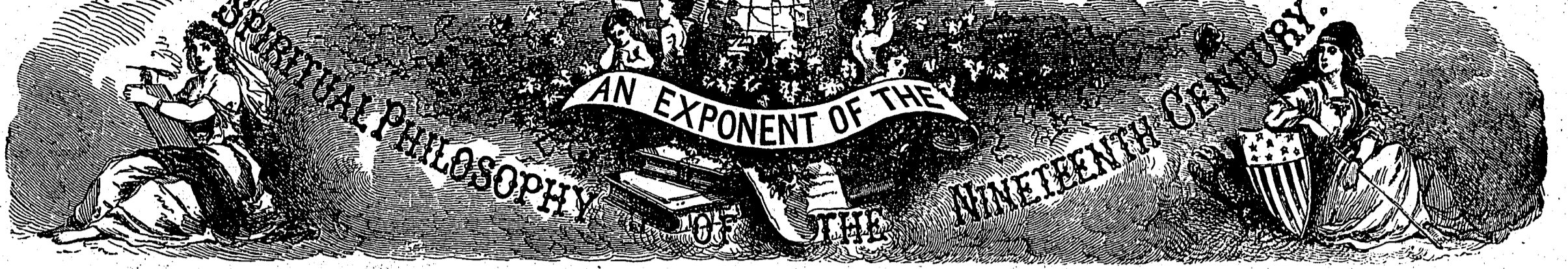


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The Rostrum.

SOUL GERMS AND SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

A Lecture delivered by Spirit Emmanuel Swedenborg, through the Trance Mediumship of MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, At Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, Sunday Afternoon, Feb. 1st, 1880.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

INVOCATION.

Oh, thou Light Divine! thou Infinite Parent! thou Benefactor! thou Friend! to thee we ever turn! Thou ineffable light shining in the firmament! thou glory of every soul and every age! Oh God! we praise thee! Thine is the light and thine the darkness; for these we praise thee. Thine is the winter and thine the summer-time; for these we give thanks. Thine is the life and what men call death; for these we praise thee. Thine is the sorrow and thine the joy, each fashioned for human need; for these we give praises. Thine is the Infinite, the immortal, the abiding; these are wholly thine, and we praise thee with inexpressible joy for the inspiration reaching inward and outward to thee, for the aspiration leading upward toward thy kingdom, and for the "worlds" that surround, enchain, beautify and uplift us. Oh God, with thy voice speak to the heart of man! May the soul be filled with thy presence! May the charmed inspirations of this moment kindle anew the flame of reverent affection, and link the spirits of those here assembled with thee and thy ministering powers. For past time, that has sown the seed and yielded the flower of the present, we praise thee. For the present, that offers the fruition of the past and prophesies the harvest of the future, we praise thee. For that future that forevermore links our lives with thine, and binds humanity, by many blessed promises and chains of light, to thee, the central source of light, do we praise thee. Oh God! whatsoever paths the children of earth may tread, through whatever wanderings they may strive to find the way, we know that thy life is eternal, thy truth all-pervading, thou shinest in the dark as in the light, and thy glory abides forever; and though man, in the feebleness of his comprehension, may not grasp thee, he forever aspires to thee, linking his life with thine, his endeavors with thy living powers. Oh, if there be hearts in agony, may they turn to the arms of blessing; if there are tears, may these be changed to experience of joy; if there are those in the shadow of doubt, upon whom immortal life sheds not its beams, may these behold, beyond the rifted clouds, the glory of perennial summer-time; if there are those to whom death is still a terror, may these turn to the immortal ones, who, bathed in light, beckon from the eternal shores, and shine as stars in the great dome of eternity.

God of life and light! evermore we praise thee with the voice of thanksgiving and the spirit of aspiration, that the deeds and words in life shall outwork the promises of the spirit, and man shall stand disenthralled, redeemed and blessed in the light of thy spirit evermore. Amen.

DISCOURSE.

From the Infinite is the soul, from eternity its beginnings. The spirit is forever striving to return to that estate. As the seed strives ever, through bud and blossom, to return again to seed, as every form of life endeavors to return to its primal essence, so the spiritual nature of man is forever seeking the spiritual. The attainment of it is through dust and organic life. Whatever expression you perceive of matter is an expression of spirit. Whatever there is of freedom is a motion, a domination, or an impulsion from the spiritual. The soul, conscious of its highest inheritance, is not satisfied with the lesser kingdoms. What Napoleon longed for in an external sense to vanquish, the spirit forever longs for in a spiritual sense. The foregleams of eternal life are also reminiscences. No man can have greater prophecy than memory, for the memory is from eternity; not of time, and things, and dates, but of eternal principles. Truth is within the soul, but truth could never be expressed. No atom possesses it, no grain of sand enshrines it—the dust does not hold it; organic forms do not create it. There is no possibility of truth save from truth's centre, and this is from the soul. Whatever failures you may consider, they are in the material life; these are not failures of the spirit. That performs its various offices and fills its varied lines of experience with exact reference to the immortal, not to the mortal state. We are humbled from our inheritance; we descend to dust; we take upon ourselves the form of clay; we are enshrouded in night—to what end? That there may be a return by the prompting of the soul; and this return constitutes our knowledge of eternity. We remember the things we have passed through; we recognize the points of the journey. I state no thought to you at this hour that you do not know. Every soul has been there, as I have. You have understood it. What you have not experienced you cannot understand, and in the progress through time and eternity we come upon revelations of ourselves that give what we call knowledge. We

remember where we placed the landmarks before; we recognize these, and call them experience. As when on a journey you will frequently in life come upon places that in dream or vision, or in your angel state, you have seen before, so in spiritual problems you arrive at a conclusion that you have ever been seeking, because once you were there. You struggle for it because you know of it. What we do not know we cannot struggle for. Immortality was nothing without this consciousness. We would not dream of it, if it were not ours. The infinite possession shapes the infinite possibility. We know it, therefore we state it, therefore we hope for it, therefore we seek it. Philosophy cannot reveal it, therefore we do not find it in stones or trees or running brooks, with all the aid that science can give. Nor yet do we find it among the stars, for these are but landmarks, in an external sense, of creative powers or energies that may be withdrawn, and leave the worlds to move on in their courses; but the spiritual experiences of time are the registers of our internal growth. But for these, there would not be what we name as outward consciousness.

Spiritual advancement through external forms is the expression of spiritual growth. The chronometer indicates the time, but it is not time itself. Time itself is the movement of worlds, the revolution of bodies. These in turn are not eternity, they only denote the pulsations of eternity, and are indications of the great heart of life that moves the soul without them, but finds it convenient for expression to have these indices. The stars are the chronometers of the infinite life. Man finds the indications of his life upon the face of the planets, and these planets unfold in expression according to the spiritual state of those who possess the planets. Life is higher than any external form, nor can you have a higher expression of being than that for which the humanity of earth is to-day qualified. Reverse the order of science. Science would have you made perfect by-and-by by the revolutions of the world; by the earth that shall be ground on its axis for many millions of years, and turn out angels instead of men, and will have the earth grow perfect by man's outward endeavor. We will have the angel life come from within, and when the world shall have renewed itself for the hundreds or millions of future years, it will not have been the earth, but the angel, that is wrought out. Soul will do this; dust will never do it; the heart of man will leap toward the spiritual, and this will enshrine the image upon clay. "God's mills," they say "grind slowly"; they do not grind from without, but from within. The great work of the creative universe goes on inspired with his breath, filled with his presence, the void unutterable speaking words that drop straight from the Infinite presence and are vocalized in the stars. This vocalization is the anthem of outward creation, but the song is the soul of creation. Mozart's music is not born of notes, is not born of quaver and crotchet, but that is the register whereby you catch the gleam of his soul, and so enter into the atmosphere of his harmony. The harmony records itself along the line of the ages, but the spirit sings its song afar off, and the soul is freighted with possibilities that are not stamped upon the clay.

All the aspiration of this hour is experience, is promise, is reminiscence, and at this time the heart of the world longs for the great past of the soul, as the child longs for the experience of the parent, to become fully grown and engage in the sphere of activity like the parent, of whom the child is the prophecy and also the remembrance.

You must not mistake the forms for life, the images for certainty, the chronometer for time, the stars for eternity. Worlds are stepping-stones. Mankind are eternally advancing, are eternally building worlds with the possibilities and thoughts which shape themselves into images of light, and celestial life is the resting-place of the spirit—is that life wherein the soul derives its continual strength; is the Kingdom of Heaven that is within and without, and that pervades the spiritual and celestial kingdoms with its abiding power. Earthly life is the time of contest, of labor, of growth, and its relation to the celestial life is the relation of the sea to the harbor and the home. Paradise is the transition state between the two. The ancient thought of angels depending to the earth and returning, is expressed in that entire state which you call "spirit-land," "spirit-life." The spheres of spiritual life are the means of introducing souls to and from the earth; are those intermediate grades of experience that blend more fully the heavenly and the earthly states, and point to the full measure of your growth. The judgment day is not a literal day of death, but is a spiritual state, wherein your experience is judged, and the measure of your earthly state encompassed, and your relation to the spiritual and celestial kingdoms declared. This return is also for a time. You may dwell a thousand years in the celestial world for one, or two hundred years in the spiritual and earthly states. You may abide there in the utter presence of the Divinity, basking in the smiles and in the light of absolute truth, while the world grinds and struggles on. Then, as a daring voyager, returning to earth, as one who explores seas and lands to find new treasures, the soul again voyages on the outward life to gain new trophies, to work new wonders, to produce new evidences of godliness.

Then, what is this life? You strain every nerve, you strive to compass all possibilities—to what end? The earth that is beneath you has only changed the places of a few grains of dust, a few atoms of primal essence—it has cast you off. A hundred or a

thousand years hence no one will know you have ever been here; there will not be a landmark to show your presence, no record by which any sagacity can possibly tell of you. What have you wrought? Not somewhat that is to be swallowed up in this labyrinth of time and be forgotten, but a single second upon the dial of eternity, that is marked here forever and ever, to show what soul came here at this hour and breathed upon human life, and was you.

Friends, you express, therefore, the predictions of eternity. Your lives contain a revelation of the possibilities of the future; your countenances reveal to me all that you have done upon earth, all that you will do in the future. It is traced there plainly in ineffable lines, in glowing light, in shadow, in whatever forms of human expression. To the outward vision it is a line of beauty or a line of deformity. To the inward vision it is a gleam of the spirit, or a chain of the dust. To the soul-vision it is a record of your state upon earth; what time you have been here, how long you have remained, what work you have wrought—the stamp is on your countenances; the expression is made clear; the world regards it; the atoms are vivified by it; the clay is made more glad because of it, if it is an expression of joy and light; the earth is still in the shadow, if it be an expression of darkness. Genius illumining matter creates a glow that is felt throughout eternity; and this thought, coming from within, like one of the lives of the angel band, blesses the world with forms of beauty, and makes record of these forms in time and space.

Of the soul, you have no other indication than what it performs; of the clay you have no other indication than what soul performs with it; and all forms of life, from the impulsion of Deity outward, are forms expressing the degrees of spiritual unfoldment to the end of another cycle of the eternal progress. How strange that cycles are named for worlds by human philosophy, and not for souls! Trees are known by the various lines that indicate the yearly growth, but man is not known by man at all. No one shapes or forms a consciousness of his image by what he reveals; yet there are interlarding marks and indications as clear as geological formations, as correct as the lines upon the tree, as distinct as the form of the flower, to show where you belong; and the spirit, conscious of this, leaps ever toward the infinite, aspires ever toward its primal estate, which is not clothed in outward form, but shaped in the cycles of eternity, that give breathing time and heart-beats to the great earth itself.

Do not misunderstand this thought. I would have you shape your lives from within, not from without. I would have you governed by soul, and not by clay. I would have you comprehend that you are tending spiritward, instead of earthward. I would have you know that the aspiration within you is the impulse that drives you forever toward that eternal home; that the harbor of rest and of safety is in the spirit; that the turmoil, the dissonance, the doubt, the gloom, the discord, are in the material; that unpurged by spirit, matter is dead; that pervaded by spirit, matter is quickened; that the spirit itself is life. I would have you comprehend that the soul is the all-pervading consciousness, of which the spirit expresses in that form the degree of growth, and that that growth registers upon matter precisely the form and image that the spirit at this hour assumes upon the earth. Shall there be in the coming time greater harmony? Will the nations of the earth cease to battle? Will there be a cessation of strife, and contention, and wrong-doing among men? Shall evil depart from the earth? Will the wild beasts of the forests and the serpents with poisonous fangs depart? It will be because humanity registers upon life the pulsations of harmony. Anger is the wild beast in the howling wilderness of time. Strife and contention—these are the animals that torture and bring fear to your hearts. Envy and malice and slander—these are the serpents that crawl by the wayside of life, and sting to the quick the sensitive spirits that are found crouching in the dust beneath your feet. When there shall be no beasts of human passion, there will be no terror in the wild world. When there shall be no striving nor warfare, there will be no demolition of life, either of beast, or bird, or man. Since the necessities of human life will be spiritual, and not earthly, when there is harmony there will cease to be aught in the elements that will give you pain and unrest. The tempest abroad in the land, or brooding over the sea, is but an expression of that tempest of thought that over the people on the land and over the sea rules and governs humanity by its potent spell. To-day you are angry; to-morrow the wild beast, the cloud and the tempest will sweep over you. To-day the whole community is agitated; to-morrow the sky is rent with thunder, and there is a storm in the world. To-day there are two nations warring; another year there is pestilence, there is famine, there is ruin. Man precedes the elements in his destruction. If he is not destructive, nature is not so. She is his mirror. She reveals him to himself; she shows him his own state. He is the wild beast in the wilderness; he is the storm upon the sea; he is the tempest in the forest; he is the glacier upon the mountain height; he is the cloud above the storm; he is the cloud beyond cloud when the whirlwind comes in its wrath.

I say there is no life of humanity on earth, nor atom of dust beneath your feet, nor form in sea or air, that man's state does not control, that the spiritual state of the earth does not govern. Talk you of ancient fables! Of the old earth swinging in her ancient place, with-

out intelligence or life! The spirit of our brooding humanity, waiting for the form, was the solution of that ancient state. Man, in the infancy of the race, but reflected the infancy of his creative power. His victory overpast, to-day you stand disenthralled somewhat. The ages of the earth have revealed through you their chosen channels, the voices of spiritual inspiration. But God dwells in man when you utterly inhabit the form with the spirit, when you utterly demolish the material strife with the voice of spiritual harmony. Oh, I have seen the Christ-like soul immured in the outward form, with a spirit so divine, a touch so gentle, that the breath seemed to flow from its presence, and the voice was as the voice of the spheres. I have seen this Stranger in your midst, clothed with immortal light, and radiating from his countenance the glory of the spiritual; but no man knew him, and your senses were not aware of his presence. He was a strange presence, his voice a strange voice; but, like the air you breathe this day, which is made purer by the wind, that you otherwise would not perceive, his presence, like the sunlight, his life, like the all-pervading power and harmony of the universe, shed its benign rays upon the earth, and gradually the discord and dissonance ceased, and his day and his hour brought a period of peacefulness to the nation. Blessed by his presence, they knew it not. (Growing more glad and earnest in the light of this soul, they did not know the source whence it came; but when the life went out there was a void, and the heavens were peopled with more glory.)

