the needle are thereby fully accounted for. It is proposed to search for these currents according to Matteucci's method, employed in Europe many years ago; that is, by long telegraph lines grounded at each end and without a battery. That earth-currents do exist is a well-known fact. It remains to investigate their direction and strength.

William Tebb, the great anti-vaccinator in England, and who is constantly on the alert to avail himself of the best methods of advancement for this needed reform, advocates a free use of tracts, pamphlets and leaflets, as very effectual means of disseminating its truth. This practice will be found equally valuable as a means of introducing a knowledge of the spiritual dispensation itself, everywhere. Colby & Rich have, at the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, a great variety of low-priced but valuable aids in enlightening the public, and Spiritualists can do no better service than to procure them by the dozen or hundred and scatter them "like autumn leaves, broadcast over the land."

Our readers in Vermont will do well to turn to the eighth page, present issue, and peruse the article wherein A. S. Hayward depicts what the Allopathic Regulars are scheming to accomplish in that State. Having read the account, and weighed the advice he gives, let the friends call to mind that time-worn but still apposite aphorism, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and acquit themselves accordingly. [Our thanks are due in this connection to Dr. S. N. Gould, of West Randolph, Vt., for his kindly action in forwarding to us documents bearing on the case in hand.]

A gentleman who attended Edwin Keene's test séance last Sunday evening informs us that he was very much pleased with the nature and results of the meeting. The parlors—at 46 Beach street, Boston—were filled with visitors, and many descriptions of spirit-forms present were given, accompanied by messages, details, etc., which were generally recognized at once, and thankfully received by those for whom they were intended. Mr. Keene gives one more séance at the same place before leaving the city.

Lee & Shepard's trade list for the present season is embodied in a stout pamphlet, and makes an excellent showing of works of the most varied character which have been published by this enterprising firm at Nos. 41-45 Franklin street, Boston. Books by other publishers they have also on sale. These indefatigable business men richly deserve their share of attention on the part of book-buyers generally.

By vote of the Board of Trustees the three volumes of Mrs. Maria M. King's "Principles of Nature" have been placed upon the shelves of the Mercantile Library of San Francisco, Cal.—the largest library in the city. The fact that Albert Morton, the well-known Spiritualist, (and who is our agent in that city,) is one of the Trustees, may throw some light upon the action of the Board.

We have received from a New York correspondent—and shall print next week—an account of a "Surprise" meeting held in honor of Mrs. E. Goodwin of New York, on the evening of the 10th of November.







**The Northern Wisconsin Conference**  
Has secured the talented and gentlemanly speaker, J. E. Applebee, of Chicago, as its principal lecturer for the next quarterly meeting, Dec. 10th, 11th, 12th, 1886. This is the first time that the Wisconsin Conference has had such a high quality of speakers, and the attendance is expected to be very large.