This illustrates the contact of the spirit with matter; that one soul stronger than the rest sways and moves the nations, sways and moves the earth. The flowers are brighter, the spring is more radiant, the harvests are more abundant, in proportion to man's harmony. As war produces pestilence and famine, so discord produces deserts and arid wastes of strife. These in turn are transformed into clay, producing vast deserts and wildernesses untrod by human feet. What time humanity shall wake from this dream of strange doubt and contention, and understand the spirit, will be the time when the wilderness shall blossom, and the deserts shall yield fruitage—will be the millennium time of the spirit. You grow toward it in cycle. You are impelled from within toward it. The great truth coming to you at this hour is one of the impulses of that divine breath. It is born from the Godlike necessity within you. It is a saviour, wrought out of humanity, out of the wrangles, the turmoil, the suffering, the despair, the tears of earthly life. From the anguish of the mother's breast, from the prison cell, the dungeon darkness of time, a great voice from the immortal kingdom is heard. It comes to humanity as a child. It is cradled in your midst. It is persecuted by you; it is scourged to death. It rises, and becomes the transfigured Genius of Resurrection to the ages. It is revealed on the Mount of Transfiguration; it glows before you as the polar star of prophecy, the Christ, revealing to his people the wonders of the spiritual kingdom forever above you. Oh, blind dust, putting itself to death! The immortal spirit recognizes life beyond death. One is Calvary; the other is transfiguration, resurrection. One is dust and bitterness and ashes; the other is immortality.

Rising above the tomb, beyond the don't, the threefold splendor of the light of the spirit gleams upon humanity at this hour. Nor down into any depths of misery, nor into any darkened haunts of crime, nor yet into souls that seem separate from God, can we fail to enter with this light of life. Souls in darkness are allured and won by it, and in those far-distant spaces set apart in spheres of spirit-life for souls that have not yet perceived its radiance, it penetrates with the divine fervor of prophecy, and wins them back to the Infinite.

I believe this now; I know it now. Once I believed there were dark places where souls could forever go out from the Infinite love. How blind to suppose this! Eternity was not revealed to me. I could see the darkness, but not the pathway of return. Now I know that it was the shaded avenue by which the soul that repents returns to the Divine possession. Can we suppose that life, with its sin, or the spirit, with its wanderings, can forever eclipse the Infinite love? Eternity is eternal promise. Soul-life is an eternal resurrection. No spirit nor man can see its full meaning, but ultimate resurrection belongs to every soul. Thinking of this, and aware of it, how fully can we people time with infinite splendors, and clothe the earth with the glory of our immortal being, with rainbows for angels to walk upon, with flowery meadows, whereon children's feet will be no longer pierced with thorns!

The physician probes the wound that he may heal. Godliness wounds the spirit that it may be quickened to a higher and purer life. We would not find it otherwise. The rock in the wilderness yields not its cooling crystal drops until it is smitten. So the Christ-life yields not the power of the spirit until the wounds are probed and the heart bleeds. Then we find the love that soothes the pain, the balm for the sorrow, the cure for the evil of life.

Make room for this thought in your hearts. It is growing from within; it is making room for the tender, divine plant by your fireside. In the garden the soil is shaded and covered with that which impedes its growth. Let it go forth in the light of day. Let it bask in the sunlight of eternity. Let it be revealed in your daily lives, and let the power and glory of the spirit penetrate your innermost being. Ever within the soul is calm, is clear, is assured, is conscious, is self-possessed, is born of eternal benedictions. There are no storms there, no darkened places. The mind alone is anxious, is perturbed. You look outwardly instead of inwardly. You look

toward the storm, not the calm. Sunward there are no tempests; earthward there are dark clouds; but, whether earthward or sunward, calm lies beyond. There is the infinite space peopled with the Infinite presence, that abides in its clear tranquillity. All is calm toward eternity. Whichever way we glance, upward or forward or downward, the spirit is aware that the calm remains forever, that the eternal source of life is the same.

Possessing this thought, full of this promise, conscious of this growth in spiritual things, forever struggling toward the Infinite, the love of the Infinite possesses you. Truth and hope and faith and godliness—these are born of that eternal striving, and you put the dust from off your feet and the sandals of earth away from you whenever you turn toward this spiritual light. It is not enough to turn toward it, it must be here; and the promise of eternity is that humanity, rising disenthralled, perfected, made glorious, shall shine as Christ upon the Mount of Transfiguration; shall shine as the love of the spirit through eyes that are filled with love; shall shine as the countenances illuminated by divine benedictions; shall shine as the soul shines in its state of utter blessedness. You reveal it in your countenances; you portray it in light; it beautifies the avenues of your being; it lights up the pathway with verdure; it illumines the tomb with resurrection; it peoples all promises with fulfillment; hopes are born anew by it, death ceases, and life becomes eternal. You rise from the tomb as from the sepulchre of your past to the glorious promises of the future; you are aware of the fulfillment; you live with the prophets; you are one with the poets; you exult with Moses; you sing songs with those who are upon the mountain heights of eternity. Olympus is yours; Olivet is yours; the grandeur of Sinai is yours. You have kissed the brow of the Infinite; you are born again; the light of the soul is upon you; you are no more alone in the universe, wandering through time and sense, without aim or object; the voice of the spirit uplifts you. Oh, wanderer upon whatsoever desert you may be, this voice is for you. Be it of doubt, be it of fear, be it of despair, be it of the struggles of life and its complainings and bitternesses, the voice that comes to you at this hour is from the soul, and belongs to you. No heaven peopled with angels; no glorified state of Christ and his messengers, but you are one day to share.

Oh, you in darkness, pervaded by the sorrow that death can bring, and the feeble strugglings of the futile years, when the dust that you have gathered recedes from your grasp, and the few atoms of gold are changed to ashes at your feet, this voice is for you. The treasures of eternity are enduring; the kingdoms of life abide forever. You have the eternal possession; you are only held from it by your present state. Oh, you who look with longing eyes into other eyes, asking for sympathy and finding none, seeking recognition as one may wander in the dark, or as the child upon the wayside may seek for a loving glance; you who feel homeless and voiceless in the great human wilderness, to whom no heart turns and no eyes are clothed with recognition, oh look again! you have not looked with the eye of the soul. Look again! you have not looked with recognition! Spirit answers to spirit, and, shooting upward from within the soul, the voice of recognition comes so soon as you put forth recognition. Heart answers to heart, and spirit to spirit, love to love and life to life. If you look with the clay, clay will answer; there will be vacancy. If you look with intelligence, intelligence will answer. Mind responds to mind. If you look with the spirit, spirit will answer, and soul will respond to soul, for there is no humanity without it; and, seeking this, you will find the true source of joy that you have failed to find in the feebleness of outward expression. Christ was humanity clothed upon with outward form, expressing the soul-life that, with eyes, and ears, and heart, and mind attuned to every human need turned the angel side of your life heavenward and the angel side of his life earthward for your recognition. At this hour the angel side is turned from the heavenly kingdom; a mighty sweep of angelic hosts breathe upon you, that you may turn your side toward them; the light of their countenances beams upon you; they answer to your call; they recognize the one human voice that asks for aid, and as though the earth were a ship upon a mighty sea, tossed and torn, with a voice asking for help, so those who minister turn toward the earth-life, and with one strong hand the impulse stretches downward, the light is given, the seeking is over, you are safe. Nor materialism swallows up this, nor doubt, nor crime, nor earthly disgrace, nor the spell of the senses, but the very work of the spirit transforms you utterly, and the soul speaks to you with the divine prophecy of eternal life.

Bishop Colenso, of Natal, who was so much talked about a few years ago on account of his advanced views on the Pentateuch, lives a quiet, uneventful life at Bishopscourt, near Maritzburg. He is rarely seen in the city except on Sunday, when he conducts services. He is described as elephantine in appearance, being almost seven feet high, and of massive frame. He wears a wide-brimmed stove-pipe beaver hat of the old-fashioned cut, and a long coat of thin black material. He is regarded with awe and reverence by the natives, who salute him as supreme or great chief. The Bishop is now sixty-six years old, but retains his vigor of mind. One of his daughters acts as his amanuensis; and Kathlis, whom he has always befriended, are his printers.—Independent.

A sailor dropped out of the main-top of a man-of-war, and, after in some degree breaking his fall by catching at the rigging, fell on the lieutenant's head and knocked him down on the quarter deck. The sailor jumped up, as did the lieutenant. "You rascal," said the lieutenant, "where did you come from?" "From the North of Ireland, an' please yer honor," said the sailor.

THE PRAIRIE PATH.

Upon the brown and frozen sod
The wind's wet fingers shake the rain;
The bare shivering shiver in the blast
Against the dripping window-pane.
Inside, strange shadows haunt the room,
The flickering fire-light rises and falls,
And make I know not what strange shapes
Upon the pale gray parlor walls.

I feel but do not see these things—
My soul stands under other skies;
There is a wondrous radiance comes
Between my eyelids and my eyes.
I seem to pull down at my feet
God's gentle, golden, shining robes,
Through a green prairie still and sweet
With blowing vines and blowing grass.

And then—ah! where can he have come?—
I feel a small hand touching mine;
Our voices first are like the breath
That sways the grass and scented vine.
But clearer grow the childish words
Of Egypt and of Hindostan;
And Arlene's telling me again
Where he will go when he's a man.

The smell of pine is strangely bland
With sandal wood and broken spice
And cones of calamity; the flowers
Grow into gems of wondrous price.
Walk down in the grass and dream;
His face grows strangely bright and fair;
I think it is the amber gleam
Of sunset in his pale gold hair.

But while I look I see a path
Across the prairie to the light;
And Arlene, with his small, bare feet,
Has almost passed beyond my sight.
Upon my heart there falls a smile,
Upon my ears a soft adieu;
I see the glory in his face,
And know his dreams have all come true.

Some day I shall go hence and home—
My shall go hence, I need not say,
And as we pass the shoals of Time
My brother, I shall plead, say,
There was upon the prairie wide
A spot so dear to thee and me,
I felt would see it ere we walk
The fields of Immortality.

—Harper's Weekly.

AN AFRICAN PSYCHIC.

A REMINISCENCE OF WASHINGTON.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In a paper published in the *Banner of Light* of June 1880 the writer had occasion to allude to the great susceptibility of the African race in this country to psychical or spiritual influences. The following narrative of incidents coming under his notice may be of interest to your readers.

One winter's day, while engaged in superintending the then newly-established schools for colored children in the city of Washington, I was called upon by two or three of the teachers, with the request that I would visit an old colored man whom they had found residing in the vicinity of one of the schoolhouses, apparently suffering from illness and want. He had two young grandchildren attending the schools, and it was through these they had learned of him. They placed a small sum of money in my hands with which to relieve his necessities. If, after investigation, I should find proper, and remarked that they thought I would find him a peculiar and interesting case, but did not explain what they meant.

Proceeding to the locality designated, on the north side of M Street, between 15th and 16th, N. W., I found a modest sign board, on which were painted the words, "Baptist Mission Church." Climbing the muddy bank, and following a path to the rear of a dwelling-house, I found a rude building of logs plastered with mud, which had the appearance of being used as a place of assembly. Joined to the rear of this was a diminutive cabin, at the door of which I knocked. A feeble voice answered, "Come in."

The small and dingy room had few comforts. The floor was covered with rags, partly the remains of an old carpet; a trifle of fire smoldered in a miniature stove in one corner, while an old man, whose dark, copper-colored face showed lines of pain and anxiety, sat in one of the only two chairs, his woolly head whitening with the frosts of many winters. He gave me a courteous greeting, and invited me to help myself to a seat, as he was unable to rise from his chair.

Engaging him in conversation I gradually drew from him this story: Before the war of emancipation he had been a slave in Virginia. His master owned a large plantation on the James River, which was a cooping establishment, of which, in his vigorous days, he had been superintendent. He had never been permitted to learn to read or write; nevertheless he was a religious man, and had felt the inward call from him to preach the gospel. He believed this call was from "the Lord," yet he for a long time shrank from and evaded it, for the reason that he "had no faith," could not read a word of the Bible, and did not think himself fit for a preacher. But "the Lord" persisted, and finally disciplined him severely, until he was willing to take up the work. He had gathered a small church in Virginia, but during the war he and most of his people had come to Washington, where he had resumed his ministry in the little log church I had seen, which his people had extemporized for him. But the brethren were few and poor, and could not support him; hence he had been obliged to earn his living by such odd jobs as he could find to do, mostly of wood-sawing and the like; he had now become old and infirm—more than eighty years having passed over his head—and of late rheumatism and other diseases had so crippled him that he could do no work; he had fallen behind in paying the rent of his little cabin, and now the owner of it threatened to turn him into the street next day if past dues were not paid.

"But," he said, his face lighting up with hope and faith, "I believe good Lord 'nabn' forsaken me. He hab some great good in sto' for me yet, but I don't know 'zactly how it's comin'." And then he added, hesitatingly, "I had a vision las' night—I don't know as 'e 'pves in such things, but I'll venture to tell it to ye—p'raps ye'll understand it and tell me what it means."

"Oh yes," said I, "I believe some people have true visions. Please tell it."

"Well, las' night, 'bout midnight, I was a lyin' in my bed dere, in dat little room," pointing toward a door leading to another very small apartment, "an' I couldn't sleep fur pain, an' was a thinkin' what I would do if I was turned into de street; when all at once dere was a great light in de room, an' lookin' up I seen de faces ob angels all round de ceiling—an' dey all looked so smilin' and happy dat I felt sho'-some great good was a comin' to me. It allers does come, when I see 'em look dat way. An' I waked up my wife, an' say, 'Wife, don't ye see dem angels?' An' she say, 'No, I don't see nuffin. You must be goin' crazy.' Ye see, she don't believe much in dese things. But I know I seen 'em, 'cause I was awake all de time. An' I feel sho' de good Lord has some blessin' in sto' for me."

"An' den," he continued, "as I set here dis ar'noon, an' a thinkin' an' a wonderin' 'bout it, my eyes seemed to turn to dat dar schoolhouse," pointing to the large building where his grandchildren attended school, and which could be seen through his narrow window, "an' suthin' seemed to make me feel it were a-comin' some way through dat schoolhouse."

As he was talking, I moved my seat close to the old man, and asked him to point out to me where his pain was located. Following his hand with mine I let it rest for a moment on the place indicated (the hip), while the conversation went on. Suddenly he started, and said, "Why, de pain is all gone! Ye've cured me! Sho' de Lord hab given ye a great gift! Ye can heal de sick an' de lame! Dar, I know some great good was comin' to me to-day! I believe I can walk now." And he rose to his feet and began to walk about the room, uttering exclamations of joy and thankfulness, and saying he had not been able to do that before for many days.

"Wife! wife! come and see what de good Lord hab done for me!" he shouted. In response the bedroom door opened, and an ebony face appeared, wreathed in smiles and displaying a large extent of ivory, while an expression of mingled astonishment and incredulity spread over the good woman's features as she saw her husband actually walking the floor. "Dar!" he exclaimed, "didn't I tell ye de angels come to me las' night?" She glanced at me, and with a half-frightened look, as if she thought the old man had gone stark mad, withdrew and closed the door. She

was a much younger person than her husband, very black, and probably of a more skeptical turn than he. Excusing myself for a short time, I went out in search of the owner of the cabin, and from her (a poor colored woman, who was dependent upon the rent in part for the support of her own family) learned that the story of over-due rent and threatened eviction was true. Returning, I placed in the old man's hand the money which the teachers had entrusted to me (and which was sufficient for the emergency), telling him that his vision was correct, and that relief had come, as was shown him, through "dat schoolhouse."

I leave the reader to imagine the renewed outburst of surprise, joy and grateful gratitude to "de good Lord," "de angels," "de teachers," and their messenger, which followed this additional proof that the old preacher was not forgotten in his extremity by the power whom he had so long served. Suffice it to say that the memory of that occasion, in that humble negro cabin, goes far to compensate for years of toil in behalf of a down-trodden race.

In a subsequent interview, this venerable African gave me some further particulars of his interesting psychical experience. He said he had been trying to draw up a sort of constitution for his little church, but had met with much embarrassment for want of ability to either read or write. He wanted to make it accord with "de Scriptur," but could not be certain that he had quoted the Bible correctly. He had employed his granddaughter, who had begun to write a little in school, to put the instrument on paper from his dictation. "I hab to gh de Scriptur texts," he said, "as dey are given to me in de head," laying his hand on the "pit of the stomach" (that is, over the great ganglion of the sympathetic system, called the solar plexus). "P'raps like I read it in here somehow. Dat's de way de Scriptur allers comes to me. But I ain't dead shore it's so in de book. Would you be so kind as to tell me if it's right?" And he showed me some scraps of paper, on which were written Scripture passages in a child's orthography. I told him they were quite correct as to meaning, and nearly so in language. This appeared to give him great satisfaction and encouragement.

I will say here, parenthetically, that this is not the only African who has referred me to his solar plexus as the organ or seat of spiritual or psychical phenomena. I remember a street vender of cakes and small beer, who insisted that he was a born prophet, and had foreseen and foretold the great war and other important events. Growing earnest on the subject, he said, "I tell you I am made up differently from other men," and to demonstrate this he pulled open his clothing on the spot and showed me a marked protuberance in place of the usual cavity at the "pit of the stomach," so called. "Dat's where I see things that's comin'," he said, "right in dere."

Some students of psychology have come to believe that this solar plexus plays an important part in many inspirational and emotional phenomena—that it is really the seat or organ of the heart, or emotional nature, as the brain is of the intellect—and hence that the ancient intuition which places the seat of the affections in the thoracic region is correct! An early volume of philosophical spirit communications entitled "The Educator," given through John Murray Spear in 1833, or thereabouts, has this curious statement under the head of "Prophetic Vision": "In the human body is an organ which, when much unfolded, constitutes its possessor a seer—truly a predictor. This may be termed the prophetic organ; and its location is at the point where the lower ribs nearly meet in front." The sensations of these African psychics, as well as of some white seers I have known, seem to corroborate this statement.

To conclude my narrative: Not long after forming the acquaintance of this venerable preacher, one cold wintry night an alarm of fire startled the residents of West-End in Washington. Next morning I found the rude log church and its humble paragonage a pile of blackened ruins. The old preacher, as I learned, had been carried from the burning buildings to the house of a neighbor, where he was hospitably made welcome. But his work was done. The shock of the night alarm and exposure was too much for his enfeebled constitution, and in a few days his freed spirit was greeted by the angels who had watched over and cheered his strange earthly career.

Letter from Dr. Peckles.

The Old Past—Sainly Symbols—Radicalism—The Second Spiritualist Society of New York—My Critics—J. O. Barrett's Letter.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The past! how grateful to walk in its long shadows, and meditatively muse upon the inspired sayings of its seers and sages! How it reaches after us from Benares, Thebes, Jerusalem, Athens, Rome! from old Saxon times, from out of Norman castles, from ancient ruins, and from every place wherever men have lived and died. They are not dead. We are the dead—they are the living; and they stretch their hands down to us to bless us.

"Woodman, Spare that Tree!" When the old Charter Oak fell in Hartford, Conn., Colt's Army Band played solemn dirges and death marches for two hours, and at sundown the city bells were heard, telling of long-ago memories and respect for the fallen tree. Let the moss-covered bucket hang in the well for a time; let the faithful old clock tick in the corner; let the ringlet of hair nestle in the locket, for the little one has gone to the higher school in heaven; and let the old family Bible lay upon the stand. It was my mother's Bible—her tolling fingers soiled it, and her dim eyes bedewed it with tears!

SYMBOLS AND THEIR MEANINGS.

Two thousand years ago the Orientals indulged more in symbol and imagery than they do at present. Swedenborg was the popular style of teaching. Parable was the popular style of teaching. Swedenborg did well in giving us so much of the key to correspondences.

Often little symbols have great meanings. You touch the door-bell. It is a small matter; but the response bids you a hearty welcome, palm pressing palm. That gracefully-waving flag of stripes and stars is only a piece of floating bunting; yet heroes have died defending it. Died; and their deaths meant liberty and self-government. The leather in the babe's shoe is very much like common leather. The dear one sickens, dies, and the tender form is laid away in the grave. The little shoe becomes now a sort of sacred memento. Cleopatra's Needle is only a stone with chiseled hieroglyphs, and yet the cultured world looks upon its grand old records with mingled awe and reverence.

The Bible is only a collection of books—a small *Sanctified library*—and yet within its covers are gathered histories, precepts, prophecies, visions, trances, healing gifts, living epistles and spiritual marvels, revealing the possibilities of the future life. Are such treasures of no account? Shall I scoff at such a book, and strive in each lecture to tear it to pieces?

My father last year passed the crystal river, in his 85th year. Old and feeble and partially paralyzed, he would adjust his glasses, and, putting the old family Bible across his tremulous knees, he would read:

"I am the resurrection and the life; because I live ye shall live also."

"In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

"And when this corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that was written, death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

These passages satisfied him; they were enough. And should I ruthlessly dash the Bible from his knees and say to him, "The Bible is of

no more account than an old last year's almanac"? Two things are to be avoided—Idolatry, or a belief in the infallibility of the Bible on the one hand, and a rash, ruthless demolition of it on the other.

RADICALISM.

Radical is from *radix*, the root. Radicalism, therefore, is root-searching. Radicalism is of two kinds, positive and negative. The latter is generally destructive. If it goes to the roots, it goes to expose them, to mar them, and then leave them to be frozen by the ice and snows of winter. The positive is the true kind of radicalism. Jesus, positive in his radicalism, said, "I come not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfill them." Nature seemingly destroys when she strips away the autumn leaves; but the stripping is only a prophecy of future buds, blossoms and fruits. The boy's affections give place to and are fulfilled in the man's; opinions and ceremonies disappear, but ideas in new dress remain. True radicalism goes to the root. It finds it in the divine and nourishes it.

THE SECOND SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

This is a live Society with a *live* committee, the President of which is Alfred Weldon, Esq. I knew him well in the West, and whatever he touched proved a success. In the triple uses of President, chorister and manager, he is a host in and of himself. He gives much of his time to the Society, and if funds are wanting he is liberal enough to put his hand into his own pocket. More such self-sacrificing workers are sadly needed. Cephas B. Lynn, young, earnest and eloquent, was my immediate successor. Then came the veteran worker in physiology, psychometry and anthropology generally—Prof. J. R. Buchanan—a man who, treading cautiously and reverently where the dogmatic and slipshod rush madly in, manages to keep about twenty-five years ahead of the age he lives in. The majority of the Second Society believe in a frequent change of speakers. Monthly pastorships are to me an abomination. Pursuing this course, one speaker is apt to pull down what the other builds up. Mrs. Brigham is a settled speaker. It is well. Mrs. Hyzer still another. Dr. Willis was once the pastor of the Society of Spiritualists in Coldwater, Mich. It was a success. While residing eleven years in Battle Creek, Mich., I spoke regularly on Sundays, unless exchanging, for six years; and, without the least egotism, I pronounce those the six years of their prosperity. I have a standing invitation to speak there whenever in the West. It is old stamping-ground for reformers.

CRITICISMS ON MY NEW BOOK.

Criticism is becoming more and more a profession in America; but criticising and reviewing are not synonymous terms. The reviewer carries, or is supposed to carry, more weight than the mere critic. People who have neither sufficient wit nor wisdom to write a salable book are often the severest critics. Their stock-in-trade is most frequently fault-finding.

No man should presume to review a book until he has thoroughly read it, and the passages he objects to should be fully quoted. None are fitted for the reviewer's work unless, rising above their own prejudices and preconceived theories, they possess and reveal the qualities of accurate discrimination and sound judgment. Limited education, jealousy, vanity and self-conceit are not the mental ingredients for constituting critics.

The tone of the criticisms and reviews upon my late book—"Immortality, or Our Homes and our Employments Hereafter, with what a Hundred Spirits, good and evil, say of their Dwelling Places"—have generally been fair, manly, and in some cases magnanimous; and this remark holds good in regard to the *Christian Register* and several other religious journals. I here submit a letter recently received from the Rev. J. O. Barrett, Glen Benuah, Wis. It is a sample of many private letters:

J. M. PECKLES—My Dear Brother: To-day I finished reading your book entitled "IMMORTALITY, OR OUR FUTURE HOMES AND DWELLING PLACES." I regard it as your best. More than all other of your works it breathes of the heavenly atmospheres and radiates more religious light.

I thought, however, as I read along the pages, that here and there I detected an anxiety on your part lest Spiritualists might not build on the right foundation. Any trepidation of faith hurts it. Remember the fate of Uzza, the Hebrew, who was smitten for his presumption to steady the ark of the Lord.

If there is anything I would specialize in criticising it is the superabundance of similar testimony, couched in a too gorgeous language for simplicity of expressiveness. The deepest conviction is wrought where truth is least adorned. A gorgeously florid style, it seems to me, is not characteristic of wise and sane ages. But he is pardoned on account of defective media. Seeing such beauty in vision, so transcending that of our own world, it is not to be wondered at that their ideal powers are intensely wrought upon in their attempts to portray the real blessedness of what is in store for us when we are worthy. In our estimates of the truthfulness of revelations we must of course consider the capacity and condition of the instruments employed. Were a voluble speaker to describe London and its environs in highly colored language, fusing it with undue enthusiasm, while I might not doubt, I would have to make due allowance for the artistic part, more or less obscuring things real. The spirit operator, being obliged to use other brains than his own to convey thought, ever labors under difficulties arising from ill-stilled notions or idiosyncrasies of make-up. Hence knowing what I do of mediumship subject to such relations and conditions, I can never accept as correct in all particulars what the best of us have to say concerning things we are not yet familiar with in daily association.

Yours is the *a priori* argument of Spiritualism: natural to you. It is the doctrine of intuition, of faith, of direct sight, and therefore charms and enlists all of a similar mental mold. I believe this is the way cultured spirits utter their truths. But you must not be disappointed to have your work pronounced "visionary," "unsentient," by those who reason from effect toward the cause. But this they will have to acknowledge, on closer search, that the testimony you have gleaned, comprising Oriental as well as Occidental Spiritualism, is in perfect accord with deductive law. All who have spoken in your book corroborate the principle of evolution—that the heavenly life is linked with ours as limbs, leaves and fruit of a tree to its root—that the celestial beauties and joys delineated are the outgrowths of what is laguered in the universe, blossomed by culture from the "soil of things" into paradises which will bloom when our inner life is grown thereto.

Not only, then, is my affection enlisted *a priori*, but my reason is convinced that you have followed the true line of discovery. From all the varied associations of the "better country" you have revealed, comes one blended voice of admonition to consecrate our lives to habits and uses which will incidentally gratify us to angel society.

I want to bless you, James, for this book. It is modest, sweet for charity, beautiful for devotion. No flippant, sweet or sentences mar its clean pages. Nothing is there that betrays a truth, because it is, biblical, nor lessens a truth because it leaps fresh from the fount of inspiration.

It does not displease me because you emphasize Jesus Christ, but I would have caught your idea, and felt its glowing soul just the same had you hidden the person in the principle and its uses. The Nazarene never stands in my light, but by my side, a dear brother, most, talking of "the way and the life." I honor him most when I hide his name in love of his truth.

There are some statements in your book that ought to be engraved in gold. This, for instance (page 100), in answer to your question respecting obsessions and insanity:

"It is adapted and inhumanous mixing of medullary areas and conditions . . . often lead to delirious results. These not only seriously affect the medullary, but occasionally the spirits, who become magnetically chained to them. . . . Spirit communion is a means, not an end. Better for mortals to culture and enrich their own spirits, than to perpetually seek for strange and new marvels!"

Your closing chapter, "The General Teachings of Spirits," is morally sublime. Whoever reads "Future Homes and Dwelling Places" will be made better, drawn nearer the angels, shown the light of truth.

The mechanical part of the book is also beautifully substantial, so characteristic of all the publications of Colby & Rich.

"A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
Engraved in paradise!"

Fraternalty yours,

J. O. BARRETT.

The above letter is a revelation of Bro. Barrett's culture, sympathy and spirituality. It may be called a communication of suggestions rather than criticisms. Only a few words are called for in response.

It may be that I have given too much "emphasis to Jesus," and no doubt one with Bro. Barrett's finely attuned organism "could feel the glorious soul the same were the person hid in the principle." I cannot. A non-incarnated, impersonal principle, is a sort of a will-o'-the-wisp. Chasing such a thought quite chills me. When a principle becomes sufficiently personalized to appeal alike to my consciousness, senses and reason, then I come into rapport with it.

Hammon, N. J.

J. M. PECKLES.

A VISIT TO NEW YORK.

BY T. LEES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Leaving Cleveland, O., on Monday, Nov. 4th, to meet my sister, Tillie H. Lees, on her arrival in New York from England, where she had been spending the summer, I had intended, if circumstances permitted, to have spent a day or two in Boston (more especially Sunday, the 7th). It would have afforded me much pleasure to have surprised Bro. Hatch by visiting the Shawmut Lyceum, and adding my mite to the already abundant "harvest." But the fates ordained it otherwise, and for fear of missing the good ship "Gallia," which I had come to meet, I had to forego my intended visit to the "Hub." However, I did the next best thing I could, and circulated as much as possible over "Gotham" and the City of Churches. Commencing on Friday evening, 5th, I visited the "Spiritual Fraternity" meeting, presided over by the very zealous Bro. S. B. Nichols, where I had the pleasure of meeting many of the active workers in the cause. The meeting was quite well attended, and was particularly interesting, notwithstanding the disappointment occasioned by Mrs. Britten's failure to open the meeting, as advertised.

On Saturday evening (6th), I again visited Brooklyn, and heard for the first time Prof. Henry Kiddle, who opened the "Everett Hall Spiritual Conference." In a masterly address on "The Logical Basis of Spiritualism," These weekly gatherings are presided over by C. H. Miller, editor and publisher of the *Psychometria Circular*.

On behalf of many Spiritualists of Cleveland, I endeavored to secure the services of Prof. K. for a course of lectures there, but prior engagements prevented his acceptance of our call at present. Sunday morning (7th) I again started for Brooklyn, this time to visit the Lyceum presided over by Conductor W. C. Bowen and Mrs. Beckwith, Guardian; but I must defer my description of this Sunday-school for a separate letter. Suffice it to say I was made much of as an "ex-conductor," and at the leaders' meeting, following your humble servant was elected an honorary member of the Brooklyn Children's Progressive Lyceum; after which I was dined by the Assistant Guardian, Mrs. Hussey, and was afterwards escorted by the same kind person over to the New York Lyceum, where I was kindly received by Mr. Hunt, Jr., and introduced to the Conductor, Mrs. Mary A. Newton (a model conductor). Here I had a glorious time, an account of which will follow.

After supping with Mr. Walter M. Hunt and family (who are all workers in the Lyceum), I again started for spiritual food, this time to Cartier's Hall, on 14th street, where I stayed about thirty minutes—long enough to say I had heard Dr. Buchanan, and seen the chief executive officer of this Society, Alfred Weldon, Esq., to whom the public of New York are so indebted for spiritual sustenance. Quietly but hastily I left the hall, and went to 33 West 34th street, where I found the charming lecturer, Nellie J. T. Brigham, instructing and entertaining about four hundred people. Here I finished up my busy day, sorry that I had to miss the other meetings. One must be indeed hard to please who cannot be satisfied at one or the other of the many places of meeting in New York and Brooklyn.

On Monday (8th) the floating ocean hotel, "Gallia," arrived, bringing safely to the harbor our long-absent Recording Secretary, Tillie H. Lees, who shared my flight over, through, above—and I was going to say below—the streets of the great metropolis for the next three or four days.

Through the kindness of Mr. Hunt we passed a very agreeable evening at a surprise party at Mrs. E. Goodwin's, 228 West 40th street. [This meeting is described at length by a correspondent, in another column. The concluding paragraph of this letter from Mr. Lees was given last week.—En. B. of L.]

A Touching Far-off Cry.

From a Poor Soul Hungering for Spiritual Food.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The following missive, addressed to a prominent writer in favor of Spiritualism and its phenomenal phase, tells its own touching story. Who will respond to this poor lady's famishing needs, and forward to her by mail spiritual books or tracts?

A SPIRITUALIST.

TAYLOR'S FALLS, MINN., Nov. 8th, 1880.

Mr. — Dear Sir: I am strongly moved to again enroach upon your time and patience, hoping, from my knowledge of your magnanimity of character, that I will be excused. I have so desired to thank you with all my heart for your outspoken defence of our persecuted mediums, and your articles in the *Banner of Light*, which I have devoured with avidity. When I open the *Banner* my first look is to see if you have an article in it; if not, I am always disappointed. I can only say for myself, and several others, that your articles have been of the greatest comfort, and have strengthened our belief.

Should physical phenomena be set aside, where would we look for new converts? Surely it is through the phenomena we must look to convince outsiders of the truths of Spiritualism. It seems to me that if they be set aside, the very backbone of Spiritualism is taken away, and it would just as surely fall as a house whose underpinning is taken from it. I am very well assured of my inability to write understandingly upon the subject, but it seems to me as if some one should do so. I am in a "far-off" country place, where Spiritualism is not mentioned except to be held in derision by an ignorant people, most of them thinking it something akin to witchcraft, while some of the Orthodox hold it in abhorrence. I have never seen anything of the phenomena, and am fairly starving for them, but am somewhat mediumistic. That alone has converted me, and I have interested several persons here. These individuals have come out boldly, and say they believe.

I began by urging sittings, and now we have two quite strong mediums for table-turning and the raps. The lady with whom I board never suspected that she was a medium, but now loud knocks come quite frequently. I feel as if I had done a little good in the way of converts with the use of your tracts, which I not only loaned but read aloud to all who would listen, feeling that I might sow seed which would perhaps bring a harvest; if not now, at some future time. I find some willing to listen, others utterly intolerant;

which to me is so incomprehensible—for to me Spiritualism is the bread of life. I welcome every scrap pertaining to Spiritualism, and my greatest grief is that I am unable to either go where I can see a good medium or purchase the literature. The *Banner of Light* I have managed to take, and it is my greatest comfort; and the day it arrives is the bright day of the week.

You who have such heavenly intercourse with your loved ones must feel that you are more than recompensed for all earthly trouble. I think of you, and almost find myself getting hard and skeptical, because I am denied everything. One word from spiritual friends that I could recognize would be a pearl of inestimable price. About Christmas-time I mean to treat myself to a work on Spiritualism.

Now I ask your advice as to which would be the best book, and most satisfactory and consoling; one that I can lend to others, and do them good also. Oh! I feel that Spiritualists should try to convert others, and bring them to a knowledge of the blessed truth, which is far better than sending missionaries to the heathen. We little know how much depends on convincing others, and increasing our numbers as much as possible. I tell you truly, if I know my own heart, if I had the means to spend, I would devote the rest of my life in traveling from place to place, to preach Spiritualism, and rejoice in every individual I convinced of its truth. Why will men and women reject the light—reject that which in the end would be their greatest blessing? Why should they persecute those who have received the light?

Go on in the way you have selected, my brother, and many will rise up and call you blessed. You have brought comfort to one poor lonely woman, and I doubt not to very many. If I did not know of your great noble heart I should not have dared to trouble you so many times with my poor scrawl.

Most respectfully yours,

H. S. GWYNNE.

New Publications.

THREE PHASES OF MODERN THEOLOGY—Calvinism, Unitarianism, Liberalism. By Joseph Henry Allen, A. M., Lecturer on Ecclesiastical History in Harvard University. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis, Publisher, 101 Milk street.

These ably written essays have previously appeared in print, having been published in the *Unitarian Review*, but are given to the public in this form as one better adapted for preservation and reference. Calvinism is considered as a force in history, and Mr. Allen's remarks from that standpoint will be read with a feeling not only of interest in the events it swayed to its purpose, but of curiosity to learn to what an iron-hearted and cruel despotism of theological faith the human mind could chain itself. Fortunately, however, as the author says, "Calvinism as a system of thought has had its day." In "Unitarianism: Then and Now," appears the following truthful and appreciative remark respecting Theodore Parker: "For high courage, I hardly know where we should find his match among men of intellect. . . . And when he went to rest, sixteen years ago, we missed the clearest and boldest voice of all that read to unwilling ears the stern lesson of the time."

"Liberalism" is stated to be, not a code of opinions, but simply a habit of mind, making the atmosphere of one's opinions. But the writer of these Essays is free to allow that, in the various forms in which it has hitherto been known, it "has given to the world many of the noblest, purest, gently serene, obedient and holy lives" known to earth. Although the author might, in the light of the new revelations of truth that for the past thirty years have been glowing with constantly increasing effulgence upon human minds, have gone many steps in advance of the position he assumes, he is to be thanked for turning his back on much which, though esteemed by many, is but chaff and straw, and doing what he has in these pages toward loosening mankind from priestly fetters.

LITTLE SONNETS. By Mrs. Eliza Lee Follen. With New Illustrations by Miss L. B. Humphrey. NEW SONNETS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE, by Mary E. Anderson. Illustrated by Lizzie B. Humphrey. BABY BALLADS. By Uno. Illustrated by Oscar Fleck. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

Charming books, all of them; bright pictures, bright thoughts, nothing to mar but to increase the joys of childhood; and taking them as specimens of the modern character of publications for the young, it is gratifying to notice the absence of all effort to supplant the religion of nature, springing up spontaneously in youthful minds, by church dogmas and pots of theological bitterness. These volumes can be placed in the hands of children with the satisfaction of knowing that a perusal of them will leave no erroneous impressions.

GEORGE MILLNER STEPHEN and his Marvellous Cures. By his Son, J. W. H. Stephen. By Messrs. Curran, Galt, Hunt, & Co. Sydney: Fisher & Howard.

This is a biographical sketch, coupled with a record of the wonderful cures performed by Mr. Stephen, an account of which we gave in our columns a short time since. The results produced through his mediumship are the same as those which occurred in the days when Christ was upon the earth, and were then denominated "miracles." Says the author in his preface: "Strife from the Christian heroes their power of healing, and there remains but the teacher; and in all ages the teacher of strange doctrines has met with sorry treatment when he has not been able to support his arguments by proofs addressed to the senses. Christianity owed its acceptance by the multitude to its miracles, and Modern Spiritualism is making its way by the same means."

REV. DR. DASHWELL, THE NEW MINISTER AT HAMPTON. By E. F. B. The American News Company, New York.

A satire upon sensational preachers. A young minister with somewhat worldly proclivities manages to attain a temporary success, and to make considerable trouble for a worthy old clergyman whom he undertakes to assist. It is a lively story, and no doubt holds a mirror up to nature of too great a reflective power to suit all close-communion theologians.

THE Spiritualists in California, or those of the who are mediums, clairvoyants and seers, are subject to a tax of fifty dollars per quarter. They complain that it is unjust, because they say that Spiritualists are not a religion, and should no more be taxed than the adherents of religion, and the argument appears to be correct. If the person has a right to define his religion, and if he chooses to call it Spiritualism he should be protected in it, just the same as the person who calls his religion Christianity; and if mediums ought to be taxed for their "manifestations," so ought ministers for their preaching.—*Notas. Inquirer.*

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

New Era Hall.—The Shawmut Spiritual Lyceum meets in this hall, 172 Tremont street, every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. J. B. Hatch, Conductor.

First Meeting.—Children's Progressive Lyceum. No. 1 holds its sessions every Sunday morning at this hall, Appleton street, commencing at 10 o'clock. The public cordially invited. D. N. Hatch, Conductor.

Herkeley Hall.—The Herkeley Spiritual Meetings are held in this hall, Herkeley street, every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. The public cordially invited.

Highland Hall.—The Herkeley Spiritual Union holds meetings in this hall, Warren street, every Thursday, at 7 P. M. Regular lecturer, W. J. Colville.

Eagle Hall.—Spiritual Meetings are held at this hall, 618 Washington street, corner of Essex, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Excellent quartet to sing.

College Hall.—The People's Spiritual Meeting (formerly held at Pymouth Hall) is removed to this hall, 34 Essex street, every Friday afternoon and evening, at 7 1/2 P. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. F. W. Jones, Manager.

Ladies' Aid Parlor.—The Spiritualists' Ladies' Aid society will hold their meetings at their Parlor, 718 Washington street, every Friday afternoon and evening, at 7 1/2 P. M. Mrs. A. C. Perkins, President; Mrs. H. W. Gushman, Secretary.

Pembroke Rooms, 91 Pembroke street.—W. J. Colville holds his regular meetings in these rooms, every Friday, at 7 P. M., and lectures on "Revelation" at 8 P. M.

Chelsea.—Spiritual Harmonical Association holds meetings every Sunday at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M. in Temple of Honor Hall, 40 Fellows' Building, opposite Bellingham Car Station. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 7 P. M. Dr. H. W. Gushman, President; one of the best instrumentalists in the ranks, will address the audience at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M.

PAISE HALL.—Notwithstanding the unpromising condition of the elements, a fine audience convened in Paise Hall on the morning of the 28th of November. The happy result of the satisfaction felt by those who were there assembled. Whether spectators or members of the school, all united in perfect harmony, and made this session a pleasant season.

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the ear. These can appeal to the deaf-mute to the blind; they are spiritual sisters. Poetry is not mere rhyme, it is truly sentiment, beautifully clothed in imagery, true to nature. Paintings, as well as songs and poems, must be ideal and prophetic in order to truly fulfill their mission; consequently the poets have always sung of the good time coming, the painters have always prophesied in their representations. Humanity can often receive truth in these ways when it turns from it if less eagerly armed.

In closing, the speaker eulogized the drama, the opera, the concert, the museum and art gallery, and indeed every institution which is capable of uplifting man through the ministry of the beautiful, as every work of art here is inspired from that higher world where the true talents of the soul are incessantly progressing in the direction of ultimate beauty. This lecture was pronounced by a great many in the audience to be one of the very finest inspirational efforts they had ever listened to.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the attendance was again very encouraging. George A. Fuller, under inspiration of his guides, delivered an admirable discourse from the text "The harvest is the end of the world, and the angels are the reapers." Mr. Fuller's address was received with close attention by his hearers, and gave general satisfaction. Mr. Fuller, during the past fortnight, made many warm friends by his visit to Boston.

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It was corroborated; and if he had used the prescription given at that time his wife would have saved years of suffering.

Mr. P. Dye also paid a high tribute to Dr. Slade's mediumship and his worth as a man, and among other things said his daughter materialized under a cabinet, in the light, appearing in her bridal dress; and he requested that when she de-materialized she would commence at the feet; and that she do so, until the form vanished at the top of the head. Everything about the materialization was clear and satisfactory to him, and he urged upon all to witness the phenomena given in Dr. Slade's presence.

Dr. Slade has promised to be with us again next Friday evening, and arrangements are being perfected by which he will give séances in Brooklyn every Saturday.

Prof. Henry Kiddle gives our next lecture—on "The Bible and Spiritualism"—next Friday evening, Dec. 3d; and Prof. J. R. Buchanan speaks on "What Shall We Do?" Dec. 10th. S. R. NICHOLS.

46 Weekly Review, Nov. 28th.

The Cartier Hall Meetings.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Second Society of Spiritualists of New York City is still in a prosperous condition. Moses Hall is now filling a six weeks' engagement, and the audiences are all that could be desired, nearly every seat being taken, even during this inclement weather. On Sunday morning, Nov. 21st, the discourse on "Jesus, the Man, the Medium," seemed to satisfy all present that Jesus was nothing more than a well-developed medium. Many expressed their surprise at the plainness of the Bible when held up in the light of Modern Spiritualism.

In the evening the discourse on "Signals from the Departed" was replete with evidence from all ages, nations, and classes of people, that the so-called dead had always been able to signify to their friends on earth that there was a life beyond.

On Sunday A. M., Nov. 28th, Mr. H. discussed "The Stone which the Builders Rejected."

In the evening the comparison between "The Acts of the Apostles" and "The Acts of the Mediums" enabled many to see both the apostles and the mediums in a different light from what they had, and even before.

Mr. W. F. Jamieson, a former Spiritualist, is now challenging Spiritualists to meet him in discussion. The Second Society are arranging to accept his challenge, and invite Mr. Hall to go into the battle for them. If we can make the arrangement, and "W. F. J." comes to time, a lively debate may be expected. It is to continue five evenings.

The ladies of our Society commence a series of socials at our hall on Wednesday evening of this week, to be held every two weeks. ALFRED WELDON.

President Second Society of Spiritualists, N. Y. 23 East 14th street, New York City, Nov. 28th, 1880.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

(Matter for this department should reach our office by Tuesday morning to insure insertion the same week.)

George Dillingham and wife called at the Banner of Light establishment recently, while on their way homeward to Lynn, after an extended absence. They have had a highly successful tour, which has embraced the camp-meetings at Lake Pleasant (Mass.) and Lake George (N. Y.), together with seasons of well appreciated labor in Glens Falls, Saratoga, New York City, etc. They will remain in Lynn for the present.

J. Frank Baxter having completed his long series of meetings in Central New York, returns, and lectures on Wednesday evening, Dec. 1st, in Sidney, Me.; Thursday and Friday evenings, Dec. 2d and 3d, in Waterville, Me.; Sunday, Dec. 5th, in Bradley, Me.; Monday evening, Dec. 6th, in Glenburn, Me.; Tuesday evening, Dec. 7th, in Kenduskeag, Me., &c. &c. In January, 1881, he lectures on Sundays before the First Society of Spiritualists in Philadelphia, Pa. Parties in vicinity desiring week-evenings, can address him at 181 Walnut street, Chelsea, Mass. Sundays of February and March open for engagements.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield will speak in Marshfield, Dec. 11th, and in West Duxbury Sunday, Dec. 12th. He would like to make other engagements to lecture wherever his services may be required. Address Stafford Springs, Conn., Box 30.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, the distinguished inspirational medium,

Message Department.

Public Free-Circle Meetings.
Are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, corner of
Providence street and Montgomery Place, every TUESDAY
and FRIDAY AFTERNOON. The hall will be open at 2
o'clock, and services commence at 3 o'clock, in case of ab-
solute necessity. The public are cordially invited.
The messages published under the above heading in-
dicate that spirits are with them in the character of their
earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil—con-
sequently those who pass from the earthly sphere in an un-
developed state, eventually progress to a higher condi-
tion. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by
spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or
her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive
in more.

It is our earnest desire that those who may recognize
the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by in-
forming us of the fact for publication.
As our angels desire to behold natural flowers
upon our Circle-Room table, we solicit donations of such
from the friends in earth-life who may feel that it is a plea-
sure to place upon the altar of spiritual life their floral offer-
ings.

Miss Shellamer wishes it distinctly understood that she
gives no private sittings at any time; neither does she re-
ceive visitors on Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Fridays.
Letters pertaining to this department, in order to
ensure prompt attention, should in every instance be ad-
dressed to C. G. & L. W. Wilson, Chairman.

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

Scene Oct. 22d, 1880.

Invocation.

We thank thee, Father, for the hour
That draws the soul to thee,
In contemplation of thy power
Which everywhere we see.
We bless thee for the gift of love
That every heart entwines,
And for that world of light above,
Where holy wisdom shines.

The world is glowing now in light,
Beneath the mellow sun;
And waving fields of harvest white
Proclaim their labors done.
The vines have yielded up their globes,
With purple sweetness here,
And nature dons her richest robes
In thankfulness for life.

Oh Holy Spirit, Perfect Soul!
We bless thee more and more,
As round and round thy seasons roll,
With plenitude in store.
We bless thee for the harvest time,
And fruitage of the land,
Oh thou whose majesty sublime
Is felt on every hand!

And oh! we pray that human hearts,
May with that kindness glow
Which strength and sympathy imparts
To all in want and woe.
May love and helpfulness and cheer
Extend from soul to soul,
Till crime and misery and fear
Shall lose their dread control.
And human life, grown grandly sweet,
Shall blossom out in joy complete.

Elvira G. Gardner.

Oh, it is a sweet joy to return here to friends
and to send out to them a word of love and
cheer! I had dear friends in the mortal; I have
them still close to my heart, and not a day
passes over their heads but I return to minister
to them in spiritual ways, and to seek to bring
them some little knowledge of my presence, of
the love and sympathy I bear for them. It was
a joy for me to pass to the spirit-world. I en-
tered that world of joy and peace with a smil-
ing face, for I had many, many friends upon
the spirit-side who were waiting to welcome
me to their new home, and I saw them before I
passed entirely from the body; I recognized
their dear faces, and it caused my heart to sing
with gladness that there was a beautiful home
of the angels, and that they could return to
minister to loved ones, and teach mortals that
there is no death. I would say to my dear ones
on the earth who watch and wait for the foot-
steps of their loved ones from on high, that we
return daily, sometimes hourly, to bring you
peace and blessings. We would lead your spirits
heavenward; we would teach you of immor-
tal things. Earthly dress is of small avail; ma-
terial things seldom benefit the spirit; what we
always desire is for you to look alive for wealth
and all that is good; for love and sympathy,
purity, peace and gladness can ever be found in
the spiritual world. I return to-day with my
measure full of all that is good for you. I
would ask you to let your light shine as a bea-
con star for others who are in darkness; and let
your good works show that your belief is found-
ed upon a rock, and that you are steadfast and
true to all that is noble and good. Remember
always that we are leading you onward, guiding
you upward over the mountains of time, until you,
too, shall join us in the angelic world. To my
friends in Akron, Ohio, I will say: It is four
years since I was called home—and it has been
a blessed four years to me, bringing me much
gladness and joy, causing me to grow strong
and happy and free. I send back all that is
beautiful to those I love. For fifty-five years I
lived in the mortal, and I feel that my friends
will be glad to realize that I have returned to
send a few little words to them, and bid them
be of cheer. Press on, for all is well; each
change that comes brings you only nearer to
your heavenly home. All is for the best. El-
vira G. Gardner.

Erastus Collins.

I am a stranger here. My name is Erastus
Collins. I believe I can safely say that I was
well known as a citizen of Hartford, Conn., and
a man of business. I feel it my duty to return
to earth and speak to my friends and associ-
ates. I find in my new home that my abilities
have still opportunity to expand, and that I am
not cut off from exercising my faculties as I
was wont to do when in the mortal flesh. There
is much that spirits can accomplish in deeds of
philanthropy, and I find that I may work in
this direction—which I certainly desire to do.
I have learned since my departure the lesson
that I knew something of when on earth: that
material wealth is of value only so far as it
is used for a wise and good purpose. The man
who accumulates riches for the sake of hoard-
ing his wealth to gaze upon, receives no good
from his possessions, but rather receives an in-
jury; for when he passes over the river of death
he will find that he has indeed been harmed
through his worldly accumulations. Now I
wish my friends to ever realize this truth: that
material wealth is of good only when used for
a noble purpose. I do not object to a man's
accumulating what wealth he can, provided he
does so honestly and consistently; but I do de-
precate the hoarding of wealth apart from the
public good. I do certainly desire my friends
to use what they possess for the best advantage
to themselves and to humanity at large. I
would have every one scatter his wealth with
lavish hand; not foolishly, but wisely.

Let it be so used for the benefit of others that
it will brighten up some life that otherwise might
be in darkness and want. There are many ways
by which this may be done without encouraging
idleness, vice or wrong-doing. I feel that if
every one who is able would only seek to benefit
humanity at large, there would be but little

crime, misery and degradation in the world. It
is my purpose to strive earnestly to this end,
and seek, as far as I can, to accomplish some
little good for others. I find that many poor
disembodied spirits, weighed down by sorrow,
sin or degradation—the result of earthly con-
ditions—have need of missionary laborers to
uplift and instruct them. I feel deeply in my soul
that if we would, whilst still in the flesh, seek
to elevate humanity, to enlighten it concern-
ing its spiritual needs, and befriend it in a ma-
terial way, we would not have so many degraded,
unhappy beings in the spiritual world. This is
why I am at work upon the material plane for a
time, striving to influence others for the good of
those who are in need of a helping hand, or who
are in need of material assistance whilst still in
the mortal. They should be educated for the
life which they are to live in the future.

I may not express myself as my friends would
desire, yet I say to them, Seek earnestly for
truth from the spiritual realms, and you will
not fail to receive it; seek for knowledge con-
cerning those who have passed beyond the grave,
and you will certainly receive some tidings from
your loved ones. The curtain which hangs be-
tween you and them is very thin, and oftentimes
you may see their faces shining through. Then,
my dear friends, remember that I shall come to
you in the future; I shall seek to influence you
for good; I shall also endeavor to gain knowl-
edge and truth from higher ones who are above
me, that my own spirit may still blossom out
more beautifully than it ever could have done
on earth.

Charlotte Nevins.

I think it is nearly a year since I died. I have
many friends on earth, many friends whom I
would like to reach. My husband is George P.
Nevins. I died in New York City. I wish to
send to my husband my love, and tell him I was
glad when I found I could return to his side
and see what was transpiring around him. I
was indeed pleased to find that I was not sepa-
rated from all my earthly friends and earthly
interests; that those I loved could draw me
from the spiritual spheres to them. I desire so
much that they may realize my presence with
them, and that I may impart words of cheer,
and strive to influence them in their earthly
lives. I do not understand a great deal about
the laws of spirit-control; I have been study-
ing them since I passed over, and still they are
strange to me. I am in hopes I shall
be able to return, from time to time, until I
become so experienced that I can come daily
in the midst of my friends. I cannot say a
great deal now, only I wish every friend to re-
ceive my love, to know that I bless them—that
I thank them for the kindness shown to me
when I was in the body; that I remember each
one, shall always do so, and shall be indeed
glad to meet them when they come to me in the
spirit-world. I would say, if they ask me what
I think concerning my home, I have a good
home with my friends. We are happy, and
there is room for each one who shall come: we
will meet them with love and gladness. My
name is Charlotte Nevins.

Henry Morrison.

[To the Chairman:] And so, sir, every one
must register himself, I presume. Well, my
name is Henry Morrison, and I hail from Phil-
adelphia. I have a number of friends in that
city, and in various places in the State of Penn-
sylvania. I feel that perhaps they will like to
hear a word from me. I hope they will. If
they do not care to, why, I shall be a gainer by
coming. I am sure. Do you ever get things
mixed here? Well, I should think you would;
there are so many spirits who seem anxious to
come, that I really feel ashamed to press in. I
had to crowd in between two or three others.
To tell you the truth, I feel a little conscience
stricken. I thought if I didn't come now I
never should. I have attained the age of forty-
seven—that is, counting my earthly life with
my spiritual life. I have been in this other
world about twelve years, as near as I can reckon
back. Now my friends have had a long sil-
ence from me, and I feel that it is time to
speak. I should like very much to reach my
son John; he is now quite a lad, and is looking
around to see what steps he shall take for his
future. I would like to say from my stand-
point that he has not yet looked in the right
direction. I hope he will pause and consider;
certainly, before he takes any steps whatever.
The future he is thinking of marking out for
himself is not adapted to him at all; physically
he will not be able to endure it; mentally it will
chafe upon him, and spiritually it will retard
his advancement. That is a very gloomy view
to present to a young man, but I feel it to be
my duty to speak. I wish to say that I would
like to have him write to his uncle Thomas;
tell him of his plans and ideas and ask his ad-
vice. I know I shall be able to influence my
brother Thomas in a way that will be for the
good of my boy; and I feel that my son will
abide by it. Perhaps, getting this line from
such a distance, he will consent to my wishes.
If he does, it will be the best thing that ever
could happen to him.

I have many friends who were connected with
me in business, and I desire to send them my
greetings. I wish them to know that I am active,
not at all asleep, and although I have been
silent for a number of years, I have been look-
ing around, and I know very well what has oc-
curred. To one friend in particular, who had
the management of certain affairs of mine, I
wish to say: Those papers were not settled sat-
isfactorily to myself, and I have been uneasy
concerning them ever since. Now I know it
cannot be rectified; that this cannot be changed;
but if you value my esteem, I hope you will
have a conversation with my family, and do the
best you can for them. My son will know to
whom I refer, and I hope he will send my letter
to him. I do not know as there is anything
more to say, except that I send my love to my
friends, and am glad to be able to speak to
them. If any of them are ready and willing to
hear from me privately, I shall certainly be on
hand to respond, but I do not desire to push
myself in unwelcome. I felt it my duty to come
to-day; and I hope my wishes will be respected.

Scene Oct. 20th, 1880.

Advice to Spiritualists.

By one of the Circle Band.

We have been requested to control and speak
upon a matter which seems to interest many
Spiritualists, and to reply to certain questions
which they have propounded to us concerning
the interests of mediums at large and the work
in which they are engaged. We find many
Spiritualists (who should be better informed)
confounding the operator with the instrument,
or, in other words, they do not discriminate
between the spirit acting upon the medium,
and the medium himself or herself; hence,
whatever action is performed by or through

the medium, these individuals are pleased to
consider the medial instrument responsible for.
To illustrate: Take a public medium, whom
the spirit-world may have used long and suc-
cessfully as a teacher of spiritual truth, and as
an inculcator of moral purity; you have learn-
ed to look upon that medium as an embodiment
of all that is true and good. In a moment of
great receptiveness he or she may have been
brought under the influence of some evil-dis-
posed or carnally-minded being, in or out of
the form, and fallen into temptation. What is
the result? In a little while you are startled
by the terrible disclosure that your idol is but
clay, and that when subjected to great tempta-
tion may fall before it!

You become indignant, but you cannot for-
get the beautiful teachings that the medium
has voiced; and yet you rush to the conclusion
that he or she is a hypocrite, living a lie, under
the mask of truth and purity. In your excite-
ment you do not take into consideration the
fact that the teachings of spirituality and truth,
which so delighted and sustained you, were
from the spirit-world, and given by earnest
spirits behind the veil, and not in any sense the
production of the passive or unconscious me-
dium.

An exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy
should exemplify his teachings by a true and
noble life; but all beings are to a large extent
swayed by the conditions which surround them,
and particularly is this true of the sensitive
mediums for the spirit-world; their very sus-
ceptibility to spiritual influence, which denotes
mediumship and makes them of use as instru-
ments to the higher powers, renders them nega-
tive to positive influences, material as well as
spiritual. Hence, if a medium is surrounded
by gross or dishonest persons in the flesh, he or
she would not only be left to the mercy of the
darkened influences that would naturally be
attracted to such a sensitive, but the entire be-
ing would become contaminated by the moral
poison which emanates from them.

We are asked why it is that mediums who
have been well tested, and proved reliable, are
sometimes found wanting in the moral princi-
ples that beautify and adorn the spirit? Also,
when the spirit-world has found a medium to
be untruthful and immoral, why does it con-
tinue to make use of such a person? The spirit-
world cannot always choose its instruments
where it desires. A corrupt state of society,
false education, inherited tendencies and im-
proper surroundings may shape the character
of a susceptible person. But the spirit-world
may find this mediumistic person (who may be
in the meridian of life) capable of being acted
upon by spirit-intelligences; and through his or
her instrumentality they may send forth to hu-
manity a knowledge of eternal life; also of the
condition of the spirit after the death of the
body. Shall we, then, reject the services of
such instruments because of the evil that has
been wrought into their lives? The man who
is far away from home and friends would not
reject the only means of communicating with
his loved ones because it was imperfect, but
rather would gladly avail himself of the slip
of soiled paper at his command, by which
measure he could communicate with his friends.
So it is with spirits; they will not reject the use
of a medium on whose brain they can impress
holy messages to loved ones, merely because
that medium is not perfectly pure and good.
We do not excuse wrong-doing, or the violation
of any moral principle, but rather we would
urge earthly mediums and all others to strive
to live pure and good lives, and remain faithful
to the principles of truth and honor; then they
will be fitted to always receive grand teachings
from the spheres of Wisdom, Love and Har-
mony.

While there is one mourning heart to comfort,
one spirit struggling in misery that can be al-
leviated, one mind unenlightened concerning im-
mortal life, we must continue to use the instru-
ments provided for us, even if some of them are
not in every respect adapted to our purpose.
It is the paramount duty of Spiritualists to
surround their mediums with a refining, elevat-
ing and purifying influence; to remove them
from the debasing conditions which the low,
vicious and dishonorable create, and lead them
into association with the beautiful and good.
But this will not be accomplished by indiffer-
ence and neglect. You must extend the hand of
love and friendship; speak words of sympathy
and cheer; render material aid when needed;
convince them by your acts that you recognize
them as laborers for the angels.

When one who is working night and day in
alleviating the pains of those afflicted with dis-
ease, or those suffering through exposure to the
merciless elements, contracts a disease that may
prove fatal, you do not refuse to care for him,
for that would be monstrous. Rather do you
seek to minister to his wants, and, by tenderest
care, often restore him to health. But when a
medium, who has toiled almost ceaselessly to
alleviate the woes and to dispel the doubts of
humanity, becomes exposed to the terrible in-
fluence of some ill-conditioned being in or out
of the form, and falls a prey to temptation, it
is considered justifiable by you to neglect entirely
or upbraid him or her with scorn and reproach-
es. Oh, Spiritualists, be careful what you do!
Remember that you owe your knowledge of im-
mortal life to your mediums! Then treat them
tenderly and teach them wisely. We rejoice,
however, that there are many in our land who
are above reproach. These are the faithful,
tried workers, who have proved a blessing to
mankind. Their white lives shine out in purity.
They are noted by the angel-world. All honor
to such noble workers! They form our van-
guard of Spiritual Liberty and Truth.

In the palace and in the hovel our workers are
to be found; and wherever we find need of spirit-
presence—wherever we find an organism adapted
to the purpose of spirit-control—we use it to
send forth our influence and to perform our work
so that mankind may become enlightened con-
cerning the future life.

By-and-by we expect Spiritualists will become so
well informed in regard to the subtle, delicate laws
which govern mediumship, that they will be ready,
willing and able to assist us in our God-given
work, and so provide for us instruments through
whom only the holiest and loveliest teachings
of the highest heavens can be given.

Therefore guard well, and fully protect and
strive to elevate by every means in your power,
we repeat, the medial instruments in your midst,
and you will in due time have no cause to con-
demn the sensitive ones who possess the divine
gift of mediumship.

Julia Stokes.

[To the Chairman:] My name, sir, is Julia
Stokes. I have friends in Wilmington, Del.,
whom I wish to reach. I died with congestion
of the lungs. I was very ill before I passed
away; I could not speak for a long time before
my departure. I was taken suddenly ill, and
before I knew, or my friends were aware, I was

past recovery. I wish them to know that I can
return. I send them my love. I want my little
sister to be taken care of. I feel sure my friends
can do it if they only will, and it will be such a
relief to me. I am very anxious about her all
the time, so I cannot be happy in my spirit-
home. All around me looks very bright and
beautiful; it seems that I might enjoy it if I
could only rest satisfied concerning the future
welfare of my little sister, who is unable to care
for herself. I know she is temporarily cared
for now, but I wish to say to my friends, Do not
pursue that course you have thought of; I want
her to go to her aunt in Minnesota, but I do not
wish her to go alone. It seems to me some one
of you could take her there, and see that she is
well situated before you leave. I would do so
much for you, were it possible for me to do so.
I am certain when you find I am so anxious
about this you will do it for me. I have never
been able to speak in this way before. I cannot
find any medium to control where my friends are;
I find it impossible to impress them, and
having heard that your paper goes out so far, I
felt bold to come and speak, feeling that my
friends would see my message, hoping they
would consent to comply with my desires. I
should like to come again some time, if I find
they have performed all that I wish. If there
is anything I can tell them, or any use that I
can be to them, I shall be most happy.

Mrs. Sallie D. Clement.

I thought I would like to look around a bit,
and when I heard that you let folks like me
talk here, I thought I would like to send my
love-home to my friends, and tell them I am
pretty comfortably off. I have a good home,
and I have found all those friends who died so
many years ago. They are all well and young,
and they tell me I am going to grow to look
just as they do. It is too good to believe, but
they speak the truth, I know. Now I want to
say this is a blessed world, but I think I have
found one more blessed—it is to me, anyway.
It looks strange to come round here, but I like
to see what is going on. I was eighty-one years
old—all tired out. I am getting rested and
smart and chipper, now, so I'll do very well. I
want my folks to look into this, and live so that
when they come here to live they will be smart
and strong and happy. I am Mrs. Sallie D.
Clement. I am from Newburyport.

Willie Carey.

[To the Chairman:] Please may I come? I
am a little boy; my papa lives in Boston. I did,
too; my mamma lives here, too. I was my
mamma's baby, and I was her little man, too.
I don't want her to cry at all like she did. I
want to send my love to all at home, can I?
My name is Willie Carey. My papa's name is
John W. My mamma has got a real soft, pretty
name; it is Mercy. Aint that real? I com'd
home. I did n't go 'way, 'way off, but I com'd
home to see my mamma, and she was crying.
I did n't feel good; I felt bad, I did. I come
real often and play; and I looked out the win-
dow and I saw the pretty snow coming down,
and I like to see it. I wanted my mamma to
see me, but she did n't. I pulled her, but she
didn't know it. Wa'n't that too bad? I've
had a birthday since I went to sleep, I have. I
am over five, now, and I's going to have all the
birthdays just the same as I would have if I
had n't gone where the pretty flowers are. I
want 'em all to know it. I want papa and
mamma to see what I say; I want to send my
love, heaps and heaps, to 'em all.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Oct. 26.—Charlotte Bunwell; Nathaniel C. Small; David Wil-
der; Georgiana C. Jarvis.
Nov. 15.—John Bryant; Nancy Green; Dr. Shaw; Mary A.
Tarrall; Alex. Marshall; Walter J. Stowers; Guide of the
Medium.
Nov. 16.—John Clayton Prince; Mary A. Weightman;
Laura Miller; Capt. Homer Kellogg; Margaret Clough-
lin; Samuel Thompson; Seneca.
Nov. 18.—Anna Lyman; George Carter; Dr. Charles Dun-
ham; Able R. Freeman; Richard McIntire; Deacon
George W. Holmes; William H. Dwellmyer; Mary Hutch-
ins.
Nov. 19.—Rev. William C. Wainwright; Mrs. Emma L. Bar-
rows; James Warren; Thomas West; Louisa Wilkins; Ag-
nes Peck; John A. Stevenson; Emma S. Dodge.
Nov. 20.—John Deane; Nancy Green; Dr. Shaw; Mary A.
Tarrall; Alex. Marshall; Walter J. Stowers; Guide of the
Medium.
Nov. 21.—John Clayton Prince; Mary A. Weightman;
Laura Miller; Capt. Homer Kellogg; Margaret Clough-
lin; Samuel Thompson; Seneca.
Nov. 22.—George Freeman; Henry J. Raymond; Mary
Crawley; Sarah Miller; Jonathan Brooks; Clara Alice Mor-
ley.
Nov. 27.—David S. Tarr; Lydia M. Flinders; Lizzie At-
kinson; Mary Bennett; Samuel Taylor; Dr. Henry Clark;
John Augustus.

REPLIES TO QUESTIONS,

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
W. J. COLVILLE.

AT THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLIC FREE-CIRCLE ROOM.

Invocation.

Thou Divine Intelligence, pervading all space,
and permeating every heart, we praise thee for the light
which illumines the darkness of all worlds, and for the
wisdom which guideth all things onward through the
varied changes of their growth from chaos into perfect
order. We praise thee for that love which illumines
our pathway; which gives us all the trials, as well as
the pleasures of life; with glimpses of beauty born from
the splendors of the noonday of heavenly glory. We
praise thee for the love that, while it marks the flight
of an angel, also guides the sparrow to its destination,
where it may pick up from the ground the crumbs that
are needful to satisfy its wants. We praise thee for
that power which is gentleness and mercy unto all,
which, while it insures the eternal rectitude of all
things, yet reveals unto us the perfection that dwells
in the heart of God and constitutes the Infinite Mind.
May we all drink deep draughts of inspiration at this
hour. May we all receive communications from the
pure and the noble who have preceded us in the an-
gelic spheres. May all of us, united as one company
of earnest truth-seekers, lift up our aspirations unto
thee by every noble thought, and by every hallowed
action; and so may we be instrumental, now and ever,
in advancing thy kingdom among men, in casting out
fear, and doubt, and superstition, and in bringing high
a glorious deliverance from the bondage under which
humanity now groans. May we be pure in heart, and
sound in head, and whenever we approach the spirit
spheres, by purity of heart and careful investigation of
all things, may we arrive at conclusions in harmony
with the laws of nature, and by interpreting hourly
more and more of the mysteries of life, may all mystery
vanish, may the sunlight of heavenly day reveal unto
us the spirit in all things, and matter but as the form
that enshrouds the soul. By daily conflict with evil, by
hourly victory over temptation, by incessant work for
human well-being, may we raise thee in this and in
every world in which we may be called to live and
labor, in time and in eternity. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—Is it the opinion of the control that it
is desirable for all who can, habitually to
hold intercourse with the spirit-world, either
through mediums or directly?

ANS.—Decidedly—provided that your motives
are pure when you desire and practice such
intercourse with the spirit-world. Whenever
the motive in consulting a medium is pure;
whenever you desire information in order to
help you along in the world, that you may be
more useful to society; whenever the motive is
innocent, there can be no harm whatever in
holding intercourse with the spirit-world, be-
cause the spirits who will respond to your in-
quiries will have no desire to do you harm,

even if they do not accomplish absolute good.
To rely upon spirits for what you can do your-
selves, is a very great mistake. You do not
wish to summon spirits from the spirit-sphere,
in order to tell you that four and four make
eight; you do not wish spirits to come and in-
fluence mediums in your behalf in order to
take a step which, if you use the common sense
with which you should meet the ordinary du-
ties of life, you would be able to take without
their assistance. Spirits should only be sum-
moned to assist you out of difficulties which
you are unable to overcome without their help,
or to give you truth from a much higher plane
than you can get it unaided. Unless inter-
course with spirits has a view to the elevation
of society, unless it is practiced with a desire
to do good, and thus become more useful, it may
be denounced as sorcery or witchcraft, and is
liable to be connected with fraud. There will
remain an element of black magic or voun-
doism in Spiritualism as long as there are per-
sons who wish to make a market out of certain
occult knowledge, or by it to work harm to
others. Your motive when approaching the
spirit-world is everything. There are means
of communion with the spirit-world which there
would not be if they were not intended to be
used: use them aright, and they will bless you;
abuse them, and of course they will curse you.

Q.—The late rebellion in this country caused
sorrow and tribulation in most of the families
in the nation. That rebellion was an outgrowth
of slavery. Now shall it be said that this great
tribulation was a supreme judgment upon the
nation for having legally harbored bondage?

A.—Decidedly it was the result of having le-
gally harbored bondage. Cause and effect work
in all portions of the universe, and thus every-
thing which occurs is the result, the flower of
that which has gone before; consequently any
evils, which are nursed in society to-day, must
necessarily explode in some form of rebellion
and disaster in coming years. If you nurse a vi-
per, that viper will sting you, sooner or later; it
is in the natural sequence of events. If you sow
wild oats in your field you cannot expect to
reap good grain that will make sweet food for
your bread. It is utterly impossible for the
seed of the thistle to bear the rose; if the seed
germinates at all, it must bear its natural pro-
duct. So in the natural order of things slavery,
tyranny, and everything hostile to human well-
being, necessarily works disaster to the com-
munity which has harbored it; and while those
who may have been the sufferers may have
been led through the furnace of affliction to a
higher state, the real sorrow, the real disaster
recoils upon the heads of those who have perpe-
trated the wickedness; even though they may
be outside the physical form, they themselves
suffer in the long run the catastrophe; their
victims find that their unmerited sorrows
have been more than compensated.

Q.—That servicable and much abused ani-
mal, the horse, has life. Life is the soul. Will
that life have a future existence?

A.—Decidedly; all life has a future existence;
but the life of an animal is not the life of the
human soul, as the life of the man or woman is.
I cannot find an attribute in the animal that I
cannot find in you; I can find all in you that I
can find in the animal kingdom; and thus I
find that all fragmentary, elementary expres-
sions of life may not remain a persistent individ-
uality, but may be merged in the general life;
thus spiritual life, expressing itself in material
form, may produce vegetable forms before it
produces animal forms, and may produce ani-
mal forms before it produces human forms; but
the human form is the result of the combined
expression of multiple rays of spiritual
light, which, in the concrete, constitute the hu-
man spirit. For a time an animal may be per-
petuated in individualized form in the spirit
spheres in the atmospheres of the earth. If
you love your horse you may have your horse
with you in the spirit-spheres. If you are much
attached to any animal, that animal may con-
tinue to live as an attendant upon you; but as
soon as its individual expression is no longer
needed by human spirits, it will gradually asso-
ciate with other elements until completion is
the result; because the animal spirit is in all-
ance with the human spirit, but represents only
a portion of it.

Verifications of Spirit Messages.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
—In the Banner of July 24th is a communication from
Dr. Wm. Bushnell. I read the message to my
mother, and as I read she would interrupt me by say-
ing, "That sounds just like him," "The age is right";
"That's him," etc. (Mother is not a Spiritualist.) Dr.
Bushnell was my uncle. His residence was on Prince-
ton street, East Boston. He passed away April 28th,
1879, aged seventy-eight years fourteen days. He was
not a believer in Spiritualism. He used to say that it
was all a "humbug." Years ago he was a Congrega-
tional minister; he afterwards took up the practice of
medicine. I have no doubt about the message being
given by my uncle, Wm. Bushnell. I would have ver-
ified this before, but I wanted to see if any one else
would do so.

I hope that you may ever be sustained in the course
that you are pursuing. Truly yours,
HENRY E. HULL.

Granby, Conn., Nov. 4th, 1880.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The message of LYDIA JONES in the Banner of Light
of Oct. 30th, her friends fully recognize as coming
from her, and all the facts to be true. Her husband
gave one message through the Banner. He passed
away some time ago—she in 1877—and at that time was
living in Phoenix, N. Y.
L. V. FLINT.

Baldwinsville, N. Y.

Married:

Mr. John L. Binkley and Mrs. B. E. Holmes, of Tampa,
were married by Dr. F. Branch on Sunday evening last.
Quite a number from town went out to see the ceremony,
and were highly pleased with the reception given
them at Mr. Isaac W. Warner's residence. We offer our
congratulations to the happy couple, and wish them a long
and happy life.—The Tampa (Florida) Guardian of Nov.
13th.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Ann Arbor, Mich., Nov. 4th, 1880, Mrs. Deborah
Kellogg, aged 80 years.

Mrs. Kellogg was sister of Horace Kellogg, and mother of
the widely known and highly respected "Advocate of Physi-
cal Science," Dr. B. B. Kellogg, and one of the pioneers of the
spiritual faith in this city.

Her was a life of purity and sweetness. Generosity and
sympathy were her hall-marks. Her loving kindness, her
sweetness of disposition, her thoughtful deeds of charity,
her humility in every walk of life, and her sterling ad-
herence to everything that was good and true and noble, won
for her the respect of all who came within the radius of her
pure influence. As a wife and mother, she was the idol of
her household. As a Spiritualist, she proved to the world
her sincerity—not by argument, but by her noble life and
the

BRITTAN'S SECULAR PRESS COLUMN.

The Editor-at-Large at his Work.

THE SPIRITUALISTS DEFENDED.

CHARLES OF THE TABERNACLE PASTOR EXAMINED.
FOR BRITTAN'S SECULAR PRESS COLUMN.

"That shall not bear false witness against his neighbor."
—Leviticus.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle.

My attention has been called to the report of a discourse by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on October 24. The main object of the reverend teacher seems to have been to arraign and denounce the enemies of the divine institution of monogamous marriage; and so far it may be presumed that he fairly represents the general sentiment of all civilized nations. But there are several things in this loose language which would invite severe criticism if they were only presented with some show of reason, or otherwise supported by the evidence of a single fact. It will be obvious to every logical mind that the frothy brain of this sensational preacher imposes no restraint upon a lawless tongue. Two things, however, lend a fictitious importance to what he may say. First is the fact that he is the accepted religious instructor of a large society and congregation of people who profess the Christian religion; and second, that his utterances obtain much wider and more enduring expression through influential public journals. It is chiefly for these reasons that I am induced to notice this discourse, and these considerations alone must serve as my apology for asking space in your columns for this letter.

The preacher's exordium—describing the nuptials of Adam and Eve in Paradise—most resembles a rhapsodic production by a mad poetaster, who mistakes the small pyrotechnics of his own disordered brain for a heavy rain of Promethean fire. The whole picture is worked up in what may be, for aught we know, a pre-Raphaelite style. The wild beasts occupy the back room in Eden, and are on their best behavior before the new lord of creation, while the birds perform the grand epitalamium or nuptial song in proper time. No cards.

After this poetic rhapsody the preacher enters at once upon the solid work of his argument to prove that the Old Testament is at war with the practice of polygamy, and that the sacred writings of the Jews contained implicitly support the sacredness of the divinely-ordained institution of monogamy, or the marriage to only one wife. In attempting to prove this from the book itself, and to defend some of its authors from the suspicion of being tainted with free love, the speaker is more earnest than convincing. Indeed, it must be admitted that our modern Balaams, in popular parlance, undertake a very heavy task, but he evidently thinks he is equal to the task, and the real facts in the case do not appear to subject him to the least possible embarrassment. On this point his reasoning and complicity remind us of the popular logic and self-satisfaction of the Liberator, who, having stated his theory of a certain subject, was told that the facts in the case proved the contrary, when he replied, "Bad luck to the facts, then." Dr. Talmage attaches a similar importance to his own naked assumptions, and never suspects that facts susceptible of the clearest demonstration as effectively explode his hollow pretensions as a shot from a columbiad would demolish a chicken-coop.

It is true that the most illustrious of the Hebrew patriarchal princes, faithful Abraham, had not only Sarah for his wife, but two concubines, namely, Hagar and Ketura—wives of inferior rank, whose offspring could claim no lawful inheritance in the father's estate. Not to speak of the inferior personages, whose lives are a subject of record in the Jewish Scriptures, we may mention the fact that David had seven wives and ten concubines. The latter he left as mistresses of the royal palace when, during the conspiracy of his son Absalom, he fled, with bare feet, from the Holy City, over Mount Olives, to the king and his attendants, with bowed and covered heads, "weeping as they went" their way. (11 Sam. chap. xv.) And yet "the Lord God of Israel" is represented as speaking of him after his death as "my servant David, who kept my commandments and who followed me with all his heart, to do that which was right in mine eyes." (1 Kings, xiv. 8.) Then Solomon—according to the catechism, the wisest of men—had no less than "seven hundred wives," princesses who, the pious Alexander Cruden, author of the "Complete Concordance of the Holy Scriptures," tells us, "all lived in the quality of queens," and "three hundred concubines"—one thousand in all.

It is written in the First Book of Kings that this wise man "loved many strange women"; also, that "it came to pass, when Solomon was old, that his wives turned away his heart after other gods." The history shows that he erected altars in high places and worshipped the gods of his mistresses, including the bloody Moloch, chief divinity of the Ammonites, to whom human sacrifices were offered in the valley of Hinnom or Tophet. Polygamy was ought not to be surprised that Solomon went after and supported the grossest abominations of the surrounding heathen tribes. A man with so many queens and women of inferior rank to keep his house would be more than human if he did not do something desperate to entertain the court and divert his own mind from the miseries of his situation. In his sinful imbecility we might naturally expect that he would be as likely to worship one god as another. Yet the Lord is represented as hearing testimony to the unimpeachable wisdom of Solomon in these words: "Lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart; so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee." (1 Kings, chap. iii.)

In respect to his free love propensities and the number of his wives, Solomon has certainly had his peers in these latter days. True, our own Joseph Smith and Brigham Young are only vulgar imitators of a regal prototype, following at a respectful distance, and subject to the embarrassing conditions and circumstances of our improved civilization. But the Grand Turk at Constantinople has sometimes had more wives than even "Solomon in all his glory." In the reign of several of the sultans—within the present century—the imperial harem has included from 1,500 to 2,000 beautiful young women, all slaves, and sacrificed to the lawless passion of one sovereign master. These are mainly contributions from Turkish provinces and the Greek islands, and a large proportion of them are said to be the daughters of Christian parents. We have no means of knowing how many such veiled beauties now occupy the summer seraglio on the Bosphorus.

Dr. Talmage has a convenient faculty of seeing only what suits him, while to everything else he is happily blind. He hustles the records of history, the facts of science, and every day's experience out of his way, as readily as a bustling housewife sweeps down cobwebs. Regardless of premises and all rules of rationalization, he vaults with a reckless daring to such surprising results that one almost fancies the shepherd's crook has become a magician's wand. It is not strange that such a man should announce the astounding discovery that Modern Spiritualism originated the "free love" doctrine, and that those who practice it "are almost all Spiritualists." It would, however, surprise us to know that any sensible man is disposed to credit this assumption. That no one may either misapprehend the oracle of the Tabernacle or suspect the present writer of misrepresenting his views, I here reproduce what he says on this particular topic:

"Another mighty force of the family relation is the prevalent doctrine of free love. Newspapers in advocacy of these doctrines fill the land. The greatest argument against it is that the advocates of it, without any exception, turn out libertines, having broken up their own homes, they go about to destroy the homes of others. 'This obscene flock of carion crows caw, caw, caw on their way to and from the moral carcasses.' They are almost all Spiritualists, and they get the people of this world and the next so mixed up that they do not know who belong to them and who belong to the others. Free love and Spiritualism are twin sisters, and their morals are so bankrupt that they cannot pay one percent of righteousness. I can tell the spirits of the next world that if they cannot find any better company than they are said to pick out on earth, they had better stay where they are if they have any regard for their reputation. When those who are united in holy marriage have a special affinity for some one outside that bond, they had better go to studying the Ten Commandments. Such persons are on the edge of sin."—Useful Knowledge and General Literature, by Rev. J. L. Blake, A. M., page 831.

of a fall about ten thousand feet down. But at that distance they only strike once on the rocks and then bound off into the unfathomable."

Spiritualists do not concern themselves about the manner in which this shepherd of souls may choose to pursue the game of which he speaks, namely, "This obscene flock of carion crows"; and as little do they care to know whether the chase is for exercise, profit or amusement. Being a lively representative of the Brooklyn pulpit we can but realize that the Messenger of the Tabernacle knows—from observation of course—a thing or two about the average phases of free love, also of its accidental relations to the church and the ministerial office; likewise concerning its liability to produce great trials and social discord, in which the family relation may be ruptured for all time. Moreover, having in his ministerial capacity for righteousness' sake—to the end that he might see and comprehend the naked truth, however shocking to his moral sensibilities—made the circuit of the gin mills and gambling halls of New York; and having, also, under the protection of Providence and the Metropolitan police, whose ways are mysterious and past finding out, repeatedly visited the haunted shades of the Cyprians, it is quite possible he may have found the roosting places of the "unclean birds" of our modern Babylon. If he did, he must know that when he made the discovery he was neither in the illuminated courts of the great Spiritual Temple nor in the dwelling places of its recognized disciples. Let us respectfully admonish this clerical sportsman that in this field his instinct is more mercurial than his reason. If he is careful to keep the trail and not allow himself to double in the dark, and so return to the starting-point, he will find the game at last. Nor is this all; he will not incur the least danger of poaching on any sacred ground or of being held for trespass on the complaint of any Spiritualist.

When a public religious teacher, whose office is supposed to insure something like the practice of righteousness in his treatment of others, using both pulpit and press in the dissemination of his views, boldly charges that Spiritualism is responsible for the free love doctrine, for the breaking up of so many homes and the utter desecration of the most important of all human relations, the Spiritualists claim the right to meet the man on his own chosen ground who thus defames their character and dishonors their most sacred convictions. That Spiritualism *per se* sustains any natural relation whatever to illicit love and lechery is an assumption which cannot be supported by a single substantial reason. These never had any such relation, indeed, they never can have, since, in the nature of things, they are essentially and forever incompatible. The principles of Spiritualism and the unrestrained indulgence of the animal passions are so irreconcilable as to be incapable of permanent co-existence.

But I shall be told that a number of professed Spiritualists have actually broken up their homes, established other relations, or allowed themselves to drift at random, following one attraction or another, as determined by temporary convenience or the passion of the hour. This is, unhappily, too true; but it is no less susceptible of the clearest demonstration that, outside of the ranks of Spiritualists, there are numberless examples, including many church members and several clergymen, who, through the triple power of "the world, the flesh and the devil," have "fallen from grace"—from places as high and to depths as low as any Spiritualist is likely to find. Every one knows that there were many cases of alienation, desertion and divorce before the advent of Modern Spiritualism. Men and women have been mutually yoked together in all ages, principally by the clergy, and domestic unhappiness is no new thing under the sun. We have never yet met with a single spirit, in all our intercourse with the invisible intelligences, who either recommended or sanctioned the looseness of life which is charged to the account of the great body of Spiritualists. It finds no countenance in the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy. On the contrary, if I have any knowledge of this subject, this pure and sublime philosophy demands of every man that he shall subordinate the appetites, impulses and passions of his lower nature to reason and the laws of the higher or spiritual life. It is in this respect especially that Spiritualism, in its most comprehensive sense, rises heavenward above all other systems. In its supreme demands for the purification of human nature, the consecration of all our powers to beneficent uses, and the highest moral elevation of our ideal of the divine life on earth.

Now, what would become of the existing religious institutions if they were judged by the character of such of their supporters as fall below the standard of morals they set up? It is a notorious fact that most of the criminals who fill the State prisons all over the country are firm believers in the cardinal doctrines of the evangelical churches. In some of the prisons investigations have been made into the religious faith of the convicts without discovering a single Quaker, Swedenborgian, Unitarian or Spiritualist. Scarcely a capital offender against the laws swings out of time into eternity at the end of a halter who does not express his belief in the doctrines of original sin, total depravity, vicarious atonement, a personal devil and a merciless retribution for all the impugnant. Multitudes of people live and die in the Calvinistic faith. Is Mr. Talmage willing to have the ministers of his faith, the people of his charge, and his system of religion judged by the State Prison standard of character? If he is not, it may be well for him to take warning from the Scripture which reads: "For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." (Luke vi. 38.)

Not only is it represented that the free lovers "are almost all Spiritualists," but it is affirmed that "newspapers in advocacy of these doctrines fill the land." One would be authorized to infer from this that such papers are more numerous here than were the frogs which came out of the waters in the days of the Egyptian plagues. Also that, with few exceptions, not worth mentioning, they are all supported by Spiritualists. But what are the facts? Why, that there is not a single spiritual paper, either in this country or Europe, that has any recognition as an exponent of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, which advocates free love on the plane of our animal life.

The Spiritualists have no virtue and religion to boast of, nor are they accustomed to advertise their piety from the pulpit and in the papers. Indeed, the Divine Messenger at the Tabernacle boldly affirms that we "cannot pay one percent of righteousness." If this is so, the failure is complete; and it is all the more to be lamented for the reason that we may not hope to borrow any small surplus righteousness from those who accuse us falsely. Such people are sure to have enough to do to meet their own obligations. And here we are reminded that they have another advantage over Spiritualists which is a great thing for those who most need it—they have a moral and theological bankruptcy law by which any rascal—even the vilest sinner—may have the righteousness of a just man imputed to him. Under this peculiar arrangement those who may grossly misrepresent their characters, views and conduct as long as they are so disposed, and at last take the benefit of that law.

The man whose business it is to dispense Calvinism and his own crude ideas at the Tabernacle is ignorant of one subject on which he presumes to speak with oracular authority. Spiritualism is not the insignificant and slipshod creature of his imagination. No! It is a mighty angel, descended from Heaven and radiant with the morning light of a New Dispensation. It comes to roll the stone away from the sepulchre of universal immortality, and to demonstrate our immortality. In the presence of men and angels it breaks the seals of the invisible *arcana*, and reveals the sources of the world's inspiration. It is the living interpreter of the sacred books of all ages and nations. Spiritualism has no flesh and blood relations. It never had a "twin sister," and hence cannot have had one of easy virtue. On the contrary, it sustains the same relation to "free love" that the uncorrupted Gospel of Jesus did to the scarlet woman of the Apocalypse.

The charge that Spiritualists, as a people, have less respect for the relations of home than others has no better foundation than ignorance of the real facts and the heedlessness which is governed by the most superficial appearances. In referring to this subject we are reminded of a man who many years ago, was a frequent and most welcome visitor at the residence of the writer. He was a gentleman of rare intelligence and

unusual refinement, with the feeling and taste of a true poet and the delicate sensibilities of a woman. Though a wanderer for years, in many countries and among rude peoples, yet the domestic circle—the sanctuary where faith is mutual and all the pure affections bud and blossom in the unclouded sunshine of love—was the ideal of his life. No saint ever sought a holy shrine with a more sincere devotion; yet the heaven of his imagination eluded his grasp. He was a wanderer to the end. While engaged in the service of his country he died far away in a foreign land. His ashes mingle with the sterile sands of Algiers, but his spirit has gone home to rest in heaven. This modest layman did more to consecrate the domestic relations and affections in the universal mind and heart than all the dogmatic theologians and homilists of the present century. Our gentle friend was the author of "Home, Sweet Home." His name is yet green in the world's memory, and his song will continue to be sung in every land and in all living tongues. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE gave us that deathless song, and he was a Spiritualist! Rest, spirit of blessed memory! S. B. BRITTAN.

Vindication of the Fletchers.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As our names have been brought so prominently before the public in a legal affair, we feel that the time has come for an explanation of the whole matter. The charge which was preferred against us was the larceny and embezzlement of a large amount of property belonging to Madame Hart-Davies who for a long time was an inmate of our home in London, and who accompanied us to this country. That the charge was false is proven by legal documents, and the only reason we can possibly ascribe for the charge being made was due to the influence of Dr. Mack, an old-time enemy, and who, having met the lady at Lake Pleasant for the first time, took her away with him and instituted proceedings against us.

The right of possession is explained in the following papers which have already appeared in the *Sunday Globe* and other journals. First

THE DEED.

To whomsoever it may concern:
I, the said Anne Theodora Hart-Davies, of Hampton Court House, Hampton Court, county of Middlesex, England, she left to me, Juliet Anne Theodora Hart-Davies, her daughter, a certain quantity of jewelry for my own separate use and control.

I, the said Anne Theodora Hart-Davies, now residing in London, in consideration of the love I bear to Susie Willis Fletcher, of Boston, United States of America, now residing in London, and for the many kindnesses shown by her to me, and for other good and sufficient considerations, hereby give and relinquish to the said Susie Willis Fletcher, the said jewelry which my mother gave me, for her own separate use and control, and have made this writing: First, that she may be fully protected in the possession of said jewelry; secondly, that I have made the gift of my own free will, and, further to say, that she has consented to accept the jewels only upon my earnest request and solicitation, and upon assurance that it is my earnest wish and desire she should do so. The said jewels, the schedule of which is here to annexed, were very dear to my mother, and doubly precious to me, and I have made the above disposition of them in full conformity with my own wishes, setting forth my reasons for so doing, not only for her, the said Susie Willis Fletcher's protection, but also for my own; and that at any time, now or in the future, there may be no question as to the right of the said Susie Willis Fletcher to the within-named jewelry or property, the said gift being made by me without any reservation, with a desire she may wear the jewels during her lifetime, and make such further disposition of them as she may think proper. Furthermore, in view of my experiences with trustees and other parties, the death of my mother, I have preferred to dispose of the property in the manner above indicated, and during my lifetime, rather than it should be disposed of in a way responsive to my whole nature by those who might obtain possession of it upon my decease, or by disposing of same by will, as I might have done but for this gift, on conveyance. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this twenty-fifth day of August, A. D. 1879.
(Signed) JULIET ANNE THEODORA HART-DAVIES.
Witness—Francis Morion. [SEAL.]

NEXT:

UPPER NOBWOOD, Aug. 29th, 1879.

DEAREST MRS. FLETCHER: After my repeated and urgent solicitation you have very kindly and generously permitted me to send my jewels, clothes, boxes, and sundry other articles, etc., to your house, where you have undertaken the charge of their safekeeping. These said jewels, clothes, boxes, and sundry other articles, etc., being my sole and absolute property, and free from claim or interference from my husband, or any other person, I am aware that I have, therefore, the perfect right to deal with them, or to dispose of them, in whatever manner I may think fit. Dearest friend, out of gratitude for all the unselfish and estimable services of friendly kindness shown by you and your excellent husband repeatedly toward myself (thereby causing me life to be repaid blessings), I wish to notify you that it is my express wish and ardent desire to make over to you, as a humble and free gift from myself to yourself, of the whole of the property above mentioned, and that it shall hereafter become, by right of gift, your sole and absolute property, to have, to hold, to enjoy, and ultimately to bequeath or dispose of as you shall of your own free choice deem suitable. These my intentions and acts, I have purposely thus declared upon paper in order to effectually preclude any risk of future hostile dispute about your possession or right to the said property, and, as a guarantee, moreover, that the dedication of the gift made by me to yourself is purely voluntary, and is evoked out of a spirit of the deepest affection and gratitude toward yourself and your husband. You, who daily labor for the happiness and spiritual welfare of your fellow-creatures, may God Almighty ever reward you with an ever-increasing meed of divine benediction. Such is the prayer of your faithful and devoted friend.
(Signed)
JULIET ANNE THEODORA HART-DAVIES,
(née Heurtley.)

Thus, whatever could be said, in no way was this property stolen.

Dr. Mack having gained possession of the property in this country—through means that would not bear legal scrutiny, was arrested, and after a hearing which lasted several days, he sent for Mr. Fletcher and begged that all proceedings be stopped, and signed a paper agreeing to return the greater amount of the goods taken in this country, and to pay a "satisfactory" sum of money. The papers were drawn up and signed; he was allowed to recognize to the sum of forty thousand dollars, by taking the oath not to leave the State, and by Mr. S. B. Ives, his solicitor, giving his word of honor that the arrangement should be carried out. The things were to be returned to us the next day; but nothing was heard of either of these parties until they turned up in London ten days after. The case, which was postponed until the 10th of November, was called up on that day, and we submit the report of it which appeared in the *Herald* of that date:

"THE FLETCHER LARCENY CASE COMES UP IN COURT AND IS DISMISSED."

"In the Municipal Court, before Judge May, this forenoon, the much continued and well remembered case of Mr. J. William Fletcher and his wife, Susan E. Fletcher, was called, it having been continued to this day. This case is the one where the defendants, who are well known in Spiritualist circles, were charged with having obtained a large amount of property from one Julia Hart-Davies by false representations. When it was reached to-day, Major John W. Mahan, of the counsel for the defendants, read the following letter from S. B. Ives, Jr., counsel for Miss Davies:

"UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT, BOSTON, Nov. 20th, 1880."

My Dear Major—I am actually engaged in the trial of a case here, and can't get away at present—perhaps not to-day. As you know, an arrangement was made between your clients and mine, in the matter of the complaint against Fletcher, for an adjustment of all matters in controversy, by which nearly all the goods claimed by my client were to be given up to Fletcher, and others surrendered by F. to Miss Davies. I am sorry to say that this arrangement was not carried out, by no fault on your part or that of your clients, and that my client has left the country. Under the circumstances, I do not see that my presence in court can be of any service, as I could only say this, and that I could not ask that the proceedings against the Fletchers should be kept alive any longer.

Yours respectfully, (Signed) STEPHEN B. IVES, JR.
John W. Mahan, Esq.

"Joseph H. Bradlee, also counsel for the defence, addressed the court briefly, contending that the relations between Miss Davies and the defendants were of a happy and amicable nature, until one Dr. Mack, seeking revenge toward the defendants, poisoned the mind of Miss Davies, and induced her to make this prosecution. At all times defendants have been ready to meet the charges against them, and, finally, to show they did not have any dishonest intentions toward the complainant, they consented to an arrangement whereby

the property, which remains intact, would be restored to her, although the proof was positive that they—the Fletchers—were in legal possession of it. Finding that they had placed themselves within the reach of the law for defamation of character, Miss Davies and her adviser, Dr. Mack, had left the country, and there is now no redress for the defendants.

"The court asked if there was any one to appear to prosecute the defendants, and, being answered in the negative, he ordered the case to be dismissed."

Dr. Mack was to appear the 18th, that his hearing in regard to the charge of obtaining this property through illegal means might be completed, but it is quite unnecessary to state that when the hearing was called he (Mack) was not present and was pronounced a defaulter. Thus ends the case so far as this country is concerned. Our persecutors break their oath and flee the country. Does it need words or argument to throw more light on this case?

Some may ask the motive: a question easily answered. Dr. Mack has never forgiven us for declining his acquaintance three years ago in London; and he said, when accompanied by the officer, if we had treated him as our friend this would never have happened.

Madame Hart-Davies's position in our family was that of a sister—and that she shared the home and accompanied us in our travels proved that position. So far as Madame Davies is concerned, if her only desire had been to regain the property, she could have stultified her wishes in other ways than dragging her own name and that of her mother before the police court. Why did she pursue the tortuous course she adopted, instead of coming in a straightforward manner, and asking of us that the things be returned?

This matter will not be allowed to drop here, but will be carried out to the extent of the law in England.

We have to thank the many noble and true hearts who have gathered around us in this hour of trial; we have also to regret that there are so many in the ranks of Spiritualists who seize upon every morsel of scandal and the "bread of life"; but each have their place and their part to play—yet it would seem to be the duty of every Spiritualist to defend the workers until, at least, wrong is proved. We think no one can fail to see the absurdity of this whole affair. And with every determination for future work, we remain,

Yours in the truth and for the truth,
MR. AND MRS. J. W. FLETCHER,
8 Davis street, Boston, Nov. 18th, 1880.

RESOLUTIONS.

Unanimously adopted at a public reception held in Harvey Lyman's cottage at Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting, Montague, Mass.:

Whereas, Certain slanderous reports have been circulated through the American press derogatory to the good name and standing of our esteemed friend and co-worker, J. William Fletcher, of London, in reference to some business transactions of said Fletcher with Mrs. Davies; and Whereas, Certain persons and persons have been whispered and circulated among the Spiritualists at Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting about J. William Fletcher in connection with his life and labors in London; and

Resolved, That we denounce said reports as malicious and false; having originated in the futile brain of envy and jealousy, prompted by a spirit desirous to injure and destroy the good name, standing and work of our esteemed friend, J. William Fletcher.

Resolved, That we condemn the action of said Fletcher in reference to his business transactions with Mrs. Davies, and that we cordially recommend Bro. Fletcher as a man of culture, ability and honesty to the Spiritualists and lovers of truth everywhere, and entitled to their sympathy and support.

H. A. BUDINGTON, Springfield,
HARVEY LYMAN,
MRS. H. LYMAN,
J. HART BRITTEN, Philadelphia,
C. H. FLOWERS, M. D.,
J. H. COOK, M. D., Concord, Mass.,
MRS. COOK,
DR. S. J. DAMON, Lowell, Mass.,
REV. AND MRS. BRINTON, Brighton,
and several hundred others.

The December-Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, 4 Park street, Boston, Mass.—has for its initial article a paper on "Label and its Legal Remedy," from the pen of E. L. Godkin; "The Esthetic Value of the Sense of Smell" is considered by H. T. Pink; the problem of "Children's Labor" receives attention at the hands of Emma E. Brown; G. E. Woodbury contributes a readable essay on the life and experiences of Mary Wollstonecraft; the Washington Reminiscences reach the folk administration; there are other articles of merit, continued stories, etc., not here mentioned, together with poems—by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Rose Terry Cooke and Edmund C. Stedman—and the usual departments. The year 1880 finds thus an appropriate closing, as far as this magazine is concerned; while the promises made for 1881 show the publishers to be determined to maintain the high standing of this popular magazine in future. Among the attractions announced for the coming twelvemonth may be noted, for instance, serial stories by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, George P. Lathrop, W. H. Bishop, W. D. Howells and Henry James, Jr.; short stories and sketches by Harriet Beecher Stowe, T. B. Aldrich, Sarah O. Jewett, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Mark Twain, Rose Terry Cooke, Ellen W. Olney; essays on biographical, historical and social subjects, by Goldwin Smith, Edward Everett Hale, William M. Rossett, John Fiske and Joseph Dugdale; travel sketches in Norway, by H. H. H. and other excellent writers; etc. The *Atlantic* contributors include Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Hale, Whipple, Howells, Aldrich, Stedman, James, Warner, Warburg, Fiske, White, Seider, Bishop, Mark Twain, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Phelps, H. H. Miss Jewett, Miss Lathrop, Miss Preston, Mrs. Cooke, Miss Woolson, Mrs. Thaxter, and many others of the best American writers. The numbers for November and December will be sent free to all new subscribers who pay for *The Atlantic* for 1881 before December 20th.

A. WILLIAMS & Co., 283 Washington street, corner School street, Boston, furnish us with the current numbers (which they have on sale) of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE and ST. NICHOLAS. The first named is a royal magazine for the household, whose visit to our office is always appreciatively welcomed, although we cannot as yet avoid glancing askance at its new cover, which to our mind is far from an improvement over its old one. Among the richly illustrated articles which give chief interest to the present number, may be noted "Glances of Parisian Art," "Jean Fraunce Millet—Peasant and Painter," "Hunting the Honey Bee," "Montenegro as We Saw It," and "Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer"—which last continued historical narration looms up prominently as the month's go by, and is a sterling production. Among the unillustrated articles may be cited "An English War Correspondent" (the individual referred to being that indomitable scribe Arvidhul Forbes). It gives us pain to record, however, that the fine table of contents could not conclude without a brainless, witless composition by Henry Hutton, in which the effort is made (a la Walte) to connect Spiritualism with the tricks of the cheap conjurer. *Scribner* makes good showing for 1881: A short serial by Mrs. Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," etc., will begin in the February number. Mr. Cable's new serial, "Madame Delphine," will also begin in February, and run through three or four numbers. Mrs. Schayer's "Tiger-Lily" will be concluded in the January number.

ST. NICHOLAS is a Christmas issue in every sense of the word. It starts out with a finely engraved cover, on which are depicted the traditional Saint and his "spanking" team of reindeer—a copy of the magazine itself being ingeniously arranged in the picture as the sleigh conveying the patriarch on his mission of love to the children. The frontispiece is entitled "The Madonna of the Lily," and is after a painting by Leonardo da Vinci; the table of contents is so rich and varied that it is difficult to make a selection of what should be specially referred to; though among the illustrated articles those concerning "King Arthur and his Knights," "A Christmas Dinner with the Man in the Moon," "The Governor's Ball," "King Canute's limning of 'The Plover of Tears,'" are especially attractive. Lovers of music will find in "The Land of Nod—an opera for Young Folks" words by E. B. Brooks, music by Anthony Reiff and W. F. Sherwin much enjoyment. This magazine has since its incep-

tion made for itself a high place in the periodic literature of the world (we use the term advisedly), and every evidence is given that no retreat from the position it has won is contemplated by its management. The January issue is to be also made appropriate for the glad holiday season; and many happy child (and adult) patrons will, we are sure, go hand in hand with the Saint on his journey for 1881.

[WIDE AWAKE; THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and OUR LITTLE ONES, have been received, but notice of them is unavoidably deferred to next week.]

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TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS.

An Account of Experimental Investigations from the Scientific Treatises of

JOHANN CARL FRIEDRICH ZÖLLNER,

Professor of Physical Astronomy at the University of Leipzig; Member of the Royal Saxon Society of Sciences; Foreign Member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London; of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, Natural Philosophy and History; Honorary Member of the Physical Association at Frankfurt-on-the-Main; of the "Scientific Association of German Engineers and Architects," Paris; and of the "British National Association of Scientists," London.

Translated from the German, with a Preface and Appendices, by

CHARLES CARLETON MASSEY,

Of Lincoln's Inn, London, England, Barrister-at-Law.

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